August 191

The Theosophist

Founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY & H. S. OLCOTT

Incorporated LUCIFER, founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

FIRST.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

SECOND.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

THIRD.—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good will, whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: Rs. 8 — 12s. — $3. Post free.
SINGLE COPY: As. 12 — 1s. 3d. — 30c. do.

The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.
Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London W.

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VOL. XXXIV No. 11

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE following letter appeared in the London *Times* of June 2nd, but I fear that the misrepresentation of the judgment sent out from Madras will be repeated far more often than the correction. Respectable journals correct errors, but others do not.

NARAYANIAH *vs.* BESANT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

SIR,

Returning to England, I read your summary of the above judgment. You will, I am sure, permit me to correct an error of fact. The Judge did not say that Mr. Leadbeater was "an immoral person"; that was the distorted version sent out by a hostile agency in Madras. The judgment as signed by the Judge states that Mr. Leadbeater holds opinions "which I need only describe as certainly immoral". The Judge rejected the accusations of the plaintiff as to immoral conduct, and stated that the plaintiff had "attempted to strengthen his case with lies," an opinion which your summary omits. Most men hold the immoral opinion that a man is not greatly to blame if he should yield to his 'natural passions,' and I have known doctors even advise this course where marriage is impossible. Governments provide facilities for celibate soldiers, and few care that thousands of women are thus ruined. Yet it would hardly be fair to characterise as "an immoral person" every man who does not insist on absolute celibacy outside marriage. Personally, I hold that all advice save that of absolute celibacy outside marriage is immoral, but would not venture to brand as "immoral persons"

all who hold a more lax view. Every one who knows Mr. Leadbeater personally is aware that his conduct is impeccable, whatever his academical opinion may be, and that this opinion is based on the desire to shield women from ruin by a sin which destroys the woman for life while the man goes scot free.

Sincerely,

ANNIE BESANT

Theosophical Society, 82, Drayton Gardens, S.W.

May 31.

***

Mr. Studd of Melbourne made a great success by inserting in the Victorian Government School papers the pledge of the Golden Chain. He writes to me that he has received six thousand applications for membership. This should encourage members in other countries to take similar action wherever possible.

***

The large Queen's Hall was packed on June 1st, and our readers will find elsewhere in our pages the comment of the *Christian Commonwealth* on the meeting. It is satisfactory to find that the cruel slanders of some Indian papers have not in any way affected English public opinion. It has been a relief to escape even for so brief a space from the poisoned atmosphere of Madras into the cleaner air of English public life, and to be treated once more as a human being.

***

It is sad to see in the *Abolitionist*, the organ of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, so harsh an attack on Miss Lind-af-Hageby. She fought a gallant fight, and won the admiration of judge and opposing counsel for her eloquence, her ability, and her fine and generous temper. She has done in the past yeoman's service to the anti-vivisectionist cause, and

deserves the thanks of all lovers of mercy and righteousness, whether or not the late action was well-advised.

***

The British Society for the Abolition of Vivisection held a crowded meeting in the Kensington Town Hall on June 5, Lord Channing in the chair. I was one of those who had the privilege of once again lifting up their voices against the crime of cruelty sheltered under the name of science. Future ages will look on the tortures inflicted to-day on behalf of science with the same horror as that with which we now regard the tortures inflicted in the Middle Ages on behalf of religion. The modern Inquisition is as ruthless as the earlier one, and will share the fate of its predecessor.

***

Another crowded meeting was that of June 3rd, in the Chelsea Town Hall; it was held by the London T. S. Lodges to hear an address from the President. It is a great happiness to see the steadiness of the T. S. under the attacks made on it in India. Never before, during its stormy history, has it remained so perfectly unaffected by the fury of its enemies.

***

I had the sad pleasure of calling on Mrs. Pankhurst in the Nursing Home to which she was carried on her second temporary release from prison. Her body is being shattered under the tortures of starvation, but her spirit remains undaunted. She has the true spirit of the martyr, the willingness to suffer, even unto death, for that which she believes to be her duty, and history will enrol her among its heroes. We do not ask for what beliefs martyrs suffered; we look at their motives, and do homage to the courage which can suffer but

cannot betray that which is held as true. The inefficiency of the Government has created an impossible situation, and if this prolonged martyrdom should end in death, the victory of militancy will be secured. Once more it will be said: *Le cadavre est à terre, mais l'étendard est debout*, and the standard of militancy will go forward to inevitable triumph. I cannot but regret that violent methods will once more have succeeded where law-abiding ones have failed, but history will brand with the heavier censure those who, by denial of justice, outwore the patience which had lasted for more than forty years.

***

The Russian T. S. has added itself to the others that have officially notified their support and approval in the difficulties in which the Madras and Benares enemies have involved me. The Lodges voted individually, and then the Executive. They are good enough also to express a wish that I should remain President for life. This is intended specially as a protest against the violent invectives of the late German T. S. Speaking of the latter, I am told that Dr. Steiner has issued in a pamphlet a categorical denial of the statement I took from others, that he had received any education from Jesuits. As he feels strongly about it, it seems a pity that he did not deny it when published in Germany, instead of leaving it to mislead the public; as, however, he now denies it, I, of course, withdraw it. I wish his adherents would withdraw their numerous inaccuracies, such as M. Schuré's statements about Mr. Leadbeater; he gives a remarkably untruthful recital of events which never occurred.

***

The second lecture at the Queen's Hall was delivered to a densely packed audience. The lectures are being published verbatim, as usual, by the *Christian Commonwealth,* and will be issued later, probably with those delivered in Stockholm, in book form. The lecture of June 8th was on the 'Restoration of the Mysteries,' and the following quotation from S. Clement of Alexandria was remarkably apposite to recent events. Speaking of the teachings given in the Mysteries, he wrote respecting giving publicity to them before the multitude:

> Scarcely could anything they could hear be more ludicrous than these to the multitude; nor any subjects on the other hand more admirable or more inspiring to those of noble nature.

The ruthless cruelty with which our private beliefs were lately dragged out and made the subject of mockery would be universally condemned if shown towards Christians, Hinḍūs or Musalmāns. Our older readers will remember how Mr. Foote, the Secularist, was imprisoned for blasphemy because he ridiculed certain Christian teachings. But the sauce for the Christian goose is not sauce for the Theosophical gander, nor do we wish to imprison any one. Indian law punishes this kind of thing—the wounding of religious feelings—when the wounded feelings belong to members of the great faiths who have numerous adherents. But the Theosophist may be mocked without danger, as he is one of a small minority and will certainly not resort to riot in self-defence.

***

England is, however, becoming more civilised in its treatment of Theosophists, and from time to time a straw is thrown up which shows the direction in which the wind of public thought is blowing. One of these is

the kindly tone in which the great literary journal, the *Athenæum*, now speaks of Theosophical literature. It remarks, for instance, on Mrs. Despard's contribution to the "Riddle of Life Series":

> Theosophy may well be the religion of the Woman's Movement, since it owes so much to womanhood in the personalities of Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Annie Besant, and the author herself. To-day, when it may appear that we mark time materially and outwardly, it is well to read such a book and re-assure ourselves that, inwardly and spiritually, there can be no such thing as pause; that the leaven represented by noble lives of sacrifice is working everlastingly to the leavening of the whole.

The Woman's Movement, truly, has much in common with Theosophy, for it is inspired by that spirit of love and of joyful sacrifice for others which is the very heart of the Divine Wisdom.

***

Again, in a note on the Queen's Hall lecture of June 1st, the *Daily Herald,* speaking of "that mystic philosophy which the materialism of our working lives hides from us," remarks:

> None could help recognising the innate purity, the great "striving after better things," of Mrs. Besant's peculiar yet enthralling philosophy.

It is a new thing for the London dailies to report anything of Sunday Theosophical lectures, but several of them gave space to notices on this occasion. One spoke of the great interest in Theosophy which was shown by the drawing of such large audiences.

***

Viscountess Churchill and Lady Emily Lutyens gave a reception to meet the President of the T. S. on June 10th, and some four hundred guests were present; it was a very interesting gathering, composed largely of people who influence public opinion by their intellectual

or social eminence, and I addressed it on 'Theosophy and India'; it was pleasant to meet there a number of public men who showed strong sympathy with me in the struggle now going on in India, and who realised that the reactionary party which is trying to destroy me is the party which is the real danger in India, and is essentially anti-English. The legal cases are merely on the surface, the causes lying in the hidden depths of the opposition to the friendly co-operation between the English and the Indians in the service of the common Empire, of which our Theosophical work has long been the symbol. This is, of course, obvious to all who know India, and who have watched the campaign against the Society and its President carried on by Mr. Tilak's organ and its supporters in the press. Supper and much conversation concluded a pleasant evening.

***

Professor Gautier, of the Sorbonne, says that vegetarians "suffer from lack of energy and weakened will-power". This is really rather funny, for it is so absolutely the reverse of the facts. The most energetic people I know are vegetarians, and they have also a 'staying' power, an endurance, as marked as their energy.

***

The *Oriental Review* is delightfully mixed in its metaphors, if a quotation from it in the *Hindu* should be accurate. It says of the "Besant-Leadbeater boom": "The bubble is burst however, and the antics of misguided people will not serve to give life to it." The antics of people well or ill-guided can scarcely vivify a bubble.

***

One of Babu Bhagavan Das Sahab's wild accusations against myself has brought down on him the wrath of a

lover of the Jesuits. All the world knows that the Jesuit body contains many of the most learned as well as of the most devoted and holy members of the Roman Catholic Church, and any religious body might well be proud of such an order. Antagonism has arisen against the Jesuits because of the political dangers which their presence in some countries has connoted, and their undeniable war against liberty of opinion. These regrettable faults are found also in other organisations, which do not rival them in devotion or in saintliness of life.

***

A Theosophical lecture was given while we were still in the Red Sea; the audience was a curious one, being partly democratic—the steamer was going to Australia—and partly autocratic. The problem of the application of Theosophical teachings to methods of Government raised much discussion afterwards.

***

The weather has treated us well and we have had calm seas, except for slight monsoonish ruffling between Aden and Bombay. (These two notes are written on July 3rd.) Even the monsoon has been kind to us, and our steamer, the *Delta*, has been very steady. To-morrow morning will see the shores of India rise above the horizon. For the first time, since 1893, I shall greet them with regret.

***

Professor Homersham Cox honours the T. S. with his hostility, and informs an interested world in the *Modern Review* that in private conversation he has urged those interested in the Hindū University "to have nothing to do with the European Theosophists, or

else the whole thing will be ridiculous from the beginning. Theosophy is now, however, so thoroughly discredited that it is not necessary to insist on this any longer." Presumably we have here one of the reasons for the Honourable Paṇdiṭ M. M. Malaviya's change of front as regards Theosophy. The C. H. C., chiefly run by Theosophists, having been secured, and much money collected from Theosophists having been paid in to the Hinḍū University, Theosophy may be cast out. Mr. Cox, however, may find himself mistaken as to the "discredit". The other body which is to be regarded with suspicion is "the Indian Civil Service". "Speaking generally, the Civil Service must always be opposed to the higher education of Indians. There is hardly a member of that Service from the Joint Magistrate to the Commissioner who does not freely express his dislike of education in private conversation." This libel on the Service of which so many members have worked hard for the higher education of Indians is a very cruel one. It is reprinted in the *Hindu* of July 4th. There are many misstatements of fact in the article in which the above occurs, as, for instance, that the C. H. C. has an English teacher of Hinḍūism. Babu Bhagavan Das Sahab and Mr. Subramania, who taught in the College and the School respectively, will be surprised to hear that they are English, although the former has evidently been engaged lately in a study of the Christian Bible, in order "to turn the Bread of Life into stones to cast at his enemies". Mr. Cox may well have imagined that no Hinḍū could accuse anyone of having committed the "unpardonable sin" against that Holy Ghost!

***

I am glad to hear that our Pañchama School boys and girls here had a royal time on Lord Hardinge's birthday, and enjoyed themselves all day long.

***

I have received a thoughtful and courteous letter from a Roman Catholic gentleman about the priesthood, in reference to my repetition of a statement made in a document used by my opponents in the recent cases. I sent the following answer:

I thank you for your courteous letter. I quite agree that priests gain power to remain pure through the Holy Sacrament. The point I mentioned was that Mr. Leadbeater learned the advice he has given in a few cases when he was a member of an organisation of priests. *It was not for themselves*, but was an effort to save women from being ruined by the passions of uncontrolled men. I know enough of the priesthood to respect the vast majority of its members as men who lead holy lives. I am sorry that the misunderstanding of what I said has caused pain to any.

It would be surprising to see so much excitement caused by my repetition of a harmless fact were it not that, for the moment, all the available vials of wrath are poured out on my devoted head! I sent the following explanation to the Madras papers immediately after my return:

Sir,—As I was leaving England for India I saw letters in Indian papers from the Bishop of Madras and some Roman Catholics, complaining of my statement that Mr. Leadbeater had brought over the advice complained about from the celibate priesthood of the Church. It is difficult to see why this fact should be treated as a slander by me. It was stated in 1906, and was put in as evidence in court by Mr. C. P. Ramasvami Iyer and Mr. Shama Rao in their respective cases, and was published in the paper without protest from either bishop or priest. It does not suddenly become a slander because repeated by me from the evidence brought out by my opponents. The complaint should be laid against them, not against me. But the Church is in no way responsible for the advice given by the priests in question any more than the Theosophical Society is responsible for one of these priests continuing to hold the opinion accepted long before he entered the T. S. However

much one may differ from them, one ought to recognise that they were men of holy life, honestly grappling with a terrible problem, and seeking to save women from the unbridled passions of men. Abuse of these priests does not solve the conditions which bring tens of thousands of women annually in the West to shame and early death. I disapprove the advice because I believe the problem can only be solved by self-control in marriage and rigid celibacy outside it, but I recognise the noble motive of the slandered priests, however mistaken their effort. The harm done would have been confined within very narrow limits had not the matter been made public by theological hatred, as it would not have gone beyond the confessional and the doctor's consulting room.

P. & O. S. N. Co., ANNIE BESANT
S. S. "MONGOLIA."
27th June, 1913.

The Bishop of Madras and the Roman Catholics who are so angry write as though I had accused the priesthood of immorality. One understands the Bishop of Madras, as he is bitterly antagonistic to Theosophy, and any stick is good enough with which to beat the Theosophical dog, but the Roman Catholics should be more reasonable.

***

Mr. Leadbeater, with the generous consideration for others which ever marks his conduct, has withdrawn from the Theosophical Educational Trust, lest the unjust prejudice against him should handicap the Schools of the Trust in relation to the Education Departments in the different provinces, and render their recognition difficult. How ashamed another generation will be of the persistent persecution which blackens the name of a man whose radiant purity of life is manifest to all who know him. But the ignorant project their own shadows on the snow, and then say that the snow is befouled. It may appear to be so while they are there, but when they remove themselves it

shines out in its pristine whiteness. The darkness is in them, not in the snow.

***

The Theosophical Educational Trust seems to have been formed exactly at the right moment, and bids fair to wield a very powerful influence in India. The Madras Education Department has sanctioned the transfer to it of the Madanapalle High School, and we are consulting the Department as to the raising of the School into a College. The Madras Presidency is very badly supplied with Colleges, and the demand for tuition enormously exceeds the supply, so that thousands of youths, eager for the higher education on which their whole future depends, find themselves walking the streets when they should be studying in the class-rooms. Appeals reach me asking me to open a College in Madras, but I hesitate to make any move in that direction at present, much as I would like to help these lads, as I have tried to help their predecessors for the last twenty years, not wholly unsuccessfully. It is a pity that so many Madras people leave all these young men unhelped, while they engage themselves eagerly in crippling those who have helped in the past and are willing to help in the present.

***

The legal proceedings must inevitably keep me much in Madras, but as soon as dates are fixed by the Courts, I hope to make short lecturing tours in order to visit our Lodges, and also to raise funds for building on the lands which have already been bought or given. Our Schools and Colleges should play a useful part in the national life, as they will bring boys of all faiths together, but striking a new note, the Theosophical, by

recognising their various religions and incorporating religious teaching into the curriculum, instead of ignoring religion altogether, " making a desert and calling it peace ". In the class-room, in the playing-fields, in the hostels, Hiṇḍūs, Buḍḍhists, Pārsīs, Christians, Muhammadans, will study, play and live together. Separate kitchens will have to be provided to meet the present customs, but in all else union may be achieved. The attempt is the first of its kind, as it is undenominational by inclusion of all religions, instead of being undenominational by the exclusion of all.

***

It is very interesting to watch the trend of social and political reform in England, and to see how changes are being proposed which, a few years ago, were put forward by prominent Theosophists and were regarded as utopian. The idea of separate local Parliaments in all the countries in the Empire, and of one Imperial Parliament consisting of representatives of each, is making its way into " practical politics," and the Irish Home Rule Bill now before the country, and the open advocacy of civil war should it be successful in Parliament, are rendering this solution the only way out of the position. Another very interesting question has lately been discussed in the London *Times* —the treatment of habitual criminals. General Booth advocates the system which I have been urging, of refusing liberty to those who are congenital criminals until they have been trained into honesty and industry. He writes:

> The real difficulty, in the vast majority of cases, is in the minds and hearts of the criminals themselves. They thieve because they are thieves and like thieving, and like it in spite

of the temporary risks and inconveniences it involves. From which, it seems to me, two things follow:

1. That it is folly to allow men who have forfeited their privileges as free members of the community to pass from under control until they have proved their disposition and ability to live honestly. The going in and out of prison is a double curse—it ruins most effectively most of those who suffer from it, and it spreads the infection among hitherto innocent men. When a man has proved himself, by certain infallible signs, to be a criminal by choice, he should be required to show that he abandons that choice before regaining his liberty.

2. But if it be possible to change the preference to which Mr. Lilly refers when he quotes the words of Our Lord Jesus Christ "all these evil things come from within"—and this was certainly also Our Lord's teaching—then every influence in favour of promoting that change should be brought to bear on the prisoner.

Labour colonies, not penal but educative, are necessary, and the congenital criminal should be taken in hand as a child, and brought under good influences. Captain Arthur St. John writes:

Is it sentimentalism or cant to say that when a person has been proved to be a confirmed criminal he should not be allowed complete freedom until he has satisfied a responsible body of persons that he has become a safe and desirable citizen, and that in the meantime his treatment should be educative? Is it sentimentalism or cant to say, as the last International Prison Congress said, that "no person, no matter what his age or past record, should be assumed to be incapable of improvement"?

Dr. Cobb declares:

The "pseudo-humanitarian school," as Mr. Lilly dyslogistically calls those who disagree with him, deny that vindictiveness, deterrence, or retribution (all thinly disguised forms of anger) form any part of the law of nature, or should form any part of human law. They maintain that retribution as invented by man in his twilight days is neither a moral thing nor a successful method of dealing with crime. Its direct action hardens, or makes more cunning, but does not affect the free will, while its indirect action is far less beneficial than is commonly thought. It is a melancholy fact that all that our current penal theory and practice do is to produce a number of criminals, of whom 75 per cent. are recidivists. Could there be a more ghastly comment on the ethical utility of Mr. Lilly's theory of punishment?

On one point both sides are agreed; it is the volition—the *liberum arbitrium*—which is the *crux* of the problem. Mr. Lilly thinks that the infliction of pain is the most suitable instrument for securing a good will, but the whole history of our criminal laws proves the contrary. What really is effective, and exclusively effective, is education with its consequent raising of the general moral standard. We may agree to segregate the professional criminals if we first of all agree that when segregated they shall be made to understand that they are there to be educated, not punished. This may be called pseudo-humanitarianism. To me it seems sound sense.

Here is the gist of the question admirably put. The criminal is "to be educated, not punished". He is a savage born into civilised surroundings, and must be treated as an undeveloped being, a child so far as morality is concerned. He is not fit for liberty of body while he is a slave in soul. But he is to be helped to become fit for it, and for that end he was born into a society of more advanced souls. That he should become worse rather than better for the contact with them is a social crime; he is the victim of a condition for which his elders are responsible. In this fact lies the *motif* of the tragedy of 'Society and the Criminal,' that has so long been played in the world-theatre.

* * *

The Ramanathan College for Girls at Jaffna, Ceylon—which has been founded by the well-known Hon. Mr. P. Ramanathan, and is carried on under the direction of himself and his wife—is an institution full of promise. It accommodates two hundred boarders, and has adapted modern methods of education to eastern requirements. Its special object is to serve the great Tamil community, and Tamil literature forms an important part of the curriculum. May the noble institution flourish, and train Hinḍū girls into truly Āryan womanhood! That such a place should be founded is a mark

of Indian progress, and is another sign of hope for the future. Ceylon has a very large Tamil community, and Jaffna has a Hinḍū Boys' College of which our good Theosophical Brother, Sanjiva Rao, is now Principal.

***

Mrs. Shiva Kamu, one of Miss Arundale's and Miss Palmer's pupils at the C. H. C. Girls' School, has passed the Matriculation Examination of the Allahabad University, and the late Principal will be very proud of this first-fruits of her self-sacrificing work. The higher classes of the School have been discontinued by the C. H. C., but are going on in the Vasanṭa Āshrama under Miss Palmer, B. Sc., Miss Arundale's co-worker and successor. Mrs. Shiva Kamu remains at the Āshrama to continue her studies, and we may hope to see one or two other ladies successful next year.

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The *Bookseller* says :

Mr. H. G. Wells will contribute to the July issue of *Cassell's Magazine of Fiction* an article entitled 'The Future is as Fixed and Determinate as the Past,' and will endeavour to show that it is scientifically possible to forecast broadly what will happen in the centuries to come.

***

I am very glad to congratulate a dear friend and co-worker, living at Adyar, G. Soobhiah Chetty, on his inclusion in the list of birthday honours. The bestowal on him of the title of Rao Sahab is as gratifying to his friends as it is well-deserved by himself.

THEOSOPHY

A CRITICISM AND A PLEA

By ITHURIEL

I say again, every earnest Theosophist regrets to-day from the bottom of his heart that these sacred names and things have ever been mentioned before the public and fervently wishes that they had been kept secret within a small circle of trusted and devoted friends.

H. P. BLAVATSKY—*Key to Theosophy*

MOST criticism of Theosophy up to the present time has proceeded from those who are prejudiced against our system of thought on personal or religious grounds. As a rule it is based on crass ignorance of the teachings propounded in the literature; or instigated by some fanatical notion that Theosophy must be wrong,

and therefore must be fought and derided. Such sympathetic criticism as has come to the notice of the present writer in most cases very distinctly bears the aspect of a request for more information, so that it can hardly be regarded as criticism proper. The former kind can only be treated by us psychologically; the latter by the supplying of pertinent and useful information to those who thus clothe their requests in a pseudo-critical garb.

True criticism must be based on sympathy and knowledge; sympathy with aims plus a knowledge of facts. Criticism devoid of appreciation, in some respects, is not unlike logical sequence, the working out of which does not necessarily call for a comprehension of the conclusions reached.

A certain amount of courage, however, is required of the Theosophist who ventures to criticise that system of thought which brought very life to him and which he knows has brought very life to thousands of his fellow-students. Yet, where love is blind to facts the door is opened to intolerance and fanaticism. And, though Ultimate Truth is not for man—truth to each man is but the horizon of his own spiritual outlook—so much as he *can* get of truth may serve as a corrective to love's tendency to overflow into the mind region where, as a matter of fact, it has no business.

My criticism has to do with facts and their interpretation, and also, to an extent, with the attitude of some of those to whom the common Theosophical interpretation of these facts appeals.

One of the claims of Theosophy—its 'scientific' claim—is that it supplies us with an interpretation of natural phenomena, and of the laws underlying them.

But it goes further. It not only presents an elucidation of perceivable things, but attempts to give one of the faculty of perception itself, the consciousness. It undertakes the explanation of superphysical as well as of physical phenomena, whether the former be regarded from the point of view of the five ordinary senses or from that of other avenues of perception. Given the existence of these metaphysical phenomena—and their reality cannot be denied—a scale is required for measuring them. The scale provided by our Theosophical system will constitute the first point of my critique.

When looking at the world from a purely sensual point of view, I can only express what I observe in terms of previous sense-experience, whilst my audience can only translate my interpretation of my experiences into terms of experiences of their own. My image-making faculty—my imagination—cannot go beyond a very limited range of previously noticed objects, or their parts. Mentally I may combine the parts of objects as fancifully as I wish, and am perfectly at liberty as to comparative size, but I do not exceed my previous sense experiences. So that, if I am being told of a new and, to me, strange kind of phenomenon, say a superphysical one, I only image it in physical terms such as I am used to, with, perhaps, a qualification that this conception is only provisional.

Now we are told of the existence of various worlds, like the physical, the astral, the mental, *etc.*, of which there are seven, each divided into seven sub-planes, analogous (and here is the tangle) to the sub-planes of the physical world. Of the latter, however, hardly more than with three do we come into conscious touch, they thus being to some extent known to us. So that

those of us who have not as yet developed distinct psychical senses are taught to base our comprehension of some forty-nine 'sub-planes' (and that refers to what is called 'the lowest cosmic plane' only) on a very slender consciousness of three physical states of matter. This is not, it would seem to the writer, a very scientific method of procedure. No scientist worthy of the name would venture to generalise on only three half-understood facts. If I happen to live in a valley from which I can see just three mountain peaks it would be rather rash for me to conclude that the whole world is covered with mountain peaks ranged in an order similar to that of those visible from my valley. But then we are told by those who *do* have their extra-physical senses sufficiently developed to establish points of contact for their consciousness, that this series of three is to them considerably extended, so that, though they may not as yet know by conscious contact that there are those forty-nine worlds, their existence to them is a less unscientific conclusion than it is to those who as yet only know three.

However, we are also told by our psychists that each sub-plane is not merely an extension of the previous one, except perhaps when they happen to belong to the same plane. For instance, the first sub-plane of the astral is not merely a refinement of the seventh sub-plane of the physical world. A new aspect of matter comes into play, or, rather, a superior aspect of force manifests itself through this substance, giving it qualities that cannot possibly be comprehended by our physical consciousness, such, for instance, as are often referred to as four-dimensional. Also, for example, whilst physical matter is static in principle, astral

matter is essentially the opposite, requiring an effort of the will to keep it steady. So that we have on the one hand the statement that there are these various sub-planes of matter, material and spiritual, and on the other hand the warning that we must not believe these sub-planes to be what they are represented to be by the very statement describing their existence!

It is a significant, but apparently little recognised, fact amongst students of Theosophy that the further we get away from the physical world the less intense becomes the distinction between the self and the not-self, the subject and the object.

In the physical world this distinction to us is most pronounced. We here have little difficulty in knowing what belongs to our personal organisation and what is outside it. A chair, a table, a street, the sky and the sea, they are all things of which we are cognisant, but with which we have no unavoidable connection. They do not apparently depend upon our imagination; on the contrary, our imagination seems to be dependent upon them. Things are somewhat different on the astral plane. There our self-consciousness and our not-self-consciousness are not quite so separate. There, when contemplating any object, we must identify ourselves with it to a considerable extent to become aware of it at all. This, of course, applies to persons as well. The novice in the astral world will often identify himself with some other disembodied entity, especially when moved to sympathy with his condition. He will do this sometimes to such an extent that his consciousness actively participates in the thoughts, the feelings, and the vicissitudes of the other person. In certain regions the landscapes, buildings, and other objects surrounding

the inhabitant are not only created by his and his fellows' imagination (based in the main on preceding physical experiences), but are actually part and parcel of his and their existence in those regions. This principle is further extended on the mental plane where the ordinary earth-being's heaven surroundings *are* himself : here the man and his world are one. He may not recognise this to be so, and indeed, in most cases does not ; but that is due to the habits of consciousness which he has acquired on one plane and which he has transferred to another, thus giving his new world an entirely fictitious value. On the buḍḍhic plane this Self-identification extends itself over all living creatures of the regions below, the man thus becoming omniphilous, whilst on the nirvāṇic level it enfolds the entire Solar System in one living, throbbing embrace.

It need hardly be repeated that nothing is more untrue than to speak of this process as a gradual extinction of individuality, culminating in Nirvāṇa. On the contrary, it is a progressive widening of the consciousness to embrace more life, to respond with more simultaneity to both the without and the within, until, at the final stage of human evolution, man's consciousness presents an exact balance between the infinite heights of this Logos System and the infinite depths of his own being, the impact and the response being simultaneous.

It will thus be seen that it becomes more and more impossible to represent as separate physical facts what really are superphysical noumena-phenomena. And this difficulty increases the further we get away from the physical. Here our avenues of consciousness are separate and distinct. We can only appreciate things in succession. When I listen to a far-away sound I

firmly close my eyes so as not to be distracted by even the diffused light that falls on the retina through lightly-closed eyelids. In the main we can only pay attention to one thing at a time. Hence our sense of succession, or, as it is usually called, time. But as *we* extend from plane to plane, this one-at-a-time consciousness also extends, until finally, as we reach the highest spiritual world it is possible for us as men to reach, we find that we have, or rather *are* an all-at-a-time consciousness. It is here that time and space meet. Here, or rather *thus*, we have a solution of the Present, Past, and Future; and the I, There, and That, problems.

Interpretation, therefore, by appealing to the succession-imagination of the physical brain must necessarily remain inadequate. Occult truths can never thus be properly stated. Whatever can be said in this way may serve one of two purposes: the guiding of the consciousness as it widens to embrace superphysical worlds; or else the aiding of the purely spiritual advancement of the soul. It should not be used overmuch to satisfy mere intellectual curiosity; though, indeed, an intellectual stimulus is sometimes required to accelerate spiritual awakening.

The whole tendency of modern Theosophy is in the direction of explaining the mechanics of microcosmic and macrocosmic activity. As the physicist seeks after the principles regulating the interaction of inorganic, and the physiologist after those of organic matter; the chemist after the laws of analysis and synthesis; the astronomer after cosmic processes; so the Theosophist seeks after all of these laws, principles and processes, insists upon interrelating them, and applies them every one to metaphysical phenomena. He therefore

may be said to concern himself with 'higher physics,' 'higher physiology,' 'higher chemistry,' and 'higher astronomy'. However interesting these studies may be, it is very clear that, just as the mathematician may not legitimately concern himself with higher mathematics until he has thoroughly mastered all that pertains to the elementary part of his science, so the man who wishes to gain an understanding of the 'higher anything else,' should first become thoroughly conversant with the lower branches of his proposed line of study. Else he will only be a dabbler in knowledge that excites his curiosity, that tickles his mental palate, and that will remain shrouded in attractive, and at last irritable mystery.

To the writer it would seem that there is a crying need, amongst Theosophists, for an intelligent comprehension of the exact and natural sciences, more especially of mathematics and logic. Not indeed so much for the sake of these sciences themselves, but rather for the purpose of training the mind to understand and appreciate the value of phenomena in their simultaneous relations to each other (space) and their mutual successive relations (time). For unless the ideas of space and time are properly definable to one's mind, their mystic negation cannot be appreciated intellectually and the chasm between the 'normal' and the 'religious' experiences remains unbridged.

Now it is perfectly legitimate, before taking up any special line of study, research, or meditation, to try to obtain a bird's-eye view of the entire human field of knowledge under cultivation. This not only will facilitate the prospective student's realisation of his own particular bent, but it will also help to adjust his mind

to a proper valuation of any special branch of work in connection with the whole scheme, resulting in a balanced judgment and a sense of right proportion. But that is as far as Theosophy should go on its mechanical or scientific side, and no further. To state anything but the broadest principles exoterically must necessarily befuddle the mind of the average Theosophist, make it lazy, and unfit it for independent development. He should indeed get enough to excite his interest, but not enough to make him feel satisfied with what he is getting.

Now there are signs that our psychic researchers do not recognise the importance of this view. That we have a book dealing with the analysis of chemical elements, taking up the subject more or less where physics and chemistry of the ordinary schools are constrained to lay it down, is a sign of excellent scientific tact. Such a book, however, as *Thought Forms* does in an inverse sense for Theosophy what, say, Fox's *Book of Martyrs* does for Roman Catholicism, *viz.*, it is sensational; it appeals to the curious, the fearful, and the fanatical, and leaves a somewhat unpleasant taste in the mouth of the student of actual facts. Also it may serve as a deterrent, or at any rate as a wonderful picture book with a moral! The same applies, though of course to a very much milder extent, to *Man Visible and Invisible.* To represent pictorially superphysical phenomena may satisfy the physical consciousness, but it does not by any means satisfy the true occult researcher. In pre-Theosophical literature, symbol was the chief means of conveying that knowledge of superphysical facts that the mind could grasp; and if it could not grasp that, it was a sure sign that that mind was not prepared for superphysical knowledge.

Theosophy has sometimes been accused of being a hyper-materialistic system of thought; and so it is from a purely intellectual point of view. For this reason it seems essential to the writer that only those individuals should have access to occult truths who are prepared to run their spiritual development parallel with their intellectual enlightenment, lest Theosophy initiate a far more subtle and dangerous materialism than that which at the outset it was sent to counteract.

At one time it may have seemed necessary to substitute a higher kind of materialism for the crude variety that was ravaging spiritual Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Spiritualism was popularised, and the Theosophical theories were advanced. They have served their primary purpose: the lower materialism is dead; to continue to fight it would be quixotic. For this reason Theosophy ought now to advance spiritually rather than intellectually.

Now the question is, can it do so by means of our present Theosophical literature? Of course, the answer may be both Yes and No, since this depends on the reader rather than on the book. Yet, in spite of a somewhat voluminous literature, there is as yet lacking, it would seem, the exact kind of books for that purpose, books which, when studied at all, cannot but have one result—the spiritual enlightenment of the reader. The Scriptures of the great sages of all times, especially those of ancient India, of the Veḍa, the Veḍānṭa, the Upaniṣhaṭ, have not up to the present acquired sufficient popularity amongst our western Theosophists. Many, if not most of them, have attached themselves intellectually or emotionally to the Bible (or even the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*) trying to substitute for its native expressions,

parables, lessons, and teachings, the dollars and cents, the pounds and pennies, the annas and pice of Theosophical nomenclature. They are veritable money-changers in the Temple. It does not necessarily cause them to understand better these Scriptures. But it is a pretty occupation for the mind to sort out and store away each idea on its own Theosophical shelf—a kind of Theosophical stamp collecting!

Wherever we meet with such an attempt at uniformity we may feel sure that there is as yet no understanding. Understanding needs no uniformity: it recognises the Same under all disguises. It is the mere intellect which seeks to arrange, systematise, and cramp. But the wise man refuses to continue a Sisyphus. He uses his mental energies to interpret rather than reconstruct; his mind becomes the messenger of the Gods, the Hermetic Mirror which reflects, and from which he can read the Divine Wisdom, Theosophia.

To the understanding of many Theosophists there still seems to be considerable confusion as to what constitutes spirituality. To some it is purity in its 'highest sense'. But purity, after all, merely refers to each thing as it should be ideally, and unconfused by the admixture or the contact of any other thing. To others spirituality means purposefulness. But may not the millionaire or the seeker of evil be as purposeful as the willer of good? What of devotion—Is not the vivisectionist as devoted as the Theosophist, as desirous to uplift and benefit the race? What of devoutness?

Spirituality, in the occult sense, has little or nothing to do with feeling devout; it has to do with the capacity of the mind for assimilating knowledge at the fountain head of

knowledge itself—absolute knowledge—instead of by the circuitous and laborious process of ratiocination.[1]

In fine, spirituality is man's capacity to come into conscious touch with the aspect of Omniscience of the Deity, and is independent of the avenue through which it is attained.

The only method of arriving at the maximum of *scientific* truth accessible to humankind is to look at each phenomenon with the consciousness belonging to the plane on which the phenomenon occurs, unvitiated by the consciousness of any other plane. It does not help us much to interpret superphysical phenomena through the ordinary physical consciousness. By doing so they lose for us that which essentially brands them as superphysical, and they take rank with the physical. It is for this reason that, as long as we rely upon our physical intellect only for the understanding of things, this understanding cannot but be materialistic. The main objections to a materialistic world-view are (1) that it impairs the possibility of the development of our latent super-intellectual faculties; and (2) that it is merely enumerative (cumulative) as to facts, instead of comprehensive, and therefore distinctly inadequate. It makes little difference how far this materialistic tendency is carried; whether it comprises three, forty-nine, or seven times forty-nine sub-planes.

It is not my intention to speak in a derogatory way of the Theosophical teachings as expounded by H. P. B., A. P. Sinnett, and their successors, in saying that, if viewed from the succession-standpoint of the mind, they are partially, but only partially and fragmentarily true; but they are not wholly true. They are more or less

[1] *Esoteric Buddhism*, by A. P. Sinnett, p. 192 (6th American Edition.)

correct as a translation of superphysical actuality into the language of earth, water, and air. This language, however, is utterly inadequate to serve as a medium of exposition. Like most other translations this one may stimulate a desire for first-hand acquaintance with the original, create a wish to break the Seal and open the Book. But it can never satisfy the seeker of Occult Truths. All the teaching, as we have it, concerning the higher planes of nature, their phenomena, and their inhabitants should be regarded as a scaffolding we may use for the construction of a grand and wonderful mansion of beauty and truth; but it is only a scaffolding which will have to be knocked down when our spiritual structure nears completion. Besides, it is only one of a number of possible aids to the construction of a habitat for the Spirit. There are many different ways to arrive at Truth. But to mistake the scaffolding for the building, the means for the purpose, fits the Theosophist as little as it does the average religionist. His means may be more adequate, but for this very reason they are so much more easily mistaken for the end.

Theosophy, as it stands to-day, is indeed a system of thought that may satisfy some types of highly intellectual thinkers. The man harassed by doubts and tortured by the terrible suffering of his fellow-men; the man who resents the unequal division of labour and its products; the man who sees but the increase of selfishness and cruelty in the advance of civilisation; the man who regards the entire animal kingdom as a bloody battle-ground: to these men the teachings of Theosophical mechanics come as a balm and as a boon. If they do not give ultimate answers, peace of mind is assured at least for a time, until the mental vision has become accustomed

to the wider outlook and begins to distinguish the limitations of the new horizon. But in the meantime the higher emotions have an opportunity of coming to the surface and being cultivated, emotions which in the stress of existence had been pushed into the background. Theosophy also gives directions how to handle these emotions to the best advantage, how to transform them into genuine religious experience. So that it is clear that, though the mind is temporarily set at rest by the explanations Theosophy has to advance towards the solving of the more common riddles of life, this putting at rest of the mind and this temporary solution of tantalising questions is not the chief aim of the system, if indeed it is aimed at at all. The principal purpose from this point of view is surely the fanning of the latent and long suppressed and nearly extinguished mystic spark, in order that it may flame up in holy ecstasy, before the new perplexity of the intellect makes its appearance; whereupon the latter can be dealt with as it deserves.

There are other and even more important matters that call for the attention of the critic. When we come to deal with our conceptions of beings of other worlds than ours they become, in the main, only matters of words. Names and titles are freely flung about even in ordinary Theosophical conversation. Over and over again I have heard the word LOGOS pronounced with as much reverence as the word rock, and with less comprehension of its meaning. If that is a result of Theosophical teachings—as I cannot but think it is—there is something radically wrong with our exotericising of occult truths. The word Master by us should be used with as much circumspection as is the word

JHVH by the Hebrews. It would seem, however, that familiarity with terms tends to breed contempt for the truths they are to convey.

An underhand discussion seems to be going on in Theosophical circles as to the standing in the occult world of some of our leaders. No doubt they stand high, at any rate in some respects; and honour and reverence is due to them, as to others, on that account; but not on that account alone. To many of us they represent the bellows that blew away the ashes of superstition from the smouldering fires in the grates of our inner lives. What heights they have reached in the occult world is solely their business and none of ours. And how can we measure them? Be they Arhaṭs or Asekas, disciples or renegades, they have earned a gratitude and we have contracted a debt that it will be difficult for us to satisfy. It is molish blindness for any of us to reject their unconscious claims because their attitudes do not happen to agree with what we have imagined their attitudes should be; because their sense of the weight of certain facts and principles differs from the importance we attach to them; because their way of handling certain problems would not be our way, were we in their positions. But it is also foolishness on our part to accept blindly and credulously every statement they make without first testing it on the touchstone of our own consciousness. Let us consider such statements provisionally without either accepting or rejecting. Already H. P. B. recognised the danger involved in the former course when she said: "*All* Theosophical books must be accepted on their merits and not according to any claim to authority which they may put forward." All that the best

teachers can do is to prepare our mental food. But we have to bite it and chew it and swallow it and digest it ourselves—and carefully; and it is well to consider in this connection that the more that intellects have to be catered for, the greater will have to be the individual adaptations. Indigestion amongst Theosophists is not conspicuous by its absence.

To the writer it would seem that the primary purposes of Theosophy are: (1) to spread far and wide the doctrine of karma and reincarnation; (2) to inspire teachers that will go out into the world to spread that doctrine; (3) to point the way to such men and women as are prepared to advance simultaneously along intellectual and spiritual lines. The three purposes at present advanced by the Theosophical Society (with which, however, I am not dealing in this article), namely the forming of a nucleus of universal brotherhood, the study of comparative religion, the investigation of Occultism, as may readily be recognised, are secondary to those above enumerated. They were not so thirty-seven years ago. Since then the doctrine of human brotherhood has spread and the study of comparative religion become appreciated. These two therefore are gradually falling outside the specific Theosophical pale. Not that Theosophy can do without them: our *Weltansicht* could not be presented shorn of these aims. But they are becoming such obvious and widely recognised human requirements that they are ceasing to be specifically Theosophic. It is less of a necessity now for arguments to be adduced in their defence in our literature than it was thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago.

Theosophy then is not the *ultimum dictum* of Truth: it is not even a universally helpful system of

thought. But it has advantages that are unsurpassed —I am tempted to say unsurpassable—for dealing with contemporary conditions. Properly to judge a thing one should not ask whether it is wholly good or wholly bad: no thing is either. But its advantages should be weighed against its disadvantages either in universal or particular application, and one's view formulated accordingly. So our Theosophy is not wholly good, not wholly acceptable. But, if properly understood and not driven to death, it is a system that may stimulate spiritual activity, that may anæsthetise to a certain kind of intellectual suffering, and that fulfils the needs of the times.

One of Theosophy's deadliest enemies is orthodoxy of the petty variety. What we need is a progressive spirit even in our presentation of the Most Ancient Wisdom. We must retain our relative position to the *Zeitgeist*. When he threatens to catch up with us, on we must go: not too far in advance to be out of his sight; nor so close as to be indistinguishable from him; but near enough to stimulate him to pursuit, and forward enough to point the way.

Ithuriel

THE FOOL

By BARONESS M. D'ASBECK, F. T. S.

IN a certain village, there once lived a fellow whom everybody called 'the fool'. He was always happy. His simple face shone with satisfaction. People who had had experience of life and complained bitterly about it, looked upon him with contempt. They were sure he had never had any real feeling. Their hearts were full of bitterness far deeper than that known to the Fool, as they thought.

Nobody knew how it befell that he had become a fool and nobody cared, so that it was not even known what form his folly took. So far as one could see, he did nobody any harm. He took long walks into the country, he talked with the cattle, the horses and the hounds, and conversed with the little children who were never at all afraid of him. But when intelligent people made their appearance upon the scene, then the Fool took flight and making gestures as though to defend himself from the attacks of insects, he exclaimed: "Ah, I know you. You want facts . . . discussions . . . explanations . . . but they are for intelligent people! I am a fool and I never discuss anything," and off he would go, with his broad grin, kicking at the pebbles as he went, with child-like *abandon*, his nose in the air.

One day a traveller arrived in the little village. He came from afar. They said he was a lover of the Truth, in other words, a Philosopher. He had been seeking Truth for a long time. He had spent nights and days over the search, but alas! Truth, though ever more beguiling and bewitching to her suitors, is not so easily to be taken captive. Just at the moment when the Philosopher felt most sure that he had her at last, she escaped him. He complained bitterly, that, having renounced all worldly pleasures as he thought in favour of a lasting happiness, he had fallen victim to a Being as cruel and capricious as Truth. Sometimes a rumour reached him that some one had succeeded in finding her. Filled with new hope, he would take the road again, but upon arriving at his destination, he never saw anything in the least resembling her. He made many inquiries to know where he might be most likely to find Truth. They told him she had quitted France in disgust because there they had disputed her divine origin. They had dared to tell her that she was born out of the dust like everything else. Then the Philosopher repaired to Germany only to find that there Truth had fled before an attack upon her life.

It appeared they had attempted to cut her in two; Truth Noumenal and Truth Phenomenal. The Philosopher then sought her in England, where he knocked hopefully at the door of a *confrère*. The latter however laughed at him.

"I have only two stories to my house, friend," said he, "science dwells below, and above, in the lumber room, if you seek, you will find the 'unknowable'; but what do you mean by asking me for Truth?"

By this time the Philosopher was quite discouraged. He had lost the scent, nevertheless he was determined not to abandon the chase. Starting off again, he arrived at the village where the Fool dwelt. As he passed along a road that ran along the mountain side, a voice suddenly hailed him: "Hi! Hi! stop! you below there! Whither away so fast with your eyes fixed on the ground? Do you not see the glorious sun sinking behind yonder mountain?"

The Traveller lifted his eyes and saw, seated upon the wall above him, a quaint figure. The face wore an expression of innocence and good humour whilst the grey eyes were full of penetration and silent wit. He sat upon the wall with his legs crossed and his hands clasped over his knees and smiled knowingly.

"Where am I going?" repeated the Traveller.

"Why, to yonder town."

"What for?"

"Why, to sleep."

"And of course you are in a tearing hurry.... Good Heavens! what a hurry people are in.... and after all.... I wonder, where do they go with their haste?"

The grey eyes seemed to question the Beyond for a moment, then the Fool turned briskly to the Traveller: "But can you not sleep here?"

The Traveller began to lose his temper: "After all what business is it of yours?" he was about to say, but perceiving the benevolent expression of the Fool, he was softened in spite of himself and he only said: "I come from far and I go far."

"But where do you go?" asked the Fool. The Traveller looked him full in the face. Who was this

strange being who thus dared to cross questions with a stranger as though he were an old acquaintance, and yet had none of the rude familiarity of the peasantry. What did it mean, this child-like innocence, this goblin wisdom?

Said the Philosopher to himself: "I will even tell this fool the object of my journey and since no wise man has been able to give me a satisfactory reply, I shall not waste any more time by addressing myself to this simpleton." Then the Philosopher spoke gently to the Fool and said: "I go to seek Truth."

"To *seek* Truth!" echoed the Fool, and he threw up his hands into the air, and laughed so much that he almost fell off the wall. Then suddenly he became serious and said to the Philosopher: "But do you know what is that Truth that you seek? If not, you may find her without recognising her—and if you knew," he added significantly, searching the face of the Philosopher with his piercing eyes, "you would not travel so far to find her. So there!"

He drummed with his heels upon the wall and sniffed the air.

"What a delicious evening to be sure! No, my friend, Truth has not gone to the devil; she is here, now, above us, before us, within us."

"Alas!" replied the Philosopher, "that may be, but even so Truth is difficult to find. I, for example, seek these many years, but I only find contradictions."

"Then why seek?" asked the Fool pensively.

"Well to be sure, what next?" fumed the Philosopher quite offended; "where then if you please, did you find her? you who speak as though you knew everything."

"Yes, I have seen her," said the Fool, "and ever since that day, I ceased to be a man. For to be always uneasy, always grasping, never to be satisfied, that is what it is to be human! In this frenzy, the human race rushes past all the treasures of existence without perceiving them, just as you passed by the glory of the sunset, absorbed in your silly thoughts. Yes, I was human once; how I suffered! but then, after I had thought too much and felt too much, I ran away into nature . . ."

The grey eyes became so gentle, that the Philosopher remained silent, full of wonder.

"But you were asking questions," said the Fool, awaking from his reverie. "Dear me, it is long since I spoke with a human being. How long, I cannot say, since I do not play at carefully dividing Eternity into days, hours, and minutes, in months, years and centuries, as you do. But if you would find Truth, take your hat off. It addles your brains. Do you not understand that all that people call civilisation is in league against Truth? you who are pent up in your houses, and bound up in your clothes, how do you expect Truth to reach you? You fly from nature, which is Truth in the physical world. And if these were physical barriers only that you erected! But the scaffoldings of your ideas! of your systems! you must empty your brain, friend, and then, perhaps Truth will condescend to enter it.

"Be still also and do not rush about over the earth. Truth is certainly not going to run after you when you put on your hundred league boots to chase her and are flying away from her all the time as fast as your legs can carry you! . . . . . And then, of course, you must be silent if you wish that Truth should speak . . . . . .

Such is the pride of men, that a being like myself, who has no roof but the Heavens and no dictionary but Nature, who is simple, who is silent—why they call him a fool! . . . . . And then, love tenderly all that you see . . . you may learn that there are other intelligences than the human, and you may begin to understand these intelligences. Then you will come much nearer to a vision of Truth."

The Fool turned to the little bunch of daisies plunged in fresh water and lifted them tenderly: "This little bouquet is as important as you, and holds the same mysteries.

"You know the stupid game that lovers play, tearing away the petals of the daisies, one by one in order that, dead and dispersed, these may prophecy their destiny. You, savants and philosophers and scholars, you do the same with facts and theories and human beliefs. You tear them away from the flower to which they belong, and you drag these dead things into your studies which smell of mildew and decay, and with that you think to reconstruct a universe—a live universe! And moreover, you are astonished not to succeed in your attempt!" The Fool went into peals of laughter, drummed with his heels more noisily than ever. And for the first time in his life the Philosopher felt himself to be utterly ridiculous.

M. d'Asbeck

THE DISCRIMINATION OF THE SELF

By P. H. PALMER

THE extraordinary growth of what is called Christian Science must be considered one of the most striking among the many portents of an age of awakening. A time there was when the reality of the spiritual order was not seriously questioned, but with the lapse of centuries the minds of men have become more and more engrossed in and mastered by material things, and the certitude which aforetime prevailed concerning the realm of the immaterial has been lost. But the hour of this darkness is passing, some gleams of light appear faintly in the sky, and men are stirring uneasily in their sleep. Vague dreams—incoherent and irrational oftentimes—flit through their troubled minds. There is an intense yearning for the daybreak among all grades of men, and it seems as if there is no new doctrine of the soul, however illogical and ill-evidenced, which can be propounded but it will be welcomed by some few enthusiastic adherents. For any light is better than the Stygian darkness which holds sway over the morasses into which men have wandered.

There was thus a place for Christian Science in the awakening of dormant souls, in spite of its rather obvious guessing at truth and its somewhat *un*metaphysical first principles. Had these been more truly

philosophical and less removed from scientific accuracy they might have failed to fire the imaginations of men and women in the manner and to the extent which they did.

Yet enquiry into these 'principles,' some comparison of this philosophy with those that are older, can scarcely be forbidden, even though we should conclude concerning the philosophy, as of the wine, that the 'old is better'.

Let not what shall be said be construed as an attack upon the more reasonable doctrines of Christian Science —for these also are an expression, though perhaps through a distorting medium, of the innermost Reality which the adherents of Christian Science seek as much as we. The writer has friends in this body also, and their sanity is not to be questioned, nor their goodness of heart, nor their works of mercy, yet the wonder frequently arises as to how much they accept without examination or how far they understand the metaphysics upon which their Science is professedly based. While there is here therefore no antagonism to these, or others like them, there is some attempt to enquire into the premises upon which their arguments are founded, some examination of the metaphysics of the Science (which have nothing whatever to do with its practice of healing), and there is also here a desire to indicate a few lines of thought which may prove helpful to any who are struggling to discern between the form and the substance in this direction.

Surely the 'self-evident' propositions of this Science form the most bewildering medley of words without meaning ever submitted for the unqualified and unreasoned acceptance of men. Be it noted they are not

submitted for our judgment, which is of 'mortal mind' and hence of error! but we are asked to accept without comment, and by a prostitution of the intellect, statements which Mrs. Eddy says are self-evident "*to me*"; apparently not recognising the fact that what is self-evident is so to all normally constituted minds and cannot reasonably be disputed.

Let us at once acknowledge that there is this much of truth which we hold in common, that we both conceive of mind as fundamental to all being, and inseparable therefrom. Perhaps a quotation from Romanes' lecture on 'Mind and Motion' may help to clear the issue:

> Let it be observed that we do not even require to go so far as the irrefutable position of Berkeley, that the existence of an external world without the medium of mind, or of being without knowing, is inconceivable. It is enough to take our stand on a lower level of abstraction, and to say that whether or not an external world can exist apart from mind in any absolute or inconceivable sense, at any rate it cannot do so *for us*. We cannot think any of the facts of external nature without presupposing the existence of a mind which thinks them; and therefore, so far at least as we are concerned, mind is necessarily prior to everything else. It is for us the only mode of existence which is real in its own right; and to it as to a standard, all other modes of existence which may be *in*ferred must be *re*ferred. Therefore, if we say that mind is a function of motion, we are only saying, in somewhat confused terminology, that mind is a function of itself.

Christian Science appears to have taken an inverted view of Berkeley's position, and to be of the opinion that the inhibition of certain tracts of conscious feeling annihilates the external facts from which those feelings arose. If this were all, we would suggest that an operation destroying certain brain centres would be a comparatively easy method of attaining the altitude of abstraction which they seek.

In this comparison of Christian Science and Theosophy we are inevitably led to a consideration of the

varying levels and contents of consciousness, and it is here that the two find their common ground of agreement, while here also is the point of departure to their eventual divergency. Both agree that Reality is One and that forms are not reality, but the Christian Scientist wilfully shuts his eyes, and having discussed the unreality of forms, forthwith denies their existence *in toto*. To satisfy his demands nothing would serve except the Night of Brahm, when manifestation should cease. He seeks not merely to know but to become and to function as the Absolute; and all that is relative and conditioned is incontinently relegated to the limbo of 'mortal mind,' without any accurate disclosure of the nature of this exceedingly useful drudge and whipping-boy.

Theosophic doctrine, from whatever quarter it is given, recognises varying levels of consciousness, but they are not mutually antagonistic or exclusive, and possibly we may conclude that all below the level of Buḍḍhi would be comprised under Mrs. Eddy's term, 'mortal mind'. Herein is some agreement between us, for we also consider these lower levels as in their nature temporary, and in their use illusory (though the illusion has also its purpose). But we do not deny the existence of these lower levels, regarding them as necessary stages in the upward ascent of the soul. Some day we expect to transcend these forms and lay them aside for ever, but not while still prisoned in the flesh which renders the forms necessary and even compulsory. In saying these forms are unreal we do not mean that they do not exist, but that their existence is conditional, changeable, and impermanent, and so differing from the unchanging, uncaused, absolute Reality whose outer

vestures they are. As says the Nature Spirit in *Faust*:

> Thus at time's roaring loom I ply,
> And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.

Further, the Theosophic position is lucid enough when it posits the Ego as possessing these lower levels and functioning there at will. For since these are not Itself, but merely its vehicles, it is plain that when the Ego can adequately organise these lesser instruments they can then be left to function automatically in the affairs to which they are related. For instance, the body can be taught to work without conscious supervision, controlled solely by the automatic reflexes and the subconscious areas of the brain. Similarly the mind when habituated to its regular work will act more consistently when left unattended than when constantly checked and controlled. In witness whereof we need only mention as a matter of common knowledge the fact that with words of whose spelling we are doubtful, the arrangement of letters which first presents itself from the automatic subconscious region is almost invariably accurate, while the result of conscious effort in this matter is often misleading. The true path must thus be found, not in the denial of these valleys in favour of an exclusive devotion to the heights, but in the domination and organisation of the soul's inheritance of faculty upon all levels until they can be left to take charge of themselves and of one another; which, of course, is a condition partly achieved by the race so long ago that we have forgotten its origin, and are only confused if we attempt to recapitulate the steps by which this organised self-domination was reached.

But Mrs. Eddy claims for herself and for her followers a state of consciousness appropriate only to pure, unconditioned being, having no relation to anything outside itself, and this necessarily leads to the venial heresies and pardonable (even lovable) inconsistencies of the Christian Scientist when his life is judged by the deeper implications of his book.

Mrs. Eddy seems also most solemnly to blunder in confounding together the Transcendent and the Immanent. Not only Mrs. Eddy and her followers, but others also, appear to us to miss the way somewhere in their search in this direction. The *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* is quite clear upon this point:

> Nor is there aught, moving or unmoving, that may exist bereft of Me. . . . Whatsoever is glorious, good, beautiful, and mighty, understand thou that to go forth from a fragment of My splendour. But what is the knowledge of all these details to thee, O Arjuna? Having pervaded this whole universe with a fragment of Myself, I *remain*.

But so many appear to confound this unmanifested remainder with the reality within the manifestation.

Mrs. Eddy says "God is Life," and forthwith proceeds to deny the existence of manifested life, *i.e.*, the only life of which we can be said to have knowledge. On our part we say that God is Life, and is in all things, so that the very dust beneath our feet has something vital in it, and this vitality is the secret of such permanence as it possesses. But she sits there firmly declaring that there is no life and hence no God in matter. If this be so we can only remark that her book appeared to us to consist of very material leaves and markings thereon, and the only conclusion to be drawn is this—that since it is a material book it has nothing of life, or of God, in it. A conclusion not

likely to prove acceptable to her followers, but logically following from her own statements.

To distinguish the real from the unreal, the noumenon from the phenomenon, the true and abiding from the false and transitory, is undoubtedly one of the hardest lessons set before humanity in its schooling, and it would appear that the present stage is devoted largely to this problem. The gross materialism of the age, its worship of success, of wealth, of the accomplishment of action, whether good or bad, its strenuousness in outward and material things and the resulting indifference to the larger matters appertaining to the Spirit, are of the gravest concern, and are perhaps insufficiently apprehended by those whose lives are fortunately placed above the fret and corrosion of anxiety concerning material considerations. From this devotion to material concerns arises the indifference, or even antagonism, displayed (not by the masses alone, but also by those whose heredity has given them the opportunity of devotion to higher interests) towards the ancient religions. It also accounts for the decreasing number of those who enter upon the Path through the gateways which it is one of the functions of those religions to keep open.

In the last analysis, all knowledge is a knowledge of consciousness, and to know oneself fully and entirely is to pay less attention to the outward surrounding and circumstance of the conditioned being, and to pay a greater regard to that hidden spring whence arise these manifold activities, these thoughts, feelings, ideals, inspirations, which are not of the external world nor derived thence nor directed thereto, but which merely find occasional form and expression therein.

"Know Thyself," is the ancient word, and if we knew that which we call our Self fully and entirely we should know all that it has been since Time was, we should know all the causes which have conspired together to produce the present effect. At this very moment we are the sum and product of all that has preceded us, and the Self hidden behind the personality of the moment, which personality is often no more than a phase of feeling, holds the record within it of all past racial and individual experience, effort, and achievement.

So the Self lies at the root of all being and experience, and (having attained but 'conditional free will' as yet) expresses itself as best it can through such vehicles and by such means as it can find; ever striving towards Self-realisation, that is, to the expansion and expression of the Real which is the secret of its innermost nature.

But a deeper implication lies here to be revealed. We have already spoken of the individual as the sum of his experience, which must be held to include emotion, reasoning, and devotion. So that the fuller, richer, and more widely diversified those experiences have been, and the greater their depth of meaning, which is the spirit of thought and mental experience, the more complete and rounded will be the individuality, which is one outpouring of the Self. But here lies the stumbling block over which somehow we seem destined to trip, namely the recognition of the Self as something other than its experiences, and apart from them; in short as the substance in which those experiences inhere. This also is of Discrimination, and is seemingly not to be found perfectly by way of the study of scholastic

psychology. Yet perhaps in this connection a further quotation from Romanes may be permitted:

> Each of the mental sequences at that time was a result of those preceding and a cause of those succeeding; but behind all this play of mental causation there all the while stood that Self which was at once the condition of its occurrence and the *First Cause* of its action. It is not true that that Self was nothing more than the result of all this play of mental causation; it can only have been the First Cause of it. For otherwise the mental causation must have been the cause of that causation, which is absurd. Who, or What it was that originally caused this First Cause, is, of course, another question, which I shall presently hope to show is not merely unanswerable, but unmeaning. As a matter of fact, however, we know that this Self is here, and that it can thus be proved to be a substance, *standing under* the whole of that more superficial display of mental causation which it is able to look upon introspectively—and this almost as impersonally as if it were regarding the display as narrated by another mind. I say, then, that the theory of Monism entitles us to regard this Self as the *fons et origo* of our mental causation and thus restores to us the doctrine of Liberty with its attendant consequence of Moral Responsibility.

Thus we again, though this time by the method of modern philosophy, arrive at the conception of a Pure Self, uncaused, *i.e.*, outside our categories of causation, and transcending its own manifestations. But while it transcends these, it is also limited by them, and the manner in which these limitations are set forth by Romanes in the remainder of the lecture quoted from will provide an admirable corrective for those who imagine that 'willing' is 'being,' since it is shown that thwarted will (unable to achieve its object) is no more than desire. This is indeed true and may be shortly stated in this way, that "desire is the will for the unattainable".

But such an attitude as this of Romanes is exceptional among our modern teachers, though on that account it is the more to be welcomed. On the other side, Professor William James, sympathetic and wide

as is his thinking, can yet in a critical moment make no more of personal identity than this, that it is a thought among other thoughts. A thought that persists, if you like, but still a Thought and not a Thinker. This is a helpful view in many respects, but depressing when considered in its relation to the continuance of the individuality, when the particular eddy in the mind-stream which gave it birth shall have swirled at last into stillness and merged itself in the general current flowing elsewhere. We should thus have no guarantee of the continuance of any one thought when the conditions which bound them all together were broken, even though that thought were the thought of ourselves, and Descartes' famous maxim, *Cogito, ergo sum*, being reversed, would become the death-knell of human hope for immortality.

From so desperate a position we are rescued by this intuitive perception of a Self that is not so much the Thinker as the Observer of thought. The writer has often in discussion compared consciousness to a point of observation where the Ego looks out upon conditioned existence. As the eye is a gateway through which the outer world enters upon the soul, or the ear, or the senses generally, so also consciousness is a mind-process, the analysis and synthesis of varied notions and life-experiences, which is observed by the Ego immersed in the stream. We may picture the matter to ourselves as though we were watching the time-flow through an aperture of varying dimensions. When at its widest we are exalted, keenly alert, viewing a wide expanse of the experiential field, which need not be entirely on the physical plane, but may be, and often is, purely mental; when it is narrowed we are dull,

listless, unobservant; while in sleep we might, except for our dreams, consider it to be temporarily closed. Thus we arrive at the conception of a being which transcends the temporal thought of our earth-life, and the conditioned reasoning of the physical brain; and since it persists but little changed through all the evanescent current of life and thought, we have some warrant for our belief in its permanence in spite of bodily dissolution. But this discrimination is seemingly only to be attained by an act of introspection which shall divide not only 'myself' from what I feel and do, but also 'myself' from what I think.

Subject and Object there must be, and neither of these is the thought which relates them. A thought must correspond to some object by which it is evoked even as my thought of a tree must correspond to some real tree, or to some general idea of a tree which my stored-up sensations present to me, so my thought of Self and of Self-identity must be evoked by some reality which, even if it cannot be explained, cannot be explained away. Yet it may be objected here that the object of thought may have no real existence other than as a figment of the imagination, so that my idea of Self may be no more than a fantastic notion of the mind.

But this is merely to shift the ground and not to alter the quality of the argument; for the question is immediately pertinent as to where this figment of a diseased imagination arises. In some diffused, incoherent psychic Nothingness? or in some focalised centre thereof? or will it not prove easier and more rational in the end to concede that Thought and Thinker are not one, but two, and that thinking is not one of the functions of this sublimated Self, but rather a faculty to

be as clearly distinguished from it as are the organs of sight and hearing?—a faculty working by its own laws (which we concisely name Rationality) and presenting the results of its labours to the Self as apperceptions. Thus does the Self become known to us by the method of elimination, of negation, by denying to it all that belongs to the level of its manifestations, and leaving to it no more than substantial—and nothing of phenomenal—existence; or, if we must give to it some positive shape it shall be the Observer, that to which all our life and thought relates, and from which it acquires its consistency and continuity.

The meditative effort involved appears to be twofold. First the recognition of the individuality with its special and particular history, experience, and acquirements, and then the close and indissoluble connection subsisting between it and the one Reality below all forms, even the form of individuation. This is to discriminate the Self from the SELF—the Self inward and individual, derived and conditioned, and the SELF transcendent, unique, and unlimited. And discrimination of the SELF from all forms and external shows must include the discrimination thereof from forms of thought also, for the SELF, this absolute SELF, knows utterly, apart from all reasoning, which is a quasi-mechanical deductive operation, proceeding from the known to the unknown, through a faith that these two must be in some respects equivalent and of one nature.

But the SELF, knowing all things because consubstantial with them, needs not deduction, nor sight, nor hearing, nor any presentation of ideas verbally clothed. '*Esse*' and '*percipi*' are indeed one and the same thing in this high state, and to know the SELF

would be to know absolutely, without the intermediation of any forms of relativity, since relations are between discrete parts, while the knowledge of the SELF is the knowledge of that which is identified with all that is. This is the exaltation of the Mystic, when, lifted above himself, and passing beyond the ordinary forms of mental life, he beholds in one vision 'all he had thought, or hoped, or dreamed'; a state where passion is hushed, reasoning silenced, the outward forgotten, and the innermost reality alone makes its presence felt to the chastened soul.

Now it would appear that the difference here between the Christian Scientist and the Theosophist lies in this, that the former seeks absorption in the Divine by the loss or submersion of the individuality, by a numbing of the intellectual process rather than by its purification, intensification and ultimate transcendence. This method denies rather than affirms, in spite of the positive form of its manṭrams, and hence is negative. The true follower of the Discriminative Yoga, on the other hand seeks to lift himself to a higher level of consciousness, *i.e.*, of *knowing*, by the recognition of the unreal and false, by their elimination from the notions of the mind, by the transcendence of forms of whatever kind, and combining with this an intenser and ever increasing apprehension of the Reality which manifests itself as notion or idea in the mental sphere, as desire or appetency in the emotional, and phenomenally in the physical world. This is of the positive order, and the positive pole is that of affirmation, of building, the synthesis of scattered entities; it is activity and progress. The negative pole is that of passivity, of dormancy; is will-less, retrograde, atavistic and disintegrative.

It may also be suggested as a kind of parable (and indeed all speech upon these matters is parabolic) that the Divine has also its subliminal and its supra-liminal consciousness, and that the Christian Scientist immerses himself in the former, while the discriminating seeker climbs the mountain peaks to find the latter. In a way the one is concerned with the Immanent, vainly imagining that this is all, while the other endeavours to proceed through the Immanent to the Transcendent. The Christian Scientist loses his individuality, his separateness, by deprivation: he attains Nirvāṇa in the popular but misunderstood sense, loses himself in the All to gain, and to give, nothing. He becomes the All, or imagines he does, but the All does not enter into him. But the true contemplative regards himself rather as a centre through which, when cleansed and purified, the Other which is not This, may find a channel for outpouring, so that This may eventually become the Other by means of these selected and specialised centres of interpenetration, illumination, and transmutation.

For the problem is also two-fold in this respect: having discriminated the unreal to discriminate the Real as well. It is not the recognition of falsity (negative) but the knowledge (positive) of truth which shall make us free. The Christian Scientist has attained to a knowledge of the transitory nature of forms, but does not appear to have discovered the Real notwithstanding, for he mistakes the form of his attempted apprehension of the Divine for the Divine itself, and rests content in a form which is none the less a form although it appears to be new, and which, must not be considered as true intuition or mystic knowledge *because* it is delirious and incomprehensible. Indeed the writer can but enter his

protest at the unmeaning nature of the phrases which contain the 'Articles' of Christian Science—words without meaning and strung together—and it is doubtless true that whether read forwards or backwards, or in any other way, they mean the same thing, but what that meaning is cannot be discovered by the 'mortal mind' of the average man. The Reality as the heart of things may not be Rationality, or that word may not be an adequate definition thereof, but Rationality is one of its manifestations, and we suppose one of its permanent attributes also, and nothing is gained by the ignoring of forms; the only real gain is in their mastery, the only real progress possible is by recognition of the forms, not by ostrich-like heedlessness of their presence.

At this point it may be well to make some reference to the problems of pain, disease and sin, for the Christian Scientist has been taught to hold some rather peculiar views upon the matter. Now pleasure and pain are both affections of the conscious state, and of these more than of all else it is true that they have no existence except in our knowledge of them. They are subjective conditions set up in the mind by the meeting of the world without and the world within, the insurgence of the Not-I upon the I; and the twin conditions of disease and pain carefully considered, would appear to provide a working model of the difference between 'things-in-themselves' and our knowledge of them. For pain, as a conscious state, bears no sort of likeness to the disease from which it arises. Indeed we may, and often do, experience feelings of pain without being in the least aware of the nature of the physical cause, and were there no other source of information than our pain-feeling we should remain ignorant of the character of

the most common ailments. Disease is distinctly one thing and our pain-consciousness another, belonging to two different orders of being. Now the mental denial of pain-feeling may be so complete as to obliterate the feeling from the consciousness, but this by no means implies that its physical counterpart, or cause, is destroyed.

The Christian Scientist, denying the validity of his sensations of pain and disputing the existence of the disease which has appeared to manifest itself in his 'mortal body,' does not behave consistently when he admits the presence of those joys and pleasurable feelings whose place of origin is identical with that which produces his pain, *viz.*, a visible, tangible, extended world, of which his body is part.

The question which faces us would appear to be, not whether one shall deny or confess the existence of either pain or pleasure, or the existence of a pain-provoking world, but whether we are to be ruled by these affections of the conscious state, or shall not rather rise above them, rejecting them as motives or compulsions to conduct, and ruling our souls by reference to a higher ideal. The horror of pain, sin, disease, and all *unpleasant* things displayed by the Christian Scientist, while it is the antithesis of morbid asceticism, inevitably must lead, if logically followed out, to some taint of selfishness or self-seeking, or hardness of heart, even in the best of them, being indeed an ever-present motive for choosing personal ease and gratification.

Thus is the choice ever before the soul—whether to live in the outward-seeming, seeking pleasure and avoiding pain, or dismissing both these as alike unimportant, seeking to live in the inward truth ; in stability of soul

regarding the Self as eternal and untouched by the accidental features of the changing external life, but not unmindful of these conditions, especially in so far as they consist of the afflicted states of others.

So we can turn to more satisfactory considerations. Doubtless there are many who will proceed as far as this in their discrimination, that they will relinquish the outward world as not of their being, learning by the transitory and unsatisfying nature of their possessions therein that the Eternal they seek abides not there. Dismayed, and mayhap confounded, by the frailty of the reeds whereon they leaned and the friendships with men and the universe, whereon they had built and in which they had trusted; reduced to hopelessness, though not to despair, by the vanishing of their familiar forms of thinking; recognising with consternation the rapidly dissolving nature of even that which seemed most permanent; they do at last turn inward to themselves for salvation. Shall we approve then, and say this is the end? But it is not the end; indeed to the true Seeker it is no more than the beginning. As says the *Gīṭā*:

> Among thousands of men scarce one striveth for perfection; of the successful strivers scarce one knoweth Me in essence.

For the soul still looks backward to the forms of its own creation. Some yearning for the vehicle of its pain and hard-won learning still lingers with it. Some fear of the darkness, the loneliness, that surround the Deity chills their hearts and hinders their feet upon the path which leads to the perfect day. But the last remaining hindrance upon the pathway is more subtle than the others; closely inwoven with the fibres of the soul's being is its love for itself, for that fleeting phase

of its conscious earthward existence which we call personal. Yet in the end this too shall be seen to be no more than a form (indeed it frequently is but a mood) and hence not eternal. Hard it is to say that That in which I have known myself and in which I have at times seen mirrored the image of the Eternal, That without which it would seem I am *not*, is also but temporary and must pass when its brief season is over. For we no longer measure 'brevity' or 'length' as men do. To us also "a thousand years are but a day" in the making of man; and this coral-like structure or personal feeling, the aggregate of manifold experiences of the outer world and the soul's dealings therewith, must also cease ere the Real beneath it returns to its place in the Real from which it came.

Shall we grieve therefore? If we are wise our tears will vanish in expectancy, for the greater must lie before us since we are leaving the lesser behind; and "when half-Gods go the Gods arrive".

The Life-tree, Ygdrasil, whose roots are in the kingdom of darkness and death and whose upper branches reach the heavens, is no unfit emblem of the eternal substance of our being. For the tree is one and lasting, root and stem and branches are all of one substance and endure through the 'day and the night'.

Though the leaf be gone as to its outer form, its work—the summing up of what it was—remains. Its life, the spiritual essence and value of all its hours of labour and effort, is retained in the age-enduring monarch, who is the permanency of which they are the impermanency.

P. H. Palmer

WHO ART THOU, LORD?

By M. L. FORBES

Who art Thou, Lord, the keeper of the deep,
The builder of the ways by which we go,
Some to the sweetness of the dreamless sleep?

In different ways the world is waking, lo!
That is a mockery which was once divine.
Thy seers have spoken feebly. No one knew.

As from the crater flows the molten flood,
In deadly struggle is the soul athroe,
Leaping to catch the distant call of good.

And floods of light are quenching every claim,
For what was truth and creed of yesterday,
The flight of years gives bitterness and blame.

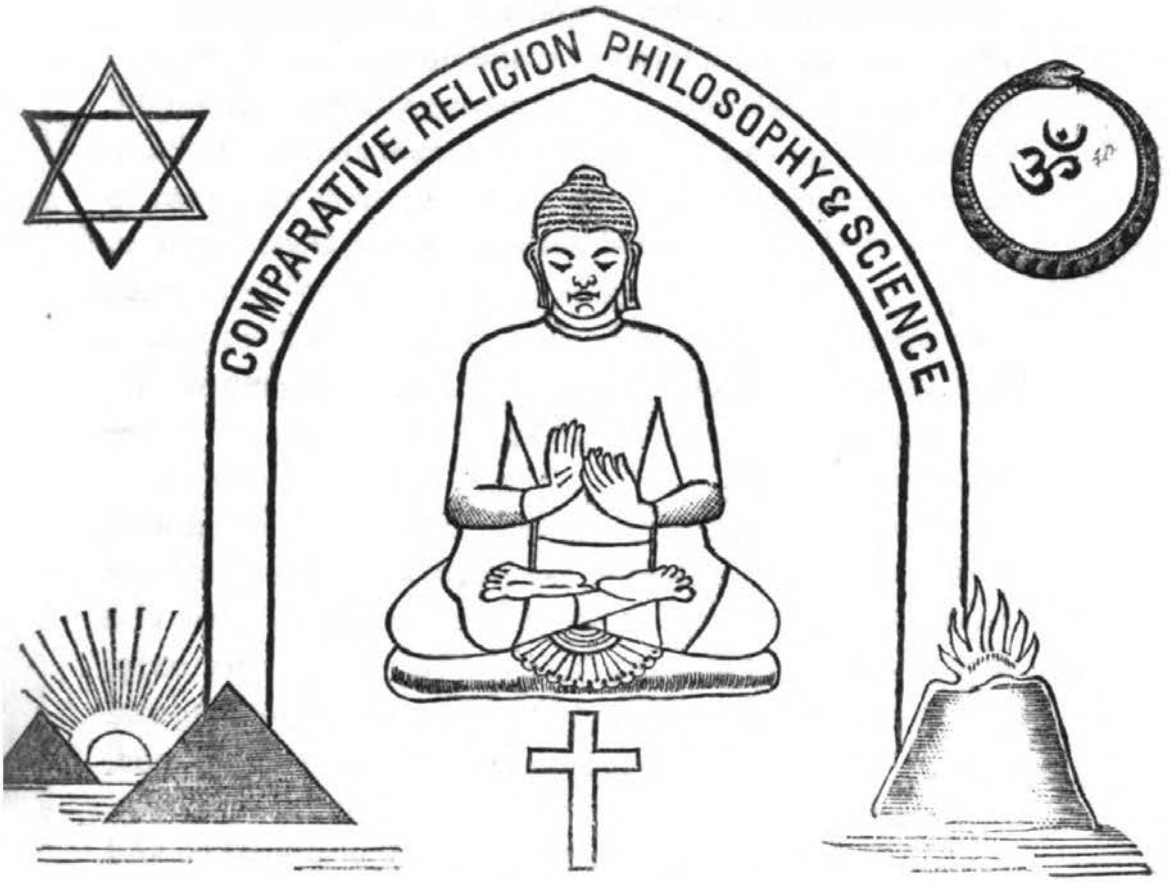
We creep upon our way with shadowed eyes,
Nearing the point, the mystic Hercules.
To it the great round system ever flies.

Gripped in the deadly maelstrom of the night,
Strange whispers haunt the waking hours anew.
Thou art the Angel of the Infinite;

And Thou that Mystery, Thou that Man of Might.
The Waiting Wonder, none shall ever know,
Save he that vieweth that great Star aright.

Out of the depths where stars in whiteness shine,
Like points of light, from a deep blur of blue,
My soul looks up to reach Thee, O Divine.

The record of Thy name is writ afar
In beauty in the everlasting skies.
I lift my eyes, O Crowned Conqueror.



BEFORE THE DAWN

By Eva M. Martin, F. T. S.

THERE seems, in these present days in which we live, to be a great and wide-spreading reaction from absorption in the material facts of existence to contemplation of the deeper spiritual realities which those facts conceal—or rather, which, when looked at rightly, they reveal to us. This is one of the most interesting phenomena of an age that surely surpasses in interest, in almost every department of life and work

and thought, any other of which we possess a record. An upheaval, it may almost be called, of interest in spiritual things, is seen not only in art, but also in religion, and has completely revolutionised the daily life and the mental outlook of immense numbers of people. Some even go so far as to say that material things have no existence, that it is given to us, here and now, to realise, even to prove, that nothing IS save Good. Others, while recognising the present existence of limitation, and consequently of evil, look upon matter only as a veil, grown marvellously thin in places, through which we may perceive the strange and beautiful shapes of the realities of things.

On every side do we find unmistakable signs of this new uprush of spiritual perception. Social reformers have for some time been realising rapidly that the distribution of indiscriminate charity is not the only, and is very far from being the best way of helping the less fortunate members of the human brotherhood. Religious thinkers are gradually realising that Truth, when shut in by barbed-wire fences of prejudice and dogma, has a way of escaping its warders, and springing up in new places beyond the fences which are set up with such toilsome care and guarded so jealously. In a word, they are beginning to think more of Truth, and less of the fences within which it is confined. In many other branches of human activity and interest similar signs of the dawning of the new era may be seen, but my present object is to draw attention specially to those appearing in the realms of literature, music, and art, since in these, as we are often told, lies the truest reflection of the mental and spiritual life of a nation; though indeed the movement of which I write

is in no sense confined to one nation, but is a world-wide movement, of whose breadth and depth only those who are in the heart of it can attempt to judge.

In literature it is to the poets that we must look, first of all, for evidences of the new era; for poets, ever since the beginning of time, have had clearer eyes than the rest of humanity, and ears more delicately attuned to the distant spirit-harmonies which reach most of us only as broken notes and fragments.[1] But it may here be argued that even if we find the signs we seek, no real proof will have been gained, simply because all poetry is concerned chiefly with an inner, spiritual world of imagination. And this is true. All real poetry does—must, if it be poetry at all—let in the light of imagination upon its subject, be that subject never so material; but there is some poetry that deals not at all with the material side, not even with the material beauty, of this so strangely two-sided universe; poetry which may be likened to an open window wherethrough gleam visions and float melodies, fair and sweet, but unfamiliar to our waking eyes and ears. And there is also poetry which, while treating of the beauties of the material and visible world, yet 'sees through' these outer appearances to the hidden beauty of the reality that lies behind.

> We are led to believe a lie
> When we see with, not through, the eye,

said Blake, and it is poems of such 'true vision' that I have in mind. From the present day, back into the far past of literature, poems showing this influence—the influence of Mysticism, we may perhaps call it—gleam

[1] It has been put into a single sentence by one of them: "The literate, the erudite, the learned, mount by means of ladders; poets and artists are birds."

out like shining pearls in the treasure-house of the world's poetry. In all periods and languages they are found. Such poems are concerned with worlds lying within and beyond the material world seen by our bodily eyes; the mystic worlds of loveliness which some poets find behind the eye-delighting world of Nature's beauty, as Wordsworth in his immortal 'Ode,' and 'A. E.' in so many of the poems in *The Divine Vision*; the inner soul-worlds to which others attain through the beauty of religion, as Henry Vaughan in 'The Night,' and Francis Thompson in 'The Hound of Heaven,' and the vast worlds of imaginative symbolism of which William Blake was the great exponent, and with which so many modern poets—especially those of the 'Keltic revival'—have concerned themselves.

In spite of all that is heard in these days about our miserable lack of any great poetical genius, I think it can be claimed that more poetry of the kind just indicated is being written among us now than has been the case in any known epoch of our history. The only period that might—if we knew enough about it—be excepted, is that of the ancient Keltic bards, such as Ossian and Taliesin; but our knowledge is so vague and legendary that we cannot tell whether they were isolated stars, or only two out of many poets whose works are lost to us. Let those who doubt the truth of this claim take at random a dozen books by modern poets. Francis Thompson, Christina Rossetti, Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter, Stephen Phillips, Alfred Noyes, Clifford Bax, A. E. Waite, Anna Bunston, William Watson, Fiona Macleod, Katharine Tynan, W. B. Yeats, 'A. E.,' Alice Meynell, John Freeman, H. E. Hamilton-King, are a few of the names that suggest themselves.

Note roughly how many of their poems are concerned with material things, such as the bodily beauty of woman, nature's outward beauty, or the splendours of human achievement, and how many with things beyond the range of the material senses. I venture to say that the large majority will fall into the latter category. Then let them take any good anthology of English poetry in the past, and make the same comparison. They will find mystical poems, certainly, and some very lovely ones, but even in this wide range of centuries—and much more in any one period—they will find a far greater proportion of love-lyrics, (exquisite and unrivalled in their perfect choice of words), sonnets to the Moon, to Sleep, to Morning, sweet verses to flowers and shepherdesses, odes to Spring; innumerable poems, in fact, inspired by the things whose outward beauty charmed the poet's eye, or stirred his passions and emotions.

I am not attempting to compare the style, or the value *as literature*, of the works of old and new poets. But even in these respects it is notoriously difficult to pass a fair criticism on contemporary work, and we must always remember that modern poets are attempting a task of supreme difficulty. They are trying to confine within the limitations of language and metre the essence of those things "which cannot be spoken". Few of them succeed more than very partially, but the attempt in itself is magnificent, and may it not be that a future generation will carry to fuller perfection the work now tentatively begun? When this happens—and surely there is every hope of it—our English poetry should show forth such a spiritual radiance as will clear away for ever all the old controversy as to the relative value of

thought and its expression. We shall see once for all that the poet's message and the medium of words through which it is delivered—in other terms, the soul and the body, or the ensouling Spirit and the revealing form—are but two sides of the One Truth. If the poet's thought is flawless, the form of his poem must be flawless too. Otherwise he will have created but an imperfect medium, holding an incomplete idea. This is the stage which many of our modern poets seem to have reached. Their spiritual perceptions are further developed than their powers of expression but all honour is due to them because they are, to the limit of their powers, trying to fulfil what we have been told is the true and ultimate aim of poetry—"to keep open the great road that leads from the seen to the unseen". The modern poet's attitude towards life in general, and towards nature in particular, seems to be summed up in these four lines by one of their number (Richard Le Gallienne)—lines very telling in their simplicity, and holding a great truth in a few words:

> Up through the mystic deeps of sunny air
> I cried to God: "O Father, art thou there?"
> Sudden the answer, like a flute, I heard:
> It was an angel, though it seemed a bird.

And now, since there are always those who will scoff at poetry as impractical, unnecessary and useless, let it at once be said that others than poets are pointing the same way, and pointing it no less definitely. By no means can this be more plainly shown than by a consideration of the striking increase of novels lately issued which deal almost solely with the inner, spiritual lives of human beings as opposed to their surface lives of fortune and event. Some there are that go even further than this, that for their

interest depend entirely upon the revelation of some mystic or hidden side of life, in a fashion which no novelist of, say, fifty years ago, would have dared to attempt, even had he so desired. We will take, for the sake of illustration, a few at random. There is *The Column of Dust*, by Evelyn Underhill, a book wonderful in every sense of the word, whose first and last chapters are masterpieces of imagination and of expression. The daringly original conception is in almost every detail excellently carried out, and there is one passage, that of the vision of the 'Shining Tree,' any idea of the beauty of which can only be conveyed by quotation, though it is unfortunately too long to be given here in full:

> It sprang upon her consciousness out of the patchy, sunny world of paving-stones, window-boxes, and pale blue sky; complete, alive, a radiant personality, whose real roots, she was sure, penetrated far beyond the limitations of the material world. She gazed, astonished, into the heart of it; saw the travail and stress of the spirit of Life crying out for expression, the mysterious sap rushing through its arteries, the ceaseless and ritual dance of every speck of substance which built it—that eternal setting to partners which constitutes the rhythm of the world . . . . . It broke, like an imprisoned angel, through the concrete prosperities of the street; its airy filaments enmeshed a light which she had never seen before. In that light it dwelt, solitary: apart, yet very near. . . . She saw each leaf fierce and lucent as an emerald, radiant of green fire: blazing —passionate with energy—a verdant furnace, wherein the transcendent life was distilled, cast into the mould of material things. . . . . It gave her a vision of another universe; of the whirl through space of countless planets, all teeming, feathery, flowery, to the angelic eye, with some such radiant inflorescence as this . . . She saw it thus for an instant, the shining, glassy, pulsating thing. Then, as it seemed, another veil was stripped from her eyes, and she saw it in its unimaginable reality, as it is seen by the spiritual sight; remote, and more wonderfully luminous, the fit object of her adoration.
>
> The Watcher's voice cried within her, "Ah, beautiful, exquisite world! Here at last is the meaning, the Real, the Idea! Why did I not understand before?"

Then there is *The Education of Uncle Paul*, by Algernon Blackwood, a book brimful of spiritual beauty

and poetic imagination. The passages descriptive of the awakening of the winds at dawn in the lost forest, and of the migrating of the spirits of the trees, are the most perfect expressions of a haunting and exquisite loveliness that pervades the whole book. "Who could ever believe that *that* man," says Uncle Paul, of the great child-heart, catching sight of himself in a mirror, "wants above all else in life, above wealth, fame, success, the knowledge of spiritual things, which is Reality—which is God?" And a little further on we find this passage:

> Like many another mystical soul he saw the invisible foundations of the visible world . . . In his contemplation of Nature, for instance, he would gaze upon the landscape, the sky, a tree or flower, until their essential beauty passed into his own nature . . . For him everywhere in Nature there was psychic energy. And it was difficult to say which was with him the master passion: to find Reality—God—through Nature, or to explain Nature through God.

Again, take the following paragraph from *The House of Souls*, by Arthur Machen:

> Now I know that the walls of sense that seemed so impenetrable, that seemed to loom up above the heavens and to be founded below the depths, and to shut us in for evermore, are no such everlasting impassable barriers as we fancied, but thinnest and most airy veils that melt away before the seeker, and dissolve, as the early mist of the morning about the brooks.

And this from Maurice Hewlett's *Open Country*:

> Surely, in a world of wonders, there's room and to spare for the Souls of things, seen only by poets but felt by all country people . . . . So long as youth is clean and quick and eager, so long will Artemis the Bright fleet along the hill-tops —and that will be for ever and ever, the Lord be praised!

And, lastly, this from *The Creators*, by May Sinclair:

> He was a seer; a man who saw *through* the things that other men see. . . To him the visible world was a veil worn thin by the pressure of the reality behind it.

Other novels which could be quoted to the same effect are too numerous to mention, but the similarity of thought in these unconnected passages gives a striking indication of the spiritual forces that are at work. If we look back to the days of George Eliot, of Charlotte Brontë, of Scott, of Fielding, of Jane Austen, of Trollope, of Thackeray and Dickens—who, in any of their times, could have been found to write novels such as those we have been quoting? Who—still more vital question—could have been found to read them? Neither fame nor literary value is here under consideration. The point is that now-a-days such novels *are* written and not only written, but read. Truly, the times have changed, and perhaps Blake, when he said that "if the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite," was voicing no extravagant impossibility (as his contemporaries no doubt considered it), but a truth to be literally realised at no such very distant date. No survey of present-day literature such as this—incomplete though it must necessarily be—can omit Maurice Maeterlinck, a modern seer, who, after suggesting that a 'spiritual epoch' may be upon us in these days, goes on to say:

> A spiritual influence is abroad that soothes and comforts. . . . Men are nearer to themselves, nearer to their brothers. . . Their understanding of women, children, animals, plants—nay, of all things—becomes more pitiful and more profound. The statues, paintings, and writings, that these men have left us may perhaps not be perfect, but none the less does there dwell therein a secret power, an indescribable grace, held captive and imperishable for ever. . . Signs of a life that we cannot explain are everywhere, vibrating by the side of the life of every day.

In another place he says that "perhaps the spiritual vases are less closely sealed now than in bygone days," and in a most memorable passage he suggests that,

owing to this growth of the soul of man, Hamlet, if he were to walk among us now, would be able to say many things for which, in his own day, he (or Shakspere for him) could find no words:

> The soul of the passer-by, be he tramp or thief, would be there to help him. For, in truth it would seem that already there are fewer veils that enwrap the soul; and were Hamlet now to look into the eyes of his mother, or of Claudius, there would be revealed to him the things that, then, he did not know.

Here are a few short extracts taken from a recently published, anonymous book, *A Modern Mystic's Way*:

> There is no power but is His; I and the stuff of my earth and body meet in His Oneness—when I do not forget to see. The world, for me, is full of miracle and mystery, when I do not forget. . . . The light in which the great mystics see, as other men do not, transfigures all their world . . . . they, to whom heaven and earth's garden seem to lie in open sight, are indeed "a chain of stars" in the firmament of man. . . For me the way of these great ones and the brightness of the light they see lie remote. The covering of my world and self conceals both from my sight; but the covering has at last begun to grow translucent, and the divine light is breaking through. . . The heights of heaven must be close to every lower place, as close as heart and heart may be.

And here are some passages from a little book called *Religion and Immortality*, by G. Lowes Dickinson:

> Nothing exists but individuals in the making. All things live, yes, even those we call inanimate. A soul, or a myriad souls, inform the rocks and streams and winds. Innumerable centres of life leap in joy down the torrent . . . the sea is a passion, the air and the light, a will and a desire. . . . . Man is discord straining to harmony, ignorance to knowledge, fear to courage, hate and indifference to love. He is a system out of equilibrium, and therefore moving towards it; he is the fall of the stone, the flow of the stream, the orbit of the star, rendered in the truth of passion and desire. To apprehend Reality is the goal of his eternal quest.

Nor must we forget Victor Hugo, that marvellous genius who seemed to be the forerunner of the time in which we are living now; who, concerning the grandeur of Art, the glory of the stars, of the sea, of the whole

universe, has written—in prose and poetry—words of flame that can never be forgotten. He calls a beautiful work of art, "the eternal affirmed by the immortal," and speaking of a masterpiece he says:

> The glimmer of the absolute, so prodigiously distant, sends its ray through this thing—sacred and almost formidable light by reason of its purity.

Or again:

> Goodness has welled forth from beauty. There exist these strange elemental effects relating to the intercommunication of the deeps. . . . Beauty enters our eyes, a ray, and issues forth, a tear. To love is at the summit of all. . . I have faith that the infinite is the great trysting-place.

With regard to the spiritual significance of form, or expression, of which we were speaking a little while back, he says:

> Beauty is form. Strange and unexpected proof that form is substance. To confound form with surface is absurd. Form is essential and absolute; it comes from the very womb of the idea. It is beauty; and everything that is beauty manifests truth . . . For thought, expression is what it needs must be, a garment of light for this spiritual body . . . The idea without the word would be an abstraction; the word without the idea would be a sound; their union is their life.

In another place he says:

> Man is a frontier. Double being, he marks the limit of two worlds . . . To be born is to enter the visible world; to die is to enter the invisible world. . . . Death is a change of garments. Soul! You were clothed with darkness, you are about to be clothed with light! . . . The whole creation is a perpetual ascension, from brute to man, from man to God . . . True philosophy turns aside from religions, and pushes forward to religion.

Quotations could be multiplied, but we must turn from individual writers to the world of periodical publications. Here we find such magazines as *The Quest*, *The Hibbert Journal*, *The Theosophist*, *Orpheus*, *The Occult Review*, *The Seeker*; all written and all read by people, who, in their different ways—and some of their ways are very

different, I admit—are more interested in the search for Reality than in any material goods the world can offer them. These magazines do not, of course, command huge circulations, but the very fact that so many of them are published, and that they all do circulate to a certain extent—some more and some less widely—in England and America and all over the globe, is a noteworthy one.

It is rather more difficult to trace the growth of this movement in other branches of art; to lay one's finger on a spot and say, "Here it is to be seen," and again, "Here is another sign of it". Yet in painting it certainly burns forth with a clear and unmistakable flame in the spiritual allegories of Watts. It is found also in what have well been called "Turner's golden visions"—Turner, who saw with the eye of the Spirit as well as with that of the body, if ever an artist did. In sculpture it animates the vast, imaginative conceptions of Rodin, who has succeeded in expressing in solid stone and marble such abstract subjects as Thought—in 'The Thinker,' Love—in 'The Kiss' and 'The Eternal Idol,' and the power of God—in 'The Creation'. In landscape-painting, apart from Turner, it is shown (in slighter degree, perhaps, but no less certainly) in the work of so many modern artists that to name any in particular would be invidious. It seems as though artists had been learning to look upon Nature with new eyes, as though their aim were no longer to paint the outward appearance only of a river, a meadow, or a road, but so to reproduce the spirit of the place on their canvas that the observer should at once feel himself *to be there*. In a word, the artist tries no longer (as Rousseau has put it) to "make the picture spring into life upon the canvas";

his aim is rather to remove, one after another, " the veils which concealed it ". With regard to portraiture also, it has been said that " never before, not even by the great portrait-painters of the past. . . . have the men and women of the day been presented with so unflinching and psychological a treatment "; and it would not need a very deep or detailed study of the *best* modern portraits (could such be brought together, as are the best portraits of the old masters) to show the truth of this. Of the ultra-modern schools, Impressionists, Post-Impressionists and the like, it is difficult for an outsider to speak, their work (particularly that of the second class named) being at present so largely the outcome of a state of revolt and transition. But it may at least be said that their aim appears to be the representation of ideas rather than of facts, of the " spirits of things," if one may so put it, rather than of the actual things themselves. Whether this aim is one that they will carry out successfully, time alone can show.

Music presents a still more difficult side of the question, for it is hard for any of us to believe that music will ever attain to more serene and spiritual heights than it reached long ago in the celestial melodies of Beethoven, in the deep and solemn harmonies of Bach. But it is certain that there are in these days more people competent—not only in technique, but also in sympathetic understanding—to interpret the works of these and other great masters, than there have been in any other age of the world, and surely this in itself is a strong sign of the spiritual epoch whose dawn we see approaching! Also, among composers, Wagner and Tschaikowsky—to take two quite dissimilar examples—have given us a new music, full of passionate imagination, full, in

Wagner's case, of an intense poetical Mysticism. Macdowell has shown a wonderful power of interpreting—or rather, perhaps, of reflecting—Nature in terms of music. Débussy, again, has introduced a new style, which, whatever its shortcomings, undoubtedly aims at appealing to the imagination rather than to the senses; and those who should know say that there exist among us young composers, unheard as yet, but none the less, enthusiastic, whose work shows strongly the same influences that we have found in Art's other branches, and who may be the forerunners of a new school of very pure and spiritual music, full of a deep mystical significance.

Of the astounding revolution which has taken place of late in the attitude of scientists towards 'the unseen,' it is hardly necessary to speak here. Two names may be mentioned—those of Professor William James and Sir Oliver Lodge. Says the former in one of his essays:

> The further limits of our being plunged, it seems to me, into an altogether other dimension of existence from the sensible and merely 'understandable' world . . . . we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world, for we belong in the most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong.

But the most casual reference to the published writings of these two men will suffice to show how present-day scientists are discarding, or rather, overreaching, the testimony of the physical senses, and are holding 'open minds,' to say the least of it, with regard to many matters which their predecessors looked upon merely as fit subjects for sceptical derision.

There is certainly no lack of evidence to show this awakening of the spiritual side of man is a very real thing and that it is slowly but surely permeating all life, all thought, and all art.

If there are some who are inclined to doubt the truth of this, and to think that we are, after all, living in "garish summer days," as Shelley called them

> when we
> Scarcely believe much more than we can see,

let them remember that all days have held some narrowness of vision, and that in every age the vast majority of men have preferred to glue their eyes to the surface show which lay immediately before them. The test is in the size of the minority who believe *more* than they can see; who can say in the words of our great modern mystic poet:

> Not where the wheeling systems darken,
> And our benumbed conceiving soars!
> The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
> Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.
>
> The angels keep their ancient places;
> Turn but a stone—and start a wing!
> 'Tis ye; 'tis your estranged faces
> That miss the many-splendoured thing.

Let us rest contented in the thought that those who hear "the drift of pinions" are an ever-increasing company; that the "estranged faces," though still many, are fewer than ever before; that now, more eagerly than in any other age of the world, do men "grope around the walls of life in search of the crevices through which God may be seen".

Eva M. Martin

[To the new men in music should be added the names of the Russian Scriabine, whose *Prometheus* was given in London by Sir Henry Wood, and the Finnish Merokanto whose Cantata was lately performed in Stockholm.—ED.]

THEOSOPHY AND DARWIN

By W. D. S. Brown, F.T.S.

WHEN the time comes for questions at the close of a Theosophical lecture, it is frequently asked—does Theosophy support Darwin? To attempt to answer the question at all fully within the few minutes that usually remain on such occasions is apt to produce an impression resembling chaos more than cosmos; on the other hand to answer simply 'yes' or 'no' is a policy which has decided drawbacks. An unqualified affirmative, even if it satisfies the scientifically inclined enquirer for the time, only accentuates the difficulty which he is bound to find when he goes into the subject from the Theosophical standpoint, and meets with what seem to him quite contradictory statements, such as the existence of man on this planet before the appearance of animals; yet, if he receives a bald negative, he will probably jump to the conclusion that Theosophy repudiates scientific opinion altogether. Nor is one of religious temperament easily satisfied; for though he may be quite ready to brand Darwin as an 'unbeliever' when convenient, the religious position has been gradually compelled to withdraw its outposts and fall more or less into line with the weight of evidence. It is therefore advisable to be able to summarise briefly a few of the main points of agreement and

divergence between these two interpretations of that most elastic word—evolution.

In the first place we must remember that Darwinism is no more a hard and fast creed than is Theosophy. Charles Darwin, perhaps more than any other great man of science, was careful in the extreme to avoid drawing any sweeping conclusions until he had accumulated an overwhelming mass of detailed evidence; and probably, had it not been for the militant loyalty of Huxley, his work would not have won even the tardy recognition accorded to it. But his tireless researches into natural history have placed beyond all doubt the fact that every complex form in nature has developed by slow degrees from some simpler form, and what could be more natural than to point to man as the crown of this age-long process? While others argued and speculated, he constructed a genealogical tree the branches of which could be laid out on the table, showing where some types had shot ahead and others had stagnated or even died out. Gaps there were, and very important ones too, but the broad outline of the picture told its own story, though it had never before been noticed, at least within our memory.

Having established the first principle of a common origin of species, from which have sprung the innumerable types we see around us and can trace in the records of fossil beds, the question immediately occurred—what have been the causes of this variation of species? In other words, why should not the progeny of the same parents all grow up alike? The first answer that naturally presents itself is the effect of the conditions surrounding the animal during its pre-natal and post-natal existence. Some may be better nourished than others, or may be more exposed to danger, but in every case

the one indispensable quality for profiting by environment is *adaptability*. However perfect an organism may be in some respects, unless it possesses the power to adapt itself to continually changing surroundings, sooner or later it is ruthlessly weeded out by the seemingly implacable ' struggle for existence '.

The next factor, to which Darwin gave the now famous title of ' natural selection,' is in one sense the outcome of the effect of environment, as it is evident that opportunity must largely determine the selection of a mate. But, all other conditions being equal, is there unmistakable evidence of an instinct leading animals to choose mates best fitted to survive in the struggle for existence ? Undoubtedly, said Darwin, and so do we, who regard animals as guided by a form of intelligence which, though not yet individualised, reaches a high pitch of psychic organisation. So far we are in full accord with the great naturalist who shares with Alfred Russell Wallace the distinction of having been the first to recognise truths of such far-reaching effect and yet so simple, now that they have been pointed out.

But Theosophy really begins where Darwin left off, and so it might be said that there is a difference of extent rather than of principle. While Darwin quite naturally confined himself to deductions from physical facts, Theosophy boldly claims superphysical sources of information. It does not minimise the importance of physical laws, such as heredity, in maintaining a succession of bodily characteristics, but it also recognises the operation of the evolutionary process in vehicles of consciousness pertaining to worlds of subtler matter, constituting a continuity independent of, and yet controlling and reacting to, the physical continuity.

Again Theosophy extends its researches in point of time to remote periods prior to the existence of this planet, and spreads out over many successive chains of globes the range of growth which Darwin was obliged to cram into the age of this planet. Finally, Theosophy regards the course of evolution not as a straight line but as a circle, or rather a spiral; in other words it regards the evolution of consciousness from matter as the sequel to a previous involution of consciousness into matter, forming a cycle of outbreathing and inbreathing like the winding up and running down of a clock. The significance of this extended outlook lies in the recognition of pre-existing patterns or archetypes towards which evolution is moving with purposive intent and not groping blindly after an unknown outlet.

So let us take as a typical case the familiar question: Was man ever a monkey? Before going further, it may be well to point out that the question, when put in this form, as it often is, savours of a contradiction in terms. It is rather like asking if bread were ever dough. Obviously; so long as a man is a man, he cannot be a monkey. But suppose we suggest to our enquirer that he put his question in another popular form: Is man descended from the monkey? We still have to be careful not to confuse him by trying to explain three things at once. Personally I should be inclined to waive for the moment the subject of previous globes and different streams of evolution, and give the approximate answer: "Yes, man has inherited the consciousness of the monkey, but the possession of individuality which makes him man had not yet been acquired while his ancestors remained animals." We might then take the next step in the opposite direction

with the approximate statement that the monkeys now living will become men, but not on this planet, a reference which opens the way to the second and third points, namely, that the bulk of humanity on this planet emerged from the animal stage on an earlier planet, and that the animals then were not necessarily monkeys as we know them.

But, we can hear our friend say, the beauty of Darwin's theory is that we have no need to go outside this planet; the whole thing has been done here. Well, if our friend feels more at home where he is, he can still pursue his Theosophical studies in other directions without in any way binding himself to decide on a question which is after all more of academic than of practical interest; but later on he will probably find it quite easy to take the plunge into the mysteries of rounds and chains. Even then the difficulties that enter into the history of life on this planet are very considerable from the biological standpoint. For instance, how were the physical bodies of the first men on this planet produced, if they did not pass through the earlier stages, say from the amœba? Then again, how were the bodies of the animals produced? Here, as before, we must admit that Darwin's view must necessarily retain a strong hold on the average intelligence by virtue of its simplicity. It appears to be independent of any reason for belief in superhuman creative agencies or extra-terrestrial forms of existence, and to bring the solution of the problem of life within measurable distance. After all we cannot wonder that it was with a sigh of relief and gratitude to science that thoughtful people shook off the fetters that the antiquated dogmas of creation had imposed, and consequently

the tendency to view with suspicion any reversion to the so-called supernatural is only to be expected.

But if we look deeper we shall find that the highest appeal which the doctrine of evolution makes to man does not consist in saving him the trouble of penetrating into the invisible, but in revealing to him the inspiring truth that his destiny lies in his own hands, and that the ascent of the past is his guarantee for the still greater ascent of the future. What the world has still to learn is that, while the struggle for existence is the law of progress for the brute, the law of progress for man is the law of sacrifice, as One who knows has put it. So our would-be Theosophist, if he really means to understand more, must face the effort of coming out from his snug retreat and meeting conceptions so startling that one can scarcely imagine anyone inventing them. His retreat will not be destroyed, but it will no longer confine him.

The first of such conceptions is the possibility of a body being materialised in finer physical matter, called in Theosophical books 'etheric,' by the thought power of a highly developed being, and being appropriated by an incarnating ego, who gradually densified this 'ready-made' mould for a physical body. This seems to have been the case at one stage at least in human history, when the Barhiṣhad Piṭṛs, as *The Secret Doctrine* calls them, projected their 'chhāyas' or shadows for the less evolved members of humanity to use. It is assumed in the suggestions here put forward that the idea of reincarnation has already been explained.

Apparently some crude human bodies had already been evolved by passing comparatively quickly through the lower forms, as though recapitulating the original

evolutionary stages, on the analogy well known to embryologists ; and this work was given to less advanced egos who incarnated in them. But, as we find in similar cases, after a certain point it appeared to be either necessary or expedient that assistance should be given by highly evolved beings to bridge a gap which the normal course of evolution might not have been able to bridge, at least without great delay. So that to the Theosophist the idea of evolution includes the further principle of assistance rendered by life at a higher stage to life at a lower stage of evolution.

Next, with regard to the production of bodies for the animals on this planet : Here again we must begin by getting a clear idea of another distinct stream of evolving life, in this case at a lower stage than humanity. It is said that the crude bodies already referred to as used by the least evolved human egos were reproduced by a process of exudation ; the actual expression by which these bodies have come to be known, namely 'the sweat-born,' being taken from *The Secret Doctrine*. This process of exudation seems to have provided the material for bodies of lower types, which were occupied by the most evolved of the animal stream. It is reasonable to suppose that a less evolved animal stream started from the lowest rung of the animal ladder about the same time as the earliest human stream, but was rapidly outstripped, and has since made normal but slow progress as a group. In fact the more one hears of the wonderful latitude of the divine scheme and the provision made for every eventuality, the more one realises the extreme complexity of the subsidiary forces and systems interacting within the influence of the one irresistible power "that makes for

righteousness". One can only trace the workings of a few outstanding tendencies and conclude that as soon as any entity is able to profit by a more complex body, such a body is passed on from a higher entity who in turn has discarded it for a still more complex body; of course this does not mean that the same body is passed on, but the physical heredity of its type. The lower entity is often unable at first to maintain the former bodily standard, but nature is lavish as well as economical, and seems always ready to provide greater opportunities than can usually be taken advantage of.

By this time I think we have touched on the main difficulties which confront the student of Darwin on his first acquaintance with the Theosophical view, and with some such general idea he may well be left to follow his own course of investigation. To introduce matters of comparative detail, such as the position of the anthropoid apes, is calculated to obscure the main issues, however interesting they may seem in themselves. Again, the subject of individualisation would require a lecture to itself before any adequate presentation could be given. But, if further information were sought, I should unhesitatingly recommend a thorough examination of Mrs. Besant's masterpiece *A Study in Consciousness* before introducing anyone to the real Gordian knot—*The Secret Doctrine.*

Perhaps it may not be presumptuous to conclude with the hope that our lecturers will not overlook the work of such great minds as Darwin, who, without the advantages that we in the Theosophical Society enjoy, have paved the way for a revolution in public thought of which we now reap the benefit.

W. D. S. Brown

A FRAGMENT

By THE REV. C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, M. A., F. T. S.

(From an unpublished book *Theosophy and Christianity*)

BEFORE we bring this chapter to an end, it will be well to make one last attempt to indicate the difference made in the inner life and thoughts of one who passes from the sectarian to the universal Christianity, from the *soi-disant* orthodoxy to that true orthodoxy, which is Theosophy, and which, though words may hint at, they can never contain—for it is Life.

The man who makes this passage knows that he has passed from a world of opinions and intellectual theories, a thin world of ghosts and dreams, a world of untenable positions desperately defended, to a world of realities. He seems to himself to have broken through a shell, a crust of theological thought-forms, and to have come out into the light and air. That light will shine yet brighter; that air, so lucid, will become still more clear for him, as he passes through the great Initiations, the emancipations of consciousness, which still await him.

But even now he stands in a region of freedom and reality. Timid colleagues had warned him of the dangers of letting go of the hold to which he and they

were clinging in the darkness. Behold, he has let go, and beneath him, just beneath him, was the solid ground, the Rock of Truth. His ears are filled with a harmony which makes the old party war-cries, the babblings of orthodox and liberals, the voices of critics and anti-critics, sound thin and strange and far away. He opens his eyes and sees: the immensity of the All, incomprehensible, eternal, beyond praise or prayer, and yet, mystery of mysteries, our inmost Life, the Self dwelling in the hearts of all the lesser selves. And seeing this, he longs to speak to his fellows, full of fears, distresses, worries, absorbed in microscopic controversies, the good tidings of great joy, and to say to them:

> That which thou art thou deemest not:—so vast
> That lo! time present, time to be, time past,
> Are but the sepals of thine opening soul,
> Whose flower shall fill the universe at last.

For he sees, in this clear night of the soul, the star-studded heavens. Millions upon millions of suns; and each of them, with its attendant system of worlds, visible and invisible, the expression of a LOGOS, the speaking of one of the Words of the Ineffable.

He lifts his heart to the Lord of his own system, that Father of gods and men, who, "for the bringing of many sons unto glory," pours forth His Life into matter, whose Eternal Christ dies and lives that we may live for ever.

Here is the God of Religion, the God who asks our co-operation and our service, the glad, conscious service of sons. Of sons and yet of brethren; for we, so tiny, and He, so unutterably great, are, infinite as the gulf must seem, yet truly brethren, sharers in the Undying Existence, Words, great and small, of that Eternal. For Life is One.

He sees, too, the evolution of humanities, and the countless hierarchies of beings, on all planes: and he sees how the elder ever help the younger, the stronger the weaker, the wiser the more ignorant. From world to world, from system, it may be, to system, flash the mighty 'missions of help'. And we too, even we, when our purification and perfection are accomplished, to humanities as yet unborn "shall bring the strength of conscious divinity, and feed them with the bread of life". He sees the vision of that true Catholic Church, the multitudes of enfranchised spirits, dwelling on planets, visible and invisible, of all these myriad million Suns, new-born into consciousness of their own divinity—that Church whose mighty Pontiffs are the Lords of universes, whose priests and teachers are the "spirits of the just made perfect," the Masters of the One Wisdom, whatever form, in other systems, They may wear; whatever tongue They may speak.

This, and no sect upon a minor planet, is the "Holy, Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints" in whose ranks he will be enrolled, when the first of the great Initiations—of which our baptism is but the symbol and the promise—makes him "safe for evermore" and imparts to him the true second birth.

Has he lost his Creed, or denied it? Rather, he has but begun to understand its true greatness, and to see that those who framed it and preserved it builded better than perhaps most of them knew. And then, perhaps, when all stammeringly, he tries to speak of that which he has seen, tries to help another to catch that Vision which brings peace, he shall hear one say, politely but firmly, 'heresy'.

Poor minds of men, who, like creatures struggling in a trap, will bite and wound the hand that tries to free them from the thought-prison they have made for themselves.

But only peace and good-will should move him who has begun to see. For was not the Lord of Love Himself, when, seeing with perfect and undimmed vision, He came amongst the blind, accounted the chief of heretics? Did they not "slay Him and hang Him on a tree"?

And is not this the best and bravest work to which we who are alive to-day—in the hush before the dawn—can devote ourselves: namely, so to labour, so to teach, so to prepare His Way, that, when next He comes to offer men the Light, they may not call it 'heresy'?

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff

THE WHITE ISLAND

By THE REV. ROBERT HERRICK (XVII CENTURY)

(This poem should be read in connection with the description of the 'White Island' in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* and of Sanat Kumāra, the "Eternal Virgin Youth". The coincidence is so remarkable as to suggest that it is more than a coincidence. Italics are ours. Can Herrick have been inspired, consciously or unconsciously, by Thomas Vaughan?)

In this world (the Isle of Dreams),
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes
Reciting:

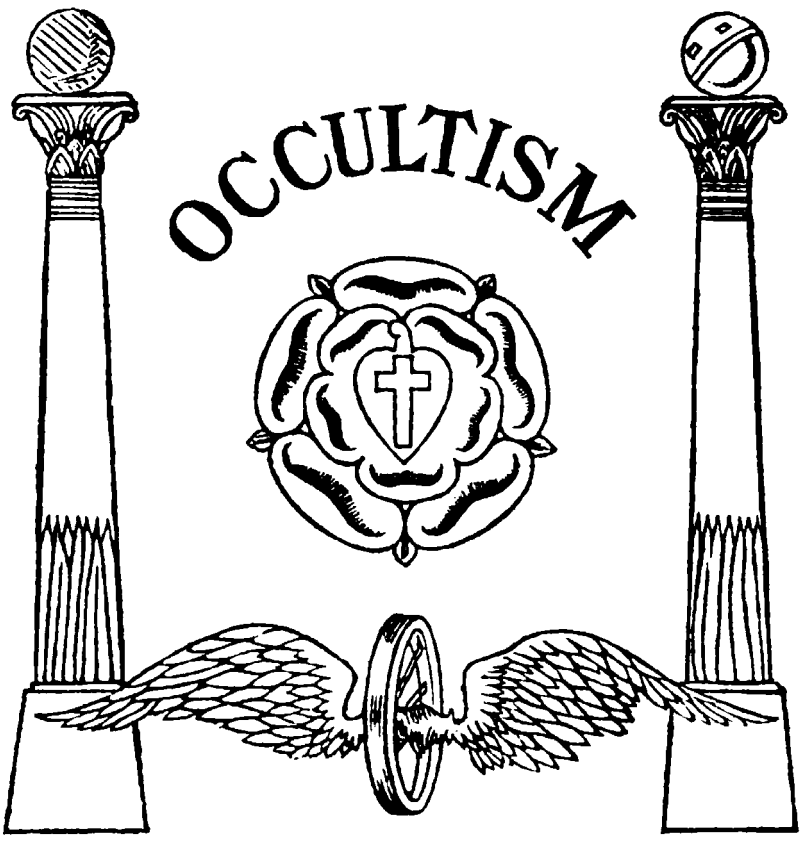
But when once from hence we fly
More and more approaching nigh
Unto *Young Eternity*
Uniting

In that *Whiter Island*, where
Things are ever more sincere;
Candour here, and lustre there
Delighting:

There as monstrous fancies shall
Out of Hell an horror call,
To create (or cause at all)
Affrighting;

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But *eternal watch* shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
The immortalised, and you;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.



SEEING THE AURA BY THE AID OF COLOURED SCREENS

By F. C. WEHMEYER, F. T. S.

FROM time to time it is pointed out that, owing to different causes, Theosophy has not gained the attention it deserves among the leaders in the world of science and thought. Probably one of the most important of these causes is that it has not been possible for the truths which are the foundation of the Theosophic view of life to be verified by more than a very few persons endowed with special faculties and senses. But it cannot

be expected that unverified statements coming from a few persons declaring themselves to be in possession of hitherto unknown powers, can be regarded as more than, at the very most, hypotheses by present day humanity. But if only a few of these hypotheses could be verified in a strictly scientific manner, interest and respect for Theosophy would surely increase.

It is true that rumours are sometimes heard of science having proved the truth of one special teaching or other. Such rumours have their source in the circle of the initiated, but are often premature or exaggerated. It often happens that someone lays claim to having made a discovery or proved something by means of experiment, which experiment, however, does not stand the test of unbiassed investigation; and such discoveries may have nothing whatever to do with science. It must be borne in mind that nothing at all is proved if, for example, on any single occasion, that which is thought to be the aura, or thought-forms, or anything else of the kind, can be seen or even photographed. Such photographs may possibly be taken when the circumstances are exceptionally favourable. But these spirit photographs can be regarded only as curiosities without any real value as proofs. Nothing is easier than to produce such photographs artificially, for which reason no more reliance is to be placed upon such a photograph than can be placed in the person who took it. Only in the case of the possibility of one and the same experiment being *repeated* at any time and by any competent person, has it any scientific value.

Nevertheless, all the attempts which have been made up to the present to investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man on a purely

scientific basis are of the greatest interest. For only to the extent which official science succeeds in penetrating into these branches, and adopts the truths of Theosophy, can these truths be expected to become universally accepted in the world. Attention was therefore justifiably aroused when, some time ago, Dr. Kilner, whose experiments compare favourably with those of his predecessors, declared it to be possible for ordinary non-clairvoyant people to see the aura with the help of certain screens containing a solution of a blue dye, dicyanin. These blue screens are used as follows: A darker screen is first looked through against the light for half a minute, after which the subject of the experiment, who must be standing against a black background in a semi-dark room, is looked at, either through the lighter coloured screen or without any screen at all. A sort of blue-white haze can then be seen around the person in question. This haze is that which, in Theosophical literature, has been given the name of the health aura.

It is natural that a number of questions should arise at this point. For example: What is the cause of this particular chemical, dicyanin, having this power, or is it possible that other dyes could be employed? Why cannot any blue glass be used? And what connection has the phenomenon with Baron Reichenbach's Odyle?

With the object of solving these and other questions, the writer, in co-operation with others interested in the matter, undertook a series of experiments, the result of which was as follows:

To begin with, it was necessary to make sure that it really is the aura which is seen, and not something else. We found, however, that we could not see the haze

round a chair, a piece of white paper or other objects without life, but only round living beings. Further, we found it to be subject to the influence of the will, as, indeed, Dr. Kilner has pointed out. Finally, we ascertained that several persons could see it, and saw it without help or previous use of any sort of screens, in the same way as other people with the aid of such. The conclusion must therefore be drawn that there can be no question of an optical illusion produced by the screen.

Unfortunately, in spite of repeated attempts, we also found that everyone was not capable of seeing this aura. Some only see indistinctly what they describe as a dim grey-white smoke around the head and hands of the subject, or only think that the black background seems lighter near the body. Those who see better describe the phenonomen as a blue-white haze which surrounds the body at an equal distance, this distance differing from one to three feet. Sometimes the colour of the haze is described as bordering on violet, and good psychics see the aura violet, more blue on the right side and more red on the left. The striation of the aura is decidedly more difficult to see. Near to the skin is a darker border, as may be seen on plates XXIV and XXV in *Man Visible and Invisible*. We found that the majority could see the aura more or less. Of twenty-two people who made the trial, five could not say decidedly if they saw anything or not, eight were uncertain if what they saw was imagined or reality, while nine said definitely that they saw distinctly.

As I have already said, the screens are not a necessity for this experiment, and, for this reason, it is easy for anyone who wishes to do so to make a trial. The only thing necessary is a room in which the light can

be exactly regulated, and a black background. The main thing is for the light to be regulated so that the room is neither too light nor too dark, but in half-darkness, in which it is only just possible to distinguish the contours of the face and hands of the subject. I am convinced that about fifty per cent of all who make a trial will be able to see something of the health aura.

THE SCREENS

We have not only experimented with Dr. Kilner's screens, but also with a great number of others in all possible colours, and have found that dicyanin screens, although they can be of great help to some people, are not absolutely necessary and are of little use particularly to those who only see indistinctly. Any blue glass is not, however, equally good, for one cannot always depend upon the light that comes through the screen consisting of blue rays only, it being often a blend of a number of different coloured lights giving the impression of blue to the eye, which cannot distinguish the different components from each other. But if such a screen is examined with a spectroscope, the different sorts of light which are transmitted can be distinguished one from another. The result of examination with the spectroscope gave first proof to us that the screen, besides transmitting the blue light, must also be pervious to a certain amount of the red light, if it is to be of any use. Later on, we found that the principal thing was that the screen should absorb the yellow and orange-red rays, and that part of the green ones should be weakened, after which mainly the blue and some red rays remain, these together giving the light, which penetrates,

a purplish-blue colour. Any screens which fulfil these conditions are as good as the dicyanin screens.

This seems to have some connection with the fact that when the aura is seen through a pure blue glass, or in blue light, or after previously looking towards the light through a blue glass for some minutes, it has quite a different appearance from that which is seen through a red glass or in red light. In the former case, it seems more compact, like a white smoke which gradually becomes denser round the subject. In the latter case, it seems more transparent, like rays coming from all parts of the body, especially from the finger-tips, which seems to indicate that this aura really consists of two auras of about the same extent, the colours being red and blue respectively, although on account of the dimness of the phenomenon and the difficulties of observation, it is not possible to be certain of the colours. The following explanation has been put forward by Dr. Kilner: he suggests that using a screen entails a certain change of the visual purple in the eye, and that this alteration enables a person to apprehend rays a short distance beyond the ordinarily visible spectrum.

THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS

As is known, white light consists of a scale ot colour-tones, of which a normal eye is only capable of apprehending a small number which lie within an octave which has seven colours from red to violet. We cannot apprehend light of a greater wave-length than the red, or of shorter wave-length than the blue and violet, although the presence of the same can be proved in different ways; *e.g.*, the ultra-violet, on account of its influence on

the photographic plate. A theory has now been advanced that etheric clairvoyance and the faculty of apprehending these ultra-violet rays is one and the same power.

This is an explanation which seems very plausible, and which only has the fault of not agreeing with facts; for both Dr. Kilner's aura and Baron Reichenbach's odylic light can be seen through a screen which completely shuts out ultra-violet rays. In the same way, by means of a screen which completely excludes infra-red rays, but transmits visible light, we have convinced ourselves that these rays do not convey these sense-impressions either. The hypothesis has also been advanced that the seeing of this aura is caused by light vibrations which lie outside even the ultra-violet zone, which would explain why it has not yet been possible to photograph it. But those who make such suggestions can scarcely know what they are talking about, for the transparent bodies in the eye begin to cease transmitting light when its wave-length is less than the three hundred and fifty millionth of a millimeter; glass becomes opaque at about three hundred, the solar spectrum ends abruptly at two hundred and ninety-three on account of the absorptive action of the earth's atmosphere; and for ultra-violet light of shorter wave-length than one hundred and ninety millionth, of a millimeter, even thinner layers of the air itself begin to become impervious to light.

We must therefore take it that it is ordinary although extremely weak light which transmits these impressions, unless the existence of an entirely new sort of rays, similar to light, is presumed.

By this I do not wish to deny that sensitive persons can really see the spectrum stretching further in the direction of both the ultra-violet and the infra-red, than

ordinary people are capable of doing, although seeing the health aura does not seem to have anything to do with the matter.

The Clothes

As the aura sometimes seems stronger around the hands and head, which are bare, than around the rest of the body, which is covered with clothes, the question arises as to whether the clothes may not have some influence on the appearance of the aura. In order to decide this matter, the following experiment was made. A glove was hung up on a thread in front of a black background, and no aura could be discovered round it. Some one then put the glove on. There was then a decided diminution in the extent of the aura round the hand on which the glove had been put. But it could soon be seen that the aura began to take its original appearance again, and after a few minutes, it was almost as large round the gloved as round the ungloved hand. The glove was then hastily taken off, and a slight aura was then visible round the empty glove, which aura, however, quickly disappeared.

It therefore seems that the clothes and objects which come in contact with the body become charged with an emanation from the latter, not, however, instantaneously, but after some time. After the object has become loaded with the emanation, this last radiates from the object to its surroundings.

Odylic Light

Finally, it remains to decide in what relation this aura stands to Baron Reichenbach's odylic light.

The Baron, who lived in the middle of the last century, discovered that sensitive persons could, in the dark, see a faint light emanating from metals, magnets, people's hands, *etc.* It is clear that there is an important difference between Baron Reichenbach's odyle, which demands absolute darkness for observation, and Dr. Kilner's experiment, in which a certain, if only a very slight, illumination is necessary. Further, many more people can see the health aura than are capable of observing the odylic light. Among the twenty-two persons with whom I undertook the experiment, I have only found three who could *see the latter.* More than this, Dr. Kilner's screens are of no help in the experiment with the odylic light, but rather the contrary; and further, the odylic light and the health aura are considerably different in appearance when they are seen by persons who are not clairvoyant or extreme psychics. The odylic light generally confines itself to more or less luminous spots, *e.g.*, around the finger-tips, the eyes, the mouth, the solar plexus, *etc.*, but does not generally appear as a complete aura surrounding the body at a distance from it, except to more clairvoyant people who are said to be able to see this light, in both light and darkness, in the form of an aura with the ordinary colours, red on the left side and blue on the right. It must be remembered that the same phenomenon can appear in quite a different way, according to the degree of clairvoyance the seer is in possession of.

It should not be impossible to bring one of these phenomena within reach of official science, by means of improving the methods for their observation in one way or another, so that anyone could see them, or so that they could be photographed at any time. In this

way the border would be passed to the worlds in which the will can directly influence matter, and where there is proof that consciousness is able to work independently of the physical body. But apart from this, we can foresee that such a discovery would be of the greatest importance for medical science, for if it is the etheric body which keeps in health the physical body, and through its activity prevents its dissolution, it is certain that knowledge of this activity and of the changes in the etheric body would be of tremendous importance. Dr. Kilner seems to have been of this opinion. But all this could only be on the condition that at least ninety per cent were able to see instead of scarcely fifty per cent, or that a new, sure and unfailing method of making ether-bodies and auras visible were discovered.

F. C. Wehmeyer

THINKING HORSES

By WILLIAM H. KIRBY, F. T. S.

MANY will remember the interest aroused some years ago by the extraordinary mental feats of a horse called Hans belonging to a Herr Von Osten. Herr Wilhelm Von Osten, who was a retired teacher, had begun as early as 1890 to notice how responsive horses were to patient educative methods. He had however only succeeded in teaching Hans I numbers up to five when, to his great grief, the horse died. It was not until 1900 that Von Osten recommenced his experiments with another horse, Hans II, or Clever Hans,[1] a Russian stallion of about five years old, of excitable and nervous temperament. This horse underwent a long course of mental training and was gradually taught his numbers by means of ninepins. The system of teaching was most elementary. Herr Von Osten would take one ninepin and place it in front of the horse; then taking hold of the horse's foreleg he would raise the hoof and then beat it down on to the ground again saying: "One," and indicating at the same time the ninepin with his free hand. After some weeks of patient work, the horse having understood what was required of him, his teacher proceeded with two, three, and more ninepins until the horse was able to count up to about fifteen. At this point Von Osten began teaching Hans addition. Two ninepins would be put in front of the horse, then two more were shown, and as the teacher said "Two and two are four"; the process would be materially

[1] *Der kluge Hans.*

indicated to the horse so that presently the horse's understanding awoke to the fact that a total was required of him from the addition of two separate items and he soon began giving all his totals correctly, showing he had understood.

Following on these methods, with but slight variations, the horse was taught his alphabet, more advanced stages of arithmetic, and the comprehension of a limited vocabulary of words. The letters corresponded on a specially designed table with certain numbers, and the horse indicated by rappings with his hoof the desired numbers or letters as the case might be.

The wonderful perseverance and tenacity shown by Von Osten in these his earliest experiments are fully dealt with by Herr Krall, his present-day successor, in his book[1] to which the reader must refer for all particulars and details which it would be too lengthy to relate here.

When Herr Von Osten began first to invite public attention to the remarkable results he was obtaining with Hans, he was universally ridiculed and the whole thing was not taken seriously. It was only in 1904 that an article[2] by General E. Zobel, who had been present at, and much struck by some of Von Osten's experiments with the horse, drew the attention of large numbers of officers and others to the displays of equine sagacity offered by 'Hans, the Wise'.

Soon controversies arose and publicity grew by discussions in the newspapers and press between those who had witnessed and believed in Hans' exceptional powers and those who, whether they had seen the experiments at first-hand or not, had endless arguments for declaring

[1] *Denkende Tiere*, by Karl Krall, published by F. Engelmann, Leipzig, 1912.

[2] Published on 7th July, 1904, in the *Weltspiegel* and quoted in Krall's book.

the whole thing impossible, and, if not fraudulent, at least the work of a trickster who no doubt wanted to make money out of the horse. Trainers and circus-masters went so far as to offer to buy the horse for show purposes. But Von Osten not only steadily declined, but disproved by so doing the money-making theory. His reserved and retiring nature disliked intensely this controversy round him and his horse; yet he was bent on proving, not to the general public of ignorant scepticism, but to the trained discrimination of the scientific world, that his horse presented elements worthy of the most serious attention on the part of psychologists, biologists, zoologists and scientists in general.

For this purpose, though an attempt to bring the Hans' experiments before the Sixth International Zoological Congress of August 1904 was unsuccessful, in the following September, Von Osten obtained that a commission of thirteen members composed of zoologists, veterinary experts, psychologists and a circus-master should examine the whole question and pronounce on Hans and his alleged mental performances. The first point to establish was whether, consciously or unconsciously, Von Osten communicated to the horse the required answers to the questions put to him. After two days of experiments the commission declared that not only could trickery be excluded, but also that the unconscious communication by Von Osten of the solution of questions did not exist, since the horse gave successful answers both when Von Osten was not present, and also when he did not know what was the answer required. Hans furthermore gave on one occasion the correct answer when the questioner, by mistake, had been expecting a quite different one.

The result of this commission constituted a great success for Von Osten; but soon after, a smaller commission of three members, of whom a certain O. Pfungst was one, re-examined the horse and published a declaration which not only denied to Hans any thinking capacity, but alleged that Von Osten and other experimenters communicated the required replies, unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless in effect, by some slightest motion or signal that the horse understood. Not content with this, Pfungst published in 1907 a whole book [1] containing particulars and diagrams of his alleged explanations.

Though this book at the time damaged to a great extent public belief in the genuineness of Von Osten's experiments and delayed the pursuance of scientific investigation into the remarkable results so far obtained, it could not impede the existence of facts as they really stood, and as they were known to those who believed in Von Osten and his patient perseverance.

There is no need here to go into the specious and and meticulous objections raised in Pfungst's book. Small and narrow 'scientific' criticism such as his can delay but cannot hinder the progress of enquiry and knowledge. We have known this type of would-be-scientific sceptic in all investigations outside the beaten track into the super-normal.

Pfungst's book was successfully criticised and demolished in course of time by Herr K. Krall both in writing and in fact; for not only with one but with many horses has Herr Krall been able to repeat and excel in every way all that Von Osten had done with Hans. Moreover he has done it under conditions which have

[1] *Das Pferd des Herren von Osten* (Der kluge Hans), Leipzig, Barth, 1907.

satisfied scientific men of European repute and far better known than Herr Pfungst, whose objections have been thoroughly gone into and negatived by apposite experiments and detailed counter-criticism, as well as by the resulting facts.[1]

It was the meeting of Von Osten with Herr Karl Krall, a wealthy retired jeweller of Elberfeld, in 1905 that led up to the re-establishment, in the public opinion, of Hans' 'wisdom' and of Von Osten's reputation as the original discoverer of all that has since been proved possible to obtain from equine intelligence. In methodical fashion Herr Krall convinced himself independently of the sincerity of Von Osten and the objectivity of the experiments. The results he obtained were such as to cause him to engross himself in the particular nature of the scientific problem before him, and to decide to pursue with Von Osten further investigations.

After the finding of the Pfungst Commission it was necessary to endeavour to obtain results without any possibility of the horse discovering the solutions of problems put to him, except by processes of intelligent thought. So Hans was blindfolded with large eye-covers, and his questioners eventually were able to make successful experiments at a distance of eight yards, or twice as far away as the four yards at which Pfungst had said that experiments had been generally unsuccessful. At first, and indeed for some weeks, the results were negative and it looked as if the new conditions deleted from the horse's mind all previous training, since his answers were practically all incorrect. But Von Osten and Krall continued with

[1] Cf. *Denkende Tiere*, by Krall—Chapter on *Die Zeichen hypothese*, and O. Te Kloot *Die Denkenden Pferde Hans Muhamed und Zarif* (Berlin, Borngraber, 1912).

patient perseverance and at last were rewarded by correct replies under conditions which utterly negatived Pfungst's objections of visual communication. All other kinds of signals or communication of replies between questioner and horse, Pfungst himself had admitted could be excluded. It was therefore established that, independently of the experimenter, the horse could and did reply intelligently and correctly to some questions put to him and showed thereby a thinking process.

This was the first great step definitely accomplished, and from then onwards Krall decided to pursue the matter methodically and privately until a whole continued series of results should form so overwhelming a testimony of evidence as to exclude in the future any doubts as to the genuineness either of the experiments themselves or of the results obtained. Once these were out of the question, there would be positive ground on which the nature and details of the psychological problem in its relation to the animal and the human kingdoms might be the subject-matter for profound examination by scientific experts in the problems opened up.

This brings me to the reason for and the starting point of this paper. The subject is one that at present is occupying the attention of scientific circles in practically every country in Europe. It cannot but be of very great interest to all Theosophists who study questions concerned with the growth of Consciousness, and the relation between the various kingdoms of nature. So far, little has been done beyond theorising in regard to the soul or the intelligence possessed by kingdoms other than our own. In these experiments we have elements of investigation that open out, for the Theosophist, all sorts of fields of new

and more positive interest in these other kingdoms. We have, for those who recognise Universal Brotherhood —one not different in kind but only in degree—a new reason for an increased sense of responsibility, also of duty, towards that kingdom which is so closely allied in body to ours, and the advanced specimens of which are so faithful in service, so up-reaching in mind, as to overlap and even surpass many of those whose mere physical shape, but not whose mind, makes us call them human beings.

Those who read any work on the intelligence of dogs, horses, elephants, cats, and other of the more advanced types of the animal kingdom will have certainly realised that, with animals as with human beings, one cannot easily generalise as to the degree of intelligence of the whole species. Characters, temperaments, minds differ as much in animals as in men, if only they are studied. One can stultify and render obtuse and dull and automatic an animal by brutalising and unintelligent conditions, just as one can perform that same crime on a man. For instance, an animal treated *qud* animal, merely used, confined, and disregarded, is as dull and automatic a specimen of his species, as is a man who is merely turned into a machine or is brutalised and rendered a drudge by his heartless and unintelligent employers or his selfish incarcerators. The converse is, of course, equally true. By intelligent and patient methods one can uplift and develop the indwelling life. So it is that a vast amount of Divine energy, like steam, in the animal and human frames, instead of being husbanded and utilised for the common progress of the good ship 'Evolution,' in which we are all being carried along, is, through

ignorance, negligence and selfishness, too often allowed to leak, escape, and be wasted, whereby both man and beast are less happy, less understanding, less amenable and useful then they might be. Yet the key of love in the hearts of men should be the means to set this right. If only men and women and children would but use it to pour out sympathy, compassion and understanding towards animals and things below them, as they themselves hope and cry for this and more from those Mightier Ones above them, how much better and happier the world would be!

Herr Krall's experiments in horses, by no means showed an equal capacity for being trained, or equal powers of intelligence. As with men, so with the horses; intelligence differed greatly and some were readily amenable and intelligent in disposition, while others were dull and obtuse. But, on the whole, it was certainly revealed that patience and training could extract much that was unexpected and latent in the horse's capacities. A peculiar facility for calculation, a power of discrimination, memory, quick observation, and many other characteristics came to light to an unsuspected degree, and were capable of development and improvement under systematic training. Doubtless as time goes on, and suitable and sympathetic methods of teaching are evolved, it will be found that much more may be done along the mental training and educational line in bringing closer together, and bridging over the gaps in understanding between, the human and the animal kingdoms, especially in the more advanced types of animals such as elephants, dogs, apes, and cats, to say nothing of the many other fairly intelligent 'friends of man'. For, after all, the amount of the ensouling individual consciousness in an

animal is less easily determined by the mere observation of the "outward and visible form" than by the patient discovery of the "inward and spiritual grace subsisting," revealed by kindness, sympathy, and painstaking processes of mind-training, whereby it can then show forth down here on the planes of manifestation as intelligent thought and action.

From 1905 to 1908 Krall and Von Osten went on methodically and systematically with their experiments notwithstanding Hans' uncertain character and growing fractiousness. This was a period of experiment as to methods and experience in teaching, especially for Herr Krall who, less dogmatic and impatient than Von Osten, was learning through his genuine love for, and insight into, the natures of animals what methods were best, what main features presented themselves. Though the ways and habits of horses have been known since man has called the horse his friend and servant, yet this was probably the first time that scientific and methodical experiments were taking place to probe psychological problems in connection with the horse and his mental powers. For instance, once the horse knew his letters his eyesight could be examined by the ordinary sight-tests with the Snellen letters of different sizes, the results showing that a horse's sight is two-and-a-half times as keen as man's. This and many other facts, expected and unexpected, revealed themselves through the daily course of experiments, carefully written down and signed each day by Herr Krall and those present. But we will come to this presently.

In 1907 Von Osten, the pioneer of this branch of animal psychology, having found in Krall a worthy successor, younger, equally methodical and more patient,

withdrew into the country to end his days and subsequently died in June, 1909.

From 1908 onwards Krall pursued, with redoubled vigour and such improved methods as experience suggested, other and more elaborate investigations and experiments with horses. These now increased in number. Two of the most famous ones, Muhammad and Zarif, both Arab stallions of about two to two-and-a-half years old, were bought about this time, and were at once brought under training along the lines that had proved best with Hans.

One of the improvements in method was the table of letters and figures by means of which the horse could rap out his answers. Hans had simply been taught to rap out figures consecutively with one hoof and this became long and tedious in the case of numbers beyond fifteen or twenty. The following table was devised by Krall, and Zarif and Muhammad were taught to tap with both the right and the left hoof.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
10	e	n	r	s	m	c
20	a	h	l	t	a	ch
30	i	d	g	w	j	sch
40	o	b	f	k	o	y
50	u	v	z	p	u	
60	ei	au	eu	x	q	

Thus units would be tapped out with the right hoof and tens with the left, *e.g.*, the number 77 would be seven taps with the right hoof and seven taps with the left. Similarly, for letters of the alphabet, these have been arranged suitably for their occurrence in German words, the system being that, for instance, to indicate the letter *p*, four strokes would be delivered with the right hoof indicating the perpendicular or unit column, and five strokes with the left hoof indicating the horizontal or 'tens' column. So the letter *m* would be five raps of the right and one of the left hoof, *f*, three of the right and four of the left, and so on. Naturally each small letter also represents its own capital.

I come now to the experiments themselves, and though I cannot write at first-hand of these experiments not having yet been to Elberfeld, I have drawn for my material on reliable published accounts and especially on a paper[1] written by Dr. William Mackenzie of Genoa, with whom I am acquainted and with whom I had the advantage of some conversation after he had returned from a week's sojourn at Elberfeld, together with Dr. Roberto Assagioli of Florence, editor of *Psiche, A Scientific Review of Psychological Subjects.* Dr. William Mackenzie's very interesting paper relating his personal experiences and observations with the thinking horses at Elberfeld was read at the Sixth Congress for the Progress of Science held in Genoa in October 1912, and created considerable interest in this new branch of psychology. Dr. Roberto Assagioli's personal observations are published in the

[1] *I Cavalli Pensanti di Elberfeld,* by Dr. William Mackenzie, Stabilimento Poligrafico, Bologna, 1912.

November—December 1912 number of his own review *Psiche*[1]. I am indebted to both for many of the facts gathered together in this paper.

It appears to be quite clear from the testimony of all who have been to Elberfeld and have known Herr Krall and even perhaps experimented themselves with the horses, that everything is absolutely straightforward and above-board and that Herr Krall himself, who is doing all this for the sheer interest of the thing, at his own expense, and without any idea whatever of pecuniary interest, is a most honest and honourable man, whose whole reputation is against any sort or kind of deception or trickery.

The stable and yard in which the horses are kept are of the quite simple and ordinary description and have been visited with and without the master's presence. The stable boys are just plain, ordinary grooms without any special intelligence and merely occupied with cleaning and looking after the horses.

The horses actually under consideration at the time we are dealing with were: Hans, now sixteen years old, a Russion stallion trained first by Von Osten; Zarif and Muhammad, two Arab stallions, now six years old; two other Arab stallions, Harm and Amasis, three-and-a-half years old and only five months under instruction; Hänschen, a little Shetland pony four years old; and Berto, a big Mecklemberg horse only just bought and whose peculiarity is that he is blind. None of these horses were chosen for any special reason, or because they showed any special capacity. Perhaps only Berto, because he was blind, presented features of distinctive

[1] *Psiche: Rivista di Studi Psicologici.* Dottore Roberto Assagioli, Firenze. No. 6. November—December, 1912.

interest. Each horse shows very soon his own peculiar character and accordingly requires to be observed and known before he is fully responsive to his teacher. Hänscher, for instance, though very intelligent is uncertain and capricious. He may give a wrong answer and then turn round to watch the effect on his audience, and when the latter is silent he will suddenly, of his own accord, tap out the right answer, showing he knew it all the time. So Berto, the blind horse, at whose first lesson Dr. Mackenzie was present, had first to be calmed down; yet after ten minutes of the lesson proper he began to understand Krall's method of explaining what was required of him. He soon learnt to tap with his hoof the same number of times that Krall's finger pressed his shoulder. From this beginning it is easy to see how the repetition of the names of numbers would be phonetically impressed on the horse's brain so that soon the finger-pressures were unnecessary; just as in horses, not blind, the figures on the board, or chalked on a blackboard, could by vision be made to impress themselves on the horse in correspondence with the taps he gave. Mackenzie relates how at the fifth lesson Krall wrote him that Berto was already beginning simple addition of sums such as 5+1, 5+2, *etc.* A word about the hoof-rapping or the 'tiptological' method used for communication between the horse and the man. At first the horse wastes a quantity of force by delivering a formidable pawing blow on to the board, much in the same way that one who learns to write strains at the pen and presses on the nib. But as time goes on these blows become graceful, rapid, little taps, the force and delivery of which already indicate something of what is in the horse's mind. Anyone who is

conversant with 'tiptology' in spiritualistic séances will understand how characteristically eloquent even little taps can be by the way they are given. Impatience can be shown by a short hard blow; fatigue or boredom is revealed by a more sliding and less clean tap, and so forth.

These horses, then, are taught addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and extracting of square root, cube root, and roots to fourth and fifth powers. They are taught the alphabet on the board. They are phonetically taught words in German and French and their meanings, and made to spell them. They are shown clocks and watches, and made to tell the time. They are told phonetically, and by spelling, the names of people round them as also of each other and of their visitors. They are made to distinguish colours and pictures, and to understand divisions of the calendar into days and months and weeks. They are encouraged to express, and they often do so express *spontaneously,* their desires, affections and emotions.

Whereas in the matter of figures they seem to distinguish the written figure or group of figures, in letters, instead, they tend rather to express their words by such phonetic spelling of their own as happens to come best and easiest for them. Thus *Pferd* (the German for horse) they spell in many various ways such as *verd, värd, ferd, vhred, fhrd, frd, pfrd*, and so on. It must also be remembered that the alphabet is taught them letter by letter pronouncing each in the German way thus *s*=*ess* and *n*=*en*; so, curiously enough, the horse when he wants to say the word *essen* (to eat), spells it *sn*; which is, after all, both logical from *his* point of view and shorter to tap out on the board! Similarly if he

wants to spell *hafer* (oats), he does so by the letters *hfr.* which would give the word if the letters are pronounced in German. No one has taught them this and they do not all spell the same, but they have evolved a phonetic spelling of their own and many abbreviations which are not only quite intelligible but also ingenious and logical. I referred above to Herr Krall's book *Denkende Pferde* and his careful minutes of all his daily work and experiments. The book is really the concentrated and careful digest in one volume of fourteen large volumes, of over three hundred and fifty pages each, which contain detailed accounts of fully seven years' experimental work, showing the perseverance and untiring doggedness of one who saw he had a goal to attain and a truth to reveal. There is now no longer, as in Von Osten's time, any doubt as to the authenticity of the results or the problems opened up thereby. Prof. Dr. H. Kraemer of Hohenheim (Stuttgart) has lectured on the subject at the Anti-vivisection Conference at Zurich. Prof. Paul Sarasin of Basle and Prof. Dr. E. H. Ziegler of Stuttgart have signed public declarations attesting the experiments observed by them with Muhammad and Zarif. Similarly, Prof. Dr. A. Besredka of Paris, Dr. E. Claparède, Professor at the University of Geneva, Prof. Dr. Von Bultle-Reepen of Oldenburg, and other eminent and scientific men have thoroughly investigated the whole matter and have issued public statements over their signatures as to the interesting nature of the new problems of animal psychology involved. Furthermore a new society for the study of 'Zoopsychology' has just been created with a strong committee and names of scientific repute.

That the reader may judge of the proficiency to which these horses have attained, notably Muhammad and Zarif, a few examples are given, chosen at random from those witnessed by some of the eminent men above-mentioned. Let it be remembered that training only enters up to a certain point, that is, as to methods and manner of working, but the individuality of the horse and his *thinking* powers are those which engage the attention and awaken the interest.

Zarif, for instance, is asked for the square root of 12,321. Zarif first gives it wrongly as 112 then, immediately afterwards, correctly as 111. A visitor without anyone else knowing the solution asked for $\sqrt{15,876}-\sqrt{12,769}$. This was given at first indistinctly, but soon afterwards clearly and correctly as 13. "Muhammad was asked for the square root of 17,689. He answered wrongly 134. His attention being drawn to the 9 at the end, he corrected this to 133, thus showing a real understanding of figures." Or again, here is a still more remarkable performance: "Muhammad was asked, for the first time, the fourth root of 14,641 which he gave rightly as 11; then that of 1,048,576. This he answered first by 82, then 28, 26, and finally 32. 'Which is right?' he was asked, and answered then decidedly 32. A + (plus) was then placed between the two roots he had extracted and he immediately gave the figure 43." Here is another example related by Dr. Kraemer: "Muhammad was led before a looking-glass. 'What is that?' 'Horse.' 'How many horses?' 'One.' 'What colour is the horse?' 'Brown.' 'Who is it?' 'Ig' [*Ich.* German for I]. 'What is this 'I' called?' 'Mumät.' 'One letter is wanting.' 'Ä' [pronounced something like 'e']. 'No. *a*.' 'What is your

surname?' 'Krall.' '*Who* is called Muhammad Krall?' 'Ig.'" This shows a really distinct understanding of 'I-am-I'.

The horses, like children, appear to like bright colours and have their own rather elementary ideas of beauty. Dr. Kraemer relates another rather pleasing episode. "Zarif is inattentive. 'What is the matter with you? Why won't you go on?' (with the lesson) 'Ig wil aug sn lib uhu fdr' is the extraordinary reply spelt out on the tread-board. This is an exceedingly simple phonetic rendering, in German, of the words: 'I want also to see the dear fowl with feathers.' The desired picture of a cock is shown to the horse. 'How do you like that?' 'Gud!' (good) 'What you like is beautiful, what you do not like is not beautiful. For instance one says: "I think it is beautiful." Now say something to me.' 'I think cock beautiful.' 'That's right. Why do you think the cock beautiful?' 'Han bunt fedrn ht!' (cock has bright feathers)" Another important and determining factor of the utter genuineness of these experiments is the many spontaneous and unexpected expressions which not only could not be prepared by any training, but clearly manifest the horse's desires and feelings at the time. For instance, when Muhammad was tired of spelling the name of one of those present he would suddenly break off and say "Stal gn!" (*Stall gehen*=I want to go back to my stall.) One day he broke out into the common and ran into the wood. In the evening he spelt out in his stall: "Wald gn schön." (It is beautiful to go in the wood.)

Here is an example from Dr. Schöller's note-book: Schöller writes on the black board: "Was Zucker?" (What is sugar?) Muhammad says: "Süs" (sweet).

Schöller: "But this is not a proposition. What must you add?" Muhammad. "Zucker (Sugar) ist." Schöller: "What else can you tell us about sugar?" Muhammad: "Z. ist weis" (sugar is white). Schöller: "And then? Think!" Muhammad: "Z. schmkt guḍ" (sugar tastes good). Next day Schöller puts before Muhammad a square of sugar and says: "Yesterday you told me sugar is sweet, and white, and tastes good. Now think if you can tell me something more about sugar." Muhammad answers: "Z. ht. 4. ek" (German for 'sugar has four corners or angles'). While Schöller was writing this down, the horse quite of his own accord spelt out "John"! The groom of that name, who was present asked: "What must I do?" and the horse replied: "M. Gbn" (M is the abbreviation for *Möhren* and so it means 'give carrots!')[1]

A word should be said as to how Krall began to teach the horses numbers. For instance to teach addition Krall would use what in German is called the *Schneiderische Schiebe-Rechenknecht*, an arrangement by which coloured points or balls can be made to run in grooves and can be shown or covered up by a suitable slide. He would mark up . + . . . and then write 1+3 and so on, 1+4, 1+5. Similarly for subtraction with the — sign. For multiplication he would put .˙. then write 1×3; similarly .˙. .˙. .˙. and underneath 3×3 and so forth, carefully explaining by word of mouth each operation so that words and signs became familiar to the horse's mind and memory. Thus Krall taught them the significance of square roots, cube roots, and higher still. He would write $2\times2=2^2$; $2\times2\times2=2^3$; then $3\times2=6$ and $3^2=3\times3$ and so on. Krall's method being rather to explain and to teach in what

[1] *cf. Denkende Tiere*, pp. 157, 158.

operations consisted than how to resolve the problems, leaving them, preferably, to find a way for themselves once the principle was mastered. It is extraordinary what results were obtained and what mathematical faculties horses seem naturally to possess. Muhammad, who appears especially developed in this way, showed his capacity of extracting roots to the 3rd, 4th and 5th power from sums of six and seven figures! For instance, Assagioli relates how one morning though Muhammad was feverish and seedy with influenza, in the presence of Mackenzie and Krall, he suggested to Krall to let him propose the sum to be done. Krall consented and Assagioli gave Krall a paper on which was written $\sqrt[5]{91,125}$ (without having written the solution). Assagioli was seated well behind the horse. Krall copies the sum on to the black board and *after a few seconds* Muhammad raps out the correct answer of 45. He then gives Krall another paper on which is written $\sqrt[4]{28,561}$; this is copied as before and the horse raps out *at once* the fourth root 13—faster than most men could do. Many hundreds of instances could be quoted to show how even in their wrong answers one can trace points of interest as to the workings of their minds. But the reader must be referred to Herr Krall's book for further particulars. Numerous experiments show that horses have a time-sense. For instance, the watch is shown to them and they can, after an hour or so, tell to within a few minutes how long a time has elapsed, though those present do not know what o'clock it is. Again, another interesting point is that the presence or absence of the experimenters does not affect the result. On some occasions Krall and his friends go out of sight of the horse, behind a door with peep-holes, and the horse raps out his replies with equal success.

On an occasion when Krall was called away, Mackenzie and Assagioli were able to experiment with, and get answers from, the pony Hänschen, showing once more the utter absence of suggestion from their master. Interesting too is the fact that a coloured picture of a young woman on the outside of a copy of a magazine *Jugend* only just bought, and brought by chance to the stable-yard was shown to the horse who, on being asked what it represented, spelt out MTGN and then METGN for *Mädchen* (German for a young girl).

So when shown picture of a horse and rider, one of the horses answers in reply to questions, just as a child would, that the horse is himself and the rider is his master.

Enough now has been said to show how full of interest are these experiments with the developing intelligence of the higher animals. The same methods are likely to be tried on elephants, donkeys, dogs and the more advanced species of the animal kingdom. It is to be sincerely hoped that all investigators will be animated, like Herr Krall, *first* with love for animals and that this love will temper and will moderate the thirst for scientific research and notoriety. For, just as no good results are obtained by tiring and worrying a child, so no really valuable progress will be made by the mere scientific investigator unless kindness and love for his animal subjects opens his mind to what is also *their* point of view. It is splendid to think that we may all come to know animals better and to appreciate them more; but it is equally as important that the animals should have reason to change their mind and find us, after all, desirable acquaintances.

William H. Kirby

A PREHISTORIC GHOST

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of *Ghostly Phenomena, Werewolves, etc.*,

IT was Christmas Eve, and I had been spending it with my friend, Raybourne Rawling, in his cottage at Helvedeore.

His little daughter, Marjorie, with whom I was a privileged person, had pinned a spray of mistletoe in my hat, and as I put it on I kissed her.

"It is sheer madness to attempt walking to Penzance to-night," Raybourne said, "look! the mist is as thick as a London fog."

"If it were twice as thick I must face it, old fellow," I replied, "my aunt would never forgive me if I disappointed her on Christmas Day."

"Well! for goodness' sake keep to the main road, and don't try any short cuts; the place is full of mine-shafts."

Promising to obey his injunctions, and buttoning up my heavy overcoat, for the night was intensely cold, I waved *adieu* to Marjorie, and stepped briskly out. I hadn't gone far, however, when my pace began to flag. I was not in the mood for walking. Ten miles! it was the very deuce of a distance! Stopping at a cottage, I inquired if there were not a shorter route.

"Yes, there be!" was the surly answer given in that sing-song style peculiar to St. Ives, and the uncouth peasantry of those parts—"yes, there be, and if you take the first turning to the left and then keep straight on it will bring you to Halsetown. Ask again when you get there."

Groping my way along, for the mist seemed to increase at each step, I at length came to a few isolated lights, and learned with satisfaction this was Halsetown and that I was on the right track to Penzance.

After walking some distance without seeing any living creature, the silence became oppressive; I could even hear the beating of my own heart. To my right and left, in front and behind me, was a sea of mist, into which the bicycle lamp I carried penetrated but a few feet—beyond lay an expanse of moorland, reputed to be one of the wildest spots in Cornwall. Its possibilities made me unusually careful.

By-and-by the road began to ascend, and the broken walls of a mine-shaft informed me I was nearing Cripple's Ease. At a public house I stopped for a moment or two to refill my flask—in radical Cornwall, not only publicans but everyone shows a delightful disregard of the law—and then assured that I was well on my way home, I renewed my journey.

A few yards from Cripple's Ease the road descends somewhat abruptly until it brings one well into the village of Nancledra. I got there exactly at midnight. Capital! at this rate of walking I should be at Penzance by half-past one. But I was reckoning without my host. Hardly had I advanced a quarter of a mile beyond the village when a sudden weariness made me pause. I felt I must sit down. Shining the light of my lantern all

round me, I at length discovered a gate. Bravo! I had found a dry seat. I could rest on it without fear of catching cold.

The fatigues of the day, coupled with what I must fain admit was a rather too liberal supply of hot punch (Raybourne is the only man I know who can mix it), combined to make me decidedly drowsy, and I had hardly been resting five minutes before I fell into a deep sleep, from which I was abruptly awakened by 'a wail'.

Instantly all my faculties were on the alert, and straining my ears to the utmost, I listened.

Again came that wail! This time it sounded a little nearer. What was it? A woman in distress or a child?

Urged by an irresistible fascination—for there was something most peculiarly attractive in the sound—I jumped off the gate, and, only stopping a second or two in order to locate the cry, pushed rapidly ahead.

I have no idea how far I ran. My one object was to relieve the sufferer.

Sometimes the wail sounded in front, sometimes behind me, so that from constantly directing my course in opposite ways, I speedily lost all cognisance of my whereabouts. I must, however, have wandered a mile or so out of my way, every inch of which had been on the ascent, when I arrived at the summit of a lofty hill. From all sides of me came strong currents of cool air, impregnated with ozone.

The wail had ceased. Brought to a standstill by the sudden silence, I tried to see more clearly by the aid of my lantern certain queer-looking objects ahead of me. I did so, and realised with astonishment that I was in the centre of what undoubtedly was at one time

a circle of Celtic huts. The secret was out, I was standing on Castle-on-Dinas, a well-known Torr, some five miles or so to the south of Penzance.

I had heard that it bore the reputation of being haunted among the simple-minded country folk, none of whom would ever venture on it alone after nightfall. I was keen on psychical research! I would wait and see if anything happened. Leaning my back against a pillar of granite, I took a deep pull at my whisky flask, and lit my pipe.

I had often wanted to know what Cornish spooks were like; now, perhaps, I should see one. Would it be in the form of an elemental, I wondered, a creature, with ill-shaped head and awkward limbs, as grotesque in outline as the granite boulders standing on all sides of me, or would it be a pixy or a buccaboo? At any rate I felt sure it would not be the ordinary, dull, uninteresting spectre, wearing every-day clothes, and behaving quite rationally. By Jove! it was worth losing a Christmas dinner to see a spook in such romantic surroundings.

I glanced at my watch, it was half-past one. I would wait till two, and then run all the way to Penzance. It was eighteen years since I had left Clifton, but her excellent training in athletics had still left my limbs supple.

A sudden renewal of the wail made my heart thump. Surely it was close at hand. Beginning in a low key and gradually rising to the highest pitch, it drew rapidly nearer till, before I had time to fortify myself against an encounter, the fog lifted and I saw gliding swiftly towards me the figure of a child.

Never had I seen a stranger looking creature. Short and squat, with an enormous head and shock of

tawny hair, it presented an appearance that, had it not been for the expression of acute pain suffusing every feature of its face, would have been ridiculous. Not even glancing in my direction, but all the while looking straight ahead, it passed rapidly by me and had almost disappeared in the mist before I had made up my mind to pursue it.

Keeping it well in sight with my lamp, I followed, keeping as close to it as possible. The ground now began to dip. I stumbled, and pulling myself up, perceived the mouth of a circular pit yawning in front of me. The child had vanished!

Appalled by the suddenness of this catastrophe and hoping to see some sign of my mysterious guide in the abyss, I cautiously peered into it, and was astonished beyond measure to see a flight of stone steps.

What could it mean?

Throwing discretion to the wind, and determined now that I had gone so far to solve the mystery, I descended the staircase which apparently led down, down, down, into the bowels of the earth.

I had gone some distance and was contemplating a return, so hopeless did the quest seem, when I was brought to an abrupt halt—further progress was blocked by a pool of water. Shining my lantern on its surface, I discovered to my amazement that far from ceasing, the staircase still continued with undiminished regularity, until it was lost to sight in the innermost recess of the well. I had hardly assured myself of this fact, when I fancied I saw something white struggling violently deep down in the pool. Leaning forward to see what it was, I missed my footing, and with a shout for help, pitched head first into the sinister cauldron.

After that I recollected nothing till I found myself lying high and dry on the rocky floor of a tunnel terminating in water at one end, and at the other in a network of labyrinthine passages. Though I could see neither lanterns nor any other sign of artificial light, the place was illuminated with a lurid glow.

Wondering how I came to be in such a marvellous place, and feeling my limbs to make sure they were not an illusion, I prepared to continue my investigations down one of the corridors. The question was, which one to take? Should I toss? Yes! that would settle matters. I produced a coin and had actually spun, when right in front of me and peering at me with an unfathomable expression in its eyes, was 'the child'.

For some seconds I could only gaze at it half-dazed, and then yielding to the same extraordinary fascination I had before experienced, I followed in its wake.

The tunnel wound to the right and left, in serpentine fashion, and was in places so low that I had to stoop painfully to avoid a collision with the roof. We must have proceeded quite a mile in this manner, when, without any warning, the passage ended, and I found myself standing upright at the entrance to an enormous cavern. The place was crowded with men and women whose rough hair and skin garments undoubtedly belonged to people of the Stone age. To attract the attention of this multitude, my diminutive conductor uttered a peculiar cry, at the same time pointing derisively at me. The next moment I was surrounded by a score of hideous faces; my arms were pinioned behind my back, and I was urged forward by blows and kicks that felt like so many breaths of icy wind.

At the further end of the chamber, I saw an enormous rectangular block of granite, by the side of which stood a trio of priests whom I at once recognised as Druids. Each wore a long white gown, decorated with sprays of mistletoe and a garland of the same on his head. Their beards descending below their knees were thin and straggling, whilst talon-like nails on bony fingers accentuated the horror of their hands.

Perceiving my approach, their eyes filled with devilish glee, and raising their sickles high above their heads they shouted "Kalefaeg! Kalefaeg!"

Everyone in the chamber joined in the cry, whilst I was urged forward till I reached the very spot where the priests stood. Here a short consultation was held, during which a variety of cold clammy hands wandered over my person and rifled my pockets.

Seized by two repulsive-looking monsters who gripped me by the elbows, I was then thrown face uppermost on the stone. The chief Druid—for so I judged him to be—gave a short harangue, and the vault once again reverberated with the cries of "Kalefaeg! Kalefaeg!"

Then, to my intense horror, a knife was carefully sharpened—even now I can hear the sound of that slow, mechanical grinding—my bosom was bared, and a claw-like hand sought the region of my heart.

All this time I had been too stupefied to utter any sound; I had remained absolutely passive in the clutches of my captors; now that a hideous death positively hovered over me, I found the use of my tongue, and shrieked aloud. The knife, held directly over my breast, made a circle in the air, descended, paused, circled again, and, slowly pointing downwards, fell.

Shutting my eyes, I resigned myself to my fate. I was conscious of a sensation of icy coldness, of a sudden and overwhelming nausea, of a loud shout, and then, a blank.

On 'coming to,' I found myself in a standing position, supported by the arms of the very monsters who had hunted me to my death, whilst a young and beautiful girl was eagerly pointing to the spray of mistletoe Marjorie had pinned in my hat. The situation explained itself. The fact that the sacred symbol had been found upon me was deemed a sufficient proof that my life was under divine protection, and for the moment I was safe. But a large party of those present, urged on by a singularly malevolent youth clad in bearskin, still shouted "Kalefaeg! Kalefaeg!" and for some seconds the result was doubtful.

The chief Druid, holding up his hand, demanded silence. He then spoke to the maiden, addressing her as Cymolige, and, although I could not understand what was said, I gathered from her smile that it was of a conciliatory nature.

Turning to that part of the people who were still thirsting for my blood, the priest rattled off a few sentences in a loud voice, after which, with the noticeable exception of the sinister youth, the entire crowd responded with the heartiest applause.

The position was carried—I was saved!

Saved! but for another and more remarkable fate!

The beautiful maiden, Cymolige, taking my hand in one of her own, signalled to me to kneel before the Druids.

Not knowing what might happen if I refused to obey, I fell on my knees by her side.

The three priests first of all lifted up their arms, uttering a plaintive chant, in which the whole assembly joined; they then smote us lightly on the head with their garlands, and bidding us rise, motioned the multitude to go.

The last to leave was the repellant youth clad in bearskin. I caught his eyes, glowing with demoniacal fury, fixed on mine from a gloomy recess on the opposite side of the cavern. When he too, with a parting scowl, had gone, Cymolige sidled coyly towards me. That we were married according to Druidical rites, I hadn't the remotest doubt, and it was also certain that Cymolige considered that she had done me the very best of turns and would make me an excellent wife. That was all very well. I had nothing whatever to say against her. I am a plain man myself, and I could never wish to meet anyone more prepossessing than Cymolige. But appearance is not everything! One must have a little substance and Cymolige was both immaterial and cold, so cold indeed that when she kissed me I thought I should have frozen.

The cavern, too, did not exactly come up to my idea of matrimonial quarters. It contained no furniture, excepting the sacrificial stone that had so nearly witnessed my destruction, and the roof was hung with icicles. It was outrageous to suppose that I could pass the whole of my existence in such a place. Compared with it the North Pole would be warm. Yet I could not help feeling a pang of remorse when I looked at Cymolige.

She was, indeed, beautiful, and as certain as there is love in any woman's eyes, I saw love for me in hers. She fondled and caressed me gently, persuading me to

walk with her up and down the apartment; and placing her arm in mine, she whispered in my ear all sorts of sweet though unintelligible words. Alas! I could make her small return. My endeavours were handicapped by twinges of rheumatism, and my arm grew stiff and numb in trying to encircle her icy waist.

I bore it as long as my chilled body would permit, and then remembering that I had a few drops of whisky left, produced my flask.

I shall never forget the pretty look of wonder with which Cymolige watched me gulp down the contents, nor her equally pretty sniff of disgust as in compliance with her request, I handed her the bottle to smell. Of course she did not understand that my constitution was on a very different footing to hers; that having taken to herself a husband from the world above, it was necessary to feed and warm him if she meant to keep him alive. Supposing I died, which I was pretty certain to do before long, would my strange bride take possession of my spirit the moment it emerged from my body and keep it attached to her for ever? Much as I admired Cymolige, I had other views of eternity.

"They don't seem to do much in the way of building doors down here!" I muttered, just by way of saying something to keep my jaws from freezing, "the Celtic architects, I mean; it is horribly draughty."

Cymolige looked at me and sighed. I wished she wouldn't, her sighs were even colder than her smiles—they penetrated to the very marrow in my bones.

Soon she grew tired of walking, and to my utmost consternation signified that we should lie down. It was in vain I gesticulated to her that it would cost me my life—that the wet uneven floor was not to be compared

to a feather bed—she simply froze me to silence with her breath.

Placing one of her dainty fingers on my head, she was pressing me downward with a delighted look of authority, when her expression was suddenly transformed to one of complete horror.

Following the direction of her eyes, I saw the youth clad in bearskin stealthily creeping towards me, a flint knife in his hand.

Throwing herself immediately in front of me, Cymolige would doubtless have received the assassin's weapon in her bosom had I not darted from her. I admit with shame, that utterly regardless of what happened to her, my one idea was to get out of the horrible cavern as quickly as possible, for much as I esteemed and respected my ghost wife, I valued myself considerably more.

Cymolige pointed wildly at one of the entrances, which would probably have led me to the sanctuary of her own people, but I purposely misunderstood, and recollecting the tunnel through which I had come, sped down it at a rate I could never have thought possible.

A glance over my shoulders told me only too plainly that my pursuer was at my heels, and as he slowly gained on me I began to wish devoutly I had taken Cymolige's advice. The strain of the quarter-mile at school was nothing in comparison with the tremendous effort of this chase. At every turn and twist of the labyrinth, I felt the proximity of the ghoulish spectre more acutely, and my exertions increased proportionately. I was fast losing my strength, and with it every vestige of hope, when the end of the passage hove in view.

Not a second too soon! The hand of the spectre already clutched my clothing, but filled with new energy I leaped forward and, shaking myself free from the bony fingers of my relentless pursuer, spurted desperately ahead.

With a yell of baffled fury the ghoulish creature hurled itself forward, and as its spider-like arms, stretched out to the uttermost, actually touched me, I dived head first into the depths of the well!

After that I have no further recollection till I found myself in bed. My aunt was bending over me with an odd expression between pleasure and relief in her eyes.

"How glad I am to see you looking yourself again, Godfrey!" she cried. "It's just a fortnight to-day since you were brought home, insensible, from Castle-on-Dinas! and ever since then you have done nothing but talk the most unmitigated nonsense about Cymolige and your phantom-wife. Phantom-wife, indeed! when you get back to London and relate your foolish adventures, you won't find much of the phantom about your mother-in-law."

And she was right. It is now six months since I was in Cornwall, and during that time I have behaved in the most matter-of-fact way possible.

But there are moments—in the night I mean—when I wake and think of Cymolige.

Elliott O'Donnell

DIVERSITY OF METHODS, BUT THE SAME CAUSE

[Our readers will be interested in this expression of opinion from the Vice-President. It was addressed to a correspondent, who sent it on to the President.—ED.]

59 JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S. W.

DEAR MADAM,

In answer to your letter just received (it does not bear a date) I write to say that I myself disapprove of the organisation called the Order of the Star in the East. I believe it to be based upon a misapprehension of the arrangement designed by the great spiritual authorities of the world in reference to the second coming of Christ. That, or something closely resembling it, I believe likely to take place towards the end of the century, but I think Mrs. Besant is mistaken in supposing that it will have something to do with the Indian boy in whom she is interested. I do not want to underrate that boy. I believe him to be a very remarkable Ego through whom important results may be accomplished when he comes to maturity; but there is a long interval between that belief and the idea that has been circulated in reference to him.

As regards Mrs. Besant's action in connection with the O. S. E., you will see from what I have said that I necessarily regret this. But she is much less to be blamed in the matter than her indiscreet devotees. I have heard her say in public, and she has more than confirmed the idea in private conversation with me, that she does not want to impress her beliefs on other people. We have agreed in quite a friendly way that it is a good thing rather than otherwise that all Theosophists should be aware of the fact that she and I differ about many things.

I know so little about the workings of the E. S., with which I have never consented to have anything to do, that I hardly understand your reference to 'vows' connected with that organisation. I should utterly disapprove of any such vow as you quote. No one in the Society should be asked to pledge

himself to any sort of obedience, intellectual or of any other kind, to any one on this plane of life. Any officer of the Society who allows himself to prescribe such a course of action is entirely misunderstanding his functions, that is to say, as I should interpret them.

Some people I know, some of my own best friends, believe they have derived benefit from becoming members of the E. S., and I do not claim to interfere with their attitude of mind, but my view of the Theosophical movement and the Society is this: We have acquired from the Chiefs of the great Adept Fraternity teachings of supreme importance for all who aspire towards spiritual progress. The earnest study of that teaching should be the main purpose of all those who enter the Society; each for himself must determine how to live in accordance with it.

Personally I regret that there should be any organisation within the Society officially recognised by its chiefs. Theosophists among themselves should be free to form groups for any purpose not inconsistent with the main purposes of the Society, but, whoever forms such groups, it is perfectly clear that no one is called upon to resign his membership in the general Society because he does not think fit to join such groups.

Finally let me say that in my opinion all mistakes that may be made within the Society under the impulse of *trop de zele* do not alter my conviction that on the whole it is looked upon by the great 'Masters of Wisdom' as the most important agency at their disposal for the moment in connection with the promotion of the spiritual growth of the world.

You may make use of this letter as you think fit.

Yours very sincerely,

A. P. SINNETT

[I heartily agree with Mr. Sinnett that "no one is called upon to resign his membership in the general Society because he does not think fit to join such groups". I have never heard of any one being so called upon, and the very idea of such an exclusion is absurd.—ED.]

THE STOCKHOLM CONGRESS

By THE PRESIDENT, T.S.

"A wonderful Congress" was the phrase heard from all sides at the International Theosophical Congress at Stockholm, held from June 14th to June 18th, 1913. And it was a true verdict, for not only was it remarkable for numbers and for good feeling, but there were throughout a joyousness and a power which were experienced at no preceding Congress. One noteworthy feature was the presence of all the fourteen General Secretaries of the National Societies in Europe: England and Wales, Scotland, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Bohemia, Scandinavia, Finland, Russia; the General Secretaries-elect of the new Sections of Norway and Varsovie (Russian Poland) were also there, and the General Secretary-elect of England and Wales; and the Presidential Agent for Spain had sent his proxy to France. No such gathering of General Secretaries has ever been held during the life of the T. S., and when we remember that all have been elected or re-elected since the present storm began, we have a fairly good proof of the solidarity of the European Societies, for they presented a unanimous address of love and loyalty to their President. It seems as though the attacks in India had intensified to an extraordinary degree the personal devotion to myself; I can only say that I will try to prove myself worthy of it. Cablegrams from the General Secretaries of India and America added the voices of these powerful National Societies, and America sent a delegate to speak her love in the person of her brilliant and devoted daughter, Mrs. Marie Russak, supported by Mrs. Shaw Duff and Mr. Henry Hotchner. There were cables also from Algiers, Russia, Finland, Italy, and other places.

Fifty-seven members came from Russia—a sight that would have gladdened our H. P. B.—and they gathered at the railway station at Stockholm on the morning of June 14th, to greet the incoming members from other lands. Madame Pogosky, the well-known worker for peasant industries, made a charming speech of welcome and presented a lovely bouquet, and we drove away under a shower of roses, recalling India. It was pleasant to greet our old friend Arvid

Knos as General Secretary for Scandinavia, and to meet again his charming wife, his helper in all his work. Dr. Zander jun. with his wife and his mother—Dr. Zander sen. follows Mrs. Tingley—Miss Westerlund, Mr. Thaning, Dr. Alrutz, and many others of the oldest members were there, while Captain and Mrs. Kuylenstierna were of a later and very numerous group, and crowds of younger faces were seen —it is impossible to mention all. It was pleasant to meet one with happy memories of Benares—Mr. Harold de Bildt, who had accompanied the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden on their visit there.

June 14th did not really belong to the Congress, but was the day of the Annual Scandinavian Convention, over the opening of which I was invited to preside; there was an O. S. E. meeting in the afternoon for an address by myself, and then a General Secretaries' meeting; in the evening the National Society had a big reception at the Grand Hotel, where I spoke to some hundreds of members on the 'Restoration of the Mysteries'. The Congress proper, with a meeting of the Federation Committee at 9 A. M., opened on the following day in the Musical Academy, where a remarkably fine cantata by Merikanto, F. T. S., with words by Pekka Ervast, F. T. S. and General Secretary of Finland, was admirably rendered and produced a profound effect. It was repeated to the public before my lecture on June 17th. Then came the greetings of the Scandinavian Secretary, who went on to deliver a very good speech on Scandinavian thought; then speeches from myself and the General Secretaries, each in his own language—a dramatic testimony to the spread of the Society in Europe; the sitting closed with a lecture by myself on 'The Conditions of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth,' after which Scandinavia welcomed all its guests to lunch. We met in the afternoon for business, and the General Secretaries gathered in Council immediately after the close of the sitting, a procedure adopted also on the following days. It was a rare opportunity for discussing questions affecting the welfare of the Society, and was eagerly welcomed by all. The Congress Committee met daily at 9 A.M., and as the General Secretaries had decided that a Theosophical World Congress should meet in 1915—and had expressed the wish that the European Federation meeting should be held with it, leaving the choice of place and time to the Federation—it selected Paris as the place and late spring or early summer as the time. The day closed with my first public lecture on 'World-Saviours'.

It will be seen that the 15th June was well filled, and the other days were similarly crowded, beginning at 9 A. M. with the Congress Committee and ending at night with my public

lectures, on the 16th 'The Christ in History,' and on the 17th 'The Christ in Man'. A Congress lecture that raised great enthusiasm was on 'The Deva of Finland,' by Mr. Pekka Ervast, the whole audience applauding vigorously for some time at its conclusion. It was in Swedish, so I could not follow it, but its effect was unmistakable. We shall print the papers, as far as possible, in the THEOSOPHIST, as the series of *Transactions* was broken by the non-issue of those of the fourth Congress at Munich, by the default of the German Section, and Hungary failed to issue its volume in consequence of the death of its General Secretary, and the loss of his papers. Mrs. Russak, Captain Kuylenstierna, Madame Kamensky, Madame Poushkin, Miss Blytt, Madame Ounkowsky, all contributed interesting papers, in addition to that of Mr. Pekka Ervast, mentioned above, and a paper by the late Mr. Sven-Nilsson was read by Mr. de Bildt. A pleasant interlude on June 16th, after the business of the day was over at 9 P. M., was a visit to some charming gardens in which memorials of old Sweden are preserved. Here some Swedish peasant dances were performed for our benefit, a remarkably pretty and quaint exhibition, and we had tea together in a big hall.

No one who was present at the Congress will ever forget it, nor will the delightful kindness and courtesy of our Swedish hosts pass away from the memory of those who were happy enough to enjoy it. The organisation was perfect, but better than the organisation was the love that cared for each, and the slight stateliness of Swedish manners lent an added charm to all. In other countries these are preserved only in Courts.

Seven of us left Stockholm on the night of the 17th, laden with lovely flowers, and the platform was a sea of loving faces as our train steamed off. The night of the 19th saw us in London, where I had to meet my solicitor on the 20th to conclude the legal business connected with the Indian suit. That night saw me in the train for Brindisi, with Mr. Graham Pole, who is most kindly accompanying me to Madras to give me any help in his power; and these lines are written in the Red Sea on the way back to our modern Coliseum, where the old cry of the persecutors fills the air: *Ad leones*—"To the lions" with the Theosophists.

THE 'RAJPUT HERALD' ON MRS. BESANT

[The *Rajput Herald* is a well-edited and high-class monthly issued in London, and patronised by most of the leading Indian Princes. We thank it for its generous advocacy.—ED.]

We regret to see that Mrs. Annie Besant is the target of attack in Madras newspapers. We are not concerned with the case now before the Madras High Court,[1] and we reserve our comments on it, as it is *sub judice*. But we can unhesitatingly assert that Mrs. Annie Besant, than whom India possesses no truer friend, is above all suspicion. Not even her vilest enemies have ever pretended to cast aspersions on her sincerity. All her speeches and writings are consistent with her actions, and we must have sunk very low indeed if we were to repay her life-long work on behalf of India by our cynical suspicion. Her part in moulding the destinies of India forms a brilliant chapter of modern Indian history, and we will do well to take stock of her herculean efforts towards the regeneration of India before sitting in judgment on her conduct. In one of our earlier numbers we published a character sketch of that remarkable woman, who, for sincerity, genius, and true devotion to the cause of India, stands almost unrivalled in the world. This woman bore patiently all contumely and contempt, the penalty which all sincere men and women have to pay for their sincerity, and doggedly pursued her course with one end and aim in view—to reveal the greatness of the East to the West. That was her mission in life when she joined the Theosophical Society, and that has been her mission ever since. At a time when the apostles of Western creeds are prone to look askance at Eastern sages, and sneer and jeer at the sacred lore of the East, it is Mrs. Besant that is upholding our cause and maintaining our dignity. We would be false to ourselves and to our great religion if we were to belittle the significance of her important work on behalf of India and the Hindū religion. We hope that the present discontent expressed in the Southern Presidency towards her work is nothing but a mere cloud of misplaced suspicion which will float away at the sight of the bright rays of our duty and gratitude. We appeal to our countrymen in Southern India, who seem to stand in the vanguard of the anti-Theosophical agitation, to exercise patience and dispassionately think of the enormous services which Mrs. Besant and the Theosophical Society have rendered to India.

[1] We are happy to see that the Theosophical Society has emerged triumphantly out of the ordeal. [ED. *R.H.*]

AN APPRECIATION

London, prolific of surprises, can offer no spectacle so amazing as the Queen's Hall when Mrs. Besant is lecturing there. From the floor to the topmost gallery all the seats seem to be occupied by eager, intelligent listeners. An impression of an animated, well-dressed, highly thoughtful audience forms in one's mind as one settles down to listen and observe. Murmurs and rustlings and movements, glimpses of sharply defined individualities among the audience and a background of undistinguished masses of people hold the attention. Then a faint and uncertain noise of hand-clapping, which ceases as the whole audience rises as Mrs. Besant makes her way across the platform to the centre, a dignified, impressive figure, robed in white and gold, with silver hair and strong face.

Pausing only to remove her gloves, while the assembly settles down, Mrs. Besant steps on to the brass-railed dais raised slightly above the platform level, and begins her lecture. Without notes, without a pause, with no halting, uncertain searching after words to clothe her thoughts, she speaks for more than an hour. It is a steady flow which can be compared with nothing but the movement of a broad, deep river. As a physical feat it is wonderful; as a mental and spiritual achievement it is amazing. One listens with interest that deepens into a positive fascination. Only two slight bursts of applause broke the full-voiced, sweeping stream of the oration, and these, though they came at the end of two striking passages, were more in the nature of a relief to both audience and speaker than the conventional applause which punctuates the ordinary good speaker's utterance. The applause scarcely serves to break the thread of sympathy or relax the attention which Mrs. Besant claims from her hearers, and which they give without a conscious effort. The lecture is so closely woven, and moves on so steadily step by step, that if one's attention wavers one recovers to find a gap through which a necessary part of the argument has dropped. Literally the lecture requires almost as much from the audience as from the speaker in the way of concentration and close application of the faculties. Not that the argument is

abstruse or involved ; it is, indeed, singularly clear and straightforward. But it is conceived on large lines, and describes a great arc, so that one has the sense of having covered spacious fields of thought and moved over wide ranges of human history. And the diction is perfect. Every sentence may be printed as it is spoken, and will need no revising touch.

Mrs. Besant's voice rings clear and sweet in the last sentence as in the first. There is no sagging or trailing in the sentences. They are delivered with the same extraordinary vigour at the end as at the beginning. Quite naturally the end comes just as one begins to see that the argument is completed. The audience rises again, and Mrs. Besant steps down from the dais and moves from the platform, while the audience breaks and dissolves. Nothing in one's experience of public gatherings matches this for the sheer triumph of personality and the forthgiving of an abundant nature to the spiritual needs of a great mass of people.

The Christian Commonwealth

CORRESPONDENCE

The following has appeared in *The New Statesman*, London, a weekly journal of high position :

SIR,

Although I hold no brief for Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, I feel impelled in the interests of common justice to enter a protest against the terms of indictment quoted by you—*e.g.*, "criminally immoral practices". My reasons are based on a personal knowledge of the circumstances, which I believe is exceptional. I think it sufficient to say that the charges against Mr. Leadbeater are only rendered possible by an unthinking conventional attitude towards certain customs which cannot in any sense of the word be defended in the light of modern medical knowledge. In other words, any competent eugenist or psychologist would feel bound to judge the question with the utmost reserve. In conclusion, I am prepared to make the categorical statement that there is no English law which can in any way touch Mr. Leadbeater—a statement which in itself I hope will remove much possible misconception of the case.

Yours, etc.,

LIBRA

[Eugenics and psychology have no weight with Mr. Leadbeater's critics in Madras. They appeal to ignorance and prejudice.—ED.]

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE, F. T. S.

The nature of light, which was dealt with in preceding notes, THEOSOPHIST, April 1911, will, I think, repay a little further study, particularly if treated from the occult standpoint. The properties of "Heaven's Firstborn" must necessarily be of a very fundamental character, and that they are so receives testimony both from science and *The Secret Doctrine*. To know what light is we must first learn what Matter, Atom, Ether, Force, are in reality, says *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 523), whilst science shows light to be an electro-magnetic phenomenon, and in this it appears to be in fair agreement with occult teaching, which also says that light is electricity. The two systems of measuring electrical phenomena, the electrostatic, and electro-magnetic, cannot be transformed the one into the other, except by a multiplier involving the velocity of light; and the latest theory of matter, that of Einstein, which makes mass identical with the internal energy of the atom, measures this energy by multiplying the unit of mass by the square of the velocity of light. (*English Mechanic*, Vol. XC, p. 387, Nov. 26, 1909). It is a singular fact, from the point of view of thought transference, that in the same year that Einstein propounded his theory, (1905) I announced the same fact, at the silver jubilee of the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, 18th March, 1905, as a result of my own investigations (see pamphlet, *Twenty-five years of the Blavatsky Lodge*, p. 28), and at the request of Col. Olcott this was published in the THEOSOPHIST of that year. It would be interesting to ascertain which of these two similar statements was first published. As a further proof of the fundamental nature of light, I may say that I have had in my note-books, awaiting a suitable outlet for publication, for several years, a mathematical proof that the force which causes chemical combinations on the earth's surface is the force of terrestrial gravity multiplied by the velocity of light. This one fact, when recognised, will revolutionise existing theories of chemical action, whilst, on the other hand, it will confirm certain statements in *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 654).

Although modern science supplies us with theories of light, which give fairly true results under mathematical treatment, it does not enable us to form mental concepts, which make us realise its truly fundamental nature. For this purpose we need to resort to occult sources, and even there the information is, at present, a little meagre. The Stanzas of Dzyan (III, X and XII), give valuable hints, I think, as to the nature of light, but only a few lines of explanation is vouchsafed to us (*S. D.*, I, pp. 111 and 113). *Occult Chemistry*, (pp. 5-7) gives further information, particularly where it describes the streams of force pouring into and out of the atom, but here again much seems to be left unsaid. We are told in *The Secret Doctrine*, (I, 521) that for the Occultist, light is both Spirit and Matter, although in one sense, matter is only the illusive dregs of light, whose rays are the creative forces. One pole of the ocean of light is Spirit, and the other matter in which it condenses (522). Before Science can fathom the ultimate nature of light, it must first admit its substantial nature (I, 560). A complete scientific corroboration of the above statements will be found in the *Philosophical Magazine* for November 1908, where in a 'Revision of the Fundamental Laws of Matter and Energy,' Dr. Gilbert N. Lewis is obliged to revert to a "modified corpuscular theory of light," in which "a beam of light has MASS, momentum, and energy, travelling with the velocity of light". (p. 716.) Should this theory turn out correct, the substantial nature of light, will be fully demonstrated. But it would appear that no purely physical explanation of light can ever be quite satisfactory, since it is said to be a link between life and form, a kind of bridge between consciousness and matter. Light is an electro-magnetic phenomenon, according to modern theory, and the relationship between consciousness and matter is magnetic; it is due to Fohat, the Light of the Logos, and the two are not really separate but only polarised (*Study in Consciousness*, p. 35). Atoms are formed by the flow of the life-force known as Fohat, the first life-wave of the third Logos, and the persistence of flow maintains their existence (*Occult Chemistry*, p. 6). When seen from a higher plane, these atoms appear as rays. A Cosmic Atom becomes seven Atoms on the plane of Matter, and seven Rays on the plane of Spirit (*S. D.*, I, 696).

It would seem that what we know as Light, Life, Fohat, Atom, Electricity, Magnetism, are in some way, inextricably interlinked. They are one process under different aspects; the primary aspects are the two poles and the line joining them, and this joining line is a ray of light. The number three is sacred to light (*S. D.*, II, 624) and its fundamental properties can, perhaps, be indicated, or shadowed forth by means of a

figure of three elements, *viz.*, a circle, a centre, and a diameter. Let the centre symbolise an atom, the two radii two rays of light issuing from the atom in opposite directions, with the velocity of light. Let the atom consist of spirals of koilon bubbles, and the two radiating rays of the same bubbles be arranged in lines. When the koilon bubbles reach the circumference of the circle, let the bubbles collapse and vanish. Then if the number of bubbles in the spirals of the central atom is the same as in each of the rays, conditions are fulfilled which satisfy several requirements of modern scientific theories, and seem also in some respects to illustrate occult teaching. In order to maintain the process, there needs to be a continual production of new koilon bubbles, within the atom, by the Life-Force, or Breath of the Logos. This introduces a fourth element, *viz.*, Life, and four is the number sacred to Life (*loc. cit.*). If now the mass of the atom is proportionate to the number of koilon bubbles in its spirals, then the energy in the rays is the mass of the atom multiplied by the square of velocity, so that the relation of mass to energy is the same as in the theory of Einstein, above described. Since the rays issuing from the atom are equal and opposite, the reaction on the atom is also equal and opposite, hence it has no tendency to move in either direction; if now a force be applied so as to move the atom along the diameter, with unit velocity from left to right, the velocity of the ray issuing from the left will be increased by this amount, and the velocity of the right ray will be equally diminished. The koilon bubbles may be pictured as being produced by little pulses of the Logic Life-Breath, and by moving the atom a few of these pulses along the right ray are forced back and made to move along the left; thus the force which causes motion in mattter is directly opposed by the Life-Force of the Logos, and this opposition constitutes that fundamental property of matter, known as Inertia. This explains the statement in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 557) that Inertia is the greatest of the Occult Forces, for it is based directly upon the Great Breath of the Logos; if this were checked for an instant, the whole physical world of matter would vanish and melt away like a cloud in the empyrean (*Occult Chemistry*, p. 6). It will thus be seen that, motion once started, the velocities of the two rays are no longer equal; hence their reaction on the atom will cease to be equal; the ray on the left being quicker will cause a greater reaction in the direction of the original motion, and will thus press forward the atom continuously in this direction, so that motion once begun will be continued indefinitely. In this way the two well known properties of inertia receive an adequate explanation. The above illustration is only intended to give the germ of an idea, on which the intuition of students can be exercised; it is not implied that this is the actual process of

nature; many modifications can be made, and complexities added without affecting the principle involved. The outpourings through the atoms, as described in *Occult Chemistry*, would have, I think, the same mechanical properties as the above two rays. The properties of inertia, above explained, are embodied by Newton in his first and second laws of motion, where he assumes their existence without attempting to account for them; when explained as above they become deductions from the third law, the law of the equality of action and reaction, which thus becomes the one fundamental law of natural and occult physics. By means of his assumed inertia laws, Newton drew a veil over the underlying occult forces of nature, and was able to explain celestial mechanics by gravity alone. Gravity is a very weak force; it is sufficient for the purposes of Astronomy, but quite insufficient for the purposes of Astrology. By lifting the Newtonian veil, and disclosing to view the immensely greater forces locked up in the atom and the light-ray, we at once pass from Astronomy to the occult science of Astrology, where the operations of the mysterious Fohat become the proper subject of study.

G. E. Sutcliffe

I would venture to allude to the relations of scientific progress to religion. Putting aside the troubles connected with special creeds and churches, and the claims of the clerical profession to certain funds and employments, to the exclusion of laymen, it should, I think, be recognised that there is no essential antagonism between the scientific spirit and what is called the religious sentiment. "Religion," said Bishop Creighton, "means the knowledge of our destiny and of the means of fulfilling it." We can say no more and no less of Science. Men of Science seek, in all reverence, to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting. They claim sympathy and friendship with those who, like themselves, have turned away from the more material struggles of human life, and have set their hearts and minds on the knowledge of the Eternal.

The Kingdom of Man: SIR RAY LANKESTER

REVIEWS

The Satakas or Wise Sayings of Bhartrihari, translated from the *Sanskrit* with Notes and Introduction on Indian Philosophy, by J. M. Kennedy. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., London. Price Rs. 2-12 or 3s. 6d. or 90c.)

The name of Bhartrihari is not unknown to students of Indian poetry, grammar and philosophy. His age is not precisely fixed: Mr. Kennedy assigns him to the eighth or ninth century A. D., stating that many authorities put him as far back as the second century. Macdonell's *Sanskrit Literature* gives 650 A. D. as the date of his death, as the Chinese traveller I Tsing, who spent more than twenty years in India at the end of the seventh century, refers to Bhartrihari. According to Indian tradition the poet-philosopher was the brother of King Vikramaditya, and passed his youth in a life of debauchery and profligacy. He took to the life of asceticism by turns, and I Tsing records that "having turned Buddhist monk, the poet again became a layman and fluctuated altogether seven times between the monastery and the world" (Macdonell). The Introductory Preface gives scanty information about the author, for which reason the book must be regarded as not complete; it gives however a clever summary of Indian philosophy—the Six Schools and the *Bhagavad-Gita*—which, because of the author's sympathy, is not so wooden and lifeless as are the expositions of certain Orientalists.

Bhartrihari is famous for his three Satakas (wise sayings called Centuries). The first, the Niti Sataka (Century of Ethics and Morality) deals with the science of conduct, and the aphorisms are not common-place and are sometimes distinctly striking. Bhartrihari says:

> The laws regulating behaviour are indeed difficult to learn, and can hardly be mastered, even by the ascetic. The man who wishes to be respectfully silent is liable to be looked upon as dumb: the man who talks agreeably may be thought too forward. If a man stands near at hand, he may be regarded as troublesome, and if he stand far off, people may call him cold-hearted. The patient man may be branded as timid, and the impetuous man is looked upon as ill-bred.

We find that the Century is full of excellent hints which may be found of practical utility and we might quote a few here:

> God has given to man a cloak whereby he can conceal his ignorance; and in this cloak he can enwrap himself at any moment, for it always lies near his hand. This cloak is Silence: an ornament peculiarly fitted for an ignorant man in the company of wise men.

If a man have patience, why should he need armour? But if he have anger in his heart, what other enemy need he fear? If he have knowledge, why should he need fire to consume evil? If he live among evil-disposed people, why need he be afraid of serpents? If he possess perfect wisdom, why should he strive for wealth? If he be modest, why should he require ornaments? If the muses are his friends, why should he need a kingdom?

There are sufficient inward adornments adequate for the man of noble mind without the necessity for a more evident display—liberality for his hand; reverence towards the priesthood for his head; true speech for his mouth; power for his arms; happiness for his heart; and the holy Vedas, properly understood, for his ears.

The second, the Vairagya Sataka (Century of Dispassion) is full of fine pathos and is often sublime in its denunciation of the life of the senses, but even in the midst of ecstatic vairagya the oscillating disposition of Bhartrihari from asceticism to worldliness manifests in such mischievous verses as:

If there are songs in front of you, skilful poets from the south on one side of you and dancing girls with tinkling ankles and pearls behind you; then, my friend, enjoy the pleasures of the senses which these things may afford you. But O my mind, if you have not these things, then plunge into devout meditation freeing thyself from all thought.

We must quote the beautiful touch of non-attachment that enables an orthodox Hinḍū to exclaim:

What profit can be drawn from the Vedas or the Smriti or from the reading of the Puranas or the tiresome Shastras, or even in the innumerable and bewildering multitude of ceremonial actions that lead to a resting-place in the heavenly tabernacles? In comparison with that final fire which is to consume the creations of this wearying burden of sorrow which we know as existence—the fire that will in the end unite us with the Supreme Spirit—all else is but the mere bargaining of merchants.

We cannot do justice to this Century by extracting from it, and it should be read wholly if one wants to enjoy its beauty or profit by its teachings.

The Sringa Sataka is full of eroticism and brings an unpleasant feature into the book, but Mr. Kennedy could not omit the Section from his volume, and, as he rightly says, "there are many passages in the Song of Solomon to which as much objection may be taken as to some of the aphorisms of Bhartrihari". The sayings are of course not flawless but the flights of spirituality, even of a man pulled by the Inner God on one side and by kāmic propensities on the other, are worth a perusal and a pondering over.

This is the first of a new Series "Library of Eastern Thoughts and Letters," and we shall look forward with eager interest for the succeeding volumes. Theosophical Lodge Libraries may be strongly advised to put this collection of Bhartrihari's Wisdom-Sayings on their shelf.

B. P. W.

Kings and Gods of Egypt, by Alexandre Moret. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Egypt has become literally a name to conjure with. The magnificent vista of civilisations revealed by its monuments and their inscriptions has been brought so near to us by the labours of devoted Egyptologists that a few thousand years seem but as yesterday. When therefore we meet this fascinating subject presented in popular form by an eminent authority, we are not surprised to find a volume of rare interest.

M. Moret has woven into his design four distinct colourings—the historical, the mystic, the artistic, and the scientific; so that most temperaments will find some point of contact. The historical element is supplied in the chapters on Queen Hatshopsitu, Amenophis IV, and some legendary travels of the Egyptians in Asia. The mystic and religious aspect receives close attention in the chapters on the Passion of Osiris, the immortality of the soul, moral retribution throughout the ages, and the Mysteries of Isis. The artistic side, represented throughout by many fine illustrations, is prominent in the chapter on Homer and Egypt and in the descriptions of ceremonies and temples, notably that of Deir-el-Bahari built by Queen Hatshopsitu; while the chapter on the reading of hieroglyphics affords a fine example of the application of scientific enquiry to a philological problem.

All the selections that have been made have a peculiarly modern ring about them; for instance we read that the question of women's rights was raised as early as 1,500 B. C. in the person of Queen Hatshopsitu, a veritable Elizabeth, who established her claim to the throne in the face of opposition and gave the impetus for a wide-spread artistic revival. Again, Amenophis IV, the religious reformer, better known as Akhnaton, at once enlists our admiration for the purity and breadth of his ideals no less than for his remarkable achievement in overthrowing, if only for his own life-time, the degenerate priesthood and its narrowing tyrannies; truly he has bequeathed a rich legacy in his noble hymn to Aton (the solar disc), which is published in full.

But to the Theosophist, Egypt is above all things the home of the Mysteries, and so we eagerly turn to the graphic accounts here given of the cults of Isis and Osiris. The familiar

drama of the World-Saviour who comes to earth to teach and bless, who is murdered by the envious adversary, is sought by his sorrowing mother, and finally rises again the Redeemer victorious over death and hell, has been portrayed with insight and scholarship; and, though the author gives it as his opinion that this myth took rise in the popular worship of the corn seed, he evidently also senses the higher meaning through which the parallels with other religions stand out in unmistakable significance. On the Mysteries of Isis M. Moret waxes enthusiastic, carrying us right into their later Roman setting with picturesque and vivid descriptions. His reference to the initiation which Apuleius relates in his *Metamorphoses*, and his own guesses as to the secrets revealed are quite striking, though we wonder that he does not go a step farther and accept the obviously literal meaning in the plain statement that he quotes:

> Hear, then, and believe, for what I tell is true. I drew nigh to the confines of death. I trod the threshold of Proserpine, I was borne through all the elements and returned to earth again. I saw the sun gleaming with bright splendour at dead of night; I approached the gods above and the gods below, and worshipped them face to face. Behold, I have told thee things of which, though thou hast heard them, thou must yet know naught.

Classical scholars will doubtless find much suggestive material in the resemblances cited between some Egyptian customs and some that appear in the Homeric epics, while the chapter on the reading of hieroglyphics narrates with great clearness the romantic history of the recovery of the lost script, giving a fair idea of the difficulties encountered by the earlier investigators and the manner in which they were eventually surmounted by the scientific genius of Champollion and his successors. In this connection it is interesting to note that the hint which finally put Champollion on the right track came from the writings (*Stromata*) of that great Christian Gnostic, Clement of Alexandria.

We may add that in addition to the sixteen handsome full-page plates and the twenty smaller illustrations, there is a map representing the country and its vicinity at the period with which the book mainly deals. We have every reason to anticipate that this admirable production will repeat the success of the author's former work, *In the Time of the Pharoahs*, and we gladly commend it to all students who can appreciate the support which recognised science is giving to Theosophical statements.

W. D. S. B.

The People's Books[1] (T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d or 12c.)

Marriage and Motherhood, by H. S. Davidson, M. B.

The fact that this subject is handled with knowledge and care by an eminent physician, should make it of great practical value to all mothers and wives. From the point of view of the New School it treats of the important function of bearing children, and clearly indicates how dangers may be avoided and normal conditions induced. The benefit and advantages of possessing this well-written treatise on this universal subject, should be far-reaching.

Wordsworth, by Rosaline Masson.

This pleasing and interesting life-story of the great poet outlines the harmony of his simple life, and the themes it inspired for his description and interpretation of Nature. His uncongenial college days at Cambridge, when he was known as the poet idler, are described, and also his happy days with his sister Dorothy and Coleridge when they were "three people and one soul". The tardy recognition of his poetry is attributed to three causes: his entire lack of humour, the "sluggishness of the average mind," and the deliberate and prolonged persecutions of the Editor Jeffrey. Wordsworth is said to have excelled in poetry, metaphysics, theology, ethics and politics, and the completeness of his life's story in this handy volume is due to the well-chosen details by the author.

G. G.

Weather Science, by R. G. K. Lempfert, M. A.

One of the afflictions of the human race is its liability to rapid and unexpected changes of weather. It may safely be said, then, that we are all to some extent interested in such a description of the way in which meteorological changes may be foretold, as is contained in this little book. A concise account is given of the conditions under which clouds are formed, of the laws governing the movements of storms, how weather charts are constructed, and how forecasts are prepared. A grasp of the principles here so clearly explained will

[1] This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

enable one to read with intelligence the weather charts and reports of the daily newspapers and to have a fair idea of the more marked changes to be expected. Mr. Lempfert mentions an interesting fact of which, probably, the majority of our readers are not aware, namely that there is a close connection between India and Argentina:

> Thus a comparison of the monthly means of pressure observed at the Argentine Observatory at Cordoba, with corresponding values from India, shows that these two regions are, as it were, in opposition to one another. When pressure in India is in excess of the normal pressure, the Argentine is in defect of its normal, and *vice versa*. There is, in fact, an oscillation between these two widely separated regions which has been described, not inaptly, as a barometric see-saw (p. 82.)

We should have liked a little fuller account of the more elementary meteorological phenomena. We do not find, for example, any account of the relation of dew-point to temperature as enabling the observer to foretell a coming frost—a matter of great importance to farmers and horticulturalists. Also in the beginning of the book, in discussing the relation of temperature to air compression, it is stated (pp. 18, 19) that the variation is at the rate of 1° F. for every 180 feet of change of level, while at the end of the book in discussing the Stratosphere (p. 85) and under Inversions (p. 88) it is said that the regular fall of temperature with increasing height is at the rate of 1° F. for each rise of 300 feet. The two statements appear to be at variance, and of this no explanation is given. In so far as the broad principles of weather science are concerned the book is very well done. It contains a small Bibliography and an Index.

C. R. H.

The Training of the Child. A Parent's Manual, by G. Spiller.

The moral education of children is a subject which has been so far in the history of child-study comparatively neglected. The laws governing the physical and intellectual growth of the child have received much more attention than have those which obtain in the equally important realm of character-building. Mr. Spiller's *Training of the Child* is an attempt to furnish a hand-book for parents which will serve as a guide in the difficult task of systematising the home-training of their children. The first part is devoted to the consideration of general problems—questions relating to the attitude of parents and teachers to each other and to their charges, the home

atmosphere, punishment, and so forth. In the second part the author traces the child's development from birth to the age of twenty-one and describes, one by one, the successive stages of growth through which the normal human being passes, pointing out the dangers characteristic of each, and suggesting methods by which these may be avoided or their effects minimised. An enormous amount of information is concentrated into the ninety-three small pages. But this is a small defect and one on the right side. The educational plan sketched is very interesting and the general tone of the book is exceedingly healthy and positive. Great emphasis is laid on the necessity of order and cheerfulness and self-control in our dealings with the young. In working out the details of his plan the author shows great ingenuity and love of children. Among the many schemes and devices suggested as ways of training "without tears," all, even those well practised in the art of managing children, will find something new and helpful.

The Baby. A Mother's Book by a Mother, by a University Woman.

Mothers, nurses, and all who are in any way occupied with the care of children will find this little book a valuable possession. The views expressed therein are the outcome of the experience of a mother who has watched and tended her three babies, children of average physique and heredity, and steered them safely through the dangers and difficulties of babyhood. Her success and the health of her children is due merely, she says, to her having observed certain simple precautions. These she describes in her book. The advice given is eminently sensible. That portion of the book which deals with childish diseases and their treatment has been carefully revised by a doctor, and it has been so arranged that, by the use of the Index at the end of the volume, information regarding any one of the common ailments of children may be found at a moment's notice. The questions of food, clothing, and exercise are discussed in a way which show the author to be practical and well-informed. The hints given should prove exceedingly useful.

Wellington and Waterloo, by Major G. W. Redway.

A brief sketch of the life of Wellington; a short outline of the Peninsular war; the story of the events culminating in

Waterloo and an account of the battle itself in some detail; these are the contents of the book. The author has contrived to combine extreme compactness with great charm of style. Well-chosen telling little anecdotes relieve what might otherwise have been a rather monotonous record of facts and names and dates, as so many incidents are recounted in so small a space. Two maps, showing the positions occupied by the contending parties at different times during the campaign add materially to the usefulness of the volume.

A. de L.

Psychic Control through Self-Knowledge, by Walter Winston Kenilworth. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Kenilworth is the author of three other named works as well as of two 'etceteras' and so we suppose his books must have a certain popularity with lay Theosophists and those who find pure Theosophy too strong for them, and for this reason we might commend this volume to those who accumulate libraries for propaganda purposes and try to suit all classes. His knowledge seems to rest on a very sound basis, as he refers frequently to the Vedas and once quotes the *Voice of the Silence*, and many of his statements are well and tersely put: *e.g.*, "Religious reformation is the purging process which removes superstition and ignorance," "Courage, fearlessness, and cheerfulness are characteristic of those who know Self." One cannot help feeling however, that Mr. Kenilworth might have written less, had he read a little more Theosophy, or at any rate might have written more connectedly. Personally we found the book rather tiring to read. All the paragraphs are long and are what are technically called 'loose,' beginning with short didactic statements and filled with short sentences —once we found that six consecutive sentences mustered but twenty-five words. The result on one's nerves is rather that of a strenuous day of maxim gun practice.

E. G. H.

The Chain of Ob, by St. Clair Harnett. (Andrew Melrose, London. Price 6s.)

A strange story in which the astral plane plays a great part, in which dream-world wonders are narrated by the hero who bears the "Chain of Ob," or "The Ring of Satan," or "Satan's Bracelet," and is therefore "reputed wondrous tender to influences from unseen worlds and ghostly visitors". Our hero, who is a twentieth-century man, goes to sleep in an old mansion and finds himself a living entity in the reign of James II and fulfils his destiny in being evoked by his lady-love by means of certain witch-spells; he is only "a phantom from the future," he is "not yet born but conjured from the future". Here is a new kind of ghost—not the traditional one from that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller is supposed to return, but one who has not yet been born and is therefore not dead, who is yet to come to birth and life. This new conception is well worked out, but it would have been wonderfully improved by a little Theosophical knowledge of the astral plane and the akāshic records. The story is, moreover, very incomplete; if Rosalys and her companions of the seventeenth century had been made to reincarnate in the group of Eve Sparks of our generation, the tale would have gained a tone and finishing touches which now it lacks. Mr. Harnett is decidedly a clever writer, and his originality of thought and fluency of language make *The Chain of Ob* worth a perusal.

B. P. W.

De Sprookjes van Moeder de Gans, hun oorsprong en beteekenis, published by the author P. Pieters, Jr, Amsterdam. Price fl 0. 35.

Mr. Pieters has already shown on previous occasions that he is thoroughly in love with fairy tales and folk-lore. Here he gives us a small essay on the stories of Mother Goose, their origin and signification. Being a student of Theosophy and at the same time well acquainted with scholarly research on the subject, he is in a position to lay before us a quite interesting and instructive conclusion. For those having to do with the bringing up of children the booklet may serve the very useful purpose of being used as a starting point for imparting ethical, philosophical and even occult or Theosophical instruction in a form thoroughly adapted to the age of young pupils.

J. v. M.

Human Affection and Divine Love, by Svāmi Abhedananda. (The Vedānta Society, New York.)

The well-known author describes the charm, the worth and the necessity of human affection as being one of the inherent powers that govern and evolve all lives. In animals it manifests as animal love, and clings as such to human beings who worship the physical body and seek bodily comforts as the be-all and end-all of life. Human love ill-directed causes humanity to commit murder, theft, robbery, and indulge in other vices; it becomes divine love only when it seeks no return for self, when fearlessness and non-attachment are gained. Since the fulness of Love cannot be found in human love, it is advised that the Eternal Ideal be made the object of all human affection, in all human relationships. The book contains sayings of Shrī Ramakrishna at the end, and is very daintily bound.

G. G.

God and the Universe, by G. W. De Tunzelmann, B. Sc. (S. P. C. K., London. Price 4s. net.)

This is one of the best books of its kind that we have read. It is a brilliant application of strictly scientific reasoning to the problem which its title indicates. The author gives ample proof that the day is now past when science could be appealed to in support of materialistic propaganda, scathingly exposing the pseudo-science of discarded hypotheses by which street-corner oratory still attempts to impose on the obstinately ignorant. He then boldly turns to rational philosophy for a conception of the universe which is frankly derived from the ancient oriental schools, but which, needless to say, loses none of its original grandeur by illuminating the deeper teachings of Christianity.

The scheme of presentation is progressive and logical. The reader watches the virtual construction of three successive world-models, the mechanical world-model, the energy world-model, and the mind world-model. None of these is supplanted by the succeeding one, but each in turn is shown to be inadequate to explain the facts beyond a certain point. Thus we are led step by step to admit that the mechanical world-model, which may be taken as the expression of Newton's observations, fails to satisfy the demands of the later discoveries in electro-chemistry. Experimental science is then seen enlisting the services of the mathematician

to suggest properties of the ether capable of correlating the forms of energy associated with electric discharge; and so the transition from a basis of matter to one of energy is rendered intelligible as the inevitable outcome of the reduction of the chemical atom into electrons. Here we are brought up in our enquiry by the apparent dissipation of energy common to all physical systems, and the author urges with reason that the agency of intelligence alone can account for either the production or the maintenance of energy in concentrated form. Here it is of interest to Theosophists to note that he speaks of the idea of ingress and egress of etheric currents to and from a four-dimensional universe as not only legitimate and mathematically demonstrable, but even preferable to other conceptions; while positive and negative electrons are spoken of as 'sources' and 'sinks' situated on the boundary between the three-dimensional and four-dimensional universes, so that currents can pass through their nuclei in one of two directions. Arguments are next adduced for regarding mind as a source of energy, and the logical sequel follows in the formulation of a mind world-model in which Universal Mind is the ultimate source of all energy.

From this position we are led on to man's relation to God as the Eternal Self-Consciousness, and find here and there passages which for directness compare favourably with many an exposition of yoga. We cannot help feeling rather out of our depth when reading of Absoluto-Infinite Being in conjunction with personality, and perhaps the writer sometimes feels the same, but at least there is no attempt to hide behind words such as impersonal. The life of Jesus is introduced with freshness and dignity, and the reader is left free to choose between three interpretations of His teaching on future existence. Two very practical chapters define the author's outlook on social progress and his objections to the theories of the Socialist party and others of still more drastic tendency; nor must we forget a friendly passage of arms with Bergson. We are indeed glad that what was once a series of lectures has been embodied in book form, and congratulate the S.P.C.K. and the Christian Evidence Committee, under whose direction it has been published, on the adoption of a really scientific and philosophical line of propaganda.

W. D. S. B.

Songs of the Dead End, by Patrick MacGill. (The Year Book Press, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

Ours is not an age of poetry, though books and volumes of verse are published. Since the passing away of Browning and Tennyson and Swinburne the aristocracy of poetry is dethroned and a middle class—the working class of journalism—has assumed the charge of uplifting mankind and the result is versification, clever, often admirable, sometimes inspiring, but rarely truly poetic. Patrick MacGill at the age of twelve began life as a farm hand "where his day's work began at five o'clock in the morning and went on till eleven at night through summer and winter". Then from fourteen to twenty-one he was "either a farm hand, drainer, tramp, hammer-man, navvy, plate-layer or wrestler" and during this time his inner life was devoted to the worship of the Muses. When he was nineteen he published *Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrap-book*, which was a success. While working on a second volume he changed his occupation and went on the staff of the *Daily Express*, a post which he subsequently relinquished and then published *Songs of a Navvy*. Both the volumes having gone out of print "he has put together some of the pieces out of either, re-written others and added fresh ones" and the result is the volume before us. The poems look like Kipling's and are reminiscent of him, but they are written with a certain feeling which give them a charm of their own. The volume is as excellent a book of verse as we have come across for many months and the personal experience makes Mr. MacGill's verse so interesting that we read it often with pleasure, occasionally with admiration.

B. P. W.

Greek and Roman Ghost Stories, by L. Collison Morley. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 3s.)

Although this book is a scholarly production containing much that is of interest to the psychologist, and we are therefore duly grateful to the author for what it *is*, we cannot lay it down without a sigh as to what, in the hands of a *raconteur* who understood how to create the proper atmosphere for a ghost story, *it might have been*. A touch of the magic wand of Mr. Algernon Blackwood, for example, would make all the difference to this little volume of Greek and Roman stories, which are presented to us with all the aloofness of a librarian

checking a catalogue. However we must not be too critical, and our readers will certainly appreciate the story of the ghost of the gnat which we take (abbreviated) from among a number of equally good tales, selecting it because the animal apparition is so much more rare than the human.

A shepherd falls asleep in the shade by a cool fountain, for his midday rest. Suddenly a snake appears upon the scene and prepares to sting the shepherd. A passing gnat sees the danger and wakes the shepherd by stinging him in the eye. He springs up angrily, brushes it off with his hand, and dashes it lifeless to the ground. Then to his horror he sees the snake, and promptly kills it with the branch of a tree. While he lies asleep that night, the ghost of the gnat appears to him in a dream and bitterly reproaches him. When he wakes, the shepherd is afraid of being continually haunted by the ghost of his tiny benefactor. He therefore sets to work to raise a mound in honour of the gnat and cuts on a marble slab the following inscription: "Little gnat, the shepherd dedicates to thee thy meed of a tomb in return for the life thou gavest him."

There is also a poetical little tale of the death of Philemon, the comic poet. We conclude with a passing reference to the Plinies which may interest our readers:

> The elder Pliny... wrote his account of the German wars entirely because he dreamt that Drusus had appeared to him and implored him to preserve his name from oblivion. The Plinies were undoubtedly two of the ablest and most enlightened men of their time; and the belief in the value of dreams is certainly not extinct among us yet.

We are glad the author holds this opinion.

K. F. S.

Abbas Effendi, His Life and Teachings, by Myron H. Phelps. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 6s. net.)

This book is likely to attain to ready popularity, owing to the increased and wide-spread interest in Bahaism, or the religion founded in 1844 by the Persian Bab and his successors, Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi. It contains an interesting introduction by Professor E. G. Browne and a portrait of Abbas Effendi, whose life history is told by his sister at their home of exile in Akka, to which the author made a pilgrimage in order to gain a first hand knowledge of the subject. It narrates the persecutions, imprisonment, martyrdom and exile of the

entire family and the early followers of the faith ; also their hardships endured at Teheran and Baghdad, their expulsion from Constantinople and Adrianople, and thence to Akka. This New Dispensation marks another era of liberality, in its aim to stimulate and revive all religions, which it recognises as being equally divine, and with teachings differing in degree only to suit the capacities of the evolving races to which they come. It also recognises a common source of truth and divine authority in each Manifestation to guide and instruct the world in the fundamental truths, and has the high ambition of attempting to infuse new spirit into what have become mere forms of religion. "Love and good-will to man" is the keynote of the teaching, and self-discipline its first aim ; for it claims where there is contention, there cannot be the higher conception of truth. The elaborate code of moral and social ethics written in forms of epistles, maxims or 'tablets,' claim nothing of originality, but are re-statements of truth such as were contained in the teachings of earlier saints and sages. The fact that several millions in Persia alone are followers of this faith, proves that its influence is a power in the world. The author adds a number of the discourses he heard personally from Abbas Effendi, and also sayings from the writings of Beha Ullah.

G. G.

Rays of the Dawn, or Fresh Teaching on some New Testament Problems, by a Watcher. (Published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. London.)

Written by one who describes herself as "having grown up in the School of the prophets rather than of the priests," this book is admittedly written under inspiration and with a mission "to point the way to a better understanding of the Scriptures and to a knowledge above the criticism and beliefs based upon the letter". The present work however gives internal evidence of being written by one who has carefully studied both Biblical criticism and psychic research, and is written with more sense of literary form than is found in many of these automatically written productions. It deals with the psychic phenomena of the principal events in the life of Jesus and gives 'thoughts' on the Illumination of the Apostles Paul, John, and Peter, with 'teachings' on the various epistles. It

is also written—and here its chief interest will lie for many—to prepare the way of the Coming Christ, with which Coming several of the author's seven visions are concerned. The first vision is the "Nearness of the Coming Christ"; another deals with "the preparation for the Coming," in which the seer saw a vision of people working very hard lifting heavy stones, and was told she might be a helper if she liked, and began to work. The final vision shows Christ's probable reception—rejection by the Churches and reception by the poor and oppressed being again His lot. The explanation of the meaning of the Star in the East has also its interest:

> It was part of the story of the Heavens for earth's reading. In this star, Easterns felt a great moment for the world had come; though they could not explain why, they felt impelled to search for a new-born child, who should rule both East and West. They in the East saw His star appearing in the *West*. This signifies that the two halves of the world should be unified by a common object of worship. This is coming about, though many in the East and West are not *aware* that it is the Christ who is drawing them into this one-ness. His Second Coming will again be the focus, as the first was, of a common worship and wonder.

E. S.

The Principles of Astrological Geomancy, by Franz Hartmann. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Geomancy, the dictionary says, means the art of divination from dots made on the ground or, later, on paper. Sixteen such lines are made without counting the dots and, from these, four figures are constructed according as the lines contain an even or odd number of dots, and from these, further figures and so on, until one has fifteen figures, the fifteenth being the 'Judge' and giving the final answer to the question asked. A more elaborate answer can be obtained by the construction of an astrological house and a combination of astrological and geomantic methods. In fact the book is one that should interest all students of Astrology. Those to whom the statement that time does not exist on the highest planes and that the past, present and future are all co-existent in the Absolute, may possibly be led to believe by Dr. Hartmann's arguments that it is possible, by stilling the intermediate vehicles, to bring through some knowledge of this ever-present future on to our limited three-dimensional physical plane, and that his own experience of eighty-three per cent of correct replies to questions may be due to something else besides coincidence, fraud, or delusion.

E. G. H.

Ancient Egyptian Legends, by M. A. Murray. (WISDOM OF THE EAST Series.[1] John Murray, London. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This is a book intended not for the scholar but for the public, and contains eleven interesting legends of miscellaneous Egyptian Gods, of Osiris and the deities connected with him, and of Ra. The author's way of telling them is attractive, and as the public is eager more and more to learn about ancient Egypt and her mysterious Gods these legends will no doubt find a ready sale. The Notes at the end are instructive, and the serious student will find them very useful. These short stories of a nation of yore are worth reading, and will give the voracious novel-reader excellent food for a few leisure hours—and they will be well spent. To the instructed Theosophist the book will appeal more, and in these mere legends he will find many of his teachings told in a way, sometimes unique, sometimes novel, but always very instructive.

B. P. W.

The Adyar Bulletin—July. Mrs. Besant writes on 'What Theosophy has to say to the Australian Workers,' and gives an interesting account of her recent activities in 'From the Editor'. A charming and sympathetic nature sketch is provided by Lignus, and Mr. Lazenby writes originally in The 'Awakening of the Fool'. Of the permanent features in the magazine, 'Students in Council' discuss 'Minor Initiations'. 'When Friends Meet' contains a conversation on the progress of the soul—probably the most interesting conversation the 'Friends' have as yet recorded. This number is very good and quite up to the standard the magazine set itself at the beginning of the year.

The third volume of *Theosophy in Scotland* has reached us. Tastefully bound, it presents a charming appearance. This magazine seems especially suited for its purpose and contains every month notes from the various Lodges, and all Theosophic activities of niterest are chronicled. The Scottish Society is to be congratulated on having put forth such an excellent volume in the third year of its age.

[1] Obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S OPENING SPEECH AT THE STOCKHOLM CONGRESS

Now with regard to our policy. You have in Sweden a good deal to face because, for some reason (probably to make you strong for your work in the future) all the difficulties of the Society have here found a battleground, so that the differences of views are very clearly enunciated, and you have to realise that in your own country the various parties (if I may so call them) connected with this great movement have each found a footing.

That is not, I think, a thing to be regretted. Our policy in regard to these dissident parts of the Theosophical movement is an important thing, and I would venture to suggest what seems to me the wisest policy. With regard, for instance, to that part of the movement which left the Theosophical Society under Mr. Judge and is now headed by Mrs. Tingley, I would earnestly ask you to let all the attack come from that side and not from ours. It is far better that you should not quarrel with them even if they desire to quarrel with you. If you leave to them the whole of the attack and receive it with generosity, with magnanimity and with kindly feeling, then and then alone can you hope that peace will ultimately be secured. It is yours to remember the great words of the Lord Buddha: "Hatred ceases not by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love." So if for the moment our brethren of the Universal Brotherhood find in hatred their weapon against us, let us use rather the shield of love and not the sword of hatred, and answer with kindness, with generosity and good feeling any of the attacks that they may think right to make upon us.

Realise that with the great majority of assailants, they are working for what they believe to be the truth, and if they make the mistake of thinking that truth is best defended by attacks upon others, then let us give them credit for their good intentions and hope that wisdom may ultimately lead them to choose a better way. So I would ask you not to answer hatred with hatred. Let them do their work and let us do ours. Remember that hatred disintegrates, while love unites, and let us carry out our name of Brotherhood and know no exclusion but remember it is universal.

With regard to our brethren of the German Section who have left the Theosophical Society and enrolled themselves under a new name, surely we can show to them also the same policy of respect. They will probably reach a certain number of people whom as yet we cannot reach. There is the advantage that they are using another name, so that there is not even outwardly any conflict between us. It is true that their

language is a little harsh, but, after all, the harsh language is directed against me personally rather than the Theosophical Society, and the last thing in the world that I wish is that I should be made a bone of contention between two Societies whose aim on both sides is to find the way of truth.

And so I would say with regard to them also, if they attack me, do not respond by attack against their leaders. It was necessary that they should leave us for we cannot in the Society permit any to be excluded, and the very moment that our German National Society excluded from its membership those who held a particular belief, the belief in the near coming of a World-Teacher, it was impossible that that National Society should continue to represent the Theosophical Society in Germany. Rightly, then, they went out on a policy less broad than our own, for it is our duty to keep the breadth of the Society and to make no matter of belief reason for exclusion from our ranks. But the fact that they prefer that principle need not prevent our respect, nay, I will say our admiration; for while Dr. Steiner does not care to recommend the works of our branch of the Movement, I have always advised people to read Dr. Steiner's works, not because I agree with everything in them, but because I believe that we should read every view which is put forward by the seekers after truth, and that we are the wiser and the stronger when we see the truth at different angles and from other standpoints, and do not confine ourselves alone to the study of a single line of thought.

Profoundly do I believe it to be true that the great Lords of Wisdom meet a man on any path whereon the man is treading in the search for Them, ever echoing those words of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*: "Mankind comes to me along many roads and on whatever road a man approaches me, on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are mine." Let us then act in the spirit of that teaching and see in the roads of our brethren roads to the same truth, and when we meet in the centre we shall know that all roads are one.

That, then, friends, it seems to me should be our policy, complete tolerance, inclusion of every opinion. Remember that each opinion adds something to our knowledge and that we should try in the struggle of opinions to learn from our opponent more than from our friends, for the opponent sees the truth at a different angle, while those who agree with us see it from our own. Such then is the policy that I would venture to lay before you as one that appears to me to be the wisest for the Theosophical Society. Let us do our own work, let us walk along our own road, let us give out the truth to the world as we see it, but let our note, so far as may be, be the note that harmonises the discords rather than a note which adds to the discords of the world.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

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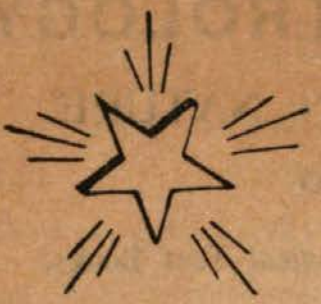

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