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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

PROFESSOR PENZIG has been General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Italy for very many years, and a highly respected Professor of the University of Genoa. He has lived in Italy for forty years, and for thirty-five years has been a nationalised Italian citizen. He writes:

> Although all my sympathy, my feelings and my actions have ever been for this country, the people here will always consider me as a stranger, and since, in the actual state of things, the hatred against everything connected with Germany has reached a high degree, I have been obliged to leave Genoa, and resign the Secretary-ship.

He is a great loss to the Society in Italy, and we offer him our sympathy. But feelings inevitably run high in time of War, and Germany has put herself outside the pale. A very worthy successor has been elected in our good brother Emilio Turin, and we wish him a useful and happy career.

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Our Poona Lodge, T.S., has had a serious loss in the passing of Brother Trimbak Vasudeva Gupta on July 14th, after a very brief illness. He was a very faithful member

of the T.S. and ever had its welfare at heart, and his fellow-members feel his loss much. He has entered into the Peace, and the love of his comrades follows him.

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The Anagarika Ḍharmapâla, who is one-pointedly set on raising in Calcutta a Vihāra—a Temple—in which to enshrine the Relic of the Lord Buḍḍha, placed in the care of the Mahā Boḍhi Society by the Government of India, writes me that the proposed Vihāra will cost Rs. 73,000, and that they have in hand Rs. 68,000. He earnestly appeals to every Lodge of the Theosophical Society to send a small gift to the Fund, sending it to him at 46 Baniapooker Lane, Calcutta. He also asks me to publish the following in THE THEOSOPHIST. Cheques and Money Orders may be sent to him to the Hong-kong and Shanghai Bank, Calcutta. The Anagarika has also opened a current account with the National Bank of India, Ltd., 26 Bishopsgate, London, E. C., which will receive donations if sent to them marked "A. H. Ḍharmapāla, Mahā Boḍhi Society". This will be convenient for English subscribers.

CALCUTTA VIHARA FUND

DONATIONS RECEIVED FROM T.S. MEMBERS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Jinarājadāsa, Adyar	150	0	0
Blavatsky Lodge, T.S., Bombay	101	0	0
Mr. Narain Rau Varma, ,, ...	5	0	0
Mr. Atma Ram	5	0	0
Mr. M. H. Master, Asst. Surgeon	5	0	0
Total	266	0	0

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Theosophical work goes forward in Ireland. The Rev. John Barron writes me that Miss Clara Codd is to visit Dublin and Belfast in October next, and says that Belfast Lodge is working steadily and the classes for enquirers were well attended. Mr. Barron has been taking a holiday in his

old working ground in Lancashire, and was very happy to find himself among old friends in Burnley, where a well known public worker, Mrs. Lancaster, the widow of a mill-owner there, has taken the lead. He speaks admiringly of the local Lodge rooms, their walls hung with very clever diagrams for the use of students. At Bradford, he met Miss Codd, and remarks that while the churches are complaining of scant attendance, her lectures are packed. At the Mechanics' Institute, for instance, holding one thousand persons, the Hall was quite full, while from another lecture, at a Picture Palace holding 650, large numbers were turned away. I knew Bradford and Bradford audiences well of old, strong-headed, warm-hearted, mostly of working men and women, keen politicians also. In early days I lectured there on Home Rule for Ireland, and they would, I am sure, welcome me as warmly as of yore, if I appealed to them for Home Rule for India.

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But the day of my meeting British friends is, so far as I know, in the distance, for I cannot well leave India, women who leave during the War being barred from return. My home and work lie here until India wins Home Rule, and the fact that a period of increased repression is rising on the Indian horizon, is the more reason why I should stay.

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It is very pleasant to hear from France, that our General Secretary there, M. Charles Blech—I do not know what his Army rank now is—has received the rosette of the famous *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur*. A French letter tells of the calm strength of Paris, though the Germans were at their nearest when the letter left the capital. I may repeat here what I have written this week in *The Commonweal*, sending it as a message to my French friends.

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" Paris may now be regarded as safe, but, as showing the high spirit of the French, it is interesting to note that they were in no way inclined to despondency, even had it been

captured by the enemy. In 1870, the fall of Paris was the fall of France. Paris has ever been her heart, nay, was France herself. But in 1918, France regarded the probable capture of Paris as a mere incident in a continuing War, and calmly prepared her defences right down to Bordeaux, standing with invincible courage, ready to fight to the death. She is no longer vulnerable, for her true defence is in the hearts of her people, not in fortified zones, and these cannot be captured by the enemy, they are impregnable."

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As I have many anxious enquiries from England as to the condition of Indian feeling, I also reprint here a general statement of the position.

"The political situation in India is clearing and steadying itself. In the first shock of disappointment caused by the niggardly Reforms after the hopes raised by the proclamation of August 20th, 1917, confused cries of anger and disgust were naturally heard. But India steadied herself quickly, and all over the country Conferences have been called to express formally her refusal to accept the proffered reforms as any fulfilment of Great Britain's solemn pledge. The most moderate of Moderates demanded large changes, under a camouflage of gratitude and praise and flattery; many of the prouder and more self-respecting—indignant with the arrogant assumption of India's unfitness to manage her own affairs and the claim of Great Britain to act indefinitely as guardian of a ward condemned to a lengthy minority, while the guardian manages the estate for the benefit of his own firm—loudly called for total rejection of the Reforms as an insult rather than a recognition of a just claim. The great mass between these two extremes, including nearly, if not all, of the well known leaders of the reasonable Moderates and the Nationalists of all types, were either for acceptance with drastic modifications, or for non-acceptance with constructive proposals on the line of the Congress-League

Scheme, as a first unsatisfactory step, to be quickly followed by others.

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"The difference here is not purely verbal. Acceptance would make us partly responsible for an unsatisfactory measure, likely, in its working, to cause much friction and ill-feeling between the British and Indian parts of the executive Government, thrown by the proposals into positions of constant antagonism. Moreover, it would stop agitation, to which the country is pledged by the Congress-League resolutions, until the establishment of Self-Government is securely fixed at an early date. Non-acceptance, with constructive proposals for improvements as a first step, means that we cannot prevent the British Parliament passing any measure it pleases, and it remains solely responsible for the difficulties of a largely unworkable scheme; further it repudiates responsibility for the numerous objectionable features in the proposals, which are not touched by the suggested improvements, in which control over the budget is a *sine quâ non*; it leaves room for indignant protests against the tone and spirit of the whole Report, and its bureaucratic legends substituted for Indian history; it leaves us free to carry on a steady and strong agitation for the swift succession of changes which will make possible the realisation of clause (c) in Resolution XII of the Congress of 1916, demanding that in the Reconstruction of the Empire India shall be raised from the position of a Dependency to that of equality with the Self-Governing Dominions; and finally, it prevents Great Britain from going into the Peace Conference and declaring that India has accepted her offers and is contented to remain indefinitely a ward and Dependency under her rule.

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"I lay stress on the above, because, to me, the position of India under 'acceptance' and 'non-acceptance' is entirely different. The first leaves her bound; the second leaves her

free. It is not therefore a verbal, superficial, difference. It is a vital difference of principle, on which the immediate policy of India depends. I venture, therefore, to hope that the matter will be carefully considered."

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We are making steady progress with the movement for National Education, though it is, of course, uphill and difficult work. July saw the opening of the National University and the Agricultural College in the Damodar Gardens estate, leased by the Educational Executive from the Theosophical Society. There followed the opening of a High School for Boys in a beautiful compound nearer to Madras; a Girls' School in Mylapore, a crowded suburb, and a College of Commerce in another district. Near the end of the month, a Training College for Teachers was in course of establishment near the Boys' High School, for more than any other educational need is that for Teachers, the profession once the most honoured of all in India, but which has fallen upon evil times in these later days. It needs to be raised again to its old dignity of a "vocation," a true calling of the Divine Voice of the Spirit, bidding its brain and body yoke themselves to the service of the future citizens of the Nation. At present, it is too often the last resource of the mediocre, who cry: "Take me, I pray thee, into the priest's office, that I may eat a piece of bread." There are indeed many good and noble teachers, attracted to their work by love for it and by desire to serve. But they are not numerous enough to lift the whole profession, partly because men's worth nowadays is measured by money rather than by character, and the lower ranks of teachers are shamefully ill-paid. In some of the country parts of the Bombay Presidency the teachers are so badly paid that they can only afford one meal a day, and the death-rate among them is very high in consequence of this chronic starvation.

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At Madanapalle, we have suffered much from the antagonism of the Government Educational Department, which

took up some land and a building which we had improved, and confiscated other buildings which we had raised, believing that the lease would, as is usual, be renewed. A recognised High School has also been opened, and on the principle of returning good for evil, we are allowing some of its boys to use our chemical laboratory, as it has none of its own.

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The Benares College and Girls' School are doing remarkably well, and have come up brilliantly in the examinations, in quality not in quantity, for the number of girls who seek College education and University degrees is, as yet, small in India. The Boys' School also is struggling to keep its head above water through the exertions of devoted teachers. Cawnpur Boys' School, also, is another brave effort.

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In South India we have very successful Girls' Schools in Madura, Kumbhakonam, Coimbatore, and, just lately, in Mangalore, where Roman Catholicism is very strong, so that Hinḍūs found it difficult to obtain education for their girls, without the risk of perversion. It was this need which brought about the opening of the school, which is growing very rapidly.

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To finish my educational chat, I may say that the Indian Boy Scouts' movement continues to flourish amazingly, and has found in Mr. F. G. Pearce—English Theosophists know the name well—an ideal Scout Commissioner. A very good little magazine for boys has been started—last month saw the first number—under the name of *The Indian Scout*, full of pleasant things. So you see, British readers mine, that we are not neglecting the youth of the country, its future citizens, in our vigorous work for political reform. The educational work, however, will be enormously facilitated when, having won Home Rule, India will have her own educational policy, and control it from the village school right up to the University.

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We have had a curious epidemic in our big cities, starting in Bombay and spreading out from it, a "War fever" it is called, as it seems to have been imported by returning soldiers. It is a kind of influenza with high fever and a good deal of muscular pain, and has an unpleasant way of bringing on pneumonia when it seems to be relaxing its grip. Indian hold on life is not tenacious, and a considerable number have succumbed to what seemed, at first, to be only a slight ailment.

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A very interesting movement has been set on foot in America entitled "League for World Liberation," whereof a correspondent writes:

Foundation and General Objects: This League was founded in Washington D.C., in October, 1917, at the suggestion of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hotchner, by a group of Theosophists, all native-born Americans, who were in sympathy not only with the Allies' plan of liberating all subject peoples, but also with your greater plan of a free world, that would include religious and economic equality, as well as political. Thus inspired by your ideals, it was felt that you should be invited to become its International President, and Mr. Shibley telegraphed you accordingly. He stated that you replied requesting further information, which he was to send you. We wonder whether his letter was permitted to reach you, for no reply has been received. The League would feel honoured by your acceptance of this post, and this act, together, perhaps, with some commendatory words about the League in THE THEOSOPHIST, would greatly enhance the already warm response given to it by F.T.S. The fact that Mr. Warrington is allied with the League will perhaps eliminate any hesitancy which this plan might otherwise cause. We need hardly add that all of the League's activities are loyal and constitutional. The broad ideals of the League, as regards World Liberation, are clearly stated in a small book written by Mr. Shibley, one of its incorporators, which we are sending you separately. The page referring to India is herewith enclosed. This book has been sent to the leading politicians in America and will have considerable influence, as Mr. Shibley has long been identified with constructive work in Washington. Mrs. Hotchner helped to supply some of the data for his book.

The book and the details reached me by post, and I am glad to accept the honourable post offered to me. Many lectures are being given about India, and lantern slides introduce to Americans some of the finest types of Indians. For all the work being done for India, Indians send their grateful thanks.

APOLOGIA PRO PATRIA MEA

SCOTLAND

By W. INGRAM, M.A., LL.B., D.Sc.

Acting General Secretary, T.S. in Scotland

MY qualification for writing about the National Ideals of Scotland is simply that I am a Scotsman whose blood, so far as I am aware, is entirely Scotch. I have, however, the disadvantage that I have no Celtic ancestry, unless the Gordon family can be reckoned as such. It is difficult, therefore, for me to be just to the north-west of Scotland, which many claim to be the true source of any artistic qualities the race possesses.

In order to explain the Scottish outlook, it must be remembered that our origin in race is the Pict and the Scot.

The Scot is undoubtedly Celtic in origin, and his conservatism is evidenced by the fact that he still speaks Gaelic, one of the four modern forms of the Celtic tongue. The Pict, on the other hand, was probably non-Āryan, belonging to the same stock as the ancient Etruscan and the modern Hungarian. And just as in the Roman race the Etruscan was absorbed; but added its strength and its culture to that strong people, so the Pict, whose pure stock is no longer traceable in Scotland, is nevertheless preserved in permanent elements of the Scottish character. The east coast of Scotland has Danish elements in its population. The south has a Norman and Northern English descent. I do not write of Orkney and Shetland, which are peopled by Northmen, whose whole traditions and feelings are non-Scottish. It should be added that if there is not much French blood in Scotland, there has always been a feeling almost of kinship between this country and France. This is not the first time in history that the heritage of France has been saved by the blood of Scotsmen.

The history of Scotland can in turn be told with brevity. Since the thirteenth century she has borne periods of terrible misrule and Hunnish invasion, without loss of the spiritual idea which is her great inheritance. It would perhaps be a mistake to say that the Scotch love liberty as a nation. The nation has not and never has had a really democratic government. At present she is represented by an absent nobility, a crowd of English Commoners, and a Government department which is really centred at Whitehall in London, though it has an office in Edinburgh. What the Scotsman really prizes is individual independence, and the right to follow the traditions of his ancient race. As Barbour wrote at the time of Bannockburn:

> Ah! Freedom, it is a noble thing!
> Freedom mayss man to have liking:
> Freedom all solace to man gives,
> He lives at ease that freely lives,

Na he, that ay has lived free,
May nocht knaw weill the property, [1]
The anger, na, the wretched doom
That is coupled to foul thirldom.[2]
Bot giff [3] he had assayed it,
Than all perquer [4] he suld it wyt; [5]
And suld think freedom mair to prize
Than all the gold in the world that is.

For the conscience of a free heritage and the right to till it in his own "thrawn" way, Scotsmen in every generation have not been afraid to suffer and to die. No Scotsman worthy of the name but lifts up his soul in solemn pride when he thinks of the passion of the Covenanters, or of the Jacobites. Stoned, sawn asunder, slain with the sword, desolate, afflicted, tormented—of whom the world was not worthy! Such a Scot may at the same time allow that he does not think altogether with Covenanter or Jacobite. What these "martyrs" were contending against was English or German intrusion into the Scottish vineyard. As the Jacobite poet wrote:

Wha hae we now got for a king?
Wha, but a German lairdie? [6]

This passion in the Scottish mind involves peculiar limitations. He is one of the most reticent souls that goes. A Scottish wife has been known to complain that her husband never told her he loved her, until he was dying—when he supposed that that impropriety would have no kārmic results. The writer has heard a sermon upon the text: "Now Naboth was a churlish man"; and has reckoned that every wife in the church was applying the text to her own proper husband. From that same root of repressed emotion springs the fact that the artistic sense of Scotland, though very true, has borne little fruit in many generations. Until fifty years ago Raeburn was our only painter of international fame. We have only

[1] quality.
[2] servitude.
[3] if.
[4] certainly.
[5] know.
[6] small squire.

one great poet (if you except Byron) and only one great novelist. And yet literary culture is our very life; but we never, never, never risk our hearts'-love on paper. The test that it is not intelligence that is absent, may be found in the fact that on the purely intellectual field we have nothing that need shame us. The harnessing of steam was a Scottish discovery. We have always been a maritime people. Our metaphysics rests secure in Hume and in the Common Sense School.

Of course theology is our great national industry. Not that our talent in the matter is creative—unless it be of schismatic Bethels. The number of "kirks" in Scotland, each poised on the narrow edge of some theological or political difference, is absolutely legion. Abhorrence of State interference is the bogey that gives life and "light" to each. The most brotherly of men in all our ways, we vigorously consign each other to hell-fire upon even minute theological differences. There was an old Scotch lady, shrewd and sane, whose private opinion was that only she and her minister were saved, and she "whiles" had her doubts about the minister. It was a Scotsman whose zeal for Sabbath observance was such that, when he was reminded that Christ walked in the fields on the Sabbath, tartly replied: "I never thought any more of him for that." And the queer thing about it all is, that a belief in salvation was not inconsistent, until recently, with the common practice on the part of the saved of certain characteristic vices.

To a race that produced these kirks almost annually out of its own blood and bones, the offer of a new kirk, made in Holland and blessed at Adyar, has not been without refreshment. No doubt the peculiarities of Scotland were not in the view of its founders; else they would have "camouflaged" such words as "Mass," "Ritual," "Bishop," etc., which always cause a peculiar loss of control in the Scottish mind.

"Fause loon, doest thou say Mass at ma lug?" said Jennie Geddes, as she threw her stool at the unfortunate Dean of St. Giles. Our lugs are just as intolerant to-day; though out of kirk we give an artless brotherliness to the adherents of all faiths—Roman, Dutch, or Jewish. The reason of this condition of things is partly historical and political, partly just the Scotch dislike of novelties. Our whole religion is exactly defined in the Confession of Faith which has the sanction of Statute. The Confession of Faith is an English document, long lost to England. It is the Secret Soul of Scotland. Its pages are red with the blood of men and women who were tortured for it, butchered for it, hanged, drawn and quartered, that it might live. It is perhaps the most perfect statement of an entire theology that the world has seen. The literature of its great compeers, the Shorter Catechism and the Paraphrases, is lisped by Scotsmen at their mothers' knee. Vitally as we differ among each other, each maintaining with purse and person his own peculiar sectarianism, we unite in defying the hand that would alter one jot or tittle of these blood-strewn testaments of a faith that was true to itself, whether in sun or in shadow.

Next to religion, law, womanhood and education are our great national traditions. We are a nation to whom, like the Romans, law is an instinct and a social idea. It would be remembered that the Roman drew no fine distinctions between ethics, *jus gentium* (or civilised practice), and legality proper. Neither do we. Our ancient statutes, many of them going back to the fifteenth century, are still our best. We have never resisted foreign influences that tended to keep our system flexible and progressive, but we have silently, yet grimly, declined to entertain the introduction of looseness of form or bureaucratic interference with our legal institutions. In its many onslaughts upon the English legal system, the Woman's Movement as a rule held up the Scots system to admiration, as being just to

womanhood. And it was right. The Women of Scotland have no great need of votes. They have been cautioned by wise men that the vote does the Scotsman little good, and may easily undermine the national position of the Scotswoman. A Scotsman's love and pride centres in his mother. If his wife fails of that model, it may go ill with the marriage. For his mother was his earliest counsellor, his worst critic—he learnt to fear her first, and from that to revere her. He carries with him, wherever you find him, an ideal of womanhood that makes him the inscrutable being he is. She taught him self-control and reliance on his own brain and hand. She thrashed out of him all hypocrisy, all deceit, towards herself especially. She did not allow him to rise intellectually above her, and he seldom did, because the great theologians of Scotland are the silent women of the hearth-side.

In her dealings with the household you see the same underlying power. She keeps the family purse. Into it go the savings, not only of the husband, but of the children, even up to the years of maturity. She has the habit of doing the work of the home with her own hands. Traditionally does the bourgeois Scotswoman quarrel with and throw out her domestic servants, preferring in the end to do her own housework.

It is perhaps an unideal woman that this description portrays. Her dress is plain—black and white traditionally. Tartan is not a feminine adornment in Scotland. Her sons are her jewels. To make them college-bred and gentlemen, she will sacrifice incredibly, and exact sacrifices equally incredible from them. She is not cultured in the sense that she will either create or discourse on matters literary or artistic; but if you suppose her either out of the way or indifferent, you will be mistaken.

It may be due to the attitude of the average Scotswoman to life, taken along with the peculiar hostility of Nature in

Scotland to soft living, that our music, like our dress, is somewhat uninspiring. We have no business in creative music. We never had. Our beautiful national dress and our harsh wind-instrument appear to have been created for no other purpose than to supply amusement to Londoners. Of course we have national dances. Characteristically we dance over naked sword-blades. Of course we have the music of a great fighting people. But that is all. Glasgow loves popular tunes, and Edinburgh believes she can sit for ever listening devoutly to classical music. But the irony of it all is that we have nothing in centuries to show for it, except a few soul-haunting melodies.

There was a time when Scotland prided herself on the education of her sons. That was a matter intimately related to the business of the Church. The Parish school system goes back several centuries. Its aim was to find talent where it existed and to bring it forward. The Universities caught up what the school hall-marked, and the result was good. In 1870 we received a new system, paid for partly by Government, partly by local administration, but entirely divorced from the Church. It has been of doubtful benefit. It destroyed the independence of the teacher; it fastened him to a type of teaching which he despised. His instructions—how, when and what to teach—came from London, and their adaptation to Highland scholars and rustic ways was not unattended with humour. We have not lost heart in Scotland yet. A new Statute is impending, which may make things better or worse. We lament to-day that boys and girls learn no manual arts until after they are fourteen, and that, except in the home, they may scarcely be employed usefully after school hours. We lament that in place of a useful alternation of book-learning with manual practice, their minds are overloaded with lore which they have no experience to assimilate; and that a mind-mess of fermenting ideas (often quite

inaccurate) is a poor start in the hard life and the grim realism which is our common portion. But we have our hopes. We come of a race that has always reasserted itself against, and often because of, bad and repressive conditions. We still stand for individuality and personal independence.

And to us, as to our forefathers, the way across the sea is the way we love best. We are driven like birds to fly away from the land we love, driven by the urges of adventure and of want. We go out with no stock-in-trade but that iron self-control our mothers taught us, that hunger for experience and wealth and domination which is our great inheritance. Every race, every clime knows us. And when life's work is over, and the blood in our veins is no longer warm, we home again to our own barren hills and rocky islets—over which no halcyon dawn breaks so glad and fair as that under which our days began.

Scotland is a land of lost causes but of unbroken ideals. The Cross becomes her better than the Crown. She sleeps safe amidst earth-shaking perils; she shoulders the burden of the day, in stillness and without a murmur. She dreams, while she works. As she works, she fights; and as she fights, she prays.

So different in character from England, she is nevertheless the truest, the starkest and the most silent comrade that ever a great nation led. Irish grievances are small compared with Scotch. Those of India are scarcely worse. It is a satire on the English tradition regarding our meanness in money matters, that Scotland pays more than her fair share of imperial taxation, and is the happy hunting-ground of the English Charity and of the English Company promoter. Still she marches in loyalty and pride at the side of the greatness of England; her keen intelligence not blind to the fact that there are many blots on the English escutcheon; that the English soul has her great limitations; the worst—that she

envies and grudges to her little companion-in-arms even the things that belong to its peace. Still we march on, our minds charmed with the sense that this at last is the great adventure, and that here is the captain of our destiny!

W. Ingram

BLUE AND GOLD

WITH all my soul I cry to you, across the years,
Of those clear, golden, blue-sea days in Greece,
Of dewy dawns that trembled like a girl's quick tears,
Of sunsets soft, like ecstasy's surcease.

It was Athena's day. You and the maids appointed,
Clad in chiton's girdled to the knee,
Bore her new-made, gleaming robes to be anointed
By the archons near her olive tree.

You wore a snood of blue clasped by a golden topaz—
The one to match your streaming, sunlit hair;
The one your dancing eyes. I stood upon the slope as,
Two by two, the maids came up the stair.

There stood I, by Poseidon's salt spring, mute in wonder,
Struck by the vision of your pale north beauty;
Until, disturbed by a day-dreaming, idle blunder,
Lysander called me sharply to my duty.

The heavy, sweetly scented oil from the amphoræ—
Its very odour drifts across the years—
I poured as bidden, though seeing naught but your young glory,
Feeling with you your bashful little fears.

I thought the world stood stock and frozen like the frieze
That crowned the Parthenon there close at hand.
Far out the blue Saronic waters showed no breeze,
No creature stirred in all the saffron land.

Then up leapt life! You looked at me, and I at you,
And hearts beat fast that had so lately failed.
You smiled; so the world spun on. Their trackless sea of blue
Like fleecy argosies the white clouds sailed.

And so gave we the peplos to Athena Parthe,
And went home down the winding western stair,
You with Cleo and some other maidens swarthy,
I by myself, a-dreaming of your hair.

Next day, as wont, Panainos gave wild thyme to Miltais,
And Latomos gave ferns to his maid fair;
But I to you gave violets to match your eyes,
And wheat as yellow as your golden hair.

I live it all anew, the joys, the hopes, the fears,
The sunlit hours of work and love and peace;
And all my soul cries out to you across the years
Of those clear, golden, blue-sea days in Greece.

L. E. GIRARD

THE DEVOTIONAL SIDE OF THEOSOPHY

By JOHN SOMBRE WHITE

THEOSOPHY is something a good deal more than the Theosophical Society. It has grown out of the Theosophical Society. The Society is merely the mould or matrix which makes Theosophists. I would sum up Theosophy as the Religion of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, the greatest of Eclectic Gospels. Nobody will question that definition of Theosophy. Devotion or *Bhakṭi* is the key-note, the refrain of the *Gīṭā*. Why then do we neglect devotion? In other religions, devotion expresses itself in prayer, in music, in painting and sculpture, in temples and churches, in shrines, holy places, pilgrimages, processions; above all, in good works—schools, hospitals, orphanages, etc. In Theosophy we have none of these. All we offer are "classes"—to study Theosophy. It is true I have heard in Theosophical Halls sonorous *Sṭoṭras* chanted in praise of Siva or Viṣhṇu, very beautiful and spiritual as to the sense, as far as I have learnt of it, but I believe I am right in saying that from Kashmir to Comorin, no spontaneous prayer is offered up at T.S. meetings for the Divine help and strength, comfort and guidance, prayer for which is of the essence of religion and of the essence of the *Gīṭā*.

I have been a Theosophist for twenty-seven years: not a very active one, as nearly all the Branches I could have joined were "dormant" or extinct. But I have read a good deal of Theosophical writings, and believe I have made a closer study of the psychology and the potentialities of the movement than perhaps a good many other Theosophists.

The conclusion I have long since come to is that Theosophy is Reformed Hinḍūism—the high philosophy and spirituality of Hinḍūism separated from its lower elements of mythology and gross idolatry; and that exactly in so far as it is able to guide the profound *Bhakṭi* of Hinḍūs into new and purer channels, will it be an ultimate success or ultimate failure in its Motherland. If the be-all and end-all of Theosophy is to consist of "classes," it may linger on in the state of dormancy which is the normal state of the Branches; if it does slowly make progress, the first wave of revulsion to Saivic or Vaishṇavic devotion will sweep it out of existence as completely as Buḍḍhism, with which it has so much in common, was swept out of India.

"Why not introduce some form of devotion, of public worship?" I asked Colonel Olcott. The old Colonel had a fund of dry, Yankee humour. "Worship? Why, certainly; worship anybody or anything you like." Then he told us a story of a peep-show man in the States. Somebody said: "Look here, Daddy, give us your advice—shall it be rebel Generals or Garibaldi fightin', Injins or what?" "I reck'n not," said the showman. "I reck'n that's nary business o' mine. They are all there—'Hangin o' Jeff Davis' and 'Lincoln cussin' the niggers' and the 'Baltimore murderer,' and all. Yer pays yer money and yer takes yer *chice*."

It was good to hear the Colonel imitating the old New Englander's nasal drawl, which he would sometimes drop into himself. He was joking, of course. Once, after one of his early battles with his Indian Committee, I found him in a pessimistic humour. "We have got ten thousand of these Indian Theosophists, have we? For two dimes I'd see the whole durned shoot, Shāsṭras and manṭras and all, put through the bone-mill. A single Brahmo has more love for his Samāj than the whole pañjanḍrum have for the T. S." That was just a passing cloud. He had a wonderful love for his Indian

disciples and told me he would come back from the ends of the earth to die among them. But I believe that in speaking of the Brahmo's love for his little platoon, he touched the spot. Members of these little sects have a wonderful attachment to their own little Churches. We have little of the sentiment among us—the sort of feeling a man has for his College or his regiment; and the reason again is that we are a mere Society for reading books, not what we should be—a religious community.

I put the question again to one of our leaders, at a recent Conference. He said, as usual, that there was no objection to any Branch having devotional meetings. Those who liked to, might have a fixed day for their meetings. He thought that not many would join. It was the intellectual side of Theosophy which appealed to the great majority. I cannot say I am satisfied. If we had Branches everywhere, full of life and activity, if these intellectuals were holding big classes and studying Theosophy regularly and to some purpose, I could say nothing. But what is the truth? There are a few big Branches which are working well. Everywhere else, certainly in the case of nine Branches out of ten, there is no life. Everywhere one hears the same story of "dormant" Branches. Formerly the annual list used to show dozens of Lodges marked "dormant". If you analyse the present lists, noting the number of Fellows attached to each Branch, you will arrive at the same result. Suppose a Branch is in full working order. What is it doing? Just holding a "class," once a week or oftener. The attendance seldom exceeds six or seven. One person reads a book. There may be some discussion. People soon tire of these studies—one in a hundred keeps them up.

Here is a type of the kind of answer I have had from scores, when asked about joining. "I know, my friend, it is a good Society with admirable objects. It is the study of our

own religion, in which we take so little interest. We have a great love for our religion, but we never go to temples—we leave that to the women and children. Most of these B.A.s would be ashamed to be seen prostrating themselves before the idols. At least we might read our books and the intelligent comments thereon of Western minds. But what is there to do if we join the Society? Simply to attend a class. I can read the same books myself at home more attentively. Besides, we are mostly clerks or pleaders. In the evenings we want fresh air and exercise, not to study books. What else is there to do in your Society?"

People say to me: "All right, brother, have prayers if you like. Most of us believe that God is impersonal and that prayers such as Christians and Brahmos say, addressing God as if he were a Lord or Master listening to us, are futile. But have them if you like, there is no harm. We will come." But we don't want this type. The men we want are outside; they will come when we make Theosophy a religion.

I do not believe in a personal God myself, and the Christian manner of speaking to "the Lord" familiarly, as if he were a respectable padre sitting and listening to you, I find repellent. I have no clear ideas on the subject. God is unknown and unknowable. Listening to some lectures, I have often felt disposed to adopt the Hinḍū pantheistic idea of God as the life in all things, but presently a pestiferous insect, very common in T.S. Halls, has obtruded on me the profane question: "Is it God that is biting me?" The Sūfi idea of God as the Soul, not the life, of the Universe, as a Presence in the purified soul, not to be addressed as a person, appeals to me the most. But after all, I reject all reasoning, all intellectuality, all meditation, in a matter which is really unthinkable. Look at a little child wanting to be lifted up. It puts up its arms. That should be our attitude towards the Heavenly Mother. No prayers in words are adequate; no meditation possible. The highest

prayer I know consists of two words: "Holy One! Holy One!" oft repeated. It is not even mere aspiration of the soul; we have no word with which to describe the highest prayer. "Invocation" would be right, but has wrong associations. Prayer is just "the calling of the soul to the Great Spirit," for the help, the guidance, the comfort we all need. In the hills you may hear a boy calling: "Father, where are you? It is getting dark. I do not know the way. O Father! Where are you?" That is the prayer in all our hearts, until we succeed in arguing ourselves out of it.

What do I propose? Many Branches have Halls of their own. At one end, I would attach a shrine-room, say about fifteen feet square. I would remove the intervening wall and substitute an arch, from which would be suspended a curtain. When the curtain is drawn aside, the interior of the room would be seen from the hall. Along the opposite wall, inside this shrine-room, I would have an altar, like those seen in the Ellora caves. This altar would have three or more tiers. On it would be placed the Sacred Books, open, inclining on rests. On it would be a censer. The minister would light the *homam* with manṭras and the incense would go up to Heaven like our prayers. Prayers would be chanted; there would be music and hymns. Each would pray silently, by himself, looking towards the shrine. The shrine-room would be entered only by members of the E. S. On its walls, unseen from outside, would be the pictures of the Holy Masters. When the curtain is dropped, the room would be separated from the lecture hall.

Personally, I think it is better to avoid idolatry, but if all the members are Hinḍūs and agree, pictures or images of the deities might be placed on the altar. The pictures and images should be of the modern artistic type. Hinḍūs are progressing, even in sacred pictures. The Poona paintings originated by Ravi Varmah, without too many arms or legs, are now

preferred. Some Lodges would naturally adopt the Saivic, some the Vaishṇavic Rite. Non-Brahmans would, I am afraid, object to speaking of God as "Brahman". In many Lodges I think the preference would be to worship Paramāṭmā, the Supreme Spirit, *nir-rup*, *nir-gun*, *nir-ankar*. In that worship all men, Christians and Muhammadans as well as Hinḍūs, could unite. Therein lies the possible great future of Theosophy. It might be made a World Religion, in which all sects could join, without, at any rate for a time, quitting their own religious communities.

It may be said that any Lodge which likes may do all this, but the Oriental mind travels in grooves, and Theosophy has already made its own groove. Most large Lodges now have E.S. rooms, and the E.S. is unmistakably tending in the direction of religion and a sect—though of course that will be denied. Two things stand in the way: the qualified worship of the Holy Masters, which will never appeal to any but a handful; second, the secrecy. Why not begin by making the E.S. room a shrine-room, accessible to all, for devotion according to the cult particular groups may prefer, instead of restricting it to that of the Blessed Masters?

Cui bono? That is the question ever put by apathy and indifference to initiative and effort. I say, every good. Make Theosophy devotional, and it will take its place as one of the new Indian religions, as a World Religion. Better one devotee than a hundred logicians. Better half a dozen Lodges which are real religious communities, making better men, leading in the van of progress and reform, than a hundred dormant or semi-dormant Branches in which, even when awake, there is nothing to do but listen to books being read which nobody troubles to understand. Until Theosophy becomes itself a religion, not merely a society to study religion, it will take no hold on the people. If Adyar ceased, Theosophy would vanish without a trace, in India.

We have been too long frightened by the bogey of sectarianism. The experiment of unsectarianism has been fully tried. What has been the result? We have not ten Christians or Muhammadans in the Society in India. Has it brought in thousands of Hinḍūs of all sects, all full of life and intellectual activity? Why do we not look the truth in the face as to the state of the Branches? Far better that Theosophy in India should now assume its proper place as reformed Hinḍūism, Saivic in some places, Vaishṇavic in others, Paramāṭmic in many, but in each place with all the force of Theosophic intellectuality behind devotion. I believe it is what the best men would joyfully welcome—men not now in the Society. The Ārya and the Brahmo first destroy, then build. We should adopt the existing structure, embellish and glorify it.

The inspiration and the example, as I said, must come from our leaders; the general body runs in grooves. When will Adyar set the example of public devotion, of a shrine-room at the head of its lecture hall, of the teaching of prayer to women and children, of the expression of prayer in the fine arts, especially music? Some of our Lodges, if devotion were introduced, would be Zoroastrian Theosophist; some, ELOH grant I live to see it, Theosufia-Muslim. Theosophy not a sect, not a religion? Neither is a tree one of its branches. *Theosophia* is the oldest religion in the world; it is the union, perhaps the crucible, of sects.

I make no mistake as to the purposes and intents of Theosophy in the past. I know its scheme has been intellectual rather than devotional (supposing the distinction to exist); that the Theosophical ideal has been to mould the character, not by faith or devotional practices, but by philosophical study of the true bases of morality, the ideal of the ancient Greek Schools of philosophy. My contention is that Theosophy has far outgrown the narrow limits of the original

scheme. While we have all been saying that it is not and never can be a religion, it has become one. To go no further, does it not inculcate belief in Karma, in Regeneration and in the existence of the ever-living Masters, guiding and inspiring those who seek them? Is that not sufficient to make Theosophy a religion—a living Faith as distinctive as Islām or Christianity? Theosophy may be the Coming Religion of India, but it can never be a mere sect, for it includes all Indian sects. What we need now is to take up the *Bhakṭi Yoga* and *Karma Yoga* ideals as well as the *Jñāna Yoga* ideal, otherwise Theosophy can never take any real hold on the most devout people in the world.

I had once a good Brahman friend. We started in life together as clerks. He sustained some burns about the head in the Park Fair fire. A few months later he began losing his sight. In a year or two he could not read. When he was told that he might become blind any day, he went to Tirupati, with a fixed object. He described to me an image of Venketa, life-size, standing alone in the centre of a large room, wearing a *vashti*. He threw himself down before it; then he raised himself and looked into its face. He did this alternately for three hours, uttering his mantras the while. When he came away, he left two pairs of strong spectacles at the feet of Venketa, as an offering. With their aid he might for some months more have seen the faces of his children, for he could still make out forms. The last face he saw on earth was that face of his God which he had implanted in his memory, for he became quite blind and died after thirty years, during all of which the Blessed Face was his consolation. That is the sort of devotion Theosophy has to take account of. He was as well educated as most of us ordinary members of the Society.

John Sombre White

WE GROW

By RAHERE

THERE are few people, at any rate in English-speaking countries, who were not at some time or other in their childhood made acquainted with the story of the Ten Little Nigger Boys. Indeed, the account of the extermination of this unfortunate family of piccaninnies one by one, verse by verse, might almost be regarded as a nursery classic. Sung often into the sleepy ears of childhood, it comes back to memory with very little effort. How relentlessly Fate pursued that unhappy band in the midst of their harmless occupations! One after another, from the setting forth to the dinner party in the first verse, to the pathetic little figure dying alone in the last, we see them pass out of history. Later editions of the rhyme have been more kind to childish sympathies and have restored in two lines, if not the original party of nigger boys, at least an equal number of descendants.

> One little nigger boy, left all alone,
> He got married and then there were
> One little, two little, three little, four little,
> Five little, six little, seven little, eight little, nine little,
> Ten little nigger boys.

A childish delight in repetition will probably proceed to allot to these descendants a fate like that of the original company, but, being myself of a somewhat enterprising disposition, I propose to interest myself in the enlargement of the family instead of its decimation, this being not only a more pleasant task, but one offering greater scope for speculative adventure.

In short, with the aid of some admittedly hazy ideas about evolution, I propose to assume that in spite of such catastrophies as over-dining and chopping oneself in half, our little band of nigger boys is bound, sooner or later, to defy the will of the nursery rhymester and to increase numerically beyond even his powers of extermination.

Having made this statement, I shall now push the ten little nigger boys back into the nursery and turn to the subject which they have served so kindly to introduce, and that is the growth, numerically speaking, of the Theosophical Society. The aptness of this introduction is perhaps not particularly apparent at this stage, but I think it may be justified as I proceed. We have, in the past, read many accounts and reminiscences of the Society's growth and development, and I hasten to assure my readers that it is not my intention to add to their number. I say this by way of gently introducing the fact that my admission to the Society is of quite recent event. Now that the worst is out, I hope that my readers will understand that what I am about to write is simply the outcome of my impressions as a new-comer to the Society, and that they will make due allowances if I seem to miss the more established point of view.

As, during the early days of his Theosophical reading, the member-to-be wends his enthusiastic way through the pages of his first attack of books, he will sooner or later come across the statement that an earnest and lively interest in the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom is an indication that the interested one is not making its acquaintance for the first time. Usually at this point the student's enthusiasm is still further roused, and he passes, perhaps unconsciously, into the ranks of the believers. It is a most stirring thought and capable of arousing a fascinating train of thoughts in its wake. It comes as a great comfort to a mind struggling with new conceptions, and has much the same effect as a pat on the

back. The student now begins the search for personal information regarding the identity of present-day leaders with figures in history, and *Man: Whence, How and Whither*, "Rents in the Veil of Time," and other occult stories, will prove of enthralling interest. As he reads these accounts of the past, and the parts placed therein by many who have been traced to present-day membership in the Theosophical Society, as he reads of that "Band of Servers" who have gathered together at various times in the world's history for the helping of mankind, the reader is stirred indeed. Already he feels that he himself has perhaps had some association with this Band in the past, and it is not long before he finds the question of his own previous identity to be a matter of some importance. All this is surely quite natural. Indeed, we have every reason to believe that quite a large number of the present members of the Society have been found among the characters playing their parts throughout the "Lives". Many of them know this, and I am sure that, in the majority of cases, the knowledge has had an inspiring influence on those who have thus been assured of right effort made in their past lives. At the same time, the student who aims at a well balanced view and who refuses to be led away by a fascinating possibility, must realise that it is scarcely logical that all those who are attracted to Theosophy in this present life are old members of the Band. If progress is being made, there must be a continual influx of outsiders each time the members are banded together for duty. Everyone cannot expect to be able to claim previous associations. If they could, it would mean that the number of the group was not increasing.

Now in spite of the fact that the leaders of the Society have frequently warned members against feelings of pride in their own willingness to accept the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom, there can be no question that to the ordinary

individual there is a certain amount of satisfaction in knowing that he has been associated with the Masters and their pupils in other lives. The greater ones are undoubtedly past this, but among the rank and file I am sure this feeling must be sometimes experienced. But the time has come when it must be recognised that the Band is wide open to enlistment, and it is for the reason that I am a raw recruit myself that I presume to put before the older members some of my ideas on the subject of this recruitment. One of the newest members, I came into the Society following a period of spiritual difficulty regarding Church teachings, and my experiences are the commonplaces of the Society's history. With but little understanding of mysticism or occultism, with no psychic tendencies whatever, nor even an inkling regarding past incarnations—beyond a suspicion that the less known about them the better—I am, Theosophically speaking, what they term in America "just plain folks". The point of view of such as I is not often heard, and I think I speak for many others in the remarks which follow.

During the time since the Theosophical Society first came into being, there has gathered round the Founders and their immediate pupils a large number of people whom, I think, we may be justified in referring to as the pioneers of the movement. They are spread over many lands, and can trace their associations with the Society back to a close connection with its early history. Now those who know something about the development of a new country, are aware that the term "pioneer" is a most honoured and coveted title. They are the aristocracy of new endeavour. The great West of the United States and Canada gives to no one just that meed of gratitude and respect which it gives to the early settlers and their descendants, those hardy and determined men and women who made the present-day prosperity possible. But following the pioneers have come the masses of new settlers,

to take up the tasks made easy for them by those who broke the ground and cut the paths for their feet. Then comes the time when the pioneer begins to realise that things are not as they were. With the settling up of his country he sees much that disturbs and alarms him. At times he almost wishes that that he had been left alone with his task of subduing the wilderness. He soon finds that he is forced to do one of two things. He must either accept the new-comers with all their differences in spirit and character, giving them the benefit of his knowledge and experience as far as he can, to the end that the country may benefit, or he must retire to live his own life and to develop his own personal property, heedless of others. There is much that we may gain from these facts in comparison with the growth of the Theosophical Society. In the early days the West was a land of personalities. Towns that now bear imposing names were then known as "Pete Lawson's Place" or "McIntyre's Landing"; you were directed throughout the land with persons as the features of your itinerary; the early history of the country is one with the history of the individuals who started things going. Mountains, lakes and rivers now bear their names, but the acres they ploughed have become townships, the shanties they builded have become cities, the isolated "old-timers" have become a population.

The results of their work remain. They underlie all later progress. They laid the foundations and the incoming generations are building the edifice. But those who have followed have not merely taken up the work begun by their predecessors; they have gone further, for the same spirit of new endeavour is in their blood. They have struck out to find new paths for their feet, new works for their hands, new fields for their activities. Much has happened since the days of the early settlers which was quite beyond their dreams for the country's future. Many a pioneer has lived to see a

cherished ambition thwarted, many an idea substituted for his own, and many an enterprise begun of which he did not approve. Mistakes have been made, but they have been a necessary part of the development. By them have the people learned what was good for the greatest number, and above all the land has grown and prospered.

Now let us see how far we may apply the analogy to the Theosophical Society. It will be agreed, I think, that the early days of the Society have been days of outstanding personalities; of great people who have borne the brunt of the pioneering work and whose names will be for ever cherished in the Society's history. H. P. B. and Colonel Olcott were the first of that band of early pioneers, and their pupils have followed them into even greater prominence as teachers of the Wisdom and workers for humanity who have been the means of bringing Light to thousands that sat in darkness. To-day the name of our great President is synonymous with Theosophy in every house where her name is known. Around her has gathered a band of energetic workers, small in number at first, but gradually growing; until many of them, doing splendid work, are nevertheless comparatively unknown outside their own special field. The increasing number and variety of contributors to THE THEOSOPHIST and other magazines, the forming of new Orders and organisations for Service, are all indications that the work of the pioneers is being taken up. But it is also true that, up to the present, this extension of Theosophical activity has been largely in the hands of the pioneers and their assistants, most of whom we may be right in regarding as members of the " Band ". Others of that Band will doubtless be coming into incarnation as the years go on, but still greater will be the number of those who will gather round them as workers in the field. What, then, is going to be the relationship between these recruits and those who have led them into the ranks?

The military analogy is not a happy one, but it will serve by its very ineptness to illustrate my next point. At the beginning of the war Britain found herself with a very small standing army—the regulars, we called them. When the cry went out for men and the volunteers came flocking in, it was these regulars who trained them and taught them what the Army stood for. But military methods require the most rigid uniformity, and the new-comers were made to fit the old order, having very little to say by way of making changes. But rigid uniformity is not a feature of the present stage of our evolutionary progress. In the development of the Theosophical Society the opposite is likely to be the case. Increase in membership will mean expansion of ideas, and this in turn will bring about some proportion of change. Let us try to figure what these changes are likely to be.

First comes the question of the teaching and understanding of the Wisdom itself, for knowledge is the base from which all activities must start. A slight understanding of the way in which the ego makes his evolutionary progress will be sufficient to convince us that he who is for the first time turning his attention seriously to the study of the Plan for mankind, is not likely to make as much progress in that study as the one who has made efforts to understand the Truth in other lives. We may take it, then, that among the hundreds of new members who will come into the Society in the coming years, there will be a large number who will not gain as clear an apprehension of what we may call "straight" Theosophy as some of the older souls among the membership.

Recognising this, the Society must be ready to accept them on this basis and to utilise their services in the work for humanity, regardless of differences of opinion in which the older members know themselves to be in the right. So long as the new-comers are imbued, firstly with the spirit of brotherliness, and secondly with the unselfish desire to promote

it along lines in keeping with the objects of the Society, they can be used in the work, even though they may be very far from a clear understanding of the deeper philosophy of the teachings. The fact that they come into membership of their own free will is evidence that they have been attracted by something which the Society stands for. They may be unable to accept a great deal of what is to older members the *sine qua non* of Theosophy, and there is a good deal that comes under this head with some members. Some will be highly sceptical regarding the teachings based on occult research, which to others is sufficiently authoritative and reliable; the practical enthusiasm of others may find but small interest in speculative philosophy, while religious thought and work will make no appeal to others. Further, it is quite possible that there will be many who will have but slight understanding of the reality of the Masters and the part They play in the work. And yet all of these may bring something of value and usefulness to the Society. The man who questions the work of the occultist may be a most practical and clear-thinking social reformer. The man who lacks interest in religious matters may be a man of great organising ability and an inspiring leader. He who questions the guidance of the Masters may be one of Their most efficient and self-sacrificing workers. On the other hand, he who lacks any show of practical ability or power to lead, may hide behind a meek exterior a deep spirituality and an understanding of the Mysteries which only needs the field of work offered by some branch of Theosophical activity to make him a power in the land. And all of these must have had that spark of intuition which brought them to the Society.

There will of course, in the future as in the past, be many new-comers who show no particular bent for work or much real understanding of the teachings. They come in possibly through the personal example and influence of some one they

admire. It will be a part of the work of the future to look to the nourishment and development of these weaker ones, for they too will increase in number. The link is made, perhaps for the first time, and it must be welded close and strong in the flame of brotherly love.

As I look ahead in this way, and think of some of the experiences through which the Society is likely to pass, seeing them from the point of view of the new recruit, certain ideas strike me very forcibly. Firstly, there are going to be greater possibilities for difference of opinion among the members than ever before in the Society's history. Year by year the scope of its influence has widened under the leadership of our President, and the indications are that, with the entry of members into the fields of social reform, religious thought, education, political economy and other branches of human endeavour, there is going to be a corresponding difference in the characteristics of the people attracted to membership. Secondly, a great many of these people will be of what I may call positive or assertive disposition, as differing from those of the rather negative and acquiescent type which one finds among some of the older members. I am not saying that either of these types is good or bad; I am merely pointing out that in the stress of modern times, thinkers are apt to be a good deal more assertive than they were a generation ago.

It is evident that we must be prepared for a larger proportion of difference of opinion than we have experienced in the past. The spirit of Brotherhood is due for some severe trials, and it will be well if the older members recognise this and plan beforehand how they will meet new difficulties of this nature. Unpreparedness has been the crime of our generation; let us prepare as far as we can for contingencies which are likely to arise in the future of the Society. The burden of preparedness falls heaviest on the greater ones. In the case of our own leaders I am not going to presume to offer

any views. But to those who stand somewhat lower down on the Theosophical scale, those who occupy positions similar to the non-commissioned officers of the army, I would urge some measure of preparedness for the days to come. Much, I am sure, will happen which will bring dismay to their Path-searching spirits; greater difficulty will they find in their studies of the abstract when the voice of material and concrete things is raised around them. Study classes will tend to become fewer, and meetings on ways and means more frequent. More and more will they find their attention drawn from the questions of their own individual progress to listen to humanity crying for guidance. The aspiring star-climber will find himself compelled to seek his progress in the world of action. Not that I think for one moment that new members will have no interest in studies and meditations, for these will continue to be the starting-points of our efforts; but I expect that, as the years go on, we shall have to be continually putting aside the matter of our personal development while we turn our attention to the helping of others who know even less than we do.

Older members who expect to work in some of the more outer world spheres, will have to work with people with whom they may be in even violent disagreement on spiritual questions. It is hard sometimes to work with those who follow the same line of religious thought as ourselves, but it is far harder to work with those who are not interested in our spiritual leanings at all. Agreement regarding most of the teachings of Theosophy has been fairly general throughout the Society heretofore, in spite of the upheavals which have taken place from time to time. These were matters which concerned chiefly personalities prominent in the work, rather than their teaching. The great accomplishment in our future work will be to rise above the personal attitude and to regard everything from the point of view of the work to be done and brotherliness in the doing.

Our President has often spoken of the value to the Masters of those who developed "skill in action". It is an age of personal efficiency, even if the word *is* a much abused one. As members of the Society we have to learn to regard our efficiency from the point of view of the value of the work to others, and not of its value to ourselves. We shall then know better when to give way to others and when to assert ourselves. Most of our troubles as a Society will come from self-assertion and the resentment of it in other people. All students of *At the Feet of the Master* have, I suppose, faced the difficulty of deciding what it is that *does* matter. "Firm as a rock where right and wrong are concerned, yield always to others in things that do not matter." To my own way of thinking we arrive sooner at the correct answer if we begin by realising that the first thing that does not matter (concerning the Society) is ourselves. Once we have eliminated our own personality from the case, our view becomes clearer and our line of conduct will be a good deal nearer the right one. We shall then be less likely to condemn movements whose objects make no appeal to us, and less likely to raise the cry that the Society is in danger. If we see some one climbing into prominence in the organisation, of whom we do not approve, we shall be more willing to give him as much support as our conscience will allow, without seeking to obstruct him with our personal dislike, so long as he does not threaten what we consider to be the good of the whole; and even then our opposition must have in it no element of animosity. Our great leaders have set us most noble and inspiring examples of this fine selflessness in controversy, and we cannot do better than strive to live up to their conceptions.

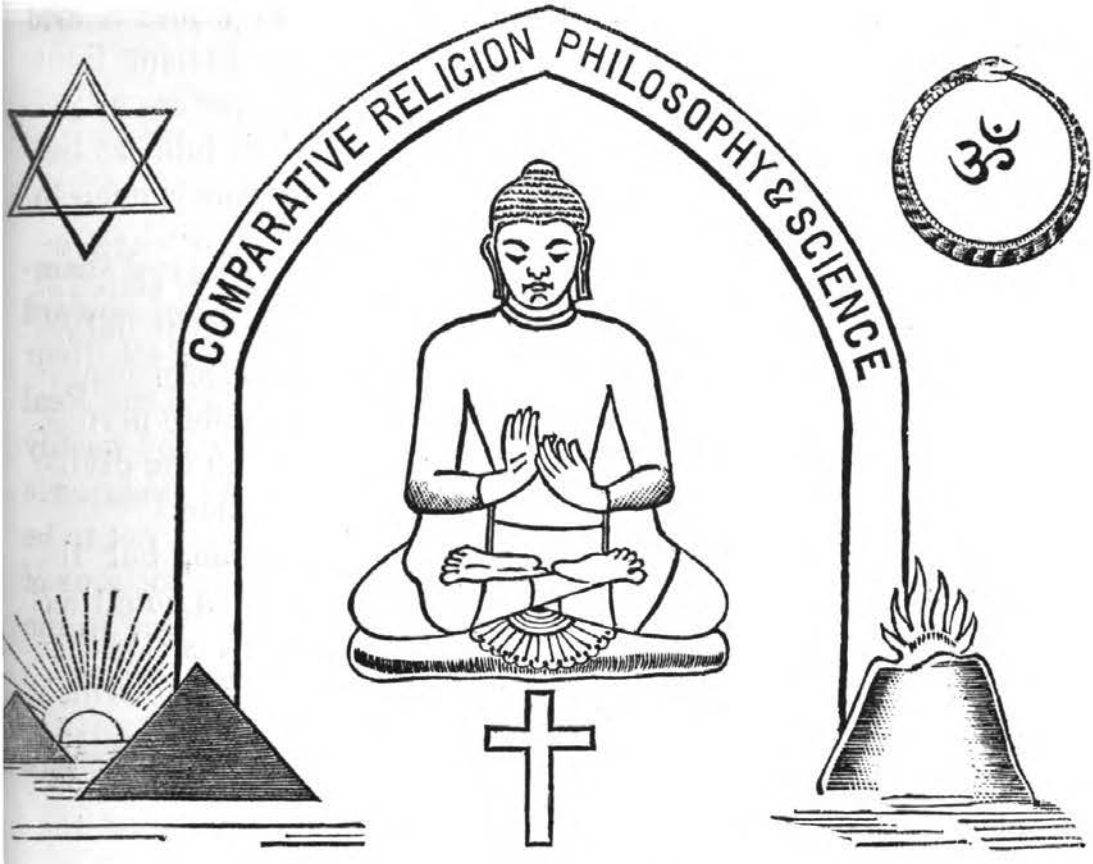
Older members will have to recognise another very important factor in the coming life of the Society, and that is that many of the sudden changes in life and mental outlook that were easy for them when they first came into touch with

Theosophy, will not be so easy for the younger souls who will be coming in, and tolerance will more than ever be tested to the limit. But most important of all, as far as the outer world work is concerned, will be the ability to

> . . . talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
> Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
> If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
> If all men count with you, but none too much ;

Should these lines be read by any of those who feel themselves to be as I am, the veriest of beginners in the upward climb, let them recognise too that they must in all their endeavours and enthusiasms look to the Wisdom and the Real for their inspiration—not to be too easily led away by hastily formed convictions, but to have confidence in the experience and advice of the Pioneers; and, on the other hand, not to be drugged into blissful lethargy by the sentimental attractions of pseudo-psychic dreaming, but to keep their feet walking in the way of practical usefulness and selfless endeavour.

Rahere



RHYTHM IN MAN

By ANNA KAMENSKY

LIFE is a divine rhythm, vibrating in every kingdom of nature; it ascends from the mineral kingdom, where its slow beatings extend to whole ages and æons, from the pure kingdom of plants and the embryonic intellectual, passionate life of the animal, up to the complex and rich kingdom of humanity, where both attractions—upwards and downwards—are so clearly felt, for the steps are ascending still higher. They raise us from the consciousness of the savage to the stage of the

highly cultured man, and farther—to the consciousness of the genius and the saint, *i.e.*, to the level where begins a new kingdom: superhumanity. The summit of the ladder is lost in the clouds and we can but dimly sense its radiant light and glory. The details of the evolutionary scheme are as yet inaccessible to us; we cannot conceive in their fullness the final aims of the universe; but the general scheme is open to us. We clearly see that from earth to heaven rises an immense ladder of Life, with an infinite number of states of consciousness, and on this ladder ascend myriads of beings of all kingdoms and ages, broadening their consciousness unceasingly, evolving and becoming more and more perfect. The ladder begins in the mire of earth; it ends on the divine summits, where stand Those who are more than men.

We can consciously perform this ascension, but the majority climb unconsciously and therefore remain a long time stationary at each stage. It depends on ourselves whether we ascend more quickly and realise the higher type to which we are predestined. But to achieve this, we must understand clearly the whole meaning of spiritual culture and those changes in the rhythm of the soul which accompany the processes leading to perfection, *i.e.*, evolution.

In the previous lecture[1] I spoke of the Hinḍū teaching of the energies of nature, the "guṇas," which act unceasingly in nature and in man (ṭamas, rajas, saṭṭva). According to the predominance of this or that energy in the Cosmos and in man, we see the phenomenon of petrifaction, a stormy activity, or a peaceful steadiness. There is a deep meaning in the denomination "microcosm" (little universe), applied to man since the most ancient times, for the same forces and the same laws are acting in him as in the macrocosm, the great universe. According to these laws, each step of a man towards reaching a new stage of consciousness is

[1] See THE THEOSOPHIST, March, 1918.

accompanied by a transformation of his vibrations into a higher and subtler rhythm. Therefore we must understand the step on which we stand, and the characteristic features of the next one. According to a well known Hinḍū saying, we must "*understand our ḍharma*," and for this we have to study ourselves. We must see which of the guṇas is predominant in us, so as to be able to counterbalance its force by an opposite guṇa. Finally, we must learn to apply the methods of true culture, so as not to waste any of our energies, so that the results attained may be the most perfect and reliable possible.

All three fundamental rhythms (the slow, the uncoordinated or passionate, and the harmonious) express themselves in the individual manifestation of temperament and character, and also in the collective character of a national group or a race. In psychology we have an ancient division of men into four temperaments (to say three would be more accurate), and although in reality it is very seldom we see an entirely pure type, nevertheless they express to a certain degree the variety of the fundamental human tendencies. In the phlegmatic type, in which all impressions enter slowly and fade quickly (weak responsivity and weak reaction, therefore weak traces), the characteristic of ṭamas is clearly expressed. Its opposite, the sanguine type, quickly takes in and equally quickly forgets impressions (quick response, quick reaction, weak traces and results). It expresses well the guṇa rajas. The melancholic is a variety of both. The choleric represents steadiness, and gives soil for a strong character (quick response, quick reaction, deep traces and results). It is the will-type par excellence. It expresses an important feature of saṭṭva—equilibrium, and therefore in time it can work out harmony, but only in cases where the will is directed to unselfish aims and when the heart works as powerfully as the brain and the desires.

We all are born with a certain rate of vibration, according to our individual development in the past and our physical

and psychic features in the present. The majority show a mixed type, possessing features of more than one temperament. This shows clearly the possibility of development in one or another direction. And in truth we can change ourselves and our temperament, for, working at our characters, we gradually transform the whole of our rhythm, and in this way we create a new variety of type. It becomes the more noble and perfect, the nearer we come to the ideal type, in which everything has come into perfect equilibrium and is harmonious. Every one can consciously build a new biological type, if he sets earnestly to work at his self-education. But what is this higher type? Why should we strive towards it? What aims has nature in leading us to a continual changing of our rhythm?

"There is a divine plan in the universe, and this plan is evolution," says the Eastern sage. All the energies of nature must attain the maximum of their intensity in man, but then, led through the crucible of spiritual experience, they must come into equilibrium and be transmuted into the luminous force of wisdom. To this end man must master them and become the "lord of the elements". It will become possible when he deliberately directs his attention to harmony (sattva), and when he disciplines all his manifestations in life, working unceasingly at his purification. Gradually, tamas and rajas, which by turns take possession of the human soul, will come under his control and submit to the synthesising force of sattva, harmony. In sattva there is a precious aspect of tamas—its stability, and having become harmonious, it no longer hinders the free manifestation of life. There is also in sattva a valuable aspect of rajas—its activity, and free from the bondage of "I-ness" and emotionalism, it no longer provokes a loss of balance. So we see in sattva both gunas, polarised by the third force and come to an entire equilibrium. Sattva has taken into itself the valuable elements of each, and

is using them for the aim of evolution. The slow rhythm of tamas and the passionate rhythm of rajas, uniting under the effort of Spirit, build a new life-force and create together a new rhythm, infinitely richer and more complex than the precedent—the luminous and free rhythm of sattva.

What means such a transformation? And what results does it bring? First of all, it means an economy of energy; then a more intense and co-ordinated application of it, for a force, not being wasted, but wisely directed, will be used for the development of a rational activity; and this wise activity, unfolding our hidden powers, will broaden our experience, enrich our individuality and quicken our spiritual growth.

But why should we hurry? Is it worth while to spend so much energy for the attainment of personal perfection? Such questions arise because we have lost our conscious unity with all beings; but we must try to understand that the world with all its kingdoms is one, and therefore, working at ourselves, we work for all. Every personal improvement leads to a higher rhythm, and such a transformation brings changes in the whole life of the universe, for there is not one single vibration which has not its waves and echoes. Taking a conscious part in the process of evolution, we not only quicken it for ourselves, but we also help all other beings to climb a little quicker. Rising to a higher step of consciousness, we begin to realise deeply our unity, and this realisation gives a natural birth to a righteous activity which is super-personal work. This must be clear to every one. A man who works earnestly at himself, who loses no time and is consciously climbing, cannot but be filled with a tender sympathy towards all beings and a keen desire to create a better life on earth, more worthy and beautiful than it is now. This we more or less begin to understand, but the other side of the process of ascension is often forgotten or simply ignored, although it is not less real than the first. We are apt to ignore the question of rhythm, which by itself bears witness to the

measure of the phenomenon and which reacts on us independently of our arguments or understanding. We may know practically nothing of the inner work of a man, and may even not suspect that he is radiating the whole time a luminous force, but in his presence we all feel ourselves other than in the presence of a selfish and vulgar man, who lives only in futile interests and personal desires.

Why is it so? Because the conscious effort of a man makes his whole life more intense and creates a higher and richer rhythm, which, coming in contact with ours, calms, steadies and harmonises it. It finds expression in a feeling of lightness, peace and joy, sometimes of a peculiar elation in his presence. We then say that it is good to remain silently near so-and-so; the soul feels itself so peaceful and happy. . . . And we also know that sometimes it happens that another man enters a room; perhaps he has said no word, but the atmosphere has darkened, as it were, and we have become irritable and strained. We must not wonder; our vibrations, radiating around us, bring into the atmosphere good or bad forces, waves of light or of darkness. Therefore a man, by his mere presence amidst his fellows, becomes a source of joy or of suffering to them. And so it depends on us to illuminate or darken life, to strengthen the courage of our brethren or add to the burden of their sorrow and sadness. The beauty or ugliness of our manifestations depends on the way in which we lead our inner life; vibrations corresponding to the height and force of our thoughts and emotions surround us with a real atmosphere, called the aura, dark or luminous, which is seen by clairvoyants. Everything living has such an aura—a stone, a tree, an animal—but man has the most clearly defined aura of all other beings.

Not long ago some new experiments were made in this field, and scientists succeeded in getting photographs of the auras of plants, men, and even inanimate objects which

had been for some time in the atmosphere of man and were permeated with human magnetism.

In our auras live the thought-forms to which we often give birth, and clairvoyants describe them in a very interesting way. Thus a fit of anger is seen as a sort of lightning-flash, with a fiery arrow; envy and jealousy give birth to ugly forms like hooks of a dirty brown colour; sadness brings in the aura heavy, dark grey clouds. On the contrary, emotions of a loving and earnest kind give birth to light and beautiful forms. Love produces charming pink clouds; devotion and reverence give birth to beautiful flowers with blue and violet petals; an intense thought brings golden threads above the head of the thinker, sometimes golden stars, which seem to spring from a beautiful blue heaven, and so on.[1] Our thought-forms are the prominent features in our aura. But independently of those forms, which are seen only by clairvoyants, there is the rate of vibration, which is felt by other beings quite naturally; and, if we are attentive, we may be able sometimes to feel their height and force by the influence they have on our moods and consciousness.

What is the secret of the inner transfiguration of man? The clue is in the fact that the inner world of the man comes into order; from chaos it transforms itself into a harmonious cosmos. In cultivating and intensifying our attention and developing our will for good, we purify our emotions, ennoble our thoughts, and direct all our desires to super-personal ends. But how does this process of purification and enlightenment proceed? How can man attain to an entire masterhood over himself? He can attain only by unceasing effort. He must exercise his attention, to become self-recollected; he must practise love, to become gentle and tender; he must learn to control his emotions and actions, to become strong. And

[1] See *Man Visible and Invisible*, by C. W. Leadbeater, and *Thought-Forms*, by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater.

everyday life is the best of schools for this. Only through such unceasing and intense efforts is a character built and a new biological type created. Only in this way does man become victorious over the elements and take a conscious part in the process of the evolution of the world. From that hour he ceases to be an unconscious being, drifting hither and thither in passing moods; he has entered the conscious and therefore the quicker road, and he knows what he is about. His chief help is the understanding of Law. Having realised that Life is a divine rhythm, he begins to introduce rhythm into his daily work and habits, so that everything is thought over and comes at the right place and at the right time, approaching more and more his ideal of what a life should be. Resolved to lead a conscious life, he will deliberately begin his day by attuning himself to a high key in the morning and trying to fulfil the chosen plan in such a way that the whole day shall be coloured by it and nothing which happens to him —impressions, troubles or trials—will be able to disturb him and cause a loss of balance. And going to rest at night, reviewing mentally his day, he will note what was right and what was a mistake, what has helped him and what has hindered him. This habit of control will help him to acquire self-recollectedness, without which no discipline is possible at all, and so, imperceptibly, he will grow in strength and wisdom.

With the inner growth will come a great power of response to all that is high and beautiful. Such a man will feel deeper; he will be able to perceive more refined sounds and subtler colours. He will respond to the higher rhythm whenever he meets it, and he will seek it and try to come into touch with it whenever he can. At first he will do this instinctively, impelled by intuition, which is the higher instinct, the instinct of the soul; later on, experience will show him how rightly intuition led him. Then he will consciously

and deliberately seek the company of men of a higher type, and impressions of a higher character. He will be very careful in his choice, not only of friends, but of acquaintances, books, pleasures, etc.—always in search of noble and pure vibrations. It will be easy for such a man to understand the meaning of the ideal, which transforms our rhythm to a higher key by the mere contemplation of it; and having conceived it, he will bear it always in his soul. He will become a worshipper of greatness and beauty, rejoicing whenever he meets them. This worship of beauty will develop still more his capacity for growth, unfolding his hidden powers.

Why so? Because the higher rhythm which accompanies greatness, when we keenly listen to it, trying to attune ourselves to it, for the moment transfigures us, raising us to its own level. Such minutes do not come without consequences; if the hour of elation has gone, our capacity of vibrating at a higher level has increased, and this capacity grows with every new contact with greatness. That is the cause of the importance for humanity of the inheritance of great men; their writings, pictures, songs and thoughts, are permeated by the higher rhythm which built them; and, coming in contact with our own rhythm, it not only transfigures it for the time, but also unfolds unknown depths in our own souls. The great Initiates are men who have mastered the higher rhythm of life and have therefore become more than ordinary men. This high rhythm sounds mightily in their immortal works, and calls us to the summits of the Spirit to which they have attained.

Trying to understand the deep reality of these phenomena, we shall realise that the ideal of holiness is necessary for the progress of humanity and that religion has its foundation, not in scholastic, but in living, mystical experience. In Prof. James' book on *Pragmatism*, which Prof. N. Kotliareosky

has called an "exceptional book, full of a social-educational power," there is a valuable page on the rôle of saints. He says:

> The saints are separate, sunny sparks of a great stream. The world is not with them, and amidst its petty interests the life of saints seems to be deprived of any meaning. Yet the mission of their life is to fructify the world, to vivify the good seeds, which could never have grown without them. After a saint has walked amidst us, we cannot remain the same as before. Flame gives birth to flame. And without the excess of confidence which saints show to the dignity of man, we would plunge into a state of spiritual stagnation.

In the inspired little poem of Minsky, *On the Summit*, the author pictures to us the saint, initiated in the Mysteries of the Spirit, who from the summit holds out his hands, calling us to knightly deeds:

I call in the peace:
O you, wandering from far away,
Come to me!
If your spirit is satisfied with earthly doom,
I shall pierce you with anguish.
If your spirit is ill and suffering,
I shall heal you with serenity.
I will teach you to look at your fate
As on a far-away design.
I shall tear its net,
So that you may look into it.
I will sanctify you without fasting or fetter,
I will lead you to the temple at the end of the desert. . . .
He must die, who has climbed the heights;
He is resurrected who has attained the summit.

Anna Kamensky

THE RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM OF THE CROWN

By BERNARD FIELDING

THE imperial characteristics of the crown, its popular identification with the powers of royalty, have done much to obscure its mystical significance. And in these days of falling empires and exiled despots when, in the most unexpected quarters, we see the breaking down of that "Divinity" which formerly "hedged" a king, the crown itself may well appear, to the popular eye, as part of that gorgeous unreality—that "baseless fabric," destined to "leave not a rack behind".

The language of a favourite hymn puts this thought in a nutshell:

> Crowns and thrones may perish
> Kingdoms rise and wane.

The crown, placed in the same category with these things, must, it would seem, stand or fall with them.

And yet the student will not need to be reminded that the connection of the crown with royal estate is a comparatively modern, accidental thing. The crown is as much older than kings and empires as Religion is older than statecraft; and, in the beginning, the king's, or chief's, was so far from being the only "crowned head" that it was not even the principal or the typical one. For the crown was a supernatural thing; the real coronation was the act of Heaven —a mystical, intangible ceremony, visible only to a few.

And those whom Heaven thus chose were not invariably chosen to be *kings*; though, of course, the dangers and responsibilities of the king's office entitled a king, too, to look for supernatural recognition, as well as making him particularly desirous of revealing any such sign from Heaven when it did come, and of ratifying it by imposing public ceremonies.

The very costliness of kingly crowns, their varied jewels and complex ornaments, tend to narrow their significance. Always, with symbolic things, it is their elemental simplicity which makes them so awesome. According to Jewish legend the first crown was seen by the mighty hunter Nimrod, shining in the heavens among the stars. The most imperially-minded of us will scarcely picture it as a thing elaborately made by royal goldsmiths and decorated with special insignia! That circlet of mysterious light could have been mistakable for nothing but what it was—what *all* crowns, in their inception, were and are—the supernatural halo that, surrounding a destined head, foreshadows a distinctive fate, a dedicated life.

We know how this idea of the crown emerges in the old stories of portents—in the legend, for instance, of Servius Tullius—the child born in servitude, yet growing up to rule Rome. In the house of Tarquinius Priscus, his mother, Ocrisia, was the captive handmaid of Tanaquil, the king's wife. But Tanaquil, skilled in divination, had "the clear sight"; and when she saw the circling light, as of flames of fire, that played round the baby's cradled head, she read and accepted the omen, and caused the child to be reared as one who would reign one day. In this case, the fate signified by the fiery aureole *was* a kingly one. But the legends of the saints tell of similar portents. And the significance of such omens cannot be narrowed. The stars that hung over St. Dominic's cradle marked the preaching friar's also as a crowned head, one chosen and set apart for a peculiar destiny.

That this destiny was not always what we should call a noble or a happy one, is made clear by the accepted use of crowns and garlands in ancient and savage sacrifice. This use was travestied by certain old-time country customs; and a crude tavern sign, in nooks and corners of rural England, still reminds the thoughtful wayfarer of bovine sacrificial victims—of the "Garlanded Ox" whose crown of flowers was his badge of doom. And there were human victims too, who, unlike sheep and oxen, could feel the hideous irony of their coronation rites . . . . Yet, as there was a certain immunity for these crowned heads, as the garlanded ox could not be seized on the way to the altar and slaughtered for food, we discern, even in these sinister crownings, something of the true significance of the crown. The head-circlet protected even when it doomed. It preserved the wearer from every penalty but the one appointed him. We may note in passing that the popular interpretation of the crown as a sign of *power* must have had its root in this idea. Those to whom a certain destiny is assigned must needs have a certain *strength* given them to fulfil it.

The association—or rather identification—of crowns with fire from Heaven seems, at first, more clearly displayed in crowns of fiery gold and star-like gems than in those garlands of flowers and leaves from which comes the New Testament phrase "crown of life" or "crown made of living things". But plants and trees—as the old mystics loved to point out—have their peculiar kinship with fire from Heaven; and in the Magian representations of the Four Elements it is *a tree* that is chosen to symbolise Fire—that element of which trees are the chosen fuel and, as it were, the shrines. To the worshipper of the old Gods certain plants and trees were specially "God-haunted". Round them the bolts of Heaven were thought to play harmlessly; reverencing, as it were, the kindred Fire within.

Of the laurel we are repeatedly told that those who wore it were "safe from thunder". It was the symbol of the protection of the Sun-God;[1] and, as such, the favourite head-circlet of those whose lives Heaven might be supposed to wish prolonged—of victorious generals, for instance, emperors, and men of great service to the State. So we find Constantine, when he adopted a golden, instead of a laurel, crown, giving as a reason that one who had destroyed the worship and temples of Apollo could not rightly continue to wear Apollo's garland.

A mightier talisman awaited the brows of the Imperial Convert. The gemmed, golden circlet that he now wore on all occasions of state, and on his helmet in battle, had been made to enclose an inner ring of iron, welded out of those sacred nails which, with other precious relics of the Passion, the Empress Helena had brought from Jerusalem. Whether the famous "Iron Crown of Lombardy," preserved in the Cathedral of Monza, in the midst of the altar-cross, be this actual talismanic crown or not, the idea it embodies is not affected. It is the fact of reputed instruments of the Passion being sincerely regarded as the rightful adornments of a kingly crown that is of such immense, mystical importance.

To the mystic there is nothing really incongruous in the union of the sign of power with the signs of torture and humiliation. The crowned head may as often be a victim's as a conqueror's. There is even a sense in which the crowned head must always be a victim's. It is on the chosen *sacrifice* that fire from Heaven falls, though it may not always consume it. Constantine probably valued the iron crown as a charm to cover his head in the day of battle, and to ward off the stroke of sudden death. Nevertheless, his choice of a coronet is instructive for seeing eyes. Instructive, too, is the eagerness

[1] Yet we must not forget the other side of this idea: the honour attached, by ancient thought, to *death* by lightning! See Plutarch's *Lycurgus*.

with which a later imperial ruffian—Napoleon—claimed the right to be crowned with the *corona ferrea*. Such men, though they never guess the true meaning of a crown, act involuntarily as if they did.

The custom of crowning the dead has a symbolism of its own, unknown to the donors of the modern funeral wreath. In particular the Egyptians, when they laid crowns of flowers and leaves on the head of the mummy—"The Osiris!"—did so in a hope that seems strange and far-fetched enough to us, yet throws on the religious symbolism of the crown a light we cannot afford to lose.

These funeral chaplets were called "crowns of the right voice," and were thought to enable the dead to pass in safety through a critical after-death ordeal. They gave (through the power of Thoth, the God of letters and language) skill suitably to answer the Divine Judges, and to make the well known "Negative Confession" with the right intonation. Special gardens had the training of the flowers for these crowns; and the placing of them on the dead brows was accompanied by special "words of power"—entreaties or prayers that took the "magical" form of assertion. "The diadem has come out of thy head, and has brought the Gods to thee; and given thee power over the Gods!"

The burying with the mummy of a representation of the "White Crown," or diadem of Osiris, was another ceremony due to the beloved dead. It was probably meant to protect against that corruption which Osiris himself had never suffered, and from which, as we know from some very beautiful extant prayers, he was believed to save those who "slept in him". Force, of course, was lent to this idea by the myth of Osiris' own death—the fate of his own human body. Dismembered and abandoned though he had been, the Gods had yet had power to lift up that destined head, and set the diadem upon it. This diadem, by the way, to judge by the

representations of Osiris, seated in state and wearing it, bore a resemblance to a mitre, or priest's cap—headgear which has been always, obviously, but a variation of the crown adapted to a special office. The intercessory work of Osiris, and the faith placed in him as a mediator, might well give him a right to a priestly crown. It was clear that these funeral customs were only intended to gain peace and safety for the dead, by appeal to, and reliance on, Eternal Power. And among the Greeks and Romans the crowning of the dead was regarded as an act of natural piety. But as time went on, and the ceremonies of coronation became more and more associated with the idea of ostentatious victory, empire, and triumph, the practice fell into disrepute.

The Early Christians discouraged funeral garlands. Clement of Alexandria urged his converts to think, rather, of the immortal crown, woven of "the amaranth that grows on no earthly soils". But the ceremony of nuptial crowning, though disliked by the Fathers (perhaps as savouring of heathen magic, for in Ancient Rome the bride's crown had to be made of the mystically sacred verbena, and gathered for good omen by the bride herself), held its endeared place at Christian weddings. For, said the Christian mystics, the bride and bridegroom, if they were chaste and pure, had indeed a right to be crowned, as victors over the flesh and its temptations. So the nuptial crown became, for the initiated, a symbol of self-mastery and self-dedication; and incidentally an object lesson in the true meaning of *all* crowns, that of kingship not excepted.

George III has been much commended for removing his crown when he received Holy Communion at his coronation. With his intention no man can quarrel; but in view of the occult symbolism of the crown, we cannot help comparing his action to the removal of the wedding ring during a nuptial Mass. An earlier king of England had better understood the

significance of the kingly head-circlet. We read of Edward the Confessor that on the last Christmas of his life, when he went to Westminster to see the hallowing of his Abbey, he wore, on brows for which it must have been painfully heavy, his crown, in honour of the Feast. That was the naïve mysticism of his soul—and his Faith. Eyes like his could not but see, in the tangible crown, the shadow of its supernatural prototype.

Popular religious phraseology often contrasts the crown with the Cross, as though one were only the recompense of the other. As a matter of fact, there is very little difference in their occult significance. Both are symbols of life and power; both, of death and humiliation. The images of the Gods hold the Cross as their sceptre; the victims doomed to slaughter wear the crown as their brand. And we know what part was played by the crown in the tragedy of tragedies. . . . In the half-forgotten words of another natural mystic:

> The Jews . . . made Him a crown of the branches of aubespine or white thorn . . . and set it on His head, so fast and so sore that the blood ran down . . . And after . . . in the chamber of Pilate . . . they made a crown of rushes of the sea; and . . . knelt to Him . . . saying, "Hail, King" . . . And He had this crown on His head, when He was placed on the Cross; and *therefore ought men to worship it.*

We know how, in Sir John Maundeville's time, it *was* worshipped; and how exquisite was the shrine—the *Sainte Chapelle*—built for it in Paris, whither Louis IX and his greatest nobles carried it barefoot. As with the *corona ferrea*, the genuineness of this reputed Holy Crown does not affect the idea that it symbolises. Without doubt this idea, working darkly and under difficulties, at the back of men's minds, has contributed to the occasional overturning of kingdoms, and plucked the crown of empire from some few of the most unworthy brows.

The student of the Mysteries who has usually, after all, some grip of practical politics, will perhaps be pardoned for thinking that this same idea, fully understood and logically carried out, would make most revolutions unnecessary; and would send irresponsible despotism, no matter what its disguise and alluring title, to rank with the dodo. In any case, some little study of the true symbolism of crowns may be commended to those who aspire to wear, or hope to retain them.

Bernard Fielding

DIAMOND DRIFT AND SEED PEARL

A SELECTION FROM THE SAYINGS OF SUJĀTA

By D. W. M. BURN

LIKE as the living waters of some perennial fountain leap into the sunshine, fall in drift of diamonds, lie like seed pearl on the herbage; so flash from the pure heart of one whose soul sees God as Beauty, exquisite thoughts that thrill us by their brilliance, or captivate us by their softer charm.

I asked to have the great made less; He has made the least great.

The first sight of anything to existence is that it is beautiful.

O my Guru, those things that mean a very great deal to you mean more to me than those that belong to myself: sometimes I wonder whether that is strength or weakness.

It brings such happiness to love things because they are another's!

I have glimpsed in you, my Brother, what it is to live the life divine on earth, even in an imperfect body; to live in hell, and yet worship at His feet.

God stood apart from Himself that He might see Himself, and, seeing, worshipped. And still He worships; even here I see Him worshipping Himself in every separate form; and it fills my soul with ecstasy.

I have only one aspiration: to know His will that I may do it.

Men say one thing and perform another; when you speak, my Guru, I listen, for I know your words are the playing of the fountain of your soul.

We are too cautious; we lack the spirit of adventure.

It is so seldom that hearts speak, that when one does we have need of wings, so great is our impatience to carry our own hearts to the feet of love.

Is it not wonderful, the wealth of glory these little earthen vessels can contain?

Guru beloved, a man's life most certainly does not consist in the abundance of the things that he possesses. No earth-possessions can satisfy the soul. But the knowledge that somewhere lives and loves the soul that satisfies every longing of our hearts is rest, and perfect joy.

The mind may run hither, thither, to satisfy its eternal questioning upon the nature of the details that disturb it; but it ever returns to the feet of the Master for His word of Peace.

You may seem to suffer, Guru beloved, but I have no distress for you. Your rest and joy in Him are beautiful, how should I fear? Effort, struggle—these are no longer hardships when we know them as part of the great Plan; know that the Elder Brethren watch our struggles and our efforts, and help us by Their greater power, to achieve.

We learn more by watching a true liver live, than in any other way. Who would want to "live in desires," once he has seen the light of the soul—heard the melody of a heart set free?

Among our own should we not be free to show that reverent love which our hearts feel; to follow their dictates unhesitatingly? It would make life more lovely; it would enhance our mutual respect; it would make our thoughts more beautiful and orderly.

You take me up into the heights, my Guru; you give me your lens to look through; and things are very bright and clear, so seen.

His love rolls over all in mighty breakers, but we are deaf and do not hear, are unattent and do not feel the cool, clean waters that caress us, are not conscious that His hand is near, and rests upon our heads in blessing every hour.

We strain our eyes to see; but it is His own hand that lies upon our eyes; and He waits, waits till the music of His voice we hear, till the magic of His touch we feel.

In the friend He gives the gift of love; in the friendless an opportunity for us to be ourselves His gift.

The oneness has not to be made, it is; all we have ever loved is not merely ours, it is we; we ever find ourselves.

The glory cradles us, but we sleep, and are unconscious of it.

I know there may be suffering; there may be even the pain of shame to endure; but it is the way to Him.

We may see Him through a veil of tears, but what does that matter, so we see Him!

If certain things have a clarion call for me, it is more than my life is worth to refuse to go, though the best of earthly friends count me unwise.

All Beauty is alike to Him. We joy in Beauty of our stage. We see that others also joy in Beauty of their stage, but what is Loveliness to them makes no direct appeal to us. To the Master all is Beauty; there is no ugliness, no shame, no sordidness. Each Soul shows forth the Beauty of its particular attainment; there is really perfect Order everywhere.

All that matters is the evolution of the Soul; and growth may come of any action.

I sometimes think that the pride of the separative mind in its own separative attainment is the root of all failure.

Work to acquire strength; leave weaknesses to die of themselves.

All the distress, all the unrest of Soul, comes through a longing for some other place in the Universe than that He has seen fit to give us.

A brother Soul reveals itself to me; another link with Him is forged; Nature sings, Earth rejoices, all things have come a little nearer to their goal.

It is in my brother that I find myself; it is through him that I learn what manner of man I am.

We all see, feel, know in some way the Master's Beauty; it is that which makes all things beautiful for us.

It was when I realised my own unworthiness that He bestowed on me a gift more beautiful than any He had given before.

Why grieve for lack of vision? In very love He must deny us sight if we are to learn other ways of knowing Him!

We long for that joy of life our hearts for ever tell us can be found. "Empty your hands," they say; "all you have toiled so patiently to get—give it away; it stands between you and your heart's desires." We hear them; we believe them; but we hesitate, and so the greater Beauty is not ours.

I look into my children's faces, and I know that serving them I am serving my Beloved: are they not He?

My Guru! All the World lies in that heart of yours; nothing is shut out. All we have shunned and drawn away from and contemned, lies there. Your eyes are full of worship as they gaze on that which is to us unbeautiful, unsweet. Teach us, O teach us too to see, that we too may adore!

In the waking world the spendthrift comes to want—how shall men know, then, of a World in which to spend is the only means of getting? How can they aught but pity those who, living there, scarce realise the code of Earth? How shall they understand that the budding God in them renders them unaware of almost all material needs?

How glorious if followers of every Faith would worship God, each as he sees Him, in one magnificent Temple!

Oh the dear, dear feet that go before; that make the way plain for us! What churls we are! Ingratitude seems all that we know how to show! We are not ashamed to be ungrateful; but to adore, to reverence —we account that weakness! And yet the Master waits, wondrously patient, till we condescend to listen to His voice.

Why do we let Earth's follies trouble us, distress us, when one glance into His eyes would banish them—one glance into those dancing eyes that tell of all the Beauty in the World! There is no loveliness that lies not in their depths.

I feel sometimes as though my heart would break for love of Him; I must adore; my weak attempts to serve are adoration; every act that I perform is worship.

It would be strange if that radiant Beauty, pulsing out its loveliness through that wondrous Heart of Love, could be quite hidden, even by veils of earth. Why do we stand amazed when a slight turn of His hand causes us to flash and even blaze with the Brilliancy of which we too are part?

When first I heard the Song my inmost Spirit knows, here in the Waking World, I paused in wonder; it was very near, and I had been sure that it was far away. Oh, but I could not be mistaken; there was no other Song in all the Worlds that could call this prodigal home! And now I hear it everywhere, in everything; the birds, the flowers, the rivers, the mighty ocean, all Nature bursts with it. Nothing can silence it, nothing mar its sweetness.

In my mirth lies all my power and will to work; if my heart is not adoring, there is no force to set these instruments in motion; and while my heart adores, my Soul is filled with delicate laughter.

Oh, the magic of Greek art! *The Victory of Samothrace*—who yields himself to its enchantment that does not feel the splendour of being free to serve!

The very things that now are bonds, were our paths of freedom once. It is hard for the young Soul to recognise as dross that which it treasured as pure gold.

To-day I laugh at what would once have plunged me into woe; but my heart is tenderer far towards those who suffer, than it was when I too felt as they.

How can we know pain and suffering who have kissed His feet?

His Beauty has flushed all Earth with its glory, and she lies blushing rosy red; for fear of His Loveliness has thrilled her Soul, and in her joy she trembles. She quivers with new life; and as she gazes on that matchless Beauty she reflects it, all unknowing, in her face; so that her sons and daughters, as they look upon her, see no longer that they have seen, but the Light of the Rising Sun!

In serving those whom the Master places round about me, I serve the Guru whom I love, and Him he serves.

God, Arch-Poet that He is, sings to His worlds in divers strains; solemnly, grandly, impressively, sweetly, alluringly, madly, wildly, mournfully. For there is always one chord in the heart of every being which will through even the grossest veil of matter make response.

If my liberty is really and truly an outward expression of some Beauty of the Self, in time the expression of that inward Loveliness must make itself intelligible to the world.

So fearful are we of Beauty's being soiled, that we veil its face till the world shall be ready to see it; and so the world must needs content itself with ugliness.

Why are we so anxious to keep God clean?

Each human being is a Son that has it in him to reveal the Father in his special way. Let us rejoice in difference. It is the combination of our myriad melodies that Harmony is born of.

Every time we turn a brother from his path, we block a channel through which God was making ready to give Himself to men.

How small of us to think our little loves should be enough for our Beloveds!

Pray not for power to love if you have not the courage to use the power when it is given; for love respects not persons; love ranges high and low, knowing no barriers in all the Worlds; truly as one hath said: "It is a terrible thing to love." Yet, once the Soul of man has glimpsed the Beauty of God, it needs must seek it, cost it what it may.

O heart of mine, was there pride in thy prayer that thou mightest be permitted to pay thy debts? I do not know; I do not know. Sometimes my dancing feet are stayed in fear. And then His wondrous Loveliness lifts me above it and beyond it till it is no more; till there is nothing but that glorious Face in all the World; and I know that if I can see that Face when the testing comes, I shall not fail—I shall rise on eagle's wings, and soar—and soar!

God's secret is ever waiting to surprise us in the illusions of Earth.

"To err is human, to forgive divine." Verily! I remember once when I had failed most lamentably, had forfeited all good, I thought, deserved nought else but banishment into the outer darkness; and on a sudden all the loveliness of life grew lovelier, its sweetness sweeter; the Voice of Him whom I adore seemed to say: "Come up higher!" It stunned me for a moment, but I rallied, and I climbed. It was one of the great moments of my life. I understood at last to the inmost chamber of my soul the Forgiveness of Sins. I have known since then, dimly perhaps, yet known, that our essential nature is divine; something was brought to birth in me that hour that shall not die.

SUJĀTA

Where is Thy likeness,
Follower faithful
Of Him whom I also
Joy to call Lord?
Pearl? Ruby? Amethyst?
Rose, Lily? Jasmin?
Oh, where hath Nature
Her type of Thee stored?

Rock Thou, or tree Thou?
Spring, pool, or river?
Wind-waft, or mist-wreath?
Nay, these are naught:
Sun-ray, or Star-gleam?
Savour? Scent? Sound-wave?
Somewhere, oh, somewhere
Lies hid the long-sought!

Hid! Oh, my blindness
Who saw not God's dewdrop,
Perfect-pure, all-reflecting,
Earth's glass; till the Sun
Strikes out from Thy lucence
His own royal splendours—
Laughs as he shows Thee
All jewels made one!

Hid! Oh, my folly
Who saw not the lambent,
Keen, still up-spiring
Tongue of clear flame.
God's very radiance!
Dewdrop Thou, flame Thou,
Or birth of their union
Past man's wit to name!

D. W. M. Burn

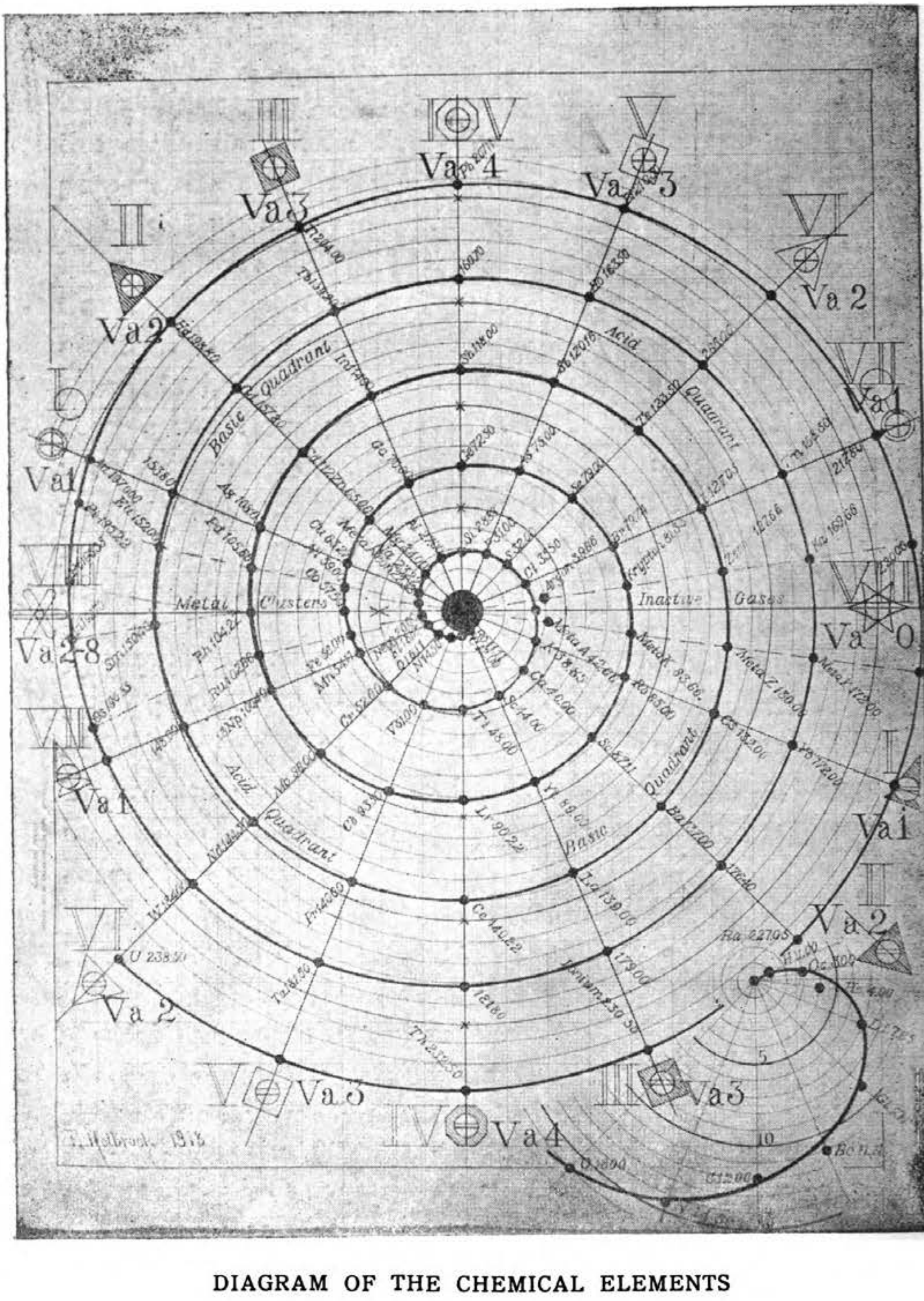


DIAGRAM OF THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS

A DIAGRAM OF THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS

By ELLIOT HOLBROOK

SOME years ago it was suggested that a better diagrammatic representation of the physical elements than had heretofore been made was possible, by which the principal characteristics and interrelations of the elements might be seen at a glance. The accompanying diagram and brief description is given with the hope that others may make helpful suggestions and criticisms, and possibly find some help along the lines of their own study of this fascinating subject.

Mendéeleff tabulated the elements in eight groups, showing the relations between the atomic weights, valence, and so forth. Seven of these groups were again divided into two sub-groups. Lothermeyer went a little further and placed the elements within the columns at distances from the top proportionate to the atomic weights, so that if the tabulation were put upon a cylinder, the sloping lines of elements would be continuous like the threads of a screw. Sir William Crookes made a three-dimensional representation by using eighteen posts arranged in the form of a figure eight; the elements being strung, as it were, on a tape woven around these posts from post to post, and at a distance from the top representing the atomic weight of each element. Erdmann used a figure like the diagram accompanying this article, except that he had ten diameters and found no elements to place on some of the radii. If Crookes's arrangement were recast in Erdmann's form, there would be nine diameters. It must be remembered that the classification of these elements was made before the discovery of the rare gases sometimes spoken of as the Argon group, and before radioactivity was observed. The reason why the present writer has chosen eight diameters instead of nine or ten will doubtless be apparent as the description proceeds.

Description of the New Diagram of the Elements

The large Roman numerals on the periphery of the diagram indicate the number of the group or family to which the elements on the particular radii belong as per standard classification; " V " (Valence), followed by a number, indicates the Hydrogen valence of the same; the octagon, square, triangle, dumb-bell, star, spike and bar indicate the external form of the atom. (See *Occult Chemistry*, which should be studied for a clear understanding of this feature. The

book is out of print, but a copy can doubtless be found.) The cross within the circle indicates that the elements are Diamagnetic; two parallel lines indicate that they are Paramagnetic; when the figure representing the form of the atoms is hatched, it indicates that they are Positive; when plain, that they are Negative. The scale of the diagram being too small to show clearly the situation close to the centre, it is shown enlarged four times in the lower right-hand corner of the diagram. The names of the elements are indicated by the usual symbols; the figures accompanying the symbols are the "number" weights when obtainable, otherwise they are the atomic weights of 1913. The atom of Hydrogen contains eighteen ultimate physical atoms, and generally, by dividing the number of ultimate physical atoms in a chemical atom, as obtained by actual count, a number is obtained that either agrees with the atomic weights as obtained by the various methods in use by chemists, or is in close accord therewith (see *Occult Chemistry*).

There is little difficulty in arranging the families I to VII, although there has existed some difference of opinion as to one or two of them. The elements included in VIII have been and still are a puzzle. They are usually designated as "interperiodic," since the interval between the atomic weights in each of the groups or clusters is not in accordance with what would be expected from the examination of the other seven families. The writer has arranged each cluster with its centre of gravity on the horizontal diameter of the diagram; thus we have first Iron, Cobalt and Nickel, then comes Ruthenium, Rhodium and Polladium. The next cluster may contain four individuals, of which only two, Samarium and Europium, have yet been observed; and finally we have the Platinum cluster of Osmium, Iridium, Platinum A and Platinum B. Family VIII are all of the "bar" type, and only Iron is plentiful; the remaining members of the family can be regarded as rare metals, except possibly Cobalt and Nickel. The members of the "star"

family have all been discovered since the classification above referred to was made. They appear in pairs with a difference of forty-two ultimate physical atoms, or 2·33 in atomic weights. This fact has not been entirely established, except by occultists, so far as the writer knows. Whether "Occultum" and Helium belong to this family is doubtful. It includes, however, Neon, Meta-Neon, Argon, Meta-Argon, Krypton, Meta-Krypton, Zenon, Meta-Zenon, "Kalon" and "Meta-Kalon," and probably others not yet discovered. These rare gases have been placed in pairs astride the horizontal diameter where their atomic weights would place them. While all the others fall naturally upon the spiral joining the elements, the two Argons fall about five points outside of the place where we should expect them—too far for mere variation to be expected in nature's work—and occult investigation and that of science agree very closely, so that this dislocation is probably not due to an error. It would be interesting to know the reason for this.

One is struck by the symmetry shown in this diagram; beginning with the vertical diameter we see the forms ranging from the octahedron to the tetrahedron in regular order; the valence decreasing one at a time to zero on the right-hand side, but disturbed on the left by the rare metals, where we find valences running from II to VIII. We find the upper right-hand and the lower left-hand quadrants usually *acid*, the other quadrants *basic*. The upper half of the diagram is *diamagnetic*, the lower half *paramagnetic*; while there is a variation in the interval between the various coils of the spiral, it is gradual and appears to follow some law. Changes in the character of the elements in the different areas in the diagram are as definite and regular as the geographical or geological changes in the different regions of the earth's surface, and a careful study will enable one to fix in the mind most of the information contained in standard textbooks on Chemistry, and to write largely the equations representing

chemical reaction. The two groups into which the families I to VII are divided will be found on the two radii of the same diameter. Studying the upper half of the figure, we should expect the spike elements to have the dumb-bell form, and the writer cannot see wherein the difference in this case is greater than in the case of the cubes, etc.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER

Study of radioactivity has shown that the atom is not an atom but a complex body, and that a transmutation of elements, which has been so vehemently denied, is going on spontaneously about us all the time. It is believed that the present diagram is especially adapted for spreading upon it the results of investigations into the inner nature of matter. The chemical atom of the scientist being gone, there can now be no resting-place short of the ultimate physical atom of the Theosophist. The line of demarcation between energy and matter is disappearing, and doubtless the teachings of occult science are the only reasonable hypothesis—that energy is the life of the Logos, and that matter results from the self-limitation of that Life, "cribbed, cabined and confined," and "crucified from the foundation of the world," of which it is said: "Having pervaded this whole universe with one fragrant of Myself, I remain." This "fragrant of Myself" shows itself in manifestation as the "Three Outpourings," which manifestly are never still; so it must be a fundamental fact in nature that everything changes continually, even the so-called constants, which are as intimately connected with the mechanism and energy of the atom as the motion of the piston of a steam engine is connected with the steam pressure in the boiler and the valve gear mechanism. It should be noted that what has been "cribbed, cabined and confined" in the universe dilutes the life of the Logos, as water is added to milk for infants' food,

that it may not be too strong; it will be liberated as it can be assimilated by the children. I have not attempted to show on this diagram the products of radioactivity. Likely it will eventually be found that it is all a product of such activity of the Logos, and that there are yet undiscovered hundreds of fleeting substances, which are actually elements, resulting from such activity.

Pondering on the diagram, we can imagine (or is it perhaps a wild fancy?) that the first "Outpouring" of the Logos pierced the physical plane at the centre of this diagram, and unfolded into the scroll as you see it, and that radioactivity is the reverse course, beginning with the outermost element Uranium, and that it will be rolled up and disappear in a vortex at the centre, and pass to the astral plane.

Elliot Holbrook

[*Note.*—The model with four lemniscates, which I referred to in the article "Atomic Weights" in the June THEOSOPHIST, as having been constructed by Mr. F. Kunz and myself, is practically this diagram of Mr. Elliot Holbrook's, put into three dimensions, and in four lemniscates.—C. JINARĀJADĀSA.]

ASTROLOGICAL VALUES

A STUDY IN SPIRITUAL ALCHEMY

By LEO FRENCH

I. INTRODUCTION

There are especially seven forms in nature, both in the eternal and external nature; for the external proceed from the eternal. The ancient philosophers have given names to the seven planets according to the seven forms of nature; but they have understood thereby another thing, *not only the seven stars, but the sevenfold properties in the generation of all essences.* There is not anything in the Being of all beings, but it has the seven properties in it; for they are the wheel of the centre. . . .—JACOB BOEHME. From *Signatura Rerum.*

WE all possess the philosopher's stone, it is not the heritage of a favoured few; but how many of us have discovered our possession?—that which doth "Life's leaden metal into gold transmute"; for even in Saturn's dull substance Sol is imprisoned, and may be freed by every son of Saturn who realises that his, too, is the Sun's golden ore.

The study of Astrology, cosmic and individual, is the clue and key to a realisation of freedom, an increase of force, a purification so cathartic that it reveals "heaven opened" in the horoscope of every Native who will undertake the pioneering and sustained work necessary in the liberation of essence from the bondage of substance. *Liberation* is the word to conjure with; Astrology is but one of the seven Mages whose manifestations are through the mysteries of alchemy, cosmic and individual; for every individual has his appointed station in the cosmic scheme, as well as his individual rung on the ladder of evolution. The "Angels" ascend and descend, in perpetual alternation, in every horoscope.

Any narrow or too-exclusive insistence on the technical-exoteric aspect of astrology-dogmas, rules of thumb, red-tape of precedent, all astrological paraphernalia and upholstery, are, in the writer's opinion, unphilosophical, unworthy of its spiritual beauty as an art, its heights of wisdom, depths of mystery, as a science. Astrology, in its alchemical interpretation, is a revelation of the secrets of *treasure*- and *prison*-house alike to its students: philosophy and experiment, poetry and science, truth and beauty—ever the drama of manifestation through duality re-enacts itself through the symbol-play of *Astro-Logia*. The chameleonic nature and character of symbols (all symbols, not only astrological) is part of their essential being, their rhythm. There is, and can be, nothing "hard and fast" about "Eternal Truths shadowed through the Mass of the Mystery of the Everlasting Flux"; the paradoxical element inherent in all great realities must not be forgotten, or the neophyte will find himself struggling among the billows of apparently inimical theories and problems whose mutual refutation and confutation may weary, if not baffle, the strongest swimmer!

To every man, then, these precious ten symbols of true being, his *status quo* before the Throne of God, *i.e.*, his own Ego, as an incarnation in time and space of his Planetary Spirit: the Seven Planets, the Sun and Moon, and the "Sign Regnant" on the horizon at the moment of birth. Within these ten lie hidden all mysteries, all knowledge, and the secret Potency of that individual Harmony whose names are Wisdom, Power, Love; and beyond those even, that One Name which is above every Name, the Word of the Monad. Here, indeed, stands man, in his laboratory, with his magic powers above, beneath, around him. If he will *learn* he can *know*; with a deep assurance that no outside authority, however sacred and learned, can convey, he shall plumb the depths, scale the heights, of his own hells and heavens. To him shall be given progressive revelation of the substances, together with intuitive perception of the essences, gnosis and illumination

thereof, divine union of Janus and Vesta, consummated in every astrological student who will both *learn* and *burn*; neither process can be escaped, if he would become a true astrological alchemist. He must know, not only every substance, but every component part in each most complex formula; he must himself burn with the dross, must know the molten purgation by fire, as well as the winnowing by air, the penal water ordeal, the "living tomb" discipline of earth-obscuration. He must co-operate, not only in his ultimate glorification—the transfiguration and ecstasy of ascent—but also he must assist at the scourging, the plaiting of the crown of thorns, and must even carry the cross before he be stretched thereon. This is to say that he must purge himself through Martian, deny himself through Saturnian discipline, seeking not to evade the temporary *lethe* of Luna's spiritual oblivion, nor the Dionysian orgies of the preliminary Jupiterian pilgrimage. The ascetic must not scorn the divine reveller, nor the Solar disciple, filled with the new wine of the kingdom, jeer at the pallid form of the Man of Sorrows. Astrology teaches divine catholicity, and gives practical illustration of the impermanence and relativity of "good" and "evil". In this science we must get beyond "good" and "evil" alike, for its goal is perfection, *i.e.*, the *re-creation* in divine whole-ness of every ray of each Planetary Spirit, now travelling through purgation, separation, dissolution and obscuration.

The four spirits of the elements are four master-Alchemists, working with every neophyte. "*O Fire, give me thy Life, O Air, give me thy Light, O Water, give me thy Force, O Earth, give me thy Fruitfulness.*" These are litanies of supplication, or conjuration (according to the knowledge and power of the supplicant), to be heard at many a ritual of the elements, by their several neophytes and acolytes.

Although there are rules, precedents and tests for discovering which is the prevailing element, or prime sacrificial splendour, of every Native, yet to all rules there are such innumerable exceptions, that at long last it is individual

self-identification, self-realisation alone, that can be regarded as the only certain gauge. In many cases the Native is exiled as far as possible from his native element, that he may regain it through conquest; thereby winning back his original empire through that tribulation, those failures and banishments, which are the tokens of Titan-ancestry. To the strong, Herculean tasks, "impossibilities" their *métier*; repeated defeats and failures the insignia on every Titan-brow. Nevertheless, the occasion of their fall was the occasion of rising to their weaker brethren; and every true Titan is willing to bear Caucasian exile, wrath of Jove and agony of "the Devourers" (symbolised by vultures), knowing that the right of strength is self-limitation, even obscuration, if thereby liberation for the weaker may be won.

What is this but another process in alchemical transmutation? The analogy is obvious. Obscurity is the aura of true occult work, *occult—hidden*. Similarly, the exaltation by abasement is shown in the way of water—the penal flood, ordeal by scalding: Scorpio—the boiling of generative substance, the generative "particles" on every plane, the ultimate sacrifice of the generative forces to the principle of regeneration—the death unto sin (at a certain stage, for a set purpose, no exaltation of asceticism *per se*) and the new birth unto righteousness (*sin* and *righteousness*, here, are merely relative terms, having no fixed significance or permanent value). The "airy" path of self-fulfilment is the path of mind. The sacrifice of the æthers of thought to the spiritual centres, *i.e.*, the attainment through intellectual self-dedication, leading to direct illumination of the mental spirillæ, the æthereal particles of the brain, with inspirational knowledge. This is the way of many a genius; before the mortal instrument has reached "at-one-ment," union with the genius, the latter gives out immortal truth and beauty, through a brain so constructed that it serves as a suitable medium for transmission of fragments of divine lore. Yet

the "creature" is so far removed from the creator (or transmitter—the more correct word), that when questioned as to the truths they have conveyed, they will often reply that they "do not know *why* they wrote thus, or even *what* the words imply, they only know that *so it is*". This "airy" sacrifice of genius is beset with problems of a most complex nature, well known to all students of the psychological aspect of the minds and characters of great men. But in their horoscopes the type is shown, together with its special variety. Many great minds belong to this airy type, perhaps the most difficult of all to explain, and quite hopeless to judge. Their *mind* as genius is their offering to the world; in themselves they may be "less than nothing," may even go counter to all rightly-obeyed rules of ethics, perhaps even morality. "In the sight of the unwise they seem to die"; *i.e.*, those whose ability for censure outruns their inner discriminative powers, will concentrate upon their omissions and commissions which outrage the received code of the day, and slight their immortal gift to posterity. We may be sure that, were Shakespeare incarnated now, many would fasten upon the poaching and other errors of his youthful days, and think but slightingly of his play-writing. The earth-discipline may be *volcanic*, *alluvial*, *obscurational* or *menial* in nature; the words explain themselves. Many a great ego moves among us to-day, imprisoned in earth; often we know not by whom we are served; did we know, we should rise and bid them reverse the offices. "He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant." Service, karma, must be worked out, and the served "are but shadows," yet necessary to the dharma of the servers.

Here, then, stands man among the elements, mingling with them, in mutual permeation and pervasion; every element having its subtle "*doppelgänger*" on æthereal planes, from etheric to spiritual. Thus man is elemental child and lord—both, according to his stage of evolution and freedom of involution. After the elements come the qualities, the three rhythms or

dances of spirit in matter. *Creation*, the spiritual life-rhythm, that which contains the germ of all potencies, the spring of all actions, and therefore appears as *Immutability*, the *Fixed*. *Pro-creation*, the outer energy of creative force, evolving through initiative, progressive, mental-motive faculties, the *Cardinal*. *Translation*, that which expresses itself in all intermediary, interpretative work, "missionary" of *Fixed* and *Cardinal*, the *Mutable*. Here is another band of seven: four elements, three qualities, working through the seven Planets and their parents, Sun and Moon. This is but another turn of the ever-living, ever-whirling wheel of symbols. Of the seven Planets and their working in the inner astrological world, it must be reserved for subsequent articles to give forth the lore. Their counterparts in alchemical symbolism may be briefly indicated below.

1. *Mercury, the Wheel.* Containing those spiritual alchemical properties which answer to *Sulphur*, *Mercury* and *Salt*. (The correspondences will occur to every student of the inner side of chemistry).

2. *Venus, the Love-Desire.* The "Oil of Joy". Lubricator of "The Wheel".

3. *Mars, the Wrathful Fire.* The element of destruction, dynamic, disintegrative force.

4. *Jupiter, the Essence in Expansion.* "The garment of Praise". Jupiter opens the darkness and gives to the seer the light of vision, *i.e.*, Freedom from obscuration.

5. *Saturn, the Astringent.* The contractor, and cause of contraction. All powers of darkness,[1] all that grows in or struggles through darkness, belong to Saturn.

6. *Uranus, the Alchemist's Secret.* The "Philosopher's Stone," that which is beyond gravitation.

7. *Neptune, the Universal Solvent.* Unity in Diversity, the last word in spiritual alchemy.

Leo French

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[1] Good and evil irrespectively.

RENUNCIATION

By MARJORIE M. MURDOCK

IT was a beautiful evening in mid-April. The preceding day had been scarcely less beautiful—warm and sunny, with a delicious breeze blowing from the west. Now the sun had gone down, leaving behind him a rosy glow which betokened another fine day on the morrow, and a crescent moon was beginning to gleam silver against the deep blue of the heavens. A blackbird, forgetful of his nest which he should have sought at sundown, was still piping his clear-throated melody from the topmost branch of a hawthorn tree. He paid no heed to another sound that incessantly growled and rumbled in the distance—the thunder of guns. For the country was France, and the time was not very far from the present; and only a few miles away from the peaceful meadow where the blackbird sang, the earth was stained with the blood of thousands who were fighting for their country's honour, and the reapers of death never rested for a minute from their terrible harvest.

The British military base was hard by, and in a tent a party of officers, mostly young ones, were becoming uproarious. Their battalion had only arrived in France two days ago, and as yet they cared nothing, or at all events appeared to care nothing, for the dangers which they soon must face. To-morrow, as they well knew, they were to go into the firing-line, but they seemed to have forgotten that. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry," might have been the thought in each man's mind; but few of them cared to add, even to themselves,

the rest of the quotation, which under the circumstances might prove to be only too true. They heeded the distant rumble of firing no more than did the blackbird outside.

One of their number, however, seemed to be a little apart from the rest of them. He was a quiet, thoughtful-looking man of rather more than thirty, and his face showed that he was worried about something which he could not explain to the others. He did not join in the roars of laughter in which his fellow-officers indulged; but at each joke he smiled, and his smile, though serious, had a wonderful sweetness peculiarly its own. He was seated in a corner of the tent near the door, and as he did not speak, no one was particularly aware of his presence.

The fun waxed more and more uproarious, and each burst of laughter was louder than the last. A young lieutenant, with a flushed and excited face, was beginning to relate an anecdote of startling improbability and not too delicate humour. All eyes and ears were turned in his direction, and the quiet-looking officer at the end of the tent took the opportunity of slipping silently outside.

He breathed a sigh of relief at finding himself in the pure, cool evening air, after the close, heated atmosphere of the tent. The boisterous mirth of the other officers still reached his ears, but he walked on for a few yards into the field, away from the camp, until he could hear no sound but the song of the blackbird close at hand, and the sinister murmur of heavy firing in the distance.

The rosy glow of the sunset had by this time almost disappeared, and one by one the stars were coming out and gazing down upon the comparatively peaceful camp and the turmoil of the firing line a few miles away. The young officer paced up and down the field, lost in thought; and, for the thousandth time since he had joined the army, he asked himself the question: "Ought I to have done it?"

He had received his commission a few months ago, having previously served as a private. In civil life he had been a musician, with the promise of a brilliant public career before him. But he had left music to serve his country, and this was the thing that almost incessantly troubled his mind.

It was not that he regretted the sacrifice of his career, even if the sacrifice should prove to be a permanent one; as far as he himself was concerned, he felt very little bitterness at having given up everything for the sake of his country. It was no more than thousands of others were doing. But he wondered if he had been false to his ideals as a musician. For he had been devoted to his art with an almost religious fervour; he had regarded it as the highest manifestation of beauty, purity, and truth, as the greatest power for good in the world. His ideal had been to be a perfectly true artist, letting nothing seduce him from faithful service. He had no near relations, he had been disappointed in love; what could draw him away?

Now he had been drawn away, and it might be that he would never return again. True, he had only given his service to another ideal—that of his country; but which ideal was the highest, and which had the strongest claim on him? He could not decide. Sometimes it seemed to him that he had been too weak in letting himself be swept away by the wave of patriotic enthusiasm which had flooded the nation; that he should have stood firm and clung to his old ideal. Then he pulled himself up sharply, and cursed himself for a traitor to his country, and one not worthy of the name of Englishman.

Again, he told himself that art was so great, so wonderful, that it must live for ever; even such a tremendous upheaval as a world war could not destroy it. But then—how would art live with no one to support it, if everyone left it as he had done? So he went round and round the question, time after time, always going over the same ground, and never coming to a decision.

As he walked slowly up and down the field near the base, he noticed the blackbird singing in the hawthorn tree. He listened for a few minutes, watching the bird with a faint smile curving his lips.

"You're a lucky little beggar, you know," he mentally apostrophised the songster, "I believe I actually envy you! There you are, singing away for all you're worth, and no war to worry you and make you wonder whether you ought to go on singing, or leave off for the sake of your country."

That very second something happened. From a neighbouring hedge there arose a shrill sound of a bird screaming with fright—the hen bird and her young ones in danger or trouble of some kind. Probably they were attacked by a hawk or an owl, or perhaps a wandering cat had discovered the nest.

The singing blackbird heard the alarm, and he did not hesitate for a moment. The clear, liquid notes ceased at once, and he flew away to the rescue of his mate.

The young officer smiled again.

"I beg his pardon. He has his troubles after all, and evidently has no doubt whatever about what he ought to do. Well, my friend, I've done the same as you—and if the cat gets you, and the Hun gets me, there's an end of our singing! It's a pity, but war's war, and it can't be helped."

* * * * *

Days and weeks passed by, and the war rolled on, taking its hourly toll of life and health, and never seeming to come nearer to the end. A small piece of ground taken one day, lost the next, and perhaps regained on the third; but no appreciable advance on either side.

A change was already noticeable in the demeanour of most of the officers—and of the men also—who had been so blithe and careless at the base on the night before they first went into the firing-line. It was only a few weeks since, but the deadly earnestness of the grim struggle in which they were engaged

was fast making different men of them. Nevertheless, their regiment had so far suffered comparatively little, and between times they still laughed and joked in almost their old fashion.

In spite of the object-lesson given to him by the blackbird, the young soldier, erstwhile a musician, was no nearer to deciding whether he had done right in leaving his art for his country. He had very little time, certainly, in which to consider the matter, for more than once he had been in some pretty severe fighting, which required all his attention; and even when he was not actually in the trenches, there was plenty to be done behind the lines. But still the undecided question haunted the background of his mind like a phantom; and sometimes it rose up in the foreground to baffle him as of yore.

At last a big British offensive began, and his battalion was in the thick of it. On the second day of the push, B Company, of which he was in command, stormed a German trench. The attack was successful, though at terrible loss, and after all had been done that could be done, the officer ordered those that were left to get back immediately to the comparative safety of the British trenches.

So they stumbled back, amidst an indescribable confusion of mud, stones, broken-down entanglements, and worse. Night was falling, and a heavy shower of rain came on, beating in their faces and half blinding them, so that it was almost impossible for them to see where they were going.

The soldier-musician was at the rear, limping along as best he could, having a slight wound just above his right knee, where a piece of shrapnel had struck it. He had also a bayonet thrust in his shoulder, but neither wound was serious, and at present he hardly felt any pain. But he could not get over the rough ground as quickly as the others, and what with the darkness and the heavy rain, he was getting left behind.

Presently he caught his foot in something on the ground, and he heard a slight groan. He stooped down, and found that it

was a private of his own regiment, with his thigh badly smashed. Shrapnel and shells were bursting round them in every direction, and it meant certain death to the man to leave him there.

The officer lifted him up with his right arm, which fortunately was unhurt, and managed also to support him a little with the lower part of his left arm. Then he half carried, half dragged him in the direction of the British lines.

It had been difficult enough before to stumble along in the dark, with his injured knee; but now, with the dead weight of the other man's body against his own, the officer found it wellnigh impossible. His wounds began to smart unpleasantly, and he was faint from loss of blood. If only he could get hold of two stretcher-bearers! He could not see two yards in front of him, and had very little idea as to how far they were from the trenches.

He gasped slightly as he stumbled over some obstacle, and nearly lost his footing. The private heard him.

"Better leave me to it, sir," he muttered, "I'm pretty well done for anyhow, and it's no good both of us—"

"Hold on, and don't be a fool," was the curt reply.

He staggered on for a few yards further, and then suddenly there was a tremendous crash and a blinding flare of light, and the ground shook under him. A shell from a "Black Maria" had burst at his very feet.

The private slid from his arms in a crumpled heap. The officer, hit in the side of the head, fell backwards into a shell-hole.

* * * * *

When he regained consciousness, the rain had ceased for some time, and the stars were twinkling far away above him. He could see nothing but sky and stars, for he was lying flat on his back, and the shell-hole into which he had fallen was a fairly deep one. He felt strange and dizzy; his pulse was beating feebly, and he knew by some intuition that he had

not long to live. His wounds now ached intolerably, but worst of all was the ache at his heart.

Now that the end had come, regret stung him fiercely. His one thought was: "I might have devoted my whole life to music, I might have given a true and faithful service to the highest of all arts, and so have wrought some little good in the world; I had the talent, but I threw it away, and now the chance is gone for ever. What good have I done to anyone by coming here? Even the poor fellow whose life I tried to save is dead now—as I shall be soon—and no one is any better off. And—I have failed as a musician—I have been faithless to my art!"

At the thought he uttered a low moan, which the pain of his wounds could not have wrested from him.

Presently a strange thing happened. All the pain ceased—the physical pain and the mental as well. He was not lying alone and uncared for in a shell-hole in France, with the stars up in heaven gazing down upon him. He was amid the stars—they flashed and sparkled all around him, playing in a wonderful iridescent light that changed colour each second. Now it was blue, the blue of a summer sky, but far clearer and more luminous than any sky ever seen by the eyes of man. Then, intermingled with the blue, there were flashes of green, of golden yellow like the colour of a cornfield in the sunlight, and sometimes a pale gleam of violet showed for a fraction of a second.

The man gazed in awestruck wonder, and then he seemed to see that which he had imagined to be himself—a motionless, blood-stained figure in tattered khāki, with a white face upturned to the sky.

"Is this death?" he asked himself. "But—I have only just begun to live! I was dead before—now I am alive."

Then all the flashing colours round him were suffused by a shining cloud of rosy pink, which seemed to envelop him in a warm glow. And there was a great stillness and silence, though the atmosphere pulsated with life. And out

of the silence a voice spoke to the man—the voice of his own soul.

"You said you had failed as a musician, that you had been faithless to your art. But you are mistaken. Do you think that the earth-life you have just left is the only one that you have ever lived? Do you think that you have not struggled and persevered against countless obstacles in other lives, in order to attain to the high qualities of musicianship which you now possess? Do you think that you will not return again to earth, to gladden the hearts of men with the wonder of your art?"

"But," the man answered, "since I have given up my art in this last life, will it not hinder my progress in the next? I have heard of the Law of Karma. Will it not be my karma to suffer as an artist when I return, as the result of my faithlessness?"

"Not so," the voice replied. "You know well that renunciation is an essential part of every artist's life. Through renunciation only can he learn to be true. You renounced all hope of becoming a famous musician, because you knew that another ideal had a certain claim on you, and you could not with your physical body follow both at one time. But you have kept your artistic ideals pure and unstained throughout, and in the World of Reality only ideals count. Therefore when you return to earth, you will be a great musician indeed, for you will have learnt through renunciation the most important lesson of the true artist."

* * * * *

A week later his name appeared in the casualty lists, under "Wounded and Missing, believed Killed".

His musical friends and acquaintances sighed, and said that the art had lost a great man.

But they did not know that in future years it would gain a far greater man, who through renunciation attained his ideal of the perfect artist.

Marjorie M. Murdock

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL FOR PHILOSOPHY AT AMERSFOORT, HOLLAND

IN *The Adyar Bulletin* for January, 1918, under "Theosophical Notes and News," appeared a short account of the promising work that is being done in starting this School of Philosophy. As the promoters of this institution naturally wish that it should be known to as many Theosophists as possible, the following extracts from the address of the President, Mr. J. D. Reiman, delivered at the opening of the School on June 18th, 1917, will give a good idea of the aims of the undertaking and the methods it is proposed to adopt. Judging by the photographs, the building and grounds are ideal, and suggest a very haven of peace and light amidst the surrounding storm and darkness. Doubtless many members of other nations will also apply to their Dutch brethren to be "interned" there—after the war. In any case it is an important contribution to the new civilisation, in the direction of education.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Now that we have the great joy of inaugurating a building of the International School of Philosophy, only a year after the first course of lectures was started, I beg to be allowed to say a few words about that which in my opinion is the principle of the School, the principle which, with the present intellectual growth of mankind, will come more and more to the foreground.

The form of civilisation which is slowly vanishing, is to be found in the sign of intellect, of cool intellect.

Generally speaking, the influence is one of disjunction, not of union, because for many centuries it has failed to do its work in continuous, close and mutual activity with the inner nature of man.

If this were the case, then intellectual work would always go together with a deepening of the insight of life, and with experience of the oneness of life. Then intellectual work would exercise a uniting influence.

Now that for a long time the attention has chiefly been fixed on the intellectual growth of man, and consequently his inner development has been treated as of secondary importance, great care will have to be given in future to the growth of the inner person, of true, spiritual man.

The higher nature of man must arrive at conscious activity within him. A necessary result will then be a harmonious co-operation of all his faculties, to be followed by equally balanced actions.

The inner nature of man is the nature of his true self. Each person is endowed with the faculty to realise this nature within himself.

If this nature is allowed to unfold, thought will gradually experience a vital activity, from which individual knowledge results.

This knowledge therefore is on the one hand the result of a vital activity within man; on the other hand it is the revelation of the Spirit, which in him reaches consciousness.

Such a complete growth does not allow intellectual work to go on any longer outside the real and more sublime nature of man, as has hitherto often been the case.

In what way is this nature roused to action? Through meditation. Man will discover then in the depths of his being the Spirit and the working of the Spirit, as the one Life, and he will find that one Life again in all that surrounds him, animating the entire cosmos.

Not until then will this be possible.

Now intuition, spiritual faculty, is born.

It is intuition that makes man think, in the sublime sense of the word. It is the realisation by man of divine Thought.

It is roused within him through the working of divine Thought itself.

A whole world of unknown glory then opens before his spiritual eye. Only now real life has begun for him. How very different his attitude towards the world will be now. When he looks back upon his past, it seems to him that he used to live in a world that now lies far behind him. He can hardly imagine that in that former world he was really alive. That which he has looked upon as reality has now proved to be merely a seeming reality.

This also holds good with regard to his former conception of science, of art, of religion, of philosophy.

For does not philosophy aim at giving man a clear understanding of life and of the phenomena of life? Philosophy never used to do this for him.

Philosophy can only then be thoroughly studied when man realises what life is. If he does not, if he only has a vague notion of life,

not as of a conscious working within him, then philosophy cannot supply him with wisdom of life, but at most with a knowledge of the philosophy of others.

Then man does his work with his lower intellect.

The study of philosophy becomes then the study of some ordinary subject, instead of the highest Research, the Research of wisdom of life.

Not until man has discovered Life within him, has experienced the working of the Spirit, not until then will he be able to discern the life of the spirit of great philosophers *in* their writings. . . .

In order to prepare such a totally different way of thinking, and such a different conception of life, a different training, different and more satisfactory tuition, will among other things be necessary, and also in this direction our School hopes to be active.

Tuition has become very one-sided and overcharged, as a result of the undue attention given to professional education at the cost of general knowledge.

As a result of the numerous inventions and of the enormous proportions assumed by economical intercourse, the requirements for different professions have become very hard to suit. Hence the splitting up of tuition.

Both teacher and pupil need all their time available for their special subject, so that there is hardly any time left for general subjects, or for anything dealing with other professions.

The thought of the great inner connection of all professions has disappeared from tuition, whereas already on the outset the possibility of getting a clear insight is suppressed in the pupil, because the wrong method of teaching has quickly smothered the germ of independent thought. The pupil lacks time to thoroughly account for things. He needs all his attention to absorb that which is taught during the lessons, and all that his books offer.

The knowledge thus obtained is superficial knowledge of facts, instead of a clear understanding of principles, with an insight into the meanings of facts as a result.

Much is demanded from the pupil's memory, so that his mind acts insufficiently.

It the personal nature of the pupil is strong, his being will protest, either consciously or unconsciously, against such a method of learning, whereas the pupil who does not rebel, goes on practising his faculty of learning *by heart* at the expense of his power to think.

The teacher does not fare any better in this respect. He must with his pupils finish a certain fixed programme, which contains too many details, and taxes his memory too much.

He also runs the risk of losing his independence.

In that case the dull work presses on him as a dead weight. He lacks to a great extent the power to express himself in his teaching, which becomes a continual torment to him, and he loses all love of his profession.

As soon as the teacher in *small classes* is, within certain limits, free to teach what he likes, his love of his own subject may revive. A free and fresh spirit will then enter into his teaching.

The teacher must be able to occupy himself with the person of each pupil in particular. He should learn to know their natures. He should find out what part of his teaching has not been digested. Thus he will see where his method of teaching is at fault, what improvements he should therefore apply.

In this way can his teaching become alive, and will teacher and pupil get to understand each other.

This greater freedom of movement will cause the constraining, artificial method of teaching to be abolished. Instead of mechanical training of the whole lot at a time, there will be a possibility of free unfolding and growth of the individual, who will be able to make society benefit in the direction in which his natural tendency lies.

Thus each and all will give the best of what is in them for the welfare of themselves and of mankind.

Examinations cannot in the long run be maintained. People have long agreed that the passing of an examination does not guarantee that a person is capable of more advanced studies, or fit for some post or other.

An examination above all is not a test of fitness in life.

If teacher and pupil—in Universities, secondary and primary schools—work together as has been indicated in brief terms, then capability and fitness may be judged of in a different way. Through their daily intercourse with the pupils the teachers will be able to see whether they are fit and capable.

A certificate issued by the joint teachers, and also signed by the School-inspector, should be sufficient.

The State will be able to exercise a sharp control on teaching, if this control is exercised by persons that have been recommended by the teachers themselves.

The Government should nominate these inspectors out of a proposal made by the teachers, whilst in every district the inspector could be assisted by one of the pupils' parents, chosen by them out of their midst.

In order to arrive at a close co-operation in the whole domain of teaching, it is necessary to found an Academy of Teaching and Education. The inspectors of primary, secondary and high schools are through their scope of work entitled to a membership of this Academy.

Out of the common work of the inspectors a spirit of union is born, which will permeate all establishments of teaching, a spirit which, not being limited to a fixed programme, or constrained more than is necessary to rules, will every year be free to give new life to the training institutes.

Where in future intellectual work will be less dependent on memory, the brain will work with less restraint and only the best pupils will be admitted to the Universities.

The studies at the Universities should be really scientific. Those who possess a good memory, but lack a sufficient power of thinking, are not capable of these studies.

In this connection great care will have to be given to the training of students, which may prove the necessity of uniting the professors of one Faculty in one and the same University town. Then the professors will mutually be able to arrive at a good division of labour. While the intercourse with the students requires more time than the actual lecturing, yet they will be able to find time for their own studies.

The various Faculties get more closely connected at the Academy. If the future student possesses, more than is now the case, a personal insight and more general knowledge as a result of his more satisfactory preparation, then a generally philosophical moulding before the beginning of his University training, in the way aimed at by our School, will be a possibility for all students.

At present this is not yet so.

Many a student would now mistake a philosophical training for the study of some new subject of tuition. Owing to the great amount of work of the memory and the small amount of independent thinking done by him, the future student of our days is not fit for philosophical studies, which more than anything else require the capacity for intellectual function. . . . .

During a philosophical moulding as conceived by our School, it is proved whether the future student is really fit for University studies.

This moulding reveals to him the nature of the studies which await him.

Mistakes in fixing on a certain profession are now reduced to a minimum.

Above all, his preparation obtains for him an independent understanding of religious life, and he learns to recognise religion (connection) in everything, also in his science.

This will be a powerful help to man in his further life. He will, whenever he has a chance, return for some time to the philosophical centre, in order to strengthen and deepen his spiritual insight of life and the phenomena of life.

Thus I have sketched some of the principal lines of what seems to me a necessary reorganisation of teaching, if this is to be useful to man, and to society in general.

In anticipation of the coming changes in teaching, the International School of Philosophy will continue the enlightening work, and start International work as soon as circumstances permit.

Thus our School hopes to become in future a centre, in which the universal brotherhood of Mankind may be realised as a result of the consciousness of the working of the Divine Spirit in man.

We may already point to some interest taken abroad in our Institution, both by teachers and students.

In all circles of society a need is felt of arriving at a better understanding of life, religion, science and art.

This need is also felt by the so-called practical business man.

The latter is, however, through his practical turn of mind prevented from studying philosophy, because until now he has not been able to find anything that is practical in it.

As soon as he has attended a course of lectures at our School he will doubtless change his opinion.

Does not the right study of philosophy lead to wisdom?

Wisdom is the essence of the truly practical man.

Philosophy is only unpractical when it leads to learnedness.

Moreover the teachers of the different schools will see that owing to the shortcomings in their own education and their prolonged application of the methods which lead to great superficiality, their personal insight needs strengthening. They will try and find a place where they can find the needed rest and help.

The arrangement of the courses at the International School of Philosophy is entirely based on the wish to encourage and promote the better insight of which we have spoken.

"In order to promote independent thinking among the students" —thus runs a communication of our Curatorium to those who attend the courses—"the teachers will as much as possible suggest a subject for meditation and discussion in the course of the day. This is with a view to working at the moulding and deepening of the conception of life, and to trying to find similarity between different conceptions. Apart from the courses there will be daily conversations with the teachers, which will as much as possible, be held in the open air."

Thus the visitors of the School will, in quiet surroundings, through the solving of problems and their conversations with the teachers, finally discover that in them there is Life, the one great, eternal Life! . . .

CORRESPONDENCE

THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATION IN THE LIGHT OF ASTROLOGY AND COMMON SENSE

A reply to " Natura Non Facit Saltum "
(in the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST)

TO realise truth in its *pleroma* or fullness, we must include the element of paradox; beyond this, even, we must fear neither experiment nor hypothesis, if truth, naught less, is our quest. If we limit ourselves to facts, where shall intuition lay her head? Every mountaineer knows the ecstasy of daring, that consecration and compensation of the drudgery of doing!

Gradus ad Parnassum expresses but one half of all memorable ascents; crises there are, divine occasions also, wherein " a leap in the dark " not only justifies the leaper who lives to tell the tale, but remains a deathless testimony of that high failure which, at long last, is of more intrinsic value than low success. " It takes all sorts to make a world ": in the world of education, the vision and experience of a poet-astrologer may take its place with that of the pioneer and pedagogue.

In the writer's opinion the author of " Natura, etc." has not taken into account the probability that Theosophical parents will attract those egos whose natural pabulum must include *wise* Theosophical instruction, given always with due regard to the planetary nature, rhythm, and temperament of each child. If Theosophical "teaching" is to consist of " a jumble of ideas . . . about reincarnation, nature-spirits and Masters," the result cannot but prove " truly deplorable " from every point of view, and not less from that of the " educator," and " cannot possibly be the proper thing ". But what more deplorable than the supposition that the " Theosophical " parent will be no further advanced than the average narrow-minded " Christian " parent, of poor culture and dwarfed mental stature, who presents to the eager, enquiring child-mind the hocus-pocus of dogma and shibboleth too often imposed in the name of Christianity? The faults, here, lie with the parents, " Theosophists " or " Christians," so-called, who offer " stones " or " pious pap " as the case may be, and in neither instance the pure milk of the Word.

In the writer's opinion, nothing saner, more poetic, wiser, in the widest and truest sense of the words, can be placed before the mind of the growing child, than the ideas of The One Life, One Force, Reincarnation, Karma, and the Brotherhood of Man, expressed in terse and simple imagery, with due regard to the limitations (and the advantages) of the outlook, proportions and perspective of each individual child. The *average* child's mind does not desire to place palings round truth, nor to submit itself or others to a kind of "police-regulated" world. The *average* child will see nothing abnormal in the teaching that Masters are many, though Truth is One; it will not put him off in the least to be told that the Lord Jesus is his Master, the Lord Buddha another's. If, by the study of the horoscope, it is seen that Christianity presents his angle of the vision, by all means let him be taught the religion of his country, so long as narrowness and prohibition of other lights be excluded.[1] Devotional teaching appeals to many a child; dogmatic statements appeal to very few, and are distasteful to most. Ill-digested "jumbles" of ideas "teach" no one, whether the ideas be Theosophical or not. Lucid, simple, deep thought, set in clear, plain language, will appeal to most children. It is surely as easy to present our glorious, all-inclusive Theosophical ideas in fair and seemly forms, which shall appear beautiful, wise and true, to the children committed to Theosophical parentage and guardianship, as to give them a mere sectarian, Christian, doctrinal education which, however admirable so far as it goes, is but a partial presentation?

All the basic principles of Theosophy, being universal, are also simple, and in every case can be illustrated from Nature. Brotherhood, Reincarnation, Karma, Universal Unity—these are not strange, new-fangled ideas. They are older than the earth our children tread, higher than the hills to which we bid them look for help and strength. We have but to *remind* them, in many cases, and the slumbering knowledge within their depths and heights will arise and descend simultaneously. They will *know* the truth, and the truth will bring the freedom of law and order, not the licence and lawlessness of anarchy, nor the murderous persecution of fanatical intolerance. Nature's lessons of reincarnation lie so near the surface, that but a word or two will bring them home to any child who learns from Nature. The average child learns naturally from his mother Nature on all planes, from instinct to intuition. Alas that, even yet, so much is given from printed pages, so little from the book of life. Everything is written in Nature, it is only a matter of interpretation, of "eyes and no eyes," etc. God is both "His own Interpreter" and also delegates to man this divine mission. Heavy is the karma of those "called" but not "chosen" to this work of illumination, because they refuse to submit to the necessary preparatory intellectual discipline.

The children growing up in our midst during this terrible but wonderful period of devastation and reconstruction, need now, as

[1] Here the writer speaks from fairly wide experience.

never before, Theosophical teaching in its highest and widest interpretation, the wisdom that comes from above and that leads onward and upward from below. Savagery or neurosis are the alternatives with which we are faced. The Martian vibrations triumph to-day over all others, playing upon the corresponding Martian atomic substance in every child. If the lower Martian elemental essence vibrates synchronously, the child's outer and inner world becomes a state of warfare on every plane, the lust of destruction attaining giant proportions in a soil "native" to its nature; on the other hand, if Mars acts as the Planet of Repulsion (which it does in many a horoscope of the New Race children now entering incarnation), the horror of the butcheries enacted becomes "a horror of great darkness," to a sensitive Neptunian ego. Little will be said, for the power to formulate is weak in young Neptunians, but the nerves are in a constant condition of shuddering, and a dumb questioning becomes the normal attitude towards life of the young pioneers of the Age of Brotherhood. What but Theosophical Education in the light of Astrology and common sense can avail here? First, to study the child by the light of planetary indications given to each at birth, we need those who will trouble to learn the universal language of symbolism, and then see that its special needs are supplied, *according to*, not *in violation of*, those rhythmic laws of its being which are laid down in every birth-map, the epic of manifestation for each individual. Under Mars is born the dauntless warrior, under Neptune the Lover of Peace, both equally dear and precious to their planetary guardian-spirits: if treated alike, one will be "made," the other "marred"; the responsibility rests with the educators.

The truths of Theosophy being "items in the sum of truth," they are applicable to every method of education; science showing itself in the adaptation of the environment to the organism, the life being more than meat, and the body than raiment. There is the law of love and that of the jungle; each must be taken account of, on this our earth, for they coexist, here and now, side by side. *Both* are found in Nature, and it is idle and unscientific to assert the contrary. This is a period of cataclysm and contrast. Mars and Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, represent very fairly the pairs of opposites engaged in world-combat to-day on all planes. Everything is over-accentuated; "good" and "evil," light and darkness, heroism and Hunnishness (in the widest and non-geographical sense of the word). Out of blood and tears the new civilisation must spring; nay it arises even now. A new form of religion is a necessary corollary to the new problems that confront us. What but the tenets of Theosophy will "hold" the thoughts of the coming generation?—a creed wherein mind and emotion will meet and consummate their union. Of their mingling shall be born the Church of Humanity, a faith wherein intolerance, bigotry, ostracism, shall have neither lot nor part; wherein the lion of strong endeavour shall lie down with the lamb of universal inclusion; wherein burning conviction shall not be incompatible with ability to sympathise with other convictions, even if different; wherein reincarnation and

karma shall enter as vital principles, living truths, seen in ideation, "lived out" in their practical application; wherein devotion to the individual Master shall be deep and high, immovable; yet where a brother's devotion to *his* Master shall be equally sacred to the disciple of the other; wherein creeds shall be respected as temperamental ways of approach, not set up as so many fetishes; wherein the existence of nature-spirits will be a proven "fact" to the eyes of the children who already see them frequently, yet fear to speak of them.

Does this sound like a millennium? To the writer, it is but an earnest of what shall be, when "straight" Theosophy is given direct to children by wise teachers, not warped in transmission. The true Theosophist is neither crank nor faddist, though these gentry will worm their way into the Theosophical Society, as into the folds of Christianity and the scientific laboratories.

Theosophy demands the wisest thought, the deepest love, the highest conceptions of which human hearts and minds are capable. The wisdom of the Gods does not pertain to one exclusive Society, though there are those within that Society who are the chosen guardians and custodians of the next religion, the creed that will amplify, deepen, include the best of all that has been before, containing within itself the embryo-seed of the next dispensation. To this Religion of Humanity, then, must we look for the hope of our calling in the future. Truly we need hope to-day, though sorrowing not as those who have none. For this religion many among us are working, some in the public arena, others in silence and secrecy. To an increasing number, Theosophical principles appeal as the basis of this new religion, and in that conviction the foregoing protest is recorded. Let those who believe that in these principles, and their application in theory and practice, lies the educational hope of the future, work on undismayed. Mistakes and failures, lack of discretion, want of discrimination, tactlessness—these are not confined to *Theosophical* educationists; had they been, the world would not present the spectacular drama of the immediate moment. *Natura non facit saltum.* Rome was not built in a day. The new religion is even now a-building, though the architects and builders are as yet but a handful of pioneers, derided by many, misunderstood by more. They need not fear the word Theosophy; let them fear naught but cowardice, incompetence, and lack of understanding. Theosophy is and will be justified of her children, yea, even of "Theosophical educationists".

LEO FRENCH

THEOSOPHY AND POLITICS

I VENTURE to submit that the time has come when a Theosophist should recognise the difference that exists between an active interest and an active share in politics. To be a Theosophist, there can be no limit to the interest he must take in politics; but in my view to take an active share in them, except in his capacity of a plain citizen, is to be guilty of something very like "mixing the planes," like combining religion with temporal power, business with philanthropy, self-interest with humanitarianism. The man who cannot interest himself in political movements without plunging into the political arena, is showing that he has not achieved the true Theosophical attitude. For what is politics? Is it not a game, a struggle, to obtain something for one's race, class or kind? Is there in that respect a pin to choose between it and war? Both betray the same characteristics, those of a fight between upper- and under-dog. The right to self-determination, however laudable to assert it, is, in short, merely the right to be selfish—as selfish, too often, as one can! The prerequisite to the Theosophical attitude, on the other hand, is to be self-less.

I am not arguing against politics any more than I am against war. I am merely pointing out that, while each comes within the wide range of studies and interests embraced by Theosophy, neither is Theosophy in itself; nor should the active pursuit of either be included even in what might be called "experimental Theosophy," any more than should, say, human vivisection (or any vivisection?) be included in the study of medicine. War is the soldier's business for so long as it can call itself a legitimate business at all. Politics is for the politician. It is admitted that a man is not entitled to call himself a statesman unless he can rise above it. Surely he should even more be required to fulfil a like condition before he may call himself by the solemn title of Theosophist? And why this condition? Because the politician is working for his party, race or caste. Legitimately enough, be it admitted; yet he is harping on the string of self, and so cannot attain to the divine harmony of that God who is for all. I can see little to choose between the Prussian Junker, frankly pushing the selfish policy of domination for his race and class, the schoolboy, "boosting" his school as the best on earth, the sectarian, claiming a monopoly of Heaven, and the politician, be he Conservative, Labourite, Nationalist, or Home-ruler. In each the pivot is self.

I wish, with all respect, to protest against the somewhat free use that is being made of the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST—the official organ of our Society—to push the political views of the great lady who is our President. I venture to think it is time the Society, as a body, made its voice heard, and declared what I cannot but believe is its opinion, that zeal has too long been allowed to outrun discretion, and that the Society and its organ, instruments fashioned by the will of the Masters for a great universal purpose, should no longer be exploited in the particular interests of a party. However pure the aims of that party, however prompted by the spirit of the martyr (though that spirit is one I do not completely trust, it having been not

always free from the taint of self in some historic instances), those aims, being particular, are in that respect and to that extent inimical to the universal.

Christ's attitude towards those who sought to entrap him into a political declaration is a model for the Theosophist, and His answer is at the same time a complete summing up of the whole matter: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Do not mix politics and Theosophy. And do not work against established authority.

It is not that one would specially deplore the odium to which this political attitude exposes the Society, and through it Theosophy. Such unpopularity is sometimes a valuable means of segregation, as well as a touchstone for the genuineness of one's convictions. It is not even the resignations of membership which must have been taking place. The Society has time and again been subjected to winnowing blasts from which it has emerged only the stronger. But I think the Society is at present having its energies unduly dissipated by diversion from its legitimate work.

Month by month the "Watch-Tower" notes contain a considerable amount of political matter, presented politically, and not philosophically or Theosophically, to the proportionate exclusion, presumably, of Theosophical matter. How otherwise does it come about that one of the most noteworthy "signs of the times," one that may well prove more momentous to the history of human progress than even the great war itself, has so far escaped notice? How many readers of THE THEOSOPHIST are there who will grasp the allusion when I say that what I now refer to is called "Garabed"?[1] And there may well be other signs of equal significance of which Theosophists are unaware, but of which we have, I submit, a right, conferred by membership of the Society, to have been made aware.

But there is a more serious consideration. The Theosophical Society is the great repository of that truth for which the world is now in a peculiar manner ready—the truth as to the phenomenon of death. There are millions in the world to-day who are craving the comfort which the knowledge of that truth can bring, knowledge which their intelligence, sharpened by bereavement, is prepared to assimilate. Does it not seem as if it were suspiciously in the line of the Big Black Plot that the Society should now, of all times, be so discredited as to hinder the reception of the message of comfort and joy to humanity? Certainly its energies are being diverted from the great task of sending forward that message. Certainly it is being held back from coming to grips with the last enemy—Death. Which powers are holding it back—White or Black?

Simla JOHN BEGG

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[1] [See *The Adyar Bulletin*, June, 1918, pp. 185 and 186.—ED.]

BOOK-LORE

The Philosophy of Benedetto Croce, by H. Wildon Carr. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d.)

Comparatively few people, outside the small circle of those who devote themselves exclusively to the study of philosophy, are familiar with the work of Benedetto Croce, as a philosopher, and yet we are told he is "one of the few living philosophers who have won recognition beyond the borders of their own country," and that he has written various books embodying a really original contribution to philosophic thought. The general tendency of his doctrines is summed up by our author as follows:

> Modern philosophy has from the first, and as its distinguishing character, divested itself of all reliance on authority, and has asserted the self-sufficiency of reason, but it has not divested itself of this other-world concept [the concept of a *real* world which stands to the common-sense world of experience and science in the relation of ground to consequence and which is presented as another and different world]. This still clings to philosophers who have emancipated themselves from every trace of theological prepossession. Let us get rid of it finally and absolutely, is the burden of Croce's plea for an anti-metaphysical philosophy.

In his first Chapter Dr. Wildon Carr explains briefly and in outline what is meant by the name by which Croce himself designates his theory, and which our author has translated "philosophy of mind". He introduces the reader to the main theses underlying the whole structure of Croce's thought: the two fundamental forms of activity of the mind (which is the only reality)—knowing and acting; the four pure concepts which these yield—beauty, truth, usefulness, goodness. He further gives a preliminary account of the two special theories which have brought their author most fame, namely his theory of art—the Expressionist Theory as it is called in the Textbooks—and the theory of history as identical with philosophy. All these and several other of its characteristic doctrines having been briefly introduced, Dr. Carr proceeds to a fuller explanation of each in turn.

The reader who is making his first excursion into the world as seen from the standpoint of the Philosophy of Mind, will find it hard to get his bearings. Clear thinking such as

is needed for even a superficial understanding of the system of thought here presented is difficult, especially when it is in fundamental outlook contrary to much that the ordinary reader of philosophical books takes for granted. But Dr. Carr is a friendly guide, and patient and clear in his explanations. The present reviewer is quite incapable of judging of the merit of this book as an appreciation and interpretation of Croce's philosophy, but as an exposition of a theory of great interest, it is one which we should recommend to all Theosophists who wish to promote the Second Object of our Society.

Croce's philosophy deals, we are told, exclusively with ordinary and commonplace concepts in their ordinary and commonplace meanings; "most of the argument seems to be taken up with dull and at first sight unimportant and otiose inquiries". Yet the implications of the simple principles on which it is based appear, on further and careful study, to be far-reaching, of practical interest, and of real importance. In it "there is nothing transcendent in the sense that it lies beyond the sphere of positive knowledge, with no relation to human life". With regard to the value and significance of the theory of the beautiful, Dr. Carr says:

> The philosophical importance of the doctrine is not merely that as an isolated theory it can claim to be freer from intellectual difficulties than any of the many other attempts to define the beautiful. It is something more significant. In defining the true nature of an æsthetic fact it indicates the place of the æsthetic activity in the mental life. It is not a discovery in the scientific sense, it brings to light no new fact, no new law. In itself it may even be, so far as its mere enunciation is concerned, only a question of logical or even grammatical accuracy; that is to say, all it purports to do is to define a recognised fact of common experience. Its value and significance, however, lie in what it implies. This is nothing less than a new standpoint from which with a new principle there arises a new order of knowledge and a new meaning of life and mind.

In the chapter on "The Four Moments and the Twofold Degree," in which the author compares the dialectic theory of Croce with that of Hegel, we are given another instance of how the ideas put forward in the philosophy of mind are something more vital to us as human beings than a mere "abstruse problem which concerns only those who care to amuse themselves with a kind of mental gymnastic". Speaking of the theory of the synthesis of opposites he says:

> It is a problem which intimately concerns us all. No one who lives our human life and thinks our human thoughts can cast it aside as a thing indifferent and of no importance, for it touches the fundamental principle of our existence. It lies dormant in every man's thought, repressed, it is true, for most men, by the stern necessity imposed on us of attention to life, but ever ready to awaken and spring up in the mind when the strain of action is relaxed and we turn to contemplation. . . . In the Greek world and to the Greek philosopher it was the problem of knowledge and opinion, the problem of wisdom. In the Christian world it has centred round the moral problem of the nature of evil.

These remarks apply of course to the problem generally, not to Croce's solution of it alone. Of the latter he remarks :

> The importance of this philosophical doctrine will be understood when we consider that upon it depends the whole theory of the nature of error and evil. . . . The theory which denies absolutely to error and evil positive and independent reality, is not a shallow optimism, such as Voltaire has satirised in *Candide*, it is a theory which resolves the dualism it has been the main effort of philosophy throughout its history to overcome.

Croce's own way of writing may be extremely formal, as Dr. Carr warns us. His exponent's, in the present volume, is not. The explanations, comments and deductions, by means of which the author makes clear the theories he is expounding, are eminently "readable".

A. DE L.

The Gnosis of Light, a Translation of the *Untitled Apocalypse*, contained in the Codex Brucianus, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. F. Lamplugh, B.A. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The Codex Brucianus, Mr. Lamplugh tells us, was brought to England from Upper Egypt in 1769 by the famous traveller, Bruce. It contains several Gnostic works, one of which, the so-called *Untitled Apocalypse*, is here translated. This is said to be quite distinct from the others in character and style, and the date the translator ascribes to it is from A.D. 160—200, the period of Basilides and Valentinus. It is also believed to be earlier than the *Pistis Sophia*.

Mr. Lamplugh's Introduction is particularly interesting for the clue it gives to the attitude of the early Christian Gnostics with regard to their Scriptures and the imparting of knowledge of the Mysteries. He suggests that they used these books not so much for direct instruction as for awakening the student's intuition by a system of symbology formulated as a ritual. Thus we read :

> Hence the disciple was confronted in due time with a document that would not yield its secrets to dialectic, a kind of ritual in words that initiated his intuition into self-knowledge. Intense devotion was needed, imagination, and will-power. The Gnosis came gradually, perhaps after the manuscript had been laid aside; it was the effort towards a sympathetic understanding that mattered, that was rewarded with life and light from God. The mere success of the logical mind in unravelling a puzzle was as nothing, for the readings of these monstrous, many-faceted stars of symbolism were infinite. That the intuition should enter into self-awareness, as into a sacred place of the Mysteries—that was a process of the Gnosis.

The author also reminds us that this higher faculty was developed only after a thorough training in the use of the logical faculty. He makes his typical Gnostic instructor say :

> "This must not be taken as attacking reason ; if you join our School you will have a stiff course of Plato. You ought to know the 'Things that are' from the ordinary

point of view, from outside, before you approach them with the idea of getting inside them, and so raising them up within yourselves as far-shining lives."

The text is rendered in dignified language, and the copious Notes bear witness to the translator's close and sympathetic study of the Gnostic tradition; in fact, without the help of these Notes, the difficulty of deciphering many passages would be greater than most students would care to face. Happily Mr. Lamplugh applies the master-key of Mysticism to the Hellenistic-Christian concepts and phraseology of this document, and so the Theosophist should be fairly well able to find his way through the otherwise bewildering mazes of Gnostic cosmogony and regeneration, by recognising such familiar landmarks as the Cross, the Name, Space, the Zodiac, the Victor God, the Perfect, the Augoeides, the Diamond, etc.

Apart, however, from the actual interpretation of the symbology employed, there is in this scripture, as in *The Stanzas of Dzyan*, a very marked appeal to the imagination through a subconscious sense of rhythm conveyed by the flow of words; and as a fine example of this effect, we quote the conclusion of a hymn sung by "the Mother of the Universe," and "the Powers of the æon of the Mother," to "the One and Only God":

"Thou alone hast raised up the Secret Worlds to Thyself, so that they might know Thee, for Thou hast given unto them the boon of knowing Thee, for Thou hast given birth unto them from Thy Incorporeal Body and hast taught them that from Thy Self-productive Mind Thou hast the Man brought forth in Contemplation and in a perfect Concept, yea, even the Man brought forth by Mind to whom Contemplation has given a form. Thou it is who hast bestowed all good things upon the Man, and He weareth them like vestures. He putteth them on like garments and wrappeth Himself with Creation as with a robe. This Man is He whom all the Universe yearneth to know, for Thou alone it is who hast ordained unto the Man to manifest Himself, so that in Him Thou mightest be known and that all might learn that it is Thou who hast brought Him forth and that Thou art manifested according to Thy Will.

"Thee do I invoke, and I pray Thee, O Father of all Fatherhood, Lord of all Lords, to give an holy ordering unto my kinds and to my offspring, that I may rejoice in Thy name and in Thy goodness, O Thou Sole King, O Thou who changest not. Bestow upon me from Thy goodness, and I will make known unto my children that Thou art their Saviour."

We congratulate Mr. Lamplugh on a scholarly and intuitive piece of work in a field to which he is clearly attracted by temperament and association, and in which he fully acknowledges the value of Mr. Mead's researches. The book is an important addition to the library of Gnostic literature already available.

W. D. S. B.

The Builders: A Story and Study of Masonry, by Joseph Fort Newton, Litt. D., Grand Lodge of Iowa. (The Torch Press, Iowa. Price 7s. 6d.)

This book was first printed and copyrighted in December, 1914, and was reissued in 1915 and 1916. The notice on the paper cover of the bound volume states that it was "written as a commission from the Grand Lodge of Iowa," and that a copy of it is to be presented "to every man upon whom the degree of Master Mason is conferred in the Grand Jurisdiction of Iowa". The claim is made that this book is "the first of its kind ever written, giving a simple, accurate, vivid story of the origin and developments of Freemasonry and its spread over the world, and an interpretation of its spirit, its philosophy and its mission.

The book is singularly interesting, and holds the reader not only by the wealth of information it conveys and the wide and varied reading of which every page is a plain proof, but also, or perhaps more especially, by the balance the author holds between personal opinion and tradition, and by the unbiased statements regarding the history and tradition of "Orders" and "Grand Lodges"; most attractive of all the characteristic qualities of the book stands out the vivid and deep appreciation of the spirit of Masonry in its character of Universal Religion—bound to no country or language or Church or Creed, but fundamental to all. "All through these pages," says the author in "the Ante-room," as he styles his preface to the book proper, "the wish has been to make the young Mason feel in what a great and benign tradition he stands, that he may the more earnestly strive to be a Mason, not merely in form, but in faith, in spirit, and still more in character; and so help to realise somewhat of the beauty we have all dreamed—lifting into the light the latent powers and unguessed possibilities of this the greatest Order of men upon earth.

This book ought to be in the hands of all people who have any interest in Masonry, but especially of those on whom the degree of Master Mason has been conferred. To members of the Co-Masonic Order it ought to appeal with great force, for the book is written in so Catholic and Universal a spirit that it must be of great value to that Masonic Body, which is striving so earnestly to live its teachings and be, what every Mason should be, a helper of mankind.

A. E. de L.

The Terror, a Fantasy, by Arthur Machen. (Duckworth & Co., London.)

The origin of the Terror is an impenetrable mystery known only by its consequences on land and sea and in the air. The secret becomes less palpable by reason of the artificial silence enforced by the censorship in England, where the Terror stalks. At first there seems to be no connection between the death of an airman caught and entangled by a flock of birds and that of a family brutally murdered in another part of the country. By as mysterious deaths and gruesome, murders are added to the list; and especially when all the workers in a munitions factory die suddenly with "faces bitten away," the Terror becomes a nightmare so fearful that strange trees shining with jewels in the night are no longer things of beauty but of fear. These unrelated happenings demand explanation; that demand is satisfied by the author carrying the reader into the realm of animal psychology. The real mystery shall not be explained here; that is unfolded in the story; but the minor mystery which the author professes himself unable to solve, Theosophy can unravel for him. The sheep dog at Treff Loyne, who alone escaped the fate of the rest of the animals, had that which "signifies the royal prerogative of man, differentiating him from the beast". Having broken away from the group-soul, he was independent of it.

In *The Terror* Mr. Machen has endeavoured to engage the reader's interest by means of the usual technique of a mystery story, and for the most part he succeeds. Since he calls his volume a fantasy, we are not privileged to hold him too minutely to account for what may seem to us to be unreasonable elements. This reasonable element could have been found by him in Theosophy, however impossible the tale would still remain.

A. K. G.

The Guest, by G. Colmore. (Edward Arnold, London. Price 6s.)

This story takes us back to the early days of the war. Mrs. Marchant finds herself at the outbreak of hostilities practically interned in a hotel in Belgium together with a Mademoiselle Caillaux. The two women make their way back to England with some difficulty, and Mrs. Marchant invites her new friend to stay at her house at Cloydyke, a village on the East Coast. We are introduced to Mrs. Marchant's friends and relations, and the story goes on very quietly for a time. But all the while there is a mystery in the background somewhere—we feel that—and as it gradually reveals itself, we find ourselves in

the midst of the complications of a war tragedy. We sympathise with the hero, Joe Marchant, when he says, describing with characteristic simplicity the most utterly wretched moment in his life: "The whole blessed world seemed to be topsy-turvey, and everything I'd ever thought seemed to—to bust up. . . . I don't suppose that anybody's what they seem to be, all over the world." Joe is saved from losing all hope and faith by Mrs. Marchant's remaining true to her own higher impulses, and it is this victory of all that we have admired in her that saves the story from a too dreary ending.

A. DE L.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

PSYCHIC HELP FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

The Occult Review for May contains a useful article by J. W. Brodie-Innes, entitled as above—useful not only because it deals with a subject that concerns almost every one at present, but especially in that it approaches the matter with a practical caution that is more likely to invite attention and command respect than the enthusiastic claims so often advanced by incipient psychics. The very first words reveal the attitude of candid enquiry in which the writer examines the evidence.

> Is this possible? We hear the question over and over again, and many are the answers, but few of them are convincing, save to those to whom has come actual experience. Hardly in the length and breadth of the land is there a household that has not some near and dear ones fighting for King and Country, on sea or air or land. Hardly one that has not anxious members who perforce must bide at home, yet who long to render help and comfort, healing and blessing, to the absent ones, if only they could. Earnestly we know they pray, fond and fervent wishes go forth continuously, but they long naturally for some definite assurance that help, so greatly desired, has actually been given.

To start with, the writer admits that the cases of miraculous escapes, etc., occasionally reported, are far outnumbered by those in which apparently no help has been received, while in most cases the desire to help has been equally strong. Neither, in his opinion, is there any substantial comfort to be derived from consulting the ordinary clairvoyant.

> And so it is with the revelations of clairvoyants and mediums, and the whole tribe of professional diviners. Multitudes of these have been told to me and a few have been extraordinarily accurate, many have been wildly wrong, some so vague that only by much imagination could they be called either right or wrong, and many manifest frauds. Some of those who made the most startling successes, have in other cases proved just as wrong.

On the other hand he adduces the analogy of physical scientific discovery to point out that one successful experiment can prove the possibility of a process in spite of hundreds of failures. The experimenter at once proceeds to find out what were the conditions present at the success and absent at the failures, and so follows up the rationale of the process. The same reasoning can be and has been applied to telepathy. This phenomenon has already been tested under scientific observation in special cases, and therefore the conclusion is justifiable that thought-transference comes within the scope of natural laws which cannot be disproved by failures where those laws are not complied with, any more than wireless telegraphy can be disproved by the failure of inadequate instruments.

The writer then passes on to the problem of dreams, as being a means of ascertaining the results of psychic efforts made in the waking state, and tells a remarkable story of a man who, during the siege of Paris, made a strong effort to deliver a message to the brain of a friend in London and then dreamt that he saw his friend acting on the strength of the message—a dream which he verified the next time he met this friend. In connection with prophetic dreams Mr. Brodie-Innes goes to the metaphysical root of the matter by postulating a state of consciousness in which the past, present and future are seen as coexisting in an eternal present.

Having thus paved the way for a mature judgment, the writer gives it as his firm conviction that much help is actually being rendered in this way—mainly of a vague and unconscious kind, but sometimes quite consciously and very definitely. He then relates two curious experiences of his own, full data of which the Editor acknowledges as received by him in confidence. The second of these is the most complete and successful, for, after dreaming that he visited his soldier friend in hospital, he got a letter from the Colonel of the regiment saying that the wounded boy had sat up in bed, insisting that the writer had come to see him and that he would now recover—which he did, contrary to the doctor's expectations. Mr. Brodie-Innes disclaims the possession of any special psychic powers, and asserts his independence of any collaboration in these instances ; while his easy style of narrative and common-sense standpoint are just what is needed to bring home to the casual enquirer the reality of the unseen agencies described in Theosophical literature.

W. D. S. B.
