



Mounng Aung Baw, the remarkable Burman child.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

INFORMATION as to the most important event of February, 1913, has only reached me by cable, and the cable is not from an official source. It is to the effect that the German Section in Convention assembled expelled the members of the Order of the Star in the East, thus confirming the unconstitutional action of their Executive; that my letter to Dr. Steiner—published in the Supplement of the present issue of THE THEOSOPHIST—was read; and that the Section seceded from the T. S. I shall, of course, wait for some official notice up to the end of February, *i.e.*, giving a fortnight after the return post from the date of the arrival of my letter in Germany. On receipt of the notice, or at the expiration of the period of grace, I shall transfer the Charter of the National Society to the fourteen loyal Lodges in Germany, according to Rule 44 of the 'Rules and Regulations' of the incorporated T. S.; this Rule was drafted by the late President-Founder, in the light of the secession of the American Section under Mr. Judge.

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Foreseeing the likelihood of this action on the part of the German Section, I wrote some weeks ago to Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, our oldest member in Germany, notifying him that, if the German Section seceded, I should, under Rule 18, appoint him temporarily as General Secretary for Germany, to call as quickly as possible a Convention of the loyal German Lodges—to whom the Charter would be transferred—to elect a General Secretary. I further told him that I should cable him as soon as such action became necessary. There will therefore be no break in the existence of the T. S. in Germany, and all will go quietly on in regular order.

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I presume that Dr. Steiner's followers are now the Anthroposophical—the Human Wisdom—Society, and that this organisation will carry on the 'Rosicrucian-Christianity' propaganda as an international body. Doubtless the new Society will do good work on its own lines, and will give to Dr. Rudolf Steiner the necessary platform for the utterance of his very interesting ideas. It is far better for all of us that the Theosophical Society should not be compromised by unconstitutional action on the part of one of its Sections, but that those who wish to have a sectarian organisation should have it openly and honourably, like any other association holding definite opinions. The T. S. in Germany will now again be an open body, as is the T. S. in every other country in the world, into which can come men and women of all religions or of none, as students of the WISDOM, of Āṭmavidyā, of Theosophy, pledged to nothing but to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and absolutely free to accept, or to reject, any view, any opinion. The Society, represented by

its President and its General Council, was bound to uphold its absolute liberty of opinion. But it can have nothing but good-will for a sister-organisation, seeking knowledge along a more restricted path.

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One very earnest request I make to all my friends. The love and devotion felt towards Dr. Steiner by his followers are worthy of all respect. Their abuse of myself and their use of insulting language is the expression of their love to him, showing as hatred of myself. It is not, of course, desirable that love should be thus inverted, and that we should see the black shadow of hate as the representative of the white body of love ; but this inversion should be met with compassion, not with anger. Do not, I pray you who love me, pollute your love with hatred. Do not return railing for railing, nor reviling for reviling. Show to these intolerant ones the tolerance which is one of the 'Six Jewels' of the 'Qualifications'. If they hate, do you send out more love. If they insult, do you pardon. If they revile, do you bless.

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Many of you, like myself, are not Christians, but we all bow the knee before the Christ, the Boḍhisattva, and—far-off, most imperfectly and feebly—we strive to follow in His holy steps. Of Him it is written: "When He was reviled, He reviled not again ; when He suffered, He threatened not ; but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously." Let us try to imitate Him. And this is the more necessary because I, as your President, am striving to defend Theosophy and the Theosophical Society against the imputations made in Madras. Because here I must fight in defence of our cause, the greater the obligation that I should not fight

to defend myself. You who are my friends may, of course, correct misstatements made publicly or privately; my letters to Dr. Steiner and the T. S. Council may be circulated everywhere; but in such generous defence of me, do not attack those who have assailed me. Speak truth, but speak it in love, and give to those who strike at me full credit for good motive in ill deed.

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The T. S. in America is going forward with unexampled energy. The enlarged form of its magazine, *The American Theosophist*, is worthy of the highest praise; the cover bears the portrait of our beloved Alcyone, and there is a charming article on him by Mr. I. S. Cooper. *Theosophy in India* comes out in a much improved form; it is rather a Convention number, so has more of me in it than will, I hope, generally be the case! A good staff of writers has been secured, and, from the literary standpoint, it promises to take a very high place this year among sectional magazines. *The Vahan* is also becoming a quite important magazine. The Order of the Star in the East is blossoming into many magazines; the Danish one, just received from Miss Diderichsen (the Danish sculptor), the National Representative in Denmark, is a very handsome production; unfortunately for me, I cannot read it. The new magazine for young folk, *The Young Citizen*, is going well, and I bespeak for it subscribers among all English-knowing people. The *C. H. C. Magazine* is issuing a series of most beautiful pictures of the 'Holy Places of the Hindūs,' and, as this series is unique, it is likely that very many people outside our ranks would be glad to secure it, if they knew of its existence.

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Speaking of magazines, I should like to draw the attention of friends to the new features in *The Adyar Bulletin*. It will contain a series of lectures by myself, commenced in the February number with one on 'Psychic and Spiritual Development'. Next comes a series of articles, 'From Twilight to Dawn,' written by various people, each telling the way in which he found Theosophy. 'When Friends Meet' is the title of conversations, a symposium for discussion. 'Students in Council' consists of questions and answers, and any one may contribute either. The answerers in the February number are Mr. Leadbeater and myself. There will be other articles—as in the February number we have 'Sight and Insight,' by K. F. Stuart, and 'Saint Laldas,' by C. L. M.—and, on the whole, I think that *The Adyar Bulletin* should rise largely in circulation during 1913.

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A good deal has been said by our critics as to the dangers of what is invidiously called 'person-cult'—hero-worship—in the C. H. C., Benares. It may be interesting, in this connection, to quote the following from an article by Lord Haldane on 'The Civic University' in *The Hibbert Journal* for January, 1913.

A University is a place where the most valuable advantage a student has is contact with an inspiring personality. That is why nothing short of the best level among the professors is enough for success. The professor must inspire. His labour must be one of love if he is to succeed. And if he is a great teacher he will have moulded the lives and tastes of the best of his students for the rest of their existence.

Here we have the secret of the success of Mr. Arundale and his splendid band of voluntary workers. We have all recognised the above truth, and from the very beginning of the C. H. C. we have all tried to

inspire the students with great ideals *embodied in persons*. The heart of the young cannot be touched in any other way. Now an attempt is being made by a few influential members of the governing bodies to destroy this spirit, and to substitute for it dry metaphysical ideas and the cult of the Impersonal, which may suit Sages, but not boys. The situation is imperilling the stability of this much loved Institution, and my own difficult position, owing to the suit brought against me in the High Court, Madras, makes it impossible for me to be much in Benares; were I there, none of these difficulties would arise. Still, I hope to arrange matters before I leave, so that Mr. Arundale's relinquishment of the Principalship may cause the least possible disturbance in the College. But it will be very difficult to find any one to replace him who will not be conspicuously his inferior, and the grief of the staff and the students over his departure will be difficult to soothe. He is emphatically a 'great teacher,' as described by Mr. Haldane.

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Lieut.-Colonel Kinell, General Secretary of the Scandinavian Section, has resigned office, and we have again as General Secretary Mr. Kños, the strong, quiet, balanced man who guided the Section before. This is most satisfactory, and secures the success of the International Congress at Stockholm. It could not be in better hands.

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Here is an admirable suggestion, clipped from *The Daily Mail* of January 11, 1913.

The Bishop of Southwell, addressing 900 teachers at Nottingham, said it would be an excellent idea if preachers gave out a text and then said: "Dear people, we will sit perfectly still for a quarter of an hour and think about that text." He

thought many would feel "they had drunk in a tremendous amount of knowledge".

That is a true word. Knowledge comes in the silence more than in the most eloquent speech.

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In the issue of *The Hibbert Journal* mentioned above there is an interesting article on 'Marriage and Divorce' by the Lord Bishop of Carlisle; the Bishop is the Mr. Diggle who was Chairman of the London School Board when I represented East London on that hard-working body, and he much disapproved of my efforts to gain free meals for the unhappy children, on whose brains, in those days, we forced education while leaving their poor little stomachs empty; the Rev. Mr. Stewart Headlam and myself fought hard for our tiny clients—a battle long since ended in their favour. I find myself much in sympathy with the Bishop in the ideal of marriage which he upholds: he calls it, naturally, 'Christian marriage,' but it is held far more generally by Hindūs than by Christians. The Bishop says:

Ideas of marriage and of the duties attached to those ideas supply a very true and clear standard by which to gauge the moral level of any people at any time. The thermometer is not a more accurate measure of the heat, or the barometer of the weight of the surrounding atmosphere, than marriage is of the lowness or the height of the contemporary moral condition both of individuals and communities. As a man's view of marriage is, and a woman's, so also is their general moral condition. Where low views of marriage are prevalent, the collective state of morals is low and tends to fall; where high views prevail, morals are high and tend to mount.

The generalisation as to communities is, I think, true, but it seems to me too sweeping as regards individuals. Many individuals to-day, of spotless personal character, regard marriage as a civil contract, voidable for various causes. Those who look at it from

a religious standpoint cannot thus regard it, but it is not just to ascribe *moral* obliquity to those who see marriage as a matter for the State rather than for Religion. It is for religious communities to uphold the high ideal of indissoluble marriage; we ought not to stigmatise as *immoral* those who consider it as a civil contract only. The Bishop says that the Jews had "a most ennobling ideal of marriage; an ideal unknown to savage tribes, or any other early civilisations besides themselves"! Surely this is a little preposterous, when we remember Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and many more; where is the ideal? On the other hand, the Hindūs really had such an ideal, and their great Law-giver laid down the ideal of marriage: "Let there be faithfulness to each other until death; this, in short, should be known as the highest duty of husband and wife." Listen to the ancient marriage service, the words addressed to the bride: "Go to the house as the house's mistress; as ruler speak thou to the household folk. Here be thou beloved with thy children; in this house be vigilant to rule thy household. With this man, thy husband, be productive; speak ye to your household-folk full of years." The bridegroom speaks: "I take thy hand for good fortune; mayst thou grow old with me, thy husband." She prays: "May my husband live long; may my kinsfolk increase." As they go home: "Here dwell ye, be not parted; enjoy full age. Play and rejoice with sons and grandsons in your own house." Where can that be matched in the Hebrew Scriptures? And that which is striking is that, among the Hindūs, there is no divorce, down to the present day. But the subject is too large for a Watch-Tower note.



MAN'S WAKING CONSCIOUSNESS

By G. S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F.T.S.

A Lecture in a Course on Consciousness

IF I were to endeavour to trace in detail all the stages through which the evolving life of the LOGOS moves onwards to its destiny, I should not only need many more lectures than the one allotted to me, but also a keener vision than that which at present I possess. Within the limits of one short hour the survey must necessarily be broad, and much knowledge must already be assumed. I shall, however, try to put my subject as simply as possible—confining myself to broad statements which I believe to be of general application,

though often requiring modification as regards details and special conditions.

To recapitulate briefly the processes by which man acquires what is known as his waking consciousness, let us think for a moment of the LOGOS as an immense Flame of light, one great all-embracing Consciousness, existing, perhaps, as a spark in some still more vivid light, but in itself complete, cognising its own perfection on its own plane. Living in itself as an undivided whole, this Flame wills to live consciously in all its innumerable parts; for there is no ultimate perfection of a whole until each smallest part attains the stature of the whole of which it has been a part. And so this Flame—existing in its own Divinity, or dwelling (as Theosophists might say) on the divine plane of nature—begins to throw out its consciousness, to evolve from itself the planes of its nature, on each of which its constituent parts shall evolve as the Flame itself has evolved in the dim and distant past. The Flame reproduces the conditions of its own evolution, conditions which it has built up into its own nature, and spreads them outwards—through an act of will spoken of in Theosophical literature as the Third Life-Wave—as the various planes of nature, in some of which we are living consciously. Out rushes the life of the Flame, joyous in the task it is destined to accomplish; and the busy activity, sending out the parts on this journey towards self-conscious Divinity, is seen in the myriad sparks scintillating and shining in their unconscious splendour. These sparks, Monads, consciousnesses individualised from the one divine Consciousness, are the future Flames destined to bring forth future universes; and you and I, sparks of our own Divinity,

are travelling on the path which, leading to our own perfection, shall bring forth many perfections in all the life which has gathered round us on our upward climb.

The Flame itself, living on the plane of Flame, in that region of nature where Divinity alone may dwell, sends down its life on to the plane of sparks—the monadic, separates itself into its constituent parts, each of which is a reflection at a lower level of itself on the higher. Just as the Flame itself has within it the three-fold aspect of its own development, the period of its creation, the period of its growth, the period of its accomplishment—*Saṭ*, *Chiṭ*, *Ānanda*—so the Monads, parts growing into the semblance of the whole from which they come, not only receive from the LOGOS the conditions of their growth, but reflect from Him His three-fold aspect as *Manas*, *Buddhi* and *Ātmā*, reflections which manifest as life on the mānasic, buddhic and ātmic, planes of nature. Thus consciousness, residing as to the part unconsciously on the plane of Divinity, feels its way outwards, first to the plane of nature in which the Divine is seen in its individualised aspect—the monadic—then ever onwards through the ātmic, buddhic and higher mānasic planes, the planes of pure Spirit (Will), Wisdom, or Intuition, in its highest form, and Mind in its aspect of Creative Activity. We must remember that all the while the divine Flame is behind the monadic spark, just as the Monad is behind the vestures of these three planes which it has assumed on its road towards the outermost circumference of manifestation drawn by its Divinity. The combined vesture of the ātmic, buddhic and higher mānasic planes is generally spoken of as the *jīvātmā*, or ego, for the life enshrouded in the matter of these three planes is the only reflection of the ultimate

Divinity which consciousness in the densest planes shall know for ages upon ages of slow though steady growth.

But the outpouring of life does not stop when the higher mānasic plane has been reached, for the divine Flame has made other manifestations of itself in which its consciousness is to function, that it may know of the entirety of its nature. And so the *jīvātmā*, working through the Second Life-Wave of the LOGOS, sends its consciousness outwards through the second division of the mānasic plane—the lower—through the astral, finally reaching the physical, which is the densest plane of nature, the outermost circle of the life of the LOGOS.

Thus the Flame, which is Divinity unmanifested, becomes Divinity in manifestation, stretching its consciousness to the extreme limits which its force can reach. But the consciousness living in the planes builded by one Life-Wave, and growing through the instrumentality of another, is not *self*-conscious save on the plane of its own Divinity, and then only as the undivided whole. Thus we might say that this Flame, or LOGOS, is Self-conscious in His own Divine Nature, and that His evolution consists in His becoming, in His aspect of separated units of consciousness (Monads), Self-conscious in each portion of His Being, so that the part may become as the whole already is, and may, in the fulness of its own time, send out its Life-Waves to multiply itself into many.

It would take too long, and would indeed be beyond my power, to trace the Life as it proceeds downwards, or rather outwards, in its descent into matter. Let us take it at its turning-point in the mineral kingdom, from which it proceeds upwards through the vegetable, into

the animal, and thence into the human, gaining self-consciousness on each plane as it ascends, or as it turns inwards reaping the harvest which the Third Life-Wave has provided for its garnering, finally meeting the last outpouring from the LOGOS, "Heaven kissing Earth," which welcomes back the wanderer to its newly-gained self-conscious Divinity. I have called the mineral kingdom the turning-point, because, while consciousness still sleeps in the bosom of its own infinity while living in its coarsest sheath, there is the faintest sign of the dawning of that self-consciousness for which it has made its long and weary pilgrimage. It sleeps, but it stirs uneasily, as a man may stir uneasily in some vivid, strange and fearful dream; and Professor Bose of Calcutta has shown in the mineral these stirrings, faint preludes as they are to the mighty stirrings of God awakened in man.

The earthquake, the storm, the rumblings of the volcano—these are the life-signs of the mineral, by which the Monads, in "the silence and the darkness" of their existence on their own plane, first hear of the approach of the messengers they have sent out to bring them knowledge of their surroundings. Busy indeed is the life as it feels itself in the kingdom of which it is the king, and as the forms heave and roll and clash, are rent asunder or crash together, consciousness stirs, little thrills begin to send their wavelets inwards, and the varieties of experiences begin to mark out consciousness, so that the Monads, silently watching the life as it grows, gradually feel their self-conscious way into separated forms. In this way does the consciousness within respond to the impacts upon its vehicles, and as the response begins to grow more articulate, more coherent, the mineral form breaks up, so that the wanderer from his divine home

may gain more experience than the fetters of the mineral kingdom permit—having experienced the fetters, having lived self-consciously within their narrow limits.

A very poor self-consciousness, you will say. Yes, but it was the beginning without which the physical consciousness Professor Trilokekar described to you, in the first lecture of this course, could not have come ; without which the circulation of our blood, the beatings of the heart, the automatic birth and decay of cells—now all sub-conscious, but, under other conditions, within what may be called the then ‘ waking ’ consciousness—would claim an attention which now we may concentrate on an inner plane of consciousness. In the mineral kingdom physical consciousness reigns supreme, and there are only the very slightest evidences that the consciousness is being pushed inwards to the astral plane and coming thence as a reflection into the physical. But even these slightest tremors imperatively demand a finer vehicle, and the call of the life, which is the master of its mineral form, is for some more separated existence than the mineral kingdom affords.

Then it is that the life flows into the vegetable world on its upward path, and the consciousness, hitherto sleeping, begins to dream the dreams that precede waking, and the stirring of the consciousness on the astral plane, while unconscious in its own plane, sends out small pleasure-pain judgments to which the finer matter of the vegetable forms more readily responds. But the seat of consciousness, the dwelling-place of its waking state, is still the physical plane and the physical plane alone, and indeed its waking condition is rather that of an awareness, a growing awareness, than that of the perception of the animal and of the human being.

Passing through the experiences appropriate to the vegetable kingdom, the life presses itself still more self-consciously to the inner plane—the astral—receiving, as a result of its increased pressure, more decided impacts on its physical form, more definite repulsions and attractions. Then comes a further step upwards into the animal kingdom, in which the channels, open between the astral and the physical worlds, give the animals not merely astral counterparts to their physical bodies, but astral bodies, in some of which, as regards the highest animals, self-consciousness has at last found its dwelling-place. Here in the animal world memory is the stirring of the mental permanent atom, around which a body is gradually being built as the life presses ever inwards.

Memory below the animal need not be considered from the standpoint of our present subject, but in the animal it begins to provide the mental consciousness which man will need to use. In the case of the animal world the waking consciousness, while in the physical brain, is made up not only of the ordinary physical-plane impacts, but also of the workings of the life on the astral plane in its physical manifestation. We shall not speak of the animal being self-conscious on the astral plane, for that would mean that it is as conscious of the astral world as it is of the physical world. But it may safely be said that in its waking physical state, it lives to a large extent under the sway of the impacts of its astral body translated into physical terms, such impacts being either from the surrounding astral world or reactions from physical-plane conditions.

The same remarks apply to any mental impressions to which it may be able to respond. Still less has it any

self-consciousness on the mental plane of the mental world around it, but it has faint stirrings in the mental permanent atom, due either to impacts from its own sphere or to those from the plane next below. In the case of the animal, the earthquakes and the shocks which were referred to in connection with the mineral kingdom, are represented in the passions and emotions which come from the awakening of its astral consciousness. And some day, when a portion of the consciousness which has been sent down into manifestation has gained sufficient experience, has become strong and comparatively self-conscious, it reaches upwards through some great and unexampled stirring to the Third Great Force, or Life-Wave, on which the Monad comes to assume more definite and complete control of its lower vehicles through itself as the *jīvātmā*, in its manifestation on the three higher planes of nature—the higher *mānasic*, the *buddhic*, and the *ātmic*. On the plane of *Mānas* does this great meeting take place, the individualisation of consciousness, so that the Monad, through its ego, abides in its own separated form, the first clear image which has up to this time existed of its future vehicle. The Monad assumes charge of its own separated portion of consciousness, and evolves through it into a Flame which is the likeness of the whole from which it sprang.

Thus does the animal become man, and thus do we see that man's waking consciousness is composed of his astral and mental consciousness working in the physical brain, leaving in a sub-conscious condition that physical consciousness which only emerges above the line of unconsciousness when its harmony is disturbed—with the result that it ceases to function automatically—or

when through certain practices of Yoga it is deliberately brought within the region of the waking consciousness.

I have already suggested that it is necessary to discriminate between consciousness functioning self-consciously on any plane, and the reflection of the stirrings of consciousness from the higher to the lower, or from the lower to the higher. Each plane of nature, as we have already been told in previous lectures, consists of seven sub-planes, each sub-plane increasing in density and coarseness as there is approach to the plane below. The result is that the upward-pressing life has first to make its way through the denser regions of a plane before it may reach the finer levels. So the primeval man, the savage, receives the impacts which give him the astral portion of his own individual waking consciousness from the lower divisions of the astral plane; for the life, though it has just penetrated into the mental world above, has not yet made the channels which shall convey the conscious message from the higher regions of the astral. When living in the physical body, when the seat of consciousness is normally in the physical brain, the ordinary savage is hardly awake at all in his astral vehicle, even during the sleep condition; and it is not until death comes that he may be said to live, and then only for a short time, self-consciously on the astral plane. The man who is more highly evolved, however, has represented in his normal waking consciousness not only the higher regions of the astral plane, but also the lower regions of the mental plane. And as he gains mastery over these lower regions, through asserting the dominance of the higher, his waking consciousness gradually begins to

include a knowledge of the world of these two planes, as he already has a knowledge of the world of the physical plane.

In the ordinary waking consciousness of the average man, he *is* his feelings, he *is* his thoughts, for the Self in these regions has not yet been distinguished from the Not-Self ; but as the consciousness retires inwards it is seen apart from its vehicles, and so man becomes the master of his mind, the master of his desires ; for he sees that these are but his bodies which, in the infinite future, when themselves ideal and perfect, he will use as planes of nature, in which will function his unity in its separated aspects—his divinity in its resultant sparks.

The activity, the stirring, of the astral and mental consciousness depends ultimately, of course, upon the great upward sweep towards the goal of unity. But the struggle of the stirring is of interest, in that we clearly see how, as Professor Wodehouse said, the qualities of the downward stretching into matter differ in quality from those appropriate to the tending upwards towards Spirit. The astral constituents, for example, emotions of all kinds—moral, æsthetic, personal—work through the nervous system, into the brain-cells of the physical vehicle ; and their effect is either to press the life backwards (at least to keep the life from flowing upwards) or to push it upwards until it reaches Buddhi. Thus the mind, which works through the astral on to the physical brain, is, if the emotions are good, pressed forward so that it touches the buddhic level of consciousness through the causal plane (the higher mānasic), while, if the emotions are of what we call the passionate variety, the mind is drawn

downwards and becomes entangled with the body, thus producing a condition which is often dangerous.

It must also be noticed that the activities of the mental body especially, caused by changes in the mental-plane consciousness, depend for their reproduction in the physical brain upon the actual physical development of the brain itself. Before the age of seven years, for example, there is comparatively little inter-communication between the large nucleated cells of the brain; and though the activities of the mental body may be quite considerable, they will not enter what is called the waking consciousness, which has its seat in the physical brain, because the brain has not yet grown so as to provide a vehicle of sufficient delicacy. Hence there is little in the way of reasoning before the age of seven, so far as the waking consciousness is concerned, though the power of observation will be well-marked and the senses of considerable acuteness.

We see, therefore, that the waking consciousness depends to a very considerable extent, I might almost say entirely, upon the development and condition of the physical brain. The astral constituents are those first brought clearly through, because these have been longer under control, or at least within the waking consciousness; and it is for this reason that the education of a child begins with observation and perception, and with training the sense of pleasure-pain, along the line of education, before the faculty of reasoning is sought to be established. As the child grows older, more and more constituents enter into the waking consciousness, as the brain learns to respond more clearly and gains in complexity in order to meet the ever-increasing demands of the stirrings of consciousness in the inner planes.

The physical brain, in fact, is like a musical instrument on which the *jīvātmā* plays, and the music he is able to make depends to a considerable degree upon the power of the instrument to respond accurately to his intentions. Thus, within the waking consciousness, a disordered brain may distort the impressions from the inner planes, just as a piano which is out of tune will distort the music which it is desired to produce. The disorder of the brain may work in either of two ways. It may produce unrecognisable travesties of the realities beneath, or it may for the time—especially if overstrained—bring through visions of the inner glories which shall be a revelation to the outer world. But the disorder remains, and the risk of madness in either case is great, *i.e.*, the risk of the brain being to so great an extent disordered that the waking consciousness consists only of distorted impressions from within and from without.

Let us now turn to the consideration of the abnormal conditions of the waking consciousness which are classified, in the programme of the present lecture, under the heading 'Genius'. We may roughly distinguish three very distinct types of genius, each having its own special source of manifestation, but all depending upon some special upward stirring, calling down from some finer plane of matter a response in terms of an infinitely wider consciousness. The genius proper, for example, he who from time to time possesses sudden and far-reaching ideas, or who receives inspirations in the shape of creative forces showing themselves in invention, obtains his illumination from the higher *mānasic* plane, and is reproducing the activity of the ego on the plane of its activity—the causal. A

flash of the causal-body consciousness comes down and vivifies the whole mental process in a most extraordinary way, and we call this vivification or illumination genius.

It must be noticed, however, that a very highly organised brain is an indispensable preliminary to genius, for there must be the strong upward striving ere the downward response will be possible. And the fact that at our present stage of evolution the various brain-processes are by no means so completely developed as to provide a normal means of communication with the finer planes, has the effect of causing genius to be unstable, because the brain itself is in a state of unstable equilibrium—now making its connection with the inner worlds, now losing it. The preliminary sparks and flashes, before the two poles of an electric magnet are carefully adjusted, will give us an idea of the way in which genius acts.

If the brain be very delicately organised, the pressure from within, while producing flashes of genius, may at times cause the vagaries of genius which are so familiar to us, and may give rise to certain aberrations or fixed ideas, which often seem so incongruous in the man of genius. The brain has not as yet become the perfect mechanism which will afford a perfect means of communication between the higher and the lower, and the aberrations, vagaries and flashes of genius are the signs of the struggle of the soul towards a self-consciousness wider than those it has hitherto known. Perhaps we may even think that they are the counterparts on the higher levels of the violent physical upheavals of which I spoke in connection with the mineral kingdom.

The second aspect of genius to which I would draw attention is that of the saint, he who lives from time to time in those raptures and ecstasies described in Professor James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*. In this case, it is not the causal consciousness which is brought down, but the consciousness working on the buddhic plane. The higher emotions working in the higher levels of the astral plane send out their call to the consciousness stirring on the buddhic plane, and the result is an outpouring of buddhic consciousness, which still further stimulates the highest sub-planes of the astral and causes a rapture, the reflection of that aspect of the unity which is the dominating influence of buddhic plane life. Here, as in the former case, the delicately balanced brain will not permit of the communication being complete and continuous, and so in this case also there are the same aberrations and vagaries referred to in the former condition of genius.

The third aspect is that of the hero, he who appeals to the ātmic consciousness, with the result that a flash of ātmic consciousness enters the physical brain itself and causes the heroic action. Here also the brain must have considerable development, the result of action of a noble character in past lives. In this way the brain becomes specially sensitive to vibrations from the ātmic plane, and, in times of stress and of emergency, the appeal, ringing out with the force of many lives of action behind it, imperatively commands the flash of Ātmā to direct into what the world calls heroism the action which has to be performed. It is obvious in this case also that the aberrations referred to above must similarly be present, and the hero of the moment is by no means necessarily the hero in his every-day life. At his existing stage of

evolution the appeal cannot be made continuously, and so the heroic stage can be reached but fitfully. With the seat of physical action, the brain proper, so inadequately developed, we must not imagine that the astral or mental consciousnesses themselves are deficient. These too must have reached a certain level, or the action could not be heroic, for astral and mental constituents enter into heroism, just as astral and mental constituents enter into the being of the saint. But the dominant factor in each case determines the mode of the expression of the genius, of that higher condition of the waking consciousness which with us can be but fitful and spasmodic.

It now becomes increasingly apparent why, from one standpoint, the *jīvātma*, the ego, the representation of the Monad, contains within itself the triple aspect of *Ātmā*, *Buddhi*, *Manas*. Each of these vehicles will respond, when the time comes, to the special direction given by the spark of the divine Flame to its growing self-consciousness, and each vehicle is itself a reflection of that triple aspect of the great Flame itself—*Sat*, *Chit*, *Ānanda*, or whatever other designations may be appropriate, under varying conditions of manifestation. We see, therefore, that the triplicity of manifested consciousness enters into the life-stream flowing upwards to bring self-consciousness to its own Divinity, and that the triplicity, with one special branch dominant, is within the waking consciousness of the growing spark in an ever-increasing degree. From this we may conclude that, even at its earliest outpouring or manifestation, each Monad was born under some special aspect of the Divinity, as a man is born under a special star; and we may expect that

the full glory of the Flame in all its Self-conscious Divinity contains within itself a dominant sound, the sound of its own birth-aspects.

It is not within my province to deal with the waking consciousness of man beyond the mortal bodies. Others will speak of the beauties of that waking consciousness which is the glorious possession of the soul which is nearing its perfection, of the waking consciousness which embraces the causal, or the buddhic, or the ātmic planes. These are of the immortal Individual, and we of this first portion of the series are confined within the limits of the mortal person.

Let me, therefore, in conclusion, endeavour to begin the bridge which shall span the gulf between the mortal person and the immortal Individual, by making a few suggestions as to the control and preliminary development of that part of the waking consciousness which includes the astral and the mental consciousness.

We are concerned with three great departments in our ordinary waking consciousness: the mind, the emotions, the physical body. Most people, as I have already said, *are* their minds, *are* their emotions, *are* their bodies. But, as has been said in *At the Feet of the Master*, the body is our horse; and we may imagine ourselves as driving a team of three—the horse of the body, the horse of the emotions, and the horse of the mind. The 'we' is each individual jīvātmā or ego, which is the reflection of the divine Flame, the 'will' to manifest and to multiply. But *we* must drive, or we shall be dragged; and the science of growing life consists in the making of deliberate effort to hold and to control the forces of Nature, for such holding and controlling is the acquiring of self-consciousness. This effort is

the science of Yoga, Hatha Yoga when begun from below, Rāja Yoga when begun from above, and in ordinary English we may speak of it as meditation.

Meditation may be said to consist in growing accustomed to the instrument in connection with which the meditation takes place, in gradually learning how to draw out from the instrument its various capacities and possibilities. And meditation therefore means deliberately and intelligently exercised attention from the higher to the lower. Creative attention is that which renders the various vehicles more sensitive to the finer vibrations from the less dense planes of nature; and it is this kind of attention through which our will must work, rather than through that form of attention which seeks to retard the process of self-consciousness by maintaining the coarser, denser forms of manifestation. It is our business, therefore, to direct the waking consciousness towards the higher, and not towards the lower, by being alert in all our daily occupations whatever they may be, and in spending a certain amount of time each day in arousing the mind and the emotions at the command of the will. We do this by *directing* the thought and the feeling towards certain definite objects, through certain definite channels, and in this way the waking consciousness grows more alert, more *self-conscious*, and in its growth expands.

Meditation affects the mind by gradually endowing it with (i) one pointedness, (ii) flexibility, (iii) obedience. Meditation affects the emotions by endowing them with serenity, by cultivating the higher emotions and by eradicating the lower. And the result of such a meditation, sedulously performed, is to give an alertness to the

physical brain, and consequently a promptitude of action which is ever the mark of growing self-consciousness.

Thus does consciousness work its way through sheath after sheath, first of matter of ever-increasing density, then of matter of ever-decreasing density, from the unconscious to the increasingly self-conscious. And as the Self becomes conscious on the various planes of manifestation, he withdraws inwards, leaving below the level of waking consciousness all that he has learned to master and to control. Inwards he retires, realising himself in plane after plane of finer and finer matter, until the spark has become a Flame, which finally shines in all its glory on its own plane, as did the Flame from which it came. Then comes its turn to send out its waves of growth and power, that all the life within its nature, all the life below the level of its waking consciousness (which is the plane of its Divinity) may grow as the Flame itself has grown. So does the unconscious part, without whose presence the whole would not have become a whole, receive the reward of its service, blossoming out into a self-sufficient unity as the bud expands into the full-blown flower.

G. S. Arundale

AND EVER SHALL BE

By A. J. WILLSON, F. T. S.

As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. *Amen*

PEOPLE who belong to the Church of England well know the above phrase. Thus are they assured many times each Sunday, and on any other day when they are able to go and listen to the service. It would seem that the declaration concisely puts the position of general thought at the time the Theosophical Society came into existence in the seventies of last century; indeed the Society itself adopted as its symbol of the world-process a serpent with its tail in its mouth.

A month or two ago we noticed that, on the cover of one of the leading and oldest of Theosophical journals, the serpent had removed its tail from its mouth and was distinctly moving onwards; the circle now being merely a fold of its active body. The change seemed to us significant of the present day position of thought within the band of students who form our advance-guard. And what the Society thinks to-day the world will think to-morrow.

Men have thought hard and fast during the last decades. They have not merely repeated the words parrot-wise, as we did quite comfortably in our youth,

but they have tried in some measure, however slight, to understand their meaning and to find out what is really signified by the symbol of the closed serpent and of "ever shall be". The parts that make up the circle and its contents have been roughly tabulated, and ideas are clarifying about much that used to be vague, thanks to the illuminative ideas gained from the pupils of Those who represent the fruitage of our humanity.

What is the origin of all things? Why are we here? What is the ultimate end of existence? How can we prove a thing to be true?

It has not been merely one person here and there of great learning and intellect who has probed into these questions; but men and women like ourselves have puzzled over them and have tried to realise their beliefs—or non-beliefs—about that shadowy future which includes the shadowy past, and the present of man and of all around him.

When we first begin to think of these deep things our utter ignorance appals us, and for a time we often make ourselves a nuisance—nay, perchance even a butt for the jokes of our friends who are not yet troubled by such constant questionings. 'Darum,' is an easy answer to 'warum?' and usually satisfies. Further questioning seems senseless, or at any rate out of place and wearying to those who are in the full rush and enjoyment of delightful existence itself, full of youth and love and health and hope. It is only those who over and over again have found the end of such things, who have tasted equally the opposites and who are now beginning to put in order the accumulated mental results of sensation, who cannot escape such questionings and have to face them fully before they can settle down to

profitable work. The haunting of such questions un-faced leads to madness.

Different kinds of people face these questions in different ways. Men who have not come across Theosophical explanations dub themselves agnostic or gnostic, theist or atheist, or employ the name of one of the numerous schools of philosophy to label their mental position. If they prefer to take a sweeping bird's eye view, they call themselves metaphysicians; if they incline to detail, they express themselves through terms of science. The same vital questions engage the attention of all, and most of them, pushed to their ultimate conclusions, however subtly enwrapped in high-sounding phrases, express various stages of hope or of hopelessness about the future of man. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be" tolls its note of solemn finality over all.

It was the fashion last century to declare quite frankly that man in the flesh cannot know the things of the Spirit, that only God knows all and it is waste of time, and impious besides, to try, like Satan, to equal God in that knowledge which is power. The oldest religion, Hindūism, deep in its touch with human nature, gives images to the unevolved mind to play with and adore; while to the full-grown man it offers the profound conceptions and intricate reasonings of its Sacred Books—equally to play with, though the man may realise it not—until body and emotions are so trained and rightly directed as to be ready for wider conceptions of things—new dimensions of thought, so to say.

Some of us still definitely take the same position with all these and declare that man with his present brain and language is incapable of realising and

expressing what evolution ultimately points to, and the truth about the final 'how' and 'why' of things; but we add that it is our duty to try to know, because only by mastering all within our grasp do we grow. Hence we are deeply grateful to all trained pupils of our Masters who explore parts of the unknown, and report to us their observations in the best symbols at their command. Is not Truth the Will of the Ultimate, and does not that Will manifest here only through Laws of Nature and the will of man? Do we not see that the man with the strongest will imposes his aspect of truth upon those who are weaker, and that becomes truth for them until they grow beyond it? Do we not daily see how one man's truth is the untruth of another, so that only those on the same step of evolution see the same truth? Verily we must dive beneath the deep well-waters of illusion before we can test even one small portion of the truth.

Since 1875 people of a certain class have been studying and investigating and thinking along the lines indicated by H. P. Blavatsky and her successor, Annie Besant. They have begun to examine the content of the circle which typified the 'ring-pass-not' of our system, and have made bold analogies regarding larger circles composed of many smaller ones—whole universes in fact. They have followed the Hindū as he referred the all-including Brahm back to Para-Brahm and further still to Mahā-Para-Brahm, with still definite ideas—false or true—about the meaning of the words they used. And the result, as we have said, of these long years of patient thought, and daily practice of thought, is that the students are beginning to be no longer content to speak of a closed circle, but they

write of and imagine a spiral ; though conscious that the spiral, like the circle, is quite inadequate to express what we shall some day be and know.

As it is by research and examination and strenuous living that we evolve and grow, we would ever deprecate a laugh at the honest enquirer, however far-fetched and senseless his queries are, for at any rate they show that he is not stagnant ; and who can tell into what new realms of thought his questions may lead us ?

On the other side we would not venture to criticise those minds, often far above our own in book-learning, which find satisfaction in the contemplation of mokṣha attained but to re-become of the earth, earthy ; of breath out-breathed only to be inhaled, with small hint of that still deep-breathing which is a doorway to so much ; of expansion only to contract ; of sainthood won to reappear in after cycles as sinner once again.

We grant that all things may appear to return into themselves, but we hold that the appearance is but one more illusion—although an illusion that very readily flatters our vanity, and makes us feel that the human intellect can grasp the be-all and end-all of life. The great fallacy upon which such ideas are built is that the human brain, as it now is in man, is capable of comprehending things beyond a certain point—that the human can comprehend the divine. Can my dog understand why I leave him at home on certain days and take him out on others ? Can he get into touch with the workings of my brain when I listen to a scientific lecture that throws vivid side-lights on certain problems that have confronted me in the machine I am constructing—problems that threatened to make void and null years of patient labour ? To Ponto I am merely sitting

still in a place where he may not enter, and all the hopes and fears, and the intricate pieces of machinery I have put together to do certain work do not exist for him. Let us not forget that equally—nay far more—non-conceivable by our present brain are the workings of the laws that rule the Universe; whatever the idea of laws may imply behind the maze of illusion which we have woven around them. The oft-quoted comparison between a beetle and ourselves, and ourselves and a higher intelligence, is feeble, we believe, we hope, when placed beside the immensities, the inconceivable heights and breadths, which the future will reveal to us in the All which is the Self—that Darkness which is Light too brilliant for our weak eyes of to-day to respond to.

For this is the hope of some of us. We hope, with all the earnestness of which we are capable, that we cannot in this our present physical brain understand the workings even of this earth. Could we begin to feel sure that we *could* do this—so conscious of and dissatisfied with our present limitation are we—extinction would be the one boon to crave after; and utter despair might unite us with the desperate, who obey no law because they know the law-maker to be no wiser than themselves. Those of us who hold such views are doubtless often looked upon as unable to comprehend metaphysical ideas and therefore are not regarded as deep thinkers. This may be true, but it is certain that we have had to meet and do our best to solve that ever recurrent question of the ultimate truth, until it threatened to become a nightmare of despair and to undermine our whole nervous system. No solution seemed possible. The answer

to one question only led to a deeper question still, for "veil after veil uplifts" only to show "veil after veil behind".

If, at last, day by day the ground seems firmer under our feet and hope walks beside us, it is because our struggles led us to review our physical and emotional and mental make-up in order to realise how far we are capable of expanding. How far can we comprehend the work of great thinkers, artists, architects, inventors, poets, and mathematicians? If we find ourselves capable of seizing the broad outlines of such men's work by turning our careful attention upon it, we may presumably take it for granted that their details also can be mastered, given sufficient time and care. And this brings us to recognise that one life has only enough force for us to master one subject in its fulness; and we can provisionally accept the hypothesis (if inner conviction does not proclaim it true to us) of the many re-births of the same ever-continuing entity as a good one to work upon. Good enough in fact for us to risk one life in the attempt to prove its truth.

With this resolve, we review the teachings of Theosophy and trace, link after link, the expanding chain of consciousness as therein described. From the possible attraction of one metal for another, up to all we are told of the One that embraces the all, the vision, whether revealed by the "still small voice" or in the all-containing imagery of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, extends as far as our thought can now reach. In all the words used we see that the seers are using the limited to describe the indescribable and limitless, for their words are but weariness or bathos when taken literally; and we begin to realise the limitations of language, even in

those most skilled in word-combinations. It is only by 'not this,' 'not this,' that we can arrive at some idea of what higher conditions are *not*—never at what they are. To know things as they are we must become them is an axiom which we find literally applies. Analogies are helpful, but must not be carried too far. "As above, so below" is probably true, but our conception of what the phrase means changes as we evolve.

We all at times find it easy to grasp deep teachings and to know them true. It is in the everyday life that their reality vanishes; and, as we are in earnest about finding an answer to our 'whys,' we have seized a moment of inspiration to dedicate our lives to the search, fully conscious that we risk nothing, because all is valueless without that answer.

So we decide, and turn our will to know—to follow the path pointed out as leading to the next stage, that of conscious co-operation with the pioneers and leaders of our race. At first we spend our time in jumping. We think so much about our goal that we miss the step nearest to us and make futile efforts to pass, by one bound, from the depths to the heights of thought. But many falls and severe bruises and a growing conviction that we are involving others in our tumbles gradually steadies us down, and we begin to search for the next step. It is so lowly and so covered with the common-place, it has so often been pointed out to us, that we are apt to overlook it as unworthy the attention of one who aims so high. We have heard of it at our mother's knee, from masters and pastors, in books, in talks: "Be good." First come the homely virtues, then the heroic ones, and after them flock the clevernesses and powers. And he who scorns the first,

finds in the end that the knowledge he desires will have nothing to do with him.

And then begins the slow descent into the valley of humiliation. For we have first to make acquaintance with our faults, before we can learn how to transform them and make of them our virtues. And such demoniacal and clever imps are our dear vices and pet failings that we become a horror to ourselves and a scarecrow to those about us. So dark is this valley that only the Ariadne-clue of our fixed will guides us finally to where one ray can break the gloom. But light once glimpsed, all gradually becomes clearer. We cease in time to fear our faults and learn to dodge them; and finally to overcome them by their opposite virtues, and our weaknesses are found to be stepping-stones to strengths.

And so, year after year, ever more and more does our understanding of the magnitude of the work increase. Lifetimes are now seen as possibly required, where we thought of years when we began our task. The work becomes more difficult, but the growing comprehension compensates for that; and new vistas constantly open before us of possibilities in nature and in man undreamed of hitherto. We perceive that literally we have to *be* the 'why' in order to understand it, and at times we begin to sense the 'why' in the present. Those who have solved more problems than ourselves become our guides and helpers; those who are still at the initial 'why' become those whom we can help, whose way we may perchance lighten through the dark valley. And so on, and on. . . .

A. J. Willson

THE PLACE OF BEAUTY IN HUMAN LIFE

By LILY NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON, F. T. S.

Beauty : the Vision whereunto,
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star—
Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world.

William Watson

THE apex of materialism has been reached. Materialists themselves, weary of earth subdued, fawning at their feet, sigh for new worlds to conquer, and turn to the air. An aerial 'reign of terror' now threatens man. Metamorphosis of the Motor. As we gaze, it becomes Pegasus. Transmutation in the world of Mechanical Force, the steel and iron of commerce crying out. Yet, as in all transition times, a new impetus makes itself felt, another impulse stirs cosmic and national pulses.

Man turns again to Nature, in the hope that, resting against her mighty heart, he may feel once more the beating of his own. Garden cities and villages, the new civic art of town-planning, all point in the same direction. Once again, history repeats itself, and we stand on the threshold of a new Renaissance: Beauty shall be re-incarnated in daily life—a hope and a prophecy. Beauty, a spiritual dynamic force. Personified in the soul of

the people, a necessity, neither an 'extra' nor a luxury, if the nation is to be composed of human beings, not machines—this, and nothing less, is the place of Beauty in human life. Mrs. Besant says: "Ugliness is not natural to us; it is artificial. Beauty is the natural expression when you live near to Nature. . . Human life needs beauty in order that it may be great."¹ What is this but the exaltation of Beauty as a spiritual force?

Beauty is beyond all pairs of opposites; the vehicle of Perfection, the last stage on the form-side of evolution, sharing with Religion the divine re-creative faculty of man the thinker—symbol and shadow of the holiest, in the height and in the abysmal depth.

It follows, then, that the typical artist is Beauty's high-priest. To him who elevates the Host of Beauty, it were desecration to exalt any elements save that bread of thought, that wine of love, which, mingled, make the mystic communion of transubstantiation. And yet how often, still, do we hear such phrases as "O yes! Very beautiful, no doubt, for those who have time for such things, but I must give *my* attention to what is necessary," thus degrading Beauty to the level of an 'accomplishment'. In the life of the Cosmos—whose Breath is that Being whose artistry is Creation, whose craft is Manifestation—Beauty is the typical law, the vital necessity. We see splendour in the Cosmos viewed as a whole, perfection in the "separate delight" of the part. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork"; there is "one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon," yet are they not different glories, but the same Glory. The

¹ *Buddhist Popular Lectures.*

perfection of titan and fairy are both unique, according to their own genus, and we have no right to limit or confine perfection within petty bounds of mere personal predilection. But, on the other hand, Beauty-lovers may (indeed, must) raise protestant voice against all that is ugly, that is false, pretentious, shallow and aimless, in life; for the warrior-artist "goes forth to war" against the destructive forces of Philistia; for sincerity, depth, expression, are among the immortal canons of Beauty.

Auguste Rodin, sculptor-philosopher, one of the few great living artists, speaks with no uncertain voice on the subject. He declares that whatsoever has true individual character, reality and sincerity of being, constitutes Beauty, when seen through the artist's eye, envisaged by his consciousness. Indeed, Rodin's definition of an artist as "he who sees" with eyes, heart and brain, is a definition at once mystical and intellectual. No vision less than this three-fold beholding is pure artistic vision; therefore is the vocation of an artist a votive life—life dedicated to the service of Beauty; and there is room for the warrior-priest within her ranks—one who not only feeds his own fire of inspiration with the transmuted essence of every power and faculty, but who also goes forth to war against the foes of ugliness, falseness and impurity. The bounds of Beauty are catholic and universal, they are no "narrowing nunnery walls" of particular forms, styles, and cliques. There is no mode in Beauty but the universal manner, no conventions save the ancient codes of harmony and proportion. Whoever seeks to limit and constrain Beauty is no true artist. Yet there are certain structural limitations, wide and universal;

according to these measures the cosmic architecture is formed and framed: *is*, because though they are ever-ancient, yet they are of perpetual recurrence. The pride of the past, the glory of the future, are written in the same runic tongue; it is only that we are thrown upon an age of analysis and dissection, the era of the engineer. Yet, amid the crowd of desert-wanderers, some there are who have climbed the mountain of promise, whose eyes shine with prophetic fire, who know that earth shall once again enshrine the King in His Beauty. Listen once more to the master-sculptor:

To the artist, nothing is ugly except that which is false and artificial, which seeks prettiness instead of expression, which is mincing or affected, smiles without meaning, struts and preens itself aimlessly, all that has neither soul nor truth, every empty appearance and parade of beauty and grace—in short, all that lies.¹

This gift of true vision can be cultivated by all who will take the trouble to think for themselves, instead of feeding their mental bodies on stale remnants of other people's thoughts. Nothing original can draw nourishment from by-products: yet what is there, among a world of men, rarer than the man who sees, thinks, feels, from his own centre of the wheel of life? For the exercise of creative power, the creator must arouse and energise those hidden fires whose furnaces abide within the depths of being.

No man wins immortality until he becomes a creator. "In the Image of God made He man," and not until man reflects that Image does he realise his true birthright—man, son of God, with feet to spurn the mire and tread the fire, wings to raise himself to the clear air of thought. First he learns to

¹ Auguste Rodin. *Discourses on Art*.

walk, and then (when his feet have taken him as far as feet can go) is the psychological moment for the discovery that he has wings. Beauty gives this power of flight: the most perfect beauty is that which 'stirs' or 'moves' the beholder or the hearer. When we perceive beauty we draw nigh to those occult currents which emanate from the vortices of the Creative Mind. Plato says somewhere: "When we approach Beauty we become conscious of shuddering vibrations within." They do but convulse these mortal frames in response to that divine anguish of travail which is at the heart of all birth-processes. Beauty exalts man, by reason of this motive-power. He is "taken out of the *selves* into the Self," which is the occult significance of the phrase 'taken out of himself'. Beauty is thus the Way of Ecstasy, yet she has her Stations of the Cross, and all the paths are One.

Where many ways meet and part, bends down the consecration-star, whose beams are illumined with a ray of "the All-Radiant," whose Face is veiled from mortality, lest Its Light should blind; that star whose beams take the form of a cross. This is another of Urania's mysteries; she holds in her hand a crown of roses, and hidden beneath their colour-fragrance lurk thorns, which shall bring rose-red blood, "roses of blood," to whomsoever shall be found worthy to wear her crimson coronet. Roses and Thorns—Crosses and Star-beams, Gethsemane and Parnassus—Valley of Shadows, Summit of Heart's Desire. Who shall say that Beauty is not Muse and Mother to the pilgrims of light and night, the Beloved of both votaries? For, behold the beauty of earth! Beauty's essence hides within the wine pressed from the wild grapes on the hill-side, and in the chalice

wherefrom the Master of the Feast bade His disciples drink the "new wine of the Kingdom". The fairest earthly beauty is that which sets the soul on fire. Her priests know the full meaning of that state known as 'divine discontent'. For, as in the spiritual myth of Dionysos, wherever the God drew nigh "laughing, with fire, spear, and flowers" in his wake, there life re-awakened, spiritual life, which brings so-called death and destruction in its train; so wherever Beauty calls to the spirit, mortal life will be more of a tragedy than a comedy. A joyous tragedy, and let none question the truth of this phrase 'a joyous tragedy,' for all Dionysian Spirits are witnesses and living instances thereto. If the dross be not burnt away, how shall the gold shine forth? Gold is the mystic alchemical element of all Dionysian Spirits, votaries of Beauty.

To the over-fed (in every department of life) Urania makes no appeal—to him who is stuffed with the upholsteries of life, gorged with sumptuous viands. These have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Neither does Beauty's call reach those whose hearing is dulled, whose eyes are shadowed by blinkers. Most people wear blinkers, though only a few know that they wear them. How few dare to live! Life, unexpurgated, unadulterated, is too formidable for the majority. They prefer blinkers, disguises, pretences, or, at the worst, anæsthetics. Existence takes the 'place of Life, and is spent on the banks of its river. There is much talk, in certain circles, of "killing out emotion". Few persons now-a-days are capable of one great emotion; lust and selfishness stalk rampant, as ever, but love, great and pure, with the greatness of fire and the purity of dew, is conspicuous by its absence from the world to-day. A

great love means a great life, and to-day is, above all, an epoch of little lives and myriad undertakings. Men do so much, there is no time for thought or love—haste is inimical to both. How many among us respond to one pulse-thrill of that Cosmic Being who holds the keys of spiritual passion, that ardour to whose threshold a great passion alone can lead man? Men go, blind, halt and lame, through many a life. Fear is the tyrant who cripples the Soul.

He who has not been on fire with Beauty has never lived, he has only existed. It matters not into what form may flow the divine passion of the finite for infinity, it is a ray from the Rapture of the Whole. It may shine forth in the beauty of an idea, or an ideal—a human being, or the love of humanity as one great Soul to be redeemed by the power of love; or it may be the passionate adoration of that Being whom we invoke as the Spirit of Nature; or of Love Universal both cosmic and human.

A thousand shrines in every temple burn,
And at each shrine I bend my knee in turn.¹

But until the agony of that burning has been undergone, 'the ordeal by fire,' no worshipper of Urania is received into the Temple, even as humblest Server. There is the whiteness of fire, and the whiteness of snow: Beauty's votary must *become* both.

Occultism tells us that, from the fiery triplicity of the Zodiac, all life on every plane is lit, fed, sustained, and ultimately undergoes the life-metamorphosis known as death. Fire is the source of all—the three, seven, and forty-nine fires.

Fire of the Mind. The sacred illumination of Wisdom, born of the passion to know; the fire of the Gnostic.

¹ W. S. Lander.

Fire of the Heart. The ever-burning white flame of spiritual ardour; the life of the Bhakṭa, Devotee.

Fire of Motive-Power. The flame of the Server and Warrior; that which makes of life's 'great adventurers' torches, flashing through the dim shadow-land of earth, crying in answer to the call to high emprise, "Here am I, send me."

Astrological students will readily correlate these fires with the currents flowing from the æthers of Jupiter, the Sun, and Mars respectively. The arcanum shrines of Life are thus ringed round with fire-circles, flames of inhibition to all who shun those barriers between seen and unseen that can only be burned away. The seer of old came down from the Sacred Mount, his face aglow with the reflection of that fire which seers, poets and lovers behold and feel unscathed—the Glory of the Lord.

The Fire of Beauty follows the law of all fire—the "fiercest heat is born of whitest flame". Bhakṭa-flames burn on many an altar, in varying degrees of heat and purity, yet how often is lukewarmness, falsely called temperance, exalted as the beginning and end of virtue and wisdom. Great minds have thought otherwise. Leonardo Da Vinci, who in his devouring passion for knowledge gave himself, his whole life, as an offering on its altar; Dante in the divine descent of his votive passion for Beatrice, symbol of Heavenly Beauty Giordano Bruno, who gave his body to be burned for the truth of his vision of that Unity of All Things which was vouchsafed to his great mind—these three men yet live, though they died many deaths for love.

Beauty, then, is both the Sun of Life, the Law of Manifestation, and a two-edged sword, whether its light

be that described in the phrase, "our God is a Consuming Fire," or that ever-burning splendour whose outer name is Beauty of Woman—set within such symbol-vessels as Helen of Troy :

The face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt whole kingdoms.

The fire-potency of Beauty burns faintly in these latter days, though soon to be re-kindled by the breath of a Renaissance already at its dawn. Self-Righteousness, the creed of all smug pharisees and self-contented prigs, is one of the curses of our land, and one of Beauty's direst foes. The parable of hypocrisy and humility is as relevant to-day as in those far-off times wherein the Master Jesus used for two of his sublimest spiritual poems the mediums of a man who was a publican, and a woman who was a sinner. On the Cross, one of his sublimest promises was to an outcast: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It may be that to-day the Master shall reveal Himself to many a branded shape of shame. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

Let man, then, never waste force in fearing lest he should love too well, for that were an impossibility. Wisely he may love, for wisdom will not quench the torch of inspiration, nor cool the ardour of pure poetic passion. From Love's diamond-soul shine forth prismatic rays of selflessness, fidelity and purity. In the privations and profanations of Urania lurk selfishness, satiety, impurity, mocking apes simulating her holy image. No word is more profaned, disdained to-day than this of Love.

Disciples of Truth, Holiness, Beauty—by them is known the cipher-language whose key is *Selflessness*.

True Love doth traffic not, nor barter for return,
It doth but shine and burn.

The shapes and forms of Love are multitudinous as the various types of men ; each has its corresponding discipline. There is the love of Pan, of Prometheus, of Psyche and of Urania, respectively, with ritual graduated in steps that shall lead the learners onward from the pastoral forms of shepherd-worship, to the adoration of the Magi. Yet both shepherds and Magi alike adored the Christ. The same potencies are at work in the world to-day, sleepless ministers of Urania, Apollo, Dionysos, Aphrodite :

Needs only mystic eye and ear, to see and hear.

These are some of the fiery paths which wind through and out of the world: *Service-Love*—human torches, whose fire ignites the sanctuary-lamps; *Votive-Love*, that keeps the fire on the altar of life ever-burning; *Sacrificial Love*—the rite of the Redeemer, who descends to perform the most sacred ceremonial act, the Communion of Mingling, wherein the greater makes himself one with the lesser, the Feast of Union.

So, from these forms and modes of Love, proceed those potencies of Beauty, whose "light perpetual" illumines the Eye of the Universe.

In the water of human passion, bitter and turbid though it may be, on some calm eve is mirrored the form of Apollo, sweet-sleeping on that dark breast. Thus the Divine Incarnation is enacted in perpetual recurrence of the masque of the elements, and in the cosmic symbolism are written the Poetry of the Universe and the Music of the Spheres.

What is man, then, that he should draw a dividing line between sacred and profane? Yet he must pierce

through the crusts and skins of dissection and analysis, ere he is permitted to approach the art of arts, the science of sciences—constructive synthesis, the co-ordination of the whole through organisation of the parts. “Through the grave and gate of death” winds the ascent of Life Immortal: in the humiliation of failure, in the swamp of despair, in the mire of foul experience, amid wreckage of defeat and the blinding fog of fear—from each of these springs a power born from weakness subdued, temptation overcome, a strength invulnerable, a force impregnable because its “towers of dread foundation” are “laid under the grave of things”. By the lightnings that fall from heaven and strike all that is mortal, by the fire of that glance, the immortal wakes to birth, the Son of God awakes and shouts for joy: the individual is “saved so as by fire”.

This, then, is the place of Beauty in human life—its sublimation, the hope of its calling, the promise and prophecy of fulfilment.

“On earth the broken arc”—struggle, failure, defeat. “In heaven the perfect round”—the world of aspiration, and true reality: in that kingdom shines and glows, entire, the Orb of Beauty.

Lily Nightingale Duddington

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

By SUSAN E. GAY, F. T. S.

IN that ancient story preserved in the Christian Gospels, the drama of the brief life-work of Jesus of Nazareth, called the Christ, aspects of human nature are given as in a mirror—a picture of life as it is rather than as it should be; and, sad and regrettable as that must always be, it is powerful in its truth. Doubtless those books present a drama of Initiation; doubtless at some period of our planetary life One appears who lives out the immemorial legend of the Sun-God; doubtless there are passages which can only be interpreted by the illumined eye, and, without doubt also, is given a series of incidents which might have happened, and which did and do occur in human life, wherever a great cause is in the balance, and human beings are drawn within its influence. Hence the value of these books: the instructed recognise the eternal truths; others may grasp the human realities which may be met with here and now.

One of the most striking episodes—perhaps the most striking of all, since it occurs at the tragic close of a life which had been one long battle with ignorance, pride, bigotry, and exclusive sacerdotal authority—is the story of the attitude of the immediate followers of Jesus of Nazareth at His trial. Those few had seemed to understand Him, to be willing to share His outward life

and to range themselves on His side. But their eyes were fixed, not on the intervening sorrows but on the remote triumph which it seemed to them that they would share. In other words, they forgot that the true worker counts on *no* personal triumph, but is content to work for one thing only, sure that this being a blessed thing shall prevail—the Truth. That hours of agony, of utmost hatred, would assail their beloved Teacher, and involve them also in the deepest sorrow, seemed as naught.

But the hour came ; and, as it drew near, it brought such severe and personal searching to each of them, that not one of those called and apparently devoted disciples could stand the test. He whom they thought was indeed the Messiah—who had spoken as had no other man ; who was to found a kingdom wherein truth and righteousness should dwell, and into which they should enter—was arrested as a common criminal, a breaker of the law, a man whose varying tides of popularity with the multitude had receded into universal condemnation. On His pure head was hurled the accusation of guilt. They could not face it ; they could not share the disgrace of being followers of a man so discredited ; they could not pass the test ; and they did what human nature generally does in such circumstances—they “forsook Him and fled”. Probably nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand readers of that story—who go to church to commemorate the crucifixion, and hear devout sermons upon it, sitting comfortably in cushioned seats the while—would have done just the same. Persons have small pity when their own reputations for respectability are at stake, and it is no easy thing to avow oneself a friend of ‘the accused’.

One indeed, called Peter, followed the Master afar off, loath to withdraw entirely from Him after declaring that he would die with Him. But he, too, was overcome by the power of the terrible scene; and when he heard one and another accuse him of having been one of the associates of 'the Nazarene'—one of the same sort, and just as guilty—he burst into a passionate denial, and with all his force uttered the lie: "I know not the man!" That denial, thrice repeated, had been foretold by the Master, and there is the record that He turned and looked upon Peter. What a look must those eyes have held—no need for words—when they spoke in a silent glance that which was beyond all speech! Overcome with sorrow and remorse, Peter "went out," it is said, "and wept bitterly".

I the Inheritor of Holiness,
 The Knighted Guardian of the Mystic Grail,
 Lo! I am lost in deep and dire distress
 For I have loved the best, and yet could fail!

He had lost not only the beloved Master—for He was doomed—but his own self-respect. His was the lost opportunity. Never might such a one come to him again, for it was no common episode. Rarely do the great Teachers, the Messiahs, appear, and to him had been given the power to help through constancy. It had come—that opportunity for fidelity, for heroism, for sacrifice, for self utterly laid at the feet of Him who was facing the world's scorn to redeem it—and it had gone out of his reach for evermore during the ages, beyond his power to change or to withdraw. To be born at such periods, to welcome them, to prepare for them—what a privilege! And if called upon to sacrifice something on behalf of one of those great events, what an opportunity! "Weighed in the balances and found

wanting" is all that can be said or thought concerning that pathetic and most human story. Whether this man wrote one or other of the Gospels, whether the closing scene was a tumult or a solemn trial as penned, I care not; for ever do they convey deep lessons to those who understand, for ever are they true.

Let us turn now to these days of ours, and ask ourselves whether out of the long past we have won intuition enough, experience enough, to grasp the opportunities that are ours to-day. There are pathways before us that are being missed, and missed by many whose eyes might have been open to see more clearly. The signs are all around us that a great and marked change is imminent, that our world is ripe for the coming of One who shall so appeal to the heart, instruct the mind, and fill the soul, that help and comfort will be held out to all. To "save to the uttermost" needs that the heart shall feel, as well as that the soul shall be uplifted. Small wonder is it that the blessed Messenger, the Christ, is about to return to finish that all too brief work of the past; to explain it as no other can; and to link it to those other great religions that all may become a harmonious whole, and that which divides may be changed into that which unites, as all true religion should. Surely it is the one thing of all others that the Founder of the last great religion would do, the conditions having become in every respect ripe for such a manifestation. And not alone this time does He come. A great Society, a special Order, certain disciples, all have been and are being prepared beforehand, and a wonderful silent power is going forth influencing all who are receptive among many peoples and in many lands. Lack of observation, of intuition,

alone will shut this out ; a lack of the discernment which perceives the plan. The world-wide intercourse of land with land ; the knowledge that has been so fully gathered on the outer plane ; the partial and partly ignorant acquaintance with psychic conditions ; the failure of the current religious teachings ; the ignorance of those laws of life which are vital to further progress : all these have created a crisis which asks for an enlightening voice, to which in the future there can be no reply, which can never again be misunderstood or wrested to evil ends.

Surely the opportunity to help forward this great work is one which none should cast away. Those who are satisfied with the aspect of truth which suits themselves forget the multitude. One with the power of love in him must reach it. And the foundation-stone of the Coming Era is Love. Happy are we who have the privilege of doing anything, however small, to prepare for this coming of Him who is called the Lord Christ. To stand aside in cold indifference when it is ours to welcome and to help, surely this would again be a lost opportunity, and one which may never return. Especially is it sad to reflect that those special messages which have been sent to that great Society—which in itself was a preparation—from the Masters who know, through H. P. B. who gave us *The Secret Doctrine*, through Mrs. Besant who perceives, awaken no response in some of us. We shall not be called twice.

True—only the few possess that assurance before which all doubt dies. The certainty of those who know, however, makes it hard for them when the wondrous joy of the Seer is met with coldness—believed in so many things, distrusted only in this!

Oh could I tell ye surely would believe it!
Oh could I only say what I have seen!
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
How, till He bringeth you where I have been?

To turn, then, to events within our Society, that is and has been destined to train for understanding and strength, and calls also for reflection. Trials come, inevitably, since the occult law that darkness is arrayed against light is true now as it was of yore. But they are all tests—tests, which no mere cold logic and intellectual ability can hope to stand, to be faced only by the strong intuition, the spirit of love and brotherhood and the unshaken strength of inmost conviction, which knows, and cannot fail. If the spirit of love is violated for no just cause, for no cause that penetrates beyond the surface, then the burden on those who lead becomes a heavy one; and those are made sorrowful, who see and know more than others possibly can, who carry the flag.

Here again are lost opportunities, which pass down the tide of time and never return.

To pass on : an opportunity now faces those who lead in the Church of Rome, Church of many saints, of prayers for the departed, of experiences of spiritual presences, the still half-conscious guardian of some occult teaching, all of which of late have been more understood, more appreciated by a sister Church and many outside. Now is her hour, if she but knew it. She strives to 'convert' and to hold to her past, but that is not the way. Useless the weak apologies for the 'holy' Inquisition, the *autos-da-fé*, the massacres, the persecutions of centuries, all begun under her auspices, by her initiated in the search for power, during that fatal because unripe union of Church and State. They will influence none who

remember unbiassed history, and know the records existing yet, which tell the tale. The facts are damning. What, then, is the one thing to be done to win that stern and restricted Protestantism—through which nevertheless liberty of thought, in repudiation and fierce reprisal, was so dearly bought—to the understanding which will make concord? To cast out for ever the cursings of the past, the idea of heresy and the desire to slay the ‘heretic’; to acknowledge that the love of power and force and cruelty *were* blunders and crimes such as no true religion can endorse; to realise that even if karma brought some to the dungeon and to the stake, the last to have been the agent of it should have been any religious institution which called itself the Church of God. Nor can we forget that there were countless martyrs, those whose consciences were among the holiest things they possessed, who suffered because they would not acknowledge aught that to them was false or wrong, who stood for freedom, for larger truth, for purity, or for the facts of science. Surely they followed the footsteps of the Master, and wrung by their untimely fate that heart of Love which so few seemed to understand! Of many of these it was sublimely true:

These were Thy Church, Thine inmost shrine,
 Thy saints, Thy sacrament,
 Because they shared Thy cross, and knew
 The glory that it meant.

Useless the belief which is forced; futile the creed which is a chain.

Greater than creeds, greater than rites, greater than inspirations, than seership, is the spirit of Love. It is the divine quality. Without it not an atom could exist, not a world be built, not a Saviour could appear to teach

mankind. It is the crown of Buddhism that it was never stained by persecution.

So long as the priest of any Church justifies bloodshed, whether in past or present, so long does he help his Church to lose her opportunity—so long must that Church be blind to the coming Messenger, coming neither for this creed nor that, but for all the world, and bearing the heart, the spirit, of all the faiths!

To each of us comes the day and hour of choice. To look back—whether we do so as an institution, or a society, or an individual—and to perceive that the hour passed by, and the right choice was not made, the choice that was vital, that was fraught with far-reaching issues—ah! that is the saddest of all things, the blunder that can never be repaired, because that hour returns not and never again is ours. The pang of remorse makes itself felt, it may be here, and very certainly on ‘the other side’; for knowledge comes at last and awakens, although for one divine deed it comes too late.

To draw near to something infinitely beautiful and sacred, and to turn from it to the momentary expediencies and common interests of earth is to cast away our best. From that fate may Love for ever guard us!

Susan E. Gay

THE ROAD MAKER

By H. J. GILLESPIE

Editor of *The Smart Set*

“To Fabrius Penatius Ulpian ; a centurion of the Twentieth,
the victorious, the faithful ; a builder of the Road.”

Roman Inscription.

Let other men be Consul twice
Or dream of triumphs down at Rome ;
I offer thanks and sacrifice
That I have made the Road my home.

The Eagles scream before the storm,
They strike—and think the work is done ;
What they throw down we must reform,
We know the task is scarce begun.

The “ Lex Romana ” cannot take
The swift red way the Eagles go.
With pick and shovel, stone and stake,
We make the Roman borders grow.

Dawn follows dawn across the waste,
The stars swing down unalterably ;
So without turn or halt or haste,
We take the Road from sea to sea.

We build not for to-morrow’s strife,
Nor is *our* battle ever won.
The Road goes on from life to life,
And we work on from sun to sun.

Cæsars may rise and Cæsars fall,
Imperial Rome herself decay—
But while the Road endures, not all
The work of Rome shall pass away.

The armies of the after-days
Must march along the roads we made ;
Who would another Empire raise
Must build upon the stones we laid.

On Baiae's shore the greybeards fight
About the cause and end of things ;
But which is wrong and which is right
Is naught to him who builds and sings.

He knows that, whether right or wrong,
No thought can ripen into deed,
Or help the rough, untutored throng,
Without *some* Road to serve its need.

Therefore I take the ruder task,
Nor seek for the Eternal "Why,"
And for my recompense I ask
The wide dawn and the wind-swept sky.

So may I pass from ridge to ridge,
Until I reach that silent stream,
Which even Romans cannot bridge,
Which gives *no* torch an answering gleam.

And when that stream, by Charon stirred,
Shall bear me to the shades' abode ;
Write on a milestone just the word :
"Penatius—builder of the Road."

H. J. Gillespie



A BUDDHIST SABBATH IN CEYLON

By F. L. WOODWARD, M.A., F. T. S.

THE light is breaking in the east. Already in the gloom of the tall trees the squirrel's strange chirping bark is heard, and the hoarse grating cough of the monkey mingles with the coppersmith's metallic note and the 'earliest pipe of half-awakened bird'. Dawn is at hand. Already *ka-ka*, the black crow, is impudently demanding his early meal. Yet a few moments

and the sun will strike the brass pinnacle of the temple, and we must offer flowers as he rises, so let us hasten onwards.

It is a Buddhist holy day, New Moon or Full Moon in the dry season, or maybe Wesak Day, the day of days, in Lanka-*Ḍīpa*, the land beloved of the children of the Lord, the fairest isle on earth, where the yellow robe still studs the palm-groves, and the white dome of the *dāgaba* gleams beyond the nameless blue-green of the tracts of paddy-fields. So we bathe and don the simple garb of the *upāsaka*—lay-devotee—a vest and two white cloths, upper and lower. Thus clad, bare head and foot, like Roman senators in city garb, we join the little groups silently making their way to the temple on the hill. At the foot of the long stone stairs leading to the sacred place are women and children, also clad in white, bearing flat baskets of flowers, the fragrant *nāmal*, arlia and white jasmine, or lotus, pink and blue and white, blood-red hibiscus and golden sunflowers, and the huge sheath of areca blossom. Here, too, is a small band of youths, white-robed, about to take with us the eightfold vows or *aṭṭha-sīla* for the first time in this life. There is just a touch of chill in the air, and some have drawn their upper robe over the head, and at a distance look like hooded nuns. This is for them a solemn day, marking the desire to be also of those who have set their faces towards the stream, a mark of admission to the outer court of the true community of *Buddha-puttā*, sons of the Buddha.

On this holy day, when especial influences are shed upon the earth, especial merit may be gained by those who keep the eight vows, the layman's five of every day and the extra three and perfected third

precept kept by those who wish to take a further step. By taking the full ten vows one is, as it were, an ordained monk or bhikkhu. For said the Buddha:

He who would be like me should truly keep
The eight vows on the eighth and fourteenth day
And fifteenth of the half-month of the moon,
As well as in the monk's retreat.¹

For beneath the shadow of such an one, living the righteous life, as beneath the shadow of a mighty tree, his wife and children, relatives and friends, and all dependent on him will assuredly prosper. Thus, again, in a stanza are set forth the duties of the day:

He who has taken all the Precepts Eight
Kills not, nor steals, nor speaketh words untrue,
Nor dulls the brain with drugs, and from all deeds
Of lust abstains; nor does he eat at night
Or at forbidden seasons; nor with flowers
Adorn his body, nor use scents, but sleeps
On a mat spread on the ground. This is the Fast
With the observance of the Precepts Eight.
Thus by the Buddha, the Enlightened One,
Who hath all sorrow ended, as the Path
To end all sorrow, this hath been declared.²

“Punnāni katvāna, (by working merit)”, say the stanzas, “great fruits are gained for this life and the lives to come, whether in this world, or in other worlds unborn”. And it is by this acceptance of the Dhamma, the Law of Life, by working in harmony with it, that the Buddhist hopes to attain the perfect harmony, one touch of which will liberate him for ever from the ceaselessly-revolving wheel of samsāra, evolution. All the wealth of oriental imagery is employed to add lustre to the merit thus acquired. Listen again to the Buddha's words:

The sun and moon, the sight of which is sweet,
Move to and fro, and in fixed bounds give light,
Dispelling gloom and shining in the skies.

¹ *Anguttara-Nikaya*, iii, 37.

² *Ibid.* iii, 70.

Within this Cakkavāla¹ these are pearls,
 Gems, cats'-eyes, Singi gold, Kancana² gold,
 Kātaka and Jāta gold—yet all of these
 One quarter of a quarter are not worth
 Of merit gained, resulting from the Fast
 With the observance of the Precepts Eight,
 Just as the light of multitudes of stars
 One quarter of a quarter is not worth
 Of all the light shed by the moon alone.
 Therefore the man of virtue and the woman
 Who keep the Fast and keep the Precepts Eight,
 Performing merit fruitful of results,
 In the heaven-world are born without reproach.

While such thoughts as these have been passing through our mind, we have already climbed the long flight of steps and reached the sand-strewn court whose central figure is the skyward-tapering dāgaba, the dome-shaped relic shrine, whose blue-white graceful cupola pierces the dark green of the surrounding jak trees, and the sacred bo-tree, where already the squirrels are busy at their morning meal. Here, awaiting the coming of the officiating monk, stand in little groups some fifty men and women, white-robed and silent, each carrying on his arm a white cloth or towel, which will be used to spread upon the sandy ground during the act of worship. A subdued but joyous crowd. Glancing over the faces, one finds no trace of that pessimistic resignation which the ignorant always attribute to the followers of the Buddha. Sorrow there may be in the world. True, this is the note of all religions; but to meet it with joyful hearts, with confidence of ultimate success, because the lives are many, to be as merry as one may, that is the keynote of the Buddhist life. Here is not ignorant idolatry, but devotion to One who has attained; and on this day we mean to tune up the strings of our whole being, if

¹ World-system.

² *Id. loc.*

only for this single day, and we purpose to be *Buddha-puttā*, sons of the *Buddha*, and like unto Him and His perfected monks. That is enough, not to fail or come short for this brief space, from now till to-morrow's dawn, this brings peace for the now, and merit, we think, which shall support our footsteps in troublous times, and lead us along the Path of Him who hath thus come and gone, *Ṭaṭhagaṭo*, to the lotus feet of the Lord *Meṭṭeyya*, who is yet to come.

First we must take *sil*. This means asking the monk, who has just come out of his *vihāra*, or dwelling, in the temple-court, to say for us the Pāli ritual, which we repeat after him, phrase by phrase. We gather round the big *dāgaba* or relic-chamber, against which stands the monk, facing outwards; spread our cloths and kneel, thrice bowing with the five-fold prostration of head and folded hands, body, knees and feet. There is a moment's silence. Then all repeat the triple invocation, words of power, the *nāmaskāra* to the *Buddha*.

Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint, the All-enlightened One.

Now the clear tones of the monk sound forth the *Tisaranam*, the Three-fold Refuge, which is repeated by the prostrate throng.

To the *Buddha* for refuge I go.
 To the Law for refuge I go.
 To the Brotherhood for refuge I go.

This three times. Then follow the vows, repeated as before alternately.

From killing to abstain—the vow I take.
 From stealing to abstain—the vow I take.
 From lustful deeds to abstain—the vow I take.
 From lying to abstain—the vow I take.
 From drink and sloth-producing drugs to abstain—the
 vow I take.
 From food at times unseasonable to abstain—the vow
 I take.

From dancing, singing, music, worldly shows,
 From flowers, scents and unguents, and from wearing
 Adornments and from beautifying this body,
 From all these to abstain—the vow I take,
 From couches high and broad to abstain—the vow I
 take.

Then follows silence. The devotees remain prostrate, meditating on the vows and repeating in a low voice certain stanzas composed by the Buddha Himself, in praise of the Triple Gem—the Master, the Teaching, the Brethren—commencing: “*Iṭi pi so bhagava, sammāsambuddho*”. After some moments, one by one we rise and turn to the huge stone slab, now a mass of flowers. We fill our hands with these, first holding them out while a brother pours water, first on them, then on the flowers. Then with folded palms containing the flowers we offer some at each of the four little shrines surrounding the dāgaba, walking clockwise, till the circuit is complete. Then to the Buddha-ge or image-house, where the huge stone Rūpa sits cross-legged in the silence, with downcast meditative eyes and lips of compassion. A flower or two yet remains, and these we offer to the bo-tree, in honour of the sacred tree sitting under which the Lord attained enlightenment. And now that we have retired, other relays of aspirants are arriving, and the same ceremony is gone through, and continues at intervals throughout the early morning.

It is now past six o'clock, and we proceed to the great hall close by, where the early morning meal is served to the devotees, who, for this one day, be it remembered, are as bhikkhus and are venerated by the other laymen who have taken only the five ordinary vows, and by them waited on with great respect. Mats and cushions are spread all along three sides of

the hall, and the preaching platform occupies the upper end. Here we sit while the attendants bring us cups of tea or coffee, rice-cakes and plantains. This done we sit cross-legged upon the floor and meditate upon the vows and duties of the day, or on the Dhamma; no thought of business or the outside world should intrude. Some chant stanzas quietly, others read the sacred books, and this goes on till perhaps eight o'clock, when a monk arrives and silently takes his place upon the preaching chair. He delivers us a sermon on the merits to be acquired by this day's devotion. This is done in the Sinhalese tongue, the points of doctrine being driven home by quotations from the Pāli canon. From time to time a layman puts a question on some knotty point, to which the monk replies by quoting the Buddha's words. There is no speculation. The canon is final. It is enough. You must not venture to add your *diṭṭhi*, (view), to swell the sacred texts. It is this intense conservatism that has kept the Pāli text so well these two thousand years: but it must be admitted that often a solver of the knot is to be desired. No mere quotation of authority will satisfy this age of swelling knowledge, and very aptly does Mrs. C. Rhys Davids, one of the ablest of our western Buddhist scholars, remark:

And when we watch the way in which Goṭama Buddha and his followers met the errors and the problems of their own day, recasting, it may be, a yet more ancient body of doctrine to cope with present needs, can we doubt that, if a *Metṭeyya* Buddha arose here and now, he would recast their Dhamma, and, instead of making 'converts' to a Norm adapted to bygone conditions, would evolve, with travail of soul, a gospel and a philosophy built out of the knowledge and the needs of to-day?¹

So may it be.

¹ *Buddhism*, p. 247. Home University Library.

This preaching and discussion may continue till about eleven o'clock. Meanwhile the women and boys are bringing in the single meal. Each one is given a plate, as he sits upon the floor, and on it are heaped rice and curries of different sorts, and then sweetmeats and fruit. All this must be finished before the hour of noon, for to eat after the shadow has moved beyond the dial-plate's centre is a breach of the sixth precept. There will be no more solid food after this till to-morrow's breakfast. Now all is cleared away and baskets of betel-leaves and areca-nut and condiments are brought for the customary chew so dear to the Sinhalese. Meanwhile an elder delivers a short speech on behalf of the rest, returning thanks to those who have supplied the food and maintenance this day, and waited on us so carefully, for we are this day as beggars, and dependent on other's help, even for a glass of water. All must be given. After this comes the slack hour of the day. Some take a turn up and down the hall or corridor, others peacefully ruminate or snatch forty winks, nature and age compelling. Then, as the afternoon draws on, someone will read aloud an article on Dhamma, or a passage from the sacred books, or discuss with the rest some point of difficulty. And so through the long afternoon till tea is served, tea without milk, for milk is animal food, or coriander water. So to our reading and thinking or discussion again, while some few meditate, and "so fleets the time as in the golden age".

Now it is drawing towards sunset, and, as the sun drops behind the trees, we are again to gather at the temple for the evening offerings of flowers, and to renew our morning's vows. Sometimes it is customary to visit a neighbouring temple, if not too far away, and

swell the crowd already gathering there. So off we go, each one carrying a lighted candle in his hand, and, as the long procession winds along the village path, lighting up the trees with flickering points of fire, at intervals we raise the cry of "Sādhu! Sādhu! Buddha-parihāra!" "Glory! Glory! a Buddha-procession!" The whole temple is lit up with tiny lamps, oil-bowls with floating wicks, outlining the dome of the dāgaba, while paper lanterns cast a subdued glow upon the walls and trees. Circling thrice clockwise round the stupa, we finally fix our candles on the cornice, and await the monk who will administer once more the eightfold vow, after which the 'five-fold' devotees in relays take their vows as in the morning; such are the labours of the day. So numerous are those requiring the help of the monks, that the youthful novices take their place, and their shrill voices ring out in the still air, followed by the bass rumble of the men, and women's high-pitched tones. After once more offering flowers and countless sticks of incense, till the whole court and shrine-room smoke again, we gather in a body and sit cross-legged while the aged high priest comes forth to give us a special address on this solemn occasion. He unfolds the course of life leading to the Noble Eightfold Path, and points out how the keeping of these vows now will be to us as stepping-stones across samsāra's stream, on the other side of which is the amaṭapādam, the immortal state of Nibbāna.

It is a beautiful scene that meets the eye. The ancient trees, hung with coloured lamps, the soft outline of the dome thrown against the velvet blackness of the star-spangled sky, the wreathing incense-smoke, the flickering candles, the hushed silence of the pauses in

the monk's address, and, now and again, a quick patter of bo-leaves overhead, as a breeze arises and dies away again, the white-robed crowd covering the sandy court, while on the ear falls the ceaseless trill of crickets from all sides—all makes an impression of peace and beauty that will never fade from the memory.

Leaving the illuminated temple-grounds, we return to our preaching-hall, and prepare for the third act of our drama, the passing of the night in listening to Bana, or preaching of the Law. The lamps have been lit, and one is placed on the preacher's table, where he will sit till sunrise, expounding the Law. Towards eight o'clock the monk who has been selected to preach, generally a scholar of some attainments, enters the hall and takes his seat. The 'musicians' now enter to do their service to the Buddha-Dhamma-Saṅgha, and commence a terrific salvo of tom-toms and ear-splitting pipes. To stand this needs all our stock of vairāgya, indifference. After this 'voluntary,' the audience, who have been silently gathering, prepare themselves for a full night's exposition of the Law. The monk, after a preliminary clearing of the throat, commences his adoration to the Buddha, in high-toned nasal Pāli verse, then gives out his text, "Evam me suṭam," "thus have I heard," the commencement of a section of the canon. At the preacher's right hand, seated on the floor, is an elder who acts as 'parish-clerk,' responding to each pause of the preacher with "Ehe, svāmi!" "'Tis so, your reverence!" and it is to this temporary official that the monk's remarks are really addressed. It sometimes happens that, as it draws towards the still small hours of the morning, this good man is caught nodding, and is reprimanded for his negligence.

And now the preacher is fully launched upon his discourse. A pariah dog strolls in, sniffs round the room and sits calmly in the midst, assiduously attending to his skin. Now and again, a child's shrill voice arises, and his mother takes him out. The audience rise and go in and out at will, for a large part only intend 'keeping up' till midnight, when the first discourse will end. Those who have taken the eight-fold vow will carry on till dawn. The preacher's theme is the familiar one of the evolutionary scheme of the universe, as set forth by the Buddha. It is the Paṭiccasamuppādo, the origination of cause from cause, the fundamentals of Buddhist doctrine. He tells how from ignorance, avijjā (unconsciousness, rather), arise aggregations, saṅkhārā, the first vibrations in ākāsa; from saṅkhārā comes consciousness of externals, vinnāna; and from this is formed nāmarūpa, name and form, subject and object, and this develops the six centres of sense, salāyaṭana; then comes contact with externals, phasso, resulting in sensation, vedanā. Sensation causes desire for more violent sensation, ṭanhā, longing; thus arises upādāna, clinging to existence, and this gives bhava, conception in the womb. Then follows jāti, birth into the outer world, with all its attendant sorrows, dukkha, pain, mental pain caused by the impermanence of all things, jarāmaranam, decay and death, sokapariḍeva-ḍukkha-domanassa-upāyāsā, lamentation, woe, grief and despair. And so the wheel rolls on.

One by one, the audience begin to nod. Here and there a lamp has flickered out. It is nearly midnight, for our discourse has taken long expounding. Outside, utter silence reigns. A few of the faithful remain alert and attentive, but many have succumbed and lie in blissful

slumbers, buddhi, lulled to rest. The sermon closes and attendants bring water, or coffee to rouse the attention of the devotees, and nerve them for a second spell of preaching.

The new preacher has a hard task, for he has to wrestle with the powers of sleep, and by hook or by crook so fix the attention of his hearers that they may watch with him until the dawn. His text is the story of the Great Decease, the passing of the Buddha, from *Mahā-parinibbānam Sutta*, and he teaches how, though the Buddha has passed away, He has left us the Dhamma as our Comforter, and the promise of a Great One to come. Then quoting the sonorous Pāli, he describes the kindly words of the great Teacher, His last utterance to His beloved disciple Ānanda. One passage will suffice for our quotation.

Then said the Blessed One to Saint Ānanda, sitting by his side: "Hush! Ānanda! Let not your heart be troubled. Weep not. Have I not ere now told you that all dear, delightful things have the nature of differentiation, separation, otherness (nānābhāvo vinābhāvo annaṭṭhāvo)? How can it be then, Ananda, that what is born, brought forth and composite, of nature to dissolve, can fail to be dissolved? It cannot be. Long, indeed, Ananda, hast thou waited on the Tathagato with kindly acts, pleasant and sweet, invariable, unstinted; long hast thou waited on me with kindly words, pleasant and sweet, invariable, unstinted: long hast thou served me with loving thoughts, pleasant and sweet, invariably kind, immeasurable. Right well hast thou done, Ananda. Persevere with earnestness, and thou shalt attain to utter purity!"¹

This sermon has lasted some four or five hours. The lamps are fading in the strengthening light of dawn. The chill clean-scented air that marks the coming day blows in through the open windows. An elder rises and with folded palms offers to the preacher a cloth or shawl, or coverlet for rainy nights, as a small return for

¹ MPS. § 14.

his careful exposition of the Law, and as a means, too, of acquiring merit. The audience now prostrate themselves, as a mark of reverence to the Order, as the monk leaves the preaching-hall. The sluggards awake, and we all go out to bathe face, hands and feet, and brace ourselves for the completion of our long spell of duties, 'lowering the lodge' from the state of eightfold-precept-devotees to that of fivefold-precept-laymen. This done, once more we gather round the dāgaba, whose sandy court one of us has already swept before the dawn; once more the aged high-priest blesses us, this time with the fivefold precept, and for the last time we offer flowers to the relics, the Buddha-image and the tree. Yet one more thing remains, the mutual bestowal, one on another, of the fruits of merit gained by the day's devotion. "Brother! may you share in the merit I have acquired, by taking sil, by offering flowers, by listening to the Dhamma, by meditation and by perseverance." "Brother! I thank you and accept."

"What means all this idolatrous ceremony?" the ignorant may ask. "This is not Buddhism!" "Pure Devotion" we make reply. "Love for the Brother of mankind, whose strong presence, like the subtle fragrance of a long-closed jar of scent, now opened, suffuses the world, after so many hundred years, a presence that still may help in need whosoever thirsteth, 'yo koci sikkhākāmo hoti,' though He has for ever passed away." "Brothers! (His dying words) I leave you the Dhamma. In it shall I live with you for ever!" Enough! This day has marked another mile-stone on our long pilgrimage, and it may be that here and there, by one or two, the Path is nearly reached and knowledge has come in the twinkling of an eye; just as

when, after long pondering on some deep problem, hard, profound, not to be solved by mere intellect, suddenly, the changing views of the kaleidoscopic brain crystallise into one-pointedness, and the long-sought clue is found, and the kernel of the matter is displayed; so now in a flash comes vipassanā, insight, the goal is nearly won, and all life henceforth takes on a meaning that before was shrouded from our eyes.

F. L. Woodward

Distrust that man who tells you to distrust ;
 He takes the measure of his own small soul,
 And thinks the world no larger. He who prates
 Of human nature's baseness and deceit
 Looks in the mirror of his heart, and sees
 His kind therein reflected.

* * * * *

Look through true eyes—you will discover truth ;
 Suspect suspicion, and doubt only doubt.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

LEO TOLSTOI

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By HELENE PISSAREFF, F.T.S.

Tolstoi's greatness consists in his ideals not being enshrined in the material outward life, but having their source in the human soul.

Dr. Rudolph Steiner

IN order to consider the work of Leo Tolstoi, it is indispensable to define the epoch we are living in from the point of view of the Science of the Soul—as Theosophy may in full justice be termed—which deals with the inner side of outward phenomena. From this point of view the process of human evolution advances slowly, but infallibly, towards perfection, towards the divine state of man; and the means to reach this hidden goal—of which the soul has but rare fore-shadowings—is the gradual awakening of consciousness. The whole historical process may be defined as a gradual passing of human consciousness from the lowest state to the highest, the development of all its numerous facets, beginning with the consciousness of primitive man and ending with the divine consciousness of the far-off future, to which humanity is tending. The development of a clear individual consciousness carried to its full perfection—there lies the hidden meaning of human experiences, of all the tragedies of life, of individuals, as well as of whole nations. Consciousness grows and develops from collision

with the outer world, from the impacts which our conscious I receives from the world outside us.

If it were not for this outward world and its phenomena ; if it were not for this constant friction between the ' I ' and the ' not-I ' ; there would be no activity, no consciousness, and consequently no life. But the purpose and goal of life are not in this friction, not in this resistance, not in the play of all the numerous forces which, by their different effects upon our consciousness, foster its growth and rouse its different properties and abilities. If this were so, and all this ' play of life ' were an aimless, objectless kaleidoscope, turned by a blind force, the life of a conscious being would indeed be a frightful tragedy, senseless and cruel. But this is not and cannot be. It cannot be, because in every living soul there exists an aspiration towards order, beauty and harmony ; and this aspiration arouses an entire confidence in the Source of the world's life, and the certainty that all is leading us to the great aim, which, though hidden from us, is doubtless worth all the heavy trials through which generations upon generations pass upon our earth.

Spiritual science, which seemingly tears us away from reality by raising our consciousness into the world of ideas, can alone bring us nearer to the essence of all phenomena. The historian who is only interested in outward events will see nothing but movement in the historical process ; but *why* the movement is thus and not otherwise, and whither it leads, that will be hidden from him. But if we try to penetrate into the history of humanity with the intention of discovering whither it is leading us, it is possible—even from the fragment revealed in historical documents—to catch its general meaning.

If we cast a general glance over the past history of the Āryan race from its very beginning to our days, we can perceive the gradual evolution of different states of consciousness, perfectly analogous to the different states of consciousness of a separate human being in the course of his normal development. In detail these degrees naturally blend with each other, as does the *leit-motiv* in a large and complex orchestra; those who remember separate fragments will have an impression of the variety and complexity of sounds, and will not be able to catch the fundamental musical thought of the author. The same can be said concerning the historical symphony, if I may use this expression. To catch its fundamental idea and understand it is of most vital importance; because it alone can give the proof of the *unity* of all humanity, the proof that the whole of it, in its completeness, is working towards one and the same end—is accomplishing one and the same wise plan of life. It is important to remember that the life of every man is not an ‘accidental gift,’ but a participation in the general creative activity, which will be the more perfect, the better each small part of this activity is fulfilled. We do not live for ourselves alone, but for all the world.

It must be remembered that the different states of consciousness disclose themselves in immense historical periods, and that the development of our complicated human nature proceeds gradually, those sides of it for which the greater part of humanity is fitted at any given time appearing one after the other. The order in which they proceed corresponds to ordinary human growth; because all humanity is an indivisible whole, and each human soul bears in itself its entire completeness in embryo.

But 'consciousness' must here be understood in its widest sense, including intellect, abstract mind and moral consciousness which manifest through the heart, the conscience and the will. When we observe the development of a separate person, we know that in his childhood his impressions are vague, his conscience speaks indistinctly, his will is not at all developed; that in his youth his critical mind and his self-assertion are the most developed; that in his maturity his moral consciousness and will become his dominant quality; and that, towards the end of his life—if only the man has not lived it in vain—all life's experience is summed up and the man shows tolerance and sympathy to all that lives.

The same way is trodden by the whole of humanity and what we term its civilisations serve to express the degree of consciousness evolved at the time. The nations in which the qualities of this new degree are the most vividly expressed are put at the head of the historical process and take the leadership in the world.

The most ancient civilisation of the Āryan race was distinguished by its intuitional character; its consciousness was directed to the 'great Whole,' it blended with the universe and God. The religious conception of the ancient Hindūs had *unity* as the highest law of the world, for its foundation. The link uniting the Hindūs, Egyptians and Persians with the new era were the Semites, who brought a distinctly expressed *personal principle* into the world. The next degree, which can be termed the blossoming youth of humanity, is brilliantly represented by the Greek and Latin nations. This is the epoch of rich arts, when all the freshness and all the enthusiasm of humanity's young

vigour incarnated in its earthly creations. The worship of beauty by the Greeks; their titanic battles with the Gods, in which the awakening daring of personal will is expressed; and, later on, the development of civil law among the ancient Romans, which aimed at the protection of personality in the new conditions of governmental life—all raise the *personal principle*, preparing the nations for the Christian era. "Christ revealed the value of each separate human soul, and nobody can any more destroy the importance of this discovery." These words of Harnack (*Wesen des Christentums*) give a very good definition of the essential meaning of the Christian culture in which we are now living.

Its problem—worked out by the nations of western Europe—is to make personality, individual development, the central point. From the vast but undefined consciousness, which encompasses the entire 'great Whole,' possessed by the Āryan nations at the dawn of their life, consciousness—defining itself more and more—passes on to lucidity, to subtle analysis, to precise scientific methods; its chief work is to bring the whole of humanity's spiritual riches into a material culture. All the attention of the European nations is directed towards all that is earthly—towards technology, towards trade; it is the epoch of machinery, and spirituality sinks deeply into physical matter.

Men of genius are always the bearers of the ideas which are due at a given moment; they give their epoch the precise impulse which is needed.

If we unite all the activities of western Europe into one whole, we shall see that the pioneers of civilisation who gave a definite colouring to their epoch

all accomplished the same mission : the rooting of man's consciousness in the entirely earthly, the tearing it away from the unseen worlds, the incarnating of abstract ideas in the most concrete forms. Kant effects a decisive rupture between the Spirit and the intellect, by declaring that the *essence of things is unknowable*, and he allots it to the region of faith. The rupture between science and religion, life and form, physical and super-physical, becomes complete. Humanity enters into maturity. What are the new problems that lie before it? What will be the new state of consciousness into which it will pass? Only by penetrating into the general import of the historical process can we hope to be able to understand the true problem of our epoch, and the part played in it by contemporary nations ; thus only shall we be able to give the proper answer to this question. All the effort of the west-European civilisation was directed towards the bringing of the materialistic consciousness and the personal elements to their fullest expression, in order to bring them to the inner necessity of turning towards the ascending line, on which the personal has to unfold into the *super-personal*, as Dr. Steiner says in one of his lectures.

At the present moment, western culture has reached its culminating point ; there is no further progress possible along its present lines. These words must not be taken as an accusation. This culture was indispensable in order that man might pass into a higher state of inner freedom and moral consciousness ; and it has acted its part to perfection, having developed the analytical intellect, refined the nervous system, assured mental independence, and enriched human life with the great discoveries and important victories gained in the regions

of nature. Without this training, the onward movement of humanity would have been impossible; and, without the eager diversity of west-European physical activity with all its trials and tossings, we could not have hoped to gain so soon that maturity of Spirit which is indispensable for the realisation of the higher laws of life. And yet, if the former tendency of western activity persists longer than is necessary for development, if efforts are made to detain the upward movement of life on its former level, the very culture which helped our evolution will become a drag upon it.

Human life is like a torrent: it must flow on freely, and if it be artificially checked, the result will inevitably be stagnation and consequent corruption.

The foremost wave of humanity, whose consciousness is always in advance of that of all the rest, feels this very definitely; and we can see the new breath everywhere—in literature, in the drama, in science, in art, and especially in the anxious seeking for new foundations for life. This anxiety is the herald of a new state of consciousness which will replace that which belonged to the now dying materialistic culture. This new stage will be a *spiritual consciousness* guided by the law of love; it will bring spiritual teaching into science, freedom into religion, mutual help and brotherhood into social life, universal disarmament and a union of nations. The time for its coming does not depend on outward events, but on the consciousness of those who create earthly life; and the nation which will walk at the head of all the other nations will be the one in which this spiritual consciousness shall awaken first.

At an epoch of inner crisis, such as ours, when the state in which we are has outlasted its time and no longer

satisfies the public conscience, there always appears a man of genius, who incarnates in himself, as in a glowing focus, the still dim but germinating ideas of contemporary humanity. For our epoch, Leo Tolstoi is that man. The festivities held in honour of his birthday proved that he does not belong exclusively to us, but to all the world. There is no land in all the world where he is not known, and where his words are not listened to.

What is the reason of the charm he exercises over the best people of all lands and all nations ?

Humanity has had many men of genius ; they glowed as bright stars on the public horizon, some of them uniting into a harmonious system all the scientific work of their century, others giving a vigorous touch to human consciousness, and yet others bringing new elements into science and art. The genius of Leo Tolstoi is of a quite different character ; from it is drawn all the strength of his spiritual activity ; in it lay the source of his extraordinary life and his unprecedented influence upon the world. We might call him 'the genius of conscience,' defining by one word the influence which his work has effected upon the consciousness of his contemporaries. He unceasingly worked at the awakening of conscience with a startling sincerity, consenting to no compromises, never giving up a single iota of his faith, never stopping before the possibility of any consequences. The extraordinary influence of Leo Tolstoi proceeds from his having centred all the life of his Spirit in pure faith, disregarding the questions and currents of his time, leaving aside conventional truths to appeal to Eternal Truth ; his faith in Eternal Truth was so intense, that this intensity

stirred up all those who listened to him, raising them above the darkness and sin of our current life. His words sound as a mighty ringing of the bells of faith in the undying beauty of man. "If people only acted as heart and mind require, all the misfortunes which cause so much suffering to humanity all over the world would find their ending." This capacity—even amid darkness—to look unwaveringly at the light shining before him, and relentlessly calling others to this light, this absorption of his entire soul by the one great idea is precisely what gives him such a power over the soul of man.

It does not matter that this completeness renders him indifferent to the Spirit of the Age, though from the point of view of the ordinary man this is a deficiency.

But a master of life, a clairvoyant of the new state of consciousness, has his own psychology, and he cannot be measured according to the common measure. He must be taken as a whole, as a collective spiritual phenomenon; and it must not be forgotten that a great faith of this kind gives such a vivid light that all temporary phenomena turn pale before it, however acute may be the suffering which they cause. In this lay the reason of his being so uncompromising towards the Spirit of the Age, and of his composure before the clouds of misunderstanding which seemed to be rushing upon him. When he spoke of "the religious consciousness," people began to recall the religion which brought the Inquisition, the fettering of thought and conscience; or when he said: "Do not resist evil," the perplexed mind conjured up phantoms of weak compliance and submission, notwithstanding the fact that all his life was

an unceasing battle against the ruling evil, a courageous and indefatigable battle. If people will persist in measuring moral phenomena by logic only, then an insurmountable gulf must yawn between the great conscience of Leo Tolstoi and his contemporaries. But man does not comprehend with his limited mind alone, but also with his higher mind and his heart; and this is the understanding which makes Leo Tolstoi dear and indispensable to us, and makes the whole world love and revere this untiring awakener of conscience.

He cannot stand on a level with contemporary ideas for the simple reason that *his* consciousness is above that of the world and all his attention is drawn to that which is still invisible to others. He already sees that "the new idea of life consists in the submission of everyone to the one higher Law of Love, which gives the highest good to each separate person, as well as to the whole of humanity. Only as people recognise in themselves their higher spiritual origin and the true human dignity which derives from it, does it become possible for them to liberate themselves from the subjection of the one by the other. And this consciousness is already growing in humanity, and is ready to manifest itself at every minute."

During a time like ours, when what is old is already outlived, and what is forthcoming is not yet clearly visible, we need an entire faith, an unflickering light the pure strength of which will kindle the very best that is already lit in the depth of human conscience, and which will raise men's consciousness to a higher level.

H. Pissareff

NOTES ON THE PHYSICAL ATOM

By CAPTAIN A. E. POWELL, R. E., F. T. S.

A STUDY of the physical atom, as described in *Occult Chemistry*, gives rise to many interesting thoughts and speculations. Readers of the work mentioned will recollect that what is termed the ultimate physical atom is the unit out of which all matter on the physical plane is constructed, the unit which cannot be split up or divided without ceasing to be what we call physical ; if a physical atom is disintegrated, the parts of which it is composed re-form themselves as other combinations, and *ipso facto* pass out of the physical plane altogether and become astral. Our readers will further recollect that clairvoyant vision of a magnificatory character discloses the fact that the physical atom is in shape not unlike a heart, the wall of the atom being formed of convolutions or lines known as spirals, of which there are ten in number. Of these ten spirals, three appear to form one group and seven a second group, the former being somewhat larger than the latter and differing slightly also in other respects. The difference between these two sets of spirals is comparatively so small that in the following remarks the ten spirals will be considered as identical for our present purposes.

Further magnification discloses the fact that each spiral itself consists of another and smaller spiral known as a spirilla of the first order : in each of the ten spirals

there are 1680 turns of the first order spirillæ. Higher magnificatory power shows that the first order spirillæ are also composed of still finer spirillæ, known as spirillæ of the second order: this process is repeated until we eventually arrive at the smallest and last spirillæ, of the seventh order. This spirilla is made up of bubbles in koilon, for an explanation of which term the reader must be referred to *Occult Chemistry*, Appendix. In each turn of the seventh order spirillæ there are seven bubbles in koilon.

We may now tabulate the results we have so far arrived at as follows:

1 atom has 10 spirals.

1 spiral has 1680 turns of spirillæ of the first order

or $1680 \times 7 = 11,760$	„	„	second „
or $1680 \times 7^2 = 82,320$	„	„	third „
or $1680 \times 7^3 = 576,240$	„	„	fourth „
or $1680 \times 7^4 = 4,033,680$	„	„	fifth „
or $1680 \times 7^5 = 28,235,760$	„	„	sixth „
or $1680 \times 7^6 = 197,650,320$	„	„	seventh „

Therefore one atom has $10 \times 1680 \times 7^6 = 1,976,503,200$ or approximately two thousand million turns of spirillæ of the seventh order. Also one atom has $10 \times 1680 \times 7^7 = 13,835,522,400$ or approximately fourteen thousand million bubbles.

These large figures do not, unfortunately, convey much meaning to the average mind; there are, however, methods of aiding the imagination in its attempts to grasp their magnitude; and, this being so, it is as well to use such means in order to enable us to appreciate in some sense, if only dimly, the beauty which resides in numbers the size of which appears to our limited comprehension as colossal. The following are a few suggestions to this end.

If the bubbles, fourteen thousand million in number, contained in one single ultimate physical atom were laid in a row, packed so closely that in one inch there were a million of them, then they would extend for nearly 400 yards, or rather more than a fifth of a mile. If we spaced them at only 1000 to the inch, then the row would reach to about 220 miles. The earth's circumference is 24,875, or nearly 25,000 miles; if, therefore, we travelled right round the earth, and dropped the bubbles of one atom as we went, we should have sufficient of them to place 9 in every inch of our journey.

Suppose that we wished to count the bubbles in an atom, one by one, that we could count at the rate of 2 per second, or 120 per minute—a rate of counting which is a very reasonable one—and further that we could devote the whole of our time to the counting process, requiring none for rest, sleep, eating, and so forth. Counting at this rate, day and night without ceasing, the task would occupy us for two hundred and twenty-two years, or nearly two and a quarter centuries.

Once again, if the bubbles of one atom were seeds, and if we wished to plant them on the whole of the 263 acres of the Adyar estate, we should have to sow about 9 bubbles to every square inch in order to utilise the full number.

The suggestion has sometimes been made of constructing a model of the physical atom, representing the spirals and spirillæ by means of wire. We believe that those who have made such suggestions have sometimes scarcely appreciated the magnitude of the task. Thus suppose that D represents the diameter of the finest or seventh spirillæ; for practical reasons we could

scarcely make our wire model with the diameter of the next larger or sixth order spirillæ less than $4D$, the remaining spirillæ larger again in the same proportion. The first order spirillæ would thus have a diameter of 4^6D or $4096D$. Now we could scarcely make the smallest or seventh order spirillæ much less than say $\frac{1}{50}$ th of an inch in diameter; but to be on the safe side let us put it at half this, at say $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch. The diameter of our largest or first order spirillæ would thus need to be 41 inches or nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter; that is to say, referring to the drawing of the atom facing p. 5 of *Occult Chemistry*, the lines which indicate the spirals would be nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick in our wire model. A consideration of the drawing further shows us that we ought to leave in the clear spacing between two adjacent spirals, where they are nearest together, *i.e.*, in the coils up the centre of the atom, at least say 3 diameters of the largest spirillæ; the spacing between the spirals on the outer wall of the atom would therefore be, centre to centre, probably at least double this, *i.e.*, at least six diameters of the largest spirillæ. The height of our atom would again, from a consideration of the drawing, be about 25 times the spacing between the spirals on the outer wall, or $25 \times 6 = 150$ times the diameter of the largest spirillæ, or about 525, or say in round numbers 500 feet. That is to say that if one set about to construct a model of a physical atom, employing wires of various thicknesses to represent the spirals and the seven orders of spirillæ, the model would need to be at the very least 500 feet high and about as much in diameter. The length of wire which would be required, the time necessary to wind the spirillæ, we leave to our readers to calculate. We would suggest that the time would be more profitably

employed in setting about to develop the powers necessary to see clairvoyantly the physical atom as it is in nature for oneself.

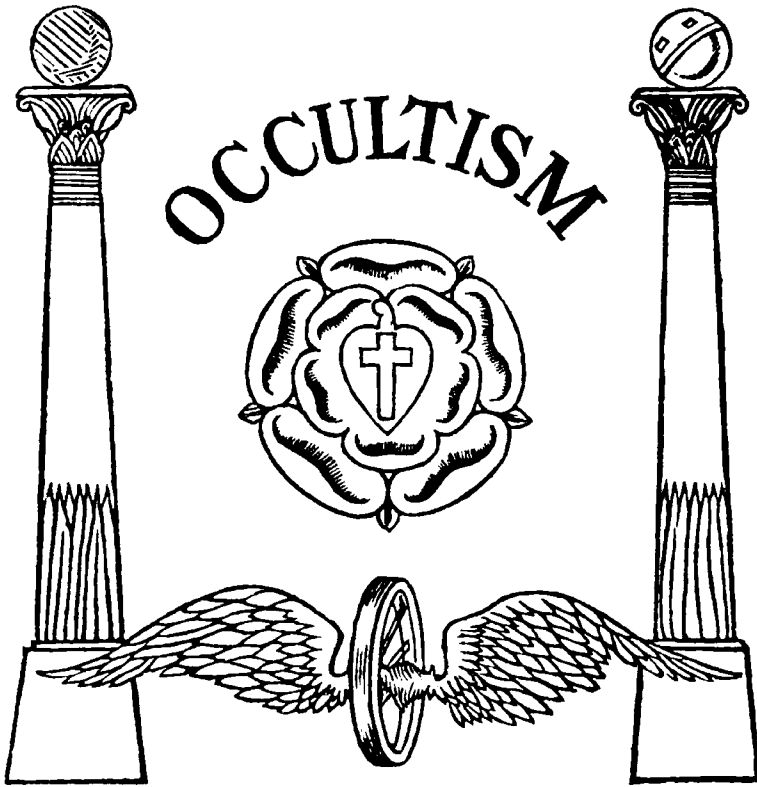
We do not, however, mean to imply that all models of the atom are out of the question. On the contrary, the structure of the atom can be understood and taught much more easily with the help of partial models than without them. Thus, for example, a figure with plain wires, or with perhaps one or two orders of spirillæ only, similar to the drawing facing p. 5 of *Occult Chemistry*, would not be very difficult to construct, and would prove most useful for instructional purposes; while small models of wire of various thicknesses, showing 3, 4, or possibly 5 sets of spirillæ are again quite easy to make.

There are many questions which a study of the structure of the physical atom will suggest to the student: but unfortunately there does not appear at present to be any means of answering such questions unless and until further clairvoyant investigations are set on foot. Thus, to mention a few queries which have suggested themselves to the present writer: What are the bubbles in the atom doing? Are they spinning, revolving, vibrating, or moving in any way, and if so in what way? How are the currents of electricity, prāṇa, etc., transmitted in the various parts of the atom, and what is their *modus operandi* generally? If koilon is such an exceedingly 'dense' substance, how can bubbles or holes in it be moved through it? How are the atoms of the astral, mental and other planes constructed? Of what nature are the vibratory powers which are said to be stored up in a human permanent atom, and in what way are they stored in the atom?

It is a familiar saying that the infinitely small is as wonderful as the infinitely large, and it is a pleasing mental exercise to transfer the mind, from a consideration of the exceeding minuteness and enormous numbers of the atom and its component parts, to the vastnesses of space, with their equally colossal numbers. In measuring astronomical space it will be recollected that the unit of measurement is the light-year, or the distance which light, travelling at the speed of 186,000 miles a second, traverses in one of our years. Between the minuteness of the koilon bubble and the vastness of the light-year there is a great gulf fixed, at least according to our conceptions of that most elusive abstraction, space; and it is almost past the mind of man to form any picture of the variety, number and complexity of materials and combinations which exist between these two distant extremes.

The physical atom is only the unit out of which physical matter is constructed; a single chemist's atom of, say, aluminium contains nearly 500 of these units. This chemist's atom again is only a minute fragment of matter, almost certainly far beyond the power of any microscope; and in a small piece of gold such as a ring there are probably many millions of such fragments. There are probably few, if any, human minds which can carry the figures further than this point, and conceive the numbers of atoms or of bubbles which there must be in a continent or in a planet. How much more inconceivable still is the thought of the mind which conceived all this, and of the law and order which our studies of science show us underlie and permeate the whole!

Arthur E. Powell



HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

STUDENTS who have not yet experienced what used to be called the buddhic consciousness—consciousness in the intuitional world—frequently ask us to describe it. Efforts have been made in this direction, and many references to this consciousness and its characteristics are to be found scattered through our literature; yet the seeker after knowledge finds these unsatisfactory, and we cannot wonder at it.

The truth is that all description is necessarily and essentially defective ; it is impossible in physical words to give more than the merest hint of what this higher consciousness is, for the physical brain is incapable of grasping the reality. Those who have read Mr. Hinton's remarkable books on the fourth dimension will remember how he tries to explain to us our own limitations with regard to higher dimensions, by picturing for us with much careful detail the position of an entity whose senses could work in two dimensions only. He proves that to such a being the simplest actions of our world must be incomprehensible. A creature who has no sense of what we call depth or thickness could never see any terrestrial object as it really is ; he could observe only a section of it, and would therefore obtain absolutely wrong impressions about even the commonest objects of every-day life, while our powers of motion and of action would be utterly incomprehensible to him.

The difficulties which we encounter in trying to understand the phenomena even of the astral world are precisely similar to those which Mr. Hinton supposes to be experienced by his two-dimensional entity ; but when we try to raise our thoughts to the intuitional world we have to face a state of existence which is lived in no less than six dimensions, if we are to continue at that level to employ the same nomenclature. So I fear we must admit from the outset that any attempt to comprehend this higher consciousness is foredoomed to failure ; yet, as is but natural, the desire to try again and again to grasp something of it arises perennially in the mind of the student. I do not venture to think that I can say anything to satisfy this

craving; the utmost that one can hope is to suggest a few new considerations, and perhaps to approach the subject from a somewhat different point of view.

The Monad in its own world is practically without limitations, at least as far as our solar system is concerned. But at every stage of its descent into matter it not only veils itself more and more deeply in illusion, but it actually loses its powers. If in the beginning of its evolution it may be supposed to be able to move and to see in an infinite number of these directions in space which we call dimensions, at each downward step it cuts off one of these, until for the consciousness of the physical brain only three of them are left. It will thus be seen that by this involution into matter we are cut off from the knowledge of all but a minute part of the worlds which surround us; and furthermore, even what is left to us is but imperfectly seen. Let us make an effort to realise what the higher consciousness may be by gradually supposing away some of our limitations; and although we are labouring under them even while we are thus supposing, the effort may possibly suggest to us some faint adumbration of the reality.

Let us begin with the physical world. The first thing that strikes us is that our consciousness even of that world is curiously imperfect. The student need feel no surprise at this, for he knows that we are at present only just beyond the middle of the fourth round, and that the perfection of consciousness of any plane will not be attained by normal humanity until the seventh round. The truth is that our whole life is imprisoned within limitations which we do not realise only because we have always endured them, and because the ordinary man has no conception of a

condition in which they do not exist. Let us take three examples ; let us see how we are limited in our senses, our powers and our intellect respectively.

First, as to our senses. Let us take the sense of sight for an example, and see how remarkably imperfect it is. Our physical world consists of seven sub-planes or degrees of density of matter, but our sight enables us to perceive only two of these with anything approaching perfection. We can usually see solid matter, if it is not too finely subdivided ; we can see a liquid that is not absolutely clear ; but we cannot see gaseous matter at all under ordinary conditions, except in the rare instances in which it has an especially brilliant colour (as in the case of chlorine) or when it happens to be dense, to be much compressed, and to be moving in a particular way—as in the case of the air which may sometimes be seen rising from a heated road. Of the four etheric subdivisions of physical matter we remain absolutely unconscious so far as sight is concerned, although it is by means of the vibration of some of these ethers that what we call light is conveyed to the eye.

Let us then commence the imaginary process of removing our limitations by considering what would be the effect if we really possessed fully the sight of the physical world. I am not taking into consideration the possibility of any increase in the *power* of our sight, though no doubt that also will come in due course, so that we shall be able so to alter the focus of the eye as to make it practically a telescope or a microscope at will. I am thinking for the moment only of the additional objects that would come into our view if our sight were perfected.

Nothing would any longer be opaque to us, so that we could see through a wall almost as though it were not there, and could examine the contents of a closed room or of a locked box with the greatest ease. I do not mean that by etheric sight a man could see through a mountain, or look straight through the earth to the other side of it; but he could see a good way into the rock, and he could see down to a considerable depth in the earth, much as we can now see through many feet of water to the bottom of a clear pool.

One can readily see a score of ways in which the possession of such a faculty would be practically valuable, and it would manifestly add to our knowledge in many directions. All surgical work could be performed with an ease and certainty of which at present we have no conception, and there would be fewer cases of inaccurate diagnosis. We could see the etheric bodies of our friends, and so we should be able to indicate unfailingly the source and cause of any nervous affection. A whole fresh world would come under the observation of the chemist, for he would then be able to deal with ethers as he now deals with gases. Our sight would instantly inform us as to the healthiness or otherwise of our surroundings, just as even now our noses warn us of the presence of certain forms of putrefaction. We could see at once when we were in the presence of undesirable germs or impurities of any kind, and could take our precautions accordingly. We could study the great hosts of the fairies, of the gnomes and the water-spirits, as readily as now we can study natural history or entomology; the world would be far fuller and far more interesting with even this slight augmentation of our sense.

But remember that even this would not take us beyond the physical world ; it would simply enable us to see that world more fully. We should still be liable to deception, we should still be capable of error with regard to the thoughts and feelings of others. We should still be blind to all the most beautiful part of the life which surrounds us, even though we should see so much more of it than we do now. But even with the fullest physical sight we could see nothing as it really is, but only, at most, what corresponds to a looking-glass reflection of it. The two-dimensional entity could never see a cube ; he would be quite incapable of imagining such a thing as a cube, and the nearest he could come to its comprehension would be to see a section of it as a square. However difficult it may be for us to grasp such an idea, we are at the present moment seeing only a section of everything that surrounds us ; and because that is so, we think many things to be alike which are in reality quite different—just as to the two-dimensional creature the thinnest sheet of metal would appear precisely the same as a heavy block of it, the base of which had the same shape and area.

Then as to our powers. Here also we are strangely limited. However strong a man may be, however clever he may be at his speciality, whether that speciality be physical or mental, he can never work at it beyond a certain strictly limited extent without beginning to suffer from fatigue. Most people do not realise that this fatigue is always and entirely a physical disability. We speak of the mind as tired ; but the mind cannot be tired ; it is only the physical brain through which that mind has to express itself, that,

is capable of fatigue. And even when the man is fresh and strong, how great are the difficulties in the way of a full expression of his thought! He has to try to put it into words; but words are feeble things at best, and can never really convey what the man feels or thinks; they are often misinterpreted, and the impression that they give is generally not at all what the speaker or writer originally intended.

The physical body is a serious obstacle in the way of rapid locomotion. Wherever we wish to go we have to carry with us this dense vehicle, this heavy lump of clay, that weighs the man down and checks his progress. At great expense and discomfort we must convey it by train or by steamer; and even with all our latest inventions, and with the wonderful progress that has been made with regard to all means of transportation, what a difficulty is this question of physical distance! How it stands in the way of the acquisition of knowledge; how it troubles the heart and lacerates the feelings of separated friends! The moment that we are able to raise our consciousness into a higher world all these difficulties are transcended.

Then as to our intellect. We are in the habit of boasting of it as some great thing. We speak of the march of intellect, of its great development, and generally speaking regard it as something of which we may reasonably be proud. Yet the truth is that it is nothing but a ridiculous fragment of what it presently will be—a fact which is abundantly clear to those of us who have had the privilege of coming into contact with some of the Masters of the Wisdom, and seeing in Them what a fully developed intellect really is. Here again our studies ought to save us from the common error,

for we know that it is the fifth round in each chain which is specially devoted to the development of the intellectual faculties; and as we are still in the fourth we naturally cannot expect that they should as yet be at all fully unfolded. In fact, at this stage they would be scarcely unfolded at all, if it were not for the stupendous stimulus that was given to the evolution of humanity by the descent of the Lords of the Flame from Venus in the middle of the Third Root Race.

All this is true; the physical consciousness is sadly limited; but how are we to transcend it? It might seem that in the ordinary process of evolution we ought to perfect the physical senses before we acquire those of the astral world; but our powers do not unfold themselves exactly in that way. In order that the man shall be able to function in his physical body at all, there must be an uninterrupted connection between the ego and that vehicle; and this involves the existence of the mental and astral bodies. At first they are employed chiefly as bridges across which communication passes; and it is only as our development progresses that they come into use as separate vehicles. But inevitably while the consciousness is sending down messages through them, and receiving in return impressions through them, they become to a certain small extent awakened; so that even in a savage, who cannot be said to have any consciousness worth speaking of outside of the physical vehicle, there is yet a faint dawning of intellect and often a considerable amount of emotion. At the stage where the ordinary man of civilised countries stands at the present moment, his consciousness is on the whole more centred in his astral body than in the physical, even though it is true that the powers of the

physical are as yet by no means fully unfolded. Their stage of unfoldment corresponds to the round in which we are now engaged; at this period only a partial development can be expected, but that partial development shows itself to some extent in the mental and astral bodies as well as in the purely physical.

A good deal can be done even with the physical body by careful training, but much more can be done in proportion with the astral and mental bodies, the reason being that they are built of finer matter and so are much more readily amenable to the action of thought. Even the physical body may be greatly affected by that action, as is shown by the remarkable performances of faith-healers and Christian scientists, and also by the well-authenticated examples of the appearance of the stigmata upon the bodies of some of those who have meditated strongly upon the alleged crucifixion of the Christ. But while only the few by determined exercise of thought-power can succeed in thus moulding the physical vehicle, anyone may learn how to control both the astral and the mental bodies by this power.

This is one of the objects which we seek to gain by the practice of meditation, which is the easiest and safest method of unfolding the higher consciousness. A man works steadily at his meditation year in and year out, and for a long time it seems to him that he is making no headway; yet all the while in his steady upward striving he is wearing the veil between the planes thinner and thinner, and at last one day there comes the moment when he breaks through and finds himself in another world. So wondrous, so transcendent, is that experience that he exclaims with startled delight:

“Now for the first time I really live ; now at last I know what life means ! I have thought before that life on the physical plane could sometimes be fairly keen and brilliant—yes, even vivid and full of bliss ; but now I realise that all that was the merest child’s play—that even in my most exalted moments I had no comprehension, no faintest suspicion of the glorious reality.”

And yet all this, which the man feels so intensely when for the first time he touches the astral world, will be repeated with still stronger force of contrast when he transcends that world in turn and opens himself out to the influences of the mental level. Then again he will feel that this is his first glimpse of actuality, and that even the most wonderful incidents of his astral life were to this but “as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine”. Again and again this happens to him as he climbs the ladder of evolution and comes nearer and nearer to reality ; for verily it is true, as the old books have said, that “Brahman is bliss,” and ever as one approaches the realisation of Him that bliss increases.

But the higher the joy the greater the contrast between that inner life and the life of the physical world ; so that to return from that to this seems like sinking into a profound abyss of darkness and despair. The contrast is indeed great ; so great that one cannot wonder that many of the saints of old, having once tasted this higher bliss, forsook all in order to follow it, and retired to cave or to jungle that there they might devote themselves to this higher life, in comparison with which all else that men hold valuable seems but as dust before the wind. I remember how in the early days of this Society we were told in one of the letters which came

through Madame Blavatsky that when an adept had spent a long time in the nirvāṇic consciousness, leaving his body in a trance for weeks together—when he came back again into physical life he found the contrast so severe that he fell into a black depression which lasted for many days. Our terms were used very loosely in those days, and in this case the word adept must have referred to someone in the early stages of occult development—an adept merely in the sense that he was sufficiently accustomed to occult gymnastics to be able to leave his body and reside for a time upon a somewhat higher level—not what we now mean by nirvāṇa, for only a real Adept (in the sense in which we *now* use the word) could repose long upon the nirvāṇic level, and He is far too highly evolved and far too unselfish to allow Himself to indulge in depression, however intensely He may feel the change when He returns to this grey, dull earth from worlds of unimagined splendour. Nevertheless the contrast is severe, and one who has found his true home in those higher worlds cannot but feel something of nostalgia while his duty compels him to dwell at the lower levels of ordinary life.

This has been spoken of as the great renunciation, and no doubt it is so ; it would indeed be infinitely great if one who has reached that point did not retain the powers of the higher consciousness even while still functioning in the physical body. One who has reached the Asekha stage habitually carries His consciousness on the nirvāṇic level, even though He still possesses a physical body. I do not mean that He can be fully conscious on both the planes simultaneously. When He is actually writing a letter or conducting a conversation on the physical plane, His consciousness is centred

there, just like that of the ordinary man, though the spiritual splendour is still present in the background ; but the moment that His physical work is over, the consciousness naturally springs back again to its accustomed condition, and though He still sits in the same physical chair, though He is fully alive and alert to all that is going on around Him, He is in reality living on that higher level, and earthly objects, though still present to Him, are slightly out of focus. This being His condition, the retaining of the physical body is only a modified sacrifice, although it involves a good deal of annoyance in the way of waste of time in eating, dressing, and so on.

When a man definitely attains the astral consciousness he finds himself much less hampered along all the three lines which we have instanced. In the astral body he has no longer sense-organs, but he does not need them, for what in that world corresponds to our senses works without needing a specialised organ. Strictly speaking, the word sight is hardly applicable to the perception of things in the astral world ; but that knowledge of surrounding objects which we gain by seeing them is as readily and much more perfectly acquired in that higher vehicle. Every particle of the astral body is responsive, though only to vibrations of its own sub-level ; thus in that higher life we get the effect of seeing all round us simultaneously, instead of only in one direction.

Since, as has frequently been explained, all solid physical objects have counterparts of that lowest type of astral matter which corresponds on that plane to a solid, we see practically the same world around us when utilising the astral senses. But it is a far more

populous world, for now we are able to see the millions of the sylphs or air-spirits, and also the hosts of the dead who have not yet risen above the astral level. Higher beings also are now within our purview, for we can see that lowest order of the angel evolution which we have frequently called the desire-angels. All our friends who still have physical bodies remain just as visible to us as before, although we see only their astral vehicles; but now all their emotions and passions lie open before us, and it is no longer possible for the conventionalist to deceive us as to the real state of his feelings on any point. His thoughts, however, are still veiled, except in so far as they affect his feelings, and so show themselves through them.

The limitation of space has not yet disappeared, but its inconveniences are reduced to a minimum. We no longer need the clumsy methods of transportation with which we are familiar down here; the finer matter of this higher world responds so readily to the action of thought that merely to wish to be at any place is at once to begin to journey towards it. The journey still takes an appreciable time, even though the amount is small and we can reach the other side of the world in a few minutes. But the few minutes are necessary, and we still have the sensation of passing through space, and can check ourselves at any moment of our journey, so as to visit the intermediate countries.

The intellect is far freer here than in the lower world, as it has no longer to exhaust most of its strength in setting in motion the heavy and sluggish particles of the physical brain. We gain greatly also from the fact that fatigue has disappeared, so that we are able to work steadily and continuously. Another advantage is

that we are far less hampered at this level by pain and suffering. I do not mean that there is no suffering in the astral world; on the contrary, it may be in many ways more acute than it can be down here, but on the other hand it can much more readily be controlled. The astral world is the very home of passion and emotion, and therefore those who yield themselves to an emotion can experience it with a vigour and a keenness mercifully unknown on earth. Just as we have said that most of the strength of thought is spent in setting in motion the brain-particles, so most of the efficiency of any emotion is exhausted in transmission to the physical plane, so that all that we ever see down here is the remnant which is left of the real feeling, after all this work has been done by it. The whole of that force is available in its own world, and so it is possible there to feel a far more intense affection or devotion than we can ever gain amid the mists of earth. Naturally, the same thing is true with regard to the less pleasant emotions; accessions of hatred and envy, or waves of misery or fear, are a hundred times more formidable on that plane than on this. So that the man who has no self-control is liable to experience an intensity of suffering which is unimaginable amidst the benignantly-imposed restrictions of common life.

The advantage is that, little as most people realise it, in the astral world all pain and suffering is in reality voluntary and absolutely under control, and that is why life at that level is so much easier for the man who understands. No doubt the power of mind over matter is wonderful in all the worlds, and even down here it frequently produces marvellous and unexpected results. But it is exceedingly difficult to control by the mind

acute physical pain. I know that it can often be done from outside by mesmerism, or even by determined exertion along the lines of Christian Science, and that it is frequently done in India and elsewhere by yogīs who have made a speciality of it; but the power so to control severe pain is not yet in the hands of most people, and even where it is possible, such an effort absorbs so much of the energy of the man as to leave him capable of little else for the time but holding the pain at bay.

The reason of this difficulty lies in the density of the matter; it is so far removed in level from the controlling forces that their hold on it is by no means secure, and great practice is required before definite results can be produced. The far finer astral matter responds immediately to an exertion of the will, so that while only the few can perfectly and instantly banish severe physical pain, everyone can in a moment drive away the suffering caused by a strong emotion. The man has only to exert his will, and the passion straightway disappears. This assertion will sound startling to many; but a little thought will show that no man *need* be angry or jealous or envious; no man *need* allow himself to feel depression or fear; all these emotions are invariably the result of ignorance, and any man who chooses to make the effort can forthwith put them to flight.

In the physical world fear may sometimes have a certain amount of excuse, for it is undoubtedly possible for one who is more powerful than we to injure our physical bodies. But on the astral plane no one can do hurt to another, except indeed by employing methods congruous to the plane, which are always gradual in their operation and easy to be avoided. In this world a

sudden blow may actually injure the texture of the physical body; but in the astral world all vehicles are fluidic, and a blow, a cut, or a perforation can produce no effect whatever, since the vehicle would close up again immediately, precisely as does water when a sword has passed through it.

It is the world of passions and emotions, and only through his passions and emotions can man be injured. A man may be corrupted, and persuaded to harbour evil passions, unworthy emotions; but these after all can be induced only slowly, and any man who wishes to resist them can do so with perfect ease. Therefore there is no reason whatever for fear upon the astral plane, and where it exists it is only through ignorance—ignorance which can be dispelled by a few moments' instruction and a little practice. Also, most of the reasons which cause suffering amid terrestrial surroundings are quite unrepresented. When we lay aside this body, there is no longer hunger or thirst, cold or heat, fatigue or sickness, poverty or riches; what room is there then for pain and suffering? One sees at a glance that that less material world cannot but be a happier one, for in that, far more than even in this, a man makes his own surroundings and can vary them at his will.

One of the greatest causes of suffering in our present life is what we are in the habit of calling our separation from those whom we love, when they leave their physical bodies behind them. Having only his physical consciousness, the uninstructed man supposes himself to have 'lost' his departed friend; but this is really an illusion, for the departed friend stands beside him all the time, and watches the variations of feeling expressed in his astral body. It will at once be seen that it is

impossible for the departed friend to be under any delusion that he has 'lost' the loved ones who still retain physical vehicles, for since they must also possess astral bodies (or those physical vehicles could not live) the 'dead' man has the living fully in sight all the time, though the consciousness of his living friend is available for the interchange of thought and sentiment only during the sleep of that friend's physical body. But at least the 'dead' man has no sense of loneliness or separation, but has simply exchanged the day for the night as his time of companionship with those whom he loves who still belong to the lower world.

This most fertile source of sorrow is therefore entirely removed from one who possesses the astral consciousness. The man who has evolved to the point at which he is able to use fully both the astral and physical consciousness while still awake can naturally never be separated from his departed friend, but has him present and fully available until the end of the latter's astral life, when that body in turn is dropped, and he enters upon his sojourn in the heaven-world. Then indeed an apparent separation does take place, though even then it can never be at all the same thing as what we call loss down here; for a man who has already fully realised the existence of two of the planes has thoroughly convinced himself of the plan of Nature's arrangements, and has a certainty with regard to them and a confidence in them which puts him in an altogether different position from the ignorance of the man who knows only one plane and cannot imagine anything beyond it.

In addition to this, a man who possesses astral consciousness has broken through the first and densest

of the veils, and will find it no great effort to penetrate that which divides him from the mental world, so that it frequently happens that before the so-called 'dead' person is ready to leave the astral plane, his friend has already opened the door of a yet higher consciousness, and is therefore able to accompany his 'dead' associate in the next stage of his progress. Under any and all circumstances, and whether the man who is still in physical life is or is not conscious of what takes place, the apparent separation is never more than an illusion, for in the heaven-world the 'dead' man makes for himself a thought-image of his friend, which is instantly observed and utilised by the ego of that friend; and in that way they are closer together than ever before.

(To be concluded)

C. W. Leadbeater

O God within my breast,
 Almighty ever-present Deity!
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Though earth and man were gone
 And suns and universes cease to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void;
 Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
 And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Emily Bronte

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

II

IN Soul-culture, as in all other pursuits earnestly conducted, there come times when a departure on new lines becomes inevitable if further progress is to be made. By my inability to fulfil certain ever-growing obligations to a group of fellow-students in spiritual subjects, the fact was gradually forced upon my attention that if I was ever to be of any real help to others, my mind would have to pass through a course of training as drastic as the one I was endeavouring to carry out with regard to my character. Close observation revealed to me how very little I was capable of sustained thought, or indeed of reasoning on any subject. Finding that my efforts in this latter direction were less disappointing if I attempted to write them down, I gathered that the only course open to me was to inaugurate my mental discipline by selecting a sympathetic subject, requiring deep thought, and writing an article upon it. Such discipline does not sound very severe to most people of any literary training, but to me—whose school education had been trivial in the extreme, and whose ideal of life's duties was an untiring activity in response to calls of home and household—it meant almost a complete reversal of the training of a life-time.

For the first few days of this new departure, enthusiasm carried all before it; the thought-scheme for my article grew apace and filled me with the deepest interest. But gradually the sustained effort on such unusual lines began to slacken. I became possessed with the idea that the most perfect and complete fulfilment of my normal obligations had the prior claim upon my time and unselfishness. So the days flew by, and, sad to relate, little or no progress was made with my new undertaking. It seemed, indeed, as if my conscience would soon become unwillingly convinced that established duties forbade the carrying-out of my attempted efforts at mental training.

One morning, when matters had been in this stage for a week or so, I partially aroused myself from sleep, and in my consciousness seemed to be busily engaged in fulfilling an endless number of small unimportant duties. I was taking the most elaborate pains with these little tasks, but at the same time I was deeply impressed with the idea that I must hasten and get free to spend the evening with some intimate friend whose spiritual counsel I intensely desired. At last I thought everything was done; no one had any further service to ask of me, and I was free to follow my own inclinations.

Hurriedly dressing for my expedition, I found when I opened the outer door that it was far later than I had imagined. Dark night had descended and, moreover, it was blowing hard and raining heavily. I followed a narrow lane with high hedges on either hand which wound, spiral-fashion, up a very steep hill. The way seemed terribly long and exhausting. The rough and stony road hurt my feet cruelly, for my shoes were much too thin for such severe travelling. Nevertheless

I pressed on and on, indifferent to the pitiless wind and driving rain, only conscious of one all-absorbing fear that, in spite of all my efforts, I should be too late.

At last I reached the end of my journey. On the summit of the hill that I had climbed with such effort stood a house, at the door of which I knocked for admission. Even when my friend opened the door, it seemed to me as if the driving storm strove to prevent my entrance; but, once within the sheltering walls, the exquisite sense of peace and rest almost overwhelmed me. The friend whom I had come through such difficulties to visit I recognised as one who on several similar occasions had already filled the *rôle* of guide and intimate counsellor to me. She was always presented to my consciousness as robed and veiled in black after the style of a Sister of Mercy; the veil was always thrown back from the face, but where the face should have been portrayed was only a blank, or, rather, a void.

On the present occasion, she led me into a rather small but well-lit and well-furnished apartment, and assigned to me a place by the fire. As she did so, she expressed profound regret that I had arrived so late, for now we should have little or no opportunity for converse, because her mother was momentarily expected for their evening devotions. Even as she ceased speaking, the door opened full and wide, apparently of itself, and there appeared in the portal a radiant being robed in soft white translucent raiment. The face, of exquisite classic beauty, was fair and illuminated beyond all description. The hair, like spun gold, was parted in the middle, and fell like a glorious veil of fire, enveloping her figure and reaching down to the level of the knees. Poised in the air an inch or

two above her head, and directly over the centre of her forehead, was a star of vivid bright light. The right hand supported a crucifix of great size, so large that it reached from her shoulder to the ground, and she used it as a staff when moving rapidly forward into the room with a harmonious and rhythmic step. Observing that my faceless companion received the celestial visitor with a deep obeisance, I tried to do the same, but felt greatly oppressed with my ignorance. When the tones of their voices chanting the evening worship fell upon my ears, I perceived that they were using a language so totally unfamiliar to me that I was quite incapable of taking any part in their devotions other than that of adopting a reverent attitude. The orisons concluded, the door re-opened of itself and the radiant mother passed from my sight, again making use of the staff, and again walking with the same rhythmic step as she had used on her arrival.

During the whole scene my mind was deeply impressed and my heart perhaps a trifle chilled that this glorious being was so absolutely absorbed in her *one* purpose, that at no time did she take the very faintest notice of either my companion or myself. Except that due pause was made for the responses uttered by my guide and hostess, it was as if we were not there, so completely were we ignored.

My friend now approached and bade me a most tender farewell; and once more I found myself out in the buffeting storm, treading my painful path along the narrow roadway. Imperceptibly I passed into physical consciousness, and immediately exclaimed to myself: "Oh, what can be the meaning of that?" Instantly came a clear and decided answer to my question.

Uttered in a voice so stern and commanding that it filled me with dismay, I heard the following three strange words, "Cease your pottering!"

Though I promptly set myself to search honestly and carefully through all my recent mode of life for the necessity for such an uncompromising reproof, I was totally at a loss to discover anything 'pottering' in the behaviour of such an industrious and hardworking person as I knew myself to be. It was not until the hour approached that had been originally set apart for my mental training, that my mentor's meaning was made clear to me. The words "Cease your pottering!" rang out forcibly once again and made me realise how under the specious excuse of perfectly fulfilling my home duties I was travelling along the line of least resistance, pandering to my mental laziness, and, worse than all, practising a self-deception so complete that I was hoodwinked into believing that by shirking self-discipline I was being more dutiful and unselfish.

Though this little lesson was practically all that I was able thoroughly to assimilate at the time, a few years later, when some knowledge of Theosophy began to illuminate my understanding, this dream served me as an inspiration in countless ways.

Being told one day by our beloved President of the deep necessity of becoming one-pointed, her words vividly recalled to my mind the radiant star-lit being whom I had seen so completely absorbed in divine service, and who used a symbol of the Crucified Man as her staff.

"When I awake after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

A Theosophist

“ WORSHIP AND BREAKING OF
BREAD—11 A.M. ”

By HOPE REA

In an unkempt lane, off the wide High Street,
At a garden's corner, poorly placed,
Stands an iron shed, unadorned, unmeet
For aught that were fit should be richly graced.

'Mong ancestral elms, and in honour set,
Rise the holy walls of the church of God,
With wealth of column, and window's fret,
And aisles that for ages hushed feet have trod.

Here daily is dressed the Lord's own meal,
With the solemn Spell Himself had taught ;
While people and priest in order kneel,
And in hallowed speech array their thought.

By the iron shed stands a weathered board,
That a legend bears in letters dim ;
An iron shed, for the Church's Lord ?
Yet surely the legend speaks of Him !

By its bidding called, on Sunday's morn
A humble folk o'er its threshold tread,
With hearts uplift, from their homes forlorn,
Being bidden for “ worship and breaking of bread ”.

For “ worship and breaking of bread ” they come,
To the iron room their pence have raised ;
To rite and ritual wholly dumb,
Yet in way of their own the Lord is praised.

* * *

When the Christ shall come in the nearing Day,
And His feet shall enter house and fane,
Which of the folk will best homage pay ?
To these, or those, be the Vision plain ?

When He comes to His own, whose eyes will be holden ?
We dream, and remember how it is said
Of two, by the way, in the parable olden,
That by them He was known in the breaking of bread.

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 788)

VIII

From God
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant
Intelligence exists which casts our mind
Into immeasurable shade.

Browning

But come up, ye
Who adore in any way
Our God by His wide-honoured Name of YEA. . .
And on the ladder hierarchical
Have seen the order'd Angels to and fro
Descending with the pride of service sweet,
Ascending with the rapture of receipt!

Coventry Patmore

SWIFTLY and peacefully the days went by. The old scholar was absorbed by the thought of the great book by means of which he was going to convey his newly crystallised convictions, the ripe convictions of his serene old age, to the world at large. He talked much of it to Lucien, wandering out over vast stretches of philosophical speculation whither the boy could scarcely follow him.

“The Phallicists are wrong,” he would often declare emphatically. “Completely and fatally wrong Oh, I mean to show them! You shall see, Lucien. I may.

be called a crank, and a deluded old madman, and anything else you like, but there are men who know me well, and who cannot deny that my brain is as keen now as ever it was, and my faculties as alert and as reliable as those of any younger man, even though I *am* white-haired and getting a bit stiff in the joints." But interesting and fascinating though Lucien found their long talks together—which sometimes took the form of discussion as between equals, and sometimes that of monologues on the part of Peterson—he enjoyed still more the pure mental atmosphere of the quiet old house, and the happy solitary hours spent in wandering through the woods that flanked it on two sides, or in exploring the broad, undulating downs not far away, whose green expanses lay ever gloriously open to the sunshine and the winds.

Sometimes grave learned men would come to the Manor, divines and scholars from all parts of the world, attracted by the fame of this thin old man who had lived so long alone with his books, and whose name was yet known far and wide as one of the greatest living authorities on the world-old history of religions. Then indeed the library resounded to a flow of words, words which seemed to Lucien to fill it from floor to ceiling, and to reverberate meaninglessly in its deepest and duskiest recesses. At such times as these he generally kept out of the way, for his presence was apt to lead to embarrassing questions, and he divined that the conversation flowed more easily when he was not there.

Now and then Peterson would let some glimmering of the new ideas which possessed him appear in his remarks to these strangers, and gloat in secret over the mystification they caused; although in some of his

visitors he rejoiced to find a spirit which met more than half-way the tentative hints he ventured to throw out. Still, on the whole, he was guarded and careful. He wanted the book to be a surprise, a totally unexpected revelation, and, in any case, his views were not yet sufficiently ordered and tabulated for coherent expression. So he discussed shades of meaning in syllables and words of languages scarcely known, even by name, to the ordinary intelligent mortal ; likenesses and discrepancies in old-time mythological conceptions ; doubtful dates in ancient historical records ; possible motives for far-distant acts ; origins of strange forms of ritual ; and a thousand other details—all with that school-boy zest which was one of his most prominent and most attractive characteristics.

When there were none of these cosmopolitan visitors in the house—and their visits, as a rule, were short and unexpected—he and Lucien spent much time together, and under his guidance the boy's education progressed rapidly. He had the gift of languages in a remarkable degree, and after a time it delighted him to spell out for himself verses from the ancient sacred books, or directions for strange mystical ceremonials, such as were to be found in some of the rare volumes in Peterson's comprehensive library. But what delighted him most of all was when they read together accounts of what certain contemporaries were doing with regard to the occult investigation of ancient religious problems and beliefs. Here Peterson, from his extraordinary fund of erudition, could often adduce new proofs, or at any rate strong presumptions, in favour of the correctness of the results thus obtained ; and it was a great joy to both of them to find that other minds were working,

methodically and steadily, although along lines unrecognised by the ordinary scholar, in the same direction as their own. The unity of all religions, the tremendous Divine Truths shadowed forth in the ancient mythologies, the vast hierarchy of spiritual Beings stretching between man and God, linking the microcosm—struggling, limited, suffering all the pains of growth—to its Source in the great creative Perfection which lies at the core of the Universe—these were some of the things they studied together, the old learned mind and the young intuitive one, helping and complementing one another in perfect sympathy and understanding.

The free open-air life which Lucien lived, side by side with this enthralling life of the mind, saved him from consequences which might otherwise have ensued from such sudden and tremendous mental stimulus. As he grew nearer to manhood his physical form increased in beauty and strength equally with the spiritual self within; and of the radiant growth of that, nobody who looked into his eyes could fail to be aware.

There were times when the child and the mystic in him took the upper hand, when nothing could keep him in the house or induce him to open a book. These moods generally culminated in some spiritual experience, some vision, of a wonder and beauty so surpassing that nothing but his deep and tender love for Peterson could have persuaded him to try to speak of it in words. Human speech was hopelessly inadequate for dealing with such things, but the old man's humble eager interest, his intense unsatisfied desire to participate consciously in some such experience himself, melted the boy's otherwise impenetrable reserve. So it came that there were evenings when that quiet room, lined

on all sides with the printed thoughts of men, heard a young, awed voice—now low and hesitating because of the limitations and shortcomings of the only possible medium of expression, now eloquent and impassioned, thrilled with the memory of an indescribable splendour—recounting things so pure, so vital, so simple and so great, that to Peterson there seemed to gather all around the walls bright, winged presences so thinly veiled from sight that he felt as if each word that fell from the boy's lips must draw some fold of the covering away, as if every moment they must break in visible beauty upon his longing eyes.

But he did not waste time in seeking this desired revelation which came not. There was other work for him to do.

“You are the seer,” he sometimes said to Lucien ; “I must be, as far as I can, the interpreter. The things you tell me all have a deep and vital influence upon the spirit of my book. They are a tremendous help to me in making my ideas clear. They throw light on the dark places, and the dark places grow steadily fewer, so that in the end I believe I shall be able to clear them all away. Then it will only remain for men to read with the seeing eye and with the understanding heart. To such my message will bring joy that all can share—Christian, Jew, Muhammadan, Buddhist, all alike. To the rest it will seem mere visionary ravings. But that there are some—perhaps even many—who will understand it and accept it, I have no doubt, no doubt at all.”

Never had he thrown himself so whole-heartedly into the writing of any book before. His unequalled stores of deep and precious knowledge poured themselves

out into it with a lavishness and an ease that astonished even himself, while he brought to their expression the force of an ardent and poetic simplicity, a clarity of style, such as had indeed distinguished many of his former writings, but never to the same extent, or in the same rare quality. All his life long the history of *religions* had been the supreme, unchallenged interest that occupied his mind, almost to the complete exclusion of the ordinary interests of the world. But, as he now saw, largely because he knew so much about them, he had known, really . . . nothing! The mysterious story, unrivalled in its fascination, of the origin and meaning of *Religion* was what held him now. All his vast and detailed knowledge of separate religious systems, their creeds, dogmas and practices, seemed to have united into one magnificent whole in his mind, a whole which, since his association with Lucien, had become gloriously illuminated as by some light of splendid inspiration. With heart aflame and soul uplifted he flung himself into the work of expression, and when Lucien begged him to take longer pauses of rest and relaxation, the answer was always the same:

“There is no time to rest. That will come later. I am old, Lucien, but I know that I shall not die before the book is finished. Only, I must not waste time. I must go straight ahead, without pause or hesitation, while the desire for work is on me.”

And to that the boy could say nothing, although his heart was often heavy within him.

Things came about much as he had feared. Scarcely was the last chapter brought to a close when the old man's frail body collapsed through the long strain of nearly a year's unceasing toil.

“It doesn’t matter now,” he said to Lucien. “The book is finished. It needs carefully reading through, a few passages amplifying, a few quotations verifying, but nothing that I cannot leave quite safely in your hands.”

And then for days he lay in a state of peaceful lethargy, utterly satisfied and content, until, on one mellow summer evening when the sun was bathing all the landscape in a liquid flood of gold, the dim life-flame in him flickered and burnt up suddenly with a flash of its old brilliance.

He sat up in bed and talked with energy and animation, as had ever been his wont, of the matters his mind so loved to dwell upon.

“Death is far from being a wholly physical thing,” he remarked suddenly, after a little while. “Every particle in the body is renewed every seven years. How then can it grow old? or how wear out? No, it is the Spirit that tires of its earthly habitation, that wearies of the cramping limitations of its house of flesh; and in proportion as it struggles to draw itself away, the vital forces of the body are weakened, the sub-consciousness that guides its myriad functions is affected and disturbed, until at last the final separation takes place, and the body is cast off, its purpose accomplished—even as the serpent casts his worn-out skin. My Spirit, Lucien, has long been weary of the prison-house, but until its work was finished it could not escape. Now, that is done at last, and the way of freedom opens rapidly. Your work yet remains to be begun, and I have felt of late as if the beginning were not far off.”

A faint sigh escaped the boy.

“I have been so happy!” he exclaimed. “And in these years with you I have learnt so much. What a

friend you have been to me ! Indeed, I am sure that our friendship dates back into lives long before these present ones, and that it will be renewed again. But my heart is heavy at the thought of making a fresh start—without your help.”

“ You will not need my help,” the old man said gently, “ though doubtless the task before you is a great one. Not for nothing were you born of such parents. Not for nothing were you and I brought together just at the time when you needed the teaching that I could give you. All that you have learnt has been learnt, I feel sure, with some purpose, some great end in view. Your life was not meant all to be passed in the lonely isolation which has marked the greater part of your childhood. Spiritual loneliness you will ever know, as all pure Spirits caged in flesh must know it; but your outer life will be led among men and in crowded cities; and I feel, in some dim way, that you are destined to influence the world.”

Lucien’s young face grew very sad.

“ I have been so happy !” he said again. “ But I feel that you are right. There is some work waiting for me. I do not know yet what it is, but when the time comes I shall know. Hermes will tell me.”

“ I have no doubt,” the old man answered gravely; and then his voice fell to a whisper.

“ Do you think, Lucien, do you think, that I shall be able to see him now, before I die ? ”

“ I think that he is very near to you,” said the boy, steadily. “ I know that he is waiting to help and guide you, and to show you splendid things.”

“ Would that he might unseal my eyes before I die !” the old man murmured. “ Saturn’s restraining,

limiting power has lasted long enough. O Mercury, thou who holdest the gift of vision, grant it to me, I pray thee, in some measure, even before my spirit tasteth the liberty of those spiritual worlds wherein thou dwellest! Bestow upon me even one single ray of that Light and Beauty which are thine! All my knowledge, all my worldly learning, so hardly acquired, and at the sacrifice of much that other men find good and pleasant, all have I now dedicated to thee—all have I poured forth in the hope that through them other souls may be led to perceive some gleam of the dawning of thy Wisdom. Though these things are as nothing in thy sight, I offer them, O Messenger of Heaven! for they are all that I have to offer—and I ask nothing in return save the satisfaction of beholding thee once, once only, with these mortal eyes.”

“O, but you will, you will behold him!” cried Lucien, indescribably stirred and troubled. “He is very near. What matter if your bodily eyes see him not, when the eyes of the Spirit will so soon be opened? Oh, be not anxious or doubtful! Entreat him not, for it may be that he cannot come to you in visible form, even though he would. But you are his child—children of Mercury are we both; my Spirit knows it!—though for some reason, perhaps through some separating, disharmonising trend of thought or action in the past, he has not been able to come close to your waking consciousness in this life. Next time it will be different, for of late the old bond has been renewed and strengthened, and even now he is waiting for you somewhere, quite near by. He will take you close, close to himself, and through him you will be led ever closer to the One whose servant he is—and we—and all that lives. It is he

who points the way for us, and for all his many children. Others may travel along different roads and follow different leaders, but all will reach the same goal in the end. All will rest in the same Heart and dwell in the same Spirit. Oh, do not doubt him, even though you see him not now! When he can come, he comes—when he can help, he helps—there is no need to pray him. Entreat him no more; rather trust him. Trust him ‘to the last point of vision and beyond!’”

He knelt down by the bed, looking into the old man’s tired blue eyes.

“Listen to these lines,” he said. “I read them only the other day, and took them straight to my heart:

“I am a tool in mighty hands;
 Though of myself no strength have I
 Yet, if He strike with me, the lands
 Shall reel and the great mountains cry.

“And if He use me as His torch,
 My heat shall drink the eternal waves,
 And the hot tongue of flame shall scorch
 The hidden depths of ocean caves.

“If as a lamp He make me shine,
 My glow shall pale each fire afar,
 Irradiate with light divine
 The space beyond the utmost star.

“And if, when He His power has shown,
 He lay me by, as is most meet,
 I take the place that is my own
 Among the dust beneath His feet.”

He recited the words with a passion of humility in his voice; and as he finished, the old man sighed, and smiled.

“So be it! You and your poet are right, my wise-hearted little friend. I will demand nothing, nothing, of him. I give myself to him, happy if I have been,

even in some infinitesimal degree, his instrument. I will not again entreat him, Lucien, for I know that you have spoken the truth—‘when he can come, he comes’. Let that suffice me.”

The room grew dim and quiet after that. Outside, a happy thrush sang melodious farewells to the fading day. The roses breathed out all the sweetness of their hearts in the golden light that filled the garden. The trees stood with dark branches uplifted against the sky, as if in silent ecstasy of prayer and adoration.

And suddenly Lucien’s heart gave a great leap, for he felt that, very gradually, the room was being swept by that cool, clean air, bearing its pure and unmistakable fragrance of downs and woodlands, that heralded the near approach of the one whom his Spirit loved.

The old man moved his head restlessly on the pillow.

“What is that, Lucien? What is that I feel? . . . Listen, Lucien!”

Even as he spoke a low chord of music sounded in the air. It seemed to be all around them, and its tone was soft and fairy-like as that of a wind-blown lyre. It hung there for an instant, delicately thrilling, and before it died away the boy’s eyes were fixed adoringly upon the radiant vision of peace and beauty whose advent it had foretold. But the old man, though alert and listening, saw nothing.

“O Hermes! Hermes! if he might only see thee!” Lucien breathed in his inmost heart, for he knew that it was lawful to entreat for others, though not always for oneself. “Could I not lend him my sight for a little space? His soul hath such a longing. Let him see instead of me, this once!”

“There is no need for that, my son,” said the lovely voice, always suggesting the musical rhythm of running waters and of blowing winds, “though it was well that thou shouldest offer. Lay thy hand upon his. His eyes are all but opened now, and with thy help he will see.”

Lucien stretched out his hand, and clasped the thin, tired fingers of the dying man. Almost at once they closed upon his with a grip that spoke of astonishment and joy.

 IX

If I stoop
 Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
 It is but for a time ; I press God's lamp
 Close to my breast ; its splendour, soon or late,
 Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day.

Browning

Ay, and when Prophecy her tale hath finished,
 Knowledge hath withered from the trembling tongue,
 Love shall survive and Love be undiminished,
 Love be imperishable, Love be young.

F. W. H. Myers

“O most perfect Angel!” came in a low, sighing breath from the old man's lips. “Thou Bird of God! Thou brightest of the Sons of Heaven! I thank thee. Now am I ready to follow thee wheresoever thou wilt, O Psychopompus, guide and leader of souls!”

Lucien started at hearing almost the self-same words that his mother had spoken on that stormy May-night, years ago. Then he saw Hermes move forward with glorious recognition in his eyes, and a gladness on his

brow as of one who welcomes home a dear friend from a long and weary sojourn in a distant land.

A strong, sweet wind sang through the room, and on its fragrance-bearing wings two shadowy figures were uplifted and swept away in a whirl and glory of magnificent escape. So great was the speed, the rush, the sweep of their going, that Lucien himself, oblivious of all save this transcendent opportunity for freedom, seemed to be carried with them—literally swept along, as a man “in the flying wake of the luminous water-snake”—towards regions of spaciousness and wonder, towards lucid realms of blessedness and peace.

But very soon he became subtly aware that the others were outstripping him. Hasten as he might, they sped ever on in front and he could not overtake them.

Hand-in-hand across wide spaces they fled, and vanished like shooting stars down vistas of translucent glory whither he could not follow. Between him and them a veil fell. Their swift going was blotted out from him. Despairing and amazed, he found himself surrounded by nethermost darkness . . . and alone.

There came over him the sure and bitter conviction that he must return. Not yet for him that radiant and star-swift flight. Not yet those bright, ethereal worlds of joy that called his Spirit, and had almost held it. He must return . . . to earth . . . to his body . . . to life in the world of men. His being was swept by a flood of passionate rebellion and of fear. Fear of the old dim way of life, that in reality was worse than death. Fear of those blind, cruel souls of men that would bruise and crush his own, mocking at its brightness, hating it for its pure beauty which they vaguely sensed but could not see. Rebellion against the fate that drove him back to

them, shutting him out from that fair spiritual haven which he knew to be his rightful resting-place. He sent out a wild prayer for release from the bonds which held him and had called him back when freedom was so nearly won. But the shadows gathered more thickly around him, his fear increased, and the horror of his Spirit was intensified . . . until from very far away there came to him an echo of infinite sadness: "Never be afraid, Lucien. . . . Burn bright, my little lamp, burn bright."

And at that tears overcame him; the darkness lifted somewhat and it was borne in upon him that through this mad launching-forth in search of release from the bonds of matter, the light of his earthly life had been almost quenched. His desire had carried him so far away from earth that the flame of the lamp had sunk low and was like to be extinguished. But still he wandered, lost in this place of darkness and of terror, and could find no way by which he might return to his deserted body before it was too late to re-kindle the light within it. Once more he sent forth the voice of his Spirit in a passionate desire for guidance, and this time it was answered by the presence of him who was, he felt, the only one with the power to reach him in this dark and desolate wilderness which belonged neither to heaven nor to earth.

"My son, my son! How camest thou here? Thou shouldest not have followed me, for I called thee not."

"I was caught away. . . . I longed so to escape . . . and to be with thee, Hermes. But I have lost the way. I would return, ere the silver cord be broken. Show me the way, I pray thee, for now I see that it is too soon for my Spirit to win freedom. My work is not

yet done; my light is needed in the world. I long to stay, Hermes! My Spirit fears and loathes the moment of return. But it is time. I must go back."

"Thy right desire hath already guided thee towards the way of return, my son, but the choice is open to thee still. None can decide the issue but thyself. Even I cannot aid or counsel thee. Having escaped so far, wilt thou resume the way of joy and light, which leads, as thou well knowest, to the consummation of thy Spirit's dear desire, or wilt thou take the way of sacrifice, back to the world, back to thy bodily prison-house, and to the work which yet remains for thee to do? This is thy final choice, and from it there is no appeal."

Lucien was aware of a tense listening all around him.

"I will go back," he said, and immediately the words were spoken his whole being was rent with anguish, and he knew that he was enclosed once more in earthly limitations.

But he found to his amazement that Hermes now was spiritually nearer to him than had ever been the case before. They seemed both to be enveloped in some luminous radiancy of joy that flowed around them like a river of spiritual light.

"O well, well for thee, that thou hast chosen thus!" cried the God, and his voice seemed to echo the singing of the stars. "Now, O my son, thou hast indeed won freedom, for because of the great anguish of thy choice—thy soul having long since overcome the hot desires which draw souls forth to manifest in lower spheres—because of this, I say, thou shalt never again be driven to return to earth, never again be forced to suffer the

dark imprisonment of the flesh. Hadst thou chosen to complete thy escape for the sake of thine own immediate and temporary satisfaction, thou wouldst have had to return to earth later, and perhaps many times. But now the last debt is settled; no jot or tittle remains now to be paid; and when this earth-life is over, thou wilt indeed be free at last!—free to enjoy an age-long bliss before thou comest forth again, still under the shadow of my sheltering wing, to learn and grow, to work and help, in new forms, under new conditions, and in a new star-world.”

Lucien bowed his head in humility and awe.

“And the work that I have to do first? May I know now what it is?” Silence fell for a moment, and once again he was aware of invisible Spirits all around, who listened with a deep intentness.

“Yes, it is time for thee to know,” Hermes answered, and his voice held a new note, a note of exultation. “Thou art now very near to manhood, and thy whole youth has been a preparation for this great work which is awaiting thee. . . . Lucien, there is a Mighty Elder Brother of Humanity, One who has suffered all the pains and sorrows of the human race, but who has long since broken every link that bound Him and been made free of all the worlds. He is both God and Man, both Lord and Servant, and because of His great and tender love for men He returns from time to time to bless the earth with His presence. Because of His knowledge, because He Himself has long ago passed through the stream of human evolution, there is none other that can bring such help and comfort to the toiling souls of men, none other that has such power to teach, to uplift, and to inspire. The time draws near for

Him to return once more. The sorrows of the world call to Him. The mistakes, the darkneses, the vain wild efforts in which men lose and spend themselves make a song of entreaty in His ears, so that He cannot rest even in those realms of joy and peace which are His Spirit's Home. His infinite love and compassion draw Him irresistibly back to the world of men. In visible tangible human form He will come, not as a Spirit, not as a vision. For there are many things which men have forgotten and which must be learnt afresh ; and there are many new and difficult things which they can only learn from one who comes in human form like unto their own. He will come, this time, to bring no sword, but a great peace. He will come, above all, as the Eternal Reconciler, as the Symbol and the Herald of the ultimate At-one-ment between God and Man, between Spirit and Matter, between Heaven and Earth. . . . And here, Lucien, is where thy help is needed. All thy knowledge, thy strength, thy conviction and thy love shalt thou pour forth in these next years to make smooth, if it may be, the way that this Great One must tread. For this reason has my Wisdom been revealed to thee. For this purpose has the power of my caduceus been shown thee—the power to reconcile conflicting elements and to bring harmony where discord reigns. To this end have I given thee the gift of speech, which enables thee to fit the thought to the word, the spirit to the form, and to interpret and make clear the things which, otherwise, could never be brought home to the dull minds of men. All this will be thy task. The book which has been left in thy care will help thee, but apart from this thou wilt have none to depend on but thyself. This thing thou must

do alone. Thou must go forth among men—ah, thy Spirit shrinks from that! but fear not, for well thou knowest that love makes all things easy. All the energy that thou hast, physical, mental and spiritual, must be spent in this mighty task of preparing men's minds to receive the great universal teaching which so soon will be vouchsafed to them. All thy singleness of aim, thy simplicity of heart, thy sincerity, thy courage, and above all thy loving compassion—give all in this great service, without thought and without stint! Spare not thyself, and it may be that the Master, when He comes, finding that thou hast been so faithful a servant, will call upon thee for a final sacrifice, the consummation of thine earthly progress. For this new Coming of His is of deeper and greater meaning than words can convey. It shadows forth a cosmic Mystery—one of the secret, innermost Mysteries of the Creation—and all who take part in it, even down to the least degree, are sharers in its transcendent glory Now, Lucien—thou Light-bearer—thou whose very name is a symbol of thine office—now thou knowest how thou art called upon to spend the life to which thou returnest. Hard will be the struggle, bitter the resistance, full of pain and weariness the task. But fear not; faint not; let thy lamp burn bright! Remember that I am near thee, even though thou must henceforth stand alone in the eyes of men. Thou art my son I have given thee of my power and of my wisdom . . . and the stars in their courses are fighting on thy side!”

All the winds of the world leapt out from their hiding-places, and in the stillness which lay at the heart of them, as the stillness lies in the heart of a flame,

Lucien came back, untouched, unstirred, by all their rushing, singing and blowing.

In low sweet cadences the sound of them faded away into some remote and airy distance, and Lucien opened his eyes once more upon the familiar room.

The worn-out shell which had veiled the eager Spirit of his friend lay in utter stillness on the bed, and through the open window he could see in the clear dawn-sky, just above the horizon, the bright swift-moving planet nearest to the sun.

With parted lips and straining eyes he watched, until its shining grew dim and it vanished from his sight, drowned and overwhelmed in the still brighter glory of the rising day.

Then Lucien fell upon his knees, and offered up the pure incense of his Spirit in humble sacrifice to Him Who is the God of stars and flowers and men alike.

Eva M. Martin

STRANGE CHILDREN

By ANNIE BESANT

OUR Burman General Secretary sends the following deeply interesting account of a marvellous child of five-and-a-half years old. Moug Thain Moug is a reliable gentleman, and his statements are capable of verification. We give them in his own words :

On 3rd December, 1912, I was told that a young boy, Moug Aung Baw, a name which he fully deserves, five-and-a-half-years old, of marvellous memory, fair face, and smiling countenance, whose special characteristic is to look straight into everything that comes across his vision, came to Rangoon from Moulmein for the Pāli Examination, commencing on December 1st.

On the 3rd December, I went over to see how this young lad would fare in his ordeal, and I was careful to occupy the front seat, quite close to the boy. He was examined in all the Pāli Texts before an audience comprising from two to three thousand men, and all the High Priests and several monks were astounded at the boy's wonderful power of memory, with no hesitation whatsoever—a miracle for a boy of his tender age. I here give you a history of this young Brother, before I tell you what Buddhist Sacred Books he has studied. He was born to a Burmese mother and Chinese father, who both died within one year of the boy's birth. He was then adopted by U Po Toke and Mah Aye Me, Burman residents of Moulmein, who also shared the same fate within one year of adoption. Thirdly, this boy was again adopted by two Burmese parents, one of whom, the mother, died shortly. The father being afraid of keeping the boy under his protection, lest he also should breathe his last, made a present of the boy to Bhikkhu U Thatha Na, of Ye Kyoung Monastery, Moug Gan Quarter, Moulmein. The boy was a little over two years of age at this time.

It is said that when once, in the Kyoung Monastery, a gramophone record gave the text of a Phongyi's preaching through the gramophone, the boy at once learnt it by heart and repeated it to his mates ; and the teacher, coming to know of

this incident, thought it best to use his memory in the right direction, and wanted to teach him all the Pāli Texts, which he instantly began to do. The result of his doing so is what is above stated. Let me tell you his results in the examination that is now being conducted in Rangoon at Thayet-taw Kyoung Dike, Godwin Road. It is merely that he carried off the palm in every subject he took up. He was even tested by the Professor of Pāli in the local College, who was astonished at the boy's marvellous power in reciting clearly all the Pāli Texts. I also examined him, and found him to be one of those young Souls that are now born into this world for the good of humanity. Photographers are making money out of him, and several Burmans have come with offerings of gold and silver coins, not to speak of various sorts of eatables. The boy very carefully avoids all sorts of meat, the very sight of which is repulsive to him.

In the midst of the audience this young Brother was honoured with a seat on the Sangha's dais, with laymen offering homage to him, just like the incident that happened at Benares when our young Brother Alcyone presented us with diplomas of the Order of the Star in the East. No Buddhist will think it beneath his dignity to give due respect where respect is due; for it is clearly shown in the 'Three Raṭanas' of our daily prayer that to do homage to a Soul advanced in Dhamma, though encased in a young body, is but the duty of every follower of the Buddha. Theosophists, therefore, should not consider it a strange idea to respect such Souls, simply because they are young as far as the physical body is concerned. For the outside world, of course, it will take a long time to understand the poetry contained in this affair.

The list of books the boy has by heart :

1. Pali Tri-Pitakas (still a portion to be finished).
2. Eight Volumes of Pali Grammar.
3. Nine Volumes of Compendium of Philosophy and Metaphysics by Arhat Anurudha.
4. Right Revd. Ledi Sayadaw's (Buddhist High Priest) rhythmical Poems on Metaphysics.
5. Right Revd. Ledi Sayadaw's rhythmical Poems on Pali Grammar.
6. Several other Pali Texts.

In the THEOSOPHIST for September, 1912, p. 929, I gave some particulars about a small boy, who had had a dream about the Order of the Star in the East. The boy was then twelve years old, and thirteen years before that, at a Spiritualistic sitting, the manifesting entity had advised the sitters to prepare for the coming of the Christ by showing charity, for the Christ would, ere long,

return to the earth. Madame T. remarked that such an idea was quite inadmissible—a not unnatural view. The entity answered: “If I tell you that He is returning, it is to give you this first proof ; before a year I shall be your son, and you will be my mother, and before the Teacher comes a Society of the Star shall be founded to announce His coming, and shall spread all over the world ; and the day that my father returns home with a silver star on his breast, you shall know that the time of His coming is near.” (The father joined the Order when he heard of it.)

Quite lately the boy surprised a visitor by explaining to him very clearly re-incarnation and evolution ; and when asked: “From whom have you learned all this?” he answered: “From Krishnamurti.” It will be remembered that he recognised the portrait of Alcyone as that of “the beautiful boy I saw in my dream”. Our members, with the glad consent of his father, are doing all they can to help this child.

Annie Besant

H. P. B.'S OPINION OF H. S. O.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
By DR. W. A. ENGLISH, F. T. S.

[This article is of perennial interest, and few of our present readers will have seen it—so we reprint.—ED.]

AMONG the various unpublished writings of H. P. Blavatsky which are preserved at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, one that I had not previously read lately attracted my attention. It is her reply to a paper which had been drawn up by a couple of over-critical Theosophists in England, embodying many complaints relating to the management of the Theosophical Society. The earnestness and sincerity evinced in her reply to these accusations should carry great weight at present, and will be of special interest in America, where the many years of faithful labour for the Society by its executive Head have been so studiously ignored, and where such persistent and bitter attempts have been made by certain misguided people to traduce his character; also that of Mrs. Besant and others.

This, and many more writings of the sort, that fully vindicate the President-Founder's character and methods, have been left lying unused by him, in the archives at Headquarters—he disdaining to make any other defence than that which the growth, strength and prosperity of the Society furnish. There is among us no more absolute believer in karma than the President-Founder.

The following extracts are taken from H. P. B.'s reply :

“Truth does not depend on the show of hands ; but in the case of the much abused President-Founder it must depend on the show of facts. Thorny and full of pitfalls was the steep path he had to climb up, alone and unaided, for the first years. Terrible was the opposition outside the Society which he had

to build; sickening and disheartening the treachery he often encountered within the Headquarters; enemies gnashing their teeth in his face around; those whom he regarded as his strongest friends and co-workers betraying him and the cause on the slightest provocation. Still, where hundreds in his place would have collapsed and given up the whole undertaking in despair, he, unmoved and unmovable, went on, climbing up and toiling as before, unrelenting and undismayed, supported by that one thought and conviction that he was doing his duty towards Those he had promised to serve to the end of his life. There was but one beacon for him—the hand that had first pointed to him his way up, the hand of the Master he loves and reveres so well, and serves so devotedly.

“President, elected for life, he has nevertheless offered more than once to resign, in favour of anyone found worthier than he, but was never permitted to do so by the majority—not of ‘show of hands’ but show of hearts, literally—as few are more beloved than he is, even by most of those who may criticise, occasionally, his actions. And this is only natural; for cleverer in administrative capacities, more learned in philosophy, subtler in casuistry, in metaphysics or daily-life policy, there may be many around him; but the whole globe may be searched through and through, and no one found stauncher to his friends, truer to his word, or more devoted to real, practical Theosophy, than the President-Founder; and these are the chief requisites in a leader of such a movement—one that aims to become a Brotherhood of men. The Society needs no Loyolas; it has to shun anything approaching casuistry; nor ought we to tolerate too subtle casuists. There, where every individual has to work out his own karma, the judgment of a casuist who takes upon himself the duty of pronouncing upon the state of a brother’s soul, or guiding his conscience, is of no use, and may become positively injurious. The Founder claims no more rights than every one else in the Society: the right of private judgment—which, whenever it is found to disagree with branches or individuals, is quietly set aside and ignored, as shown by the complainants themselves—this, then, is the sole crime of the culprit, and no worse than this can be laid at his door.

“And yet what is the reward of that kind man? He who has never refused a service—outside what he considers his

official duties—to any living being; he who has redeemed dozens of men, young souls, from dissipated, often immoral lives, and saved others from terrible scrapes by giving them a safe refuge in the Society; he who has placed others again on the pinnacle of saintship through their status in that Society, when otherwise they would have indeed found themselves now in the meshes of worldliness and perhaps worse; he, that true friend of every Theosophist, and verily 'the readiest to serve and as unconscious of the service'; he is now taken to task—for what? For insignificant blunders, for useless 'special orders'."

After alluding to the insignificance of the complaints made, she says: "Since the Society is the child, the beloved creation of the Founder, he may well be forgiven for this too exaggerated love for that for which he has suffered and toiled more than all other Theosophists put together. He is called 'worldly,' 'ambitious of power,' and 'untheosophical' for it. Very well. Let, then, any impartial judge compare the life of the Founder¹ with those of most of his critics, and see which has been the most Theosophical ever since the society sprung into existence. If no better results have been achieved, it is not the President who ought to be taken to task for it, but the members themselves; as he has been ever trying to promote its growth, and the majority of the 'fellows' have either done nothing, or created obstacles in the way of its progress, through sins of omission as of commission. Better unwise activity than an overdose of too wise inactivity, apathy, or indifference, which are always the death of an undertaking.

"Nevertheless, it is these members who now seek to sit in Solomon's seat; and they tell us that the Society is useless, its President positively mischievous, and that the Headquarters ought to be done away with, as the organisation called Theosophical presents many features seriously obstructive to the progress of Theosophy. Trees, however, have to be judged by their fruits. It was just shown that no 'special orders' issuing from the 'centre of power' called Adyar, could affect in any way whatever either a branch or individual; and therefore any Theosophist bent on self-culture, self-involution, or any

¹ It may interest a certain class in America to note who, in the opinion of H. P. B., was the real Founder of the Theosophical Society. See also, above, where she speaks of the 'Founder'.

kind of selfishness, is at liberty so to act; and if, instead of using his rights, he will apply his brain-power to criticise other people's actions, then it is he who becomes the obstructionist, and not at all the organisation called Theosophical. For if Theosophy is anywhere practised on this globe, it is at Adyar, at the Headquarters."

H. P. B. next alludes to the quarrelsome spirit so apparent in England, France and America, the "backbiting, slandering, scandal-mongering"; and says members have "disgraced themselves and their Society by trying to disgrace others," and speaks in scathing terms of their actions, saying: "They have actually become more like hyænas than human beings, by digging into the graves of the past in the hope of bringing forward old forgotten slanders and scandals."

She then takes up the watchword of these would-be reformers, "Theosophy first and organisation after," and says: "Golden words these. But where would Theosophy be heard of now, had not its Society been first organised? And would Vedānta and other Hindū philosophies have ever been taught and studied in England, outside the walls of Oxford and Cambridge, had it not been for that organisation that fished them, like forgotten pearls, out of the ocean of oblivion and ignorance, and brought them forward before the profane world?"

She then alludes to the frequent use of the words 'untheosophical' and 'unbrotherly' by these Theosophical critics and reprovers, and says: "Yet truly Theosophical acts and words are not to be found in too unreasonable a superabundance among those who use the reproof oftenest. However insignificant and however limited the line of good deeds, the latter will always have more weight than empty and vain-glorious talk, and will be Theosophy; whereas theories, without any practical efforts at realisation, are at best but philosophy." Her views are evidently at one with those of the noted American author, who said there were two classes of people in the world: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and ask why it wasn't done some other way.

She next says: "Belief in the Masters was never made an article of faith in the T. S., but . . . the commands received from Them when it was established have ever been held sacred.

And this is what one of them wrote in a letter preserved to this day:

“Theosophy must not represent merely a collection of moral verities, a bundle of metaphysical ethics epitomised in theoretical dissertations. Theosophy must be more practical, and has, therefore, to be disencumbered of useless discussion. It has to find objective expression in an all-embracing code of life thoroughly impregnated with its spirit—the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity and love. Its followers have to set the example of a firmly outlined, and as firmly applied, morality, before they get the right to point out, even in a spirit of kindness, the absence of a like ethic unity and singleness of purpose in other associations and individuals. As said before, no Theosophist should blame a brother, whether within or outside of the association; throw a slur upon his actions or denounce him, lest he should himself lose the right of being considered a Theosophist. Ever turn away your gaze from the imperfections of your neighbour and centre rather your attentions upon your own shortcomings, in order to correct them and become wiser. Show not the disparity between claim and action in another man; but, whether he be brother or neighbour, rather help him in his arduous walk in life. The problem of true Theosophy and its great mission is the working out of clear, unequivocal conceptions of ethical ideas and duties, which would satisfy most and best the altruistic and right feeling in us, and the modelling of these conceptions for their adoption into such forms of daily life where they may be applied with most equitableness. Such is the common work in view for all who are willing to act on these principles. It is a laborious task, and will require strenuous and persevering exertion, but it must lead you insensibly to progress and leave no room for any selfish aspirations outside the limits traced.

“Do not indulge in unbrotherly comparisons between the task accomplished by yourself and the work left undone by your neighbour or brother in the field of Theosophy, *as none is held to weed out a larger plot of ground than his strength and capacity will permit him.* . . .

“Do not be too severe on the merits or demerits of one who seeks admission among your ranks, as the truth about the actual state of the inner man can only be known to, and dealt with justly by, karma alone. Even the simple presence amongst you of a well-intentioned and sympathising individual may help you magnetically . . . you are the free-workers on the domain of truth, and as such must leave no obstructions on the paths leading to it . . . (The letter closes with the following lines which have now become quite plain, as they give the key to the whole situation): No. 2. *The degrees of success or failure are the land-marks we shall have to follow, as they will constitute the barriers placed by your own hands between yourselves and Those whom you have asked to be your Teachers. The nearer your approach to the goal contemplated, the shorter the distance between the student and the Master.*

“A complete answer is thus found in the above lines to the papers framed by the two Theosophists. Those who are now inclined to repudiate the hand that traced it, and feel ready to turn their backs upon the whole past and the original programme of the T. S., are at liberty to do so. The Theosophical body is neither a church nor a sect, and every individual opinion is entitled to a hearing.”

After further alluding to those who change their opinions so “diametrically,” and shift their “devotional views from white to black,” the letter closes by wishing “peace and fraternal good-will to all.”

W. A. English

DOWN THE AGES

A London friend writes that she was present at a cinematograph performance at which a story was given under the above title. About seven hundred school-children were present in addition to the usual audience. The story was as follows :

A party, consisting of father and daughter, a German Count and a young Englishman, is sight-seeing in Egypt. The father is anxious that his daughter shall marry the Count, but she really loves the young Englishman, though she is to some extent attracted by the wealth and position of the Count.

The young Englishman is very unhappy at the turn of events, and rather keeps aloof ; therefore he does not start out with the trio when they go to visit a famous temple, but follows later. While in the temple the girl begins to experience a strange feeling of familiarity with her surroundings—a feeling which intensifies when she seats herself on a particular stone. She asks her father and the Count to leave her for a time, and gradually the scene changes. Then one sees a poor beggar-girl seated at the door of a temple. She begs alms from a passing priest, but at first he pays no heed to her entreaties ; the girl however continues to plead, and the priest, seeing how beautiful she is, offers to help her if she will come with him. The girl follows the priest, but when she finds he has only evil intentions she tries to escape, and is ultimately saved by a young priest who hears her cries for help.

It is the old, old story ; the young priest and the beggar-maid fall in love ; and the wicked priest, discovering their secret, tells the High Priest, who summons the young priest to his presence. Because, contrary to his vows, he loves a woman, the High Priest orders him to be banished for life to a lonely temple where he can atone for his sin. Before he sets out on his journey through the desert he meets the girl, who implores him to let her go also ; but as they have no money, it is arranged that they shall find and remove a wonderful precious stone from the temple, and then go to a land where no one knows them. The wicked priest overhears this conversation ; so the luckless pair are pursued, and just as they have found the stone the High Priest and the wicked priest rush in. The lovers are condemned to die, and the High Priest pronounces a curse upon them, that all down the ages love shall never come to them.

The English girl gradually comes back to the present time ; she sees her father, the Count and the young Englishman standing beside her ; and in a moment she knows that the young Englishman was her saviour of long ago, while the Count was the wicked priest ; and she knows too that the curse is worked out, and that now she is free to pour out her soul in love.

REVIEWS

Man's Life in This and Other Worlds, by Annie Besant.
(THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.
Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

This little book contains four lectures delivered by Mrs. Besant in Madras last year. The volume, though small, covers a wide field, and from man's life in the physical world we are led, stage by stage, to the consideration of the Spirit of man, and the spiritual life. Many of the thoughts will be familiar to Theosophists, but they are retold with that freshness which ever distinguishes Mrs. Besant's utterances and which makes the old seem ever new. The purpose of the lectures is to show the reality of the three worlds in which the soul lives; how these three worlds affect each other; what training is necessary to perfect our various vehicles; and, lastly, the power which lies in each one of us and enables us finally to overcome the lower part of our nature. Great stress is laid on the necessity of treating our bodies well; e.g., the physical body must not be used harshly, or injurious consequences will ensue: it must be gently led into the habits we would have it acquire. The condition of the soul after death, and its progress to the higher worlds, are described and explained. The doctrine of the 'Immanence of God' is treated in a passage of rare beauty, and the practical application of the doctrine forms the last few pages of the volume. Those who were privileged to hear the final lecture can never forget the wonderful beauty of the concluding portion; and the description of the ideal home life, and the plea for a better position for the women of India must ever live in their memory. It is impossible in these few lines to give any adequate idea of the enormous amount of information contained in the lectures, but the most learned will find something new in them, and all should catch something, a dim reflection, it may be, of the spirit which inspired the writing.

T. L. C.

In His Name, by C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

When one who knows the value of words dedicates his work "To the Master Koot Hoomi from His Loving Son," that work merits more than ordinary attention. It is also fully his due that the author of so exquisite a little volume as *Christ and Buddha* should meet with an eager wish on the part of his many readers for more of his thoughts and writings. Nor will anyone be disappointed in this, his last most valuable contribution to our more thoughtful literature. *In His Name* is one of those books that contain great truths and profound thoughts in the simplest of phrases. It is a book that reveals new beauties at each reading. All that is superfluous, all that is intermediate in reasoning has been eliminated, and only the basic statements, the ultimate residues of a quantity of deep and ripe thinking are left. Hence the apparent simplicity. All great things are really simple. And this, though of small dimensions, is a great book in its way; what one might call a 'bedside book'; one to keep by one, along with other favourites, to dream and ponder on and be helped by in moments of meditative and restful insight. The 'Foreword' states that the author felt he had a message to give; and the book is his message, or as he beautifully puts it: "Each human soul has some message to give to every other human soul, and what I write is my message to you just now. It is not mine in reality, for it came to me from other human souls, and I am giving to you as a brother what others as Brothers have given to me." The book consists of seven little chapters which logically develop one from the other, and on each of which, even in so limited a review of the book as this, it is necessary to pause. The author begins by giving what is the *leit-motiv* of the whole book—namely, that our world, our Universe "is one vast manifestation of the Logos," that, in one sense, there is "no such thing as the unreal; yet nevertheless the expressions of that Logos vary, and we pass from expression to expression as we grow". Phase succeeds phase, and, as new capacities develop, old forms are outgrown, new possibilities come into view. Thus "the real is this higher and the unreal that which we have outgrown". We ought to encourage idealism, for "idealism is the determination to identify yourself with the world above you and not with the world in which you

live". Ideas should become more important than 'facts'. For ideas "are units of Reality which connect the facts of a world in which we play out a drama of evolution". Again: "True ideas are not created out of 'facts'; they have an existence of their own, and possess their intrinsic standard of validity." Hence "while a fact is one expression of the Logos, the value you are to give to it belongs to a higher one; to you now a fact is of the unreal world, while its value is of the real". Then, after showing that every idealist "is a builder in the real world," and that imagination builds structures corresponding to realities, approaching the ideals, the archetypes, the whole thought is summed up in the phrase: "There is in the cosmos but One Person, and we live but to discover him."

The next chapter shows that the Master is he "who will guide you out of the unreal world into the real". Truly is it a comforting and a beautifully expressed thought that "Ages before you know your Master, he has known you, watched you, encouraged you. He has shone on you as the sun shines on flowers, and all unknown to you has helped you to grow." Ideals are first glimpses of the Master who guides you in your building and your climbing. He lives his larger life in the world of ideals, and to reach him and to "know him as he truly is you must rise to his world". The advice on this point given by the author's own Master was: "Do good works in his name and for the love of mankind." So it becomes the business of the aspirant to try "every day and every hour of the day" to "plan to make another's burden lighter for him to bear, and say softly to yourself 'In His Name'." It follows that to do this intelligently, to be of help, one must try to understand the work, the plan that is being followed; so "to co-operate with the Master you must know God's Plan."

This is the theme of the next chapter. "'God's Plan is Evolution'—thus spoke my Master." While science collects facts and details about evolution, its meaning depends on the recognition, according to the author, of three fundamental facts: "1. that life is everywhere; 2. that life never dies, and 3. that life evolves." Each of these three is considered in turn: There is one Life pervading all things not different in kind but in expression; Change and Death are inevitable wherever there is form, but this is only that life may live more fully than before; God reveals Himself more and more, unfolds ever more and

more of His Power, Beauty, Wisdom and Love through different stages in the growth of understanding and conscious realisation.

Then comes a chapter on 'Those Who Direct God's Plan,' which shows how God's Plan of evolution is effected, not mechanically but intelligently, at every grade and stage of the work. "At every step in the manifestation of life Intelligences are guiding the building of forms, to approximate them to the pattern before them." On this earth the Great White Brotherhood fulfils this function. "They work in ways visible and invisible," and as man treads the Path, the "road to Perfection, every soul passes through the stages of the savage, the civilised man, the idealist, the disciple of a Master, an Initiate of the Great White Brotherhood, to become a Master of the Wisdom". Under the supervision of the latter and their helpers and servants, the "world evolves, and humanity with it". By them are directed the laws of Nature, the rise and fall of civilisations and of continents, the destinies of individuals and of nations. Through them God's Will is worked. Who serves them, serves God.

The next chapter deals with the 'Plan of the Master'; and some well-chosen analogies render the nature of the Master's work as clear as we, down here, can grasp it. For, be it remembered, "The major part," as the author says, "of his (the Master's) work is in the invisible worlds". A Master inspires those down here, those who work for men, who help in the general plan. Moreover, not only in invisible ways: "In visible ways also the Master helps mankind. Sometimes, if it is next in the design woven on the loom, he moves as a man among men, giving them laws, teaching them and inspiring them. Thus did Manu and Buddha and Krishna in India; thus did Pythagoras in Greece and Christ in Palestine. Thus once more, in no long time, will many of the Masters of Wisdom, led by the Christ Himself, be with us to teach us and to guide us to salvation."

We next have a chapter on 'Discipleship', wherein are very clearly put the successive stages of definite discipleship to a Master, as described also in other books, such as *At the Feet of the Master*. One phrase, however, it is well for all of us to remember: "he has no special reason to select you as a disciple, unless you make the reason. That reason is the likelihood of your being of help to him in his work." And of that the Master is the best and the only judge.

In the last Chapter, entitled 'In His Name,' is summarised and moulded together all that has gone before. So the main theme is again reached, that the Universe consists and lives of the life of the LOGOS, and that all is in HIS vast being. The progress of the soul is spoken of as "the unending voyage of discovery which is the soul's existence". The earlier stages are beautifully touched upon, as when the "mainspring of life is a demand" when with outstretched hands men see Him "as through a glass, darkly". Then they enter on the later stage and then opens before them "the Narrow Way," which is "the path of the disciple. It leads to Salvation, or Liberation, or Fulfilment—call it what you will. It leads to Life Eternal, for it is only from the time a soul becomes a disciple that he discovers the true inwardness of life and sees fulfilment in sight. For the fulfilment of life is to bear the burden of others." The Lord Buddha taught cessation from evil as the first step to learning how to do good ; so "To learn how to bear the burden of others, learn first how not to add to their burden"—truly a thing most of us might ponder and act upon. "Let harmlessness in thought and word and deed be ever your longing as you go your daily way"; that unvarying sign of world-helpers, the gentleness that cannot hurt, for then "through innocency of hands shall you come to integrity of heart".

By sharing with all, by sympathy, by the Spiritual Alchemy that transforms, wisely and with knowledge, all evil into good, can others be helped onwards. "Better that you should be sullied by trying to help those in the mire than that you should stand aloof and remain clean." And then: "Soon shall you find your power to love grow greater and your power to feel beauty grow keener; slowly too will come to you a greater power to bear. From the small circle of loved ones you shall widen out till some day you at-one through joy all humanity." One last phrase of great and striking suggestiveness embodying a profound truth: "For the past"—when you in your turn have achieved the Goal of Evolution—"will be clay in your hands as is now the future; the pain of the present is but to learn the alphabet of life to write therewith in all time."

W. H. K.

The Message of Zoroaster, by A. S. N. Wadia (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Price 5s.)

This is a somewhat unique production by a rising Pārsi author, who has a message to give, and frankly and vigorously gives it. The thoughtful among the educated Pārsis will recognise that the book is a herald and embodies what has been in the air. Orthodoxy permeated by superstition and bigotry, and the so-called spirit of reform engendered by shallow thought and limited knowledge, are the two currents which have been affecting the progress of the community in all directions for some time past. Its safe advancement lies in the guidance which will avoid these rocks and sand-banks and steer the ship to a haven of prosperity and success. A common-sense, rational, artistic and constructive presentation of Zoroastrianism has been essential for the future life of the community, and that the book has succeeded in giving. By temperament the author is poetic and artistic: he is a devotee of Ruskin, and therefore tries to understand and explain Zoroastrianism in the light of his master's teachings and ideals. The 'Epistle Dedicatory' is a human document of psychological interest, and brings us in touch with the personality of the writer. Three chapters follow: (1) Why do we hold Fire sacred? (2) The Philosophy of Zoroaster; (3) The Ethics of Zoroaster. In the first, a bold affirmation is made that Pārsis *are* Fire-worshippers, with which we wholly agree. A good and on the whole successful effort is made to explain rationally the true import and dignity of Fire-worship. Among the educated ardent lovers of the faith, Mr. Wadia is one of the earliest Pārsis who has shown the courage and good sense to uphold Fire-worship as a grand thing. The second chapter seems to be the weakest in the volume. A study of more modern philosophers would have enabled Mr. Wadia to interpret Zoroastrian philosophy in a better way. A sweeping examination of problems affecting human welfare and progress show the breadth of view of the author. The third chapter is very practical, and every Pārsi ought to study it. It is pleasant to note that the young author is familiar with our Theosophical literature, and in many places writes Theosophy in his own way. We wish him and his work all success, and recommend the book to our Pārsi readers and to all those who are interested in the community or the religion.

B. P. W.

Jewish Legends of the Middle Ages, by Wolff Paschelles translated by Claud Field. (Robert Scott, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This entertaining book contains twelve legends illustrative of Jewish life and thought. The stories are well told and are full of human interest. They are distinctly religious in character: virtue is rewarded, wrong-doing meets with swift and somewhat crude retribution, and God is always the arbiter.

The entire absence of the gaiety and grace, the romance and colour which distinguish the legends of Japan, China, India and Mediæval Europe is very conspicuous. Most of them strike a minor chord and some are pure tragedy. In 'The Massacre at Prague' and 'The Prisoner of the Inquisition' we seem to plumb the depths and soar to the heights of human suffering and human achievement; for in them the supreme test of suffering is applied and love rises triumphant over pain and death. Amongst other stories the reader will discover the one which formed the framework of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and also a charming incident in the childhood of Maimonides, "after Moses the Lawgiver counted the greatest man among the Jews". A touch of things sub- or super-human is given in the quaint anecdote of a miser who is carried away by a spirit into a mysterious treasure house where he is shown the evil of his ways and thus admonished. "When a man orders a coffer, there are always two keys made: one is the man's, the other is God's. If God's key is not made use of, He delivers it over to us, and then the man is not himself master of his money, nor of his coffer. He can put in, but cannot take out; and at last his own soul is locked up therein. Remember this; and since thou hast gone through thy trial here, take God's key with thee, and try to make use of it, that thou mayest thyself be master of thy money." The book is well illustrated and should prove attractive to many people.

A. E. A.

Essentials of Psychology, by S. Radhakrishnan, M. A.

The student may find this handbook useful for reference, since the author has evidently made a scientific study of many theories, notably those of Professor James. It is intended as a text book for students, not as an addition to the large number of popular treatises on this subject found on our bookstalls.

K. F. S.

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

Eucken, by A. J. Jones, M.A., B.Sc, Ph.D.

Eucken has a message to give to our modern world. In the rough-and-tumble of life people have little time for fair philosophy and there is a continuous demand for 'philosophy in a nutshell'. Such a 'nutshell,' with very much of the nut and but little of the shell, is this booklet, which gives a very good idea of Eucken's teachings. Its one fault is that it prompts us to study more of this remarkable teacher !

B. P. W.

Inorganic Chemistry, by Prof. E. C. C. Baly, F. R. S.

This forms an excellent companion volume to that of the same series on *Organic Chemistry*, and explains the most important laws and methods with commendable simplicity and thoroughness. Being necessarily of the nature of an introduction, it is not overburdened with detailed descriptions, but deals mainly with typical examples and classifications. It is certain to find a wide sphere of usefulness.

W. D. S. B.

The Agate Lamp, by Eva Gore Booth. (Longmans, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Here is a poetess who can give great pleasure to our readers, since she has made good use of much travel and is possessed of a sense of melody and rhythm. She has here, among other things, some fine lines on 'The Everlasting Heretic'; and a 'A Reincarnation Fantasy' should be of special interest to Theosophists. It seems ungracious to be critical of such a charming authoress, but we venture to suggest that to test the power of the poet's song we must ask ourselves not "Do we listen?" but "Do we remember?" These lines are somewhat lacking in that haunting quality which makes a stanza, a line, or even a phrase live on in the mind of a man either as a perpetual joy or as a help in his hour of need. It seems to us that to create even a single line that, by reason of its truth or its tenderness, *cannot be forgotten* is to have fulfilled the destiny of the poet.

K. F. S.

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

Love and Ethics, by Ellen Key. (Putnam's Sons, London.)

Sex and Sanctity, by Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

These two books treat of a similar theme, and may therefore be fitly placed together. They are essentially modern in tone, exhaling the atmosphere of the 'Futurist' in womanhood; and whilst we cannot fail to sympathise very deeply with the tremendous question which both essay to answer, we feel that a little more balance, not in thought but in feeling, would have made their appeal wider and more steadfast.

Books on this burning question of the day—the question of sincerity and fitness in the relations of the sexes—are ever-abounding. As all other questions at this crucial moment, it is in the throes of finding a newer and higher solution, and it is significant that the sex most pressingly touched by it should be coming to the front so bravely in the troublous hour of transition. Brave and true is the note sounded by both these writers; and whilst that spirit is overwhelmingly present, yet the reviewer cannot help (personally!) sighing a little with the thought that depth of feeling means sometimes loss in breadth. If only sex-consciousness could be put aside in all that concerns the world's work! If only this question could be solved not by a sex as such, but by humanity as such!

Of the two books under consideration, Ellen Key's seems to be mainly a refutation of erroneous conclusions drawn by some from her earlier book, *Love and Marriage*. She disclaims the argument that the happiness of the individual is subservient to the general good, stating that society should be so adjusted as to make the happiness of the individual subserve the betterment of the species. With insight she observes that ideals can never be *fixed*, but must be followed and died for if necessary by each for himself, and never forced on another for acceptance.

The writer of the second book is another famous Feminist author. Her charming and delicately intuitive style we have remarked upon in a former review of another of her works. For her—as also for Ellen Key—the great force which we need to bring into greater activity is the power of love; and she sees that woman—the freer and more spiritual woman of the future—will bring with her this divine gift to the world, won by the patience of her love-nature through the long past

of suffering and silence. "It is *Love* which parents require to teach their children, and much more definitely than in the vague moral way that it is taught to-day." Ellen Key also says: "The human race will become more closely welded together and ennobled in the degree in which the children inherit from their parents the great power to love."

The burden of both books is the same: a plea for the higher conception of the sex relation, and for the cultivation of love, love which sustains and permeates the world. Their principle is this; that the bodily function of the most solemn import to the race should again be universally regarded with the same reverence as it was in some noble and heroic ages gone by, an idea from which spring two laws:

1. That the sex-function should only be used for the sacred purpose of generation;

2. That this can only rightly and beautifully take place when love in its highest sense is present, that round the becoming of a man—divine in very truth in every child born of woman—should ever shine the glory of pure love, that his begetting may be holy and the child come blessed for the world's sake.

With the promulgation of principles so noble and so true, the Theosophical reviewer must needs be in full accord.

C. M. C.

The Transparent Jewel, by Mabel Collins. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. net.)

Readers of eastern philosophy will recognise the quotation that is the title of this book, and know that its contents have to do with the science of the soul. It is of course the mind that is the transparent jewel. Patanjali, on whose aphorisms the book is based, explains Yoga to be "the suppression of the transformations of the thinking principle". The object of this suppression, as our author explains, is "so controlling the mind and gradually leading it to regard no object but the Supreme, that at last the transparent jewel is fixed in that which it perceives". The book consists of Patanjali's aphorisms with commentaries taken from the translation made by Dvivedi, and from the translation made by Tookaram Tatyā. It

should fulfil a useful purpose, now that so much interest is being taken in the West in all the eastern philosophies. With the exception of Mrs. Besant's book on Yoga, dealing with the subject from an entirely different point of view, I know of no book by a European writer which presents a very difficult subject so clearly and concisely. It is an extremely difficult task to make Patanjali's philosophy at all intelligible to the average westerner. He has entirely to re-shape his views of life and his attitude towards it before he can at all comprehend the eastern sage; and very few people are earnest enough in their study to undertake this. The eastern commentators have not been able to clear up the situation; their commentaries but repeat the initial difficulties in different phrases. Mabel Collins has succeeded in presenting a coherent and interesting summary of a very large subject. But in spite of all that can be done to make Patanjali intelligible, it still remains true, as this author writes:

The aphorisms are written for those who are really students. Even one who has intellectually mastered their meaning finds himself unable to pass on that meaning to another. To the ordinary reader some of the aphorisms which describe the advanced states of Yoga must of necessity remain unintelligible. The obscurity is intentional, there is no doubt of that, and the translator struggles in vain with language intended to veil and not unveil.

The aphorisms are short texts forming the subject of long discourses and much teaching, as here suggested. "It is clear that Patanjali formulated them in answers to questions from disciples. The reader is in the position of one reading the answers only in a cross-examination." To veil instead of revealing, when the teaching takes a written form, is a traditional practice in the East and in occultism; and as the practice of Yoga leads to very definite results it is as well that, unless the mind of the student becomes more or less transparent so that intuition may come to his aid, the secret of Patanjali remains untold in its entirety.

E. S.

The Open Secret, by C. J. Whitby, M. D. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

'Intuitions of Life and Reality' is the sub-title of this book—a good one since 'the things that matter,' as the author calls them, are here treated in a brief and positive way. Time and

space, the relation of consciousness to the external world, the meaning of pain and evil, on these and other time-honoured problems Dr. Whitby gives his views. The philosophy he puts forward is a hopeful one. The general trend of his ideas may be gathered from the fact that he claims for himself intellectual kinship with Henri Bergson, on the ground that both are 'absolute meliorists'. He opposes the doctrine that "in Reality there can be no such thing as growth or progress," a point he specially emphasises in connection with the question of human suffering and imperfection. "No suffering whatever is *mere* suffering, *mere* fundamental evil," he says; through it, "Reality is ameliorated and *enriched*" and something "not otherwise attainable is thereby contributed to existence once for all". Theosophists will be interested in the chapter on 'Solidarity' as an example of the way in which some of the teachings given in our literature on the superphysical worlds are influencing the thought of writers outside our ranks.

A. de L.

What is Health? by Grace Dawson. (William Rider & Son, London. Price Ans. 12 or 1s.)

'Rider's Mind and Body Handbooks' is a popular series and the booklet under review is a worthy addition to it. The author's contention is that "health can only be realised in its entirety by the understanding and keeping of God's laws for body, mind and spirit: laws which are plainly written for all to read both in the Bible and in Nature". There is, however, an air of sentiment about this manual, and in questions of bodily health we prefer an altogether scientific attitude.

B. P. W.

John and Irene, by W. H. Beveridge. (Longmans & Co., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

This book consists of an introduction, a detailed table of contents, and three hundred odd pages devoted to quotations, from every age and language, on the subject of woman. The introduction must be read in order to find an explanation for the shower of quotations which will presently immerse the

reader. John and Irene appear to be a singularly modern couple with characters sufficiently complicated to suit the age in which they live. Their life and divergent points of view are briefly sketched; and the anthology which follows is supposed to act as an accompaniment, playing in their history the same part as did the chorus in Greek drama. The patient reader will probably find some sequence of ideas running through this mass of quotations, which are, in themselves, delightful. The printing is clear, but the spacing is sometimes eccentric (*vide* page 305). *John and Irene* may appeal to some as a brilliantly clever effort of a singularly modern mind, but the majority will probably give a different verdict, prejudiced with reason by the fact that the title of the volume led them to expect a romance, and gave them instead a 'book of quotations.'

T. L. C.

Triune Man. The message of Ka-Ra-Om. Recorded by Novus Homo. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 5s. net.)

Though this book is "sent forth in the devout belief that it will serve as a strong right hand, leading the honest inquirer into the path of mind-illuminating and soul-uplifting knowledge," it does not seem to the reviewer that the world would have lost much if the 'Brethren of the Order of the Sublime Silence,' who are responsible for its appearance, had preserved their sublime silence. Of the lithographic plates, produced by Spiritualistic methods, of which the illustrations are "faithful copies," from the standpoint of ordinary Art one can only wish that the psychic forces so engaged had been more usefully employed. The book discourses on various religious subjects with much dogmatism and little eloquence or wit. However, among much verbiage, occasional gleams of light appear, and it is at least satisfactory to find that Rabah, the Head of the Order, "whose transcendent virtues and stupendous psychical powers defy description," believes that "all men are brothers". The book is totally lacking in originality and dignity as the Revelation, or the "strong right hand", it claims to be. It cannot be taken seriously, from either the critical or literary standpoint, and will interest, perhaps, chiefly the few psychologists who have to include the idiosyncrasies of 'cranks' in their laborious researches.

E. S.

Ush : The Revelation of Bandobast Wilderness, by Adelphos.
(John Ouseley, Ltd. Price 2s. net.)

This curious title is given to the story of the adventures of a young English officer who puts himself under the tutelage of a fakir, renouncing all worldly interests when the latter recognises him as one marked out for high attainments spiritually. Many remarkable experiences are undergone in his progress towards the culmination in his acquirement of power "to penetrate into the unseen," (astral vision apparently in this instance) and the dramatic exit of the fakir from the physical plane. Teachings of karma and reincarnation are introduced; but the idea that wrong-doing which is merely the result of ignorance can send the soul back into an animal form would not be entertained by a Theosophist. Short descriptive paragraphs are given of various religious sects in India. The author has good material and, though often hampered by his unfamiliarity with the subtleties of a language foreign to him, shows considerable powers of expression. Several mis-spellings and quite transparent grammatical errors, however, are blemishes which might have been removed with advantage by a more rigorous use of the blue pencil before publication.

A. E. A.

Spiritual Prayers from Many Shrines. (The Power Book Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Certain temperaments derive their inspiration at the fount of simple but heartfelt prayers. Some express themselves individually, in language suitable to their peculiar environment and dictated by the circumstances of their daily life; but there are many who have not the gift of voicing in fitting words their inner and sacred sentiments, and often lack of adequate knowledge makes people turn to prayers of certain religious thinkers and writers, published by them for the use of their fellows. The book under review is an effort in that direction. The result is not fruitless, and there are many short prayers which will appeal to devotional hearts. They are tolerant in spirit and rhythmic in character.

B. P. W.

Scenes from the Rāmāyaṇ.
Idylls from the Sanskrit.

By Ralph T. H. Griffith, M. A. (Pāṇini Office, Allahabad.)

In *Scenes from the Rāmāyaṇ* the well-known author endeavours to give to the public something like a connected story of the hero's adventures, from his birth to the loss of Sitā. The result is highly satisfactory; the life of Rāmā is rendered in simple yet melodious metre, and we rise from the perusal of the *Rāmāyaṇa* "with a loftier idea of all the virtues that can adorn man—of truth, of filial piety, of paternal love, of female chastity and devotion, of a husband's faithfulness and love, of fraternal affection, of meekness, of forgiveness, of fortitude, of universal benevolence".

The Idylls are beautiful, poetical translations of the best specimens of Samskr̥t poems, sacred and profane, epic and lyrical. To read a nation's literature and, above all, its poetry and folk-lore, in which is enshrined that which moves and inspires its heart and soul, with sympathy and an honest endeavour to understand and appreciate, inevitably brings men into closer relation with that nation's life and spirit and so helps to promote Brotherhood. This, one ventures to think, may have been one of the motives which prompted Mr. Griffith to devote so much of his valuable time to these translations—not the least of many services he rendered to India, causing friends and pupils to hold his memory in grateful veneration.

E. S.

The Sanctuary, by Maud Howard Peterson. (Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. Price \$ 1. 25).

This novel has distinct charm, and the reader will peruse it from beginning to end with increasing satisfaction. *The Sanctuary* deals, first, with the bad conditions of labour which obtain even now-a-days, and the hero, a man of wealth and culture, works at the mills in order to have first-hand experience of the conditions under which his less fortunate brothers live. It is thus that the authoress introduces the theme of Brotherhood, which runs so markedly through the book. The religious element is also present. The hero draws his faith from both eastern and western creeds, and his conclusions will not be unfamiliar to Theosophical readers. A charming love story gives the strong touch of human interest

required. It seems rather ungenerous to find any fault with a book which has given the reader such pleasure, but a suggestion may be made that the writer has attempted too much. It is difficult to make out clearly which point, of the many she makes in her story, she wants the reader to take particularly to heart. One reader finds in it the record of the progress of two souls in their journey from the Unreal to the Real, and this is perhaps the mainspring of the book. A strangely mystic atmosphere surrounds the tale, and the character drawing is excellent.

T. L. C.

NOTICES

A Short Study of Ethics, by Charles F. D'Arcy, D. D. (Macmillan) has attested its popularity by reaching a second edition. It is well known as a scholarly production. An Index is an improvement on the first edition. *Panchaḍaṣī of Vidyāranya* (Sri Vāṇi Vilās Press, Srirangam) is a famous Samskr̥t book and in this volume its English translation with explanatory notes and summary of each chapter is given by M. S. Rau and K. A. Krishnaswami Aiyar. *Swedenborg: The Savant and the Seer*, by Prof. Sir W. F. Barrett is a reprint (Watkins) from the *Contemporary Review* and is full of interesting information. The January issue of *Orpheus* brings two very good illustrations, six charming poems, a dramatic piece entitled 'The Summit' and some excellent contributions including stories and reviews—an interesting number.

TRANSLATIONS

The Universal Text book of Religion and Morals, Part I, is translated into Tamil by our earnest friend Mr. P. Narayana Aiyer of Madura.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th November to 10th December, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks:—

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	RS.	A.	P.
Mr. J. H. Cordes, Germany, Charter fees, Entrance fees and Annual dues, £4-1-3	60	15	0
Australasian T. S., Balance of Annual dues for 1912, £9-1-4	134	14	9
Austrian T. S., Vienna, Charter fee and Annual dues, £3-2-0	46	8	0
Lagos Lodge, W. Africa, Annual dues for 1912-1913	67	2	0
South Africa, £7-2-8	107	0	0
Bohemian T. S., Annual dues for 1910-1911, £5-2-0	76	8	0
Mr. F. A. Belcher, Entrance fee and Annual dues for 1913	7	5	0
Dr. H. Schleiden, Charter fee and Annual dues for 1913	17	0	0
Presidential Agent, Spain, Madrid Lodge, for 1912 £4-9-1	66	1	6
Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, Mr. J. Krishnamurti and Mr. J. Nityananda, Annual dues for 1912 and 1913.	90	0	0
American T. S., £110-16-6	1,646	3	7
Presidential Agent, South America, £2-10-0 ...	36	14	2
Finland T. S., £18-10-0	274	11	0
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A. SCHWARZ

ADYAR, 11th December, 1912.

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The following receipts from 11th November to 10th December, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks:—

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Australian T. S., £2-7-0	34	14	6
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A. SCHWARZ

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ADYAR, 11th December, 1912.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Spreyton, Tasmania, Australia ...	Olcott Lodge, T. S. ...	5-8-12
Geneva, Switzerland ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S. ...	19-10-12
Arkalgad, Mysore, India ...	Sri Luxmiurisimha Lodge, T. S. ...	7-11-12
Dusseldorf, Germany, attached to Adyar Headquarters ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S. ...	12-11-12

Leipzig, Germany, attached
to Adyar Headquarters... Zum Heiligen Gral
Lodge, T. S. ... 14-11-12
Benares, U.P. India ... Arya Kumar Lodge, T.S. 22-11-12
ADYAR, J. R. ARIA
5th December, 1912. Recording Secretary, T. S.

ADYAR LIBRARY

During the last month again various much-valued dona-
tions were received.

Mrs. Besant and Mr. B. P. Wadia sent miscellaneous
works.

Mr. Sophronios Nickoff, Sophia, Bulgaria, sent Bulgarian
translations of three books by Annie Besant, and of one book
by H. P. B. (*Mysterious Tribes*).

The Hon. Justice Sir S. Subramania Iyer sent some fifteen
units, comprising Government Publications, printed works in
Tamil and Samskr̥t, and pamphlets.

Miss H. E. van Motman, Buitenzorg, Java, sent a collec-
tion of Dutch East Indian publications connected with the
Order of the Star in the East.

Mr. A. Schwarz, of Adyar, contributed a specially valu-
able gift consisting of, first, an almost complete duplicate series
of *Lucifer-Theosophical Review* (43 Vols.), and, second, an im-
portant collection of some forty works, amongst which are a
complete edition of Schopenhauer (in German); Deussen's
translation of sixty Upanishads (German); Paulsen's *Introduc-
tion to Philosophy* (English) and other important items.

Mr. A. Ostermann, Colmar, Alsace, sent a most welcome
present consisting of thirteen works, mostly by Dr. Steiner :
books, pamphlets and reports of lecture courses.

The Library expresses its heartiest thanks to these
generous donors.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

ADYAR, 1st October, 1912. Assistant Director, Adyar Library.

Annie Besant : Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers : Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

LETTER TO MEMBERS

Adyar, Jan. 14, 1913

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

My loving thanks go out to you who, in every part of the world, have sent to me your sympathy and support. Thanks to the Lodges which have cabled and written; thanks to the Fellows who have individually done the same. There are too many to name, and in these days of crowded work I cannot write to each, so I take this way of sending to all a gratitude profound and true. I will try to work the harder for you who trust me in the days of storm.

Do not think of me as troubled or unhappy, I pray you, for well do I know Him in whom I believe. In His Hands are the issues of all events, and all must be woven into His Plan. What to us is success or failure, over whom the Star is ever shining and who are equally willing to ride, at His word, either to Victory or to Death? So think of me, please, as absolutely content with whatever may befall, and joyously ready to accept aught that may come—I, to whom no ill thing *can* come, since God is all and in all, and this world is His. We can echo Browning's ringing words :

God's in His heaven ;
All's right with the world.

And we, who walk not by faith but by sight, " beholding with open vision the glory of the Lord," surely we should be unworthy of our high calling if aught that men could do should render us afraid. Let us all then quit ourselves as men and be strong.

Your faithful and loving servant,

ANNIE BESANT

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE T. S.

I DO not propose to continue any personal controversy with Dr. Steiner, the General Secretary of the German Section. I merely draw your attention to two points, showing the clever way in which he misrepresents me. I wrote (the italicising was not made in the originals ; I add it to draw attention to the important points) on May 8, 1912 :

Some years ago the German Section expelled Dr. Vollrath, and the General Secretary reported the matter to me. *Expulsion from a Section does not carry with it expulsion from the Theosophical Society; I was not asked to ratify it, thus making it an expulsion from the T. S. ; Dr. Vollrath made no appeal to me ; hence I had no duty to look into the rights or wrongs of the matter ; and to this day I do not know them.*

It is fairly obvious that the "it" which "I was not asked to ratify" was "expulsion from the T. S." Dr. Vollrath had appealed to me merely against *his expulsion from the German Section*, and his letters dealt with that only. I accordingly wrote to Dr. Steiner on January 7, 1909 :

Dr. Vollrath is sending me various complaints ; I enclose his letter. Kindly let me know whether you consider that there is anything in his case which should prevent his being a member-at-large ? A man is sometimes troublesome in a Lodge or Section whose membership is harmless in the general T. S., and a Section can expel a man from itself but not from the T. S., as a Lodge can expel a man from its own body but not from the Section. I am not in favour of expelling a member from the general T. S., but I shall not answer Dr. Vollrath definitively till I hear from you.

Dr. Steiner replied objecting to Dr. Vollrath being a member of the T. S. at all, and saying that it would be very awkward for him if I allowed Dr. Vollrath to remain in the T. S. when expelled from the Section. The letters sent to me by Dr. Steiner and Dr. Vollrath showed a local quarrel, giving reason for a Sectional expulsion, perhaps, but no valid ground for expelling the latter from the T. S. Hence I wrote :

As regards Dr. Vollrath, I fully recognise that it is sometimes necessary to exclude a man from the smaller working areas of a Lodge or of a Section. As an appeal to me has been made, I, as President, confirm the action taken by the German Section, and enclose a note to that effect, which you can use or not in your official organ as you please. I also write by this mail to Dr. Vollrath, so informing him.

The appeal was from Dr. Steiner to confirm the local action of the Section and from Dr. Vollrath against that confirmation, and nothing more than this was then in question ; this is plainly shown by my official letter :

To Dr. Rudolf Steiner, General Secretary of the German T. S. My Dear Colleague, Under Rule 36 of the General Constitution of the T. S. which vests in the President alone the power of issuing and cancelling Charters and Diplomas ; and having in view Rule 37, which gives to each National Society the power of making its own Rules ; I, as President of the T. S., having been appealed to by Dr. Vollrath, of Leipzig, *against his expulsion by the German T. S.*, and having heard all particulars thereof, decide that his *expulsion from the German T. S.* is valid, and that Dr. Vollrath has ceased to be a member of that body.

The letter is sufficiently careful, making it clear that all that was "valid" was "expulsion from the German T. S." The German Section was within its rights in expelling a member from its own body because of a local quarrel, and my confirmation was necessary to make that expulsion valid; I had no right to override the Section, but I never ratified any expulsion *from the T. S.*, as Dr. Steiner wished me to do—as is shown by my letter, confining my action to the German Section. Nothing more happened. I had expected an appeal from Dr. Vollrath to be inscribed on the Adyar roll of members-at-large; that appeal never came, and so he dropped out of the T. S.

As to the pamphlet, I had supposed that it contained something important, as Dr. Steiner was evidently very angry about it, saying that if its statements were true "a dog would not take food from us". If, as Dr. Steiner now says, it was merely a rehash of the original quarrels, stated in his letter to me, the language seems a little strong.

The second point is the omission of any reference to Professor Penzig's letter, completely clearing me from the charge made with regard to the Genoa Congress. Perhaps it had not reached Dr. Steiner.

This is my last word in this controversy.

Yours sincerely,

ANNIE BESANT

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th December 1912 to 10th January, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:—

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Major A. G. B. Turner, for 1913	15	0	0
Miss G. L. Guttman, Gottingen, £4-12-2, Branch			
Charter fees and Annual dues for 1913	69	2	0
Mr. Sydney Drayton, Granada, £1-5 for 1913	18	12	0
Mrs. Sydney Drayton do do	18	12	0
Mr. Bernard Drayton do do	18	12	0
Mr. Vivian Drayton do do	18	12	0
Mr. J. Arnold, Hankow, for 1913	15	0	0
Indian Section T. S., Benares, on account of dues, for 1912-13	25	4	0
Indian Section T. S., Benares, Balance of dues, for 1912...	8	12	0

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
A friend, Munich, 500 francs donation to Adyar Library in loving memory of H. S. Olcott ...	300	0	0
Captain Powell, for garden ...	100	0	0
Mrs. Gillespie, for Adyar Library ...	75	0	0
Mr. N. H. Cama, Secunderabad ...	10	0	0
	Rs. 693	2	0

A. SCHWARZ,
Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 11th January, 1913.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS
FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th December 1912 to 10th January, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:—

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. H. H. Master, Nandurbar ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Maud M. Foote, Cleveland ...	6	3	0
Lotus Circle, Melbourne, £1-9-6 ...	22	2	0
Colonel Cyril ...	15	0	0
Mr. Visvanath Kashinath Khote, Benares (Food Fund) ...	13	0	0
Mr. Kemchand Lalubhai, Bombay ...	5	0	0
Members of T. S., Java ...	100	0	0
Mr. Henry Hotchner (Food Fund) ...	45	0	0
A friend, Karachi (Food Fund) ...	25	0	0
Admirers and Well-wishers ...	47	0	0
Mrs. Clara Jerome Kochersperger, Chicago, £1-7-8.	20	9	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, for January 1913 ...	10	0	0
Mr. V. Ramchandra Naidu, Enangudi ...	10	0	0
A friend, through Miss Banks ...	30	0	0
From Australia through Mrs. Ransom, £8-7-6 ...	124	6	6
Donations under Rs. 5 ...	3	0	0
	Rs. 481	10	6

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 11th January, 1913.

Annie Besant: Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.
Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

LETTER TO THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE
GERMAN SECTION

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, T. S.,
Adyar, Madras, S.,

January 14, 1913

DEAR DR. STEINER,

Enclosed explains itself.

The General Council of the T. S., having considered the whole attitude of the German Section to the Theosophical Society and its Constitution, as shown in your letters and mine, the correspondence on the Swiss-German Lodges, and the telegram from your Executive, has asked me to cancel the Charter of the German Section, and to issue in place thereof a Charter to the German Lodges willing to work within the Constitution of the T. S.

Before complying with this request, I beg to ask you—in view of the gravity of the situation—if you wish to offer any explanation on the following matters, which will, in default of a satisfactory explanation, form the grounds of the cancelment of the Charter:

(a) Your refusal, in your letter of October 15, 1912, to issue a Charter for a Lodge in Gottingen, asked for by Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden and six other members of the German Section, the ground of refusal being that Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden

represented Theosophy in a way opposed and even hostile to the views (Intentionen) of the German Section, and that the proposed Lodge included members who followed such a method of work.

(b) Your refusal in another letter of October 15, 1912, to issue a Charter for a Lodge in Leipzig, on the application of Herr C. Schumann, on the (second) ground that the persons signing the application worked in a way opposed to the views (Intentionen) of the German Section, the method of work being one which the German Section could not permit to its members.

(c) The resolution excluding members of the Order of the Star in the East, who were Fellows of the German Section, from the meetings of the Section to which all other Fellows had the right of entry, thus illegitimately depriving them of their status as Fellows of the T. S.

(d) The silence of the General Secretary in face of letters from the President, informing him of applications under Rule 31, and asking for the Rules of the Section, this silence making it impossible to carry on business under the Rules.

I will await your answer to this, or, failing an answer, I will wait for a fortnight after the return mail from Germany, before carrying out the advice of the General Council, conveyed to me as President in Council. I deeply regret that you have forced the General Council to give this advice by an attitude which sets the German Section against the Constitution of the Theosophical Society, and which, unless put an end to by authority, imperils the liberty of every Fellow of the T. S.; and I venture to express the hope that, even at this late hour, the German Section will, through you, retrace its steps, submit to the Constitution under which it was founded, and continue to work within the Society.

If not, we can still wish it all good in the path it selects, and trust that its future, as a separate Society, may prove its usefulness to the world.

Sincerely yours,

ANNIE BESANT

THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST

Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden sends me the official letter addressed to all members of the Order by the German Executive Council, and sent by Dr. Steiner with an invitation to the German Convention to himself. It will be seen that my cautious statement on the subject was much within the truth. After stating that the Order of the Star is not dealt with for its opinions but for its attitude—which has always been most pacific!—the official letter proceeds: “The above-mentioned resolution is: The Committee of the German Section of the Theosophical Society regards the belonging to the Order of the Star in the East as incompatible with membership in the Theosophical Society, and requests the members of the Star in the East to go out of the Theosophical Society. The Committee of the German Section, if this request is not complied with, will find itself compelled to shut them out from the German Section.”

Dr. Ahnen, who wished to be present at the German Convention above-named to move important resolutions, was obliged to resign from the Order of the Star before he could be admitted to the Convention. Comment is needless.

I am awaiting Dr. Steiner's reply to my official letter, due on the 15th.

February, 13th 1913.

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND (BIRTHDAY GIFT)

						Rs.	A.	P.
England	834	5	0
Scotland	270	0	0
Holland	134	7	3
France	330	0	0
Belgium	164	0	0
Italy	103	0	0
Switzerland	29	12	2
Australia	618	10	3
Burmah	300	0	0
India	512	4	0
Adyar	537	14	9
						<hr/>		
						Rs.	3,834	5 5

A. SCHWARZ

Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10th February, 1913.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th January to 10th February, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:—

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss N. Archinard, Lausanne, £1-1-9	16	5	0
Mr. Felix A. Belcher, Toronto Lodge, Ontario ...	33	9	0
Mr. W. F. Barzay, Sierra Leone, £1-0-0	15	0	0
Miss L. Guttman, Gottingen, Germany, £1-3-4			
Charter fee and Annual dues for 1913	17	8	0
Mr. Skiold S. Bielke, Argentine Republic, £1-0-0...	14	12	2

DONATIONS

Mr. Van Gelder, donation to Adyar Library ...	75	0	0
"A friend," donation to Theosophical Society ...	500	0	0
	Rs. 672	2	2

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

The following receipts from 11th January to 10th February, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. B. Runga Row, Hyderabad (Deccan) ...	10	0	0
Ahmednagar Lodge T. S., for Food Fund ...	5	0	0
"Anon"	10	0	0
Mr. M. N. Ramaswamy Aiyar, Asst. Director of Survey, Kadiri	30	0	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for February 1913..	10	0	0
Blavatsky Lodge T. S., Chicago, £1-10-7... ..	22	8	11
"A friend," Adyar	500	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	3	0	0
	Rs. 590	8	11

A. SCHWARZ

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th February, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Minneapolis, Minnesota, U. S. A. ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S. ...	20-10-12
Bahia, Brazil, S. America Attached to Adyar Head- quarters ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S. ...	1-11-12
Timaru, New Zealand ...	Timaru Lodge, T. S. ...	8-11-12
New York City, U. S. A. ...	Upasika Lodge, T. S. ...	14-11-12
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. ...	Akbar Lodge, T. S. ...	14-11-12
Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A....	Evanston Lodge, T.S....	14-11-12
Reykjavik Iceland, Scan- dinavia ...	Reykjavik Lodge, T. S... 17-11-12	
Asuncion (Paraguay), ... S. America, Attached ... to Adyar Headquarters...	D'Estellos de Oriente Lodge, T. S. ...	28-11-12
Nancy (Meurthe et Moselle), France ...	Lorraine Lodge, T. S. ...	30-11-12
Bergen, Norway ...	Laboramus Lodge, T. S.	2-12-12
Alger, France ...	"Fraternite Lodge," T.S.	16-1-13
Dresden, Germany, Attached to Adyar Headquarters ...	Parsival Lodge, T. S. ...	7-2-13
Dresden, Germany, Attached to Adyar Headquarters ...	Lohengrin Lodge, T.S....	7-2-13
Breslau, Germany, Attached to Adyar Headquarters ...	"Loge der Wanderer zu Breslau" T. S. ...	7-2-13
Plauen, Germany, Attached to Adyar Headquarters ...	Plauen Lodge, T. S. ...	7-2-13

LODGE DISSOLVED

The Kansas City Lodge, T. S., Kansas, U. S. A. returned its Charter on 11th April, 1912.

ADYAR,
10th February, 1913.

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

IMPORTANT NOTE

At the Royal Institution of London, Sir J. J. Thomson, the foremost living authority on the structure of the atom, announced on January 17 the discovery of two new Chemical Elements. The first is one which is heavier than Hydrogen but lighter than Helium, and has an atomic weight 3. This is evidently the element which was christened by us 'Occultum' in 1907, and described in *Occult Chemistry* on p. 21.

The second new element Sir J. J. Thomson described as a gas of the Neon and Argon type, near to Neon in atomic weight, but having no place in Mendeleef's Periodic Table of the Elements. This must be our Meta-Neon with weight 22.33. Our occult investigations show that these neutral gases Neon, Argon, Krypton, etc., exist in pairs. Evidently it will not be long before physicists turn to our researches in Chemistry to find the solutions to some of the puzzles that confront them as they theorise over the structure of atoms and elements.

C. J.

Annie Besant: Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

THE THEOSOPHICAL CONVENTION
ADYAR 1912

THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

THE Convention met for business in the large Hall of the Headquarters at 12 noon on December 27th. The President said :

BRETHREN : Once more it is my happy privilege to bid you welcome here for our Anniversary Meeting, the Thirty-seventh of the present incarnation of the Theosophical Society. May its true Parents, the Guardians of Humanity, bless this Their Child, and guide it along the Path of Sacrifice, of Wisdom, and of Devotion.

In last year's Address I referred to the difficulties which had arisen in India, and had caused some retardation in the progress of our movement in this sacred land, the Motherland of the true Founders of the Society. Those difficulties have been accentuated during the past year, and as some members of the Society have taken part in the accentuation, we cannot expect here the joyous report of progress which comes from other lands. There has been a certain discouragement felt, which has been shown by the falling into dormancy of an exceptionally large number of members. Nor must we readily blame these weaker brethren. It is hard to stand firmly and quietly against continued defamation, especially when libels printed here are reprinted in America, and circulated in many languages over the whole of the civilised world. The tireless malignity which has its centre at Point Loma has been exceptionally active, and has deluged every country with articles so unclean and so mendacious that one stands amazed at the spectacle. As you know, I have uttered

no word against Mrs. Tingley, the head of Point Loma, during the seven years of her ceaseless attacks. Although the filthy literature written by her secretary, and circulated from her centre, was sent to every city in which I lectured in America, and was placed in the Reading Room of every hotel I stayed at, and though I was urged by the Press to answer, I never spoke a single word against her. European Consuls, Government officials, clergymen, teachers, in every part of Europe, have been circularised by her agents in many languages. Indian officials from the highest to the lowest have received her pamphlets. From European countries, from Java, Hongkong, Shanghai, from the cities of Australasia and New Zealand, reprints of foully worded articles without printers' names and with mendacious headings have been sent to me, all from the same source. Gross misrepresentations of my teaching, made by printing a part of a sentence and suppressing the context, have been circulated. Mrs. Tingley has been asked to finance a suit against me in England, so that the present opportunity may be seized to ruin me. Through all this I have kept silence, hoping that patience and forgiveness would conquer this most cruel and wicked persecution. My hope has not been realised. In her own country, her misrepresentations have over-reached themselves, and no one now pays any attention to her. But where she is less well known, the falsehoods gain credence. Why she is animated by this malignant hatred, I have often wondered; lately I have found that she is only a tool.

Since her emissary—a well-known supporter of the anarchistic movement connected with India House in New York, whence *Free Hindustan* was issued—came to Madras, the special Indian campaign has been started. This also I met with silence, the silence that I have lately been compelled to break. On what is passing in the law-courts my lips are at present sealed. I notice that at least three Indians desire that I should be left to fight out this battle

unassisted and alone, as a personal matter. I have naught to say against that policy, if it be the will of the Theosophical Society. I have never found in the past, when I won credit and wrought successfully in public work, that the T. S. was anxious to dissociate itself from that credit and success, and to proclaim that these were personal matters; and there is perhaps something a little less than generous in the wish to leave me alone when danger threatens. But I am the first to desire that any crown I win may be given to the Society, and that any stones flung at me may strike myself alone. So I thank the three Indian members who take this line. Moreover, I agree with them that Mr. Naraniah's suit against myself *is* a personal matter, although his counsel gave as a reason for the transfer of the suit from Chingleput to Madras High Court, that "the tenets of the T. S." would come into the suit. The T. S. has no tenets, and I shall take care that its absolute neutrality in all matters of opinion shall be scrupulously guarded. I am, however, most grateful for the love and sympathy expressed by officials of the T. S., by Lodges and Fellows, in this connection, for these are indeed, a real help, and a time of trial shows one's true friends. The T. S., with very few individual exceptions, shows itself to be such a friend.

While Mr. Naraniah's suit is a personal matter, the action taken by me in defence of the Headquarters and the T. S. concerns the Society itself. And wherever its honour and good name are attacked, I shall in future, as President, defend that honour and good name in the Press and in the law-courts, wherever the assailant is worth noticing; I will no longer silently permit mud to be thrown on the Society, but will use such honourable means of defence as are available, for to the level of the traducers I cannot stoop. I have hitherto followed, as President, the practice I followed as teacher, bearing silently all slander and insult. This I shall continue to do where these are directed only against myself personally. But I think it has been a mistake

to show this forbearance in the office of President, and where the T. S., which is placed in my charge, is concerned, I shall henceforth play the part of the warrior who protects. If the T. S. disapproves of this policy, it can very easily show its disapproval by instructing its General Council during the coming year not to propose my name for re-election as President in 1914.¹

In one Section, out of twenty-two, there is trouble—the German. I say in one Section only, because the trouble in India is not from the Section, but from a handful only of individuals. The German General Secretary, educated by the Jesuits, has not been able to shake himself sufficiently clear of that fatal influence to allow liberty of opinion within his Section. His repeated refusals to authorise admissions of individuals and of Lodges, on the definitely stated ground that they did not work in the method of the German Section, have been laid by me before the General Council. A telegram, demanding my resignation and couched in insulting language for the benefit of the public—as people of a certain type write insults on post cards—has been sent here by his Executive Council; three unsigned ones, purporting to be from six German Lodges in Switzerland, from some German Lodges in Austria, and from some Italian groups—whose action has been repudiated indignantly by the Italian Executive—have also come, but none of these can be regarded as official communications, since they were not sent through the General Secretary, the only channel recognised by the Constitution. They are merely negligible personal insults. The latest unconstitutional action of the German Executive is to expel from the National Society all members of the Order of the Star in the East. The expulsion is, of course, invalid, as no member can be expelled from a Section for his

¹ I took the approval of the Executive Committee on the actions taken against Dr. Nair and Dr. Rama Rao by myself, and against the *Hindu* by Mr. Schwarz. The plaint in the civil libel suit is ready but has not yet been filed against the *Hindu* and Dr. Nanjunda Rao, and the General Council has warmly approved my proceedings.—A. B.

opinions, but the action shows that liberty of thought is not permitted in the German Section. There are, in Germany, 540 members of the Order, but I do not know how many of these are also members of the T. S. Whether they be many or few, they have the same right to their membership in the German Section as any Lutheran or Roman Catholic. The only thing left for me to do, as President, in face of this unprecedented outrage on liberty of opinion within the T. S., is to cancel the Charter of the National Society in Germany, and then to revive it in favour of the seventeen Lodges willing to work within the Constitution of the T. S.¹

We must not think of this tyrannical and unconstitutional action of Dr. Steiner's followers as German, for it is totally alien from the free German spirit, and has raised revolt in Germany. Germany has been, and is a leader in independence of thought, and can never deny herself. May the new National Society follow the old German path.

Apart from the passing troubles in India—where the overwhelming majority of the Lodges and members are heart and soul with their President—and the serious breach of our Constitution in Germany, everything is very well with the work all the world over. I have put the two unpleasant features first, and there are none others of that nature. All else is marvellously prosperous.

NEW NATIONAL SOCIETIES

Three National Societies have been added to our roll during the year: Dutch-India, Burma and Austria. These raise the number to twenty-two, and we give them hearty welcome. Poland has separated itself from Russia, but has not organised itself nor sent any report, so that we lose temporarily from our records the members transferred to it by Russia.

¹ The General Council has requested me to take this course, since the above was written. A. B.

GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY
REVISED LIST OF CHARTERS ISSUED TO THE CLOSE OF 1911

1878	1	1890	234	1902	704
1879	2	1891	271	1903	750
1880	11	1892	298	1904	800
1881	19	1893	344	1905	860
1882	42	1894	362	1906	900
1883	88	1895	401	1907	958
1884	99	1896	425	1908	1032
1885	117	1897	487	1909	1125
1886	128	1898	526	1910	1223
1887	156	1899	558	1911	1329
1888	169	1900	595	1912	1405
1889	199	1901	647		

As the National Societies do not make up their registers at the same time, the following list is, as usual, not up-to-date, but shows the general progress.

No.	Name of the Society	No. of Lodges	No. of Active Members	No. of New Members admitted during the year
1	T.S. in America ...	129	3,368	684
2	" England and Wales ...	67	2,023	506
3	" India ...	338	5,170 ¹	416
		plus 95 dormant }		
4	" Australasia ...	20	1,135	176
5	" Scandinavia ...	36	1,101	196
6	" New Zealand ...	19	801	157
7	" Netherlands ...	16	1,198	200
8	" France ...	37	1,232	204
		plus 2 dormant }		
9	" Italy ...	23	354	46
10	" Germany ...	55 ²	2,447 ²	293 ¹
11	" Cuba ...	41	722	140
12	" Hungary ...	10	133	54
13	" Finland ...	23	556	91
14	" Russia ...	11	225	30
15	" Bohemia ...	7	152	31
16	" South Africa ...	8	214	51
17	" Scotland ...	14	406	119
18	" Switzerland ...	10	162	52
19	" Belgium ...	11	203	26
20	" Netherlands Indies ...	10	516	89
21	" Burma ...	8	126	33
22	" Austria ...	7	77	62
	Non-Sectionalised ...	50	839	193
	Grand Total ...	950 plus 97 dormant }	23,140	3,525

¹ India has also a 'dormant list' of 5,079 members, i.e., of members two years in arrear with their dues.

² These numbers are given under reserve, until the General Council decides on the position of the Non-German Lodges.

Eighty-three Lodges have been added to our strength, and 9 more are awaiting their Charters, which will bring our total of new Lodges to 92 for the year. England heads the list with 16; India treads closely on her heels with 14; then comes Germany with 10; Austria starts on her way with 7. America has added most new members—684; England has done well with 506, and the sister Section of Scotland adds 119, making 625 within the little island home. India has admitted 416; Germany with its outlying Lodges 293. Eight National Societies run into four figures, India being still easily first with its 5,170; but the non-paying members make an additional 5,079, so that a little effort would raise its roll to 10,249. Cannot that effort be made during the coming year to turn the passive members into active ones?

In America, the long-hoped-for Krotona has been started, and the Sectional Headquarters have been fixed there. Hearty congratulations are due to Mr. Warrington, the new General Secretary, who took Dr. Weller Van Hook's place—when the latter was compelled to take up again his profession in consequence of seriously straitened resources—and who was re-elected unanimously at the September Convention. Mr. Warrington's report shows the splendid work which is in progress in America. Especially noticeable is the admirable organisation of the whole work. My dear friend, Mrs. Russak, has carried thither her power of work and her inspiring enthusiasm, after unremitting toil in Europe, where she has won many hearts; the promise of 1906 is being amply fulfilled.

The T. S. in England and Wales, under the leadership of Mr. Wedgwood, is making wonderful progress. Mr. Sinnett, the Vice-President of the T. S., is a constant spring of help, and his thoroughly independent views are a stimulus to individual thought. I feel most grateful to the Master K. H. for the expression of the wish that restored the veteran Theosophist to his place among us. Among the many helpers, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whyte, Lady Emily Lutyens and Dr. Guest stand out very prominently. The

At Homes at Headquarters given by the Viscountess Churchill and Mrs. Kerr were most pleasant functions. The Annual Convention was held in Portland Rooms, and a delightful tea-party, held on the site of the Headquarters, amid yawning foundation-ditches, brought about another purchase of land on each side of the original plot, so making the place perfect by providing for a surrounding garden. Mr. Lutyens has made a splendid plan, and money has come in well. Bath has just secured a fine house in an admirable situation for its Lodge.

There has been much building in India; Gayā Lodge has erected the finest public building in the town. Cocanada has built and opened its Lodge. Bellary, Bangalore City and Trichinopoly, mentioned last year, are ready. Mysore has obtained a building plot. Chittoor has laid its Lodge foundation. Bowringpet is ready for opening. Tirupur is just beginning its building. Calcutta has opened a fine Hall on College Green, and is building over it a second storey. Shri Kṛṣhṇa Lodge, Bombay, is enlarging its building, and Mr. Justice Sadashiva Iyer lately opened a Lodge building at Chicacole. There may be more of which no report has reached me.

Scotland is building a good Hall at the back of its Headquarters, all the necessary money being given. Belgium has taken fine rooms. The plans for the French Headquarters have been completed, and show a handsome building. Costa Rica has finished its Lodge, and in Cuba two buildings are being erected for Lodges.

A noticeable movement in Java is the Wiḍya Poestaka, a League of the Order of Service, which collects, translates and publishes old MSS., palm-leaf, tree-bark, etc., and which received a gold medal for its exhibits at the Brussels Exhibition of 1910.

Summer Schools have become increasingly popular, Krotona easily leading the way with its immense programme of 144 lectures. Three Summer Schools were successfully carried on in England. Finland was so successful in its

first attempt that it proposes to hold a Summer School every year. These gatherings give a good opportunity for making new friendships and cementing old ones. Mr. D. N. Dunlop was the pioneer in this work, and must be pleased to find others treading in his steps.

Hungary has now its Theosophical Magazine, and the Swiss Section has begun the issue of a monthly *Bulletin*. *Le Théosophe*, admirably edited by M. Gaston Revel, has a child, *Le jeune Théosophe*.

The T. S. in Bohemia is working very hard and well, and stands firmly for liberty of thought. Australasia and New Zealand go steadily on, the rate of their progress increasing year by year. The Netherlands has sent off a daughter Section, that in the Dutch Indies. Italy is marked by its vigorous literary propaganda. Russia had the happiness of seeing the full acquittal of its noble General Secretary on a charge of blasphemy, brought because a writer in her review had remarked that Constantine was not morally a success. South Africa is ploughing a not very fertile soil with much devotion and steady industry. Switzerland has a very difficult field of work, but is hopeful for the future. Our young Burmese Society is making a great success, and is winning several Bhikkhus into Theosophical work. It is sending to the Adyar Library the Burmese version of the Pāli Piṭakas, a very welcome gift, and its representatives have brought with them a beautiful brass Buddha as a gift to Adyar.

UNSECTIONALISED COUNTRIES, AND LODGES ATTACHED TO ADYAR

In South America Bro. Adrian A. Madril has fully justified his selection as Presidential Agent, while his predecessor continues his valuable literary work.

We have not heard from Spain, up to the time of writing, but know that all is going on well there. Our earnest Fellow, Bro. Nikoff, wrote saying that he was going to the front with the troops in the Balkan War, and we

have had no further news of him, nor, naturally, of his Lodge. Some sixteen Lodges in Germany have been chartered or are awaiting Charters from Adyar, leagued together in defence of freedom of opinion, and some are in the Undogmatic Federation, so wisely started by our learned brother Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden.

LECTURERS AND WORKERS

We have already mentioned Mrs. Russak's fine work, and the names of others occur above. I must further make special mention of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's work in Hungary, her indomitable spirit and deep devotion driving to successful toil a suffering body; she has worked in Budapest, and has visited various castles and important country-houses. Mrs. Sidney Ransom made a long and most important tour in Australia, gathering golden opinions. Madame de Manziarly has worked admirably in Germany, Austria and France. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, despite his age, has laboured nobly under most difficult circumstances. Herr John Cordes, after working under Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden for the Order of the Star in the East, threw himself energetically into propaganda work, and has succeeded in creating an Austrian National Society, for which he has gained the authorisation of the Austrian Government, thanks to the powerful influences which he was able to enlist. In India, our veteran worker Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao has toiled unceasingly, and Mr. Wadia—despite his incessant labours in the publishing department—has proved himself a splendid propagandist, speaking with an eloquence and fire which have fairly astonished his hearers. The venerable Joint General Secretary has been incapacitated for part of the year by illness, but has, as ever, worked hard during the remainder. Miss Codd has proved an acceptable lecturer, and Messrs Hawthorne and Prime have made some tours. Mr. Ernest Wood was on a long lecturing tour when he was laid up by a most serious illness, and for some months

to come he should be careful of his health. Mr. Panday has replaced Miss Browning at Lahore, when she was compelled to leave India by ill-health; he is doing fine work in a difficult place. Many others are working hard and well, and to all these faithful servants the T. S. is debtor.

FINANCE

The Treasurer's Report is, once more, very satisfactory, and Mr. Schwarz is, as ever, a tower of strength, consecrating his fine business ability to the service of the Masters.

The purchase of Shānti Kuñja and Gñāna Geha, spoken of last year, was made, thanks to generous donors, at a cost of Rs. 50,000. Another Rs. 4,000 odd have been spent in laying on water, repairs, etc. The whole has been handed over to the Indian Section, which will receive Rs. 250 a month in rent.

We have also to thank Mr. Charles R. Harvey for his generous gift of Rs. 15,000 towards the purchase of Besant Gardens, thus increasing his already large benefactions.

THE HEADQUARTERS

The students living on the estate have become very numerous, and every room in Leadbeater Chambers and all the bungalows is filled. The electrical installation, under the care of Mr. Ransom, now ably seconded by Mr. Brown, is working admirably and is a source of great comfort. Mr. Best most kindly took charge during Mr. Ransom's well-earned holiday in the hills. The grounds are very much improved, thanks to Mr. Huidekoper's skilful care, and are both beautiful now, and promising for the future.

Our buildings have been increased during the year without any cost—even with a little gain by ground-rent—to the Society. Quarters for Vaishyas have been built by a legacy of Rs. 2,000 from Mr. K. Subbarayadu and Rs. 1,000 from

a widow lady. Justices Sadashiva Iyer of the Madras High Court, and Chandrashekhara Iyer of the Mysore High Court, have nobly come forward at this time of attack on Adyar, and have built themselves houses here. Several additional houses have been built, or are building, by members. All these go to the Society on the death of their present owners.

For the work done in the Vasantā Press by Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri no words of praise can be too high; his bindery—built by himself—is a model, and the healthy happy faces of his men and boys show that printing, properly conducted, is a trade that none need dislike. The Publishing House, again, is all that it should be, and the extension, built by our chief architect, Mr. Ranga Reddy, gives room for both display and the despatch of business. Mr. B. P. Wadia is my right hand in all editing and publishing work, and the success of the business is wholly due to his management. His most efficient voluntary helpers—Mrs. Gagarin, Miss de Leeuw, Mrs. Adair, Mr. Dandekar, Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Beer and Mr. Mehta—are as steady and industrious as if their livelihood depended on their work; Mr. Mettam has lifted from his shoulders the burden of book-keeping. The clerks do their part of the work satisfactorily. Miss Dixon has put in another year's good and useful work at the Chambers, and Mr. Shrinivasarao manages most admirably the Quadrangle and Bhojanashāla. Countesses Olga and Hertha Schack have taken care of us at Headquarters, and have seen to the Guest House; we shall miss them badly when they return to labour in Germany. Mr. Ranga Reddy has shown a genius for economical building, and Mr. Shah has set him free for this by taking over the dairy. Mrs. Van Hook has discovered and looks after a first-class baker, who makes the first good bread I have tasted in India. Mr. Aria keeps all in order in the increasing work of the Recording Secretary, and my good friend, Mr. Soobbiah Chetty finds time, in the midst of his heavy official work, to

smooth my path in countless little ways. Of my honoured colleague, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, what can I say, save that we are all deeply grateful to him for the invaluable help he gives, and that our reverence for his serene and joyous patience under intolerable wrong increases with the years. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Cordes have left us for work in their respective countries, but Don Fabrizio Ruspoli continues ever to render help to Mr. Leadbeater and to Italy, while Dr. Rocke, Mr. Hubert Van Hook, Mr. Wood and others supply the empty places.

But there are two empty places that none may fill—those of our beloved Alcyone and Mizar. Alcyone's gracious presence and gentle saintliness are sorely missed, but we all rejoice that he is away from the present evil, and that round him and his brother all is bright and pure. May the Lords of Compassion guard the lads, and pardon those who know not what they do.

THE ADYAR LIBRARY

Our learned Librarian was away most of the year, and most efficiently represented the Society at the Oriental Congress in Athens. He has finished the first volume of his standard text of the Minor Upaniṣhats, a work which will bring him fame and reflect credit on the Theosophical Society. We offer him, as our little tribute, the Subba Rao gold medal. The Assistant Director is invaluable, the roundest of men in the roundest of holes. Mr. Ostermann has continued his generous help.

OUR LITERATURE

Mr. Leadbeater has given us this year two volumes on *The Hidden Side of Things*, and he and I together have published an account of our investigations during the summer of 1910, under the title of *Man: Whence, How and Whither*. We hope the book may be as useful as it

is bulky. My own further contributions are the Queen's Hall lectures, a little book, *Theosophy*, in Jack's People's books, and other small works. Mr. Jinarajadasa has published another exquisite little book, *In His Name*. Alcyone has written an admirable booklet on *Education as Service*, which is being translated into various languages; his first book, *At the Feet of the Master*, has just appeared in Esperanto, as well as in Sinhalese and Burmese, among others, and is being put into Braille for the helping of the blind. Mr. Cooper has added two more to his *Manuals of Occultism*. The great work of summarising the *Pranava-Vāda* has been completed by Mr. Bhagavan Das, and the third volume will be on sale in a few weeks. A new Magazine, *The Young Citizen*, begins its career on January 7, 1913.

GONE TO PEACE

India has lost for the time two very notable Theosophists—the Hon. Mr. Krshnasvami Iyer and Mr. Dharamsey Morarji Goculdas. Public life in Bombay and Madras is the poorer for their passing. We have lost the physical help of Mr. Dubrai M. Oza by the bursting of an oil-stove; his body was burned to death. He was an exceptionally useful worker. Dr. Appel has also left a much-suffering body; her last work was given to the School at Madanapalle, and she will be much missed in England, where she led a brave medical crusade against vaccination, vivisection and kindred evils. Peace be to them in their temporary rest.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

The Order of Service has grown considerably during the year, and the Round Table, the Golden Chain, and the Lotus Circles all seem to be increasing. The Order of the Star in the East has now about 11,000 members, scattered

over twenty-three countries; it shows extraordinary activity and ever-growing enthusiasm.

The Sons and Daughters of India work steadily and usefully, and the idea of Service to the Empire through the Motherland promises to spread by similar organisations in the West.

The educational work fostered by the Society in India, Ceylon and Burma goes forward. The Central Hindū College and Girls' School flourish exceedingly, and future workers are growing up in both; Mr. Arundale's services have been priceless, and those of Miss Arundale to the education of Indian girls have made an ineffaceable mark. The Delhi Girls' School does well under self-sacrificing Misses Gmeiner and Priest, and the Madura and Vayalpad Schools are progressing. The Madanapalle School still needs outside help in funds, but has grown much in buildings. Mrs. Higgins' School for Buddhist Girls maintains its high level, and repays her years of strenuous toil. But the Buddhist work among boys and in village schools needs more help and thorough re-organisation. Mr. Woodward is successful in Galle, and Mr. Bilimoria in Kandy, but Mr. Moore's work is far too exacting for a single person, and there is imperative need for another European to assist him.

The Olcott Pañchama Schools remain models under the guidance of Miss Kofel, and it is impossible to measure the far-reaching value of these admirably organised institutions, and of the example of self-sacrifice set ever before their eyes in their Superintendent, who has relinquished even her small salary.

The foundation in London of the Temple of the Rosy Cross has begun a movement which is likely to go far. It has been enthusiastically taken up in England and Scotland, and a Temple has been founded in India. The Order is open only to members of the T. S. and is devoted to preparation for the coming of the Supreme Teacher.

THEOSOPHICAL SANNYĀSĪS

A new step has been taken, which has been under contemplation for a considerable time. Some of our Indian members who have passed through the household life, and are free from its obligations, desired to consecrate themselves wholly to the service of the T. S. and of India, renouncing all caste distinctions, property and family life. Seven persons, including a man and his wife, who had fulfilled all their worldly duties, were permitted to take the vows and the robe on December 25th, in the Shrine Room at Headquarters. They will be supported by voluntary hospitality and by the Sannyāsa Fund, of which Mr. B. P. Wadia is Secretary and Treasurer. Those of the above who had property have thrown it into the Fund, after providing for their families. Any who wish to help the movement may contribute to this Fund. Some extensions may later be made for the training of young celibate Theosophical workers under these elders, such Brahmachārīs being free to leave the Order and return to the worldly life; 'lay brethren' may also be attached, who are living in the world. May this effort to serve be blessed.

CONCLUSION

Brethren: You are given a great opportunity, which, rightly utilised, may carry you far. Learn through the present turmoil in India to distinguish the Real from the unreal, the underlying Truth from the veil of passing phenomena. The spiritual life is not disturbed by combat, if the combatant be free from hatred and anger, indifferent to success and failure, peaceful in the midst of strife, calm though surrounded by tumult, fighting for the Right, which is already conqueror in the higher world. Was not the great Scripture of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* given "in the midst between two armies"? Was it not given by the yellow-robed Yogī to His disciple,

and was He not in a high state of consciousness during the giving, while His strong hand was on the reins of the eager white war-horses, ready to plunge into the fray? Did He not utter as the refrain of His matchless discourse: "Therefore fight, O Arjuna"? Will any dare to call the Lord of Yoga unspiritual, because He bade His beloved disciple engage in the strife which had been forced upon him? Therefore stand up, O children of Manu, followers of our great Warrior Master, the Rājput Chief of the Morya clan, resolute to defend our righteous cause. "Taking as equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, gird yourselves for the battle; thus shall ye not incur sin." Ours in India is the glorious privilege of standing by our Masters, our true Leaders, in the day of reproach and imputed dishonour. I congratulate you, I congratulate myself, that we are found worthy to defend Their cause.

THE POLICY OF THE T. S.

A discussion on the above subject was held in the large Hall of the Headquarters on December 30, 1912, and proved to be very interesting. It was opened by two speakers who had very harshly criticised the President in the newspapers, and who very properly came forward to put their objections face to face with her. They were listened to respectfully by all, but the rest of the many speakers were all friendly. The points raised were: objection to the association of the E. S. with the T. S.; objection to the headship of the E. S. being held by the President of the T. S.; and the suggestion that she should hand over the first-named post to Mr. Leadbeater; objection to any legal actions connected with the E. S.; objection to bringing the T. S. into a personal suit against Mrs. Besant; objection to the Order of the Star in the East. The President said:—

I think you will agree with me that we have had a very interesting and, I hope, fruitful discussion. The first two speakers put what I might call—if I may be pardoned for saying so—the case against the line of work which I have followed. The remaining speakers have added one or two interesting points in the nature of questions rather than in the nature of opposition.

The first speaker objects to the union between the E. S. and the T. S. Now I would ask you to go back to the early days of the Society, and you will find that the constitution was quite different from the constitution of to-day. At that time the Society was made up of three Sections—the Third Section, the general membership; the Second Section, the pupils of H. P. B. and the pupils of the Masters; the First Section, the Masters Themselves. That is our original constitution. The Society was not ready

for that as it grew in size, and the result was that the Masters withdrew, the First Section was abolished, and the Society remained then with only the ordinary membership and the group of pupils of H. P. B., with one or two disciples of the Masters Themselves. Then, after a time, it was found that the Society was not flourishing, as it was severed from its real Founders.

You must remember that H. P. B. was sent to found the Society by her Master Morya. The head of the outer Society was H. S. Olcott, another disciple of that same Master, and it was by the Masters, through these two disciples, that the Society came to birth and the Colonel was appointed by Them President for life. When the Society, doubting the existence of the Masters, caused the destruction of the First Section of the Society and the withdrawal of the Masters, then H. P. B. and H. S. Olcott endeavoured to remedy the mischief which had been done and to rescue the Society from perishing.

In order to do that, in 1888, Colonel Olcott made the E. S. a definite part of the Society by an Executive Order, and recognised H. P. B. as its Head; she published the statement that the E. S. was intended for the salvation of the Theosophical Society, and to carry out the purpose for which the Theosophical Society was originally formed.

So far, then, as that is concerned, clearly this E. S. conception is older than the more democratic arrangement that we now have; and if there is to be any separation, it is rather the outer membership that should leave the name to the inner, than the inner that should go away and leave the Society to the outer.

But it was suggested by the second speaker: "Why should not Mrs. Besant resign in favour of Mr. Leadbeater?" Because Mrs. Besant was put at the head of the E. S. by H. P. B., its Founder under the Master, and by the Master Himself, who is its Head; and, while life remains to me, I will not resign that position, unless He who

gave it me bids me resign it, and then I will at once lay it down.

As regards the Theosophical Society, it has power in its own hands. I had been the Head of the E. S. since 1891 up to 1907, when the late President, on the order of his Master, nominated me, and the Society elected me. If the Society objected, it was quite easy not to elect me. It might have refused to give me a second office that I was by no means desirous to possess. Next year again the choice will be placed in its hands, and if the Society agrees with Professor Narasimha it has only to refuse to elect Mrs. Besant, and she will cease to be the President of the Theosophical Society. You have not, then, to be patient very long before you can get rid of the double headship if you please.

Then we come to another point, and I suppose I must allude to this in passing—the question of my defending a suit. As a dry matter of fact, the Society has nothing to do with the suit which I am defending. It is not my fault that the Counsel of the plaintiff declared that the question of the tenets of the Theosophical Society—the Theosophical Society having *no* tenets—being involved was a reason for removing the suit from Chingleput to the High Court of Madras. I could not help the plaintiff's Counsel making that statement, and, as I was not in Court, I could not prevent my own Counsel from very naturally accepting that as a reason for the change. The Society has absolutely nothing to do with that suit. I defend it, and I ask for no help. The very suggestion that I would try to take the money of the Society to defend the suit was a suggestion—well, that should never have been made.

Then we come to other actions, which do concern the Society, in which I am the plaintiff, which I am going to bring, or have brought, for the honour of the Society, to defend its Headquarters. On these, the General Council of the Society has approved of my action, and has endorsed what I have done.

Then we come to the suggestion that all who believe certain doctrines should be dissociated from the T. S. How far is that to go? Is every Hindū to leave it, because he holds doctrines the Theosophical Society does not hold? Every Christian, every Mussalmān, every Buddhist? Who is going to be left?

There are only two bases on which such a Society as ours can exist. One, utter liberty of opinion—and that includes everybody; or, a dogmatic basis—so that only those will be admitted who hold those particular views. But you cannot exclude only E. S. members, nor can you exclude only the members of the Order of the Star in the East. They have tried to exclude them in Germany by expelling them from the German Section; and the answer of our General Council to that outrageous proceeding is to request me to cancel the Charter of the German Section on the ground that it is going against the Constitution of the Society.

Then it is said we must not associate the Society with the E. S. or the O. S. E. Why not? Why not as much as you associate Hindūism or any other faith? There is no real association, but there is a common membership—a large common membership. But that exists with regard to every faith. Now the O. S. E. is not as yet a religion. Fifty or sixty years hence I think it may possibly grow into one; but that is only a guess of my own, and binds nobody else. Why then should we take any special action with regard to this single body, when every other religious body is welcomed within our ranks? The late Indian General Secretary, who objected to anything being said in favour of the O. S. E. within the Society, has himself chartered a Lodge of the Ārya Samāj. Surely that ought to be treated in the same way! If you may have Ārya Samāj Lodges, why not Lodges of the O. S. E.?—although we have never asked that such a Lodge should be formed. But, following out the policy of Mr. Bhagavan Das, you are bound to give Charters if any groups of the O. S. E.

should ask for them, for you have already given one to the Ārya Samāj, which is most distinctly a sectarian body.

The fact is, you cannot go against one opinion you dislike, without forcing yourself into going against all opinions. It was said quite truly that animosities arise from differences. I grant it. But I thought the Theosophical Society had partly as its work to teach people to discuss differences of opinion without showing the animosities that arise in the outer world. It seemed to me *that* was one of its aims—that as we saw the world torn by religious animosities, we came forward and said: “Belonging to many faiths, we join together to discuss our differences as brothers, instead of quarrelling over them as enemies.” Are we to give up that noble work, and bind ourselves down to a particular set of views?

But then we are told: “Oh, your O. S. E. is a personal cult.” What if it is? As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. We have members in the Order who worship Shri Kṛṣṇa; we have others who worship Jesus; we have others who worship the Christ; we have others who simply think of a great Teacher, and do not give any special name to the Teacher. The O. S. E. does not say a particular Teacher is coming, but *a* Teacher, the coming World-Teacher; and people name Him according to their religious beliefs, and according to their personal prepossessions.

There is no one personal cult within the O. S. E., but, if there were, it would be within its right; for other members have personal cults. Why, I know quite well among you those who worship Viṣṇu, worship Shri Kṛṣṇa, worship Mahādev, worship Lakṣhmi, worship Sarasvatī. Are we to say that none who worship These are to belong to the Theosophical Society? Are we to say to the worshippers of Shri Kṛṣṇa: “You shall not speak about the divine Object in whom you believe, and against you the platform of the Theosophical Society is to be closed”?

What kind of bigotry is this, coming up in the thirty-eighth year of our life? We have been free until now, and some of us intend to remain free until the end. Tolerance does not mean tolerating the opinions you agree with: it means tolerating the opinions with which you disagree; and that is the point that one or two of our speakers and writers seem entirely to forget.

The brother who addressed us does not agree with certain views; but I don't want to compel him. I don't ask him to agree with me. I do not say *he* ought to go out of the Society because he holds those views, but he tells me that *I* ought because I hold mine. Why? Why should I leave the Society any more than he?

I can tell you, as a dry matter of fact, that if you thought of excluding from office all the members of the E. S., as Mr. Bhagavan Das demands, there would be little left of the Theosophical Society after you had done it. Such a proposition has been placed before the General Council—that no member of any such body should be allowed to take office in the Society, and that if any such member holds office, he should resign. The General Council has met that with a declaration that it would be an intolerable outrage upon individual liberty, that it would prevent the acceptance of office by any self-respecting man or woman. And certainly I believe that to be true.

Professor Narasimha says it is a hardship to the members of the Society to have the E. S. in it. Why? You need not come into it. No one is ever invited to enter it. It is a pure act of individual choice and inclination; and what right have people outside to dictate what we should believe, and what we should do, in matters of the spiritual life? We do not want to dictate to any other what God he shall worship, what Teacher he shall bow before, but we claim that in the inner sanctuary of our own experience we shall be allowed freedom without being insulted, as all others are allowed it within the limits of the Theosophical Society.

But it is said we are "students and not teachers". Then we ought not to issue any books; we ought not to give any lectures; we ought to do nothing but meet together to study, if this distinction is to be kept up. But where does the limit begin? May students become teachers who know very little, while those who know a great deal are forbidden to utter their teachings? That seems to be the only logical conclusion to which we can come; and you would have to draw your line very low, for a Master once said: "There is not one member of the Theosophical Society who cannot find someone more ignorant than himself, from whom he is able to remove part of that ignorance." But to do that is to be a teacher. Does it mean, then, that the moment a speaker gets beyond our own individual knowledge, that moment he must not be allowed to teach, or to lecture, or to write a book? If so, our progress will not be very rapid in the days to come, and we shall be tied down to what we already have.

Then comes up the question of Leagues. I am responsible for those, and I will tell you why I founded them. I had heard a great deal said during the life-time of Colonel Olcott about the Theosophical Society being a Buddhist organisation. He was himself a Buddhist; he had founded many Buddhist schools, and done much noble work in the Buddhist community. So the people said: "The Society is Buddhist." As Miss Severs mentioned, a large number of people come into the Society wanting to do some useful work. I could not at first see how these people could be prevented from dragging the Society with them into their various ideas and views, and so I finally said: "Let those who agree come together and work together on their special line, but without committing the Society, and without committing a Lodge, to any particular line of work." And that is what we have done.

We had a League against vivisection. Mrs. Charles was very angry. "You are spoiling the neutrality of the

Society," she said; "will you give me a League for vivisection?" (The other was *anti-vivisection*.) I wrote back in effect: "If you will send me an application saying that you regard vivisection as coming under the idea of Universal Brotherhood, I shall be ready to authorise the formation of your League." But we never got any further. I never had the application, and I imagine the request was only written in order that I might say "No," and that she might then say that I was against neutrality and favoured one view rather than another. As I said "Yes," nothing else happened.

Now, for the greatest part, the Leagues are composed of people who want to work. They used to come to us and say: "What shall I do?" Now when they come I say: "Go and work in one of the Leagues; find one of them that you agree with, and if you cannot find one make a new one and then we will authorise it." So no one is refused a good line of work along which he wishes to go. It seems to me that is far the better plan. We are not committed to any one of these Leagues. But, on the other hand, those of you who agree work together in them, and they very often draw non-Theosophists into their body and so gradually popularise Theosophy.

Now, deep as is my own belief in the existence of Masters, and utterly sure as I am that if that belief passes away from the hearts of the majority this Society will perish, I am the first to defend the right of any member not to believe, as I am the first to defend the right of other members to believe.

But what I stand against, and what makes a few people very angry with me, is that I claim the same liberty for the believer as for the non-believer; that while I defend the right of the sceptic to proclaim his scepticism, I also defend the right of the believer in the great Teachers to declare the fact of his belief. Is it not better so? If he is wrong, you will be able perhaps to convert him from his belief; while if he is right, he

may bring into your life a light that was never lighted in it before.

I am in favour of free speech, free opinion, free thought. I believe it is the condition of all growth in truth. But I am against the limiting of some people in order to suit a few other people in the Society who do not even agree among themselves as to how far the scepticism should go.

Mr. Bhagavan Das desires the teaching of the Impersonal; but the atheist would object even to that, and the atheist has as good a right in the Theosophical Society as I have. Where will you stop, if you begin to lay down belief and non-belief, worship or non-worship, as the condition of holding office?

Then it is suggested that it would be better, in order to avoid certain difficulties, that I should not sign as President. Well, I do not mind. I can do a great deal without adding P. T. S. to the bottom of any letter. But the way it arose was that I offered, in order to keep the Society more in touch with Headquarters, to write a quarterly letter. Well then, that was labelled the 'Presidential letter', not by me, but by the General Secretaries who received it. Frankly, I did not think that people were so fault-finding in petty matters. If members are to complain about my signing "Annie Besant, P. T. S." I am as willing to drop the letters as the office, the moment I am not wanted in it. So for the future I will write the letter without putting the initials P. T. S. after it. What does it matter, dear friends? You all know I am the President.

But I will tell you one thing that showed to me a great change in public opinion. In the West I hold a certain public position, and when I joined the Society they said the Society had made a great gain in converting Mrs. Besant. When I was elected as President of the Theosophical Society, the London newspapers remarked that Mrs. Besant had been honoured by being made

President of the Theosophical Society. That is to say, the position was reversed. Before, the Society gained by converting me; now, to be made President of the Society is regarded as an honour to myself. And so I hold. But it shows how much the Society has risen in public opinion; how it is now thought that it is an honour, in the face of the world, to be placed in the seat of the President.

And now there is one question I should like you to consider: are all 'subsidiary activities' to be rejected, as one speaker said? I feel rather responsible for these. The Colonel used to put all the things together in the *Annual Report*, so that the Buddhist Schools and the Central Hindū College, and a number of other things, all came in as part of the report of the Society, and I said to him one day: "Colonel, wouldn't it be better to put those in as 'subsidiary activities', because some of our members do not agree with them?" He thought it over, and adopted the idea; and under that name the whole of these movements now appear. I am not inclined, unless there is a strong expression of opinion, to cancel this. The Society has gained much credit from its Buddhist Schools, from the Central Hindū College at Benares, from its Pañchama Schools, and from many others of these activities. It gains from them, and unless I have a request from a majority of the Society, I shall keep those exactly as Colonel Olcott left them, and as they are; adding under that neutral title everything that is not purely Theosophical, so that the Society, as such, may not be held responsible for anything outside its own work.

There is another point that I think it might perhaps be well for you to consider, as the election of a President will soon be before you. The General Council next February twelve-month will have to nominate my successor. I go out in July, 1914. Make up your minds whether you want as President a nonentity, or a person of ability and weight in the world. There are plenty of nonentities

among you, whom you can choose. The only difficulty will be that you want a two-thirds' vote of the Society in order to elect a President, and a nonentity in one country is not likely to be known over the other countries; so that there is a certain practical difficulty in the way of carrying out that plan. But still I think that is what a few of you want; you want a President who will do nothing, and then he won't offend anybody. If you want a person who is known, who is of weight, who has formed opinions, then you must not try to gag that person's mouth and bind that person's limbs.

No one more than myself has declared the absolute liberty of thought within the Society. I have been defending within the last year or two the liberty of Dr. Steiner, the General Secretary of Germany, to the full statement of his own opinions, his right of publishing them, of declaring them, of sending about into other countries speakers who preach them. It is his right to do it. We print his views; we sell his books. But I am against him when he tries to make his opinions binding upon everyone who comes within the German Section of the Theosophical Society. That is where the difficulty arose. Freedom for each, compulsion for none—that is my platform, and so long as I am President, for that I stand.

And I will ask you, finally, not to make a mistake. There is no crisis in the Theosophical Society at the present time. The Society is not in the very slightest danger. We have twenty-two Sections. There is not a breath of trouble in twenty of these. The trouble here in India, in the twenty-first, is a very small one, made by two or three newspapers and by a number of people whom I could count on my two hands. The Society has more than 5,000 members in India. Less than a score of members cannot make a crisis in a great Society like ours. Why, there is not even a crisis in the Indian Section, let alone a crisis in the Theosophical Society! Nothing of the sort is known. You can see it from the election of your

General Council by the Indian Section; you can see it in the election of the new General Secretary, Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu; you can see it in this Convention. The vast majority of members of this Convention are members of the Indian Section. A thousand Indians are here, and where is the crisis? I have given this opportunity that criticism might be directed against me. I have thrown open this conference, in order that everything that could be said should be said, and you, who fill the hall, have listened with perfect patience and courtesy to *two* members who have expressed their adverse opinions! And less than that is the proportion of those who are discontented in the Indian Section.

If you want to break the Society, follow the advice given you in this by Mr. Bhagavan Das. He is very dear to me—although he loves me not. I honour him for his learning; I respect him for the purity of his life; I believe that in the whole of this his motive is pure and right and good; although I think that his eyes for the time are blinded by anger, and that his views are distorted by personal dislike, through which nothing can be clearly seen. And so I repeat to you what I said in closing your Sectional business yesterday. Do not let love for me be shown by animosity against those who oppose me. Let no angry word be spoken against him, or against those who think with him. They are only a handful, friends, but that gives them a right to the fuller freedom of speech; it is not well that a vast majority should do anything to hinder the liberty of a small minority who take other views. If they write against me in the papers, let them write; if they ascribe to me bad motives, leave it to my life to answer them, and not to the pens of my friends.

If the Society is attacked, defend it; if the Society is slandered, speak up for it. The Society is our spiritual Mother who has brought us into the world, into the spiritual life; so we must defend her and prevent insult

to her, for the Mother must not be insulted while the son has tongue with which he can speak in her defence.

But leave me to defend myself. I am strong enough to do it—so few the opponents, so many the lovers. Thousands in every land give me love and trust; shall I complain that some few look on me with dislike, with mistrust, with apprehension? It is said that you destroy an enemy only when you win him to be a friend. Leave me to try to win the friendship of these few good and earnest men, who only dislike me because they do not understand me; because, not really knowing me personally, they fancy that I have some terrible motives, which I know not why they should ascribe to me. If you speak against them, they will be driven further and further away. If you are unkind, there is less chance of winning them; and I do not despair of seeing these good brothers of ours, in a year or two, among my most affectionate friends, and that is the object I place before myself as the result of our discussion on the policy of the President.

Supplement to this Issue

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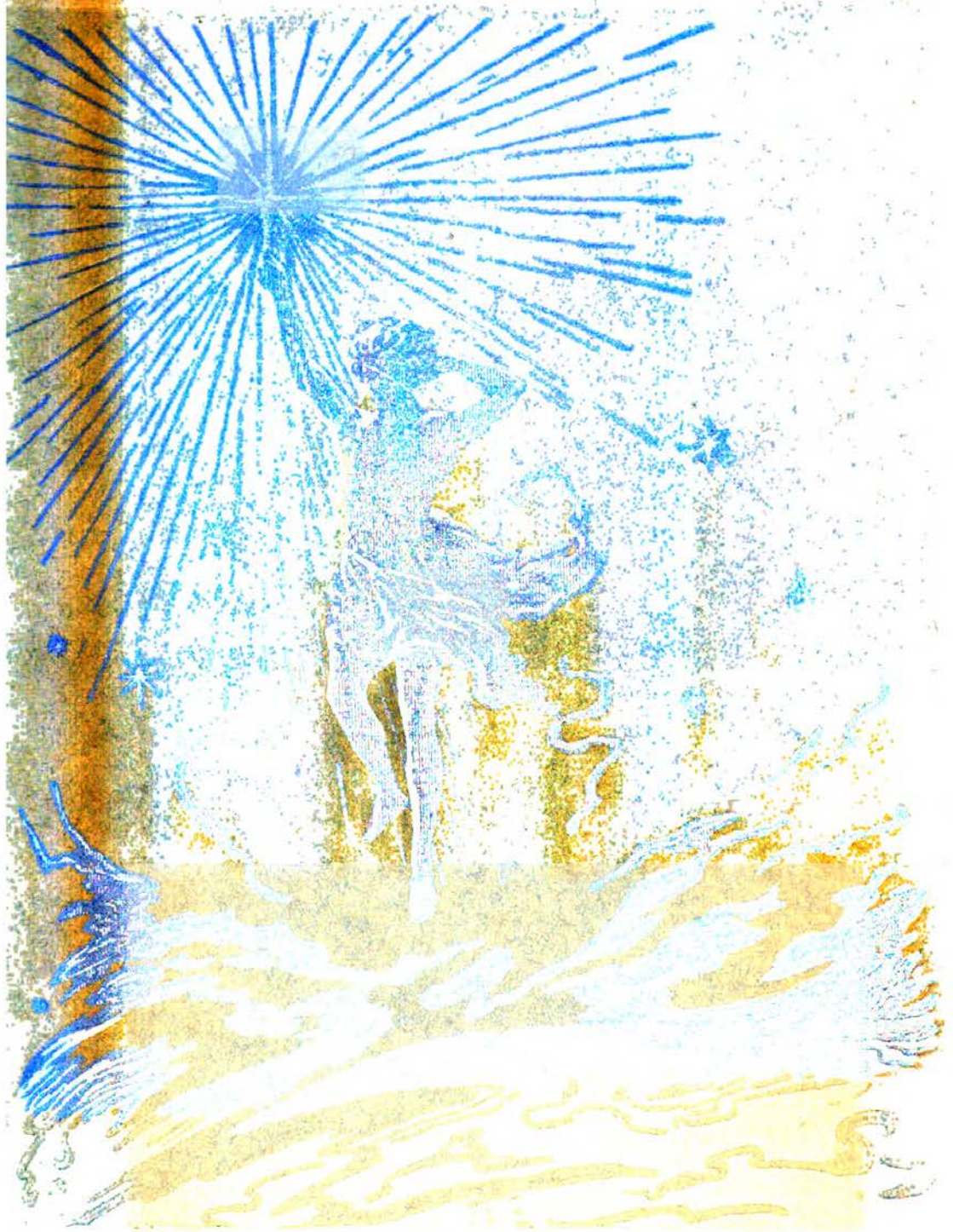
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