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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT is difficult to write to you, readers mine, in these days of strict censorship, for you, as many letters have told me, want to know of my Indian work, and yet I hear that the subscribers receive their copies mutilated, and without any such news. So I fear you must be without news, since you cannot have it if I do not write it, and you cannot have it if I do. I remember that in the days of our H. P. Blavatsky, the copies of *Lucifer* were treated in this way by the Russian Censor, and we used to receive just such indignant letters as come to Adyar now, and H. P. B. would wax furiously indignant, and speak strange words in strange tongues. Her humble successor feels more amused than indignant, for the proceedings have their comic side. And, after all, it is only for a short time, and later on, when Censors no longer preside over us, we shall look back with laughter on the precautions taken and on their futility. So why not laugh now?

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So I must not tell you of the Special National Congress, with its 5,100 delegates, and its 6,000 visitors, a record Congress, and all the work done therein. From all parts of India came the delegates, earnest, steadfast, men and women, of all

creeds, and castes, and classes, and of both sexes; there were many women delegates also; two big blocks of them, given, with Indian courtesy, the best seats in front. And there was a choir also, mostly, though not entirely, composed of women, and they sang patriotic songs, with hearts and voices throbbing together. Moreover the Congress passed a notable resolution which I must put on record here: "Women, possessing the same qualifications as are laid down for men in any part of the Scheme [of Reforms], shall not be disqualified on account of sex."

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It is quite natural that here, in India, women should advance beside their men, for India has had many capable women Indian Rulers, sometimes in their own right, sometimes as Regents for their minor sons, and this has continued down to our own time. Many Indian women are good women of business, managing large estates, and in the joint families of Indians, where a household numbers children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and uncles, and brothers, and cousins of many degrees, and visiting married daughters of the various generations and of all the collateral branches, with servants innumerable, one sees one aged woman, reverenced and obeyed by all, ruling all, administering all, beloved of all, guardian of the family traditions, the Queen of the Home.

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Moreover, from the Hinḍū point of view, the Shakṭi, the active Power of God, is feminine, and in all troubles and distresses all the Shining Ones cry to the Shakṭi for deliverance, and where the masculine fails the feminine triumphs, and drives away the Evil, and restores the throne to Good. Beside Mahāḍeva, the "Great God," sits ever Pārvaṭī, Umā, Ḍurgā, His embodied Strength, call Her by what name you will. She is the Mother Eternal, She is the Strong to save,

the Tender to console, the Pitiful to protect. And the woman is Her Representative on earth, the Mother, holiest and sweetest of names.

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The resolution was appropriately moved and seconded by women. It was moved in an exquisite speech of appeal to men from the lips of India's famous poetess, Shrīmaṭi Sarojini Devī, and seconded by the sister of a wealthy mill-owner of Ahmedabad, who, with Mahāṭmā Gāṇḍhi, led and supported the weavers' strike there; and that so sweetly and gently, and withal so bravely, that the help given to her brother's workmen on strike caused no discord nor harsh feeling in the home.

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Englishwomen, who fought so long and so hardly for the suffrage they now enjoy, will probably look with half-envious eyes at their Indian sisters, surrounded and aided by their men-folk, and gliding so easily to their place in what we all call the Mother- not the Father-land. Will England agree with India in paying this homage to Indian Womanhood?

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Very pleasant news reached me—at long last—of the Scottish Convention, held at Edinburgh, in June. News that comes by letter is very old nowadays, between the legitimate delays caused by the War, and the illegitimate ones caused by the Censor, or Censors, who take so deep and continual an interest in my personal correspondence. The Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, went to Edinburgh on the occasion, to the delight of the whole Convention. He was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Ingram, who were rightly proud of being the hosts of the veteran Theosophical leader, who, through good report and evil, has never wavered in his allegiance to the Theosophical Society, nor in his steadfast and invaluable services to the movement. He has spread abroad Theosophical ideas in every part of the world; and how many

there are who caught their first glimpse of Theosophy in *The Occult World* and in *Esoteric Buddhism*, and who rise up and call him blessed for the light he brought.

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We are glad to see how steadily the Theosophical Society in Great Britain takes advantage of the opportunities opened up to it by the War, and the quickened sense of interest in the deep problems of life. We may take one report as a sample of many, a series of lectures delivered in Hove, near Brighton. The *Sussex Daily News* has the following:

The third of the extremely interesting series of lectures on Theosophy, Buddhism and Christianity, each treated by a student of the particular religion, was given at the Hove Town Hall, yesterday evening, by the Rev. Scott-Moncrieff, Rector of Whitchurch. His subject was "Theosophy and Christianity," and his aim, he said in his opening words, was to show that they were not opposed to each other. Far from this being the case, the study of Theosophical writings, ancient and modern, would serve to enlarge, explain and illuminate the Christian religion. The first point on which he laid stress was the value of the God conception which Theosophical study revealed. There were two God conceptions—that of the Absolute and that of the Personal God—which did not square together, and the discrepancy between the two was weakening the faith of thousands. Theosophy reconciled the two, and while saying the thought of the Absolute was just and inevitable, it proclaimed that each system in the universe was indwelt, informed, by a mighty Word invisible. Life was one, and we were alive—one with God and, as part of the One Life, one with our fellows. Another of the teachings of Theosophy concerned the progress of the human Spirit. It taught that what we call a lifetime was but a section of the whole, and that each lifetime was but a school-day in the great process of education. The doctrine of reincarnation showed that there was no unfairness or injustice in the guiding of the world, and without it there was no explanation, but the Calvinistic one, of the phrase: "Many are called but few are chosen." To the Theosophist this meant: "Many are called but few in any generation are chosen." Mr. Moncrieff claimed that the student of Theosophy found that it made the doctrines of the Catholic Church to be truer than it had ever seemed possible for them to be, and in phrases of great beauty he showed how Theosophy fully brought out the Pauline conception of Christ as the God filling all things—He, the Divine, the Mighty One, sleeping in the mineral, dreaming in the plant, awaking in the animal, coming to self-consciousness in the man, and coming to divine consciousness in the Man made Perfect.

The Rev. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff suffered for his membership in the Theosophical Society in New Zealand, where he

was the Head of a College, and was driven forth by orthodoxy as a heretic. In England he found greater liberality of thought, and took up parochial work, winning much attachment to himself, and re-attaching many of the thoughtful and intellectual men who had slipped into quiet agnosticism to the Church into which they had been baptised as babes. Since the middle of the last century, the *intelligentsia* in European countries had been growing more and more out of touch with Christianity, presented in too crude and too narrow a form. To them, the teachings of Theosophy appealed, and "brought them back to religion," and such a clergyman as Mr. Scott-Moncrieff was a veritable light springing up in the darkness, to "guide their feet into the way of Peace". Such men are the little leaven that is leavening the whole lump of Christianity, and that will redeem it from being a religion for women and children only.

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Of course, the terrible lessons of the War have made impossible the careless indifference with which men of the world erstwhile looked on religion. When brothers, sons, grandsons, the hope and joy of the home, went out in the splendour of their youth, in the prime of their manhood, to offer up the great sacrifice for Honour, Faith and Justice, and came back no more to the hearths made desolate, or came back mutilated beyond hope of restoration, to what could the stricken hearts, left empty or seared, turn in their anguish, save to that Eternal who changeth not, who is Life and Joy, shining beyond the clouds of ruin and despair?

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Hence, Theosophy, with its sure message of Peace and Restoration, speaking with the sublimity of Religion and the certainty of Science, came as a Light scattering the gloom, and revealing the gain that lay behind the loss. Not vanished were the gallant youths, the strong heroic men; not rapt into

a distant heaven, inaccessible and far away; not lost to earth's sore needs, nor to the coming civilisation, that needed such for its builders, that called for these pure hearts and strong hands for its shaping. Around us, with us, preparing for a swift return, conquerors of death and candidates for quick rebirth, the fathers-to-be of a nobler generation, who had gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death and had reached the Land beyond it wherein all is made new—these, coming from a new heaven to create a new earth, have comforted the hearts of their bereaved with the sweetness of a hope born of intolerable anguish. Hence the longing to realise the mystic side of their neglected faith by myriads for whom earth's lights had been quenched, as they thought, for ever, or, if not quenched, to burn dimly and unsubstantially in some strange unearthly heaven, devoid of warmth and reality. Led by Theosophy into Christian Mysticism, learning the joyous Gospel of Rebirth and of a regenerated earth, the living here and the living beyond the so-called death, which is but fuller life, have been bound into a blessed communion of Spiritual Intelligences, and are filled with a sure and certain knowledge of Life unbroken and eternal.

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For the wellnigh unbearable agony of these war-worn years are but the birth-pangs of the Great Mother, the Ever-Virgin, who shall ere long give to the world the glorious Child of a Humanity reborn. According to the depths of the anguish, so shall be the heights of the Joy. For the ETERNAL is Bliss, not sorrow, Joy not despair, Union not separation. Above us, in the clear sky of the dawning, is shining the STAR, beyond the mists and clouds of our lower world. Listen! A Voice as melodious as a silver trumpet, as sweet as the flute of the Beloved, falls from the Glory Invisible:

"Lift up your eyes, and you shall see MY STAR."

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The Sanāṭana Ḍharma Examination—an annual examination in the knowledge of the Hiṇdū religion—was begun in Bombay in 1903, by two earnest Theosophists of that city, Messrs. Dharamsey Morarji Goculdas and Manmohandas D. Shroff. They desired to afford an opportunity to boys and girls to study their religion, and to stimulate them to grasp the opportunity by a yearly examination on books set for study and the giving of prizes to the best students. They began with 35 students in 1903, and reached 4,335 in 1914. A very severe outbreak of plague reduced the number, which was expected to touch 6,000 last year, the number of centres in which it was safe to hold the examination being reduced from 42 to 27.

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I had the honour and pleasure of presiding this year in Bombay at the annual prize-giving, and it was very pleasant to learn from the Report that the sons of the Founders—now both passed into the Peace—Messrs. Ratansi D. Morarji and Nanabhai Manmohandas Shroff, are the leading upholders of their fathers' work.

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The examination has now spread into the Central Provinces and Berar, and in the districts of Surat and Broach (in Bombay Presidency) it is finding students in the villages. Parents value the study of their religion by their sons and daughters, and, in the words of the Report: "People have come to recognise that the youths of to-day are the citizens of to-morrow, and, in order to build their characters, religious education is necessary." Truly the seed sown since 1896 has sprung up into an abundant harvest.

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Another interesting meeting was that of the Humanitarian Society. I had been elected President, but finding that the Congress occupied the day first chosen, I asked my good Brother Jinarājadāsa kindly to take my place. The

Reception Committee, however, changed the date twice, in order that I might preside, and insisted, so I could not be so churlish as to refuse. We consequently acted as twin-Presidents, Mr. Jinarājadāsa giving the formal address and I making a short opening speech. He gave a most admirable address, and the meeting certainly profited by the substitution.

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A paper with a queer name, *Universe and Catholic Weekly*, published in London, assails the Theosophists who have joined the Old Catholic Church, and have risen to episcopal rank, under the heading, "A Theosophical Scandal"! The spirit of the article may be judged by one sentence, worthy of a Middle Age Inquisitor:

> Terrible, indeed, would it be to contemplate the giving up of the Bread of Life to men and women who would have approached the Gift, not in the fullness and preparedness of the Catholic Faith, but as mere seekers after "magic" and without regard to any moral fitness on their own part; yet it is clear that the danger is real.

The "magic" is the fact of "transubstantiation," to use the mediæval schoolmen's word; and why the approach of baptised Christians to the Christian altar to receive its benefit should be regarded as terrible, it is difficult to see. The statement that they approach the highest mystery of their faith "without regard to any moral fitness" is absurd as well as libellous, since those who believe in the "magic"— the occult change of "substance"— would not dare so to draw nigh.

THEOSOPHICAL JOTTINGS FROM AN EDUCATIONAL NOTE-BOOK

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B.

I

THE more I study and try to understand the truths Theosophy specially isolates for us out of the great mass of Truth Eternal, the more do I feel convinced as to the very great value and importance of the Theosophist in the field of Education. Mrs. Besant has told us in *The Ideals of Theosophy* that "there are three chief Theosophical doctrines . . . which bear directly on all questions of social organisation. The first, obviously, is the teaching of Universal Brotherhood, the second the teaching of Reincarnation, the third the teaching of Karma". Of vital importance are these

three principles in all questions of Education, and much of the slow progress in this great Science is due to the fact that in determining its principles, we omit to inculcate certain fundamental factors which govern the child's very existence in the world. No true teacher ought, it seems to me, to be satisfied with taking the child as he is. "Whence has he come? Whither is he going?" are questions which must to a certain extent be answered, (1) if we would know what the child is, (2) if we would give the child an education suited to his place in the world into which he has come.

Now I feel most strongly that Theosophy alone definitely and clearly supplies the information necessary to answer these two questions. Doubtless every religion contains the answer; but it is difficult to find, whereas Theosophy makes a special point of isolating the answer in its endeavour to explain the principles and practice of Brotherhood. When I stand in front of a child, I want to know—and here I take my position as a Theosophist—whence that child has come. That is the only point interesting to me for the moment. When I was in the Central Hinḍū College, that was my first thought when a new pupil came seeking admission. Out of what past had he come? The non-Theosophist teacher is not interested in this. He is but a mill owner, and children are but as grist to his mill. Under the existing system, a child develops individuality in spite of the system and not because of it. But if National life is to be strong and virile, if we are to dream of an age of Pericles for a Nation, we must cease to rest satisfied with children as we find them. We must seek to know how they came to us, what they should be doing among us, the nature of the road along which it may be their destiny to travel.

Now, the first knowledge I possess as a Theosophist is that the child before me has been in the world before, probably not so very different from what he is at present. It is

likely, too, that his relatives and friends are more or less the same relatives and friends he has had before. At least there is a certain tie between him and them. It may also be true that his teachers and school companions are not in reality unknown to him, or he to them. All this that I note of him, I note of everybody else as well. We have all come out of the past, and, if Theosophic investigations are to be believed, we have all come out of the past more or less together. We come to move in sets. This fact should help in removing any element of strangeness between the teacher and his new pupil. Of course, it is possible that they have never met before; but the probabilities are against this. When, therefore, a new pupil comes to me for admission, I begin by taking it for granted that I have probably seen him before, but do not happen with my present physical brain to remember him; although for verity's sake I should add that sometimes I do definitely remember the apparent stranger. I think this is true of everybody. At least we have an indefinable feeling that so and so is not a stranger to us. We cannot explain it, but there it is.

This fact being established, it becomes clear that everything the child is has been brought over from the past. I should now begin to trace in general terms what that past has been. The immediate past I may be permitted to suspect to have been the Heaven world. In Theosophical literature I can read all about the Heaven world, so it is easy for me to understand the contents of that immediate past. I note, too, that a little further back there was death and the intervening circumstances between death and the Heaven world. I can also read all about the life after death in Theosophical literature. In this way I can gradually map out the general features of the comparatively immediate past of the child before me. As to details, these depend, of course, upon the child's individual temperament. It will, therefore, be impossible for me to

ascertain with exactitude any of these details until I have known the child for a very long time, but the parents will probably be able to tell me something about their child's peculiarities, and a little knowledge is better than none at all. In addition, if I possess a certain amount of intuition, or trained experience of children, I may more or less accurately gauge my future pupil from his general "feel". Such hints as I can gather I must make careful note of for future reference, inasmuch as the guidance of the pupil in his life's work should largely be influenced by knowledge of the child's fundamental characteristics. But even the general knowledge of the existence of a Heaven world in the immediate background should determine the nature of the training in early years. The theories of Pestalozzi, Froebel and Montessori, and others of the same type, are in reality based upon an unconscious realisation by these educators that the freedom of the Heaven world must be maintained as long as possible in the period immediately succeeding it. They also unconsciously realised that the creative faculty, exercised so wonderfully a few years ago in the Heaven world, should under no circumstances be allowed to disappear, for to create in the physical world, though a far harder task, is a task that must be accomplished. Indeed, my own duty as a Theosophist teacher must be to strive to make the transition between the Heaven world and the world of strife down here as little jarring as possible, so that when maturity comes, the youth may feel he has been adequately strengthened to meet its trials and tribulations. In other words, at the root base of his life there must be some knowledge of the eternal verities of things.

Going back to the more remote past, for example to the life immediately preceding the present, I come to barriers difficult to penetrate. If I am an occultist, I may look back into past lives; and only an occultist can be a true teacher.

But as I am not an occultist, I must use my imagination. What is this child before me likely to have been? Let us take first broad, general principles. If it is an English child, is it likely it was an English child before? The probabilities are against this assumption, although I am bound to add that it is not impossible. But, if we study the lives of Alcyone as published in THE THEOSOPHIST, it becomes clear that people tend to change their races almost every life. Some people may, of course, be specially bound up in a particular race, but this is the exception. We will assume, then, that the child before us, while English to-day, was probably not English in his past life. He may have been German, or French, or Roman, or Greek, or Egyptian, or Indian. What was he? That question may be impossible to answer. But from the probabilities we may deduce the important truth that races and sub-races are but classes in which the world-children learn various and varying lessons.

This gives us the equally important truth that while we have every right and duty to be proud of our class, the best students are those who are equally proud of the school as a whole, and who feel that they owe a duty to the school as well as to the class. The child before me is to-day English, but he may have been Indian in the yesterday of lives. For this reason, separative pride of race will be abhorrent to his vital nature. We must not suffer the narrow space of time to dominate the broad expanse of the Eternal. And the Eternal is neither one race nor another, but the sum total of them all. The Theosophist teacher encourages eager and enthusiastic patriotism, for the simple reason that if a child is born into a particular race, it is that he may learn from that race and be of service to it. But there is the past to be thought of, and also the future. In the past, the child has been a member of other races of mankind. In the future he may change his race or sub-race often and often.

We often tell children they should not be impulsive, that they should not follow the impulse of the moment. Nor must we allow them entirely to be dominated by the impulse of a lifetime, since any individual life is but a moment in the infinite series of lives behind and before us. In the case of some children there are some very definitely marked characteristics. So marked are some of them that they appear on the physical body itself. There is the Greek type. There is the Roman type. There is the Celtic type, there is the Teuton type. And the Teuton type may be found in the Celtic race and *vice versa*. The Greek or Roman type may be found in the Celtic or Teuton race. Similarly, there are many varieties of temperament—the dreamy, the artistic, the active, the devotional, the intellectual, the temperament of conflict, etc. So, after all, there is a considerable amount of knowledge to be acquired even about a strange young child, if we set about to acquire the knowledge in the right way.

It has been said that the greatest value of knowledge lies in the extent to which it teaches us where to look for any knowledge we may for the moment require. And this is the value of the Theosophic truths given to us through the Theosophical Society. They tell us where to look. It remains for us to seek and to make use of such knowledge as we may have been able to obtain. From our own trained imagination, based upon experience, fortified by intuition, we shall learn something about the child. Existing circumstances will add to this knowledge. The parents and friends of the child should be able to give us further information. In this way we begin to know something at least. We can at least have a vague, general idea as to what kind of child is before us, though what he is to do in the world may still remain hidden from us. But the Law of Karma offers us certain definite principles. We know, for example, that the

child before us has karma to work out in this life, that he has powers to be developed in this life, that he is linked to the special race-karma of the people among whom he has been born, that there are special ties to be developed and worked out, strengthened or diminished as the case may be, between himself and those immediately around him. We must try to see karma at work, for after the seventh year it generally begins its operations. Even before this age, well marked tendencies may appear. But there can be no certainty, and until the seventh year it is probably not incorrect to say that the burden of karma, as also its uplift, are not yet upon the child.

It is for this reason that these early years are of such supreme importance from one point of view. The more we can surround the child with that spirit of ordered and constructive freedom which animated him during the Heaven world, the more we are fortifying him against the time when his ego will take possession of him and bring down the purpose of his life, with all its tumult, its uncertainty, its temptations, its doubts, its questionings, its restrictions. And being so near to the Heaven world, the spirit of ordered and constructive freedom will come naturally to him.

George S. Arundale

PROBLEMS OF ADOLESCENCE

By THEODORA MACGREGOR

I

FOR ages the attempt has been made to treat sex as if it were something separate from the rest of nature. In every sphere of human thought men have more and more lost sight of the unity underlying all things, and humanity has been less and less regarded as an integral part of nature and growing out of it.

The world-process goes on by a continual balancing of the centrifugal or out-rushing and destroying force, signified by Mars, and the centripetal, or indrawing, nourishing, and up-building force, signified by Venus. The former is the male, the latter the female aspect of nature, and these are reflected in men and women respectively. It is absurd to argue which force is the more important, stronger, better, wiser, more necessary, since either without the other is for ever futile.

Our fathers saw that men had one function in society and women another, and they thought the simplest plan would be to educate boys and girls separately, so that each might learn to fulfil one function exclusively. But they overlooked an important factor which upset all their calculations. In each human being exist two centres, the head and the heart. The function of the head is centrifugal, male; that of the heart centripetal, female. These forces must be balanced, not only in the married pair, but in each individual, if harmony is to

exist in society. The Microcosm is made in the image of the Macrocosm. The head of the man should be the chief centre of his consciousness, and his heart should correct the dryness and egoism of his reason. The centre of the woman's life should be her heart, and the intellect should correct any tendency to extravagant devotion.

For many centuries men have used their superior physical strength to try to limit women to the heart alone, while they aimed for themselves only at the development of the intellect. The result was doubly unfortunate. The emotions of men were untrained; every outlet was considered evil; consequently they became warped and unhealthy, and when these conditions reacted on their intellect, even that became clogged and incapable of just judgment. Similarly the starved intellect of women turned to cunning, love of intrigue, and deceit. They became shallow and senseless, and when this reacted on their hearts, they became vain and inconstant. Their footing in society was in itself an injustice. They were treated as slaves, and they developed the characteristics of slaves. Each sex came at last to despise the other, until the best of each saw that the basis of society was wrong and that the ordinary attitude towards the sex-question was an important factor in causing the trouble.

A further complication arises from the fact that, although the head is distinctively the male centre and the heart the female, many men have the characteristics of women largely developed, and women have those of men. No hard and fast line can be drawn; but if we consider the ultimate function of each, we must think it desirable that in the case of man the head should rule the heart, and conversely in the case of woman.

Men are by nature hunters, and supply the physical wants of the household; women are brooders, and devote themselves to home-making. But now women have revolted

against the attempt to hinder their intellectual development and are determined to show that in this sphere they can do all that men can do. They claim for girls the same education as boys receive, and equal opportunities for following any career. The tendency at the moment seems to be to ignore sex altogether, as if it were a fictitious distinction. This is the natural reaction, and is right and necessary in its place; but by and by women will realise that their intellect may be equivalent without being equal or identical, and that they possess something incomparably more valuable than masculine reason (which deduces conclusions from the evidence of the senses), namely, feminine intuition, which is only dulled and blunted by excessive application to ordinary materialistic subjects.

Apparently many people must go to one or the other extreme. Some think boys and girls should be kept almost entirely separate; others that they should be constantly together. According to some there ought to be a "conspiracy of silence" about all matters relating to sex; while others make no distinction between modesty and prudery, and tear away all veils without mitigation or remorse.

Nature teaches human beings to have reverence for that which is for them the Holy of holies, so that they have a natural instinct to be silent about it, and feel outraged if this silence is violated in any unseemly way. Prudery is a counterfeiting of this right and natural instinct, for the sake of appearances, where the original reverence has been destroyed, and only a sense of degradation and shame is present. Modesty can easily be distinguished from false shame; the latter is convinced that sex is a disgraceful thing, and sees evil where the highest and noblest functions of mankind are in question. It is not natural in any individual, but induced; and probably denotes some irredeemable injury done to the astral body during the formative period of life.

As the physical body comes into existence at the moment of birth, so at adolescence takes place another equally definite birth which revolutionises the child's thoughts, feelings, and general outlook. Physically the change is a sexual development, but from the higher planes it illuminates all aspects of life. New avenues or vistas of thought and feeling open out on all sides, and tremendous revelations pour down upon the adolescent from the Creator Himself. Man is made in the image of God, and this is the time when the likeness is completed. Alas for the child who is without due preparation for the descent of Adonai!

It should be unnecessary to dwell on the exceeding danger of pressure at this time; such momentous changes cannot take place without absorbing a large amount of the total energy of the child. Some degree of confusion and suffering will always be present, and it may be acute. Yet this is the very period at which the pressure of school-work is usually greatest; nor does there seem to be any general realisation of the immense care, patience, tenderness, and firmness needed in helping children over the crisis. Besides, indifference is even worse than pressure. Plenty of food for thought and feeling must be supplied; and the school, taken alone, is helpless, and always will be. Many parents simply place all responsibility on it, and then look on at the whole process with the calm indifference of spectators. When the result is bad the school has to bear all the blame. We hasten to add that many schools hold the parents very decidedly at arm's length.

To have plenty of activity, to be taken completely out of themselves, and to help in some way for the good of the community, are necessary elements in a full and wholesome growth, so that the school must be most closely related to the community if it is to be efficacious. Equally necessary is a thorough understanding of the law of repose. It is dangerous

to encourage young people always to meet uneasy sensations by some output of energy, physical or intellectual.

As the body liberated at the second birth is one of thought and feeling (some would say it is a body of feeling only, but we cannot separate these two aspects; each continually reacts on the other), naturally thoughts and feelings mould it and build it up. Where the parents have clear thoughts about social and family life, obligations to the community in which they know their place and work, where they have clean and wholesome ideas about all love and friendship in general, and sexual love in particular, the writer is convinced that the child, if in normal health, will be almost immune from corrupting influences anywhere. In teaching adolescents the writer has again and again found that adverse influences from the family and the community have been first in the field and have injured the children beyond recovery.

If a right attitude towards sex could be established in society at large, most other evils would disappear, because harmony would be brought into being and would soon pervade the whole. We have a fearful inheritance in this, and we must take it into account in considering the education of children. We cannot start on the assumption that harmony already exists, when in fact whirlwinds of chaotic and destructive forces are sweeping about them. A few children have the strength to protect themselves so that their growth is determined from within; they reject all that is not appropriate to their own nature and stage of development, and are prepared to defend themselves to the last. But the great mass are dependent on their family and the community; for them religion and politics are hereditary, as is the attitude towards sex and all ideas about it.

Nevertheless the outlook is very bright, for the most casual observer cannot fail to see how rapidly society is awakening to a sense of its condition. A new spirit is abroad in these

days, a spirit of inquiry and aspiration. On all sides we hear humble acknowledgments of ignorance, expressions of desire to find out the truth, and to walk in the right way.

II

People should not sit in armchairs and invent ways of dealing with children. It is better to study the laws of mind, and to try to get some idea as to what processes are going on; then to deal with each case as it comes up, taking all the circumstances into account. Preconceived notions, however plausible, are often dangerous, because they tend to blind the would-be educator.

In considering the education of children, it is well to bear in mind that they will grow and develop in any case; this is the essential law of every living thing. If we interfere at all, we had better first make sure that we know what we are about. Our object is so to help nature that the result will be more perfect than if nature had been left alone. For example, by the help of a right education one man may attain at twenty-five the outlook and attitude towards life which another only reaches at fifty. This means twenty-five years of efficient service gained to humanity. We shall gain nothing if we run counter to nature, and we must be constantly on the lookout for indications to guide us aright. Nature will continually press forward with silent but intense force, and will not be thwarted without strong pressure.

Because sex has been unduly emphasised and isolated in the past, we ought not to ignore it altogether and think of boys and girls as if there were no difference. The monastic system is gradually receding into the background; but if co-education becomes general, the sexes should not be thrown together, say, at boarding-school, in such a way that they have no opportunity of keeping apart if they choose. Even among

young children boys naturally take to games which do not attract girls, and vice versa, so that they will usually come to play a great deal apart. Girls develop about two years earlier than boys, so that at the same age they are not exactly at a corresponding stage of growth.

Girls readily take a real motherly interest in boys when they are educated together, and often a most tender sympathy can exist on the one side, and a chivalrous regard on the other. But girls have decidedly the upper hand at this period, and boys generally find that a little of their company goes a long way. Boys are just at the stage when they want to struggle with and master everything about them, and what they cannot tackle they prefer to avoid. There are times during the adolescent period when, given perfect freedom, each sex feels it an inner need to keep apart. Then the presence of the opposite sex is very trying, but at other times it is a real necessity, to some more than others.

Mrs. Boole says in her booklet *About Girls*:

> The sex-question as it affects boys can never be understood or managed till its co-relation with the functions of hunting, killing and eating, and inflicting pain has been organised. The sex-question as it affects girls can never be understood or managed till it has been correlated with the emotions connected with prayer, adoration, sacrifice, and the enduring of pain. . . . The normal trend of sexuality in boys is towards grabbing, in girls towards giving; in boys towards inflicting, in girls towards enduring pain; in boys towards mastering, and in girls towards adoration.

A boy may show the normal tendencies of a girl and vice versa; but when that happens, it is a danger signal calling for special attention and study.

The lack of reverence so common among modern children causes much misery and vice at adolescence. If this primitive instinct, which is nearly always present among the so-called uncivilised, could be conserved, much that is undesirable would disappear without adult interference. Boys would understand that they must help to educate the future wife or mother of

some other boy, and could be got to see that "what the boy of fourteen sows, the man of forty reaps". Similarly girls would readily feel responsible for the boys. It would be found that a natural division of work and play would take place among them, and it would be perfectly safe to trust them together. Meantime our heritage is such that whatever system we adopt, almost superhuman care and discrimination are needed, as their whole condition is liable to become extremely unsatisfactory at adolescence. The astral bodies of a huge number have been, as it were, blighted earlier in life.

Now the Creator is especially near to them, revealing the possibility of His using their physical personality as a means of bringing forth new life. The desire to create family and social ties begins faintly to form in the boy, and the nest-building, home-making tendency in the girl. The ideas which underlie the whole structure of society are constantly hovering about them, seeking to enter their consciousness. By what channels are they to be revealed? Has early training prepared means by which these ideas can be realised with the minimum of shock, through faculties already developed, so that the new faculties being formed may not, in their weak and immature state, be subjected to undue tension?

At this stage the superiority of the new way of education by self-expression can be clearly seen.

> The creative instinct, when it awakes, develops more freely and normally if the girl finds herself able to express herself alternatively in sound, colour, form, or motion (by musical improvisation, needlework, drawing, or dancing) than if she were cramped into one channel only.
>
> It is certainly desirable that each spiritual or altruistic instinct, when it awakens, should find ready for its expression some channel or channels already mature and exercised, and not be driven to find imaginary outlet through the part of the nervous system which is as yet immature and uncoördinated.

The writer does not mean to take up a reactionary position with regard to the education of women, or to minimise the need of thorough intellectual training for them. It would be

unprofitable to discuss curricula at large here, because so much depends on the natural aptitude of each particular girl. To one the study of ordinary school subjects may entail very little effort, and to the next the same work may be an intolerable burden.

If only we stop expecting a uniform standard of attainments, and are always on the watch against undue tension, the incessant struggles of nature to go in the right direction will overcome even our mistakes. Suppose a class of boys and girls are studying together such subjects as literature and history, their manner of approach is so different that out of the same lesson they get quite different mental nourishment. Each selects a certain amount from the whole, and ignores the rest. General discussions of the topics in hand show this up most clearly, and help to widen the outlook of everyone concerned. The writer has a friend who corrects many hundreds of Scotch Leaving Certificate papers in English every year. She has formed the habit of guessing in each case whether the paper belongs to a boy or girl before looking at the name, and she has never been wrong.

Mrs. Boole says the whole intellectual and emotional life of woman is properly "lunatic," *i.e.*, it depends upon and is a function of the moon-rhythm. Man becomes mentally subject to a moon-rhythm only irregularly and morbidly, when something has upset the normal functioning of his mental machinery.

The main real problem of female education is to teach the girl to steady her actions, conduct, and speech, so far as is useful for the stability and order of the community, *without disturbing the tidal ebb and flow*, the normal rhythm in the region of thought and emotion. The safety of a girl lies not in faith in masculine wisdom, nor in submission to masculine authority, but in real *self*-control.

There have been times when women have tried to force upon men a kind of religion wherein the influence of the lunar rhythm is apparent—for example, take the pythonesses of the German forests mentioned by Cæsar, and those of

Thrace, who are traditionally supposed to have torn Orpheus to pieces when he was trying to restore the positive, active, male, solar religion. Students of Astrology will understand how the sun governs the male, and the moon the female aspect, and why it is that a boy tends rather to go direct to a steady aim or ambition, while a girl's mind "swings from pole to pole until it settles to its normal rhythm of its own accord".

Theodora MacGregor

THE DRAMA OF THE MONSOON-WIND

OUT of the ocean
pale of heat,
with leaden waters casting fire,
A Spirit rises and peers around.
Born of the vaporous union of sun and sea,
Born of fire and air and water,
It emerges,
fierce breath of the deep,
of regions at whose thought our mind and senses reel.

As it arises, the ocean sways;
Misty forms assemble;
Through the huge dark clouds, down-flashing,
lightnings leap,
whilst the wind's tumultuous voice
answers the thunder's roar.

The Monsoon rushes onward,
Savage trinity of Fire and Air and Water,
Over the Earth.
Over the continent,
Over the palm woods with heavy leaves
that clatter at its touch;
Over the rice-field's trembling, tender green;
Over the sand plains whose solitary palms
twist the feathery branches like intoxicated birds,
tossing in mists of sand that soar aloft and veil them.

The eerie army of elements sweeps on.
Clouds and the wind shake out boundless sheets of rain,
so vast, they seem like giant phantoms
advancing to conquer all.
Upwards from the plains they move, along the fertile rivers
that scatter jungles on their banks,
and, swelling rivers into floods,
the Monsoon rises to the hills.

With lightning swiftness the hurricane covers and
uncovers mountain peaks, until one knows not cloud
from mountain, nor the bellowing of the gale from
that of rent and bending trees, nor air from water,
nor the sobs of broken forest stems from the wild
exultant joy of Nature's frantic movement,
a tremor of the whole World-Body,
a Sounding-of-all-things-together,
a paroxysm of life, of union, of confusion
of all elements, cosmic delirium quenched by torrents,
that pour and pour and pour on Nature's fever.

The water goes deep down beneath the throbbing
of the Earth, into the silent roots of Nature's life.
No vehemence there.
The still slow penetration of the moist far beyond
all vegetation, into the realms where no exuberance is;
sweet realm of stillness, rest and death,
whence life is born.
There, the eternal secret of the stone,
The Mystery of Silence,
that, one day, on barren sands, in form of Sphinx,
rose out of darkness
and looked upon the world of sound and light.
Those who passed,
hushed their lips and covered their eyes in awe,
before the fearful gaze of unuttered life.

With this phantom of the Night
No surge of elements can cope.
The gigantic tones of Nature's love-song
have died away,
as every utterance is doomed to die.

Silence remains unbroken.

MELLINE D'ASBECK

THE BANTUS OF SOUTH AFRICA

By MARGARET L. MURCHIE

THE vast territory known as South Africa was originally inhabited by a race of pigmies called Bushmen, a wild people who hunted the deer for food, fought with poisoned arrows, and lived in caves, which they decorated with beautiful paintings, the colours of which not even the weather has destroyed—a people who would become the servants of no man. Rather than yield to the Hottentots, who next occupied this sub-continent, they retreated to the fastnesses of the mountains, where they remained for centuries, secure from their foes. To-day, there are scarcely any left, the struggle for existence under such great difficulties having been too strenuous.

The Hottentots, who followed, were somewhat larger in stature, though still small; but they had none of the daring and power of resistance of the Bushmen, and so were soon conquered by the mighty Bantu race, who overran the whole of the land. When the Dutch and English came to settle in what is now the Union of South Africa, they encountered this virile race. Fierce wars raged for centuries between Bantu and European, but the native with his assegai and knobkerrie was no match for the Westerner with his deadly rifle and crushing artillery.

The word Bantu includes all the innumerable tribes of South Africa, the chief of which are the Amaxosa, Baralongs, Basuto, Matabele, Bechuanas, Mashonas and Zulus. All these

tribes have dialects of their own and customs peculiar to themselves, but their salient habits and characteristics are the same. Physically they are a superb race. Living in a country where climatic conditions are ideal, breathing the pure air of the open country (which in the highlands is as exhilarating as a draught of champagne), leading healthy, moral lives, it is no wonder that their bodies are so fine. Their colour varies from a rich brown to the deepest chocolate. They have flat noses, thick lips and woolly hair, but nevertheless their countenances are pleasing and not repulsive, as are those of the negro of Central Africa. They are happy souls and usually good-tempered, but when roused their passions run high.

Their houses, of beehive shape, are made of a long grass beautifully fastened to a framework of wood. They have only one opening—a door about three feet high, and it is etiquette to leave all weapons of war outside the door when visiting. These huts are built round a circular space, and within this space the cattle are kept at night for safety. The head of each *kraal* is the father, or, if he be dead, the eldest brother, and his advice is asked and followed on all matters of importance. Large tracts of land are owned by each tribe, and each *kraal* uses what land it requires for grazing cattle and cultivating crops.

As is usual with uncivilised races, the women occupy an inferior position. Fighting and hunting are the occupations of the men—pastimes suitable to the dignity of their sex. The women, that is the wives, are the tillers of the soil; and with her baby strapped on her back, the mother plants the crops and produces the food necessary for the household. Yet this same woman must wait until her lord and master has finished his meal before she may begin her own.

Although not a vegetarian, the Bantu practically lives on grain and vegetables, but indulges in a meat feast on any important occasion, such as a successful hunt, or a marriage

festival. Fish, a native will not touch, and the flesh of a pig is an abhorrence to him. They do not eat with their fingers, but all sit round in a circle and dip into the same pot, each with his own wooden spoon, which is beautifully made and kept scrupulously clean and used only by himself. They make a sort of mild beer called *itywala*, which resembles yeast both in appearance and taste, and when offered to a guest is partaken of first by the host, to show that it is quite safe. In the warmer spots no clothing except a loin-cloth of skins is worn, but in the colder regions skins are used as a protection against the weather.

As far as we can learn, the Bantu has never been a nomadic race. Cattle are a necessity with them, because wives can only be obtained by payment of cows. The *lobola*, as it is called, is ten cows for an ordinary woman and up to fifty for a chief's daughter, and these cows must be handed over to the father before marriage takes place, promises to pay being tabooed. Polygamy is practised, but unless a man is very rich he cannot afford many wives.

Perhaps two of the most important reasons for the extremely fine physique of the Bantu are the following. Girls are never married until they have reached full maturity, that is, between the ages of eighteen and twenty. They are then fully developed and have a beautiful carriage due to the carrying of weights on the head. The husband must always respect "the law of the mother," and should he attempt to break it, he is despised by the whole community. When a woman is married she does not wear a ring to proclaim the fact, but her hair is mixed with red clay, and formed into a cylinder-shaped projection which stands out about a foot from the back of her head. Children are very kindly treated by the parents, but the father takes very little notice of them.

The natives have a wonderful system of marconiphoning, to coin a word, with human transmitters and receivers. One

of the Bantu from the top of a hill, in a clear, distinct, but not very loud voice, tells his news to the air. It is heard, very often, on a far distant hill by some one, and sent on in the same way, and in a very short space of time it has travelled from one end of the country to the other.

The men are very clever in woodwork, and in the early days often had no better implement than a piece of broken glass or a penknife. Out of one piece of wood they will fashion a double snuff-box joined together by two links. Sticks of all kinds are beautifully made by them, and artistic pillows are quite a feature. The pillow is a rounded piece of wood on two legs, on which the neck is placed. Mats of all kinds they weave from grasses. They carve the outside of a large gourd which holds *maas*, or sour milk and water. The women excel in bead-work, and with excellent taste ornament a dark cloth with brilliant bead-work. The marriage costume, including a veil, for both the man and woman, is made entirely of beads; and very picturesque it is, when worn on these brown, satin skins.

The Bantu has practically no religion. He believes in a Creator of all, known as *Umkulu umkulu*—"The Great Great One," who is a vague abstraction to whom he offers neither worship nor sacrifices.

The Zulus have an interesting legend, telling how Death came into the world. Umkulu umkulu, they say, created men and women, and looking down from his throne was so pleased with the happy, laughing beings, that he felt he would like to bestow on them life immortal. Looking around for a messenger he espied the chameleon, wise and careful. He called him, saying: "Take this decree to my people. Tell them the Great Great One says they may live for ever." Off started the chameleon, and went carefully and slowly to do the God's command. After he had left, the angels came to Umkulu umkulu and said: "What have you done, O God? By this

decree you have made man equal to yourself, and that will never do." The God reflected. "You are right," he said, "but the decree of a God is unalterable. I will send therefore another message."

Quickly he called the lizard, saying: "Go fast to my people and say that Umkulu umkulu has decreed that they shall die." The quick lizard soon outran the chameleon, and reaching the happy natives, delivered the God's decree. Then there was weeping and wailing, and in all this distress the chameleon arrived. "Why weep ye; my children? I have news that will drive away your tears. The Great One has sent me to tell you that you may live for ever." Puzzled, they asked for an explanation of the contradictory decrees. Learning what had happened, they turned in anger on the chameleon, who by his slowness had deprived them of the gift of immortality except through the "valley of the shadow of death". And to-day, although the native will not harm the chameleon, he removes him out of his sight as quickly as possible.

They also say that they "came out of the reeds" and at death "go into the snakes". Consequently when a green snake is seen, a witch-doctor is summoned to proclaim whose spirit is within the snake, and when he has decided the snake may be killed. These witch-doctors are a great power, and are feared and appealed to by the native. He believes that the *umtagati* can bewitch him, so he is very careful never to annoy him. The witch-doctor, they also say, has the power to call down rain. Some of the Bantu, both men and women, evidently have some sort of clairvoyant powers, for they can foretell the future and discover the whereabouts of lost or stolen articles. They cast bones on the ground, murmur a sort of incantation, and then give forth their knowledge.

Of all the Bantu tribes the Zulus are the most advanced. The glory of the Amazulu was due to the genius of one of their

kings, Chaka, a man who stood six feet four inches high, and was a veritable Napoleon in his powers of leading and organising. As Napoleon crushed nation after nation in Europe, so Chaka subdued tribe after tribe in South Africa. When he became king of the Amazulu in the early part of the nineteenth century, his tribes were despised tobacco-sellers, but he made them into a mighty nation that was feared from the Indian Ocean to the Zambesi.

His system was a purely military one and he ruled with a rod of iron, death being the penalty for most offences. He first of all formed the young men into *impis* or armies, and thoroughly drilled and disciplined them. Each *impi* was distinguished by a different-coloured shield, beautifully made of ox-hide. None of the men were allowed to marry while serving in the army, but after a certain number of years' service were allowed to retire and were rewarded by presents of wives.

Clad simply in girdles of skins, these *impis*, armed with short spears which they must use at close quarters, attacked the neighbouring tribes. If they returned defeated, Chaka showed no mercy but slaughtered the whole army. The young men of the conquered tribe were given the choice of death or service as a soldier in the Zulu army. The young women were reserved as prizes for the retired warriors. The old men and women, being useless in the eyes of the savage, were killed. Thus the Zulu nation became larger and larger. Natal at that time had a population of over a million, but Chaka conquered them all.

As well as establishing this military system Chaka had some very fine laws. The morality of a savage race he realised must be pure, so death to both man and woman was the punishment for any falling away. All were under control, the kraal under its head, the kraals of a district under a chief, and the chiefs subservient to the despotic king.

The savage king, Chaka, as an amusement would have what was called "a smelling-out". The witch-doctor would come before the assembled people and point to this one and that one, until a large number were selected. These were then slaughtered, the king and people enjoying the sight. With all his cruelty Chaka was not treacherous. Once having made a compact, he kept it. He was finally murdered by his brother Dinigaaw, who succeeded to the throne, and whose grandson was Cetewayo, the last of the kings of the Amazulu.

Such were the Bantu before the Europeans subdued them —men who had, for savages at any rate, a high standard of honour. Thieving was an unknown vice, cattle-raiding in war being of course perfectly legitimate. Generally truthful, yet, when necessary, they could tell a clever lie, like the diplomatist. In fact those who know them well, feel that they are a sound race and could develop finely.

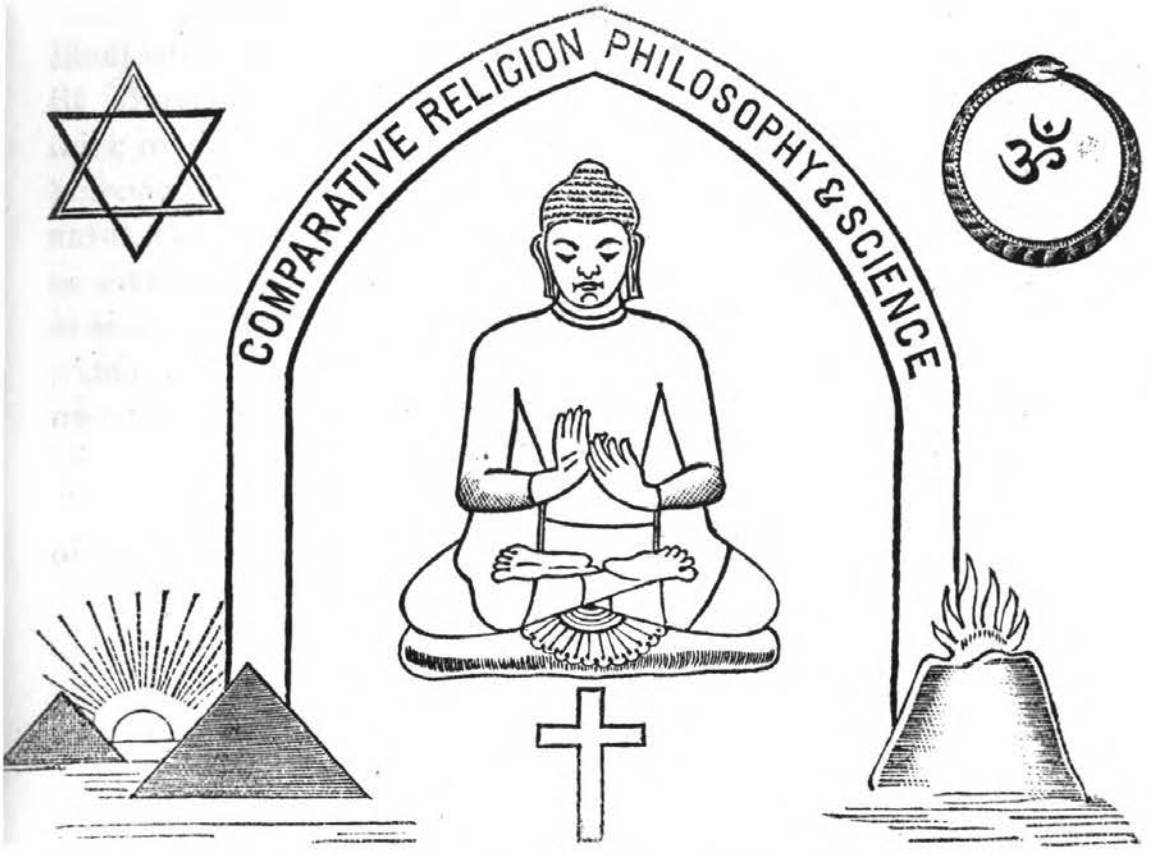
With the coming of the European they have acquired many new things, good as well as bad. They have been very quick to learn, and unfortunately vices have been copied. On the other hand, the men will now work without expecting six months' holiday each year. They are eager to be educated, and many a "boy," after his day's work is done, will attend a night school. Hitherto, although the people on the whole are well treated, the native point of view has not been weighed. Now, there are many who feel that the nation has a serious duty towards the people whose land it has taken, and are urging that the interests of the native shall be considered.

There is no likelihood of their dying out, for they are not allowed to have liquor, which was the curse of the Red Indian, and their lands—"locations"—have been left in their possession. Some politicians argue that segregation would be the best course to adopt in the interests of the native. That is that they shall be given a certain territory, where they may live and, with the help of a few high officials, have a

State which they shall govern themselves. Others feel that their interests are too much intermingled with those of the Europeans for this plan to be either feasible or wise.

In South Africa, the land of many problems, it is difficult to find a happy solution for this the greatest of them all. In the Native Question it may be that the help will come from the natives themselves. There is a Zulu, John Dobé by name, a man of power, culture and learning, who is working for his people. He is trying to establish a good system of education as a first step. Perhaps, with the help of such as he, and those of the ruling class who have the evolution of the Bantu at heart, a plan may be devised by which this mighty race will be guided to grow and expand along the right lines.

Margaret L. Murchie



THE THEOSOPHICAL OUTLOOK: THE PROBLEM OF RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY[1]

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

THE divisions natural to the human race could not be more emphasised than in the present struggle of nations, which is as the apotheosis of those unbrotherly elements in modern civilisation which tend to keep man apart from man. Many are these causes of strife; "race, creed, sex, caste or colour" has each been a prolific breeder of divisions. Yet in

[1] Being the first of the Convention Lectures delivered at the Forty-Second Anniversary of the Convention of the T. S. held in Calcutta in December, 1917.

spite of all these that divide us into racial and religious groups, there is one bond which binds us all; it is suffering. We must all struggle to live; we all long for happiness, and so little of it comes our way; pain, much or little, is the lot of each; and since pain is the same everywhere in the world, all sufferers the world over are bound in one fellowship of pain. This common element of our humanity transcends the dividing lines of race and creed; where one human being suffers, there our common humanity calls us to be one with the sufferer.

Everywhere suffering has one definite effect, and it is to rouse the sufferer to ask of himself the question, *What am I?* Dimly or clearly we are confronted through pain with our own selves; the mystery of the "I" demands more insistently its solution with each great pain we endure. For though pain is an evil thing from which our instincts bid us fly, yet we have to admit, after the pain is over, that somehow we are more, we are bigger in content, because of that pain. To all men at a certain stage of growth pain is a revealer; we see a little more in life because we have suffered, we become a little more compact and so more forceful after each pain nobly borne.

All life is a discovery; we discover through love, through joy, and not less through grief and through pain. Some discover more, some less; one man steps into the grave in a bewilderment still, having discovered but little of life; another solves many a problem and discovers the meaning of what lies beyond death too. To live is therefore to discover; and in order that what we discover may be the totality awaiting discovery, we are given the "Way" in Religion and Philosophy. For religions and philosophies state how great Souls have discovered; it is their spiritual travels we read when we listen to their precepts, and their experiences become ours as we enter into their moods.

Many are the religions and philosophies to-day, here agreeing and there contradicting and disputing; and among

them enters Theosophy to-day as a religious philosophy of life and conduct. What is there novel in Theosophy that should attract the attention of one who wants to discover life? It is the peculiar friendliness of Theosophy towards all religions and philosophies. Theosophy proclaims that they all have a common source, since they are rooted in one Truth; and that among the discoverers of Truth there is neither first nor last, since all are "the firstfruits of them that slept," the myriads who have yet to find the Way. Nothing could be so characteristic of Theosophical life and conduct as this Convention to-day; we are of many nations and come from many lands; Hiṇḍū and Buḍḍhist, Christian and Muslim, Pārsī and Jain—all meet on a common platform of tolerance and mutual goodwill. For we meet as seekers of the Truth, fellow-pilgrims on the one Way. Listen to the manner our ideal was stated in the sixteenth century by an old, old Theosophist indeed, Abul Fazl, the prime minister of the Emperor Akbar of India.

> O God, in every temple I see people that seek Thee, and in every language I hear spoken, people praise Thee.
>
> Polytheism and Islām feel after Thee.
>
> Each religion says, Thou art One, without equal.
>
> If it be a mosque, people murmur the holy prayer; if it be a Christian church, people ring the bell from love to Thee.
>
> Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque.
>
> But it is Thou whom I seek from temple to temple.
>
> Thy elect have no dealings with heresy nor with orthodoxy, since heresy and orthodoxy stand not behind the Screen of the Truth.
>
> Heresy to the Heretic, Orthodoxy to the Orthodox; but only the Dust of the Rose-petal remains for those who sell perfume.

Why does the Theosophist believe that all who go behind the "Screen" discover the same rose-petals and the same perfume? It is because the Theosophist has his characteristic angle of vision; what that angle is to the outlook we have to

life, my brother lecturers and I will try to show you in these lectures—our outlook to religion and philosophy, the outlook to education, the outlook to national and international politics, and the outlook to social reform. My work this morning is to show you our outlook to-day to religion and philosophy.

I said all life is a discovery; in one aspect it is a discovery of the "I". I doubt whether what is called "abstract truth" has so very much practical meaning for us in our daily life; but every truth that explains us to ourselves has an intense reality and value. Indeed all culture is a statement of discovery of this "I"; and the more a man is cultured the more he knows himself. Now this discovery of the "I" by us is very much like the discovery of the dark continent of Africa by the explorers; some started from Cape Colony and the Transvaal and went north, some from Egypt and the Soudan went south, and others from the two oceans went inland, respectively eastwards and westwards. So too in the discovery of the "I"; religion has discovered a part of it, and philosophy another, and art is slowly discovering yet another. All the manifold contributions to culture are revealing to us our own selves, for it is one of the mysteries of life that what we discover as the Without we slowly find as the Within.

Summing up very broadly, humanity has been led to discover itself along two main roads: that through religion, and that through philosophy. Religion tells us about God and the first causes of things, and about man's inner and spiritual nature; philosophy tells us about Truth, the manner of its knowing, and man's relation to a process of thought necessary for that knowing. Now what do we so far know about the discovery of ourselves along these two lines? To answer that we must see what is the gospel the great religions and philosophies have to give. As I sum up for you their teachings, perhaps you will note that they say little or nothing about man

as the discoverer, since they mainly outline first principles; but you must not forget my particular angle of vision this morning, which sees every great truth as a road to the discovery of what man is.

Among the great religions there is the religion of this ancient land, Hinḍūism, and it proclaims the doctrine of the One God and the many Gods; you see these two phases everywhere in India. Reverence and worship is given to Gods great and small, from the little nature-spirit of a tree and the village godling to the greater Gods of the Hinḍū pantheon. Everywhere in this or that fashion the Divine shows His face in this land; altars at the foot of sacred trees, shrines dotted about the fields and the pathways, nestling in among the crowded parts of the bazars, the great, splendid and mystic temples of the sacred towns—all these are as the golden thread of a divine design woven in and out through the warp and woof of Indian civilisation. But while the many Gods call men to their many shrines, even the peasant knows dimly of the one God; and the cultured Indian never forgets, whatever be the particular Ḍevaṭā or Incarnation of God which he worships, that there is but One God, "One without a second" whose many Faces are the many Gods.

Christianity on the other hand proclaims the One God, the Loving Father who gave Himself as the Son to redeem the world; there is no place in it, and no need, for that wonderful, exquisite, sometimes even fantastic, Pantheism characteristic of Hinḍūism. The monotheistic emphasis in Christianity has brought into relief the individual's relation to God, and this has given rise to a wealth of religious and mystic experience scarcely to be surpassed in any other religion. Christ's teaching of loving one's neighbour as oneself, and the practical trend of the Christian doctrine of "works" as inseparable from true "faith," has given a new value to individual man as he wins his way to Salvation.

A second monotheistic religion is Zoroastrianism. It is not a mystical religion; it is not a religion turning men's thoughts always away from this world into a world to come. Much as there is of ceremonial in the religion, as in Hinḍūism—and every action of the day is consecrated by some kind of a spiritual formula—Zoroastrianism turns men's minds primarily to this world and to our duties therein. A happy life of toil, prosperous in worldly goods, enjoying the innocent pleasures that our human nature craves, and yet through them all a most sacred dedication to the will of Ahura Mazda—these make the Zoroastrian the lover of charity and good deeds and good fellowship.

The third great monotheistic religion is Muhammadanism, and in it we have in bold relief the teaching of the Omnipotence of God, and man's subservience to His will. No religion has made such a profound appeal to the faith of man in the goodness of God; all philosophies and sciences justifying the ways of God to man are as nothing compared to the spirituality of that perfect resignation, "Islām," to His will, which Muhammadanism expects from every Muslim. Helped by no symbol, by no image, by no Incarnation of God as mediator, the Muslim must trust in Allah with a pure and perfect resignation which asks for no understanding, no revelation, no justification of God's ways to man. There is too in Muhammadanism some realisation, partial though it be, of that Universal Brotherhood which knows no distinction of caste and race for which we Theosophists are working in all lands. More than any other religion has the religion of the Prophet bound its adherents all over the world, of differing races and customs, into one band of brothers.

These are the religions which tell us of God as the First Cause. But there is Buḍḍhism, as mighty as any of these great religions, which says never a word about any Deity who made the universe or who controls its working. Yet is

Buḍḍhism an intensely spiritual religion. For though no God is postulated, yet does Buḍḍhism tell us of a great Law, the Ḍhamma, "eternal in the heavens," which decrees good as the result of good, and pain as the result of evil. Each atom in its revolutions reiterates this great Law of good; the stars sing its praises as they move in their courses. It builds and unbuilds, ever planning righteousness out of unrighteousness, ever resolving hate into love, ever bringing man out of his wheel of births and deaths nearer and nearer to the great peace. Buḍḍhism calls for no faith, but for a right understanding; turns to no God but to man himself. Within man alone is all the light he needs, all the strength, all the comfort, if only he will understand and live according to the Law.

Look too at Greece and what her message of Beauty tells us of the world. To know God the Beautiful, to discover Him through the beauty of leaf and tree, babbling brook and sunny slope, to see Him in the ever-changing hues of the sea, to sense one's immortality in the creation of a poem, in the rapture of a song, this was an utterly new way of finding the spiritual life which Greece showed to mankind.

These are some of the many ways which religion has revealed to man of the modes of his self-discovery. Let us now briefly glance at the ways proclaimed by philosophy. All the philosophies, Eastern or Western, ancient or modern, are agreed as to what the world is. They tell us how nights and days, sorrows and joys are as items in a great pageant of life; the East may call it the wheel of births and deaths, the West may call it evolution, but man is a part of the pageant, largely its slave, driven to march on whether he wishes or no. Then all the philosophies tell us that of the two, man and the world, the importance of the world to man depends solely upon what man *thinks* of the world; we are not as the world makes us, but the world for us is as we think it. It is the aim of philosophy to make us think rightly of the world; and the

difference among the philosophies lies in what they postulate as the rightness of thought. Hinḍū philosophy considers totally erroneous men's ordinary conceptions of the world in which they live; men think it is a reality, but it is not so, says the Veḍānṭa, it is an illusion, and right thought will free man from the *Māyā* and the births and deaths which *Māyā* brings in her train. The world-process is real enough, says the Sāṅkhya, but it has no relation to man, if man would but understand; it affects man only so long as man persists in being fascinated by its workings. But like a spectator who turns his back on the stage, and goes out into the open air, so let a man by thought break the bond between him and the world. The world-process is real and eternal, says Buḍḍhism, but man can so rectify his heart and mind that it passes him by, leaving him serene and unruffled. The world-process is not only real, says Greece, but in it man may see flashing, as flash the colours in the diamond, the wonders of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. Following on from India and from Greece, we have the various philosophies of the West, from Descartes to Bergson, each with its statement of man and of the world.

I will not describe to you the modern philosophies; they are to be found in great works and small, in cyclopædias and sixpenny manuals. I do not want so much to tell you what the religions and philosophies are, as to consider the whole problem of religion and philosophy in its relation to man. And when we so consider it to-day, what do we find?

We find that as a driving force in civilisation to-day, religion is almost lifeless and philosophy is dead. East or West, it is the same; temples and churches are still everywhere, but where is the old vigour of religion? In every land they tell you that religion is becoming more and more a matter of formal actions, that men are religious more by tradition than by the impulses of their own hearts. And as

to the philosophies, how do they affect our social, our political, our international life? Philosophy is largely for the academically trained thinker, and fascinating though it may be as thinking, it yet cannot span the gulf between thought and the actions needed in the world to-day. Why is there everywhere in religion and philosophy this gap between ethics and conduct, between first principles and their application to a living process?

C. Jinarājadāsa

(To be concluded)

DRAMA AND RHYTHM

By ELEANOR M. ELDER

THE following somewhat chaotic thoughts on the subject of drama and rhythm have arisen from the fact that the writer, a student of Western drama and rhythmic movement, has recently come into touch with Eastern, and has seen in it not only great possibilities embodied but also a great need remedied. To anyone who has even in a small way studied the subject of thought-power or vibrations, or has either taken part in dramatic representations or spoken in public, the possibilities of latent force that could be used in rhythmic drama will be easily imagined. This paper touches very briefly the history of drama, and merely indicates what possibly the future may hold for us in that direction.

Drama was born in man's earliest days, at the time when he first began to feel the divine urge within him and to seek expression for that pulsing life. It was his religion, and we see in his first crude ceremonial dances an attempt to depict the life of the Gods, the sun, moon, and stars; and in the war dance not merely the struggle of mankind, but of the opposing forces of light and darkness—good and evil. In early days rhythm played an all-important part in man's expression of life, and his dramas were more in the nature of dances than acting as we know it to-day. Primitive man, living close to nature, was more in touch than we are with the great fundamental laws of the universe, and his inner demand for expression, for creation outside himself, drove him, however unconsciously, into rhythmic movement in accordance with

those laws. Whether he learned it from the beating of his own pulse, or the wind in the trees, the cries of birds and beasts, or the beat of the surf along the beach, matters not, for in these is the rhythm of the universal laws of creation and destruction—of life and death.

There is in all life, just as strongly to-day, an absolute necessity for conscious rhythm, although until lately we have not recognised it as such. We seek it in harmony, in routine, in variety according to our temperaments and immediate necessities; and the greater the emotional stress of the nature the more necessary rhythm becomes. A poet is driven to verse from prose by the intensity of his feeling of inspiration; he must create in a definite order or form, or the force flowing through him will create havoc in him and waste itself. Half the mysteries of the world will be in our hands when we have learned to understand the forces that are latent in rhythm. The powerful harmonising effect rhythm can have on our minds and emotions, as well as on our bodies, is well known no less than its destructive power.

The effect of the same rhythm on different temperaments is very interesting. There was a demonstration of this in London some years ago, when the Russian dancers came over for a season and produced, among other ballets, one which dealt with the sacrificial rites of some primitive tribe in the stone age. The whole thing was of course purely imaginary, and the music was exceedingly strange and monotonous, with very insistent and definite rhythms. The effect on the very correct London *matinée* audience was unprecedented; as soon as the curtain fell they rose to their feet, some hissing and some applauding rapturously; people who were absolute strangers to one another entered into hot arguments about it and tried to prevent each other from clapping or hissing as the case might be. Some were offended and distressed by the performance, while others were exhilarated in a totally new

way; not a soul was indifferent to it at the time, although they afterwards declared that they could not understand how it was that they were so moved by it, but that the combination of the movements and the strange, insistent beat of the music affected them strongly. It was not, on the whole, considered an artistic success, but as an experiment it was intensely interesting, and as there is reason to believe that we are gradually coming back again to the rhythmic drama, it is such experiments that we need. That it is a falling back into savagery, no one need be afraid; we are returning with fuller knowledge to create with understanding that which the savage created by instinct—not the primitive war dance or sacrificial rite, but the outward expression of our own ideals —and with the use of rhythm to create qualities and greater beauty, not alone in the drama, but in all those who witness or take part in it. The statement that we are coming back to the rhythmic drama of the past, rash as it may sound, is not without foundation; the modern tendency to emphasise rhythm in every art, whether it is music, painting, poetry, dance or drama, is undeniable; and it is partly due to the influence of Eastern Art, which is being more and more appreciated and understood by the West.

If we look back at the history of drama, we shall see that out of the stamping, shouting, rude, crude insistences of the dances of primitive man there seems to have arisen a form of drama with definite teachings and thought behind it, far beyond the creative power of those who carried it out; it would seem not unlikely that the great Guardians of the child races used drama for definite teaching, just as it was used later in the Mysteries, but as history has little to say on the subject it is difficult to follow up the idea. In the West our best and oldest models come from Greece—for Egypt had no drama apart from her Mysteries—but further East we find in India dramas of incredible antiquity, and also detailed descriptions

of how they were to be performed, with every gesture chronicled. There is a wealth of Samskṛṭ literature on the subject that has never yet been translated. It will be of interest to see what a famous Indian savant of modern times has to say on the subject. "The dramatic scriptures of India were framed by Brahmā at the request of the lesser gods at the beginning of the Ṭreṭa Yuga, the last æon before the present," says Dr. Coomaraswamy in his book on the *Nātya Sāsṭras*, entitled *The Mirror of Gesture*, and he goes on to quote the *Nātya Sāsṭra* of Bharaṭ.

When Brahmā was a sage in the Kṛṭa Age, and when Vaivasvaṭa Manu was preparing for the Ṭreṭa Age, when popular morality is in the grasp of greed, of desire, and the world is deluded by envy, by resentment, by weal and woe, . . . then Inḍra and the other Ḍevas said to Brahmā: "We desire a pastime to be seen and heard. This matter of the Four Veḍas should not be heard by Sūḍras, pray therefore shape another and a Fifth Veḍa for all castes." Saying to them: "So let it be," and turning away from Inḍra, He who knows the essence of every matter, seated in Yoga posture, called to his mind the Four Veḍas, thinking: "Let me make a Fifth Veḍa, to be called Nātya (drama), combined with epic story, tending to virtue and wealth (pleasure and spiritual freedom), yielding fame, a concise instruction setting forth all the events of the world about to be, containing the significance of every scripture and forwarding every art." And he goes on to say to the lesser Gods, when he has created this drama: "This play is not merely for your pleasure or the pleasure of the Ḍevas, but exhibits mood (bhava) for all the three worlds. I made this play as following the movement of the world, whether in work or play, profit or peace, laughter, battle, lust or slaughter; yielding the fruits of righteousness to those who follow the moral law, pleasure to those who follow lust, a restraint for the unruly, a discipline for the followers of a rule, creating vigour in the impotent, zeal in warriors, wisdom in the ignorant, learning in scholars, affording sport to kings, endurance to the sorrow-smitten, profit to those who seek advantage, courage to the broken-willed; replete with divers moods (bhavas), informed with the varying passions of the soul, linked to the deeds of all mankind, the best, the middling and the low, affording excellent counsel, pastime, weal, and all else." He finishes up by saying: "The drama is to be understood as witnessing the deeds of Gods and Titans, kings of the spheres, and Brahmā sages. Drama is that which accords with the order of the world with its weal and woe, and it consists in movements of the body and other arts of expression (abhinaya). The theatre is such as to afford a means of entertainment in the world, and a place of audience for the Veḍas, for Philosophy, for History and other matters."

So it is seen that the scope of drama was exceedingly wide and that it was as much for the teaching and culture of the people as for their amusement. There is a further description of the audience and of what it should be composed and how it should behave. Great stress is laid on the fact that the spectators must have imagination and that they have their part to play equally with the players in order to make the whole performance a success. Anyone who has taken part in a drama realises to the full the power of the audience to draw out the best or the worst in an actor, and that sympathetic appreciation or indifference and inattention tend to produce a good or bad performance.

To quote once more from *The Mirror of Gesture* by Dr. Coomaraswamy: "Nothing can be done unless the artist and spectator share a common inspiration." How far this is assumed to be the case in India may be gathered from the remarks of the dramatic critics, such as Dhananyajar, who pours scorn on the spectator who seeks in drama the statement of fact rather than the experience of joy, and says that this experience depends upon the spectator's own capacities. "It is their own effort by which the audience is delighted . . . those who lack imagination are said to be no better than furniture, walls and stones." From Dr. Coomaraswamy we also learn that: "In Indian acting or dancing nothing is left to chance, it is a deliberate art. . . . There is hardly a position of the hands or of the body which has not a recognised name and a precise significance. . . . The Indian actor relies only to a very small extent on properties, and still less on scenery." Dr. Coomaraswamy translates the word "dance" as "rhythmic showing," and in the old days there was very little difference between the two. Nowadays there is very little of this old dramatic art to be found; the theatres in India are thoroughly Western in their methods, and are beginning to experiment with scenic effects, whereas the West is

turning towards the simpler methods of the East in its search for variety and rhythm. If we glance over the past few years of theatrical productions in the West, we shall find a large increase in ballets and the appearance of wordless plays in which the acting has been " rhythmic showing " to a great extent. We also find an increase in plays produced with little or no scenery, and curtain backgrounds with the slightest indications of tree or house, the audience being made to " share the common inspiration " and to use imagination.

If we take any of the old epics or dramas, whether Indian or Greek, we shall find they have much in common, especially in the introduction of the deities into the action of the play, the constant touch between the natural and the supernatural. The Gods come down to teach or punish, succour or destroy ; they extol or point the moral of the drama ; so we find that there is never a tragedy of those bygone days that does not, if only at the last, rise to a higher plane of thought, that does not sweep us on to realise a mighty future, beyond the grim, human present of slain heroes and fallen kings. This applies more to the Greek drama, for India does not regard death as a tragedy or a climax. This mingling of Gods and men, which seems to have been the invariable custom in the plays of antiquity, may have come from the fact that the dramas had been for long in the hands of the priests, who used them as channels for religious teaching, or it may be that behind lies a far-off tradition of a time when the world was young and the Gods walked the earth and lived among men.

It is curious to note that after the Roman Empire we have no drama recorded in the West at all, during the period when Christianity was struggling to be born ; the first play that is chronicled was the work of a woman, a nun, and it was written in Latin. It was the forerunner of the Christian Mystery Plays, and dealt not with the birth of Christ, but with the life and teachings of a young monk who was a

disciple of St. Anthony, and of his conversion of a famous courtesan, who afterwards took the veil. It is quaint and very human, and has the elements of real dramatic art in it. But volumes have been written, and many more might be added, about the evolution and devolution of drama in the West, of the gradual dropping into the background of rhythm, as realistic modern plays grew more and more popular. Rhythm has never left us altogether; we have it in our musical comedy choruses—direct descendants of the Greek chorus of olden times, although somewhat differently used.

But if we want to study the full scope of rhythm in connection with drama, we must go to the East. Very little of the living art remains, and that much is as a rule hopelessly corrupted; but in the art and literature of ancient India lies all the material for a revision. If India scorns her treasures of literature and art, the revival will take place in the West. She will find that her artists will go very naturally where they are most understood and appreciated, and she will be the loser. There are, however, indications that India is not indifferent to the gems of art that lie hidden in her bosom, and that a free India, no longer swayed by false standards of Western taste, will play a great part in the art of the future—art that will be part of the vital life of every nation, not alone as Greece accounted art, but because it will give form to the ideals and embody the aspirations of the people, and, in creating centres of pure thought, bring the earth nearer heaven. In this future art rhythmic drama will have a part to play; it is not here yet, but it will come; and when it does, worked out as it must be with a knowledge of the forces it will set in motion, it will be a power that may be used to harmonise nations and make universal peace possible.

Eleanor M. Elder

PLEASURE AND PAIN

By M. R. St. John

THERE are two ways of regarding the world in which we live and the solar system of which it is a part: one being that it is a fortuitous aggregation of atoms, maintaining its existence by mere chance; the other that it is a created universe, governed by immutable laws and preserved in its continuity by the love and will of its Creator. Whether the latter theory (which is far more universally held than the former) is accepted in the light of religion or of science, is immaterial, because the common human failing of confining our ideas to one particular aspect of the Supreme does not in any way impose a limitation on the Great Founder and Architect of all.

Now, as this is written for those holding the belief that the universe is a cosmos and not a chaos, it must be admitted that, for it to maintain its coherent existence, equilibrium or balance, whichever term you prefer, must be the dominant factor; for it is impossible to conceive of anything continuing to hold together in time or space without the existence of such a law, the violation of which would mean instability, chaos, and ultimate destruction. This is an obvious logical deduction; and since we know that the greater always contains the less, this law of equilibrium must apply equally to the component parts of any such scheme, and man himself, being of Divine origin, must of necessity come within its scope.

If, therefore, we apply this philosophy to ourselves, we shall find that, while we are all more or less in unstable

equilibrium, the operation of the law is seen in our endeavours to rectify this by the way we are swayed, in varying degrees according to our respective temperaments, between the pairs of opposites; for it is apparently part of the Divine plan that man should realise his potential Divinity in this very learning to acquire the balance between the two extremes of everything that has been created. Heat and cold, light and darkness, sorrow and joy, war and peace, pleasure and pain, are all examples of two aspects of the same thing; and whereas it would take too long to deal with each and every pair of opposites, it would be as well to consider those that we know and speak of as pleasure and pain.

In the first place, whether these are derived from and affect the physical, or whether they proceed from and affect the mind, the result always culminates in some form of emotion; such emotion varying in strength in proportion to the violence of the oscillations we achieve in our endeavours to maintain poise. Man being subjected to constant vibratory existence, his whole evolution has to be carried on between opposing forces, the vibrations from which are constantly playing upon him. If we split him up into his component parts, we find that his physical body is more directly affected by heat and cold, light and darkness, hunger and repletion; his emotions more especially by feelings such as attraction and repulsion, love and hate; and his mentality by analysis and synthesis, harmony and discord—all interacting on one another—and, according to his temperament and general make-up, so will he derive in varying degrees from this constant interplay, comfort and discomfort, pleasure and pain.

Now it has to be remembered that all these opposites do not denote separate things, but the two aspects or, to be more accurate, the two poles, of one and the same thing; and until man has attained perfect balance, equilibrium, and poise, he will always be affected, sometimes more, sometimes less, by

the play of these two sides of everything that he comes into contact or relation with. And here we find ourselves face to face with a curious paradox, namely, that pleasure is sometimes very akin to pain and vice versa; and this is not merely due to the fact that the intensification of pleasure is certain to be succeeded by a corresponding reaction or pain. It seems that man has come into the world to achieve before all things stable equilibrium, which means literally that he must acquire control over his thoughts, his emotions, and his body; and very little introspection will convince us that we are all more or less sadly lacking in that power or will which should make us, as individuals, the rulers, instead of being, as most of us are, under the dominance of our personalities.

This science of balance was the key-note of the ancient religion of Egypt, and is known to-day as Hermetic Philosophy, a philosophy which has unfortunately been rather lost sight of and obliterated under the glamour of the many false views presented in the guise of religion and ethics by those who embody to-day the characteristics which distinguished the Pharisaical and Saducean sects referred to in the scriptures. There are many curious and significant sayings and aphorisms which have come down to us from the past, which we frequently hear used and which more or less indicate the results caused by the general lack of balance which distinguishes more especially the western world: By sowing the wind we reap the whirlwind . . . Hoist with one's own petard . . . One's chickens come home to roost . . . Hell is paved with good intentions . . .—all of which, and not a few more besides, are a standing proof of that lack of circumspection and discrimination in all things that affect our persons and our lives.

Let us take a modern and concrete example of what a breach of the Hermetic law entails. The invention of an internal combustion engine using petroleum spirit opened out a

field of wonderful possibilities, and offered a great opportunity for the introduction of power into various departments of economic life. The first practical use to which the invention was put was the propulsion of vehicles, enabling people to go from place to place in a comparatively short time and with much less discomfort than is usually entailed even by a short cross-country journey by train. Following on this, one would have expected the invention to be immediately applied to agricultural and commercial purposes; but this was not so.

Instead, the demand for private vehicles practically absorbed all the energies of the trade, and manufacturers were obliged to confine themselves to the production of these only, the industry increasing by leaps and bounds out of all proportion to the actual needs of the public. The reason for this was that the sensations derived by rapid transit from place to place became so all-alluring, so all-absorbing, that motor-cars ceased to be the "means" of transit and became the "end" in themselves, resulting in a few years time in a gigantic abuse of the country roads, purely and solely for the purposes of sensation and pleasure, and giving rise latterly to what is termed "joy-riding". Regardless of the annoyance and danger caused to other users of the roads, the craze for this form of pleasure exceeded all reasonable bounds, and people became intoxicated with the sensations of speed; and those who had the means and leisure could afford to spend a large portion of their time in tearing wildly about the country-side, clouding the roads and covering the hedges with dust, and, alas to say, becoming in many cases callous to the lives of those other humbler users of the highways whose claims to immunity were so feebly voiced.

In short the pleasure of motoring was indulged in to excess; and, in face of the fact that our ancestors were happy without such things, or even railways, who can venture to

deny this assertion? But, by the immutable law, the pendulum has swung in the other direction; and in the destructive capabilities of submarines, zeppelins, aeroplanes, armoured cars, tanks, etc., the appearance on the scene of which is entirely due to the improved internal combustion engine, we are now reaping in a hecatomb of slaughter the nemesis of pain and mortification which was bound to follow.

And are there not other things to set us thinking? What about the "cheap loaf" in pre-war days, and the "dear loaf" now? What of the denudation of the country-side and the swing of the pendulum from agricultural to manufacturing life? What of the drink question, and the impaired sight engendered by the over use of artificial light, whereby we are enabled to continue our exertions up to comparatively late hours? Doubtless other and even more glaring instances will occur to many; but all are proofs of man's irrationalism and instability in regard to a multitude of things.

As long as we continue to be ruled and swayed by our feelings and emotions, whatever may be the cause of them, so long shall we continue to undergo both pleasure and pain. But those who are capable of achieving some measure of control are already on the high-road towards that goal of stable equilibrium; the result being not the keenest pleasure imaginable, but that condition which can only imperfectly be conceived of under such terms as joy and bliss, when vibrations caused by pleasure and pain are absent, and where man will have reached that state when he has realised his divinity and has attained to what has been so aptly described as the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

M. R. St. John

THE WAY OF THE STAR

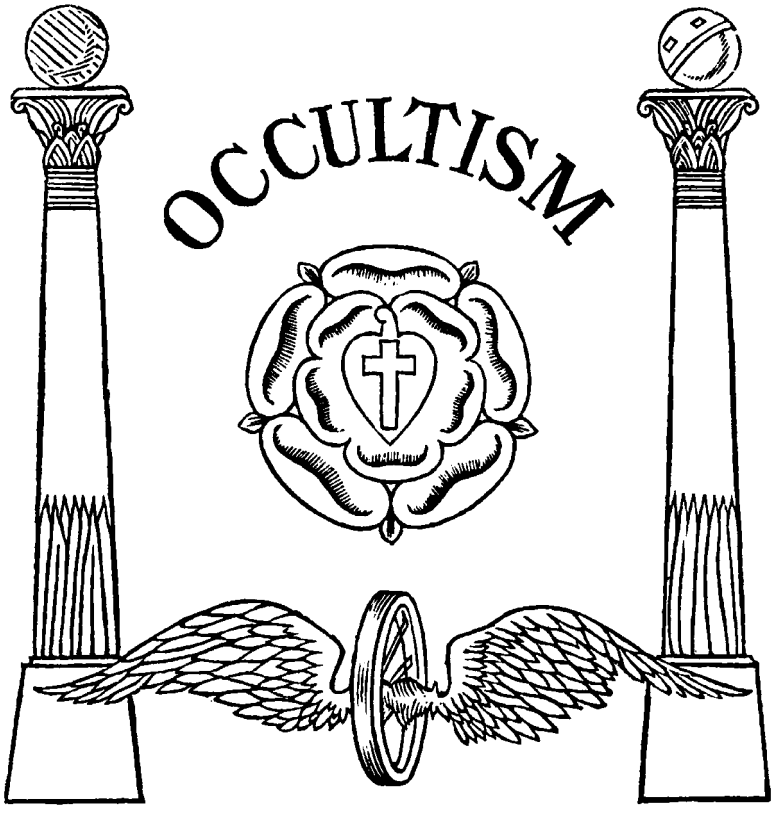
A MIST comes o'er my vision and I see
Love's track to heaven, lighted by a Star,
Upon the threshold of a grand To Be
Lo! is a sweet to-morrow's door ajar.

From wending in life's darksome ways, I now
Have glimpse of something fair, that gives its kiss
To waking mornings, and upon the brow
Of closing even sets the seal of bliss.

Faintly the glimmering pathway I descry,
Narrow and steep, based on the mire of earth,
And stretched to heaven. See the Star on high
And, watching, will sweet hope in thee take birth.

Along that way pass those of peaceful feet,
Armed with great courage, they, renouncing care,
Walk where they glean no bitter and no sweet,
They, the pure-hearted, mount the golden stair.

That Star thy Soul—within thy heart the Way
Leads to the promised land where those things are
That here we dream may be in some far day.
Seek, then, Love's track that's lighted by a Star.



THE ROOTS OF DESIRE

A TALK WITH A CLASS

XIII

By ANNIE BESANT

YOU may recall that in a previous talk we observed that it is a person's own desires, his thirst for the objects of life, that bring him back to incarnation. You should realise this, so as to help the people who are beginning to think about reincarnation. When Western people first hear of reincarnation

they always dislike it. "Oh, I have to come back here again!"—that is always the complaint; they do not want to come back, because there have been so many disagreeable things that have saddened them. They are tired of this life, and of course their being tired of it is a sign that the time is approaching for them to go on into another life.

A very large number of old people are very tired of this life. That tiredness controls the whole of their mentality, and they do not want to come back; they would much rather stay away. They would much rather look forward to a long rest in heaven. That idea is very prevalent; you may remember that it was expressed in that sentiment of one of the great French reformers who, when he was told that he was overworking and ought to rest, replied: "I have all eternity to rest in." His idea was somewhat muddled because, in the first place, he was in eternity then; in the second place, he did not have it to rest in. But that is the general idea, : you are going to rest for ever; very well then, overwork now; it does not matter.

That is a natural idea: the *body* is tired and, as the person identifies himself with the body, *he* is tired; clearly, then, he does not want to come back. And there is no reason why you should worry the poor person so much with the idea that he has to come back. First, help him to realise that he will not have to come back until he wants to do so, and you will find, if you try that plan, that it is a most consoling idea. If you say to a person: "You must come back," then he begins to protest; nobody likes a law that forces him to do what he does not want to do. He objects; and the more you press it on him the more angry he becomes. At the same time you are building up more and more obstacles in the way of his acceptance of the great law which you are trying to explain.

Do not argue with him on that line; you will never convince him. But say: "That is quite natural; of course you

are tired; your body is worn out; you will not have to come back here until you want to do so." Then explain to him that nothing brings him back out of heaven except the getting tired of heaven and wanting to come back to earth—exactly the same feeling which now makes him want to escape from this world and go into heaven—and that he is entirely the master of his own destiny.

If you tell him that, you will find his objection disappears. Of course he will think that he never could get tired of heaven. That does not matter; he will get tired of it presently. Many people are already tired of the old conception that you will find in the Bible—the idea that they are going to stand around a throne of gold, and have a golden crown which they will put on and take off as occasion may determine. That is not by any means attractive to all, and not many people believe that now.

Uneducated people naturally like it; they are very poor, they are not used to gold, and what is nicer than to have a golden crown? What is nicer, inasmuch as it makes them happy, than to keep on singing "Hallelujah"? The very thought helps them through the present time; it is a symbol of the joy they will feel. And they will have exactly that when they go to the astral plane; they will have their golden crowns to take off and on, and the palms and the songs, for a very considerable time—in fact until they are tired of them, until they outgrow them.

If you think over it, it is a very wise arrangement for the whole of our worlds, that people go on doing the thing they like until they get tired of it; then they do not like it any longer; they have had enough of it. So, when you have once produced in the person a change of wish, you have done what is needed for his progress. Highly educated people often fail to realise what is meant by "the determination of the will". They say: "I can do as I like." The answer is: "Yes, you

can do what you like; but the real problem is: What do you like, and what makes you like it?" That is, you take them a step further back.

Their feeling that they can do as they like is all right. They say: "If I want to walk to a door, and do so, I have free will." If they have the intelligence to follow your line of reasoning you can say: "But why do you want to go to the door; what has made you do that, instead of walking to the window? Granted that you can do whatever you like, what makes you do one thing rather than the other? Either it is that you could go to the door and could not go to the window, or else that you preferred to go to the door and not to the window, to look at the landscape there." Then you ask: "What is it that makes you *want* to go to the door, or to do anything else?"

It is quite helpful that a person should thus keep on thinking backwards in that way, in order that he may realise what it is that prompts him to *want* this thing or that. It is always better to get behind the immediate wish, because in that way you are able to introduce a new force which will help the persons to get a clearer conception of things.

It is that principle which is introduced in the lowest type of person, the animal-man, by punishment and the fear of punishment. It is that which is its justification at a certain low stage of evolution, even though people do not quite understand what is thus being done. What they are really doing is to introduce the fear (a new force) of a certain result, which will determine the will against the particular line that it followed before. A man will not wish to rob another if he fears that it will result in imprisonment for himself.

It is just as well to remember that that is a true argument so far as it goes. You never will become really useful in the world in the moulding of great changes, unless you are able to see what it is that supports the view that you are

opposing. It is not any good merely to have your own opinion, and to say that the other man is wrong. Unless you know why he is wrong from your standpoint, and give the full effect to that which has made his thought go in the line that you think wrong, you cannot change him.

That is the mistake that most people in the world make: they keep on reading always the things they agree with. Unless your thought is so weak that it needs additional arguments to support it, it is not wise to do what a person told me a few days ago he always did—go only to such lectures as he agreed with, and not go to a single lecture against the thing that he believed. You should not listen to and read only the things you agree with. Of course, that may be very pleasant, for you may perhaps feel how clever you are to think the same things that these other people think. But it only helps you as long as you are not quite sure of your ground. Afterwards you should read the arguments on the other side, the things you do not agree with. That is the secret of power: read every book that you can get hold of, and listen to every person who is worth listening to, in order to see the thing that you do not agree with put in its best form. When you have got hold of the thing, with the reasons behind it, you can begin to work on the persons who believe it. What you have to learn, as people who are trying to become occultists, is: "Do not try to change what the man is *doing*, but what he is *wishing* to do."

You will then realise that to restrain a person by force from a particular kind of action is of very limited use. I do not say that it is of no use. People say that it is no good to prevent a man from doing a thing he wishes to do. That is not quite true, because a wish gets partly starved out by abstinence; and if a man is injuring himself and is in the grip of a bad habit he cannot break for himself, you may help him; that must not be forgotten. Many people get impatient

over these considerations; they say it is impossible to balance all these different factors and know what is best.

We must therefore remember that at a certain stage a person can be helped by being prevented from doing the thing he wants to do, because a taste wears out by abstinence. If a man wants to get drunk, it is useful up to a certain stage to prevent him from getting drunk. But if you only prevent him from getting drunk, but do not touch the wish for physical gratification which lies behind the drunkenness, then, while you may destroy the taste for drink, you leave the craving behind it; and that will satisfy itself by some other physical relaxation, which may be as bad for him as the drink.

Take the same case when treated by hypnotism. H. P. B. considered it legitimate and even wise to lift a person out of drunkenness by hypnotism, provided you knew enough to be able to break the habit, and set free the will, so that it might set itself against the act of drinking. It is quite easy to cure a man of drinking by throwing him into a trance and by impressing upon him the idea: "Whenever you put a cup of drink to your lips, the moment you smell it, you shall be sick." That is the normal way of doing it, and that suggestion acts when the man has the drink before him. When he takes it up, the moment the odour reaches his nostrils he becomes violently sick. As that is not pleasant, he does not try it very often, and so he stops drinking. Where the drink habit is so strong and the man's will so weak that he cannot resist, hypnotism is a legitimate thing. But you must not think that hypnotism has done more than it has done. It has not cured him: it has only stopped a certain physical manifestation of a sensual desire, and if only that is done and the man is left alone, it has helped him very little. He at once falls into some other temptation, becomes a profligate, perhaps, which is even worse than drinking.

If by hypnotism you take the responsibility of breaking a bad habit by force, because the habit has paralysed the man's will-power, the next thing to do is to devote yourself to that man's astral body, and help him there. Work upon the desire through the mind, which is the only way of curing a desire. Reason with him; if he will not listen to reason on the physical plane, reason with him when he is asleep, when you can reach him on the astral plane, and there put before him the reasons why he should not drink. That is, try to supply to the mind a motive behind the desire, which should be stronger than the desire and make him cease to desire to drink. Having freed the will, try to stimulate it through his own mind.

I have taken a very gross case in order to show you the method, but remember that it works with any other strong desire; it works in our own cases. We have first to consider what we wish: "What is it that I like?" That is the question you ought to ask yourself; it is what you like that shows your character. If it is something you ought not to like, and if you do not give way to it, that shows you are making a step forward. Inside you have recognised that you ought not to like it, and so you are trying to correct it. But as long as you like it you are in danger; any relaxation of the will, and you will do the thing you like. Your determination is good, you are beginning to stop the wrong desire; but that is not the end of your effort. You have to think over that liking, and to see into what part of your nature that liking has thrown down its roots, and so trace it out.

Take next your mind. You can work directly upon the mind. You cannot work directly upon the liking, but you can work upon your thought, and think of the things which make that liking undesirable. There are two ways of getting rid of the liking: one is better than the other. The better way is to supersede the lower liking by a higher one, and so drop the lower—not fight against it.

That is the great value of devotion. You have some liking which you know is not quite good, and which would not be approved by somebody you love. Through your devotion to that person you make a strong effort to eliminate that liking, because you say to yourself: "So and So would not wish me to do this, would be sorry if he knew that I liked this." That is the better way, for that is the way of love, for thus your devotion is strong enough to substitute your wish to please that person for your wish to gratify something within you which you know is not the best side of your nature.

Sometimes a person cannot do it that way. Then he had better do it by the way of repulsion. Suppose a person has a craving for drink or for sexual gratification. He may get rid of it either by the way I have just described, or by the method that is sometimes used in yoga. The man is set to work this out mentally and deliberately to its inevitable physical consequences. He is told to think of the results of drinking, beginning with its effect upon him. He thinks of what happens the morning after his debauch; how he wakes up with a bad headache, his mouth feels uncomfortable, and so on through all the physical symptoms which he can only get rid of by drinking again. When he is not intoxicated, he thinks all this out and imagines it as vividly as he can. He then goes on down the line of the degradation of the drunkard: the gradual nervous degeneration, the shaking of the hands, the confusion of the thought, and all the rest of it, until he traces himself down and down and down to the condition of *delirium tremens*, strongly imagining himself living through those stages. In the normal man, if you can persuade him to do that, it will induce such a revulsion that he will leave off drinking.

You ought to state also the results on the other side of death, if he believes in the post mortem life, and trace out for him in picture what happens in the astral world under these conditions of drink. I have cured an inveterate drunkard in

that way by producing in him such a terror of the results that he gave it up. He thought that he would have to go through this frightful career, which was quite true if he continued drinking, and from fear of it he gave up drinking. In one case where that result was produced, it lasted for some years. The man was a Prince, and he might have gone on cured, had he not foolishly yielded to the solicitations of his courtiers, as a result of which he died of *delirium tremens* and had to face the drunkard's fate on the astral plane.

You can do the same with the sexual impulse. You set yourself every day to think of its results: that it brings about nervous degeneration in the same way; that the will becomes paralysed, the nerves get weak, and then weaker and weaker until they get beyond cure; and finally the person becomes a wreck. Also one adds how, if that be persisted in, there is very great suffering on the other side of death. Unless a man is an absolute fool, that will help him; but if he is an absolute fool, then he must go through it and bear the results. This is not the better method, as I said, but it is preferable to continuing to be a victim of undesirable habits.

That is the value in what is called "punishment," in making a man suffer. If it is self-inflicted, it is legitimate. Personally I do not think that any form of punishment is legitimate with a grown-up person, except that of sufficient physical restraint to prevent him from injuring another person; that would be the only exception. If a man is violent or a murderer, you have a right to prevent him from hurting or murdering another person; but I do not think you have the right to make his life miserable. But that is going very far, and it is only my own view. I believe we have the right, collectively, through society, to restrain him or to exile him; but not to punish him further.

I do not believe in punishment in the case of a child, because the child is so plastic that you can influence him by

love, if you have enough love within you to do it. But a stage comes when the human being has passed beyond the plasticity of childhood, and when you must have an external restraint to prevent him from injuring others. There I think society has a right to lock him up; he is a form of maniac, and we cannot have people murdered so that this man may exercise his distorted free will.

In the old days that was one advantage of exile. If they had criminals who were so much below the level of the civilisation of the place where they lived that they would not submit to the laws of the place, they did not punish them; they simply sent them out of the country. They said: "All right, go where you will be more comfortable; and we shall be more comfortable without you." That is a legitimate position for a State to take; but that is very, very far from the position taken nowadays.

The main point that I wish to emphasise for the moment is that there is a certain justification in the minds of the people who favour the employment of violent methods of punishment, and that you should understand that before you argue with them. If you argue with them fairly, you may convince them that yours is the better attitude, but if you argue with them unfairly, you will only confirm them in their ideas.

That is why I ask you, who are learning to be occultists, to go to the root of all things. We have often said to you that occult training is not in teaching but in life; you have to learn life and understand the hidden forces that are playing in all departments of it. If you can do that, you have become an occultist, even though you may know nothing about Rounds and Races and all the rest of the things that you read in the books. An occultist does not become one by reading books, but by living, and you might meet a very fine occultist who did not possess the smallest idea of Rounds and Races. That

is all, so to speak, trivial; it is very interesting and useful, but is not of the essence of the occult life.

All of you who want to be of service when the Lord Maitreya comes, must try to learn the deeper principles that underlie the occult life; they are the principles that Theosophy teaches with their application to everyday events, and it is those things that you should really learn; but it will be only by your own application of the principles, and not so long as they are only hearsay to you. If you will only apply them to yourself and to the assistance of those who are in trouble around you, it will help you and them. And I hope you will do this before the Lord comes, because then you will be much more useful.

That is the way we are looking at our present work: not "Are we gaining in knowledge?" but "Are we more useful?" That is the only thing that matters just now, and that is the only thing that is of value to those who come to Adyar to-day. It is not a bit of good coming here only for what you hear said at our various meetings, except so far as you practise it. Knowledge is useful only if it helps you to live and to serve.

Annie Besant

ASTROLOGICAL VALUES

A STUDY IN SPIRITUAL ALCHEMY

By LEO FRENCH

II. DIVERSITIES OF OPERATION

According to esoteric teaching there are seven primary and seven secondary "Creations"; the former being the Forces self-evolving from the one *causeless* FORCE, the latter showing the manifested Universe emanating from the already differentiated *divine* elements.—*The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 481.

THIS is a fragment of the inner teaching concerning the union of spirit and matter, involution and evolution, the descending and ascending arcs. In man is the meeting of all spheres, the junction and reservoir of all cosmic vibrations and forces. In the cryptic command "Man, Know Thy Self" lies the promise and potency of the knowledge of Eternal Wisdom, Power, Love. H. P. Blavatsky declares: "Ancient Wisdom added to the cold shell of astronomy the vivifying elements of its soul and spirit, Astrology." (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 707.) Hear also what the Greek philosopher Hermes Trismegistos says of the starry powers representing the spiritual and sidereal hosts: "For if indeed there should be anything outside the universe . . . then it would be a space occupied by intelligent beings analogous to its Divinity. . . . I speak of the genii, for I hold they dwell with us, and of the heroes who dwell above us, between the earth and the hidden airs; wherein are neither clouds nor any tempest."[1] Hermes gives one

[1] Translation by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland.

aspect of occult astrological philosophy in a few words: "The seven planets, or wandering spheres, have for supreme Spirits, Fortune and Destiny, who uphold the eternal stability of the laws of Nature throughout incessant transformation and perpetual agitation. The ether is the instrument or medium by which all is produced."[1]

George Eliot expresses the same mystic marriage between stability and motion, in the declaration of the Astrologer in "The Spanish Gipsy."

> I read the changeless in the changing, thus I read,
> The constant action of celestial powers
> Mixed into waywardness of mortal man.

Ever in Truth's spiral resurgence, some new aspect rises on the crest of each successive time-wave, emphasising, by re-expression, the primal lore. Thus the fresh inspiration of Astrology reproclaims, with insistent stress, man's freedom within certain broadly defined limits of the planetary zone—that man can rule *his* though not *the* stars; by the concert of wise rule humanity wins gradual emancipation from the despotism of fate to the dynasty of destiny. Just as in the old mythos, the Furies became the Eumenides or Blessed Ones, so to-day the key of self-discovery and self-discipline is delivered to the neophyte whose way is the planetary path. For Astrology is but one of the seven keys to the Mystery of Life, and cannot unlock her treasures save to her destined initiates. Yet the stream of evolution to-day brings an ever-increasing number of "those whose torch naught but Urania's fire can rekindle". These votaries stand once more within the circle of the Zodiac; to each, Planetary self-knowledge brings gradual apprehension or swift discovery (according to their stage on the Planetary Path) of the not-self and the super-self; thus once again the circumference of manifestation is rounded in fuller orb. The *within* presses, impinges on, the *without*, drawing ever nearer to the mysterious borderland

[1] *Ibid.*

where whisperings from the infinite sea are borne even to the ears of those land-locked by the finite. The Unmanifest is realised as the Source and Goal, the Before and After, whose Name man has dared to enclose within human language—Infinity.

Eternal Wisdom knows. Eternal Power moves. Eternal Love upholds. So Creation started on its flaming way from the One to unity, from equilbrium into rhythm, to a self-consciousness that extends from the seraphs standing before Life's throne, to that of the sinner sunk in the slough of material experience, who can yet raise himself from mire and flesh-pots, saying: "I will arise, and go to my Father." In that *sursum corda* lies the ineffable magic of Godhead in man: the realisation that however deeply he has plunged into matter, however "fast-bound in misery and iron," he can yet "arise and go to his Father," the Higher Self, who waits with robe and ring, symbols of self-mastery. So also is the way of the Zodiac.

Though man be far from his Godhead's star
Yet the way of return is one,
For climb he must from the vale of dust
To the mountain of the sun.

From the map of every man shines forth the Star; the line of least resistance is written within each spoke in the great wheel, each Native has his own rhythm, his particular "lift" or "drag" of the kārmic load, according to whether the *motif* of the moment be active or passive, dynamic or static. Every inter-planetary aspect tells its own tale; each Planetary Spirit speaks in language adapted to the Native's comprehension. Each element contains within itself outer circumference of wastage and decay, wrath and spilling (by-products), and circle of necessity, promise of conquest over the material, liberation of the spirit of the element.

Is the way that of fire, emperor of the elements? Then let the Native throw himself into the furnace, nor fear to give

himself as sacrifice, whole and complete. For the first-born of fire burn for those in whom, as yet, fire spells destruction, not creation, the divine faculty of fire; the way of fire spells Karma-Yoga, ineffable offering of splendour, descent of sons of the flame. They live to give, and give to live. Among the elements, fire receives least from earth, because giving is the ḍharma. From the spark of sacrificial spiritual life is kindled a sun in many an erstwhile darkened heart, whose beams suffuse and disperse mists. At his word the winds of devastation unloose their spell, ice-bound waters burst forth from prison, free to purify, fertilise, irrigate the land. He smiles on earth on just and unjust, with love at once fervent and impartial. True, fire slays and devours, yet only to recreate and renew by transformation. "Our God is a consuming fire."

The Child of air is the Son of Mind. Spiritualisation of the intellect through illumination is his ḍharma, the way of wisdom his path. Life-giving air, yet also

> [1] The Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
> And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed.

The descent of the Spirit came through air, though its appearance "was as cloven tongues of fire," expressing the mystic marriage between fire and air. Every tradition enshrines this *epithalamium*, "a rushing mighty wind". True, plague and pestilence are borne on and through the air, impregnating the atmosphere with poison. The power of the air, to-day, when turned to destruction, needs no comment; its devastations resound as we write. This is an example of the perversion of elemental power by man decadent. The breath of life, air of freedom, becomes an aerial battle-field, and the æonian struggle of cyclic recurrence is once more fought out on the physical plane, *i.e.*, the mind of man perverted from creation of spiritual essential

[1] Byron—from "The Assyrian came down".

images to invention of material substantive shadows, betrayal of the God, exaltation of the brute, in man.

The water-way is that of submergence and emergence, the drowning of the mortal, the simultaneous birth and baptism of the immortal. Water-elementals bind man's soul in chains of personal tyranny, enslaving it by every sense-born māyā-spell known to the great mother of illusion and delusion. The spiritual cosmic element is the water of life, the chrism of baptism, the votive descent from earth to water, which must be made ere the spirit descends from air to earth.

The son of earth is the strong toiler and wrestler. He must subdue and "inform" earth; while learning from her as a mother, he must also teach her as a holy son. From her he learns patience, endurance, and that lowly love which "suffers long and is kind," humility bearing in an earthen vessel the seed of immortality. The material is the sphere of activity, experience, sublimation, for every child of earth. Her kindly fruits are his, his also her thorns and thistles, to eradicate and subdue. Flower and herb, tree and rock, speak to him in stern or tender tones. Priest of her orisons, to him is made known her might, majesty and magic lore, the lore of Proserpine. For is she not girdled with water, crowned with fire, sceptred with air? Her children know her secrets, as the gardener his plants and their soil. Fortitude, resignation, the secret art of patience, mediumship in its highest, most spiritual sense—these are some of earth's gifts to her chosen.

These are the rhythms of the elements, as they work in each horoscope according to the measure and stature of the individual Native. Every Nativity represents a universe, man the ruler thereof. Yet, strange paradox, he comes into his kingdom no full-grown sovereign, but a helpless, weeping babe, bound in the toils and trammels of time and space, swathed in the wrappings of material consciousness, his free

limbs encased in garments, hampering his movements, constricting even physical activity. Beset with guardians and gaolers from his birth, heaven may lie about him, earth surely surrounds him from infancy. According to his horoscope, so will be the manner and measure of his earth-incarnation or incarceration; according to kārmic law he inherits a life wherein those around him will act as guardians, gaolers, or liberators. If he be a free spirit, nearing the shore of his true home, earth will appear a prison; her children no true kindred of his. He will realise earth as a shadow that passes away, nor will he mistake substance for reality. He desires a better country; from cradle to grave nostalgia presses upon him. Though he be keenly sensitive and susceptible to all those experiences whereto the senses are avenues, yet ever he seeks to pierce above and beneath the flesh, to the spirit. The mire and clay of sensuality cannot cling to one who is "born scorched with God-passions"; he may die unsatisfied or intoxicated, according to his physical temperament; neither dullness nor satiety have dominion over him. If he be comparatively new to earth, the thrill of her beauty, lure of her enchantment, will suffice for this life. He will feel himself indeed the son of her womb, offspring of her body, soul and spirit. Earth is temple, school and gymnasium to these, heaven and training-ground. Theirs is a joyous incarnation, for they realise the sacred aspect of earth, the garment of God, beyond all other earth-dwellers. Her seasons are their four liturgies of approach: Winter, the waiting; Spring, the stirring; Summer, consummation; Autumn, apotheosis.

Then there are those pilgrims in the transition or critical stage, those who no longer find sufficement in earth, yet who have not severed themselves from her power, nor dared the plunge into water, leap into air, nor trusted themselves yet to fire's chariot. For them, earth-life is a bitter experience. Disillusion corrodes them, they have not yet risen above it,

for disillusion binds those alone who are subject to its spell. When once the freedom of progressive evolution is realised, disillusion enthrals no longer, but is seen as the prime delusion. This stage (marked plainly in the map, to astrological sight) is acutely painful, though necessary. When the torture becomes unendurable, refuge is sought in cynicism (that refuge of the æsthetically-destitute!) or in a life of seclusion in convent or monastery.

> Calm, sad, secure, behind high convent walls
> These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray,
> And it is one with them when evening falls,
> And one with them the cold return of day.

By the study of astrological values, those who learn to look beneath and above mere observation, with the eye of creative imagination, can discover through the horoscope these "enclosed" souls, of either sex. For them the most suitable conditions are those known as "the dedicated life". To the occultist, all life is dedicated to the Life, for he knows the secret of dwelling *in*, but not of, the world.

So the endless complexities of evolution, the rich varieties of human experience, are written in the star-script of each pilgrim. The four main ways of the spirits of the elements must be left for future exposition.

Leo French

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[1] Ernest Dowson. *Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration.*

A WAR EPISODE

By M. L. HALL

I

AS the moon rose over the hill, the narrow roadway, which before had been hardly perceptible, showed like a white, winding ribbon on the face of the moor. The trees which had stood sombrely wrapt in shadow were touched by the silver beams, and seemed to bend their great branches in silent homage to the Queen of the Night. Even the little brook, which never ceased talking to itself, laughed and chattered all the more merrily as it carried the silver radiance with it down to the sea. In a neighbouring wood a night bird uttered a sharp cry, as if startled by the sudden radiance. When the sound died away the brook's chattering alone broke the stillness.

"It is almost a sin to talk," she said. "And if it wasn't for this grass by the side of the road I should feel inclined to take off my shoes so as to make no noise."

He did not answer, but she was not surprised. It was not necessary to answer, and somehow silence seemed to fit in better with the beauty all round. But *she* had to talk; she could not help it; she was so blissfully happy.

"I don't believe heaven could be more perfect," she murmured.

Then, as he was still silent, she looked up at him. "Do you, Jack?"

He started as if roused from a reverie. "I am sorry. Did you speak?"

She went still closer. "Oh you're a dear. It *is* funny how people treat their acme of bliss differently. Now I can't help talking about it, while you, I believe, would rather not mention it."

"What makes you so extra happy to-night?" he asked gravely.

"Oh I don't know. I suppose it's the moon and this glorious night. The moon always intoxicates me; it kind of goes to my head. You know those nights last July when we went on the river—weren't we mad then? I thought that was perfection, didn't you? The tip-top measure of bliss. But *this* is better still. For something *might* have come between us then." She gave a little laugh. "You know what lovers are. We might have parted. But now that we are married, what can part us?"

"Only two things I suppose," he replied. "And they both begin with a 'd'."

"'D'?" she said; "'d'? Oh I know one. But you mustn't talk like that—not here. And what has death got to do with us? Why, we are only just beginning life. I never lived before I knew you; and if you were to—to go away, I should cease to live again."

"Don't say that."

"Oh but it's true. You know it is. A few weeks ago I had to exist with only seeing you sometimes. I can't think how I did it. Of course I used to count the hours till you came, but it must have been—*awful*. Now if you were to go away for a day, and I had to get through twelve hours without you, I don't know what I should do."

"You would go on living," he answered; "and be the bravest of the lot."

"What lot?"

"All the other poor women who have had to part with their husbands."

She caught her breath. "Oh those. It must be too terrible. I try not to think of them." There was a minute's silence. "Why do you talk of them? I've never been so happy—when I don't think of the war—as I am now. Just look at that moon. I believe it's shining for us. And think of the future! Days and days and days like this. It's *too* lovely."

"The future is indeed glorious," he replied.

An owl hooted suddenly; there was a faint rustle in the grass at their feet. She laughed joyously.

"The animals are trying to scare us. But *nothing* will frighten me, Jack, as long as I am with you."

The moon was still high in the heavens as they passed down the garden path. The lighted windows of the house were shining out to them in welcome.

As Jack Wingram came down the steps of the great optician's house the next day, he caught sight of a friend.

"Hullo Reynolds! What luck?"

"We're off next week."

"Bravo! We might run up against each other some time on the other side. Who knows?"

"You? You aren't going across, are you?"

"I hope to."

"But your eyes?"

"I've just seen Miller. He says there's nothing radically wrong. If I choose to undergo a slight operation, they'll be sure to pass me."

Reynolds held out his hand. "Congratulations old chap!"

"Thanks."

"What about the wife?" asked Reynolds suddenly.

Wingram frowned. "That's just the pity of it."

"Does she know?"

"No."

"Poor devil!" muttered Reynolds under his breath.

"Of course she thought my eyes would do me," said Wingram after a pause. "But she'll take it splendidly."

"Like the rest of them," said Reynolds.

Wingram was unusually silent that night. As was her custom, Vera turned her attention to the details of the war; endeavouring sedulously to find every place mentioned. But he took little interest.

"What's the matter, dear?" she said, as she seated herself with a large atlas on a stool at his feet. "Do show me where this place is. I can't find it."

He bent over her.

"There it is! You made me find it. You see I can't even look up places on the map without you."

"I went to see Miller to-day, Vera."

"What for?"

"I'm going to have my eyes operated upon."

"Whatever—"

"So that I may be of use."

"What do you mean?"

"To my country."

He watched the colour slowly die out of her face. The silence was unbearable; it was as if something would presently snap. At last she spoke.

"You *can't* go, Jack."

"Dearest," he said, taking both her hands in his, "let me explain. There are times when the words can and can't pass out of our vocabulary. They are all very well for ordinary occasions, but when we begin to see things more as they really *are*, when something comes along that makes us live more really, they won't do. If I have my eyes seen to, I shall be able to fight. So there is no choice, is there?"

He felt her gaze burning his face.

"No, Jack, I *can't*," she murmured.

"Can't what, dear?"

"Let you go."

He winced. "Remember you are an Englishwoman. Are you going to be the only one who does not serve her country?"

She buried her face on his knee. "I don't care what the others do. It isn't so bad for them. They must have known all along; ever since the war began, I mean. But I thought *we* were safe. Oh think of last night!"

"Last night I said that two things beginning with 'd' might part us. You guessed one. The other was Duty."

"It's your duty to stay with me."

"Don't make it harder," he said. "God knows it's bad enough as it is."

"But supposing you were—were killed?"

"Why should I be? Lots of men won't be. I don't somehow think I'm going to be killed. And then, when I come back, just think how jolly it will be—even nicer than now, through having done as we ought."

"I hate doing what I ought. And it's all so unfair. Why should we, who had just begun to be so happy, be made to be miserable? We've done nothing to deserve it."

"Have all the other people?"

"I don't know. But that only makes it worse. There's no justice anywhere."

"I'm not so sure," he answered thoughtfully. "So we are apt to say, who only see this tiny bit of things. Somehow . . . oh I don't know. At any rate that makes no difference. There is only one course of action for you and me. And if my eyes had been right all along, *you* would have told me to go, even if I had not wished to myself."

"Jack!"

"Oh yes you would. And you will send me gladly now. And you will think of me fighting for England and for Good; and you will write to me often, and send me things; and then when I come back . . ."

"When you come back?. . ."

"Well then we shall have *deserved* to be happy."

"But until you do . . . oh I can't *bear* the suspense."

"You will bear it for my sake," he answered gently. "We must pass through our hell first, so as to enjoy heaven afterwards."

Eight months later Vera stood on the station platform bravely waving good-bye.

* * * * *

The firing was over, and men with Red Cross bands on their arms were moving noiselessly amongst the wounded and dead. An officer raised himself as two of them approached.

"Don't mind me doctor. Go to that chap over there. I think he's bad."

"We've been. It'll be no use going again."

There was horror in the officer's eyes. "Gone?"

The doctor nodded.

"He can't be. I swear I saw something move there just now, before I—went off."

"Shot through the head. Death instantaneous, I should say."

"But I saw something move—distinctly."

The doctor looked at his companion. It was merely hallucination caused by loss of blood.

"There, you'll do. You're not bad. It's a flesh wound."

Reynolds clutched at his sleeve. "That was Jack Wingram, doctor. Only married a few months. Wife worships him."

"Poor thing! There'll be many like her I'm afraid."

"My God!" murmured Reynolds, as he fell back exhausted. "Why couldn't they take me? I've no little girl to leave behind."

At that minute Vera was standing amongst a group of friends.

"Oh Jack will come back all right, I'm sure," she was saying brightly. "I somehow feel it. He doesn't mean to be killed. And then, when he does come, just think how glorious it will be!"

Twenty-four hours later the telegram announcing his death arrived from the War Office.

In the terrible days that followed, had Vera only known it, Jack was quite close to her. Indeed he rarely left her side. Vainly he tried to console her, to speak to her, to tell her he was there. He could have cried aloud at seeing her so suffer, while he was there ready to help her, to dry her tears. Only at night, when her weary spirit left its earth-body, was he able to establish any intercourse. They then revisited their old haunts, talked with each other, were blissfully happy as in the olden days. But with waking consciousness the pain and sorrow returned, shutting out all memories of the night's doings. Only once did she murmur on waking:

"I dreamt I was with Jack last night, and it was heaven. How cruel! It only makes the reality worse."

He turned away with a groan of despair.

When the bullet that killed him passed through his head, he found himself still on the battle-field, close to where he had fallen. He was trying to think what had happened, when he saw a figure in white standing beside him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I have come to help you," was the reply. "I thought perhaps you might be bewildered at first. Your passing over was so sudden."

"What do you mean?"

"You are what people on earth call dead."

"Dead?" he exclaimed. "I'm not dead! I've never been more alive. Look, I can see everything just as it was before."

The figure pointed to his inanimate body. "That is what you have just left," he said.

Wingram looked at it. "But I tell you I'm not—"

"Come with me."

He followed as if by an irresistible impulse. They passed a short distance across the field to where a wounded officer was being attended to by two men.

"It'll be no use going again," the doctor was saying.

"Gone?" asked the officer in horror.

"Why it's Reynolds!" exclaimed Wingram.

"Sh!" said his companion. "Listen."

"He can't be. I swear I saw something move there just now, before I—went off."

"Shot through the head. Death instantaneous, I should say."

"But I saw something move—distinctly."

"There, you'll do. You're not bad. It's a flesh wound."

Reynolds caught his sleeve. "That was Jack Wingram, doctor. Only married a few months. Wife—"

"Fool!" shouted Wingram. "It's a lie! I'm not dead! I—"

"Listen," said his companion. "Listen now."

"My God!" murmured Reynolds, as he sank back exhausted. "Why couldn't they take me? I've no little girl to leave behind."

The whole atmosphere seemed suddenly transfigured. For a moment the stricken battle-field was transformed into a thing of beauty. A wonderful radiance shone forth on all around.

Wingram stood rooted to the ground. His companion was kneeling beside Reynolds.

"Such utterances make even war blessed," he said reverently.

Wingram looked at him. Then he threw himself down beside his friend.

"Reynolds, old chap!" he cried. "Don't mind what the doctor says. He's a liar. I'm all right. I'm with you now. Don't you feel me?—hear me?"

The figure was watching him with compassion in his eyes. "He won't see you now," he said gently. "He caught a glimpse of us over there, but now his mind is so filled with grief, there is no possibility of communicating with him."

"Who are you?" asked Wingram.

"It does not much matter who I am in the physical body, does it? At present I am one of a large band of helpers who do all they can for the dying and newly dead."

"Why did you come to me?"

"Because you were so young and strong, and your passing over so sudden, that I knew you would not know yourself to have passed."

"Don't you tell me I'm dead. I feel exactly as I have always done. Only somehow more free."

"Naturally; as you have got rid of your physical body."

"And this is neither heaven nor hell?"

The stranger smiled. "One doesn't go to heaven directly," he answered. "And only very bad people find themselves in hell—for a time—that is, a hell of their own making."

Wingram stared. There was something peculiarly beautiful and soothing about his strange companion.

"I like you," he said. "And it was awfully jolly of you to want to help me. But as Reynolds won't pay any attention, and the doctor says he isn't bad, hadn't I better go and rejoin my men? They might be fighting again."

"No, you must not fight."

"Hang it all! After all I'm a soldier—"

He paused in dismay. He had never felt so utterly uncontrolled before. His whole body was swaying in passion.

His companion rose. "Take care. Remember you have no physical body to deaden and restrict your feelings."

Suddenly Wingram felt frightened. It was all so utterly strange, so incomprehensible. He trembled from head to foot.

The figure took him gently by the arm and led him away. "We'd better leave Reynolds," he said kindly. "Your emotions are so powerful they have a strong effect on him."

Wingram spent a bewildering next few hours. The stranger never left his side; with infinite patience he reassured him, explained things to him, reasoned with him. They traversed a considerable area of country; and on all sides they met couples like themselves, or groups of men with one guide. Sometimes they witnessed cases of unreasoning panic on the part of the newly dead; and Wingram marvelled at the patience of the helpers.

"After all that is why we are sent," his companion replied. "If there were no need for us, we shouldn't be here."

"Who sends you?"

"The great Beings who guide and love the world, without whom all would be darkness and horror."

"I've never heard of Them."

"No, I daresay not," he answered with a smile. "Men are only just beginning to believe in Them again. Next time you go to earth you will know about Them."

"Next time I go to earth? But I am on earth now."

"I mean when you have your next physical body, when you are born on earth again."

A despairing moan reached their ears. Wingram started.

"What's that?" he asked breathlessly.

His companion's face was transfused with compassion. "I expect it's some poor soul who finds he has created a hell

for himself. He either won't listen to, or hasn't deserved, one of us helpers."

"You don't go to every one then?"

"No. Only people like yourself who have made a supreme sacrifice. But there is not a single soul who has given up anything really unselfishly for his country, who is left uncared for by us."

"Do you do this all day?"

"No, we live on earth like you have been doing. It's only when we go to 'sleep' as you would call it, or when we lay down our bodies and tell them to rest, that we can come to you. But we would *like* to be with you always."

"I can't think how you know all you do. It's perfectly marvellous. Now if I met an ordinary man and asked him some of the things I've asked you, he'd be fairly flabbergasted."

The stranger smiled. "We are quite ordinary men, really. Only we are a little older than most. We began living earlier. You have lived many, many times before, you know, and will live many, many times on earth again. And naturally each time you live, you learn a little more; until at last you become wise enough to be able to leave your physical body at will to go and help those on 'the other side,' as people on earth would say."

"That's all very well," replied Wingram, to whom nothing now, however extraordinary, seemed too strange to believe. "But if we go on getting wiser every time, what happens in the end?"

"In the end we become one of those great Beings I told you of."

The groan of despair was heard again.

"Oh!" cried Wingram, "*can't* we do anything to help him?"

A glad light shone in the stranger's eyes. "Yes," he said, "if you like. At any rate we can try."

For more than two hours they wrestled with the poor man's terrible fear. He imagined himself in hell; he said he could feel the flames scorching him. He had led a bad life, and as he lay dying of his wounds a vivid picture of the awful fate he thought awaiting him was conjured up in his mind. With these ghastly thoughts he passed over the border. As he was in the regular army, and had only enlisted as a last resource, there was not even a spark of sacrifice for his country to help him. He had fought sullenly, because he had to.

In vain Wingram tried to convince him he was not burning; he pointed to the wide plain all round them; he even found himself assuring him that he was "dead" too. He forgot his own difficulties and doubts; his whole being was concentrated on the effort to help his brother in distress. At last he turned in despair to his companion.

"Never mind," said the latter; "we have done our best. It's a case that requires some one wiser than you or me. But the poor fellow will work through his hell in time, and reach his heaven too. Come away now. I would not have let you go near him—you are on so much higher a level—if I had not seen what it would do for you. But you shall not mix with such people again. Now you are fit to help any of your friends—there are many of them here—and you can tell them what I have been telling you."

"Can't you tell them yourself?"

"No, I must leave you now. It is time for me to return to the physical body."

Wingram seized his arm. "Oh, don't go away."

"Be calm," said the stranger, gently disengaging himself. "You are all right now. Remember you have absolutely nothing to be afraid of. Your future is glorious."

"You will come back?"

"Yes, to-morrow." A look of infinite pity passed across his face. "There is one thing which will trouble you: your

wife's anguish. Of course you will go to her and speak to her, but she will not hear you any more than Reynolds did. You see she does not yet know that death is only passing to a more real and vivid life, and that the after-death world is the same as the one she is living in. But once you have passed through this sorrow, you will both, because of your splendid sacrifice, be exceedingly happy."

When Wingram turned to thank him, he found himself alone.

II

The manor house stood in its beautiful grounds; on all sides were signs of happiness and prosperity. Large, thriving farms were surrounded by acres of corn-fields; for England now grew enough corn to support her own people, men having long since abandoned the wasteful practice of flesh-eating. And besides being an enormous gain economically, this change of living had solved the problem of the overcrowding of the towns; thousands having returned to work on the land. Drink was unknown owing to the vegetarian diet; disease was a comparatively rare thing. Indeed the people could hardly understand the habits of their forefathers. When they read in an ancient book, or heard in a story that had been handed down to them, how once upon a time animals were murdered and their dead flesh eaten, they would shudder in horror. Or the least imaginative among them would merely remark in contempt: "What height of folly! Instead of getting one's nourishment from nature direct, waiting until it has been eaten for you by somebody else!"

So it was a peaceful England on which the manor house looked. And nowhere was it more peaceful than there. In the length and breadth of the land a happier community could

not have been found. The people who lived on the farms, who were much wiser and cleverer than the working classes of to-day, would say to each other: "Our lady and gentleman must have been great last time. Who ever knew anyone like them?—with everything they could wish; and then they themselves so splendid!"

Even the little children would stand aside in awe as they passed, for they knew they must have been *very* good in their last lives to enjoy such prosperity.

The lord of the manor had come to live there with his young wife when they were little more than boy and girl. The rumour went that it had been a case of love at first sight; that as soon as they saw each other they could hardly bear to be separated. And it was as the people said: they seemed to enjoy cloudless happiness. Many were the stories woven of their heroic deeds in former existences; and sometimes they would speak of it themselves as they wandered on the moonlit lawn.

"I believe we had something to do with that awful last war," she would say, "that appalling massacre, when men must have been more like wild beasts." She shuddered. "I can't imagine it. Fancy making machines to murder with!"

"It must indeed have been terrible," he answered, looking at her with love in his eyes. "But somehow things were different then. Men were used to blood. They killed things every day."

"And didn't they hang up the corpses in the shops where even the little children could see them? How ghastly! No wonder they grew up into men and women capable of terrible crimes."

"Yes, but they were very ignorant in those days. They can have had no idea how one's surroundings affect one. They had filthy, noisy towns, decorated with corpses as you say, and where the ugliness must have been too awful. Also it was quite a common thing, I have read, to lose one's temper or be

irritable in the presence of children. They didn't even know of the power of thoughts and feelings."

"Just fancy! But what I *can't* understand is how they ever got on without a knowledge of the immutable Law. Didn't they really think that everything good they did would be exactly rewarded, and every bad thing exactly punished?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well then their heroism was *too* splendid. That's why I believe we had something to do with the Great War."

"Why?"

"Because we must have earned all this happiness *somehow*. I believe you and I were married"—he smiled at her—"and we loved each other *very* nearly as much as we do now. Then you went to the war, because you thought you ought to; and somebody—somebody killed you."

"And what happened to you?"

"Oh I was left behind."

A night bird in a neighbouring tree gave a sudden cry; the moon was veiled for a moment behind a passing cloud. When the beams fell across the lawn again, a stranger, unperceived by them, was standing in the silver radiance. They felt strangely uplifted as they drew near to him.

"Children," he was saying softly—"for you are but children still, in spite of all your knowledge—when will you begin to learn your lessons? The war that you speak of in such terms gave to thousands beside yourselves priceless opportunities of growth and future happiness. If it was used as a means to such good by Those wiser than you, why condemn it? *You* would not be as you are now, if it had not been for it. You would still be as the Jack and Vera of those days many years ago."

As they turned to retrace their steps, the faint murmur of a distant brook alone broke the stillness.

M. L. Hall

CORRESPONDENCE

THEOSOPHY AND POLITICS

II

I SHOULD like to reply briefly to some of the points in Mr. Begg's letter about Theosophy and Politics.

1. THE THEOSOPHIST is not an official organ of our Society, and has never been. The magazine is the personal organ of Mrs. Besant as President of the Society, exactly as it was Colonel Olcott's when he held that office. Several Sectional Magazines are the "official" organs of their Sections, but THE THEOSOPHIST has never been an official organ of the whole Society. There has always been added to THE THEOSOPHIST a Supplement which contains official notices; but the Society has no inalienable right to such a Supplement, which is permitted by courtesy of the Editor and Publisher. It has been repeatedly stated that it is Mrs. Besant's magazine, and the T.S. has no control whatever over its policy.

2. As to what the Society at large thinks of its President's activities, I believe in some ways I may perhaps have fuller information on that matter than anyone else. Last November, as announced in THE THEOSOPHIST, I organised a "President's Fund," explaining the unusual amount of travelling Mrs. Besant would have to do during this year as the President of the National Congress, and inviting those who cared to help in her travelling expenses to send their contributions to me. Since then I have been the recipient of many hundreds of letters from members of nearly every country in the world (except the countries of the Central Powers and Russia) where the T.S. has a Lodge, and were Mr. Begg at Adyar he would be perfectly welcome to look at the record I have of this world-wide correspondence. All those who have written to me have been only too thankful to show their gratitude to Mrs. Besant in this manner for all that she has done for them. Members from among the peoples of the British Empire who have contributed, have been heart and soul with her in her political work; as to members from non-British countries, while they expressed no special opinion as to Home Rule for India, etc., they have shown in a very tangible manner their appreciation of what she is doing for humanity, as my account books will show. The fact of the matter is, that while thousands among us Theosophists who are specially interested in India heartily support Mrs. Besant in her

political work, there are tens of thousands everywhere who desire to help her to the utmost in whatever work she may undertake. They have a deep faith in the fundamental spirituality of all her activities and feel privileged if they are allowed to bid her "God speed".

I believed I knew correctly what the T.S. would say as to the role its President is taking in the political world; since the inception of the "President's Fund" I can say definitely that the vast majority of the Society are united in an unbounded admiration of her heroic work against incredible difficulties, and that whenever they think of her or hear of her activities, it is always to send her a thought of "God speed".

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

III

SEEING that Mr. Begg's letter in the August THEOSOPHIST contains some unfavourable criticisms of the T.S. in general and your magazine in particular, and remembering that the interesting articles which have been appearing in THE THEOSOPHIST recently under his name displayed the somewhat rare quality of an open mind, I am taking the liberty of pointing out what seem to me to be a few weak spots in his premises.

Apparently Mr. Begg objects to Theosophists taking an active part in politics of any kind, and not merely to their supporting "the political views of the great lady who is our President". The reason he gives for this objection is that political activity is actuated by selfish motives, though, in the case of the "party" which has called forth his protest, he admits that its aims may be pure; he therefore falls back on the plea that its aims are "particular" and "in that respect and to that extent inimical to the universal". As I have not yet come across any form of activity that could claim to be universal, I fail to see how Theosophists, or anybody else, can abstain from particular activities except by abstaining from activity altogether—if such a possibility exists. But how can every, or even any, particular activity be inimical to the universal? One particular activity may be said to be inimical to another particular activity; but the very suggestion of a universe containing anything inimical to itself at once implies a chaos instead of a cosmos. If, then, the aim of a Theosophical politician be pure, that is to say unselfish, the only valid reason for Mr. Begg's objection to Theosophists taking an active part in politics, namely, that political aims are selfish, disappears.

Or does he mean that an unselfish Theosophist should abstain from political activity because all other politicians are selfish? Assuming that politics have become as degraded as this—an assumption which every M. P. would indignantly repudiate, certainly after an all-night sitting—is not this all the more reason why Theosophists should set an example of unselfish political activity? Theosophy has already

begun to spiritualise religion, education and social reform; it has now to spiritualise the field of politics by holding up the ideal of "Politics as Service" and coming down into the arena of practical problems. As for the saying attributed to the Christ, which Mr. Begg quotes, it seems to me that "Render unto Cæsar, etc." is a striking way of saying "attend to your political duties as well as your religious observances"; it certainly cannot mean: "Have nothing to do with Cæsar because he comes under the heading of politics."

Further, the Theosophical politician, in Mr. Begg's view, is "guilty of something very like 'mixing the planes'". As we are told that the planes of nature interpenetrate, it looks as if they were already fairly mixed—anyhow our ideas of them are. What I suppose Mr. Begg fears is the abuse of psychic powers to accomplish physical ends, and it is precisely to avoid this infringement of the Law that Theosophical politicians are using open and recognised constitutional means for urging reforms. This is one difference, by the way, between Theosophical politics and war: the former is constitutional and uses no violence; the latter ignores legal remedies and resorts to brute force. I may add that I take no active part in politics myself, but that is due to lack of ability and not to any Theosophical qualms; I have the privilege of knowing several Theosophical politicians, and I wish there were more of them in the world.

As regards the "Watch-Tower" notes in THE THEOSOPHIST, I think we may at least give the P.T.S. credit for writing what she believes to be most helpful to F.T.S. and enquirers, and I expect the same consideration governs her selection of articles. Moreover I understand that THE THEOSOPHIST is not constitutionally bound to express more than the views of the P.T.S. If some useful items of news do not appear therein, it is because the possessors of these items do not pass them on to the Editor. For instance, if Mr. Begg can tell us something more definite about "Garabed" than appeared in American newspapers recently, and if he considers it such an important sign of the times, why did he not give your readers the benefit of this knowledge? Perhaps it is not yet too late.

Finally he complains that because some Theosophists are banned in official circles (presumably in India) on account of their participation in a certain form of politics, therefore our teachings on the life after death are not so well received. In this connection I should have thought that no one who really wanted to examine the evidence on such a vital matter, would stop to ask whether its exponents were tainted by political activity or not. But personally I happen to believe that Theosophy may have a message even greater than that of the life after death (which, after all, the Spiritualists are doing the most to popularise), namely, that of a divinely ordered society in which death in its present unnatural form—that of war—will be no longer have to be explained by theories of "Black Plots".

EARLY CHRISTIAN

THE THEOSOPHICAL TYPE

"RAHERE'S" interesting article in the August issue of THE THEOSOPHIST has raised an important question. Of course, with his main thesis, that is, the need for tolerance in the T.S. between persons of different opinions and methods of work, we must all agree, however difficult we may find it to live up to our belief. And it is a point which cannot be brought up too often nor emphasised too strongly. No man in the T.S. has a right to say—this is Theosophy, or this is not Theosophy; no appeal to the authority of any other member, however highly placed in any sense, can justify the condemnation by one member of the methods of another.

Yet there is a sense in which we have a right to use the adjective untheosophical as applied to certain lines of activity, or in the phrase used by Mr. Jinarājadāsa in an article published in *The Theosophic Messenger* some years ago—certain things are, as compared with others, "not our work". Theoretically every activity that is prompted by unselfish motives and is done in the service of humanity is Theosophical. But after all our Society has not the monopoly in the encouragement of such activities, and it must have a reason for existence which marks it off from the rest of the benevolent organisations of the world. We admit every shade of opinion and welcome all who are in sympathy with our ideal of brotherhood, but as a matter of fact, not all good and brotherly people want to join us. We attract a certain type, and much as we vary among ourselves, there is a something in common between us. When our broad-mindedness has so watered the Society down that the type is lost, the T.S. will probably lapse or be incorporated with some other body.

Perhaps "Rahere" agrees with me in this. I am not opposing anything he said, but something which might be inferred from what he said. These reflections were suggested by his analogy between the T.S. and a newly settled country. In order to show that the new point of view of one generation of workers must supersede the old, he says: "Following the pioneers have come the masses of new settlers to take up the tasks made easy for them by those who broke the ground and cut the paths for their feet." The pioneers represent the early members, the new settlers the new blood which is coming into the T.S. and upsetting the habits and accepted traditions of the original workers.

The analogy is not, to my mind, quite appropriate. The pioneers are the Theosophists, but the "masses of the new settlers" are the masses *outside* the T.S. who benefit by the ideas first enunciated by the Theosophical thinkers and investigators, and which have now spread and become generally accepted. The Theosophists are pioneers, but pioneers *always*. The history of our T.S. is not that of a band of persons who, after they have overcome the preliminary difficulties which have to be faced by those who wish to make a new home for themselves in the wilderness, settle down as a colony and are followed by persons of a different spirit and character, who develop

their lives in peace along the smooth and conventional lines of ordinary life. It is more nearly pictured when we think of a band of pioneers who, when the spade work in one region is finished, pass on with their descendants, and those recruited from outside as persons of kindred spirit, to other regions where the same kind of work has to be done. The needs of the moment vary with place, time and circumstance, but the spirit which guides and inspires is the same all through —the spirit of the pioneer.

Our business as Theosophists is with ideas mainly—the seeds of future action—and with "action" only where we are practically alone in the field. Our investigations along the lines indicated in our Objects should not be undertaken at random and merely as mental exercise performed for our own benefit and pleasure, but should be guided by the needs of the time. Our choice of a field of "action," in the ordinary sense of the word, should be made with a view to the working out of ideas which only we as Theosophists understand and appreciate.

It is interesting in this connection to go over in our minds the various "subsidiary activities" which have from time to time been launched under the auspices of the T.S. Some have flourished and are flourishing still, others lived a while and died, or still drag on a rather bloodless existence. Why is it that some are vigorous and others not? I think it is that some are "Theosophical" while others are not. There are so many of these "Orders" that it is impossible to mention all, but of those that occur to one, it is most clearly evident that the ones that have really a good record behind them are those which all the time at least were "filling a want". The schools for the depressed classes in India—the missionaries teach the Pañchamas, but in a quite different spirit; the Buddhist schools in Ceylon, the only schools in which Buddhist boys could be educated without being turned from the faith of their race; the Central Hindū College in India; Adyar, as a colony in which racial and national prejudices are put into the melting-pot; the Order of the Star in the East—all these experiments, and possibly others with which I do not happen to be familiar, owe their success to the fact that in them is, or was, embodied an aspect of brotherliness that the world outside the T.S. was not ready to accept. But where are the Anti-vivisection Leagues, the Vegetarian Leagues, the Esperanto Leagues? They are feeble shadows of Societies in the other world, as such are not Theosophically alive.

This question of "our work" and "not our work" has often been raised and has been thoroughly discussed. But as each generation of Theosophists is called upon to face it anew, it is perhaps as well that it should be reconsidered from time to time. At least when the point of view put forward in "Rahere's" article is brought again to the fore, it seems necessary to see that the consideration here suggested should not be allowed to slip out of sight.

CYDELL

THEOSOPHICAL PROPAGANDA

TWO schools of thought have arisen in the Theosophical Society with regard to the work of Theosophical propaganda in this country. One class of ardent propagandists believes that Theosophy should permeate every branch of human life, and so makes no difference as to the people to whom its message is to be delivered. On the other hand, there are people in the Society who think that Theosophical truths cannot be the property of all, and that the propaganda should consequently be restricted to the educated people alone.

There is a good deal of truth in the thought of both these classes of members. The modern presentment of Theosophical truths being on scientific lines, the ordinary masses are not in a position to grasp them, while it is also true that nothing but knowledge can cure the evils that exist so profusely in the world and that therefore the knowledge should be made available to all.

Those who want to restrict Theosophy to the educated classes ignore the fundamental principle that man is divine in his nature and that it is possible to arouse that divinity in him by presenting the truths in the way he can grasp. Whether it is religion, science, or philosophy, or homely lessons through which the truths are presented, does not matter much. They are merely the media through which the truths are exposed, and serve no better purpose than being *means* to an *end*. A scientific man need not therefore look down upon the religious man or the philosopher, nor a philosopher upon a scientific or a religious man. Let the Theosophical truths be presented in any form, and when one form is not sufficiently appealing, another form may be adopted. Thus it is possible to make Theosophy reach all classes of people, and the creed that it is destined to be the monopoly of the educated people alone, does not stand to reason and experience.

Those on the other hand, who believe in the fitness of all people to receive Theosophical truths, are ignoring the fact that the truth cannot be realised as such unless there is a sufficient amount of culture, either in religion or science or philosophy, on the part of those to whom it is spoken. If the necessary standard of culture is wanting, one cannot realise the truth at all. It is therefore necessary that people should first be raised to a certain standard of culture, and then the Theosophical truths be presented to them.

In the opinions of both these classes of people, then, there is truth as well as error; and I, for one, would think that the reconciliation lies in giving preliminary education which would enable men and women to get the necessary culture for grasping Theosophical truths. The National Education, of which we hear so much in these days, will be the means of such a culture, and let us hope that it will be given to one and all in the nation. Till then, the educated people as well as the masses should be afforded opportunities to hear Theosophical truths; and any scheme that ignores one or the other will certainly create a gap that cannot be easily filled up.

M. VENKATARAO

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

MR. SRI PRAKASA'S remedy for the present inequitable distribution of wealth does not strike one as practical. His suggestion that Capital, Brains, and Labour should share profits "equitably," does not carry us very far. Who would decide what is equitable? Each of the three partners would be inclined to overvalue his own share of the service. Again, who would be managing director? If Brains, then possibly Brains and Capital might fall out over the advisability or propriety of some measure. Brains might suggest something morally good but financially disastrous. There would have to be a good deal of give and take at the Board meetings, and once greed appeared, and took a seat unseen—good-bye to fair dealing!

Such a scheme as your contributor suggests would only become practicable if profits in excess of a certain amount were annexed by the State, and the whole enterprise subjected to rigid State scrutiny and control. In short, we must have modified Socialism, including the fixation of the price of money, and the suppression of the Stock Exchange.

H. L. S. WILKINSON

BOOK-LORE

Why I Became a Christian Theosophist, by G. A. Ferguson. (Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price 2s.)

This little book describes a Christian minister's search after truth and how this led him to Theosophy as giving his Christian beliefs "the highest possible meaning". The author at once takes the reader into his confidence and reveals a personality of high religious ideals and typically cautious intellect; it is the constant conflict between these two forces that renders the narrative of more than usual interest to all who may be in the same position themselves or desirous of helping others in that position. At the time from which the present book begins, Mr. Ferguson had already emerged from a period of agnosticism into a reasoned faith in the existence of God as "the Absolute Perfection of Truth, Love and Goodness," an experience which he has already described in an earlier book entitled *How a Modern Atheist Found God*. But presently he began to find that the fact of evil presented further problems that could not be satisfactorily solved by the explanations usually offered, so he began to look further afield, until he came across Theosophy. Even then, the doctrine of reincarnation presented such difficulties that a long time elapsed before he could reconcile it with his belief in individual immortality; but the curious thing is that he was so ready to judge of a new conception at first acquaintance, without taking the pains to make full enquiries and trying to understand the idea as a whole. This attitude is probably very common among enquirers, so that in this respect Mr. Ferguson's objections are particularly instructive. Still more curious is it that he should have heard and appreciated a lecture by Mrs. Besant at Oxford, and even have had a personal interview with her, and then have allowed the matter to drop for a considerable time. However, the turning-point was reached on reading *The Riddle of Life*, after which the remaining obstacles, such as the reliability of clairvoyant evidence, were gradually surmounted. But we shall leave the reader to follow Mr. Ferguson's successive steps as told in his own expressive words.

W. D. S. B.

Pain and Conflict in Human Life, being lectures delivered at the Cambridge Summer Meeting of 1916 by Members of the University. (The Cambridge University Press. Price 4s.)

These ten lectures cover a large field of thought and were given by able men. They deal exhaustively with the problems of life as suggested to the educated Christian. The first lecture, on Theism, will be read with interest because of the knowledge shown of the human constitution, and is satisfying both to the reason and the imagination. The Rev. J. W. Oman's lectures deal with the subject of Human Freedom; he contends that man is here for the building of character, the strengthening of the moral nature, and says that character is something formed by the exercise of freedom in the teeth of our natural dispositions, a power to do what we know to be right instead of that which is easiest or pleasantest.

> The heart of the whole problem of freedom lies in this, that we can so act on our motives and disposition that we form character, that by every act our character improves, or that we may so act on our motives and disposition that in the end we have no character at all. We do not act merely passively out of character as we might out of disposition . . . the two greatest enemies of character are—insincerity and ungirt loins. The qualities of freedom are sincerity and self-mastery.

The writer holds that we can so act that these qualities increase or deteriorate, and that we all know ourselves as conscious beings experiencing impacts from without and impulses from within against which we can oppose our will. We are to become free men, not slaves, having made Truth our own and abiding in a love our hearts have chosen.

The Rev. F. R. Tenant has two chapters: one on "The Problem of the Existence of Moral Evil," and the other on "The Problem of Suffering". The recognition of the existence of one implies the other. He holds that there is a God; that God is Love; that love implies self-imparting, self-communication, self-revelation, and seeks the highest welfare of the being loved. And since moral worth is the greatest good and moral order is His law for the world, he says: "There cannot be moral goodness in a creature such as man without the possibility of his sinning." This is a developing and not a perfect world—hence the risk of moral evil in the world. Both the chapters are well worked out, and will be of interest and help to many. The lecture on "The Doctrine of Providence," which presumes that the world is God's and that we are His children, should comfort one mightily in these days, when kings and governments lay claim to the world—and us. After a chapter on Prayer we come to one on War by the same writer as that on Human Freedom. War is the furnace in which an old civilisation is being tested and re-forged, and in the human heart arises

the question of a future life. Unless life has a significance beyond its present existence in these days of fury and terror, it can have no meaning; "and unless there is in another state a victory to crown our conflict, it can have no justifying purpose". The book concludes with two valuable chapters: one on "Competition beween Individuals and Classes," the other on "Competition between Nations, considered from the Christian Point of View," by the very Rev. W. Moore Ede, and one may justly conclude that commercial and class antagonism are at the root of conditions that make war possible, and that both arise from the people's blindness with regard to the Divine purpose. For the things of this world are to use, not to keep. It is but a gateway to wider fields; but we are all struggling for the possession of the gateway, which has become a shambles where we lie crippled and bound, when with myriads of others we might have had a free passage through the gateway to the fair fields beyond. We congratulate the fortunate reader into whose hands this book may fall.

ESSEX

An A.B.C. of Astrology, by Sidney Randall, B.A. (W. Foulsham, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This manual certainly promises to fulfil its purpose of helping beginners over the first difficulties in the valuable but formidable study of Astrology. Even logarithms—or at least the use of some logarithmic tables—are made simple enough for the least mathematical of minds. One may doubt if those who need such extreme clarity can possess the mental qualifications for a really difficult subject. But inadequate powers seldom depress (at least to suppression!) the would-be adventurer in an occult science; and, other things being equal, it is better he should be able to draw a horoscope correctly than not. The diagrams are ingenious, and should prove most helpful, and the printing and get-up of the book are good, though a few little errors have crept in that call for a slip of "errata". The Introduction contains a well reasoned defence of Astrology, which may be recommended to the consideration of ignorant scoffers.

H. V.

The Householder's Dharma, of Srī Samanṭabhaḍra Āchārya, translated by Champat Rai Jain. (The Central Jaina Publishing House, Arrah, India. Price As. 12.)

This is an English translation of *Ratna-Karanda-Sravakachar*, a Samskṛṭ work dealing with the householder's Ḍharma. It consists of one hundred and fifty verses by a respected saint of the Jains, Swami Srī Samanṭabhaḍra Āchārya, who is said to have lived in the 2nd century A. D. Jainism preaches the Ḍharma in order to free souls "from the pain and misery of embodied existence". A perusal of this book leaves the impression that one has to avoid all matter and its activity. It does not preach a vigorous march into the enemy's territory in order to conquer him, but advises us to stand like a wall, unmoved by his attacks, until he is worn out.

The book begins with the fundamental principles of ethics in Jainism: "Right Faith, Right Knowledge and Right Conduct." Right faith is an unshakeable faith in a scripture "which reveals the true nature of things and is helpful to men and animals". It must free itself from certain superstitions of religion, like asking favours of deities, bathing in certain rivers, or immolating oneself by certain foolish actions. Right knowledge is "that which reveals the nature of things, neither insufficiently nor with exaggeration, nor falsely, but exactly as it is, and with certainty". Right conduct follows Right knowledge. It consists in abstaining from any injury, falsehood, theft, unchastity and attachment to worldly objects taken in the widest sense. An unqualified cessation is only possible to those who are free from any attachment.

In order that a householder may succeed in this perfect cessation, he is asked to avoid the gross forms by self-discipline. He is asked to follow certain minor vows, controlling his outgoing energies and limiting them to certain periods of time and to certain parts of the country. He is asked to go up this ladder step by step, there being eleven steps or Praṭimās. Then he begins to spend more of his time in contemplation according to the methods prescribed, until he becomes entirely fit to take up the vow of the ascetic. In this stage he entirely frees himself from these tendencies and reaches Nirvāṇa, the goal of human life.

M. B. K.

Comparative Religion, by A. S. Geden, D.D. (S.P.C.K., London. Price 2s.)

This work only claims to be an introduction to the subject, and as that, it satisfactorily fulfils its object. It is highly significant of the greater liberality of Christian thought that so fair and unprejudiced a statement of religious origins should be published under the auspices of the Christian Evidence Society.

Too much importance is given, in our opinion, to evidence supplied from prevailing beliefs and customs among backward and degraded races, wrongly assumed to be at an early stage of religious progress, and too little to the testimony of relics of past great civilisations, as of Egypt and Ancient India. Religion is treated entirely as an orderly growth from within, an unfoldment of divine consciousness, always proceeding, and hence truth is not claimed as the monopoly of any existing faith. Finally, however, conclusions in favour of Christianity as the leading faith of the future are drawn on somewhat slender evidence, based chiefly on an asserted numerical preponderance. There we should like statistics, for in view of the millions of Buḍḍhists and Hinḍûs, the statement seems open to challenge.

H. V.

Mountain Meditations, and some Subjects of the Day and the War, by L. Lind-af-Hageby. (George Allen & Unwin, London. Price 4s. 6d.)

Under this very attractive title our author presents to the world five essays: Mountain Tops, The Borderland, Reformers, Nationality, Religion in Transition. All of these, except perhaps the first, deal with questions concerning which almost every intelligent person is thinking at the present time. Death and the evidence in favour of our belief in personal immortality; the life dedicated to world service; the meaning of a "nation," and the power and limitations which the word connotes; the relation of Christianity to the War, and the new hopes and ideals which will emerge when the shock of the world-conflict subsides—we have all of us pondered these problems, and many thoughtful persons will welcome further light on them from the pen of so fresh and vigorous a writer as Miss Lind-af-Hageby. In the first essay the author introduces herself to the reader as she describes the special point of view of mountain worshippers, to whose mystic brotherhood she belongs. Among the many subjects touched upon in the course of these essays we find also Theosophy. It is unfortunate

that the Theosophists our author has met have been, evidently, such sorry specimens. However, her reference to these may be turned to good account by Theosophical readers of her essays, as a warning. A caricature of oneself is often a very healthy thing to contemplate, if studied in the right spirit.

A. DE L.

Man is a Spirit, by J. Arthur Hill. (Cassells & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s.)

This book is of value in that it has been thought worth while to bring together in one volume the psychical experiences of a number of people; such experiences being in no way extraordinary, but similar to those happening to anyone's circle of friends every day.

But every such instance recorded and given weight to by thinking men will add to the matter that science will have to deal with when it has definitely entered the borderland and begins to interpret humanity in its own peculiar way, and its relation to the seen and unseen worlds. The book deals with Dreams, Clairvoyance, Telepathy, Out-of-the-body experiences, Visions of the dead. There is a most interesting chapter on the etherial imprints. There is also a chapter on automatic writing, or, as the author very sensibly prefers to call it, motor response. The book is completed by the relation of many mystical experiences. The writer says:

> It seems to me that a Second Coming is not the absurd idea that we have often thought it; but it will not be so much of a coming down on His part as a going up on ours. Perhaps the Western human race is now evolving or rising psychically into a plane in which the Master is always manifest. . . .

Again he writes:

> We are growing towards the light; the veil is thinning; some of us now see through in gleams, and a few with a certain amount of steadiness . . . and in due course perhaps all the race of spirits who have sojourned en-mattered on this planet will have risen beyond the necessity of further education in this low plane, and will live in that higher order, which is now being perceived by our highest souls —those peaks that catch the sunrise first.

This book will, we are sure, find many readers and help forward the time when the soul of man will no longer go an-hungered, but will be catered for and be accepted in the same matter-of-fact way as are the mind and body to-day.

ESSEX

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THE THEOSOPHIST

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Adyar
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NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A. ...	Advent Lodge, T.S. ...	1-1-1918
Mexico, North America ...	Mercurio „ „ ...	7-1-1918
London, Ontario, Canada...	London „ „ ...	25-1-1918

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ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES:

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Mr. Ismael Valdes, Adyar	30	0	0
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Australian Section, T.S., Sydney, £1	13	5	0
	108	5	0

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NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Siwan, Behar, India ...	Siwan Lodge, T.S. ...	28-6-1918

LODGES DISSOLVED

El Paso, Texas, U.S.A. ...	El Paso Lodge, T.S. ...	1918
Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A.	Star of the North Lodge, T.S.	1918
Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.	Tri City Lodge, T.S. ...	March, 1918

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

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ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES:

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Felix Belcher, Toronto, dues of new members for 1918	9	12	0
	9	12	0

Adyar
10th August, 1918.

J. R. ARIA,
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OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

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DONATIONS:

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Melbourne Theosophical Society, £4	53	5	0
Blavatsky, Dharmalaya, and Sri Krishna Lodges, T.S., Bombay	25	0	0
Mr. I. Valdes, Chile, for Food Fund	20	0	0
	98	5	0

Adyar
10th August, 1918.

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NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Versailles (Seine and Oise), France	"La Semense" Lodge, T.S.	7-7-1918
Kedarghat, Benares City, India	Kedarnath Lodge, T.S. ...	24-7-1918
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Poerbolinggo (Banjoemas) Java	Poerbolinggo Lodge, T.S. ...	25-5-1918

Adyar
19th August, 1918.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T.S.

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Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JULY 1918

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The following have been issued during June:

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

Price: Re. 1 or 1s. 6d.

This is a collection of lectures delivered in Chicago in 1910 by Mr. Jinarājadāsa. They deal with Theosophy as a philosophy of the conduct of life. The three fundamental Theosophical truths: that man is a soul and not a body, that the purpose of life is action in harmony with God's plan which is evolution, and that the best way of co-operating with the plan is to serve man, have been applied in the various departments of life, as the home, the school and college, business, science, art and the State.

THE HERITAGE OF OUR FATHERS

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

Price: As. 12 or 1s.

This is a collection of essays on Indian ideals which appeared in *New India* and *The Commonweal*. They speak of the new life and vigour that is seen in India of to-day in its art, its literature, its drama, its music, its political and social life. India, whether old or new, is pregnant with a message, the message of SOUL-FORCE, to be realised by the East as well as the West.

DEMOCRACY IN FRENCH INDIA

By A. Rangaswami Iyengar, B.A., B.L.

Price : As. 2 or 2d.

The author describes the working of the Democratic institutions in the French Colonies in India and compares it with the working in British India. The difference is great and obvious. The writer therefore exhorts the Indian Government to take a leaf out of their neighbours' book.

Published by *The Commonweal* Office.

AN ABOMINABLE PLOT

A memorandum containing Sir S. Subramaniam's letter to President Wilson.

Price : As. 2.

This is a very valuable publication, as it gives the actual letter and thus shows how the accusations of wrong-doing are baseless. It also gives a brief account of what has been done in America to counteract the false statements circulated there.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXIX (JULY) No. 10

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