PRESENTATION OF HARVEST HYMN

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VOL. XXXIX NO. 6

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE print this month an account sent to us from Egypt of the last days of Herbert Whyte, an ending in which his last work for the Theosophical Society led up to his last work for his country. His long years of patient, quiet, selfless labour, his founding of the Round Table, his coming into touch at Malta with the line of Christian knighthood that seemed so much to him, his gallant leading of his men in the capture of Jerusalem, winning him the Military Cross, his sudden death with a bullet through his forehead, again at the head of his men, these last months bringing out into heroic prominence the steadfast devotion to duty trained in the years of unobtrusive service—all this offers a picture of a blameless life ending in a gallant death, singularly rounded off into completeness, and presaging a rebirth into yet fuller and more perfect service. In his youthful purity he caught a glimpse, like Sir Galahad, of the Holy Grail, and he followed it steadfastly throughout his life, till it flashed upon him

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in all its radiant glory above that rocky ridge, whence it called him home.

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Two other "goings home," after long years of devoted work for the Theosophical Society, must also be chronicled here. Herbert Whyte went home in a chariot of fire on December 23rd; one of the oldest members of the Society, won to it by our H. P. Blavatsky, R. Jagannathiah, passed away on January 27th, after but three days of high fever; his life had been a hard one, with many troubles and trials, but, despite all difficulties, he spread the Light over southern India with an energy that never wearied and a steadfastness that never wavered. On February 4th, Dr. Saunders, the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in New Zealand, passed to his well-earned rest, honoured and loved by all among whom he laboured, and leaving behind him a strong and well-organised body, with many ready to take up and carry on the work they had long served under his leadership. The Society does not lose the rich help given by these our brothers, for they continue their unbroken service in a subtler world, though lost to the eyes of flesh.

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North Indian members will know the good work done by Miss Priest in the Indraprastha Girls' School in Delhi, whither she went from Australia to help Miss Gmeiner in her arduous labour. Some little time ago she was imperatively called back to her home by family needs. Having thus satisfied the claims of duty, she is now set free, and she writes:

I am going to Fiji to try to do what lies in my power to help the Indians there, who are in dire need of friendly aid,

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it seems. Mr. Andrews has been staying here and has told us much, and knowing how much I love and reverence India, asked me to go. He seemed to think I could be of some use, mainly on account of my sympathy with and appreciation of Indian ideals and customs, that I may be able to support and encourage those who are making efforts towards a return to their old good ways, and of course to try to gather the little children together and teach them a little—at least I can love them.

I am so glad to say that the sympathies of my dear mother and sisters were quickly gained and they are helping me in all sorts of ways, especially my teacher sister. But the best of all is that Miss Dixon, a nurse, who was at Adyar for some time, has also consented to go. Mr. Andrews was very anxious to get a nurse; I suggested Miss Dixon and she agreed at once, so we join forces and together will do our best. She will be very valuable indeed, as at present the Indian women can only get medical treatment from men, often with disastrous results.

Mr. Andrews has been able to make some arrangements with respect to Indians entering Universities in Australia; he will see you about it directly he returns.

I am very often home-sick for India, as I never was for my own land when living in India. I need not say how eagerly I watch events in India, but news comes so slowly in these days, and how I rejoice at the strong stand she is taking.

Adyar friends will remember Miss Dixon and the great help she rendered to our community there, and they will realise the strong aid and comfort she will bring to our unhappy sisters in Fiji. We are very glad that karma has brought this self-sacrificing work to two members of the T. S. Work faithfully performed has brought to them this greater opportunity of service. They leave for their new field of work this month.

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The Theosophical Society in Russia carries on its work quietly in the midst of the terrible turmoil of the crisis through which their country is passing. Religious intolerance has passed with the Tsardom, and it no longer suffers persecution; it will play a great part in

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the reconstruction of Russia when the country recovers from the grievous troubles which are the aftermath of the long oppression, for the future is with Russia, the most eastern of western countries. Terrible as is the state of chaos there, the horrors of the French Revolution have not been repeated; the massacres of September, the wholesale execution of the nobility, the *noyades*, have no place there. It is curious how distance softens revolutionary horrors; a reactionary paper over here, speaking of the Russians singing, says "alas! the Marseillaise," as though the Marseillaise were not the song of revolutionary France, and was not the song of the Paris mob when the Swiss Guards were butchered on the steps of the Tuileries! Now it is sung in London as the National Song of France. Such revenges has Time. A century hence some Bolshevik song may be the National Song of Russia. But it may well be that Russia may also need a Napoleon to put an end to violence by violence, and wield a short-lived power. Perhaps she has some "little lieutenant of artillery" in her disorganised armies, who may do for her what Napoleon did for France. For tyranny and revolution have such harvest ere freedom may be won.

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Finland, again, is also in the throes of revolution. A letter from Finland, dated October 26, 1917—so long do letters take to reach India—tells us of the Theosophical Convention held there on October 21—23. Ten years ago I signed the charter of the Finnish Section, until then part of the Scandinavian, and it has had one General Secretary throughout the decade, Pekka Ervast, a man of literary power, who has spread Theosophical ideas by pen and tongue. He has now retired, and his

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resignation was received with great regret, for he has done fine work. An eminent physician, Dr. Willie Angervo of S. Michel, succeeds him as General Secretary, the Headquarters remaining at Helsingfors. We send him fraternal greetings and hopes for his success in his new office. He is already known to us as the National Representative of the Order of the Star in the East.

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I am writing this in the train to Bombay; the engine broke down, so we are three hours late, but still I shall be able to have a few hours talk with our General Secretary for Scotland, who is now returning to Great Britain, after a few weeks stay in India. It is very pleasant to greet a colleague from our British Societies, and to hear at first hand of the progress of the movement.

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Just now, I am on a short tour, short in time though not in mileage, to Bombay, Surat, Broach, Delhi, Cawnpur, Lucknow, and possibly to two or three other places. The tour is Theosophical, educational and political, three branches of the great work for the uplift of India, for Theosophy makes peace between warring creeds, education builds up the citizens of the future, and the political is not the small strifes of political parties, but the great movement for the Liberty of India, the Mother of all the Āryan Races. At present, in India, the National Movement embraces all the political parties of the future, save the reactionary, which would keep India in chains, and that has no future. It embraces most of the Europeans, who now hold all the power, and some Indians who seek places from the favour of the present bureaucrats.

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Such a party has no roots, and must vanish when the policy of Great Britain, upheld by the Government of India, is carried out to its end, Responsible Government, or Home Rule. With the liberation of India, my political work will come to its natural end. I entered the field for that one purpose, and with its winning my work therein will be done.

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In this number will be found a very interesting article on "Movement and the Culture of Expression" by Miss Eleanor Elder. Those of our readers who are engaged or interested in educational work will find useful hints and suggestions; while those who are keen on the subject of physical exercise will study it for practical purposes. The article is illustrated with this view in mind. Miss Elder, who is proficient in the art of dancing, trained a class of Adyar residents and in a short time was able to show good results. At a garden party given by Mrs. Besant at Adyar to meet the famous Indian chemist, Dr. P. C. Ray, Miss Elder's class gave a performance—a Greek presentation of an Indian song, "Harvest Hymn," by the Indian poetess Sarojini Naidu. The whole account of it will be found in *The Adyar Bulletin* of February. We give as frontispiece an illustration of the group of fourteen dancers, all Adyar residents, in their joint invocation to Brahmā. The science of sacred dancing is more or less forgotten in modern India, and the art has fallen into bad ways. Miss Elder wrote the following explanation, and we trust that the hope expressed therein may be fulfilled at no distant date.

A word of explanation and apology is due, both to our audience and to Sarojini Devi, for this Greek interpretation of her Indian Harvest Song. Our only excuse lies in the fact

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that Indian religious dancing is so little known in these days and has fallen into such ill-repute that it is not easy to disentangle its spiritual meaning and significance from its usual association with the nautch. In Greece this dancing was not an art for professionals alone, but the villagers and the townspeople themselves took part in these performances, which were included in the education of every child. We do not now know the actual form these dances took, and have had to draw a good deal from the imagination, but as nearly as possible, the grouping and poses have been copied from the old carvings and friezes to be found in the museums. The metre of the poem is not unlike that of some of the Greek hymns, and the harvest festival was a great religious occasion when offerings were brought and the Greek equivalents of the Indian deities mentioned in the poem invoked: Apollo (the Sun God)—Surya, Poseidon (the Water God)—Varuṇa, Demeter (the Goddess of Plenty)—Pṛthvī, and Zeus, the Father of All, for Brahmā.

We make this attempt in the hope that it may encourage Indians to revive some of their old dance ceremonies of the past and give us the true dramatic interpretations of the works of their great poets. With these few words and a humble apology for our somewhat crude rendering of the poem, we make our salutation and crave the kind indulgence of our distinguished audience.

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At the end of this month, at Easter time, the Fifth Annual South Indian Convention of the T.S., and the E.S. Conference, will take place. The programme will be found in our Supplement. For next month Mr. Arundale is busy organising a Week for National Education, which will take place from April 8th to 15th. Theosophists should watch the movement for National Education in India, for in their respective lands they may be able to spread the principles on which we are working in India. The newly formed Society for the Promotion of National Education has already issued a brochure on "The Principles of National Education" by Annie Besant, which gives the fundamentals of the education of the future.

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A few Britishers, some of them Theosophists, keenly interested in Indian political affairs, and who have banded themselves into a Home Rule for India League in London, some time ago published and circulated what is reported to be a very sane and truthful presentation of Indian problems in the shape of a book, *Young India*, by Lala Lajpat Rai. The author is a great and respected Indian gentleman, whose self-sacrificing services and lofty aims have rightly placed him among the greatest of modern patriots. His book contains some truths unpalatable to the un-British bureaucrats in India, who have proscribed it, and so no copies are available here. Our London friends circulated copies among members of Parliament and thereby courted the displeasure of the officials, who ordered a search of the Home Rule League offices—and found nothing! This event has naturally created a demand for reliable information about Indian affairs, and our T. P. H. here has received some enquiries. Of late some very good books have been published, and we name especially three: *The Governance of India*, by Babu Govinda Das, an old Theosophist, whose learning is as wide as it is deep. His volume is an excellent presentation of the Indian case. The second is *The Speeches and Writings of M. K. Gandhi*, the great Passive Resister whose splendid work on behalf of Indians in South Africa and whose simple living and high thinking have made him the beloved of millions of Indians. Another very popular leader is our poetess Srīmaṭi Sarojini Naidu, whose speeches and writings are published in a handy volume. These three books will give those who want to know something about India a very good idea of the situation.

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THY KINGDOM COME

By W. WYBERGH

THERE are, I suppose, at the present time, few Theosophists whose thoughts are not to a large extent permeated and even dominated by the ever-present idea of the Coming of a World-Saviour. Whether we believe in it or not, however closely our attention may have to be concentrated upon this or that pressing need, there in the background is this all-absorbing topic.

It seems almost as though the hopes and interests of some centre round the question of the personality of the expected One, and their own possible relationship to Him, more than upon the character of the work that He is coming to do, and the effect that it is likely to

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have upon human society in general. No doubt these are they whose temperament leads them to throw themselves into a cause, not because they have made it their own, but because some one greatly loved or admired has done so. For such temperaments it is quite natural to be absorbed in speculations as to the date and circumstances of His Coming, and to seize eagerly upon any available information or hints as to the egos that may have been associated with Him in past lives, hoping to find their own among the number, and trying to make sure of a continuance of the association in the future. This is a most natural desire for all men, but to people of this temperament it is of vital importance, for, since they judge the cause by the man who espouses it, if they make a mistake about the man they have nothing else to guide them. Apart from this, however, many people have a sound instinct that they themselves can do their best work only when inspired by personal devotion for a leader.

There are others who, while looking for the advent of a World-Teacher, are less concerned with His personality because, owing to temperament or experience, they are more easily inspired by an ideal than by a person. Such people, being themselves often enthusiastic for some particular ideal or cause, be it social or political reform, education, art, or religion, have the natural hope that the Teacher, when He comes, will give support to their own particular ideal, which of course *to them* seems the best possible. They can, in fact, hardly conceive that He would countenance or support the principles to which they are opposed, forgetting that to others these principles may represent all that is most sacred and inspiring.

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Now it is by almost all taken for granted that the great Spiritual Being to whose Coming they look forward will embody Himself in one single human personality, one single physical body and no more, and that He will thus lead a life on earth comparable to that of ordinary human beings. The assumption is that this physical presence in one such physical body is the essence of the whole "Coming," and that the test of discipleship and devotion to Him will be recognition of Him in that body, acceptance of what He may teach and obedience to what He may command.

It follows naturally from this idea that the thing which at the moment will appear of paramount importance must be to spread the good news of His Coming, and by propaganda, by organisation, by every possible form of publicity, to create a large body of believers throughout the world. The existence, people think, of such a body of professed believers will ensure Him a good reception and facilitate His work, whatever it may be. Without such an assumption as to the manner of His incarnation the possibility of an effective propaganda among the general public (and most of the Theosophical public as well) would, it must be admitted, be greatly reduced. We may perhaps reasonably maintain that we have got beyond the point of looking for a Teacher or Saviour who shall be political and national and nothing more. We no longer, like the Jews of old, look for a Messiah. Nevertheless to most people a Teacher means a person and nothing else, a visible, tangible, individual human being.

But surely it would be wise to recognise that after all it *is* an assumption that we are making, and only one among many possibilities. Of its obvious attractiveness

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it is hardly necessary to speak. For my own part I feel intensely the glamour of the idea. After a lifetime of struggling and questioning by the flickering light of one's own dim powers of discrimination and intuition, after so many mistakes and failures and disappointments, what a glorious relief not to have to think for oneself—to find on earth in human form a Leader whom one could follow with unquestioning devotion! And yet, though I look earnestly for the coming of a World-Teacher, I cannot honestly say that I am able to take this general and apparently simple and straightforward idea for granted. Equally unable and unwilling do I feel to dogmatise myself. I have a tense expectation, but I try to keep an open mind.

Of course I know well that pretty definite statements on the subject have been made by Mrs. Besant and others in whom we have the greatest confidence, on the authority of their own inner vision, and there is a certain type of Theosophist who says at once: "That settles the question. Surely you would not back your opinion against hers!" But this, I feel, is a false issue. No one has insisted more strongly than Mrs. Besant herself upon the fact that all such observations are liable to error, and are not to be regarded as authoritative for anyone but the seer. I cannot but believe that in this, as in all her statements, she means exactly what she says, for that absolutely candid and considerate attitude of hers is precisely what gives us such confidence in her. Why do not these good people take her at her word? I regard it as a sacred duty to try and think things out for ourselves, however much one would rather accept the opinion of another. I do not by any means intend to imply that one should use only his concrete, material

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intellect for this purpose. But I have been taught that by concentration and meditation on a subject one should try to bring his own intuition to bear upon it, and that as good an understanding, or better, may follow as that which can be obtained by the exercise of clairvoyant faculties. To do otherwise, to take another person's vision in place of one's own, is, I believe, deliberately to stifle the growth of intuition and spiritual insight. I would not therefore urge anyone to adopt my ideas in place of Mrs. Besant's, but rather to think the thing out for himself. It is possible that all three may be right —or wrong!

People are apt to think that an event is a simple sort of thing: either it is so or it isn't so, either it takes place or it doesn't. But every event exists on many planes at once. It has its spiritual and its psychic, no less than its physical aspect, though what exactly these are is terribly hard to formulate or to express. The spiritual is the real, the important, the eternally true, the thing about which alone certainty exists or can exist. The physical is uncertain, multiple in its manifestation, subject to all sorts of modification by other physical events and circumstances. The psychic is uncertain and many-sided also, because it is always modified by the faculties and temperament of the seer. But certainty on the spiritual plane does not surely imply any certainty or authority for the mental or physical image in which by necessity the spiritual is made manifest.

The Second Coming as a spiritual fact of universal significance is something about which, by the exercise of one's own spiritual faculties, it is possible to reach absolute conviction. As a physical fact, taking place

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this year or next year, in England or India or America, it is a matter to be judged of by the intellect, aided no doubt by whatever "psychic powers" you may happen to possess, that is to say your powers of forming pictures to express on the mental or astral planes your own intuitions of spiritual truth, or of seeing such pictures (thought-forms) fashioned by others for your instruction. You have in fact to formulate and estimate the probabilities from the facts at your disposal. Unless you know *all* the facts—and none but the Divine Consciousness itself can know them—there is no such thing as certainty, and, since the physical fact is, so to speak, but the shadow of the shadow of the Reality, it doesn't really matter so much after all.

The "end of the world" and the Coming of a World-Teacher are coupled together in the imagination of mankind. On the face of it the connection is an arbitrary one; intellectually they may be regarded as two distinct events; yet I believe that spiritually they are inseparable, and perhaps even nothing but two aspects of the same event.

Judging intellectually, as a student of history, politics, economics, and social science might do, I think it is sufficiently apparent that we have indeed reached the "end of the age". For many years Socialists, a real voice crying in the wilderness, have pointed out how inevitably the present social order was ensuring its own destruction. Like everything else based upon the ruthless competition engendered by the sense of separateness, its very essence is disruptive and self-destructive: it is a question, not of "whether" but only of "when," and this independently of any prejudice about what will or ought to take its place. Socialists have given good

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reasons for thinking that the end was near, but they have gone further than merely to prophesy destruction. With all their incomplete premises, their ignoring of essential facts, their often faulty methods, their reliance upon mechanism and their sectional sympathies, they have, in promulgating the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, pierced right through to an eternal spiritual verity, and struck the key-note of a new age which corresponds in essentials with the Theosophical conceptions of "sixth-race" attributes, and with the Christian ideal of the Kingdom of God upon earth. In so doing they have indeed "made straight the way of the Lord". But besides the Socialists there has also existed for many years past an undefined, uneasy, illogical feeling of expectation among large sections of humanity, from the stupid, well-meaning pacifist to the bloodthirsty follower of the Mahdi, who can give little or no reason for their belief. It may be said that such a feeling proves nothing, and this is quite true, but the point is that the prevalence of such a state of mind makes a change possible and may be even a considerable factor in bringing it about.

Anyone who has passed many years in close contact with all sorts of movements for political, social, or religious reform, and has shared in the enthusiastic hopes and inevitable disillusionment and renewed effort of which they are constituted, will certainly have been brought to realise, first, that no advance can be made so long as people are contented with things as they are, and secondly, that the best constructive efforts will fail unless the ideas formulated by the leaders are such as the public can make their own when put before them. The real advance is only possible when

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it seems so much a matter of course to the man in the street that he is firmly persuaded that the new idea originated with himself! The keenest intellect and most enlightened patriotism may desire the most beneficent measures, may even get them embodied in legislation, but until the people are ready they will be evaded and remain a dead letter, or else be distorted and misapplied, so as to do more harm than good. It is not the leaders who set the pace, but the stupidest of their followers. So also with religion. We have had the sublime teaching and example of Jesus and of Buḍḍha before us for two thousand years, but in all that time how many Christians and Buḍḍhists have put this teaching into practice? It has been evaded, distorted, and misunderstood almost universally. The vague unrest among the ignorant, and their readiness to absorb new impressions is thus a far more significant thing than the rapidly changing outlook of the leaders of thought which is so apparent to all. There is indeed no lack of evidence, which the student can marshal for himself, and of which a most convincing and attractive presentation has been given us by Mrs. Besant in her book *The Changing World*, that we have reached a great turning-point in the world's history. And now the Great War is bringing the fact home to millions who could not otherwise have realised it.

It may be said, then, without much fear of contradiction, that the "end of the world" *has* come—the world as we have known it, the old social order, the old tacit acceptance of brute force, of competition, of self-interest and materialism as the dominating factors of human life. But from the point of view of the

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ordinary or even of the Theosophical student, it cannot, as it seems to me, be said that this change is necessarily or inevitably bound up with the advent of a World-Teacher as popularly conceived: there is nothing, certainly, which demands His embodiment in a single personality, except the *a priori* assumption that there are no other possibilities. It may of course very reasonably be said that the signs of the times point to conditions similar to those under which a World-Teacher appeared once before. But this only implies the *possibility* of such an appearance now, not the necessity of it. I would not, myself, for a moment question this possibility, nor am I in a position in any way to criticise the statements that have been made on occult authority regarding His identity or previous appearances. But I do not see that any cogent argument has been brought forward to show that any Teacher is due to appear in this or that particular body, or *any* particular body, at this particular time or *any* particular time.

Indeed, I think there are some things that point to the unlikelihood of such an appearance at present. It seems to me not without significance that whereas the ideals of the old order, as embodied in the German conception of *Welt-macht*, involve a formal and exterior unity, *i.e.*, uniformity and centralisation, the new ideals contemplate a real or interior unity but an external diversity, a decentralisation and a dispersal and universalising of power and authority. It would seem that in the new order there is to be no leader among the nations but that the least is to be as the greatest. Again in the British family of nations, as General Smuts has recently pointed out, " Imperialism " is dead

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and has been succeeded by a sort of composite entity. Similarly it is a very striking fact that while the forces of the old order are, as it were, summed up and typified by the *personal* leadership of a Kaiser or a Hindenburg, the new spirit has not hitherto brought to the front any one leader of outstanding merit or authority. The war is, on our side, a "peoples' war," as President Wilson has declared, and the spirit of it is exemplified, not in some phrase like "For King and Country" or "*Deutschland über alles*," but in the popular idea of "doing one's bit". The inspiration, that is, comes from within, not from without, and not from any leader; and this is not an accident but rather the typical spirit of the new order. Does not this feeling of co-operation, of being "members of one body," sound the note of Buḍḍhi, the central motive of the future sixth race, in contrast with that of personality, Manas, the fifth-race motive of the past? And is it not in harmony with the essence of the Christ-idea? It has been well said that "Heaven cannot fully manifest its will to humanity through the individual, but must utter itself through multitudes".[1] I do not see how the personal leadership of a World-Teacher, as popularly conceived, fits in with this spirit.

Moreover, one may be permitted to say, in all humility, that such a "Coming" does not seem best calculated to help the world as it exists to-day. There is, I hope, no presumption in trying to think out what, under modern conditions, would be the most effective and therefore the most probable way in which an exalted Spiritual Being might manifest Himself upon earth. In doing so one must try to visualise the actual

[1] *The National Being*, by A. E.

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details, the everyday aspects, the practical difficulties; one must think in terms of newspapers, and excursion trains, and public lectures and discussions. We are too apt to slur over the details and to visualise a romantic and arresting figure in flowing, oriental robes, giving out wonderful new teachings, vouched for by the leaders of the Theosophical Society, who would probably carry world-wide conviction, but whom *we* at any rate would have no difficulty in recognising, whatever other people might do. Yet the chances are that this is very wide of the mark.

Let us think a moment. If the World-Teacher comes in a single personality, He will have to belong to some nationality. What if he were a German? Or if He were a Negro or even a Hiṇḍū or a Chinaman, what a load of prejudice would have to be encountered and overcome among the nations of the West! If, on the other hand, He were an Englishman, or even if once again He were a Jew, what sort of a reception would He have among the nations of central and eastern Europe? There is no need to elaborate the point. Again He would belong to some one religion or to none (if He belonged to all He would be regarded as belonging to none); yet this would lay Him open to fatal misunderstanding and jealousy. There are some who think that, as a World-Teacher, He would found a new religion. To do so is to incur the hostility of all the old ones. And then think of the burning questions of politics, economics and social reform with which He would have to deal, and the bitter passions that would be aroused by anyone claiming to speak with Divine authority on such subjects. Remember also that His followers would in the nature of the case

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be compelled by their own theory and belief to accept every utterance of His on every subject as practically infallible and to proclaim it as such before the world. Think again of the newspapers, with their sensationalism, their superficiality, and their conscious or unconscious bias, and remember that they are the only means by which a Teacher in human form can become known to the masses. And this brings me to one of the fundamental difficulties. Assuming, according to this theory, that the World-Teacher comes as a single great personality in physical form, we have to realise that only an infinitesimal part of humanity could ever come into personal relationship with Him. And yet, if the essence of the Coming is a personal Coming, the personal relationship must be all-important. Even in the matter of recognition and acceptance, a real conviction of His transcendent greatness would be almost impossible without personal contact, for hearsay evidence on such a point carries but little weight. And yet all that the rest of us would have to go upon would be: "Mrs. Besant says," or: "According to the London *Times*," or: "My uncle once met a wonderful Teacher in China, and he told me," and so forth.

Does not, in any case, the restriction of this Coming within the bounds of one personality, one human body and brain, place needless limits to the amount of assistance that can be given to the world in this its passage through the Valley of the Shadow? Has it not been tried before, with the tragic results recorded in the Gospel story, and in the history of two thousand years of warring sects? Will that story be repeated? Must not every attempt at the promulgation of an authoritative teaching or the recognition of a supreme earthly leader

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have, in the nature of things, the same lamentable result?

I confess that to me there seems to be real danger in this widespread pre-occupation with the idea of a single physical Divine Incarnation. The Gospel story is full of lessons and warnings upon the subject which deserve to be taken seriously. It is well to remember, when we are inclined to throw ourselves into the movement for bringing about a general belief among the general public in the Coming of a personal Teacher, that the widespread expectation of a Messiah and the identification of Christ with him, so far from being a help, was actually one of the principal causes of His death and of the rejection of His real message. We are not likely to make the same mistake, but we are exceedingly likely to make a mistake of the same *kind*, and so pave the way for a terrible and most fatal disillusionment. The real "Coming" may be a much greater and subtler thing than any personal Teacher could be, even as Jesus Christ was infinitely greater as a personal Teacher than any national Messiah, and the expectation of a personal Teacher may conceivably hinder the recognition of the Spiritual Coming of the Son of Man. And if we are inclined to look for new and authoritative statements of doctrine, religious or social, let us remember that Jesus Himself obviously had no intention of founding a religion and gave little or none of the doctrinal teaching which was afterwards organised into religion in His name. The Kingdom of Heaven which He preached is an inner psychological or spiritual condition, not a creed or an organisation or even a system of morality. Is it not therefore more probable that the Second Coming will mean rather the

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deepening of the spiritual life than anything external? Is there not a danger in leading people to expect *any* specific "teaching," whether religious, scientific or political? What seems to me a thing greatly to be dreaded is the spirit which, in the absence of direct personal knowledge, is all agog with expectation, ready to run here and there crying "Lord! Lord!" and seeking for a sign; and this spirit is only too easily fostered if attention and hope is concentrated upon the advent of a personality in the outer world. Better, surely, would it be to "make straight the way of the Lord" in the heart, by training the intuition, by helping forward the inner change without which no outer Advent can have any meaning. So shall men be able to recognise the Lord when He comes, in the personality of their neighbour, or perchance their enemy or their servant.

And still humanity cries aloud in its agony: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Once more the whole creation groans and travails, waiting for the coming of the Sons of God. Is the waiting vain? Shall the hope of millions be disappointed? If that were so, if the "end of the world" does not imply the Second Coming, I confess, for my own part, that I see little hope for the world. Without some such help from the spiritual world I think there is a very real prospect that civilisation itself will go under, and that a destruction will come upon mankind comparable only with that of Atlantis. The faculties and the methods to which we are accustomed will not suffice to avert the doom. The inadequacy and the fatal corruption of the old is recognised; mankind is awake to the necessity, not merely of reforms and patches, but of a transvaluation of all values, and real *metanoia*, a change of mind;

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but we lack the inspiration, the Divine life-giving breath, the creative spirit needed to bring about a new heaven and a new earth. The old forces of desire and self-interest and material intellect grind on—they are grinding themselves to pieces; but of themselves they can never evolve anything new. They work in a closed circle. They can but re-arrange existing material into forms of the same order. A kaleidoscope produces endless patterns, but never a work of art. So it is that the endless efforts of able but uninspired men now concentrated upon post-war problems, devising better machinery, cutting away abuses, excellent and indispensable as they are, can in themselves avail nothing. We are being purged, we are driving out the devils that have possessed us. Soon we shall be empty, swept, and garnished; and then—either the Son of Man, or seven devils worse than the first.

Let us lift up our hearts. Without the Crucifixion there can be no Resurrection, and the depth of the despair is the guarantee of the greatness of the approaching birth. Little warrant though there be for expecting the Advent of a Supreme Teacher as an individual, there is every reason to expect the inflow of the Life-giving Spirit which is Himself. Let us look beyond the individual and visualise humanity as a whole, as the mystical Body of Christ. Let us try to understand its psychology by what we know of the workings of the individual human heart, and perhaps we shall have less difficulty in reading the signs of the times. The ferment which we see and feel around us, realised in a greater or less degree by each individual according to his place in the scale of evolution; the gathering of the hosts of Armageddon; the darkening

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of the spiritual Sun; the pouring out of the "vials of the wrath of God"—are the symptoms which in the individual man precede and herald "conversion" and similar great transformations of attitude and ruling motive. They are comparable with those strange and terrible torments of the soul undergone at certain stages by all who enter the Path, wherein their souls are crucified, dead, and buried. They are followed in the individual by a New Birth. And Who and What is then born? The mystic calls Him Christ, and with that birth the preoccupation with the historical and physical birth of Christ ceases. "Hitherto I have known Christ after the flesh," says St. Paul, "henceforth know I Him no more." For the inner birth is felt to be the reality.

And may it not be so with regard to this second World-Coming for which we look? Would not such a Coming, universal, interior, and spiritual, be a far greater and more real and efficacious thing than any conceivable individual physical incarnation?

> Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
> If He's not born in thee thy soul is all forlorn.

As I see it, though but "in a glass, darkly," the End of the World and the Coming of the Son of Man are indissolubly connected. For me the tremendous drama of the Last Day has always had a profound significance. Since I was a boy the solemn strains of *Dies Iræ, dies illa*, the thrill of expectation which runs through Handel's *Messiah*, the soul-stirring and overpowering imagery of the *Apocalypse*, have never failed to arouse in me a deep response. I have dreamed of it and brooded over it, not as an intellectual problem, but as a vital truth engrained in the fabric of the

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Universe; not as a distant event but as something which I myself shall surely take part in; not with fear but with the solemn expectation of something too great for expression. And its significance has become not less but greater, because what was once, to my childish imagination, a picture of outer events, has become pregnant with inner meaning.

St. Paul, speaking of these things, significantly says: "Behold, I show you a mystery." The drama of the Last Day and the Second Coming is one that is enacted in the human soul, both individually and collectively. The Second Advent is indeed an incarnation, a descent of the Christ into human form. Yet that which stirs me to the depths is the hope, not of a Leader and Teacher in the outer world, but of the Coming of the Christ into the heart of poor suffering and struggling humanity. Short of that nothing can suffice. We may accept and acknowledge an outer Teacher, but only when the Christ comes to the heart does He bring unquestioning certainty and devotion. Salvation and regeneration can only come from within.

I can well believe that the dawn of the new age may be signalised by the entrance into incarnation of many great souls, but I do not picture them to myself as outwardly united or organised in common acknowledgement of some supreme Head in the physical world. Rather do I think of them as men and women of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues, leaders it may be of different schools of thought and teaching, different spheres of action; unknown—perhaps even opposed to one another in the outer world, neither claiming nor being accorded divine authority or

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obedience: for the function of the Spirit is everywhere and always not to command or to instruct but to inspire, not to redeem mankind but to help mankind to redeem itself.

Therefore, above all and beyond all, the actual and essential Coming of the Son of Man that I look for is the quickening of all from within rather than the advent of specially dowered individuals.

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised. And we shall all be changed, and in Christ shall all be made alive. For the drama of the Second Coming is above all the drama of Initiation, that tremendous event which signifies in the individual the breaking up of the separated self and its reconstitution in the Mystical Body of Christ. For humanity as a whole it is the breaking up of the old order, necessary, irresistible, long foreseen; carrying with it torment unspeakable, darkness, confusion and despair, but to be followed by entry into a higher type of consciousness, by the opening up of new possibilities and new points of view, by a greater realisation of our common brotherhood. Far indeed are we from the period when humanity as a whole will be able to take the stage of Initiation which is possible for its most advanced members, yet the time is at hand when a definite step forward can be taken. The coming of the Christ to all, individually, means that each will receive, not in the same measure, but according to his capacity. For the less advanced masses of humanity this may imply a relatively quite small advance in mutual goodwill and the power of response to higher influences. For those who are approaching the threshold of the Kingdom it may mean the power to pass that threshold. The total

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and cumulative effect of such an universal increase of faculty may well be stupendous, and may make possible changes in the social order which at present appear to be, and actually are, an impracticable dream. Human nature may indeed be changed, for there is a power that worketh in us and maketh all things new.

So may Christ come, collectively, to humanity.

And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

Surely I come quickly. Amen.
Even so come, Lord Jesus.

W. Wybergh

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MOVEMENT, AND THE CULTURE OF EXPRESSION

By ELEANOR M. ELDER

WE who are looking forward to the sixth root race, the building of which is even now beginning, must find it significant at the present time that, apart from our own efforts, education is being reconstructed all the world over, and thought and study brought to bear on the subject by experts of the various branches. Not only are the methods of teaching undergoing a change, but it would seem that the point of view with which the whole subject is regarded has radically altered.

Now in the midst of the various opinions that are being put forward, it is important that we should realise definitely what our ideals are, in order to welcome every system and theory that seems to tend towards those ideals. There is no need to enlarge on the importance of the physical side of education; everyone is alive to it, and it is that form of it that can be classed under the term "Dance" that will be dealt with here. It must be remembered that it is with dancing as a form of education that we are dealing, and no condemnation of dancing as a theatre art is intended, nor any slight to the old schools of professional dancing. At the same time we must state that any abnormal

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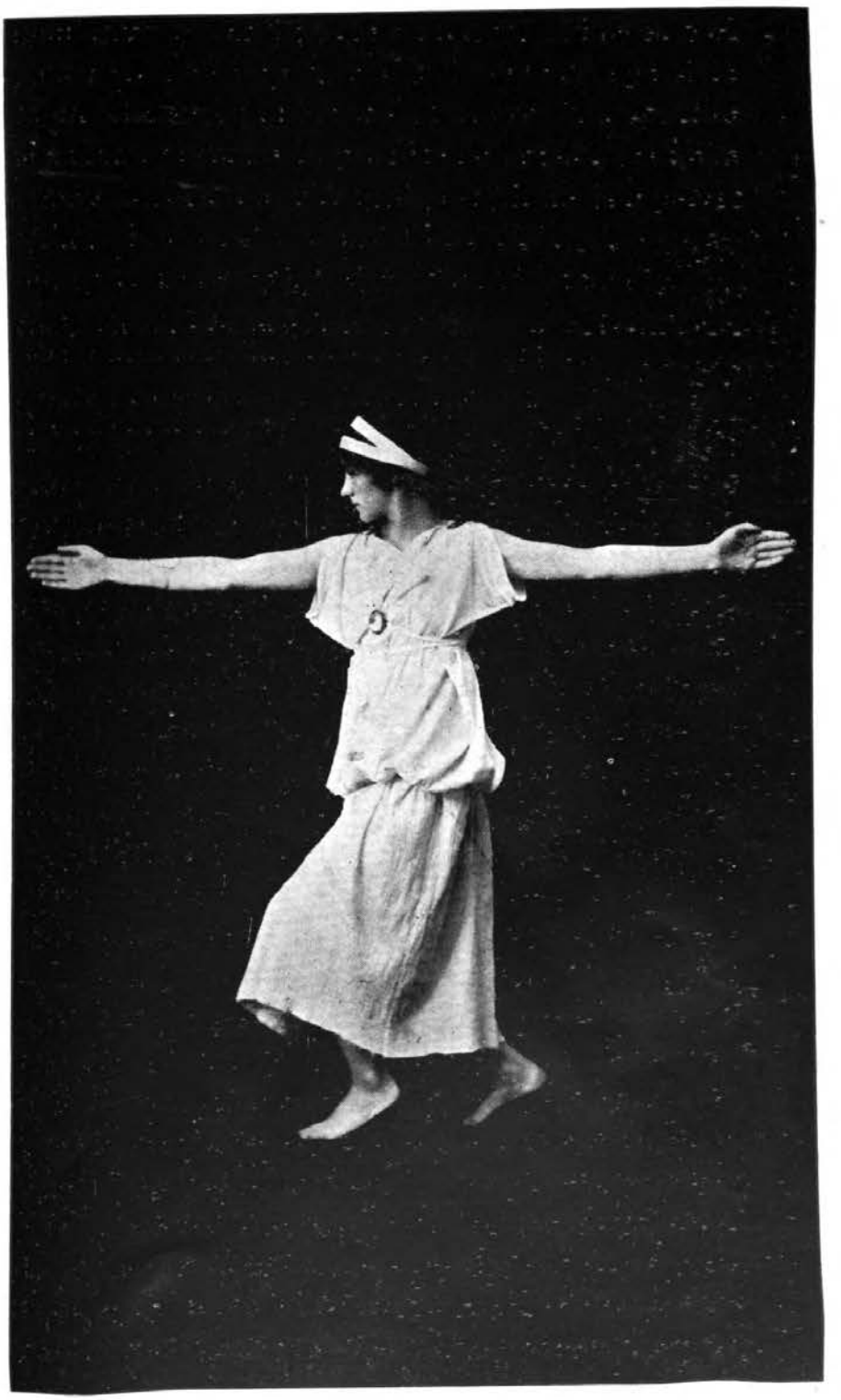

THE GREEK DANCE, FIRST POSITION

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development of muscles, or any straining of the laws of nature, or artificiality, however wonderful and beautiful in effect, are entirely outside the definite lines which lead towards our goal, and are better left to specialists who make dancing their career.

Now, in speaking of the physical body, it is well to bear in mind that it is not only this form of bone, flesh, and muscle that we have to deal with. Equally bound up with it are our mental and emotional bodies, which are constantly acting and reacting on and with the material form. We see this often in the world around us, for many people who were born quite normal grow up with bodies twisted and stunted from some purely mental or emotional cause. High shoulders are a very frequent result of self-consciousness and lack of emotional outlet. Any form of physical exercise that is not a satisfactory mental and emotional exercise as well, loses half its value.

Briefly then, our ideal physical body that we are striving to produce, is one which will best express the inner self; a healthy, well-developed body, full of strength, grace, and balance; a perfect instrument in perfect control. How far we are from this control at present will be best realised by those who have witnessed the frantic efforts in the modern ball-room. We may sum up our aims thus: Healthy development, Control, and Expression.

For healthy development equally throughout the body, dancing and wrestling are the two best methods of training; and dancing should always be taught before wrestling, as in the Hellenic days. Wrestling is a splendid exercise for the mind and emotions as well as for the body. To keep one's temper, take a beating

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gracefully, and bear pain unflinchingly, are lessons all should learn; and the element of danger that exists in this form of exercise is an excellent thing for the manhood of the nation. But for children and for most girls, dancing will supply all the development and physical training that is desirable and necessary.

Control (the swift obedience of the body to the brain) comes only with training, and until we have it we cannot truly be said to live. Balance is closely linked with this, not the balance of clenched teeth and bated breath, but the poise of the tight-rope dancer, relaxed, yet alert and confident; that brings with it a joy of life that is peculiarly its own. Children know this. Every small boy or girl who climbs trees and fences and balances jubilantly from the top, feels a little of its grandeur, and every baby that stands unsupported for the first time, knows something of its joy. It is only the grown-ups that cry: "Take care, you will fall!" and promptly replace the sense of balance with the sense of fear. They have forgotten.

With regard to expression, modern educationalists are realising the value of Drama as a method of teaching, and dancing is very closely related to Drama. Physical culture and control of the body is an absolute necessity to the actor who wishes to express himself. A famous old actor (who is responsible in some degree for the training of a large percentage of the best artists we have on the London stage to-day) was never tired of telling his pupils, when they made some awkward gesture: "It is because you have not used your arms and hands; the inspiration of the idea you are trying to express flows through you until it comes to the untrained part, and there it has to stop—the result

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being the awkward gesture you have just made." It will be noticed that those nationalities to whom acting seems to come as second nature, are those who use gesture frequently in everyday life, and have a freedom of movement that we often lack in the West. All-round physical training does away with self-consciousness altogether, when it takes the form of dramatic dancing.

"Physical training" is a misleading term, apt to conjure up a vision of rigid drill, dumb-bells, apparatus of all kinds, and herds of people doing the same thing at the same time with military precision and smartness. Now both these qualities are absolutely necessary for the soldier, and invaluable too for the civilian, but it is not unlikely that, at any rate in our schools of the future, we may gain these same qualities by a somewhat different method, probably along the lines of "Eurhythmics" as taught by M. Jaques Dalcroze. His pupils have an extraordinary sense of time and quick control, and seem to need no preliminary word of warning before an order as in the ordinary drill. He has a method of teaching music to children, the time and rhythm of which is impressed on the pupils by means of movements; quite small children are thus able to grasp the most difficult and complicated time, and even an unmusical child can develop an "ear". It is not, however, dancing in any true sense of the word, nor was it intended to be by M. Dalcroze, and its positions are not based on any thought-out or scientific or artistic ideas, as far as one can see. It may in time amalgamate with some of the schools of natural dancing, and in that case the value of both systems will be tremendously increased.

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Now the word "Dance" (except with the Greeks) always implies artificiality of a sort—an assumed grace and elegance of movement, based on the apparent denial of the laws of nature and gravity. The Ballet system is the best example of this; and it is no use from the educational point of view, with its rigid and complicated technique and over-development of certain muscles. On the other hand, country and national dances have behind them no sufficiently definite technique to make them a method of physical training; so that, in our search for a basis for our natural dancing of the future, we find that the Greeks of old come nearer to our ideals in their physical education than any other people. Dancing was an essential part of their religion as well as of their education. As soon as a child could walk, it was taught to dance. Boys had to learn to dance before they were considered fit to learn the arts of war. Youths danced "to rest themselves" after more strenuous exercises in the gymnasiums. Their dancing was based on the laws of nature and was scientific in its method of training the body.

During the last few years a revival of this natural dancing has sprung up. Its pioneers were Isadora and Raymond Duncan, a brother and sister, both of them artists in the fullest sense of the word. They made an exhaustive study of all the dance-poses they could find in Greek art, and from these they built up their system. How near they came to the reality it is difficult to say, but it is enough to know that thay have given us a basis for the dancing of the future. The inspiration they handed on to their pupils and imitators has permeated the artistic world to a great extent, and many schools are springing up everywhere. Few people

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realise to what an extent Miss Duncan affected the world, or that it is to her that we owe the wonderful Russian Ballet of the pre-war days, as seen in London and Paris. M. Mikail Fokine, a director of the Imperial Ballet School in Petrograd, after seeing Isadora Duncan dance, asked her to give a special performance in the Ballet School. From that time there was a definite split in the academy, a group of students breaking away from the old ballet and introducing her methods into their own art. Amongst these we find such names as Pavlova, Karsavina, Nidjinsky, Mordkin and Volinine Bohm, and many others, and it was these artists that gave us the Russian Ballet as we know it to-day. This may help to show to those who have not had the opportunity of seeing Miss Duncan's art, that it is no vain boast, based alone on personality and the accessories of the theatre. These artists recognised at once the truth and beauty of her art, and welcomed in it something that they felt was lacking in their own. This "something" was solely due to the fact that the Greek system is in harmony with nature and that every movement is sincere in its expression. A brief outline of the Duncan System may make this clearer.

It may be noticed, in walking or running, when—let us say—the right foot is forward, the left arm and shoulder swing slightly forward also to preserve the balance. Now this law of balance is taken into account by the Greeks, but in all other systems of dancing the opposite is almost the invariable rule, and the right hand and foot work together and vice versa. Hence the artificiality of movement. This law of balance is emphasised in the Duncan System, and the enormous

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difference it makes in the sincerity of movement has to be seen to be realised. Another great difference lies in the fact that most of the dancing is done in profile, and not directly facing the audience, the reason for this being that a greater beauty and variety of line is possible than in the dead front or back view. That this was the general opinion of the Greek artist can be seen in his invariable choice of the profile in his figures on the vases and friezes of that time.

Now this profile dancing is invaluable in the teaching of children; it does away with a great deal of affectation; the child has no opportunity of scanning the faces of the spectators for approval; he understands that he is expressing a picture or telling a story, and he enters into the idea with zest, forgetting himself in the creation. Thus self-consciousness is entirely forgotten.

The Duncan System is based on six fundamental positions, copied exactly from the dance-poses of Greek art. These are said to be the basic principles of every posture the human body can naturally assume, and have many variations. If practised in sequence, every part of the body is exercised equally. These positions must be learned until they can be assumed without effort; they constitute the alphabet of Greek dancing, and once the pupil has made them his own he can weave what poems he pleases. The dancing is done on the ball of the foot and particular attention is paid to perfect balance between the two feet (a thing more difficult to achieve than it sounds). As the pupils' feet are bare, it need hardly be added that no unnatural pointing of the toes or turning out of the feet is possible. It *is* sometimes seen in pseudo-classical dancing, where

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the dress adopted is the only thing suggestive of the Greeks, and it is exceedingly ugly.

The Duncans, although the source of their inspiration is the same, have followed somewhat different lines. Isadora, undoubtedly the greater interpretive artist of the two, appealed to a much larger public through the theatre. Her art is full of beauty and mysticism, and her school probably depends more on inspiration and less on definite instruction than that of her brother Raymond. At the same time it is to the latter that we owe a scientific working out of the theory, without which it would be impossible to hand it on in a practical form as educational physical culture. Both the brother and sister raised the cry of "Back to the Greeks," and with their pupils adopted the dress and sandals of that period, even in the bleak climate of the British Isles. Raymond Duncan went even further than his sister; his pupils danced only in profile, so that the effect was a living Greek frieze, the dancers working always in straight lines across the line of vision. The music and rhythms used were Greek only, and the effect was certainly both interesting and striking. At the same time it was too limiting, and very few of his pupils have retained these rigid laws. They came to realise that insomuch as it was in accordance with the laws of nature and the human body, it belonged not only to the Greeks but to all times, and that in it, with its power of expansion, lay the dancing of the future. Raymond Duncan was an enthusiast; he tried his system on the poorer as well as the richer classes, and made it a success in a working men's club in Paris. Many schools have sprung up in all parts of the world, calling themselves by different names and varying

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slightly in method, some having been started by imitators of the Duncans who have not grasped any of the fundamentals of their system, others by pupils who, although elaborating and developing the ideas they were given, have still kept to the basic laws and principles laid down. Of these last the two best known to the writer are Miss Spong's School of Dancing in Hampstead, and the Margaret Morris School of Dance in Chelsea.

For the growth of an art creative artists are necessary, and the life that they themselves put into their work outlives their brief mortality, their inspiration being carried on by their pupils and followers until the next creative artist appears to light his torch at the dying embers and create in turn a fresh blaze. The spark of inspiration has existed through the ages; it is no one's especial achievement; it belongs to all who can catch it and light their own fire by it, and they can keep it alive only by giving it to the world. It is in the manner of giving that individual genius is shown, and it is the creative artist alone that can give in this way. Such an artist is Margaret Morris, and her school is in many respects a living example of some of the essential qualities that we have laid down for the future education of children. An actress and dancer of striking originality from her earliest years, she was never content to bask in easily won popularity, but was ever seeking new beauty and new ways of expressing it. Dancing was her chief medium of expression even when she was a tiny girl, and one of her earliest recollections is of creeping into an empty church and dancing in the sunlight that streamed through the stained glass windows. She felt so sure that the

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Deity would understand and appreciate her efforts, but her confession, afterwards, to an orthodox relative brought severe censure on her small head.

Margaret Morris was a dancer of great ability before she adopted the Greek method, so that the accusation of incapacity and lack of training that is usually made against the classical dancer by members of the Ballet School did not apply to her; in fact she was an expert toe dancer, and she nearly broke her old ballet master's heart when she gave it up and became a pupil of Raymond Duncan's. She recognised in his method a greater beauty and sincerity and a fuller scope for natural expression. Her work always has been and always will be chiefly in connection with the theatre, and her first experience of training children was for a stage production. The children were mainly drawn from the slums of London, and a quaint little troupe they were when they appeared at their first rehearsal, down at heel and out at elbow, with boots too large, grimy faces and hair made hideous by curling pins. When they had been brushed and scrubbed and put into Greek tunics, they were scarcely recognisable. A few weeks' training transformed them into elves and fairies, and all London was raving over them. Until then these children had never heard good music; now they danced to nothing else and they loved it. "Bite'oven" was a general favourite. They trudged away to their squalid homes whistling scraps of sonatas.

This attempt encouraged Miss Morris to form a permanent professional troupe and start the school which has now become so famous. There are many schools of dancing that are turning out graceful, healthy

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pupils, but none of them produce one quarter of the originality on the part of the pupils themselves, as this school in Chelsea does. It is this quality we need more than any other in training children—the capacity of stimulating their own initiative and thought, and encouraging everything they do that is good art, well worked out and conceived. At the same time there is none of the lax discipline and lack of method that is sometimes seen in schools of the advanced type, where the children are encouraged to go their own way quite regardless of the feelings and convenience of their teachers—the swing of the pendulum from the early Victorian days when the children were more often sacrificed to the older generation. Neither extreme tends to the happiness of either young or old.

Children may join the Chelsea School as young as four or five, and even at that age they begin to learn the six fundamental positions of the Duncan System. The classes are varied with marching Greek exercises and dances of the simplest type, that are more in the nature of games or plays acted to music, in which the expression of various emotions is called into play. However simple these dances are, time is insisted on and the rhythm is kept. As the child grows more expert it is moved on to a higher class where the steps and exercises are more intricate. Here is taught a method of notation by which the dances learnt can be written down, one form of exercise being the translation of a few bars written on the blackboard into instant movement. In this class too, original work is commenced; a rhythm or a phrase of music is given to the class and the children invent their own steps with the help and suggestion of the teacher (given only

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when sought and if the difficulties seem insurmountable). The children then do their movements and criticise each others'; the faults are pointed out and anything good praised accordingly. For those children who wish to take up dancing seriously there is a further course of training, and it is this course, in perhaps a modified form, that is the best embodiment of an all-round physical, mental and emotional training that the writer has ever come across.

This course of instruction includes classes of painting and drawing; not the careful, expert teaching of the Art school, but by way of helping and encouraging the children into clear and definite thought about the ideas they wish to express. They design the dresses and scenery for their dances, they study colour and line. No matter if the perspective is not always what it should be and if anatomy is disregarded, so long as the idea behind is clear; the essential quality is there, and the rest can come later. There is a very interesting law in the school that is insisted on by Miss Morris, and is an essential part of her teaching, and it is this: in moving about the stage in a dance, a definite design must be traced by the feet, and this design must be in harmony with the conception of the music and the movements. As this is unseen and probably not realised by the audience, its importance may not at first be understood, yet Miss Morris will tell you that unless the design is clear and definite the dance will not be good. It is not so strange a conception, to those familiar with Theosophical teachings, that this definite thought-form should play so important a part in the harmonising of the whole dance-creation. One of the most realistic examples of the use of this "design" was

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in a dance arranged by Miss Morris to the music of "The Water Lily" by MacDowell. While the arm movements were indicating the petals of the flower and the rippling of the water, the feet were tracing unseen the shape of a lily lying on a leaf, and it was one of the most finished and perfect dances the writer has seen. There are few laws in this strange school, but sloppy or slack work is never tolerated; the children put the whole of themselves into their work. They dance to music, classical or modern, but always of the best of its kind; they dance to songs and to words spoken or intoned (often of their own composing), sometimes to a rhythm beaten out on a drum or by some other means; sometimes the rhythm is shown merely in the movements and not heard. It is a school for artists, and in it there is infinite variety and an unending development of the poetry of movement.

Think of a world in which every child went through such a school as this; where the art of expression in colour, sound, and form was taught as a matter of course; would the future generations be content with the ugly world most of us live in? Would it be possible for them to tolerate bad music and the hopeless inanities of some of our stage productions, to be content to let their bodies stiffen into ungainly shapes over desks and kitchen fires, as many of us do, and grow old before we can be said to have lived at all? Some people say that it is the weak and infirm bodies that call forth the greater amount of mental and spiritual growth, and that the more we degenerate physically the better it is for our souls. Perhaps the appalling joy and pride taken in sickness and disease by the lower classes is a relic of this teaching. It was set

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forward by those who had renounced the world and believed that the end of all things was near. We grow by expressing the spirit within, and our bodies are the channels through which that spirit reaches the world. Would a broken violin make a better musician of Kreisler? We must have done once and for all with this doctrine of the mortification of the flesh, and teach our future generations pride of body and love of beauty; teach them to live, feel, and express themselves. There is small credit in the control of a body that is inert or cramped by fear and habit, emotionless or suppressed. There is much that is good in the advice of one of our great men who exhorted mankind to "live dangerously," to be ready to trust to one's own poise and balance in the mental world as well as in the physical. And so we come back to the same theory, that it is no use treating our physical body as a thing apart; our physical training, or whatever we choose to call it, must take the rest of our bodies into account. It is the co-ordination of the whole being that is the aim of all forms of education. It is no use drilling the body mechanically, while the mind and emotions are left to wander unemployed; the result will not even benefit the physical body to any great extent, and nothing is more boring to the intelligent child if carried on for any length of time.

The new ideas on education are all tending towards this co-ordination; the Dalcroze Eurhythmics achieve it in a large degree, and there may be many more systems unknown to the writer which should be studied by the makers of the future education if they are to arrive at the best method. The difficulty at first will be to find the teachers;

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much of the material that we have in our schools now will be found to be useless. There are many in our board schools to-day who are there simply because they regard it as a rise in the social scale and look upon their work as bread and butter merely. They are badly paid and still more badly equipped for teaching. If we are to have the right sort of education we must revise all that, and we must take into our consideration the artist, who until now we have never regarded seriously at all. It is curious that up to the present time there never seems to have been the slightest attempt to stimulate good taste in colour, music, or art of any kind in our schools. Probably this is because no one has realised its absence. We want the creative artist to help us with our education, not by direct teaching, for we can never tie him down to a school or bind him by routine; we must send our future teachers to learn from him so that they may hand on his inspiration, and they must go back to him again and again after periods of teaching, so that they can be re-charged with enthusiasm and ideas, ideas not necessarily his. The greatest power of the creative artist lies in the fact that he stimulates the creative instinct in others. Another thing we must remember is that nothing will stay permanently fixed, or be suitable for generation after generation without change; we must be ready always to revise, alter, and if necessary pull down our structure, if it will not meet the needs of the coming race.

Artists are prophets of the future. It is said that this war catastrophe was seen several years before 1914, in the work of the artists in Paris. The strange tendencies of art at that time, first towards vague impressions, like coming fears, and later into the hard,

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crude forms, machine-like and inhuman, was very significant. The war-thought had swept down through the emotional into the concrete, and the artists had caught it before it reached the outer world. Very few artists will be able to give you a clear explanation of the things they create. You ask them: "Why this colour, form, or grouping?" They cannot tell you, except that it is to them—right. This is true of all art—poetry, prose, music, painting, drama or dance. The artistic mind is satisfied with the inner knowledge; it is the scientific mind that seeks an answer and an explanation. For education both are necessary, but up till now we have had all science and no art in our system. It may be said that the school that has been described here is one that is only for those of the artistic temperament. But each one of us has something of the artist in him, however undeveloped it may be, and we are all of us creators in some measure. It is a training no less valuable for the scientist than for the artist, this co-ordination and translation of definite, original thought into movement, line, and colour. Let us see if it is not possible in our schools of the future to combine art and physical culture in something of this method; not to supersede games, or running, or any valuable exercise, but as the culture of Expression. That is what every form of education is working towards—spiritual, mental, emotional and physical expression. The unity of the whole comprises the joy of life.

Eleanor M. Elder

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ELEMENTAL CRADLE SONG

PEACE of ardent fire surround thee,
Live and soothing, bright and still,
Now Thine Own have named and found thee,
Rest in Elemental will.

Peace of fixèd air brood o'er thee,
Light supernal, Being's shade,
Infant zephyrs dance before thee
While in cradle thou art laid.

Water! Bring Neptunian blossom,
Foam-wrought flowers, enamelled shells,
Coral from fair Ocean's bosom,
Amber from enchanted wells.

Earth! With scents and colours weave thee
Spells, till thou forget thy pain;
Elements in love receive thee
For a space, to them again.

LEO FRENCH

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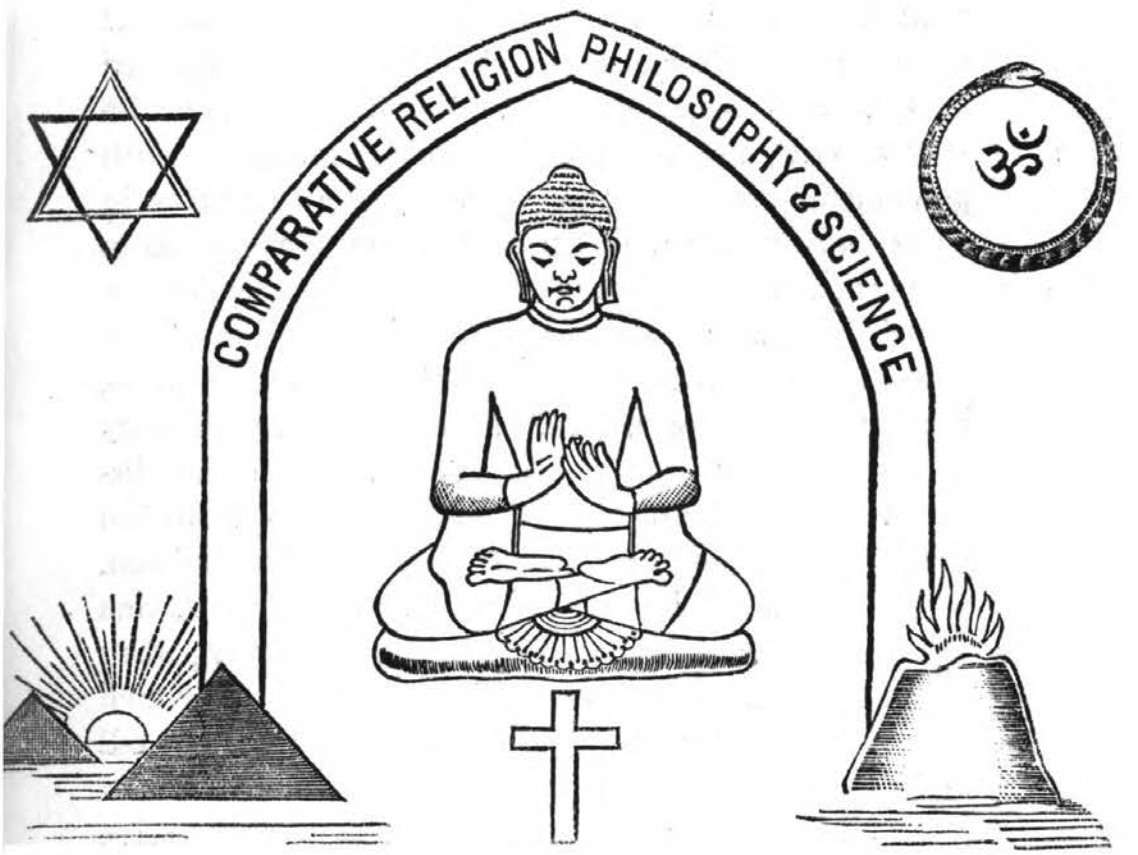

LUX EX ORIENTE

By C. Spurgeon Medhurst

So much has happened since I wrote in The Theosophist, 1913, on "The Rebirth of China" that much of it reads like history that is out of date. The three gentlemen named in that article have been discredited, and the disunity of the nation has been more in evidence than the hopes of its friends. Since then, once in Shanghai and again in Peking, the writer

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has listened to the screech of shell and witnessed the effects of battle, and still the disintegrating process continues. Dark forces are at work in China as elsewhere, and some from whom much was expected have been a disappointment. Nevertheless, as in the article referred to optimism was mingled with pessimistic notes, so now I swamp my pessimism in an optimistic wave, and propose to say some things in connection with reconstruction in regard to which the foolish in China may teach the wise in Europe and America. Without endorsing his theories, or approving his morals, may we not with Niccolò Machiavelli study man, not after our preconceptions, or in the distorted light of isolated periods, but as a historical whole? It is only our ideals, individual or national, which matter. If sufficient time be allowed, and the ideals be held with sufficient tenacity, they always become realities. They are forces which persist, even though the definitions change. I shall deal, therefore, with China as her noblest sons desire her to be, and consider whether the more progressive West cannot learn something from the more conservative East.

When I speak of China's ideals as possible moulds for Western thought, I am not unmindful that what I say of China can be also said of Japan, India, and other Eastern lands, but in this paper I deal only with what I know best. Oriental civilisation is a type *sui generis*, with national differences, just as Western civilisation is a distinct type with individual peculiarities. Will not the civilisation of the future be a new type, vivified by "a certain purity of ideals and a keen spiritual sense" which can come only from the East? We want a

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wider outlook, relieved from the poison of prejudice, an outlook which can choose the good wherever found and eliminate the bad wherever it may exist, and so form a new social organism. Each country can offer its quota. Why should not THE THEOSOPHIST collect from its representatives the National Ideals of each land? Such a collection would form a unique, concrete example of what a State might be. I will take the lead and speak for China.

The first thing which impresses a student of sociology on coming to the Orient is the greater opportunity for leisure and the cultivation of the inner, conferred by the order of things in the East. There is no occasion to enquire into the use or non-use that is made of this invaluable gift, but we may seriously ask whether the daily work of life demands such unceasing physical and mental activity as is customary in the Occident. Is it based on real values or on artificial wants? Would not an alteration in the mental focus reduce the number of supposed necessities? A sermon would be out of place, so let it suffice to call attention to the fact that the larger, and perhaps the happiest, half of the human race find their satisfactions in the simplicities of life, and that this larger half are not deficient in either mental or spiritual culture.

Why, in the Orient, although there is a great abundance of severe poverty, is there an entire absence of the Western city slum life, with its accompanying squalid wickedness? Peking, the capital of China, the judicial, civil, and military centre of a Nation numbering a third of the human family, is, with its clean, airy, and healthy residences—palace or hovel—a striking contrast to the capital of England's

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Empire. Peking is free from visible vice; it has no criminal quarter. In China, as anywhere else, the poor are always in evidence, but, unless during a time of public calamity, famine, flood, epidemic or such like, the poor are never friendless. The Chinese distrust unbrotherliness. Families support their own incompetents, and enjoy considerably more power than in the West to enforce the family discipline and the family morality. There is a corporate responsibility for the good behaviour of all the residents of any particular district. The people act together, and while each may follow his own favourite line of development, all must conform to the established good custom of unity. There is a fraternal feeling between the rich and poor, a mutual responsibility, and a mutual sense of dependence, which prevents any single individual, or group of individuals, elbowing the rest into congested districts, covered with small, badly built tenements, let for big, carefully calculated rents. Landlords in China may sometimes be unyielding, they are seldom usurious. Perhaps the application of the Single Tax will one day serve as a besom in the West, and bring about a closer approximation to the ideals of the East. Bitter experience may, perhaps, some day force in the Occident something corresponding to Oriental Socialism.

Extreme individualism always spells disintegration and disaster. China has discovered this. So far the democratic independence of the new China has not sampled up to the centralisation of old China under the Emperors. I am not discussing Chinese politics, but am simply using China as a beacon for the Occident, and a suggestion as to how deliverance may be found. For

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this purpose I quote from the letter of a recent correspondent to a local newspaper:

> Where are the reforms which were to spring up, once the Manchu yoke had been cast off? Six years! And in those six years revolutions, corruptions, party quarrels, internecine strife! Soldiers, more and more soldiers, armed—for what? The destruction of their own people! Politician against politician, party against party, province against province, North against South.

In the West also there is too much of each man for himself, or of grouping into associations when by such groupings the members think they can get more for self than they could singly. This is one of the very grave dangers of modern times. East and West alike need to learn the lesson of the War—peoples must be democratic, governments autocratic. *The chief cause of China's troubles since the establishment of the Republic in 1912 has been compromise with force in betrayal of principle.* Let the West study the facts, and beware!

It is easy to pick holes in Chinese garments, and to laugh at puerilities in her management of life, but before attempting to ridicule we must recollect that China's civilisation is the oldest living social order. What has preserved it? The writer would say it is its family life, a life which is continuous, generation after generation, which remains unbroken by death. I shall not hastily forget the venerable Wu Jing Fang describing how, on the occasion of his first appointment as Chinese Minister to Washington, he went to his ancestral village home to thank his ascendants. The honour was theirs, not his. Is it not possible that this continuous linking of the past with the present, of the descendants with the founders and the predecessors of the family, creates guardian entities in China, who exercise a beneficial

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influence over posterity? Chinese National, provincial and local heroes are deified. Their images are placed in the temples. May not the West pluck a leaf from China's book of Practical Wisdom and lay a stronger stress on hero worship, teach it more thoroughly to children, make it more completely a real example in daily life? Would it not be better if history were less of a school lesson and more of a message? Why perpetuate the distinction "Profane and Sacred History"? It is a moral and theological anomaly.

I might say more, but I remember that a wise man once said: "Brevity is the soul of wit," and so I pass by such admirable Chinese characteristics as the patient perseverance with which this people can steadily continue an unremitting pressure for years in any direction in which they desire reform; their happy custom of selecting a go-between when they are angry, that their thoughts may be communicated indirectly through third parties; their toleration of opinions differing from their own—unless they happen to have fallen under the curse of politics; and their freedom from the folly of religious persecutions. My missionary friends would dispute this, but I am convinced that every so-called religious persecution in China will on examination prove, in the last analysis, to have originated from causes which had no connection with beliefs of any kind; to creeds the Chinese are indifferent. I will merely call attention to the benefits of the elastic status of the serving man in China, whatever his capacity or position, as compared with his brother worker in, say, England, and conclude with a description of what I see every morning as I walk to the place where I follow the routine of the

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day. It emphasises the importance of the cultivation of the æsthetic.

Everything in the wide street is picturesquely harmonious. The houses on either side of the spacious side-walls look inwards, for the enclosing walls front the street, and the dwellings themselves, with their paved courtyards and quaint rooms, are hidden from view. Yet the general ensemble is a fierce rebuke to the monotonous vulgarity of a London suburb, with its rows of red brick houses, unemotional front doors, and curtained windows which stare imbecilely at the pedestrian. The Chinese street is bright with diversified colours. Instead of black there are doors which are scarlet or grass green, and ornamented with brightly polished brass handles. The windows are formed of red lattice-work in a series of concentric squares, relieved by central conventional patterns, or small panes of glass. Over the doorposts are intricate carvings, while grotesque lions, or something which is supposed to suggest a lion, often decorate the roof-trees, and each is different, each is individual. Skilful, if stiff and conventional, paintings relieve the flatness of a cross beam here, a bright shop sign in red and gold catches the eye and makes the heart glad over there. Dullness is banished. Even in the midst of poverty there are suggestions of refinement.

China's cry to the West is then—seek the simplicities; value the beautiful; stress leisure rather than luxury; and ever remember that each is responsible for his neighbour's welfare. Critics never tire of scolding China. Impatient men say: "China does nothing." Whatever grounds there may be for these ebullitions

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of irritability, as long as she is an example of patience and quiet determination to become a Nation which lives righteously, China cannot be said to be a tree which cumbereth the ground. Every student who enters her schools is inspired by visions of what his education will enable him to do for his country. Later experiences bring disillusionment, but the ideal is there, and all of us, East and West, should ever cherish it.

We talk of our Leagues of Peace which are to employ force, if necessary, to preserve peace. We talk of destroying Prussianism and we talk wisely, for these things must be; but should we not talk still more wisely if we talked more loudly of such ideals as China has always cherished. Before the Lord makes wars to cease in the earth the nations must become morally strong enough to advance without the sharp awakening of war's stinging lash. I should have more hope of the future if we heard more of the need of resisting the strident demands of this material existence, not for the sake of winning the War only, but for the sake of winning the Kingdom of Heaven.

C. Spurgeon Medhurst

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A PRAYER FROM JAPAN

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

JIZO, the God of Japanese women and children, the Deity to whom the sailors of Nippon pray, is certainly one of the most tender, compassionate and lovable of the Gods of Old Japan. I possess a picture of him clad in a robe of red and green and blue, standing upon the sacred Lotus. His golden halo sheds light upon rosy and pearl-grey clouds, and at his feet cluster a number of children. Some are demurely praying, others are stretching forth eager arms, while one little fellow is in a sitting posture, spell-bound by the beauty of Jizo's smile. At the feet of this Buḍḍhist Deity there is no death, no fear, no sorrow for those little ones who have left their earthly parents. They realise with sunny smiles and laughter and a shout of joy that he represents the very spirit of fatherhood and motherhood in its most perfect form. To these children he is a Divine Playmate dwelling in a Kingdom so near to where a dragon fly with burnished wing once flew, so near to a deep pool where red carp used to swim. Jizo's Kingdom is but a child's step from this world to the next, and the happiness and nearness of that Kingdom do much to dry the eyes of sorrowing parents who have lost for a while their little ones. A mother with an aching heart has only

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to write a prayer on a little piece of paper and allow it to float upon a river, and it will presently pass into the Kingdom where the Divine Playmate dwells. He will know and answer that prayer even before it reaches him. He will caress and play with the child of that bereaved mother, and peace and joy will come to them both.

This terrible War has opened the flood-gates of our sorrow and compassion, of our love and hate, as no other incident has done for many a long year. The most self-sufficient, the most callous, the most worldly-wise, are driven at last to the feet of the Master, there to press back with shaking hand the veil that once concealed their hearts, eager to confess all, eager to know at last that which alone is worth knowing. The Japanese people have outgrown their crude beliefs in Hachiman, the God of War. They have learnt, after many years of cruel conflict, that no deity of war, whether it be Jehovah, Thor, or Mars, is worthy of worship. They have discovered, through much suffering and no little purification, that such a being personifies the lust of vengeance and is rather a fiend than a god. In their hour of bitter need they realise that Love and Love alone is the blessed Light of Godhead, the only Light that can heal all wounds and help them to endure to the end.

I was not surprised to find, from a correspondent in *The Times*, that the Japanese people have not turned to Hachiman but to the gentle and all-loving Jizo. To him they have prayed for the souls of those who have fallen in battle, and some of those prayers, the most noble and most worthy, make no distinction between friend and foe. Love has

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touched them both with the same compassion, and such prayers that recognise the fallen as beyond the clash of warfare, untouched by chance nationality, are sweeter in God's sight than the fragrance of the most lovely flowers. Jizo has become, as he was destined to become, something more than a Divine Father and Mother. The brave soldiers who have fallen in battle, whether they be English or German, French or Russian, are all children in his sight. He takes them lovingly in his arms. On his breast they forget the roar of the battlefield and find an abiding peace in his smile.

In a poor quarter of Tokyo known as Shussanji, or the Going-out-of-the-Mountain-Temple, elaborate preparations were recently made to celebrate a service for the repose of all who have been slain in battle. A venerable priest placed offerings of rice and fruit on the red and gold Shussanji altar, together with a tablet thus inscribed: "To console all those who have passed into the Beyond because of War." He was a poor old priest, clad in a faded grey robe, but he murmured prayers for the departed in a gentle, quivering voice, his eyes alight with the fire of worship.

The priest, followed by a humble procession of men, women and children, left the temple and approached a certain bridge that spans the beautiful Sumida River: that river associated with merry boating-parties, eager to see a display of cherry-blossom, a river whose banks are sometimes gemmed with fireflies, caught by the country folk and placed in such a position that the Emperor can see from his Palace Tokyo's river alight with living jewels, and lastly, a river down which have sped in July thousands of little soul-boats in connection with the Festival of the Dead.

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Near this Sumida bridge floated a cargo-junk, whose canvas roof was adorned with many black Buḍḍhist symbols and at whose bow fluttered a banner bearing these words: "A service to console the spirits of the whole-world's departed ones." Priest and people entered the vessel, while the former stood in front of a small altar upon which stood an image of Jizo. Near by were three tablets, one bearing a prayer for all the slain, another for "the great victory of the Imperial Army," and the third for "the great victory of the Allies". When the priest had burnt incense and chanted a *sutra*, a boatman took his bamboo-pole, and slowly the heavily-laden vessel floated down-stream. The splash of the pole, the ripple of water against the sides of the boat, mingled with the murmur of *Namu, Amida Butsu*! ("Hail, Omnipotent Buḍḍha!")

This little floating temple must have appeared as a mysterious barque to those who watched it. It was bound on a sacred mission. It was a Ship of Prayers, a strange-looking craft amid motor-boats, junks with sails distended, and a host of little steamers carrying on board many a happy holiday-maker. For a moment it seemed as if this Jizo vessel had suddenly grown a company of cherry trees whose blossoms were being scattered by the wind into the water. But that flutter of white was not due to the petals of flowers. The worshippers were leaning over the side of the boat and scattering a number of prayers bearing the image of Jizo, prayers for those slain in battle. There seemed no end to that white shower of prayers, and while these messages were floating in the wake of the vessel the smoke of incense rose before the altar and the worshippers began to beat drums and to chant.

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It mattered not that noisy tug-boats came and went on the muddy water, or that the shriek of a steam-whistle mingled with the pious *Namu, Amida Butsu!* Neither did it matter to these loving worshippers that their vessel floated past factories belching forth dense clouds of smoke, past squalid dwellings before which workmen stood in soiled and tattered garments. Still the white shower of prayers fluttered in the breeze and fell as softly as snowflakes upon the water. The old priest was quietly smiling. Perhaps he knew with joy that he would soon join those souls for whom he was now praying, that his Ship of Life would soon drop anchor in the Harbour of Death, which is also the Harbour of Immortality.

At about noon the sacred vessel reached Tsukijima, an island at the mouth of the Sumida River, and the boatman plied his pole in the peaceful waters of Tokyo Bay, half concealed in a grey mist. The floating temple, with its priceless cargo of prayers, anchored over a spot where a stone image of Jizo had been buried in the sand. Here the worshippers enjoyed a simple repast, and when all had had their fill, the old priest stood before the altar, a figure that must have seemed almost ghostly in the sea fog, and conducted a special service for the souls of those who have passed away in the Great War. As he prayed, something of the heavenly peace of Jizo was seen upon his wrinkled face. He was praying for no particular country, for no particular people. He was praying, simply, ardently, for the souls of the slain who are one in the Light of Love. I have a fancy that the battle-field strewn with the killed and wounded is not quite so sad, so lonely, so terrible, because of that old man's prayers. Many a soul will

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rise from its shattered body and go into the Great Peace because of a noble prayer that went up from a little company of humble Japanese people.

When the old priest had finished praying, he thrust a piece of wood into the bottom of the bay, close to the image of the smiling Jizo. Upon this wooden stake was written: "Herewith the service is held for the whole-world-departed-soldiers-to-console-tablet." Some day, years hence it may be, another floating temple will pass down the Sumida River and out into Tokyo Bay. Some day, perhaps, another old priest will officiate and pray for love that shall lighten the whole world and make war unthinkable. That would be the greatest prayer of all, for it would honour the dead and honour the living for all time. How gladly the Master will answer that prayer when the new dawn comes!

F. Hadland Davis

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RHYTHM IN THE COSMOS

By ANNA KAMENSKY

WHAT is rhythm? Rhythm means measure. Everything living vibrates, for the life has two sides: the consciousness and its sheaths. These veils consist of more or less fine and dense matter; as soon as the wave of life touches it, matter moves, *i.e.*, vibrates. The more intense the life, the quicker and higher is the rate of its vibrations, the richer their key. This constitutes rhythm, the measure of life manifesting in breadth and depth. Everything living and breathing, all nature and all its kingdoms, have their own special rhythm. It was beautifully put by Prince Volkonsky[1]: "Life is a divine rhythm. . . . Rhythm exists, beats and pulsates all over the universe. The raindrop and the knocking of the woodpecker, the glimmering star, the cuckoo's song and the tide of the waves on the seashore—all these are the beatings of the universal heart, which come to full realisation in man."

Indeed the universe is filled with all kinds of rhythms, all subservient to the great rhythm of the whole universe. There is a cosmic rhythm of Nature at peace and another when Nature shows the play of the elements. The sea-surf, the rustle of leaves, the storm and hurricane, all these have a peaceful and

[1] *Art and Stage*, by Prof. S. Volkonsky.

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slow or tense and violent rate of vibration, which we perceive either as movement, or as light and sound. By thoughtful attention we easily discern a complete parallelism of these phenomena. Colour, sound and number constitute that triune physico-mathematical basis of every phenomenon in Nature, which accompanies all forms of life.

There are some well known experiments in physics which have established this fact long ago. Let us remember, for instance, the so-called Chladny's figures. One draws a violin bow over the edge of a drum's surface strewn with lycopodium or fine sand. According to the swing of the bow and the height of the sound, the dust on the drum's surface shapes itself into this or that geometrical figure, which clearly proves the kinship of sound and form.

Another still more interesting experiment is shown with the aid of Mrs. Huggins' eidophon. On a little diaphragm of stretched leather or on a screen, the sound sung through a tube brings about a series of complicated vibrations which shape the dust into a final design. Mrs. Huggins photographed these designs and succeeded in collecting very interesting pictures: trees, shells and even landscapes. The more complicated the melody, the more interesting the picture. Music builds by the creative power of sound, and all this shapes itself in precise, mathematical forms, as pure as crystal. "God geometrises," said Plato. "Unceasingly sounds the harmony of the spheres," said Pythagoras. "Rising and setting, the Sun sounds (*Die Sonne tont*)," said Goethe.

"The life of the world," says our gifted violonist, Alexandra Ounkovsky, "forms a chain of all-embracing

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phenomena, which can be called analogy. In it is heard the eternal sound, is seen the eternal light, is felt the perfect form, is sensed the rhythm uniting the movement with the conception of number. The subtler our hearing, the keener our eyes, the purer our thought, the clearer appears the analogy of the phenomena of life, which are a series of echoes of the ground-note of the Universe endlessly repeating themselves. Eagerly listening, looking at and thinking over life, we can hear the sounds of Nature, sensing them as colours, and we can perceive colours as sounds, creating in this way artistic and musical master-works. Constant communion with Nature, and observation of its life, unfold the depth of our intellect, wake our inner side and develop our intuition."

In Nature there is nothing dead, and therefore everything possesses its own rhythm, beginning with the slow (so slow that we do not notice it) rhythm of the stone, proceeding upwards to the beautiful rhythm of the tree and the flower, and ending with the quick and intense rhythm of the animal and the human being. Each kingdom has its own rhythm, and this special rhythm has an endless number of shades. For instance, from the huge rock of a mountain up to the crystal and the diamond there is a whole gamut of more or less slow and complicated vibrations. If from the mineral kingdom we rise to the vegetable, we can easily see the difference between the rhythm of a tree and the rhythm of the modest cornflower or the rhythm of a magnificent tea-rose. The same in the animal world: the rhythm of a snail, of a frog and of a deer constitute three quite different notes in the world-orchestra. The difference of rhythm is yet more

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subtle and complicated in the human kingdom, where we see an immense ladder of states of consciousness, beginning with the elementary low and single-toned rhythm of the savage and ending with the rich and high rhythm of a finely evolved spiritual man who stands on the threshold of super-humanity. From the savage to the genius and saint there is perhaps a greater gulf than between the animal and the savage. Moreover we have to consider the difference of temperament, of sex, of race, of character, which has also its own special rhythm of vibration.

Let us remember that in the higher kingdom there are phenomena the processes of which nobody has ever been able to observe, just as in the lower kingdoms, for instance, there is the phenomenon of growth. Who has ever seen how grass grows? And yet with every day we see how the field becomes more beautiful and richly green. It is the same with the growth of mountains; only their rhythm is far, far slower; it extends to whole ages.

There is in Hinḍū philosophy a teaching which throws a great light on the phenomena of rhythm; it is the teaching of the three forces of nature, the so-called guṇas. In nature and in man, in the whole manifested universe, three energies are at work: ṭamas (inertia, darkness, laziness), rajas (passion, irritability, instability), and saṭṭva (equilibrium, light, harmony). When the first (ṭamas) predominates, then we notice the phenomenon of petrifaction, immobility. If the second (rajas) predominates, then we see a passionate, unstable and uncoördinated activity. If the third (saṭṭva) predominates, then we see harmony, and we feel peace and light. The physical representative of

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ṭamas is the mineral kingdom; the animal kingdom is marked by its opposite pole—rajas. Harmony (saṭṭva) reigns in the vegetable kingdom, where life is awake to the joy of existence, while it does not as yet know any passion. So in the stone, ṭamas manifests with a mighty power; in the horse, rajas is expressed with an equally intense force. In the oak tree, with its grand tent of foliage above the green, and in the soft grass with all its dandelions, bluebells and daisies, reigns saṭṭva, and in this fact lies the clue to the divine peace which we feel at the heart of Nature. If we only know how to listen to Nature and how to love it, then we experience in its midst the whole fullness of life, and at the same time a sense of purity and innocence, removing our sins and regenerating us. In Nature there is no duality, everything is directed to the sun and permeated by her, from the smallest grass-blade up to the mighty cedar of Lebanon and to the stars in heaven. In her (Divine Nature), the pure and beautiful, throbs that high, solemn, peaceful and joyous rhythm which has been called in the East " the dance of the Gods " and also " the ceaseless, flowing, rhythmical dance of the universe ".

There is a field of spiritual activity which makes an effort to express in colours, sounds and movements the beautiful rhythm of the universe: it is Art. I use this word, not in the limited sense of a special profession, but in the broad sense of a true creative activity. Among the peasants of the world there are many unconscious artists. A weaver, improvising her song by the rhythm of the crossing threads; an embroiderer, expressing her mood in a symbolical design; a potter, trying to ensoul the clay and shaping it into a graceful flower; a bard, listening to the whisper of the leaves

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and singing his ballad—all those are true artists who know how to listen and how to see, and lovingly they endow us with the living fairy-tales amidst which they live. Those artists live close to Nature, and in their masterpieces we hear the pure rhythm of the Cosmos, which always brings a marvellous freshness and a feeling of being born anew.

The rhythm changes according to the character of the race and of the nation; it sounds even in the landscape. The Hinḍū artists knew how to listen to the cosmic rhythm, to the "dance of the universe," and observed a series of certain subtle changes in the rhythm of each day. For them each hour had its special key—"rāga"—and the song was to be played in accordance with it. In the evening there must be music different from that of the morning; at noon, different from that played at twilight or at dawn. All rāgas are ruled by the goddess Ragina-Tora, who is pictured as a heavenly shepherdess in the mountains; she plays on the vīṇa and is surrounded by deer. In her long mantle and with her sweet smile, she reminds us of a Madonna. It is interesting to find that those thoughts of the Hinḍū are confirmed by observation of birds, which lower and raise their voices at sunrise and sundown. The birds feel the rāga and observe it.

How far away our passionate and stormy art has wandered from the beautiful and tender tunes in the Indian mountains in communion with the Queen of Rāgas! Why has art gone away from her? Why must we go through so much that is impure and tragic in connection with this falling away?

Art, as well as all things in life where reigns the plan of the Logos, goes to a divine synthesis, and this

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evolutionary process realises itself through the overcoming of duality, which is ṭamas and rajas. During the evolutionary process the primeval purity is naturally lost, but it leads us later on to a conscious and therefore stable harmony. Just like the innocent purity of the child, which must come back through experience and effort again to man as purity of knowledge and love—that is wisdom, in the same way the pure harmony which sounded at the dawn of the Āryan civilisation, being an echo of the Gods and the initiation of the wise, must come back to us and renovate our art with the heavenly dew of spiritual regeneration. But this will only take place when artists shall feel the divinity of their mission and shall open their hearts to meet the Light, in the rays of which are born all higher intuitions. As a mountain stream with its pure water brings life and freshness to the valley, so does Spirit in contact with the Eternal pour out the waves of grace on thirsty and hungry souls. Art must be such a mountain stream for humanity; and so it has been and shall be again, when the artist loses not his link with Heaven, when he is able to hear Heaven's voice through the music of the flowers and rivers, and when he tries to make his life as beautiful as his song. In the soul of such an artist the rhythm of saṭṭva takes birth and he gives it to us in his works.

But when men left Nature and crowded into dusty and noisy towns, it became difficult for them to hear the sweet Voice which spoke so mightily in Nature—still more difficult to hear it amidst modern life, the clang of arms, the party quarrels, the growing selfishness and a passionate propaganda of I-ness in all its aspects. Man ceased to hear the voice of the Spirit,

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and for this he had to pay dearly. He began to worship himself, deifying his desires and not noticing that in this intoxication he not only ceased to progress, but began to slide down to the level of the animal and even lower. For such is the law: we must advance or fall; we cannot remain immovable. And where man falls, Art falls also; where man rises, Art is spiritualised. The modern Art clearly shows us the moral decadence of our time. We see it in all spheres: in literature, where appear heroes of novels who are a shameful type of materialism (Arzylasheff, for instance); in painting, verging on pornography; in music, where operettes of the café-chantant type reign; in dancing, where a disgraceful taste for the "tango" is displayed. In the savage tribes of decadent Lemuria we are not shocked to see such descending to the dark abysses of an unbridled animalism, for to the savage the animal rhythm is natural. But when we see it in so-called cultured society, it becomes appalling. And naturally the question arises: was this really a culture, as we called it, or was it merely a smiling, gaudy mask, behind which was hidden a human-like monkey? Can true culture build its edifice on personal selfishness, on brilliant philosophical argument, on earthly speculations and passions? An ominous picture of the modern world-drama unfolds before our eyes and answers with power: "No, it is impossible." Such a materialistic-intellectual culture, which enforces in man the animal rhythm, threatens at every moment to transform him into a real beast. True culture, which builds a real man, conscious of his divine mission and therefore of his responsibility before the world—such culture can be founded only on religious consciousness,

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which brings in a moral attitude towards life. Where there is no religious consciousness, *i.e.*, no recognition of a higher Principle in the world and in ourselves, there may be rich empires and beautiful outer forms, but there is not present the spirit of Life itself, and therefore there are no moral foundations. Strong morals cannot be founded on utilitarianism or scholasticism; they can be founded only on *Religion*.

What is sin? It is to do a worse thing when we know a better one, for it means to step from a higher level to a lower, to replace the higher rhythm by a lower, to go down from the human kingdom to the animal one.

The animal, when it gives way to passion, does not sin. And the savage, full of rajas, does not sin, as long as he does not suspect that there is an evolution. But the man who knows that there is a better life and who allows himself to act as a savage, that man sins, for he goes against evolution. It is the sin against the Holy Ghost, of which the Gospel speaks. The man who does not desire to go against evolution, must work unceasingly at himself, rise from step to step, transmute his rhythm and, in imitation of the Gods, create a new life. Having overcome the dark laziness of ṭamas and the unbridled passion of rajas, he must freely and consciously enter the pure kingdom of Saṭṭva, and there he will unfold as opens the flower on the peaceful lagoons after the storm. This flower, the sacred lotus, is the unfolding of Spirit.

Anna Kamensky

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THE DISCIPLE

Grief is wide as the worlds,
O my son!
Achievement is not to-morrow,
Nor the next day,
For grief is wide as the worlds,
And deep as life is sorrow.

Fashion thyself a sword,
O my son!
Resistless steel discerning
In thy Spirit,
Fashion thyself a sword
In a fierce anguish burning.

Gather the flower of thy Soul,
O my son!
Bring it unto mine altar,
Place it humbly;
Oh! bring me the flower of thy Soul
Without tremble or falter.

Wide as the worlds is Love,
O my son!
As strong as life my loving.
Then come thou,
For wide as the worlds is Love,
Trust thou my loving.

C.

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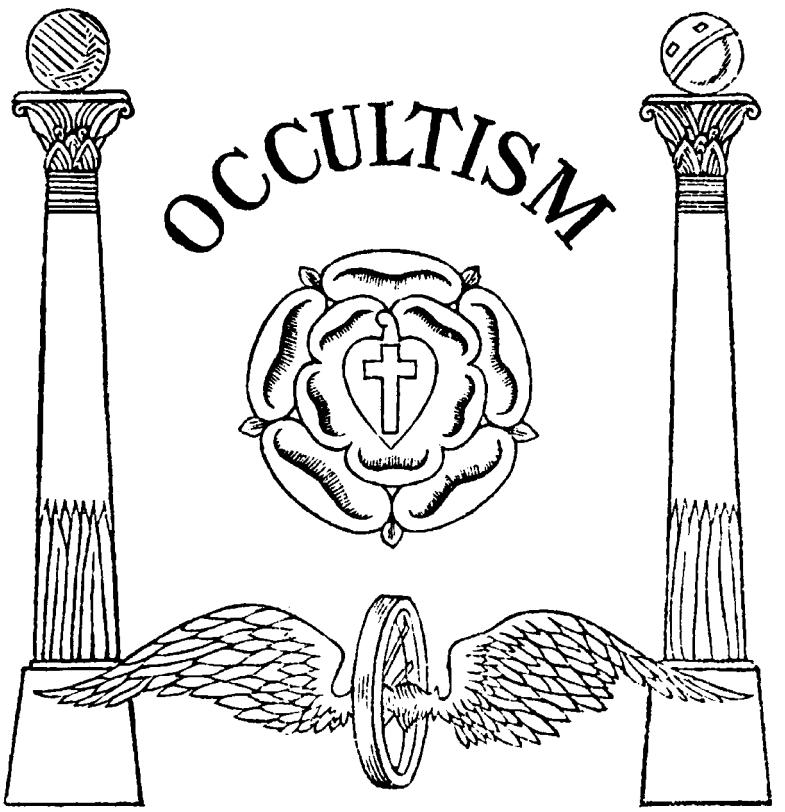

MAN, HIS OWN RECORDING ANGEL

A TALK WITH A CLASS

IX

By Annie Besant

IN explanations of karma it is frequently pointed out that each man, good, bad, or indifferent, records his character and his future by himself, through his thoughts, his emotions, and his actions. I shall give

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you a simile which may make this clearer. You know the way in which the scientific man records movements by curves which are drawn by a pencil attached to a lever, which in its turn is attached to the thing which is to be recorded—say the movement of the heart. The doctor puts over the heart a little instrument which is connected with a lever and a pencil. Against the point of the pencil there is a revolving axis covered over with paper. As that revolves, the pencil draws curves which exactly record the beating of the heart. If it beats more quickly, that is shown ; if it beats more slowly, or more weakly, that is shown. Thus, that which is traced on this revolving roll of paper represents graphically the movements of that to which it is attached. In this case, by attaching the instrument over the heart or pulse, a doctor is able to see how that inner organ is working.

This principle is continually being used. It was in this way that Dr. Bose of Calcutta recorded the effect of various stimuli on minerals, vegetables, and animals, and showed how exceedingly similar they were ; how plant and animal responded to the same stimulus. He had the movements recorded by the pencil on the revolving roll of paper. It is very interesting to watch it and see the life-movement record itself.

For our purpose it is enough to take the general idea, and to think of this record as being traced by the man himself through an apparatus that, for the moment, we may call karma. The man himself records all these causes that he sets going, and they work out in the future. In this way he is his own

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recording angel; it is not some outside power that makes the record for him, and then, on that making of another, that his destiny is created. It is the man who creates it for himself.

Let us for a moment look at this from the rather materialistic point of view of the bodies that are used by the personality—the physical, the astral, and the mental bodies. In these the consciousness of the ego is working. But these bodies perish; they are scattered back into the matter of the plane from which they were originally drawn. The physical body scatters its particles on the physical plane and they go back into the general reservoir of physical matter, with the impress upon them which the man has left, stronger or weaker according to the amount of consciousness which the ego had put down to vivify them during the time for which he had used them.

It is as well not to lose sight of the fact that this matter of the plane is being constantly modified by the egos who are working on that plane. They are impressing with their own characteristics all the particles which they use. Thus a particle of matter at the present time is extraordinarily different from a particle of matter as it was at the beginning of the manvantara. All these impressions which have been made upon it have increased its vibratory power.

There is nothing exactly corresponding to what you can call a "content" in the physical atom, but there is an enormously increased power of responding to certain vibrations. The power is latent; when something outside comes into contact with that atom, there is a response from the atom, and that response is according to the latent energy in it. It is in the same way that

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in ordinary physics you learn that when the force, or the energy (at one time everything was called force, at another time, energy; but now that has been turned round) becomes latent, it disappears; but it is there; it is not lost.

That is a good analogy to guide you in your thought of the mineral, vegetable, animal, and human sheaths. They all have this varying power of response in them, stored up out of their activities during the past. At death these particles are scattered; the form they made is gone. And that is true, in turn, of the astral and the mental bodies. Hence the Buḍḍhist is perfectly right when he says that man (by which he is indicating these lower sheaths and the connections between them) does not continue, and when he quotes a phrase of the Lord Buḍḍha: "There is in man no abiding principle; only the learned disciple who acquires wisdom knows what he is saying when he says 'I am'." We shall refer to that again in a few moments.

What does persist is the essential life of the ego; that remains through the cycle of reincarnations. But you may say that that is not a permanent continuation, because that also, in its turn, gets drawn up through Buḍḍhi into Āṭmā, and so into the Monad, where you come to the really permanent. Sometimes in dealing with this I have asked people to remember that when they are speaking of the 'I' they are going back to the Monad, if they knew what they really meant. It is in the Monad himself, the fragment of the Eternal, that man's eternity resides. Everything else is put out by that and drawn back by that; but the Monad himself is the "I".

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That of course is not realised by people who know nothing about Monads; and others do not quite realise that the Ātmā proceeds from and is an extrusion of the Monad into our fivefold universe. So it is no wonder at all that this idea came into the mind of large numbers of the Buddhists, that there is no continuing personal ego, but only skandhas, the traces he has made. Taking them literally they are right; where they are wrong is that they imply that there is nothing continuing; that there is nothing beyond the personal ego. Normally, in talking with people about the higher constitution of man, you stop at the individual ego, because his separating sheath goes on through the whole cycle of births and deaths, which is quite enough for the ordinary person to grasp and think about. You only muddle him if you go much further.

The word "parent" has sometimes been used as indicating the relationship which the ego bears to the lower bodies of the personality, but it has to be taken with a word of explanation. (There is an interesting physical analogy which might be used here in the case of the permanent cell which passes on and on, only I must not go down that fascinating bye-way because of lack of time.) It is the ego (remember, also, what is behind the ego) which is the creator and fashioner of the latter, which is the personality; far more so, in truth, than any parent in the flesh.

Let us take the material properties or attributes of the personality—the lower bodies. The man is continually changing these. His physical body, for example, is perpetually changing. Modern Science has accepted this as a matter of course. You are not even exactly the same in your physical body when you go out

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of this room as you were when you came into it. Some of your physical particles have fallen upon your neighbours; some of theirs upon you. There is this constant interchange which is going on all the time; I have sent some of mine upon you; you, some of yours upon me.

That is what we may call the physical brotherhood of man. A man cannot live alone, even if he wants to do so. Even if he goes off into a jungle, he will get particles from the vegetables and the animals; he cannot isolate himself, when he lives in a world that is related and interrelated. In dealing with the physical body I have often pointed out that there is a certain material and physical brotherhood which puts upon us certain duties and responsibilities and which brings upon us certain collective results for which in our separated selves we are not responsible, but for which we are responsible as part of the great collection of beings around us that we call Society.

Looking at it in that way, confining ourselves to the bodies, nobody would be foolish enough to say that what you have promised to do, say, before you came into this room, you are not bound to fulfil when you go out of it again, merely because physically you are a slightly different person. Technically you are different, but the *you* who promised is not these casual particles with which you are clothed. You pick those up and you throw them away again, and there is no more sense in calling those yourself than in calling your coat or your shawl or your shirt yourself. A man who has changed his shirt has not got rid of his liabilities if he is in debt, and his creditors would look at him very much askance if he said he had changed his shirt and therefore was not responsible.

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It is that which is also the difference between you and your body. We identify ourselves with our bodies, but we do not identify ourselves so much with our clothes. We know we are always changing our clothes, but we do not so much know about our bodies. One is a visible and the other is an invisible change, but it is exactly the same thing really; and it is only as long as you are making that artificial identification of yourself with your body that you can possibly imagine that, because you are changing your body all the time, you are not therefore bound by all the liabilities which fall upon you through your thoughts, your feelings, and your actions.

I took an extreme case in the illustration of the change that occurs in the body in the interval between coming into this room and going out of it. But the whole of the body changes in a few years, and yet the man is responsible. That is the idea which has not only to be accepted (and of course we all accept it), but to be made a living part of one's thought, so that it covers and colours the whole of our thinking with regard to karma.

Carry on that thought to the next stage, the astral. Your physical skandhas, clearly, do not change *you*, the thinking, feeling, acting being, although all your actions on the physical plane are made through this changing body. Go on then to your astral body, and you come to exactly the same thing: equally, all your senses and emotions are not you; they are nothing more than temporary phenomena by which a portion of your consciousness is expressing itself in the astral world, as a portion is expressing itself in action in the physical world.

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If you take it in the broad way, your will is expressing itself in the physical world through the physical body; your emotions, as we call them (the compact of sensations and thoughts), express themselves through the astral body; the element of thinking is expressing itself through the mental body. In the broad sense those are the three great aspects. I say in the "broad sense," because we have to remember that each of these is again divided into three, so that you get something of each of the other two in the one which is predominant. We must never forget that in the application of our ideas. Every particle of matter has in it the three guṇas; one is predominant, and that is the one that gives the name to the aggregation; but, whether in the aggregation or in the single atom, all three are ever present, two latent, one patent.

You ought to keep that as a thought in the back of the mind, so that when I say the will expresses itself through the physical body as action, you will not exclude the other two; you will understand that I am naming the predominant attribute, that which impels to action, that which is called the massed-wish, the effective wish.

Carrying that idea to the astral body, you will understand that at the death of the astral body you are only shaking off another piece of clothing, another set of skandhas, those which have to do with sensations. Those scatter themselves again and become part of astral matter. But remember that they have gone through exactly the same process as the physical; they have become impressed by you; although the change is slower, it none the less goes on; there is nothing permanent there.

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Go on to the next: you find the same thing happening with your mental body, and the make-up of that is continually changing under the impact of your thoughts. You are throwing out and you are drawing in; those particles which you throw out carry with them the impress of your past, while those which are drawn in you remould, and colour and shape. The whole of this is going on all the time, and, when your life in Ḍevachan is over, all of those go back again into the mental plane, into the general matter of the plane. Thus you observe that there is no difference in principle in all these changes which occur in the three bodies of the personality.

The tendencies which they produce, the tendencies which grow out of the impresses which you have made upon them, give rise to the skandhas, and to the powers that have become latent in them and that will be called out again in the future. Now the ordinary Buḍḍhist says that the skandhas remain but the man has gone, because nothing can ever bring the whole of those particles together again. And it is true that the physical body has gone, the astral body has gone, and the mental also; what remains is the reincarnating ego and the permanent atoms attached to him and the scattered particles.

You know, of course, the orthodox Christian conception that on the Resurrection Day we shall rise in our physical bodies. You may remember Voltaire's sarcastic remarks about this idea. He analysed what happened; he said: The body dies, it decays, it becomes part of the soil, some of it grows into grass. Then a sheep eats the grass, the grass becomes part of the sheep, the sheep is killed for mutton, the mutton is

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eaten by a man. And so the original particles have passed into the body of another man. In the Resurrection, asks Voltaire, how are all these atoms to come together to clothe the original man? He points out that they have been used in the grass, in the sheep, and in the other man *ad infinitum*; then he leaves it for the Christian to explain. He says there is not enough matter for all these claimants to be clothed again. Then, if I remember aright, he makes a funny picture of the people quarrelling over a particle of matter; one man claims it for himself, another for himself, and so on—so that on the Resurrection morning there is a good deal of quarrelling among the people who are trying to get bodies with which to re-clothe themselves.

That was Voltaire's way, especially effective to a French audience, which is quick to see the absurdity of a thing. Nothing more fatally killed the idea of resurrection for the body than Voltaire's way of putting it. The people who believed in the resurrection were furious with him for what they called his "irreverence" —it was very irreverent for him to trace out the destiny of the body in that fashion and then make such a conglomeration of souls to struggle over its particles! But it was very effective to read, for you would never forget it. That was why Voltaire was so bitterly hated, and why to the present day he is often looked on as a sort of incarnation of jibes and sneers and sarcasms, which is a most false view of Voltaire. That was not the real Voltaire; he had all that brilliant wit in him which he levelled against the Church and the doctrines of his day. But you see much more of the real man when you remember how year after year he went on

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trying to get justice for the family of Calas, a Huguenot who had been murdered; for he went on and on until he got justice for them. That was the real Voltaire, who had a passionate sympathy for human suffering, and was willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of redeeming it. That side of him is not so well known. But that is a digression.

Now the question arises: What is there which may be called a skandha, which is picked up again when the man reincarnates? Clearly it is not all these scattered fragments which have become part of the matter of the plane, and which, in addition to that, have been used by a large number of other people; for, supposing that you stay in Devachan for twelve or fifteen hundred years, a great many people have been using such parts of your physical, astral, and mental particles as they have come in contact with, and by congruity have picked up.

What remains is the permanent atom. But that conception was not given out in the early days; it was not even suggested in our earlier teachings, and only quite comparatively lately, during the last few years, has this idea of the permanent atom come out. It was noticed as a brilliant nucleus in the causal body; that is what drew attention to it. Then some of us examined into it to see what it really was. In generally examining the things around, this was noticed and drawn attention to, and naturally at once the investigators wanted to know: What is this nucleus in the causal body and what does it mean?

It came to be connected at once in thought with the nucleus of a cell and the nucleus within it—matters which have been gone into so carefully in

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modern plant and animal physiology. It struck us at once as something to do with the organisation of the bodies, something to do with the building-up. So it was looked into very carefully, and the permanent atom came out of that investigation. The brilliant nucleus that was seen was the group of the different permanent atoms all together, all aggregated into a single body, as it were, with this exceedingly brilliant appearance which drew our attention to it.

There lies what you may call the explanation of the skandhas. I think it is intended to be suggested in that phrase in one of our earliest writings: "The abstract mould, the privation of the future new being." You may remember how very fond H. P. B. was of that word "privation," and she used it very much to the annoyance of western people, because they never knew exactly what she meant by it. It was a word which had been used, I believe, in Greek philosophy, but her meaning was not quite the same as was attached to it by the Greeks. This annoyed the western scholars very much, and on account of their ignorance they ascribed it to what they called her "loose way" of thinking. They could not understand what she meant, and, to be quite frank, *we* did not understand what she meant. We were fairly puzzled over this word "privation".

What she evidently did mean—which came out when we examined into the facts (and generally you did not learn until you found it out for yourself, and this made her so useful because she stimulated thought) —was that you did not retain anything which could be called material, anything which had a form. You had the abstract thing, which could generate an

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innumerable crowd of concrete things. That is what underlies her use of the word "privation," and whether the word itself is the best word that could be used or not, I do not know. But the fact that she intended to convey is quite clear.

It shows itself in the most startling fashion if you observe the change from an abstract idea, an arūpa idea, clothing itself in the matter of the lower mental plane, the four lower sub-planes, if you watch the transition, as we have very often done. Take, for example, a triangle, which is so simple as a form. This abstract idea of a triangle is a reality to you on the arūpa plane, difficult as it is to describe it down here. (Even trying to put it into words, one puts it into words wrongly.) It means a non-figure, which is yet a figure, which is circumscribed by three right lines, the angles of which make two right angles. It does not mean any particular angle; it does not mean any particular line; but those two things must be present in order to make the abstract idea of a triangle.

Now that has an existence on the arūpa sub-planes, and it has a reality there. With the sense of the causal body (if I may use the word "sense"), you do see it; you become conscious of it as external to yourself in what I am obliged to call a form. Because of our difficulties of language, that is fatally confused and muddled, because it is only there that it is a *reality* to you.

Suppose that you grant such a triangle (if you can imagine granting it), and throw it into touch with the matter of the rūpa sub-planes; it at once becomes an indefinite number of triangles, each of which has a definite form. You will have right-angled triangles,

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isosceles, and the other types, all coming into visible existence. If you choose to bring it down within your own causal body, you become a fountain of triangles which go off in all directions about you, as a jet of water which spurts up as a more or less coherent mass, coming down as a fountain, separates into innumerable drops. There is no physical analogy which is more like it than that—drops thrown off in this descent, where there were no drops before.

You know that I have told you before that if you will be careful not to strain your physical brain, you can work up to this conception; in fact a few of our members have done it. I remind you of it again, because so many of you now here were not present when I mentioned it before. Don't try to do it too vigorously for the first time, because it tends to bring about a headache. It is better not to persist against that; a headache means that you are straining the nervous mechanism of the brain, which you must not do.

Take three triangles of different sizes and then of different forms; or perhaps it would be better to commence at first with three triangles of the same form—say isosceles. Think of the three separately at first and try to visualise them so as to get them clearly. Then try to bring those three together, as it were. Of course you will have a many-pointed figure, but do not mind that for the moment. Try to visualise that aggregate of three different triangles into a single triangle which has not lost the characteristics of the three. Then try to drop the outlines and keep the abstract thought of the triangle—the three right lines and three angles that make up the total of two right

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angles. When you are just reaching that point (if you are successful) a certain change will take place in your consciousness.

It requires a number of weeks to accomplish it, because you can work for only a short time in the beginning. But when you have reached that point and are feeling a bit dazed in the effort to grasp it, your consciousness suddenly changes and becomes clear. That means that you have transferred the centre of your consciousness from the mental body to the causal, and in the causal body you can see it; that is, you become conscious of it as a clear, distinct existence outside yourself. That is the intuition of the causal body, the intuition which recognises the outer; whereas the intuition of Buḍḍhi recognises the inner. You see things from *inside* in using your buḍḍhic intuition; but you are realising something *outside* yourself in the intellectual intuition.

That is one way of attaining this conception from where you are, from below upwards. And you see at once why it is so difficult and so dangerous a thing to do unless you are very, very careful. It ought only to be done by a person who has practised meditation for some years, so that the tendency toward the causal body thinking has germinated; otherwise you can't get the result at all. But after some years of meditation you have established a certain tendency of the consciousness in the causal body to be affected by the consciousness in the mental body. It is the same consciousness, of course, but separated by sheaths; and when you have established that, you are able to undertake this by the process that I have been trying to describe.

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In fact, the process really only becomes intelligible to you as you practise it. This is so often the case in the instructions for meditation. If you try to make out what they mean, you never get very much further, because you are keeping in the questioning stage of what is meant by it, which does not help you at all. Try to begin to do it and, as you do it, it clears itself, because the power is in you and you are calling it out. You call it out by doing it. In this case the "doing it" is the process of thinking, the definite activity of the plane upon which you are working.

There is no objection to any of you who are accustomed to meditation trying this, provided that you can remember to stop the moment you feel a little bit tired. If you are really doing it, you feel tired in a moment; then there is the temptation to go on further. Especially is that true of western people, who put their energy into meditation. You want energy in meditation, but it is the energy of the oriental rather than of the occidental type; that is, the energy which concentrates itself in the consciousness rather than in the sheaths of the consciousness. And, although that may not be clear to you, it is a fundamental difference.

I shall tell you the quaint expression which H. P. B. used on one occasion in making that clear to me. She asked me to will something simultaneously with herself. I began to do it in the most vigorous way, when suddenly she stopped and said: "My dear, you don't will with your blood vessels!" I had been willing so energetically, in my western way of doing it, that I had caused a great rush of blood to the head, the result of which was that my arteries were expanded

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almost to the point of breaking. Of course, she was watching and stopped it.

If you have any physical sensation, you are willing with your body and not with your consciousness. That is the thing to remember: that is the danger sign. If you feel tense (and you know how often, when you begin to meditate, your body gets tense) that does not help your meditation, but it does injure your body. When you are meditating, stop for a moment and feel how your body is. If you find it is very tense, stop and relax; otherwise you are straining it.

At first you can't help it, because the habit for thousands of years has been to make the body follow the consciousness. If you think hard you begin to frown; you do it naturally. You fix your eyes when you are thinking intently; your eyes get tired. These physical accompaniments are the things that are tiring. You say that *you* are tired of thinking; no, *you* are not, but your *body* is, for you have made it follow your thought, which the poor thing cannot do beyond a certain point. If you try to make your body do it, it gets tired.

If you notice children, you will see that very strongly in them. The whole body works with the mind. Observe the child learning to write, and see the faces he makes; he shuts his teeth hard; he makes his mouth twist; he puts his head on one side—all in the attempt to write a single letter of the alphabet. It does not help him in the least, but the child cannot avoid it.

That is the tendency in all of us. We do not do it to that extent, but if you suddenly pause when you are thinking hard (if you have not trained yourself otherwise), you will find the same tendency

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in the body. As long as it does this, you cannot use the whole power of concentration of your mind, because you are wasting it in this physical exertion, and the whole body gets tired.

If you have got beyond that, then, when you begin this attempt at perceiving this peculiar kind of triangle, you will have for a moment a little sense of being dazed, then a burst of new consciousness, and then you will "see" this formless thing. It sounds absurd, but it is not. That is the process of climbing up to it. The reverse is the case when you come down; then you pull this formless triangle with you, and it shoots out into all the different kinds of triangles, into a kind of spray of triangles, as said.

When you have accomplished this, you will realise what is meant by the skandhas, and the privation of matter—these inherent qualities which persist after death, and which are the basic factors in determining what shall be the character of the bodies of the personality in the next earth-life.

Annie Besant

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THE LAST DAYS OF HERBERT WHYTE, M.C.

THE following most interesting and touching account of the last days on earth of our loved and faithful worker will be read with keen feeling by all who knew him. It is sent by a friend.

Herbert Whyte's recent incarnation closed in a dramatic setting, especially from a Theosophical point of view, and when known must prove of real interest and comfort to his many friends. He had no enemies, even though he died fighting.

Shortly after joining his battalion on the Palestine front, he was unexpectedly offered a few days' leave in Cairo. His arrival coincided with the holding of the First Convention of the T.S. in Egypt.

His experience and position in the Society marked him out as an ideal President, and never was unanimous choice better justified. Clear-headed, capable, and full of tact, his influence was felt in every branch, and contributed not a little to the great success of both days. At the same time he, and others, were frequently conscious of something in the room "that gripped," to use his own expressive term.

He rejoined his unit a day or two before the great advance began, when to his intense surprise, and not a little to his disappointment as a soldier, he found himself

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first on the list for a course of instruction in Cairo and reappeared there amongst his friends.

Needless to say all his spare time was devoted to Theosophical work, and he did not a little to consolidate that which had been commenced during his previous visit. In fact he left a tradition at the Egyptian T.S. Headquarters, and it is to be hoped that one day his photograph will adorn its walls. His lovable nature refused to see any but the best side of those with whom he came in contact, which recollection will outlast any photograph!

And then came the call. On rejoining his regiment he found that, owing to sickness and casualties, he was to command his company in the operations which culminated in the capture of Jerusalem. The enemy's positions were formidable in the extreme, and one senior officer has described them as "almost impregnable". Whyte's company was one of those selected for the post of honour in storming the rocky heights on December 8th—and succeeded! Of his personal share we know this, that his Colonel specially recommended him for the Military Cross, and that it was duly awarded two days after his death.

A short period of rest in the captured city followed—and then came the end. The Turks, furious at the loss of the Holy Places, made a determined effort to recapture them, and on December 23rd Whyte's company was ordered to assault a hill about four miles north of the town. The contending forces were well within point-blank range when the attacking force reached the summit, and at the head of his men Whyte fell dead—with a bullet through his forehead. He had won his Military Cross in the liberation of the Holy

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Places, and his wooden Soldier's Cross in their defence.

In these days when the bowed heads of mourners are so often seen around a gallant comrade's grave, the words "*Requiescat in Pace*" seem fitly to terminate the simple ceremony, but they surely would be inappropriate to Herbert Whyte. He has gone to work and further responsibilities, nor can one imagine him resting in peace while one soul suffers in this Manvantara, for of such is later formed "the Guardian Wall".

Perhaps Mrs. Besant would like to know some of the above facts; his loyalty to and love for her were ever unwavering; and while Theosophy is to many the sunshine in the background, to him it was, nay is, the sun in the mid-heaven.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES

By ALICE E. ADAIR

V: IMPRESSIONISM AND ITS OFFSHOOTS

THE key to the rationale of the various "isms" that grew up within and out of the original Impressionistic Movement is found in what may be called "scientific" Impressionism. In the study of the latter also a clearer conception is gained of what this particular movement has done for art; and to reach that conception it is necessary to understand the aim of the artists, the faults ascribed to them and their answers to the criticisms levelled against them.

The name which the later Impressionists adopted —Luminarists—shows plainly enough the end they had in view. All their problems and innovations arose out of their pursuit of light—light which was to them synonymous with colour. They did not originate out-of-door painting but they made it a fixed rule. They did not introduce the idea of bright colours placed side by side undisturbed by any neutral tint—Manet was responsible for that—but they carried his theory much further in practice. Finally, to the solution of the problems relating to light and colour arising out of these two departures from the older methods, that is the use of bright colours only and *plein-air* painting, they

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directed all their efforts. In the pursuit of this object they availed themselves of all the knowledge that the Science of Optics could give, combining with it the results of their own close observation of natural phenomena, particularly effects of atmosphere. They were greatly helped in their colour innovations by the immense advance that was made at the time in the manufacture of pigments, made possible by the discoveries of chemistry. So that in this movement there was an interesting linking together of Science and of Art. The Impressionists were dominated by a passion for sincerity, truth in all things, and therefore Science could give of her treasure for the creation of beauty. The French critic, M. Camille Mauclair, gives as the discoveries the Impressionists made in their study of atmospheric effects:

1. The effect of sunlight on objects and colours is to render them transitory and uncertain.

2. Line disappears under high light, objects in the background project themselves into the foreground and disturb the perspective.

3. The surfaces of objects, instead of standing out in modelled relief, are flattened into mere relative tones or patches of colour.

4. Colour is sometimes changed in local hue, is shattered or bleached.

These are important observations they made. Let us place side by side with these the faults attributed to their work by other critics.

1. The absence of decisive quality and body in the shadows gives an unreal, evanescent appearance to objects at times.

2. The dissipation of line produces flabbiness in the figure.

3. The disturbance of the perspective planes often confuses the whole picture.

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4. The free use of high colours to obtain the desired effects of light does not always please the colour sense; nor does it always give the appearance of light.[1]

Comparison will make it quite clear that the defects of Impressionism—if they are defects—are not due to mere whims on the part of its exponents but are the deliberate expression of convictions arrived at by careful observation and experiment. If the attention is now turned to the ideals and methods of the "studio" painter, it will be equally plain that the vagaries—for as such he regarded them—of the new School must have filled him with horror and dismay.

The studio painter arranged and controlled the distribution and concentration of light in his picture. He placed it where he wanted it, where it would produce the effect he desired. Rembrandt is a striking example. The studio painter had certain formulæ for the colour of foliage, water, sky, etc. The old masters used colour "for the enhancement of the decorative side of painting" but not as an end in itself. Their only method of expressing light and shadow was a black and white expression. They never suspected that shadow was not absence of light and colour, but only light and colour subordinated to more intense light and colour in the parts that are not in the shade—"a place where the rays of the spectrum vibrate with different speed". The studio painter chose his subject and composed his picture according to certain conventions coloured by his own personality. He selected from Nature only such things as fitted in with his ideal conception. He insisted upon precision of outline; the line might be flowing or rigid, but it must be exact.

[1] *Art for Art's Sake.* John C. Vandyke.

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One can imagine the feelings of these painters with regard to the new School, their utter bewilderment and anger when confronted with the work of the Impressionists. What could they think of men who made of their canvases a gaudy patchwork of vivid colours, refusing to use any half-tints to modify violent contrasts or to convey the sense of roundness? How could they follow the extraordinary changes in the colour of sky and trees, sea and land, snow and sand, that these men with "the genius of the eye" literally splashed upon their canvases? Their predecessors had never remarked these changing moods of nature. How could they understand men who said: "There is no black in Nature, Nature is 'a prism filled with dazzling and iridescent tints,' therefore there shall be no black on our palettes; there is no line round objects in Nature, it is difference of colour which separates one mass from another, intensity of colour which brings one object forward and puts others back." What could they make of rapid brushwork, who had been trained to place every touch with loving care? Or how answer the challenge that rigid outlines could never give the feeling of tossing branches, breaking waves and rushing torrents?

Though many of the criticisms of the Impressionists were unjustified, others were undoubtedly deserved. There is no doubt, for instance, that in the earlier days they did not give much attention to line or composition. On the other hand it must not be forgotten that in all experimental work there is this tendency to concentrate upon the immediately desired object to the exclusion of all others. The early Impressionists concentrated their attention upon colour

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and brilliancy of light. They achieved their object. The later painters added other qualities. "The works of Van Gogh, Gaugin, Claus, Maufra d'Espagnat, Harrison Besnard, Le Sidaner, and many others, have all the light and colour of earlier painters combined with subtly strong harmonies and a feeling for beauty of line, composition, rhythm of movement." The brilliant colouring all artists since adopted in varying degrees. There was philosophy and humour in Manet's reply to criticisms of his violet shadows: "One year one paints violet and people scream, and the following year every one paints a great deal more violet." There is one defect Impressionism cannot escape, and that because it is due to the limitations of pigments. Pigments can never approach the colours of light in brilliancy. Artists must compromise. They have only a limited scale which they can use. Some paint downwards to the lower tones of the scale, using black, that is, absence of light, to represent shadow; others raise the pitch and paint towards the white end of the scale. The latter the Impressionists attempted, and the consequence was that while raising the luminosity of the shadows they could not force up the higher notes sufficiently to get the compensating extension of notes at the light end. Thus their relations were not as harmonious as those of the more sober colourists, but on the other hand the latter are quite untruthful as to impressionistic effect.

We have now the distinguishing marks of the Impressionist painter. He makes particular study of shadows and reflections, he lays great stress upon correct values within a general tone, and he fills his pictures with as much light as he can get into them. His desire

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is chiefly to please the æsthetic sense by colour, true, pleasing and harmonious. If in addition we note the strong Japanese influence in the treatment of perspective and the use of flat tones, the very marked attributes of synthesis and selection in their work and their characteristic brushwork, we shall have before us all the main features of Impressionistic painting.

Turning to its offshoots, the most interesting of them is that called Pointillism. In 1886 two of the Impressionists, Seurat and Signac, struck out a path of their own ; it was really an elaboration of the prismatic division of colour. They used only the seven colours of the spectrum, and placed their paints on the canvas in minute touches, using pure and brilliant colour. It was from this spotty method that they derived their names. Their idea was that, as light is colour in subtle, translucent form, on a bright day the air must be filled with colour which will tinge all objects blue, violet, yellow, rose, as the case may be, and that by putting on these dots of colour representing the prismatic colours, when their pictures were looked at from a certain distance the eye would blend the dots of colour and an effect of brilliant light would be produced. In other words the colours are not blended on the palette by the artist and put upon the canvas. The eye of the observer must do that with the spots of pure colour that the artist has dotted on his canvas, the dots being of the primary colours into which a given tone can be divided, with, in addition, the complementary colour which the eye instinctively imagines but does not see. Some of these Pointillists carried their theories to the point of absurdity. Camille Pissarro, by his association with it, gave to the movement a fictitious importance, but

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interest in it waned considerably when he returned to saner methods, and the group was completely broken up when Seurat died in 1890. Besides the Pointillists there were the "Idealists" who gathered round André Mellino; there were the "Realists," including Degas Raffaelli and Toulouse Lautrec, whose aim was to paint human life with an almost brutal sincerity; there were the "Intimists," Charles Cottet, Simon Bussy and Henri Le Sidaner, painters of life as one dreams of it. And lastly, there were the "Symbolists," in whom appears the first sign of a reaction against the painting of the appearance of things, substituting the desire to paint the essence or substance of things—the aim of what is called Post-impressionism. The dominating influence in the case of the Symbolists was Cezanne.

In addition to these normal outgrowths of Impressionism there were two other short-lived groups, the interest of which lies in their eccentricity. One of them was the result of the extreme hostility which was roused in France by the Impressionist movement. The Impressionists abolished black from their palettes. The "Nubians," for so they styled themselves, availed themselves of the slightest excuse that Nature gave them for the use of black, and in fact made their pictures as black as they could make them in paint and in feeling. Needless to say the effect was somewhat depressing.

The other group called itself the Rose+Cross, and had a queer person called Sar Peladan at the head of it. It did not limit its activity to Art, but interested itself in Morality, Politics and Religion. Its artistic convictions were mainly negative. "Its members were forbidden

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to exhibit historical, prosaic, patriotic, and military subjects, portraits, representations of modern life, all rustic scenes and landscapes (except those in the style of Poussin), seamen and seascapes, comic subjects, oriental subjects, pictures of domestic animals, and studies of still-life."

In concluding this all too brief sketch of a remarkable movement, it will be sufficient to add that Impressionism has now permeated the art of Europe, has rooted itself in America, and penetrated to the outskirts of the British Empire. It has even invaded the East, influencing Japanese and Indian painters. Not all have been profoundly affected by it, but there is no spot that has wholly escaped its influence, and the sum of human happiness has grown with this cult of the Sun and radiant light.

It is not so much for the number of inspiring masterpieces that they have left us that we are indebted to the Impressionists, but for the remarkable enrichment of human consciousness. Not only artists but all men have been taught to see Nature as they never saw it before. Their colour sense, their sense of values, their appreciation of the beauty side of truth, have grown exceedingly. Language has been enriched by new subtleties of thought and feeling, and indeed every human sense has been refined as well as stimulated by the inspiration of Impressionism.

In the long journey of man towards perfection such an extension of consciousness, even though it should come through the mere training of eye and ear to greater sensitiveness, is not to be despised nor its value discounted. For it is only the most delicately adjusted and finely wrought instrument that can truly

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record and retain the perfect harmonies of the subtler worlds. And if the value of an art movement be gauged by the stimulus it has given to the evolution of the race rather than to some specially favoured few, then Impressionism may justly claim admission to the first rank.

It may even indeed be that to the Great Architect it is a matter of indifference what aspect the Art assumes, whether it be realistic or otherwise, whether men paint the appearance of things or their substance, so that His people are made wiser and happier.

Alice E. Adair

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HOW THE QUEEN BECAME HER HUSBANDS' SAVIOUR

By M. VENKATARAO

THE cares of the State had increased, and the aged Sikhidhwaja longed to be relieved. But he had no heir-apparent in whose favour he could abdicate his throne. While he was thus in despair, his consort, Chudala, suggested that nothing else but the knowledge of the Self could secure them peace, and that therefore the king would do well to organise daily meetings to hear discourses on philosophy.

Chudala's suggestion was readily taken up by the king, and a systematic course of disquisitions went on in the royal palace. They were well attended by hosts of men and gods, and there was none in the audience who did not feel elevated at the inspiring thoughts caught in the discourses. Chudala was all attention and made every bit of instruction her own, while Sikhidwaja's mind wandered far and wide and remained as blank as before.

As the days passed on, giving to each what each had deserved, it was the lot of Sikhidhwaja to be confronted by a very hard struggle in his mind, and, unable to manipulate it, he sank into a state of depression and weariness. At last he resolved to betake himself to a hermit's life in a forest, and sought permission of his

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queen consort to do so. She praised his motive but desired to follow him to the forest in order that she might serve her lord.

"The State and the family are real obstacles to spiritual progress," cried he in great anguish, and longed to be left alone to carve out his own destiny in the forest. His queen endeavoured to put him on the ancient track of securing peace amidst turmoil, but Sikhidhwaja would not listen. At last, on a certain woeful night, while Chudala was fast asleep on her soft down bed, he quietly rose and stole away to the forest.

An hour or two afterwards the queen awoke, but her husband was missing. For a moment the world looked quite empty and she was overpowered by all sorts of disappointing thoughts. Presently her Higher Self rose above her mental horizon and, through the clairvoyant faculty that she had developed through the grace of her Master, she saw the whole course of her husband's conduct. Eighteen years of hard struggle lay before her husband in that solitary forest in which he was to settle down in quest of knowledge, and Chudala could not think of interfering with her lord's karma.

As day dawned, Chudala sent for the Prime Minister and bade him rule the kingdom in her name, as her husband had gone out to live a saintly life for some years. She herself devoted some time every day to enquiring into the affairs of the State and spent her nights in guarding her husband from the ravages of wild beasts in the lonely forest, presenting herself there in her subtle bodies. Thus, guarded unknowingly by his beloved consort, who would not rest content

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till her husband joined her in the Higher Life as they were already joined in the marital life, Sikhidhwaja passed his eighteen years of forest life; but he was not a whit better than before. During this period his occupations were physical austerities which gave him no mental peace. The unaccustomed seasons in the forest naturally exposed his body to the dangers of violated laws, and he became a mere skeleton. Neither in mind nor in body was Sikhidhwaja richer for the change, and spirituality was only a word of mouth.

Having realised that the forest life had prepared her husband to receive the message that she longed to give, but doubting at the same time that the message would perhaps fall flat were she to appear to him as his queen, she determined to materialise herself as a young man and redeem her husband. Accordingly, when one day Sikhidhwaja was preparing a garland of flowers for divine worship, a fair youth with a halo of sacredness round his face was seen dropping down before him from some unseen realms of nature. Sikhidhwaja was very much astonished at the unexpected and mysterious appearance of the young saint, and paid him due homage according to the custom of the time. After the customary rites of receiving a great person were over, Chudala, now in the guise of a young man, enquired of the welfare of the king in his physical and spiritual life, and was sorry that he gave up his kingdom to lead the forest life with no avail. He pointed out to him that he made a mistake in having failed to grasp the significance of his wife Chudala's words when she said that knowledge of the Self would secure peace to human beings, and that he was no better for the change of life.

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These words fell like axiomatic truths on the ears of Sikhidhwaja, who became all humility and begged the youthful saint to redeem him from that state of gross ignorance. Ever bent upon helping her husband to tread the path that she had trodden, the disguised Chudala gave in a nutshell what Sikhidhwaja had failed to accomplish: "The sages have enjoined that aspirants should give up attachment to the objects rather than the objects themselves, which are creations of God and do not cease to exist for their rejection. If, instead of giving up your realm and your family, you had lived amidst them, free as air, you would have been a saint by this time. Realise this, oh king, and mould your life accordingly. I shall visit you every day and watch your progress."

The king realised his folly but determined to work strenuously on the lines suggested by the young monk whom he believed to be his saviour. His conduct was watched by the young saviour, who visited him every day to inspire him with the realities of the higher life. Tests were made to gauge his progress, and three of them are noteworthy:

(1) Once upon a time, during her daily visits to the king in the forest, Chudala came unusually late and explained the delay by narrating an incident in which the king's saviour was doomed to be a woman during nights by the curse of the Sage Ḍurvāsa. Thenceforward Chudala lived by night with the king, who was not at all moved by the presence of a woman and had therefore vanquished his desire for conjugal happiness.

(2) On another occasion, Inḍra was made to appear before Sikhidhwaja with all His wondrous paraphernalia, and the king was promised all the sweet

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pleasures of the heaven world. Sikhidhwaja meekly refused to have them and thereby showed his strength of mind.

(3) On yet another occasion, Chudala suggested that he should marry her in order that her womanly modesty might be safeguarded from the intrusion of the low-minded, and with his consent fixed a day for marriage. But on the wedding day she created a māyāvi rūpa of a lover and feigned to be with him when Sikhidhwaja was entering the apartment. Sikhidhwaja was not moved even at this sight, but his beloved approached him with bashfulness and sought to be excused for her misconduct. The king was calm and excused her, but would not condescend to live as her husband, since she had chosen her own lover.

The third test being over, Chudala was able to determine that her husband had lived the life inculcated by her, and resolved to reveal herself to him. She placed her hand on her husband's head and asked him to withdraw himself into the heart and see what had transpired during all these years of his voluntary exile.

In the inner recesses of his heart Sikhidhwaja saw that his own wife, Chudala, had played so many parts in order to be his saviour, and he embraced her with the divine love with which they were now inseparably wedded.

"You have been my untiring saviour from the beginning, and I know no words to express my gratitude to you who are beloved both as wife and saviour. I am now your suppliant, and what is there in the world that I should not do for my saviour? Fortunate are those whose wives can play the part you have so

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kindly played to redeem this humble self of mine, and neither wealth nor position can give half of what you have given me in the autumn of my life."

* * * * *

Chudala now suggested that they might as well live in their kingdom as exemplars rather than in the forest, and that opportunities for human service come more abundantly in the State rather than outside it. Sikhidhwaja agreed, and they both re-entered their city and ruled the kingdom with greater sagacity and love, making it as a very heaven on earth. Their subjects flourished in all ways and there was no gulf between spiritual and worldly activities. Both fared well, and both were inspired by the noble example set by the king and the queen.

M. Venkatarao

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CORRESPONDENCE

ALLEGED INTERFERENCE WITH RELIGION

In THE THEOSOPHIST for January it is stated in the Watch-Tower notes that:

> The position of our members is a very difficult one and religious freedom is in serious danger in India . . . the Muslims owe to their Khalif religious obedience, as the Roman Catholics owe to their Pope. To interfere with this sacred relationship is to strike a blow at their religion. . . . In defence of religious freedom, in their demand that the Government shall preserve religious neutrality they stand shoulder to shoulder with the Theosophical Society.

The members of the Theosophical Society, who are men of different and differing creeds, faiths and beliefs, must, it seems, now enter upon a new subject of enquiry. They must study the history of the Khalifate and find out in what sense the Sultan of Turkey is the religious head of certain sections of the Muhammadans in India and how the religious freedom of such Muslims has been interfered with by Government.

The Pope is the High Priest of the Roman Catholics. He expounds the religion for the laity as well as the priesthood. He guides them in all religious matters; no one of his numerous flock can disobey a single mandate of his on pain of excommunication. The Khalif, however, is not High Priest of the Sunni Muslims. The Shiah Muhammadans and other sects do not recognise him. The Sultan of Turkey, as Khalif, has never expounded the Muslim religion, nor has he at any time issued religious mandates or settled religious disputes for the Muslims in India. The Khalif is merely a name. Why is it not stated what religious functions he fulfils in India? We in India, as well as the whole civilised world, have been horrified by the wanton, cruel and savage murder of fifty thousand Armenians by the order of the Khalif. Did the Muslims in India condemn and raise their voice against the inhuman and cowardly bloodshed by their Khalif? The Armenians were murdered because they were Christians. Is this the religious freedom that their Khalif grants to his subjects of a different faith?

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Hardly half a dozen Muslims have joined the T.S. The Muslims as a whole do not care for the Society and condemn its teachings. They would not care to touch their shoulders with members of the T.S. The ill-considered orders of the Provincial Government of Madras in regard to the Theosophical publications and writings of Mrs. Besant are not to be continually alluded to, to urge that the religious freedom of the T.S. is in danger. The Theosophical Society has no special religion. The religion of individual members and of the communities they belong to has never been interfered with.

The members of the T.S. are not universal philanthropists. Why should they be asked to take up cudgels for the supposed wrongs of this or that community? Each member of the T.S. has the right of thinking and judging for himself on such subjects as he may feel interested in. No one has the right to speak on behalf of the Theosophical Society as a whole. Is it fair to embitter the minds of the members of the T.S. against Government by saying that the position of the members is a difficult one, and that their religious freedom is in serious danger? It can confidently be said that religious freedom is in no way in danger in India, and the position of T.S. members is not at all a difficult one, unless they choose to make it so by their ill-advised acts.

Poona N. D. KHANDALVALA

JUNG'S THEORY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

In the interesting review of Dr. Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* in the November number of THE THEOSOPHIST it is stated, by C. J., that the individual " puts up barrier after barrier to the subconscious incestuous surgings, and both hysteria and religious worship and art are alike the result of a battle with these past tendencies. In other words we have a phallic explanation of eveything in life, etc."

Perhaps Dr. Jung does not make his point of view as clear in the *Psychology of the Unconscious* as he does in his more recent work, contained in the volume called *Analytical Psychology*. Your reviewer is really stating Prof. Freud's point of view. Dr. Jung does not conceive of the Unconscious as only primitive sexual cravings which come into conflict with an externally imposed morality, but he finds in the Unconscious itself those creative and directing agencies which lie behind the progress of humanity. It is a matter of regret that people read the *Psychology of the Unconscious* and cannot see that Dr. Jung, in his excursion into primitive sexuality, is striving to show that the crowding away of the purely

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sexual into the symbolically sexual is the beginning of human progress, and is to be explained by an inner compulsion lying in the Unconscious itself. If your reviewer would carefully study the final chapter on "Sacrifice," he would better understand, perhaps, what lies behind Dr. Jung's teaching.

I venture to suggest that the newer lines of thought, based on deep research and practical experience, should receive intelligent and careful criticism by journals of progress. It is neither helpful nor good criticism to say complacently of work that is going on at the frontiers of practical psychology that it was all known and taught thousands of years ago, or that it is merely a new form of phallic worship. Truths, however ancient, require new formulation from time to time. If we can prove to people that their souls are sick because they have offended against some natural law of morality, or against definite inner laws of development, and if we can help them to see for themselves how the offence has arisen, we are likely to make a more powerful impression upon them than if we merely advise them to study the Vedas. Among the countless paths that lead through the labyrinth to the central truth, there is always one especially fitted for each stage of human development. That, I believe, is a teaching of Theosophy. Along which path is greater understanding to be encountered by humanity to-day? Of all the lines of thought which have arisen recently, that of analytical psychology seems to be the one that will most likely force orthodox religion and orthodox science to a synthesis. Here you have the scrupulous clergyman with his sexual obsession, the extremely rational scientist with his phobia, the egotist with his stammer, the material rich man with his neurasthenia, the material poor man with his physical scourges—all alike are forced to seek help. For such, neither orthodox science nor orthodox religion offers assistance. A new formulation of ancient wisdom is necessary for them, and if by searching into the great Unconscious psyche—which the Vedāntists call *That*—we can find the causes of these troubles which we objectify and attribute to objective reality (māyā)—which the Vedāntists call *Not-That*—we may be finding out afresh what was known long ago, but we are finding it out in a way that spells progress. For we are making a new synthesis in that we are giving modern form and colour to old teachings—not simply touching them up, but recasting the ancient images in the furnaces of the new age.

Your reviewer, C. J., has also overlooked the symbolical value that Dr. Jung places on the dream. To Jung the dream is an allegory around the immediate problem in life, and the symbol is the medium through which we transmute from one level up to a higher. The symbol precedes the adaptation,

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just as the symbol of the Cross still precedes the adaptation to Christianity. This teaching upon transmutation is surely of interest to Theosophists. The original title of the book was "Transformations and Symbols of the Libido" (Kama).

Yours truly,

(DR.) MAURICE NICOLL

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

In reply to Lieut.-Colonel Beale's sensible article in the January THEOSOPHIST I would say what a well trained T.S. and E.S. member would say (without claiming to be the same), *viz.*, that a person who could pass by a much simpler and quicker way to that peace which passes all understanding, through Christian Science methods or any other, must through much striving in past incarnations have arrived at such a stage of evolution as to have exhausted all past karma, and so to attain to the Christ consciousness in this his present life. Just so we are told that by our own individual behaviour in past incarnations we have merited the blessings (and cursings) applicable to the T.S. and E.S. members in this life; but alas, not yet are most of us able, except perhaps somewhiles in tiny glimpses, to attain to the Christ consciousness.

Junagadh J. E. B. JAMES (MRS.)

THE LOGIC OF REINCARNATION

In an interesting discussion of the subject of Reincarnation in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST, 1917, Mr. M. R. St. John says: "Many Theosophists consider that. . . . everything that could possibly be said in support of this fascinating theme has been put forward," and then goes on to give some new and powerful arguments. But is the subject exhausted? Is it "worn threadbare"? It seems that there is one argument, or at all events one form of argument, which, if it has been used at all, certainly has not been overworked. This form, or method, of argument, making the strongest possible appeal to many minds, the writer has never seen used in book or magazine article. This is the logical form or method, that of drawing conclusions from accepted premises.

By the logical method we assume first the existence of the soul. Only a few materialists deny that the soul exists, and that it lives, at least under some conditions, independent of the body. The question is as to the career, or sum of

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experiences, the source and destiny of the soul. Does it grow or develop at all, and if so, how?

What we shall call our major premise we obtain in this way: Wherever we look we find that Nature's method of operation is by a process of slow growth which has been called evolution. This applies to all forms of life. And the soul being a form, or manifestation of life, is subject to the law of evolution. This, then, is our major premise: The human soul evolves from a lower to a higher form, or from lower to higher planes of manifestation.

All our experience proves that Nature's laws are uniform in their operation. No one questions that. And there seems to be but one possible means of soul growth or development—that of experience. The substance of our minor premise therefore is that in order to reach any given stage of advancement, each and every soul must have substantially the same experiences.

Here, then, are our premises, which we believe will stand every test. The soul is subject to the law of evolution; and, the experiences of souls in their upward struggle must be substantially uniform. Let us see to what conclusion these premises point.

Our premises being, as we believe, unassailable, the problem is to find a conclusion which is in harmony with them. If we can find such a conclusion we may rest assured that we have arrived at the truth.

The relation of soul to body has ever been a favourite theme of philosophers and theologians. Various conclusions have been reached, conclusions founded for the most part upon unsound premises, and consequently worthless. We know of only two theories worth examining, the first being the very loosely held Christian theory, or more accurately, the theory loosely held by many Christians. This is that for each body born a soul is created, a soul never in existence before, as the identical body which it inhabits was never in existence before. A little thought will show the absurdity of this theory. So far as human observation can carry us, and in harmony with the best philosophy on the subject, everything which has its beginning in time has also its end in time. The burden of proof that anything created at a given point in time can continue throughout eternity is upon him who advances such a theory. But when we examine this theory in the light of our premises, we find that it violates them both. If a soul is created for each body at birth, one is created as a Hottentot or a Bushman, another as an Emerson or a Blavatsky. And no exponent of the special creation theory would deny that the soul goes on developing with experience. So under that theory we should have one soul starting its journey low in the scale of progress, and another very high. Not only this. We

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are met by a still greater difficulty. Growth by experience demands opportunity for experience; and one soul has all the opportunity that a long life and varied environment on earth furnish, and another the narrow environment of the savage, or only a few years, months, or even hours, of life on earth—all obtaining the greater part of their experiences under other conditions than those afforded by the life on this planet, one beginning those experiences at a very advanced stage of progress, and another at a very low stage, thus violating the terms of our second premise, which demands uniformity in experience. But if we find our second premise violated by this theory, what shall we say of the first? Every form of life, the soul included, has evolved from some lower form. We must either accept this as a working principle or accept the absurd theory of special creation. The soul of man, as we know man to-day, according to the principle of uniformity throughout nature, has evolved. Therefore the theory of special creation may be dismissed as absurd and utterly impossible.

The second theory is that of reincarnation. This theory is in perfect harmony with every known law of nature, agrees with the discoveries of science, and conforms to the conclusions of the profoundest philosophy. Referred to our premises, it fits them exactly. According to the theory of reincarnation the soul, in common with every form of life on this planet, and presumably with every form or manifestation of life throughout the universe, has evolved from some lower form, thereby satisfying our first premise. By repeated incarnations the soul obtains the experiences by which it evolves, each and every soul being obliged to traverse the same ground to arrive at the same destination. Only by studying the same curriculum, under like conditions, can souls be said to have that uniformity of experience which nature's laws demand. And that condition is provided by, and only by, Reincarnation. Thus are the conditions of our second premise met.

It might be argued that reincarnation is not an absolutely essential corollary to the principle of evolution taken by itself, though it would be difficult to establish such a proposition. But when we combine our two premises, first that the soul evolves from lower to higher forms, and second, that the operations of nature are uniform, thus demanding that each and every soul have substantially the same experiences in order to reach a given stage of advancement, there is no escaping the conclusion. Reincarnation meets all the conditions, while no other possible theory does. Therefore, the theory of reincarnation is true, Q. E. D.

Yerington, Nevada, U.S.A. C. S. DURAND, M.D.

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BOOK-LORE

The Problem of the Soul, A Tract for Teachers, by Edmond Holmes. (Constable & Co., London. Price 1s. 3d.)

There are new ideas stirring, new ideals forming themselves in the plans and minds of men in regard to education. Prominent amongst the pioneers in this direction is Mr. Edmond Holmes, whose latest book, *The Problem of the Soul*, views education as being a means of furthering, or, as he himself says, hindering the growth of the soul; and by the soul he means a developing, reincarnating ego. Towards the end of his book he gives his reasons for adopting the theory of reincarnation; he feels, he says, that it holds the key to the riddle of man's existence; it composes the quarrel between heredity and environment; and "while bringing the life of man in its totality under the master law of growth, [it] withdraws the life of the soul from bondage to the physical laws of growth". It is in the light which the theory of reincarnation throws upon the problems of life, synthesising the conflicting theories of the various schools, scientific and religious, into a harmonious whole, that Mr. Holmes considers the methods of education as applied practically to children. He repudiates in these methods any and every thing which tends to exert a cramping influence. He has a convinced belief in the wide potentiality of every child, even the most ordinary. The whole of that potentiality cannot come forth through the limited channels of the physical instruments, but it lies with education to determine what particular portions of it shall manifest. The potentiality is in all children of all classes, and that it is not by all exhibited is owing to inhibiting circumstances. The theory of strain is disproved for Mr. Holmes by the fact of the talent and capacity displayed by children of what are called the lower classes, when conditions are provided suitable for their development. He

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relates how the head master of an elementary school in the East of London showed him some admirable drawings done by his pupils.

> I asked him what proportion of his pupils could reach that level. He answered: "Had you asked me that question a year ago I would have said five per cent, but now I can say 95 per cent." As a teacher of drawing he had recently changed his aims and methods. Had he not done so, he would have continued to take for granted that 95 per cent of his pupils had little or no capacity for drawing. More recently I was shown some thirty or forty poems written by girls in a higher standard elementary school in one of our northern manufacturing towns. The high level of feeling and expression reached in these poems astonished me.

The work of education—education as at present understood—is characterised as deadly, a work of "cramping, warping, atrophying, devitalising the growing soul"; and the fact that many children have no interest in mental work when they leave school, as also no power to make use of their latent capacity, proves, not that the capacity is not there nor that the interest could not have been maintained and stimulated, but only that a system which tends to cramp and not to expand, is a barrier instead of an aid to evolution. And because of this the responsibility of the teacher is transcendently great; yet not greater than the opportunities; and it should, therefore, be accepted as a privilege, not shouldered as a burden. The question of the book is: What limits, if any, are there to the transforming influence of education? The answer is that, ideally, there are none. And the conclusion arrived at is that if this be so, and if the evolution of soul-life be the purpose of the universe, the executants of that purpose—that is to say the educators—are the real rulers of the world. Mr. Edmond Holmes speaks with the authority of knowledge and experience: those who are interested in education would do well to study what he has to say; and for those who are not so interested the study is more imperative still.

G. COLMORE

The Dream Problem, a Symposium edited and compiled by Ram Narayan, L.M.S. ("Practical Medicine," Delhi.)

The attention which is being given to the subject of dreams by the most up-to-date investigators in the field of psychology is of special significance to Theosophists, who have long recognised the possibilities of activity during sleep. Moreover it seems as though the rapid advances made in the

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West are stimulating Eastern students of philosophy to apply the tenets of the Veḍānṭa to elucidating the results of Western scientific research. The book before us is a good example of this reawakening of interest in a science essentially Eastern in its origin. It is evidently an experiment, being a collection of suggested solutions of a problem which the editor, Mr. Ram Narayan, sent to a number of people known to be engaged on work of this kind.

The problem itself is at first sight trivial and almost ludicrous, as many dreams are; but it opens up questions which lie at the very roots of existence. It is as follows:

A gentleman in sound health, both physically and mentally, is having a dream almost every night when he goes to sleep, and in his state of dream he addresses an assembly of men, the majority of whom are his friends and acquaintances. During the course of his speech he explains to his friends that it is a dream and all the people before him are the creatures of his dream. Some of the audience ask him what proof he has to give them that he is right in what he asserts. To this he replies that he will think over the question when he wakes up and will explain his reasons when he meets them next time in his dream. At this explanation they all laugh at him and call him a lunatic. When he wakes up he finds himself very much puzzled, and even in his waking state he is unable to find any solution to the problem. He wants now to know how he can convince those creatures of his dream during the dream state that it is really a dream.

The first solution is offered by Dr. R. V. Kedkhar, whose expositions of the Veḍānṭa are known to Theosophists in England. It takes the form of an Introduction, and, with the exception of the Editor's closing summary, is the longest and most important contribution to the collection. Two diagrams have been inserted to explain the relation between the three states of consciousness—Jāgraṭ (Waking), Swapna (Dream), and Suṣhupṭi (Deep Sleep), or, as the writer calls them, Gross, Subtle, and Pure. On this classification he bases his arguments for believing that the dream consciousness may be used as a means of obtaining greater knowledge than is possible in the physical body. His theories as to the rationale of astral communications rely mainly on the analogy of telepathy, for the Theosophical descriptions of leaving the physical body connected by nothing but a "thread" evidently seem to him to introduce unnecessary complications and uncomfortable risks; even the production and despatch of thought-forms is dismissed as an undesirable practice on account of the independence attributed to them in the Theosophical conception. Of course Theosophists are quite at one with him in referring all phenomena

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ultimately to the Universal Mind, but why should not even telepathic waves assume some form or other, to say nothing of the advantage of a rapid transference of the instruments? So, instead of answering, as a Theosophist would, that the conduct of the dreamer's dream-friends would depend mainly on whether they were his actual friends in their astral bodies or whether they were his own thought-forms, he puts practically the same distinction in terms of his own views as to the dream state.

The other contributions, many of which are from Western students, are too numerous and varied to admit of separate mention, but perhaps exceptions may be made in the case of those by the Editor and Babu Bhagavan Das. Both of them raise the fundamental question whether, after all, this waking state of ours may not be in reality a dream, however real it may seem for the time being, and both of them boldly accept this proposition; but whereas Mr. Ram Narayan appears somewhat too much inclined to refer the dream of life to the individual consciousness, Babu Bhagavan Das makes it clear that life cannot be regarded as a dream until the consciousness of the One has been attained. From these scanty remarks it will be easy to gather that there is a great amount of more or less raw material to be found in this enterprising volume, representing the result of much personal experience and study; it is left for the reader to extract the finished product of psychological fact.

W. D. S. B.

Sacrifice, and other Plays, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s.)

Theosophists will be interested in these plays, as the subject of three of them is, roughly speaking, the pioneer. "The Sannyāsi" shows us the ascetic, full of zeal in the pursuit of his ideal, who is called upon to break the fetters of his narrow conception of non-attachment by Love in the person of Vasanṭi, the little daughter of one who before his death had been outcasted because he defied the laws and the gods of his countrymen. This child comes to him for shelter and protection, but he leaves her; he must be free. When later he is ready to take up the rôle

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of pioneer and live truth rather than convention, it is too late to make reparation to the girl. "Malini" tells us the tragedy of two friends to both of whom new truths of religion have come from the words of a beautiful and saintly girl. One yields himself to the new; the other, after the first moment of exquisite joy in the revelation has passed, starts back fearfully and clings to the old, priding himself on his steadfast loyalty and his power to recognise and tear away the veil of illusion. In King Govinda, the central figure of the third play, "Sacrifice," we have another study of one who is driven to break old forms. He brings a chain of tragic events upon himself and his subjects because, after years of unquestioning obedience to the laws laid down by the priests of his religion—the worship of Kāli—he suddenly defies all established custom by refusing to permit animal sacrifice to be offered to the Mother. The goddess has told him, he declares, that blood she cannot suffer. "She has been drinking blood for ages," cries the outraged priest. "Whence comes this loathing all of a sudden?" "No," answers the king, "she never drank blood; she kept her face averted." Confusion reigns in the kingdom of this bold innovator.

It is difficult to put into a few words the problem of the fourth play, "The King and Queen". It is short and arranged with extraordinary simplicity. Yet in it may be found the seed of much reflection on many of the important problems which each member of the human family is forced to face in his efforts to understand and possess his own heart. Some of the characters speak very little and appear but once or twice, yet each makes a very definite contribution to the whole. To say that each represents a type would be to mislead the reader. The characters are not bloodless symbols, but very real human beings. Yet the impression left on the mind by a reading of this play is of having come in contact with the essence of men and women rather than with definite personalities.

A. DE L.

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Killing for Sport, Essays by various writers, with a Preface by G. Bernard Shaw. Edited by Henry S. Salt. War-time edition. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London, for the Humanitarian League. Price 1s.)

A book exposing the barbarities practised under the guise of "Sport" is happily unnecessary as far as Theosophists are concerned personally, but it is none the less useful to them for the helping of others who have not yet learnt their relation to the animal kingdom and are so used to tolerate shooting, hunting, etc, as being aristocratic pastimes, that it has never occurred to them to count the terrible cost in suffering. For such people the Humanitarian League has issued another edition of its symposium of articles on this subject, prefaced by G. Bernard Shaw. This Preface, as might be expected, is the most entertaining feature of the book, indeed it is the only part to which this epithet can be applied, as the facts which it is the purpose of the other writers to present are too tragic to be pleasant reading. Not that Mr. Shaw is any the less decided in his condemnation of blood-sports; his outburst of indignation at the sight of rabbit coursing fully bears out his characteristic statement: "I know many sportsmen; and none of them are ferocious. I know several humanitarians; and they are all ferocious." But his "fellow-feeling" for animals is supplemented by a keen and tolerant analysis of the psychology of the "sub-human" trait, and his humour is, as usual, far more disconcerting than the most violent invective. Here are two of many typical Shavianisms:

> The true objection to sport is the one taken by that wise and justly famous Puritan who objected to bear baiting not because it gave pain to the bear but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. He rightly saw that it was not important that we should be men of pleasure, and that it was enormously important that we should be men of honour. What the bear would have said if it had had any say in the matter can only be conjectured.

> Even as it is, there are now so many other pastimes available that the choice of killing is becoming more and more a disgrace to the chooser. The wantonness of the choice is beyond excuse. To kill as the poacher does, to sell or eat the victim, is at least to act reasonably. To kill from hatred or revenge is at least to behave passionately. To kill in gratification of a lust for death is at least to behave villainously. Reason, passion, and villainy are all human. But to kill, being all the time quite a good sort of fellow, merely to pass away the time when there are a dozen harmless ways of doing it equally available, is to behave like an idiot or a silly, imitative sheep.

Among the other contributors are Edward Carpenter, George Greenwood, M.P., and H. B. Marriott Watson; the

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writers not only prove the cruelty of "Sport," but also show the drain it imposes on the national resources, and especially the humiliating losses to which farmers are accustomed to submit. A note on "Sport as a Training for War" is of special interest as illustrating how, "while it breeds the aggressive and cruel spirit of militarism, it does *not* furnish that practical military training which is essential to successful warfare". This is just the kind of book that may profitably be exhibited in a railway carriage.

W. D. S. B.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

CHATS WITH COUNT TOLSTOY IN AMERICA

The Modern Review (Calcutta) for January contains an interesting interview with Count Ilya Tolstoy, the second son of Leo Tolstoy, written by Mr. Sudhindra Bose in America. On noticing the title of the article, the first question that naturally occurred was—how far the son shared the extreme, but in many ways Theosophical, ideals of the father. On this score Count Ilya was frank and decided; his appreciation of his father's greatness is not based on a wholesale acceptance of his teachings; if anything, it is enhanced by the honest confession that many of his aims were both illogical and unpractical. In the matter of war, for instance, the son goes almost to the other extreme, for he considers that warfare is inseparable from nationality, though perhaps this is not to be wondered at while the world-war still rages and his own country is torn by internal strife. He even doubts whether his father could have clung to the same ideals if he had lived to witness the tragedy of 1914 and after. It may indeed be that his faith would have received a rude shaking, like that of many others, but surely this war was what he, of all men, most expected, to judge by his warnings and prophetic visions. Tolstoy the elder also saw that nationality spelt warfare, at least nationality as now conceived—and so much the worse for nationality, he would say. All the same his love for the

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people of his own country was as strong as that of any boasting patriot, while he himself was a fighter of fighters, wielding the most powerful weapon of all—passive resistance; in fact his whole life was one prolonged struggle against superstition and tyranny without and doubts within—the only holy war.

To return to the personality of this interview, Count Ilya is himself a writer of considerable distinction, his latest work being a biography of his father entitled *Reminiscences of Tolstoy*, and he has a keen admiration for India.

Count Ilya is the first Russian man of letters to indroduce Tagore into Russia. At least he has the credit of being the first man to translate Tagore's poems into the Russian language. He has unbounded admiration for the Indian poet. "I think," said he, "Tagore is one of the greatest living men of the world."

In this connection he acknowledges the spontaneous reception accorded to his father's writings by the East.

"My father is not appreciated in Europe and America as he is in India, China, and other Oriental countries," remarked Ilya. "The spirit of my father is in perfect accord with that of India." . . . The Russian sage regarded European civilisation as a "varnished barbarism". He was utterly repelled by the glitter of hollow European society. He sought for the life of simplicity, prayer, and exalted poverty—the time-honoured ideals of Oriental sages.

On the other hand America was a sore disappointment to Count Ilya, and so comes in for some stringent and rather hasty criticism.

"Do you know the difference between America and Russia?" at last started off the Russian noble. "It is simply this: if a man in America is poor, is not making enough money, Americans think there is something wrong with him. In Russia, on the other hand, if a person is found making too much money, Russians will be shocked and they will wonder if there is not something radically wrong with the man. The outlook on life is altogether different in America and Russia.

One of the prettiest reminiscences of the home at Yasnaya Polyana is the glimpse we are given of his mother helping his father with his novels, and invaluable help it must have been, according to the pathetically humorous account of how she used to spend days copying out proof-sheets that had been completely disfigured by her husband's corrections! "If my father had great faults," we are told, "he had also great virtues. There was enough material in his composition to build seven men out of him."

W. D. S. B.

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SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts, from 11th November to 10th December, 1917, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES:

	Rs.	A.	P.
General Secretary, T.S. in Netherlands India, of 1,037 members, for 1917	518	1	2
Australian Section, T.S., balance of dues, for 1917, £19. 10s.	275	5	0
Scottish Section, T.S., of 504 members, for 1917, £16. 16s.	237	3	0
Italian Section, T.S., of 310 members, for 1917, £8. 6s. 5d.	115	11	3
Cairo Lodge, Egypt, of 7 new members, for 1917-18, £2. 19s. 8d.	42	2	0
South African T.S., dues for 1917, £9. 8s. ...	132	11	0
DONATIONS			
Honorary Treasurer, Adyar Lodge, T.S., for Adyar Library	100	0	0
Anon., for Adyar Library	5	0	0
	1,426	1	5

Adyar,
10th December, 1917.

A. SCHWARZ,
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DONATIONS

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M. F. ten Houte de Lange, Esq., Rangoon ...	10	0	0
	10	0	0

Adyar, A. SCHWARZ,

10th December, 1917. *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.*

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.	Chicago Brotherhood Lodge, T.S. ...	12-5-1917
Harvey, Illinois, U.S.A.	Harvey Lodge, T.S. ...	5-6-1917
Creelman, Sask., Canada	Creelman Lodge, T.S. ...	25-6-1917
Memphis, Tenn., U.S.A.	Pythagoras „ „ ...	30-6-1917
Buenos Aires, S. America ...	Agama „ „ ...	14-7-1917
Trinidad, Cuban Sec. ...	Sol „ „ ...	21-8-1917
Tirumalai, S. India ...	Tirumalai „ „ ...	15-9-1917
Poona, India ...	Māhārāshtra „ „ ...	20-9-1917
Satyamangalam, *via* Erode, Coimbatore Dt.	Satyamangalam Lodge, T.S.	4-10-1917
Puttanchandai, Trivandrum ...	Puttanchandai Lodge, T.S.	4-10-1917
Calicut, India ...	Maitreyi Lodge, T.S. ...	5-10-1917

Adyar, J. R. ARIA,

1st November, 1917. *Recording Secretary, T.S.*

Printed and published by Rao Saheb G. Subbayya Chetty,
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The following receipts, from 11th December, 1917, to 10th January, 1918, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES:

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Egizio Veronesi, Cairo, Egypt, Charter Fee and Annual dues of new members, for 1918, (£17. 2s. 5d.)	241	10	0
Norwegian Section, T.S., dues of 238 members, for 1917 (£7. 18s. 8d.)	112	0	0
Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, Adyar, for 1917	15	0	0
Mr. J. Arnold, Hankow, for 1918	15	0	0

DONATIONS

Mr. N. H. Cama, Hubli, for President's Fund ...	10	0	0
	393	10	0

Adyar
10th January, 1918.

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T.S.

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DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
A Theosophist, Adyar	50	0	0
Mr. L. I. Leslie, Harrogate, £2. 2s.	29	4	2
Vasanṭā Press (Food Fund)	5	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5.	1	0	0
	85	4	2

Adyar A. SCHWARZ,
10th January, 1918. *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.*

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Zurich, Switzerland ...	"Le Graal" Lodge, T.S....	18-12-1916
De Aar, C. Province, S. Africa	Unity Lodge, T.S. ...	31-3-1917
Enid, Oklahoma, U.S.A.	Enid Lodge, T.S. ...	1-7-1917
Berne, Switzerland ...	"Annie Besant" Lodge, T.S.	9-7-1917
Versailles, Seine et Oise, France	Fraternité de Versailles Lodge, T.S. ...	29-7-1917
Kimberley, C. Province, S. Africa	Kimberley Lodge, T.S. ...	23-8-1917
Godhra, Panchmahal, India	Godhra Lodge, T.S. ...	10-11-1917
Alexandria, Egypt ...	Hypatia „ „ ...	14-11-1917
Edalakudy, Kotar, S. Travancore ...	Agasthya „ „ ...	6-12-1917

Adyar J. R. ARIA,
11th January, 1918. *Recording Secretary, T.S.*

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SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

FIFTH SOUTH INDIAN THEOSOPHICAL CONVENTION, 1918, AT ADYAR

The Fifth Annual South Indian Theosophical Convention will be held at Adyar on the 29th, 30th and 31st March, and 1st April, 1918.

PROGRAMME

Friday, 29th March, 1918

5 P.M. Public Lecture, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A., "Theosophy and the Higher Civics".
8 P.M. Question and Answer Meeting.

Saturday, 30th March, 1918

9.30 A.M. Lecture in Tamil, by Mrs. Sadasiva Iyer.
1 P.M. Star Meeting (for Members only).
2 P.M. Star Business.
5 P.M. Public Lecture, by G. S. Arundale, "Theosophical Principles and Practical Education".
8 P.M. Question and Answer Meeting.

Sunday, 31st March, 1918

9.30 A.M. Convention and Business Meeting.
1 P.M. Lecture in Telugu.
2 P.M. Lecture in Canarese, by Mrs. Chandrasekhara Iyer.
4 P.M. Lecture on "Advaitism and Theosophy" in Tamil, by S. Kalyanarama Iyer.

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5 P.M. Public Lecture, by Mrs. Annie Besant, "Theosophy and National Life".
8 P.M. Magic Lantern, by Mrs. G. Gagarin.

Monday, 1st April, 1918

9.30 A.M. Lecture on "Advaitism and Theosophy" in Tamil, by S. Kalyanarama Iyer.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts, from 11th January to 10th February, 1918, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES:

	Rs.	A.	P.
American Section, T.S., dues of 6,470 members, for 1917, $1,078.32	3,100	4	0
Dutch Section, T.S., dues of 1,594 members, for 1917, £53. 2s. 8d.	743	13	0
Scandinavian Section, T.S., for 1917, £29. 6s. 4d. ...	413	15	0
Indian Section, T.S., Benares, part payment for 1917	200	0	0
Mr. W. H. Barzey, Sierra Leone, W. Africa, for 1917, £1	14	2	0
Mr. Egizio Veronesi, Cairo, Egypt, dues of a new member, for 1918, £0. 5s. 8d.	4	1	0

DONATIONS

A Friend, Bombay, for Adyar Library ...	50	0	0
	4,526	3	0

Adyar
11th February, 1918.

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T.S.

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Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JANUARY 1918

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during December :

CONGRESS SPEECHES.

By ANNIE BESANT

Price : As. 12 or 1s. or 25c.

These speeches, beginning in 1914, lead us up to the year of the Author's Presidentship of the National Congress and should be valuable to all who wish to understand the spirit and aspirations of the present India.

LAND REVENUE SETTLEMENT

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