OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH, SYDNEY

VOL. XL No. 2

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

HERE, as in the *Bulletin*, I must begin with grateful thanks to all who greeted me on my 71st birthday. A cheering message came from Italy, from the General Secretary of the T.S. and the National Representative of the Order of the Star in the East:

> I have the privilege to present you my very best wishes also in the name of all the Italian members on occasion of your Birthday, hoping you will enjoy good health, and bring to a close the beautiful work you are doing for India which is, specially now, so well promising.

Messages came from England (London [many], Birmingham, Cardiff, Combedown, Wimbledon), New Zealand (Auckland, Dunedin), Australia (Brisbane, Sydney), Fiji, Java, America, Norway, Burma; from India came greetings from Bombay, Benares, Bangalore, Madura, Madanapalle, Hyderabad (Sindh), Coimbatore, Cawnpur, Ahmednagar, Allahabad, Bareilly, Amraoti, Poona, several from each; Hardwar, Pondicherry, Sangli, Matar, Nandod, Negapatam, Anantapur, Alwar, Mysore, Dewas, Baroda, Bhavnagar, Gwalior, Indore, Hyderabad (Deccan), Trivandrum, Kumbhakonam, Dindigul, Bankipur, Guntur, Surat, Sholapur, Nagpur, Ahmedabad, Gorakhpur, Tuticorin, Salem, Karachi, Tattamangalam, Tanjore, Malvan, Maharampettah, Dodballapur, Tumkur City, Mhow, Sukeshoheyukh, Broach, Peralam, Dudahi, Calcutta,

Hubli, Produttur, Gaya; some came from Women's Associations, some from Lodges of the T.S., the Star, and Co-Masonry, some from Scout Groups, public meetings, etc. May all who think so kindly of me, and so much over-appreciate my poor services, find raining upon themselves similar kind thoughts.

***

The Theosophical Society in Finland has survived the turmoil and the massacres of which we have heard, for on August 17th, our old friend Pekka Ervast wrote:

"The Theosophical Society in Finland, in Annual Convention assembled, herewith begs to send you, our beloved President, its most heartfelt and loyal greetings."

As the Censor opened and passed the letter, I presume that Finland is not regarded as an enemy country. It was sturdily Republican when I knew it, and very angry with Russia for narrowing, if not destroying, its liberty. One cannot imagine men of the Pekka Ervast breed crouching beneath a German princeling, a puppet King. If it comes out of the present welter free, our Society there may well survive. Otherwise . . .

***

Burma has just held her Seventh Theosophical Convention, under the Presidency of Lieut.-Colonel G. E. T. Green, Indian Army, F.T.S. The announcement comes from the Chairman of the Reception Committee, Maung Ba. We congratulate Lieut.-Colonel Green on his moral courage in presiding just now at a Theosophical Convention. We are fortunate in having a good many Theosophists, officers and privates, in the Armies of Great Britain, India and the Dominions, as well as in France. The little French magazine, *Kouroukshetra*, mostly written and circulated in the trenches, has been steadily maintained since the early days of the War, and many who were Theosophists before they were soldiers—enlisting after the War began, because they realised the tremendous issues of the struggle, and the utter necessity for the complete victory of the Allies if the world was not to sustain a set-back in

evolution—have carried on a quiet propaganda in the Armies, where men, in face of death, enquire eagerly about it from those who regard it merely as a repeated incident in an immortal life. To the young and joyous-hearted heroes who have flung their bright and gallant lives into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the news that they would return to the fair earth they love, and that, if they made the Supreme Sacrifice, they would swiftly come back to help along a happier path the world that they had saved from ruin, came as a glad surprise, and robbed Death of his sting. For the young love this world, and desire to enjoy their life on earth far more than they desire a heaven strange and misty in their eyes. For the heaven-world has not been made familiar and real to them as the world they are living in, and to plunge into "the unknown" has small attraction for them.

***

To return to our Burma Convention. We see in the programme of its three days' work that Nationalities are happily blended. For the Chairman of the Reception Committee was a Burman, and the President an Englishman, while the two public lectures on the first day were given by an Indian (a Tamil Brāhmaṇa) and a Burman. On the following day, devoted chiefly to Society work, an Englishwoman gave a public lecture, and the second was in Burmese. On the third day the lectures were divided between a Tamilian non-Brāhmaṇa, and a doctor who, by his name, must have been a Hebrew. The Presidential Address was by the above-named Englishman. This is as it should be, for Theosophical Brotherhood knows no separation by religions, classes, castes, colours, sexes. It overleaps all barriers, while even Freemasonry, in its usual form, excludes the feminine sex, though brave French Masons, with the love of liberty and equal rights engrained in them, broke down the wall and established *La Maçonnerie Mixte*, that of *Le Droit Humain*, not masculine, but human Right. In their Lodges and in all those within their Obedience—which has

now spread far and wide over the continent of Europe, the British Overseas Dominions, India, and the United States—the old obliteration of sex where matters spiritual are concerned is followed. A Lodge of Initiation which welcomes only men perpetuates only the traditions current in Judaism and Christianity as to the subordination of women as the inferior sex, and does not share in the more spacious spirituality of the older religions. It is very likely, however, that even masculine Masonry will, ere long, feel the Spirit of the Time, and throw open the doors of its Lodges to admit women candidates to a participation in its mysteries.

***

Writing of Masonry reminds me of Charity, and I repeat here a paragraph which I wrote in the last *Bulletin*: "The Olcott Pañchama Free Schools are in sore need of help, and will have to draw upon their capital unless some friends will aid them. They are the pioneers of free education among the submerged classes, and have long been the Model Schools of this type in Madras. Besides, the name of our President-Founder is perpetuated in them, for they were very dear to his heart. By the end of this month their income will be exhausted, and they will have to encroach on their small capital." "This month" must now be read "last month," *i.e.*, October. In the poorest schools, food is also given to the little scholars, and when I remind my readers that in the Report of the Medical Examination held of our scholars, 78 per cent of them were returned as suffering from malnutrition, they will understand that we are dealing with our submerged classes, the chronically starved. Whether War or Peace prevail, these children are always hungry, but the prevalence of War has diminished our subscriptions, and our reserve fund, insufficient for the support of the schools, will become still less sufficient if we are to draw on it for monthly expenses. Moreover, Government paper is sadly depreciated, so that its forced sale is peculiarly undesirable.

***

A word of heartfelt sympathy to Glasgow on the passing away of that faithful and untiring worker, Mrs. J. Allan. She has left a gap which it will be hard to fill.

***

Miss Clara Codd seems to have become very popular in Ireland. In addition to eight public lectures, she has had three afternoon "Half-Hour Talks," with discussion following—a quite good idea for Lodge meetings. The Belfast Lodge holds three weekly classes for study, in addition to its weekly meetings, and has a Lending Library and a Free Reading Room. Much of the activity in Belfast is due to the Rev. John Barron, an old and very faithful member of the Theosophical Society. The Blavatsky Lodge, London, has arranged a six months' series of weekly lectures, begun and concluded by the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, Mr. A. P. Sinnett. This veteran Theosophical leader is as active as the youngest, and his life of absolutely unswerving service to the Masters and the Society should prove an inspiring example to us all.

***

Our readers will be interested in the picture, promised last month, of the fine building purchased for the Old Catholic Church in Sydney, Australia. The happy fortune of Sydney members of the T.S. is having among them that great Theosophist, Charles W. Leadbeater, who has, despite his long illness and his permanently weakened condition, been a veritable source of life and energy to the whole Society in Australia. It has grown and expanded in a marvellous way, as do all bodies that have on them the blessing of the Master, and the channel for that blessing has been His faithful disciple.

***

The church now purchased for the Old Catholics is a handsome structure, and the board on it, which is, we presume, removed by this time, shows that it belonged previously to the Methodist Community. It is far more ornate than is usual in the chapels of British Methodists, but we have heard that the Methodist community in Australia is a far wealthier, and

socially a more highly placed, body than the members in " the old country ". Certainly this church building strikes a far higher note architecturally than those we were accustomed to in Great Britain.

***

In America, a Theosophical Educational Association has been formed, and a good syllabus for its Teachers' College has been issued. No better work can be done by the Theosophical Society than the establishment of such Colleges, for they will send out into the world teachers of the young who are trained in the Science of Life, and know the great law of Evolution, not only in its outer phenomena but in its inner impulse and guidance from the Divine Creative Spirit. The Association has put at the top of its syllabus the words: " No Educational System is complete unless each department includes the Origin and Goal of Life," and that is profoundly true. The Theosophically trained teacher will know that Origin and that Goal, and thus will be fitted to train the young. The Association has ten courses. I. *The Philosophy of Life the Basis of Education*: (*a*) This deals with philosophy and religion in relation to Education, and draws on the Scriptures of the world as its texts for religion. (*b*) The Study of the Child Nature, the analytical and synthetical study of the constitution and potential powers of the child. II. *Philosophy, Theory and Practice of Education.* This covers Methods, History and Problems of Education (including administration and child psychology), the studies in the school, education of the senses, and the actual teaching. III. *Occult Sciences*, dealing with the constitution of matter, atoms, ethers, scientific clairvoyance, and the like. IV. *Therapeutics*, including biology, embryology, physiology, nursing and first aid, psychological tests in diagnosis, methods of healing and the laws of health. V. *Law*, divided into reforms, reconstruction, etc., and civics. VI. *Social Organisation.* VII. Separate courses for men and women, as advisers of boys and girls, men and women. VIII. *Recreational Leadership*, a very useful

course on games, scouting, story-telling, and the like. IX. *Astronomy and Astrology.* X. *The Arts*, comprising Music, Drama, Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. It will be seen that the Theosophical Ideal of a Teacher is a good deal higher than that of the ordinary Training College.

***

It is interesting to notice how, here in India, Theosophists have planted the seeds of the spiritual type of education, have watered and nourished it, and then, when the tree is well-grown, have passed it on into non-Theosophical hands, giving over flourishing institutions, lands, buildings, funds, to National bodies. This was done in the case of the Central Hiṇḍū College and School; it was Theosophists, Hiṇḍū and English, who sacrificed themselves, their time, their money, their energy, to build it up, and won sympathy for it from non-Theosophists. When it was strong, and the Government demanded a flourishing College as a condition of granting a University Charter, they handed it over to a National body. The same thing is true of the Theosophical Educational Trust; it founded and supported colleges and schools; Theosophists gave honorary workers and workers on subsistence allowance; then, when lands and buildings had been secured, it handed all over to the National Society for the Promotion of Education. And to that Society another Theosophical Order, the Brothers of Service, is giving Principals, Professors, Teachers and Officials, men with brilliant Indian and English degrees, who could command a good price in the market, but who only have a subsistence allowance from their Order, and are given to the S. P. N. E. without any remuneration. It is the glory of the Theosophical Society to give, "looking for nothing again"; it lives by the self-sacrifice of its members. Its reward is to be ridiculed, suspected, abused; but everything it takes up grows and expands, because the Law of Sacrifice is the Law of Life. And its members, knowing this and working for Love's sake, continue to serve those who sneer at and malign them.

***

I have received a charming booklet from Krotona, our American Headquarters, showing how Mr. A. P. Warrington's dream of long ago has materialised. The booklet is full of delightful pictures of interesting spots in the 22 acres which form the estate. It is nearly all hills and slopes, and they have been beautifully laid out: there is an Italian garden, an orchard of orange trees, "thousands of roses, geraniums and other flowering plants," a lotus pond, a temple, an institute for study and lectures, a library, a building for administration, etc., all connected by well-graded roads. So far, some six lakhs of rupees have been spent upon it. Many further features are planned, among others a "Temple of Tolerance". It seems that

> when Mrs. Annie Besant . . . gave to Mr. Warrington the commission to come to the West and materialise his "dream" of Krotona, she expressed the hope that some day a Temple might be built—of which she drew a general plan in the form of a Greek Cross.

One arm is to be a Hall of Religions, with shrines for the main ones; another arm is to be for the E.S.; a third for a T. S. Auditorium; the fourth for a Masonic Lodge. The central circular Hall will be public, for Music, Drama, Conventions, etc. The "hope" seems to be bearing fruit, as do our hopes when we work them out in Devachan. The booklet says: "Thus do the dreamers dream. As in the Past, so in the Future, their dreams will ever come true." That is so, if the dreamers are willing to be sacrificed for the materialisation of their dreams. Has not this faithful brother found that to be true? Yet none can grudge the sacrifice, and I know he has offered himself willingly. May the blessing of Him who is the World-Sacrifice rest on him and on his work.

***

Our Scandinavian brethren are forming a Northern Theosophical Federation, linking together Denmark, Iceland, Norway and Sweden. A joint-stock company has been formed for the provision of funds and the management of business. We heartily wish it success.

THEOSOPHICAL JOTTINGS FROM AN EDUCATIONAL NOTE-BOOK

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

II

I FIND myself continually harping back to the great central thought in my mind as regards childhood—the thought expressed by Wordsworth in his "Intimations of Immortality":

> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home:
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

As H. G. Wells has truly said, the War has brought us nearer both to Heaven and to Hell than ever we have been before—"things are more personal and personified" (*First and Last Things*, Revised Edition, p. vi). And Mrs. Besant has pointed out in a recent speech on "The Life after Death"

in Bombay that the War offers a great opportunity for sacrifice—the spirit of sacrifice broods over the world in its agony, and out therefrom is born a Heaven-world which those who sacrifice enjoy. Heaven is very close to us in these days, as indeed is also Hell; but for the children it must be the Heaven-world that opens, not that world of Hell into which so many were born in the early days of factories, and in which, alas, so many are yet born to-day.

Theosophically speaking, Heaven lies about us all the time; but the little child has, with rare exceptions, just arrived from Heaven and in early years lives " not in entire forgetfulness " of the glories and powers of the Heaven-world. He

> . . . still is Nature's Priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended.

It is only in manhood that he

> . . . perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

Now it seems to me that the " vision splendid " is the memory, unconsciously dominating the soul in its new tenement, of the wondrous experiences described, for example, in Mrs. Besant's *Ancient Wisdom* (pp. 195, *et seq.*, 1897 Ed.)—a work every Theosophical teacher should be continually studying. Francis Thompson has beautifully expressed the idea I am now trying to convey. He says (*The Works of Francis Thompson*, vol. 3, pp. 7, 8):

> Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. *It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of the baptism;* it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, *to believe in belief;* it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, *lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul;* it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is
>
> To see a world in a grain of sand,
> And a heaven in a wild flower,
> Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And eternity in an hour.[1]

[1] Compare the beautiful poem by AE. in *Collected Poems* entitled " Childhood ".

I have italicised the phrases of special Theosophic significance. Heaven is indeed a baptism from which the soul arises with courage and certainty once again to enter the outer darkness to battle to make eternal that which for the time is but a fleeting experience of the goal ahead. Heaven is an intimation both of our immortality and of our certain triumph; for in Heaven the future lies about us while we are yet in the infancy of our growth. And it is *our* future that lies about us; for each of us has his own Heaven, and to each comes in Heaven such aspect of the future as may thrill him, exalt him in ecstasy, assure him of his Divinity, hearten him to any roughness of road, even if the end be only such a Heaven as he has just experienced. That the end will be much more, infinitely more, we know full well, for if "knowledge grow from more to more, and more of reverence in us dwell," then will our Heavens grow from more to more, and more of the eternal in us dwell, until the spark shall have become the Flame—self-conscious of its Divinity. And the little child down here—or should I say "out here"?—in the physical body has his spirit still "streaming from the waters of baptism" in a Heaven of his own making, moulded by his Monad from out the clay of Divine potentiality.

Again, the phrase "to believe in belief" expresses a profound truth with regard to the Heaven-world. Belief—if pure—is found to be all-powerful (within the limitations of its original virility) in the Heaven-world. As we have believed on earth, so shall we create in Heaven; that is, to the measure of our belief, our trust, our faith, our aspiration, our confident search after truth, our dull clinging to an invisible hope, will issue forth in Heaven the apotheosis of our dreams and strivings. As we have thought, so for a short while do we become in Heaven, for an hour which seems an eternity. "Seeing is believing," says Earth. "Believing is seeing," says Heaven; and both are true. One, perhaps, the *Pravṛtti*

Marga and the other the *Nivṛtti* Marga: both are needed for the conquering of the illusion of ignorance. Madame Montessori has truly said (*The Advanced Montessori Method*, vol. 1, p. 232):

> It is faith which leads to sight, not sight which produces faith. When the blind man in the Gospel uttered the anxious cry: "Make me to see," he asked for "faith," because he knew that it is possible to have eyes and not to see.[1]

"Our citizenship," said S. Paul, "is in Heaven," for in Heaven man, for a brief span, is the master of his destiny and conscious of his Divine citizenship, of all that true citizenship means beyond mere membership of a body politic on the physical plane.

Francis Thompson's phrase "to turn . . . lowness into loftiness" is full of pregnant meaning. Truly are our souls our fairy godmothers, divine alchemists insistently demonstrating to us that out of little nothings shall come that everything which is the Heaven-eternal towards which our Heavens-fleeting are the stepping-stones. Indeed is it true that he who sees "a world in a grain of sand, and a heaven in a wild flower," is far on life's pathway. And I make bold to add that even he who *believes* that heaven is alike in the grain of sand and in the wild flower, or who even "makes-believe," is on the outskirts of the world of truth. In Heaven, imagination, based on aspiration moulded through effort into character, reaches out into the future and brings it within the Eternal Now. Or, if you like, it is the "eye of the soul" perceiving the pathway to the soul's inheritance. In the Heaven-world, imagination is creation and anticipation. In the world of children, Heaven-born as almost all of them are, and as all of them must some day be, the imagination conserves its potency —for them, if not for us who look at them—and if we marvel that, having eyes, they cannot see, they more rightly marvel that we, having eyes, have yet no vision of that great "Friend

[1] Compare Mrs. Browning's lines in "A Child Asleep":

> "Folded eyes see brighter than
> The open ever do."

The whole poem strikingly illustrates the real intimacy between Heaven and Earth.

of Children" to whom Stevenson so charmingly refers in *The Unseen Playmate*:

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

And it is he who turns pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses. It is he who, in the Heaven-world, turns dreams into events, hopes into facts, ideals into realities. If we seem to see the imagination working strangely in little children, we should remember to look at its life rather than at its temporary form. The form may be "childish," that is to say incomplete —*not* foolish; its life is of the essence of God's divinity and is, in the childish mind, the memory of a Divine imagination exercised in the Heaven-world. The memory soon fades. With many of us the lower mind soon strangles that higher mind of which it should be "out here" the counterpart. As the child grows among those who themselves have forgotten, he too is apt to

Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

And you and I hasten that forgetfulness. Wordsworth should have apostrophised the teacher rather than the child when he said:

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

I would say to teachers in the words of Froebel:

Break not suddenly the dream
The blessed dream of infancy;
In which the soul unites with all
In earth, or heaven, or sea, or sky.

Maeterlinck has said (*Wisdom and Destiny*, p. 14) that "we should live as though we were always on the eve of the great revelation," that is to say as if we were always on the fringe of a great spiritual perception. Exaggerated though the thought may seem to those who either deliberately or unconsciously exclude themselves from such a perception, it nevertheless bears within it a profound significance. "Heaven lies about us" in our manhood as much as in our infancy, although in manhood the threads of memory may have become bruised or even broken. A Heaven awaits each one of us here and now. It is next door to us. Let us but knock and it shall be opened unto us. True, we may not enjoy it long. There may not be enough of that particular Heaven to enjoy long; or we may not be sufficiently Heaven-like to appreciate it or to make possible a long stay in it. Even then, other Heavens will disclose themselves to us if we look for them. And we should do well to notice that the child is far more often "on the eve of the great revelation" than ourselves. Innumerable Heavens lie about him, ready to his imagination, in his infancy. Is it not remarkable that in very truth we are to-day actually "on the eve of the great revelation"—the greatest revelation for a couple of thousand years? What advantage are we helping the children to take of so supreme an event? What advantage are we ourselves taking of the priceless foreknowledge? A most beautiful Heaven-world, available alike to young and old, is in the fact of the Coming of the great World Teacher in the immediate future. This revelation is indeed a wondrous Heaven-world in itself. How many of us dwell in it abidingly? Do not most of us, even those who believe, touch it and let it go, touch it and let it go, touch it and let it go?

We would do well to remember that this very Heaven-world lies about the children of to-day in their infancy and youth. We would do well to remember that this very Heaven-world will soon emerge from its present inwardness, and will become a fact in outer life when the great Teacher brings it with Him into the outer world. Shall our children retire into a yet deeper darkness on the approach of Heaven? Heaven will not merely "lie about" them in their maturity. Heaven will be with them as it was with those who lived in the time of the Christ, though some knew it not—with the inevitable result that those who gave no welcome to Him find no home in the world to-day. Heaven will walk abroad, will become vocal, will make heavenly music, will thrill men's hearts with hope, will strengthen endurance and banish despair.

Shall we not help the children to hold fast to their memories of their Heaven-worlds? Shall we not encourage imagination in all wise ways? Shall we not beware of becoming Gradgrinds, seeking to assault the citadel of childhood with facts when, for the time, childhood's fancies are more real than our facts, are, indeed, more full of wisdom for childhood than our hard-earned knowledge? In Dickens' *Hard Times* Mr. Gradgrind declares:

> Now, what I want is facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to facts, sir!

To my mind old Mrs. Lirriper and Major Jackman (*David Copperfield*) were far truer teachers than Mr. Gradgrind, no matter how full of "facts" might be the latter or empty of them the former.[1] Indeed, the Kingdom of Heaven lies within

[1] Compare the following in Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh":

> "I learnt a little algebra, a little
> Of the mathematics—brushed with extreme flounce
> The circle of the sciences, because
> She [the aunt] misliked women who are frivolous.

us as well as about us, and woe to the children whose teachers flaunt the world within for the sake of the world without. As Milton says (Prelude, Book 5):

> . . . when will their presumption learn,
> That in the unreasoning progress of the world
> A wiser spirit is at work for us,
> A better eye than theirs, most prodigal
> Of blessings, and most studious of our good,
> Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours?

In *Paracelsus* Robert Browning says:

> God is a perfect poet,
> Who in His person acts His own creations.

Is not the child a poet, a creator? Does he not in his person act his own creations[1]? And is this not because in early childhood he still remains in the lesser darkness, still within touch of a Great Light, before going into the greater darkness that he may know by fullest contrast the very soul of Light? To what purpose the child creates is not for your judgment or mine; nor is it for our judgment that his joy comes to him along, to us, strange roads. To God and to the Gods our own joy comes along what, to Him and to Them, must surely be very strange roads. The child is as near to Him and Them as are others with more years of present physical life to their credit or debit, and the soul within the young body may be lives ahead of souls in older physical bodies.

To some the imagination of the child and the God-like powers it possesses in the child-world are an intimation of

> I learnt the royal genealogies
> Of Oviedo, the internal laws
> Of the Burmese Empire—by how many feet
> Mount Chimborazo outsoars Teneriffe,
> What navigable river joins itself
> To Lara, and what census of the year five
> Was taken at Klagenfurt—because she liked
> A general insight into useful facts."

[1] Compare H. G. Wells' *God the Invisible King* in which he says (p. 58): "Yet children are sometimes very near to God. Creative passion stirs in their play. At times they display a divine simplicity."

immaturity, and I rather fear that Madame Montessori herself is in some doubt as to the value of imagination in child-life and growth. She says (*The Advanced Montessori Method*, p. 266):

> The power to imagine always exists, whether or not it has a solid basis on which to rest, and materials with which to build; but when it does not elaborate from reality and truth, instead of raising a divine structure it forms incrustations which compress the intelligence and prevent the light from penetrating thereto.

No doubt there is imagination and imagination. But constructive imagination is by no means necessarily based on those realities and truths which the elders know. Either it may be based on realities and truths remembered out of the Heaven-world, or it may be anticipatory—a groping into the future, a bridging of the gulf of time. I am not for a moment suggesting that imagination is of supreme importance in early childhood. I do not even hesitate to agree that much imagination in childhood may need replacing by more serviceable material. But, speaking generally, I would say that the child has so recently come from a world of such vital significance that we must carefully distinguish between the imagination of the soul—still vivid from its activity in Heaven—and the recapitulation by the young body of phases of earlier stages of growth which can safely be relegated to the region of the subconscious. And for fear lest I appear to myself untrue to my belief that in every act of free childhood there is some groping after immortality, that Heaven dominates us in our infancy, even in the small imaginings of the childish heart, I must fain add, in Francis Thompson's words (*The Heart*):

> Nature is whole in her least things exprest,
> Nor know we with what scope God builds the worm.
> Our towns are copied fragments from our breast;
> And all man's Babylons strive but to impart
> The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.

One of our greatest difficulties in providing for a due recognition on earth of the Heaven that lives about us is that in

Heaven there is order, while on Earth there is confusion. If you read Mrs. Besant's *Ancient Wisdom* you will find that there are seven Heavens (compare the *Al Quran*, II, 26 *et seq*) into which people enter according to type and stage of evolution. In *Man's Life in This and Other Worlds* (pp. 69 *et seq*) we are told that the inhabitants of the Heaven-world may be divided into four great classes, comprising: (*a*) those " most distinguished by love-emotions of an unselfish kind, directed chiefly to individuals "; (*b*) " those who are devotees in any religion "; (*c*) " the philanthropist, the worker for the good of man "; (*d*) " the great Thinkers, the great Artists, those who loved the right for the sake of right . . . those who were seeking after knowledge, those who were cultivating art ".

Each individual is deepening and expanding his own nature, amplifying his own note in the world-harmony, and is preparing himself for a clearer purpose in life when the time again comes for his exit into the dark rigidities of the outmost world. In Heaven he *knows* his place. On Earth he still gropes towards it. In Heaven " the individual has his own nature communicated to him as he is summoned to fit himself for rendering a distinctive service to the common good. He becomes 'something'; an incarnation of a factor in the social idea." I am quoting from Dr. Bosanquet's admirable work on *The Philosophical Theory of the State* (p. 312) a passage in which he suggests that the individual thus answers an " articulate summons of the organising world ". Personally, I doubt whether—looking at the world from the standpoint of any particular life—we should regard even the average individual as expressing his true nature in the business of his life. At any rate, a majority of individuals fail to find themselves in surroundings which give scope to their true individualities. I am by no means forgetful of the fact that, under an all-wise Providence, each life accords the soul a needed moulding, that each of us is reaping as he

has sown, and that the very hindrances and obstacles to natural development are not only the results of past karma but provide the much-needed friction for our strengthening. On the other hand, it is our duty at any given moment to hasten evolution. It is God's will that a certain stage should be reached within a definite period of time; and the better we organise our world, the more quickly shall we reach the goal, and the greater will be the influence of the well-directed force of the many in changing into purposefulness the weak purposelessness of some of its component individuals. Says Dante (*Paradiso*, Canto viii):

> Nature ever
> Finding discordant fortune, like all seed
> Out of its proper climate, thrives but ill.
> And were the world below content to mark
> And work on the foundation nature lays,
> It would not lack supply of excellence.
> But ye perversely to religion strain
> Him who was born to gird on him the sword,
> And of the fluent phraseman make your king:
> Therefore your steps have wandered from the path.

We confuse types; and, what is far worse, we deny truths. Listen, for example, to the following pathetic dialogues between a mother and her little son, quoted in Sully's *Studies in Childhood* (pp. 475 and 479):

I

C. (The child) "Why must people die, mamma?"

M. (The mother) "They get worn out, and so can't live always, just as the flowers and leaves fade and die."

C. "Well, but why can't they come to life again just like the flowers?"

M. "The same flowers don't come to life again, dear."

C. "Well, the little seed out of the flower drops into the earth and springs up again into a flower. Why can't people do like that?"

M. "Most people get very tired and want to sleep for ever."

C. "Oh! *I* shan't want to sleep for ever, and when I am buried I shall try to wake up again; and there won't be any earth on my eyes, will there, mamma?"

II

C. "What are seals killed for, mamma?"

M. "For the sake of their skins and oil."

C. (Looking to the picture of a stag) "Why do they kill the stags? They don't want *their* skins, do they?"

M. "No, they kill them because they like to chase them."

C. "Why don't policemen stop them?"

M. "They can't do that, because people are allowed to kill them."

C. (Loudly and passionately) "Allowed, allowed? People are not allowed to take other people and kill them."

M. "People think there is a difference between killing men and killing animals."

"C. was not to be pacified this way," adds Sully. "He looked woebegone and said to his mother piteously: 'You don't understand me.' . . . The father observes on this: 'There was something almost heartbreaking in that cry—you don't understand me. How can we, with minds blinded by our conventional habits and prejudices, hope to catch the subtle and divine light which is reflected from the untarnished mirror of a child's mind?'" I heartily agree with the father's comment, and though I am well aware that in the long run the newly incarnated soul must adjust itself "to the inevitable realities," to borrow a phrase from Sully, yet it would be well if we took a little trouble to begin somewhat to adjust these "inevitable realities" to the far deeper and more permanent realities from which the young child has only recently been severed. It is understanding that we lack, and little C. touched a deeper note of truth than he knew when he cried: "You don't understand me," for his father and mother neither understood him nor those great truths from which in agony the child saw himself being torn away.

This lack of understanding is inevitable under the sharp contrast between Heaven and Earth at present subsisting, partly because we stand at the most material stage of our evolution, and partly because the critical mind for the time being

dominates the world. But childhood still lingers unenthralled, and revels in its mysteries which are truths. In *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* Oliver Wendell Holmes remarks that "one of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from the scepticism of the elders and works up into small mythologies of its own". "The credulity and trustfulness of children," says Professor Kirkpatrick in *Fundamentals of Child Study*, "and their dramatic and symbolic tendencies during the period of childhood, make it possible to impart to them the *forms* of any religion. Any kind of religious instruction, especially that which involves observing and taking part in religious ceremonies during childhood, leaves a permanent impression upon the mind and heart. The theological beliefs taught may later be utterly rejected by the intellect, as are fairy and ghost stories; but the forms, phrases and ceremonies still stir the heart." The importance and value of ceremonies to children is strikingly demonstrated in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* (pp. 407 *et seq*), where their educative value from many points of view is clearly seen. But in this twentieth century the inquisition of the intellect persecutes and tortures the young body of wisdom. There are the things of the intellect and the things of the wisdom. Render unto the intellect the things that are the intellect's, but render unto the wisdom the things that are of the wisdom. Has not Wordsworth said:

Wisdom sits with children round her knees,

and does not Ruskin declare that "childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain—which it is the pride of utmost age to recover"?

After all, in our attitude towards children we still strongly resemble those chief priests of old who, when they "saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple and saying, Hosanna to the son of David,". . . "were sore displeased, and said unto Him, Hearest thou what these

say?" One can imagine the outraged cold intellect and scepticism behind these words, and the pride and self-righteousness. One can also imagine the incomprehensibility of the answer: "Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" and one is reminded of another utterance of gentle irony: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes" (*Matt.*, 11, *25*).

Propinquity to Heaven, shared alike by genius and by child,

> to whose mighty heart
> Heaven doth a quicker pulse impart.
> (Matthew Arnold, "Resignation")

is indeed a factor ignored by the average teacher of to-day; and the ever-growing literature on childhood, while evidence of an appreciation of the need for more natural methods of education, affords sad testimony as to the barriers which undisciplined and pompous intellect places between the child and his rightful inheritance.

George S. Arundale

MATERIALISM AND IDEALISM

By H. PISSAREFF

Life is one and imperishable. Its outer forms are manifold and subject to destruction, when the goal of their manifestation is reached. This goal is to serve the development of *consciousness*, the highest expression of which is the *human soul*.—A Theosophical conception of Life and Form.

THE gulf existing between the two main currents of European thought is nearly as great as that between the ancient East and modern West. The materialist cannot understand the idealist. They speak different languages, because they approach events from two opposite sides. And as long as matters stand thus, their disputes can bring no satisfactory results.

I happened to come across such a vain dispute in a number of the *Russian News*, which contained one of Leo Tolstoï's articles, followed by a note of the editor concerning it. The tenor of Tolstoï's article was that all the painful experiences of European nations came from their having no religious consciousness. Considering religion a perfectly unnecessary thing for man, the greater part of Europeans are left without "any religious explanation of their life and the direction of their conduct deriving from it". But at the same time the old law of mastery of one part of human beings over the other has also had its time and has been rejected by the conscience of the majority. Hence the difficulty of the present situation, and the only way for removing these calamities under which modern nations are groaning, consists "in the one thing

most natural and habitual to man, and an easy thing for him—merely *not to commit* actions contrary to his conscience".

How is this to be achieved?

> By living according to God's law, instead of according to that of men . . . by submitting to the law of love, which is the source of highest happiness. . . . Only as people realise that they possess the higher spiritual principle, and the true dignity of man deriving from it, can the mastery of one part of them over the other be abolished. This consciousness already exists in humanity and may manifest itself at any moment.

These are the concluding words of Tolstoï's article. The editor's note, written in a very good style, notwithstanding its brevity lends a very great interest to Tolstoï's article, showing vividly the gulf that separates the representatives of the two opposite poles of modern consciousness, *materialistic positivism* and *religious idealism*.

When I read Tolstoï's article and the note of the editor of the *Russian News*, the following symbolical picture arose in my imagination. In a house with two large windows, looking upon opposite sides, live two men, both clever, both keen observers and sincere, but each one looking only out of *his* window all the year round, and only at rare intervals going to see his neighbour for a short time, and then giving a look out of his window. Looking upon opposite sides they naturally see different things. One window opens on the far-off distance of the ocean and the sky, with a solitary mountain, fanned by the fresh breeze of the heights, in the foreground; on the top of the mountain there stands a temple, and people in a peaceful and earnest mood are walking up to it by a steep path. The man looking out of that window contemplates this view, with the morning and evening twilights or the starry sky alternately illumining it, and the voices of eternity touch his ears.

A quite different picture is seen from *his* window by the other man. He looks upon a big square of a large commercial town with its impetuous, noisy life. All manner of buildings

surround this square, such as factories, museums, barracks and prisons, while the square itself contains a most heterogeneous throng: people hurrying, pushing each other, marching, trafficking, quarrelling and overtaking each other. From this multicoloured picture all manner of deafening sounds reach the open window: the noise of carriages, the whistles of motor-cars, the harsh sounds of military bands, the shouts of street-sellers, the talk of the crowd, and sometimes the screams and groans of those who have been run over.

These two pictures naturally create quite different states of mind in the two men, and when at intervals they furtively look out of each other's window, they see quite differently. The first, looking out of his neighbour's window upon the deafening, multicoloured square, wonders *what all that can be for*, as he finds that it is not at all *this* which is important and necessary for the happiness of man. The other one points, on quite well founded grounds, to the wonderful "progress in all the realms of life and political structure, the development of science and art, the spreading wide of learning, the efforts of raising the welfare of the nation" and so forth. But what to him appears as the essence of all the creative powers of life, seems to the other merely temporary events, lacking eternal value, whereas that which seems most important to the latter, appears but an unrealisable dream to the former. The one sees the *manifoldness of events*, the other the *unity of aim*; the one looks into the present and the past, the other into the future and eternity; the one analyses, while the other generalises; one works by the light of his earthly wisdom, the other by that of his higher consciousness.

And in their brief discussion, easily rendered in a short note of a newspaper article, how many opposite conclusions come forth! "Man," according to the one who looks upon the noisy square, "is a generalisation, an idea and not a reality;

we do not really know a man outside a given race, nation, epoch, culture; we do not know the spirit without the flesh, outside the conditions of inheritance and temperament."

"But one thing is real: man, the life of man," says the one who looks upon the distant horizon; "government is but a fiction. . . . The teachings of the Christ reveal to man a distinction and welfare that no outward organisation can alter."

"No public service is possible without strife," says the one.

"Do not use violence against violence," says the other.

"The aims of man must be manifold and complex, as complex as is life itself," says the former.

"All need but one thing: to live according to God's law and not the law of men," says the latter.

"The absence of religious consciousness during the last century has brought Christians to the doubtless temporary savage state in which they are at present," says the one, looking out of the window of his neighbour upon the noisy square.

"On the contrary, it is just at the end of the eighteenth century that humanity in Europe has entered upon an active path of realising the religious ideals and recognition of the dignity of man, which has found its expression in the recognition of the rights of man and citizen, as well as in the alteration of political structure and so forth," says the other, keeping his eyes upon *his own* window.

In this wise the discussion might go on without end; its character remaining unaltered, without the two interlocutors coming to any better understanding; their attention being directed towards two opposite sides of life; the one considering *the spirit*, the other *the form*, the one contemplating *the means*, the other *the aim*, the one *the motive* of activity, the other *the activity itself*.

Now is such a misunderstanding indispensable? Cannot the two poles be united in one consciousness? That this is possible may be testified by the whole of the spiritual life of the ancient Āryan nations. They knew nothing of the cleft of our consciousness; their consideration of the universe took in the entire circle of life: spirit and form, religion and science. This was the childhood and early youth of humanity, when subjection to spiritual authority was indispensable; but when humanity's youth was spent and the time for independent manifestation had come, then arose the necessity of passing on to the hard training of independent mental and spiritual activity. Submission to authority was replaced by the development of individuality, the brilliant personal element was brought to the foreground, consciousness as it became free could no longer be satisfied with ready moral axioms, and thus the old *unity of consciousness* was broken.

This caused a temporary cleft, which has both given European thought its present character of a passionately anxious seeking after truth, and has also introduced the coarsely selfish bearing of its culture, no longer restrained by the higher authority of religious consciousness. But this is a temporary condition. When humanity will have reached its complete maturity, its consciousness will have traced the whole circle and will inevitably return to the entirety and unity which it possessed at the dawn of its development. Only then it will be the fruit of *free creation*, of *voluntary submission* to *the freely realised spiritual truth*. The signs of the approach of such a return may already be seen, and one of them is the appearance of Theosophy in the world, the teachings of which embrace both poles of consciousness, reconciling them and elucidating their mutual relation.

The Theosophical explanation of the world's process is based upon the teaching of the evolution of *spirit* and *matter*, or life and form, accomplished in a spiral, rising to a higher stage

of life with every turn, as a broader scope of consciousness is thus attained. Possessing both the religious and scientific points of view, Theosophy comes into touch with positive thought and the problems of idealism. In its contemplation of the aims of the world's process Theosophy comes into touch with the ideas of Tolstoï, who sees this aim in the inner perfecting of man, in the disclosing of divine qualities in the human soul. But in the ways of this process Theosophy comes into touch with the point of view of positivism, for in order to manifest the growing spirit, new and more perfect forms are needed, and this requires earthly activity. Therefore *all human culture, in all its manifold manifestations, is an inevitable condition for the inner growth of man.*

Now, if one cannot share the lawful wrath of Leo Tolstoï against the dark sides of modern culture, it should not be forgotten that the evil does not at all lie in the culture itself but in the *attitude of people*, as this transforms human activity which, instead of serving for happiness and beauty, serves personal selfishness and greed, making human activity the *aim* of life, instead of its *means*, changing it from a subordinate instrument of the spirit into an authoritative sovereign of life.

Let us, for instance, take railways and telegraphs. They may serve perverse idleness and the growth of unnecessary luxury, but then they also serve to unite people, and that in Leo Tolstoï's own opinion is the most valuable thing in human life. The same may be said concerning all the realms of modern culture: as long as it serves *general development and unity*, it is good; when it begins to serve *selfishness and disunion*, it is evil. But the contest with this evil must not be directed against the culture itself, but against the *attitude of people*, against the *tendency* they give to it. As to creation itself, it must inevitably become more intensive and manifold, otherwise it will not be able to express the growing spirit and expanding consciousness.

The complicated and varying lines of human activity may be compared to the sinuosities of the brain: the more spacious the surface of the nervous matter coming into touch with the vibrations of thought, the more perfect the instrument of consciousness. But whether this perfect instrument creates pure and beautiful thoughts or evil snares, does not depend on the instrument of thought, but on the *attitude of the thinker himself*. And it does not at all follow that because the thinker may be badly disposed, the instrument of thought must remain in an imperfect stage.

The same with culture. When man will have grasped what Leo Tolstoï so ardently desires—"that in him and in all people there lives one and the same eternal spirit of God, ever manifesting in the same way: *in love*"—then culture will no more give any cause for the manifestation of the spirit of conflict and envy, of strife and violence, but will become a noble vehicle of the spirit of unity and love.

But the realisation of this requires a long process, and cannot be obtained *at once*, as is the wish of Leo Tolstoï when he says: "Man needs but to realise his human dignity, to act according to the bidding of the heart and mind of every Christian, and the difficulties and calamities under which harassed men throughout the world are suffering will at once be dissolved." This cannot happen at once, because the sudden change of different people, standing in different stages of experience, discernment and conscience, contradicts the very essence of the law of evolution, which is a *gradual transition from the simple to the complex, from the imperfect to the perfect*. Doubtless a clear discerning of the few may greatly urge on the raising of all; but that *all should rise at the same time* from their sundry stages to the same level—this is impossible.

Turning back to the two opposite poles of thought so vividly expressed in the discussion just mentioned, let us try

and find the binding link which might unite these positions, seemingly so opposed to each other.

"Man is a generalisation, an idea and not a reality." If we admit that man in his entirety is *only* a production of his sphere and of heredity, then the conclusion will be right: taking from him one after another all the characteristic signs of race, culture, nation and family, we obtain a vacuum, a fiction.

But if this "*only*" is challenged, and an immortal soul be admitted as the principle of man, the development of which until it reaches divine perfection is recognised as the aim of earthly life, consequently also of culture, government and all that arises and perishes upon earth, then we shall come very near to the conclusion of Leo Tolstoï: "But one thing is real—man . . . government is a fiction." But if we take both conclusions as expressing the two sides of one and the same phenomenon, *i.e.*, of *manifested life*, then the third conclusion, containing both preceding ones, will be approximately as follows: *War becomes a reality containing an imperishable principle only* because all the perishable phenomena of earthly life, such as family, nation, native country and government, procure together with nature all the material which nourishes and gives growth to his immortal soul. As they pass into the eternal essence of the human soul, all these temporary phenomena become in their turn immortal, *not as phenomena, but as ideas.* The one is impossible without the other; therefore if the human soul is a reality, then all the phenomena, inasmuch as they have entered into its consciousness, are also real.

Let us take two other cases.

"No public service is possible without strife," says one.

"Make no opposition to violence," says the other.

Now if we begin to examine the different steps of human development from the savage to the sage, we shall doubtless

come to the phase where all strife, every shadow of violence used against another, is evil. On *this* level every human life is transfigured; man begins to answer evil with kindness, violence with forgiveness; and if he admits any strife, it is only with *himself, with his own imperfection;* for a man standing on that level our public life, founded on strife, must appear a savage state, as it will appear to all when all shall have reached that level of moral consciousness.

But beside this stage there still exist lower ones, upon which people are not yet able to resist strife with the imperfections of others; and there exist still lower stages, where strife is nearly the only stimulant to activity. Now, so long as these stages remain, strife will continue; but it must not be considered as the rule of life; strife is a temporary condition which, as human conscience reaches its maturity, will of itself be abolished; for the law of life is love and not hatred, union and not strife; and but one kind of strife is admissible in the entirely developed conscience—the strife *with one's own imperfection.* This is a holy strife which shall last until the words of the Christ are fulfilled: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

The same analysis holds good for all the seeming contradictions of the above-mentioned discussion. Both interlocutors see differently, only because the attention of the one is directed towards visible events, while the other contemplates the soul of these events, and it is therefore quite natural that the former is enthusiastic over the "great progress of our time," while the latter sadly laments over our "temporarily savage state". And when they touch the question of religion, the same misunderstanding reappears: the one speaking of the visible Church, the other of the invisible one in the soul of man; the one talks of the development of the juridical consciousness in the seemingly brilliant nineteenth century, while the other points

to the absence of religious consciousness in it. Here Leo Tolstoï is perfectly right, for "religious consciousness" is first of all a realising of the unity with God in man and nature, whereas the culture of our century is entirely built upon *separateness*.

H. Pissareff

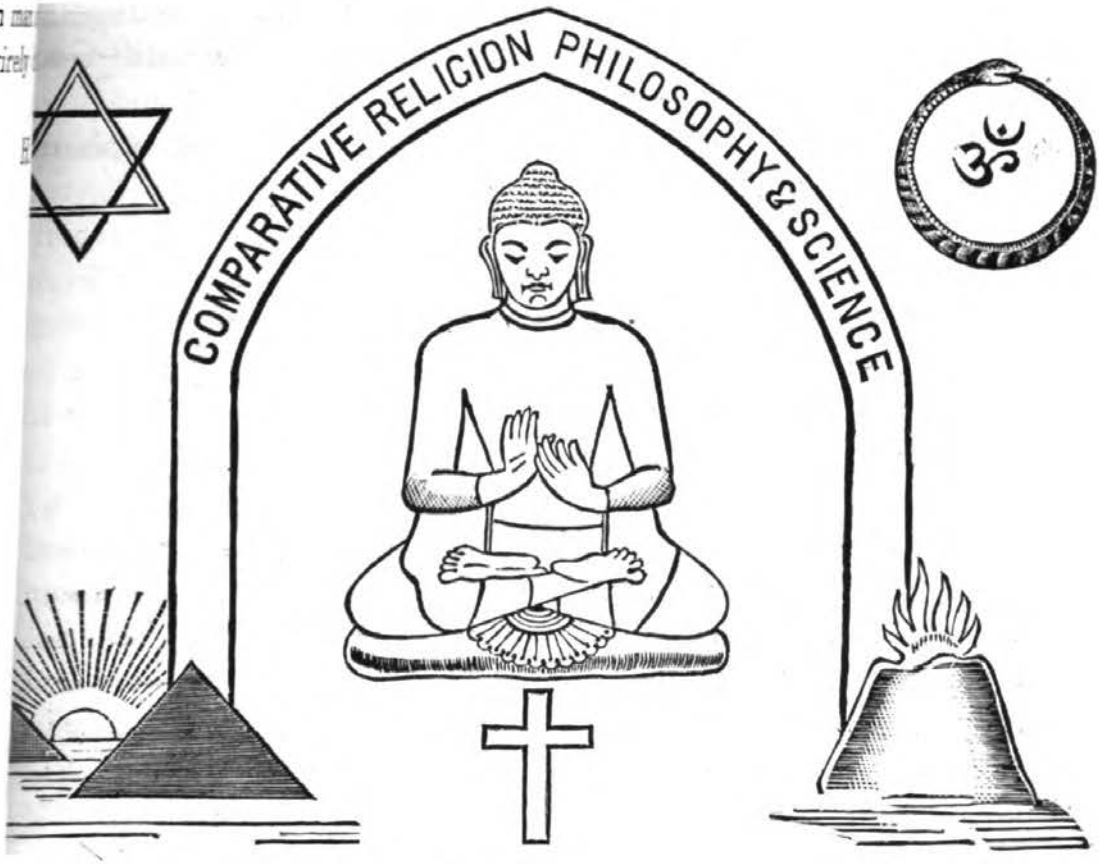
BEAUTY

Delicate cloths of sunset-threads are spun
In the western looms, when the light has run
Its yellow journey from the village, Day—
The birds to their high nests, one by one,
After their whole day's play . . .
God's heart is turning grey!

The stars are burning like small flickering drops
Of magic silver. . . . On the subtle stops
Of His old flute, God plays His endless tune.
Over the Palace-tops
Flies the large banner of the harvest moon.

To-night, my life will ope like flying wings,
And in the sky make mute mysterious rings
Of full-reaped song. The seeds I sowed will burst
Into good grain, fed by refreshing springs
Drawn from the splendid first
God-spring that quenched primeval Beauty-thirst.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY



THE THEOSOPHICAL OUTLOOK: THE PROBLEM OF RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(*Concluded from Vol. XXXIX, p. 553*)

THERE is to-day a gap between religious precepts and their practical application, between philosophy and its effect on daily conduct, because of the very nature of the world-process which surrounds us. That process is not a mechanical

one, striving through blind chance to accomplish itself; it is the manifestation of a great Will, full of conscious purpose, carrying out step by step a wonderful Plan towards fulfilment. Call that great Will, that Purpose, by what name you will—God, Evolution, the Law—its action is to be seen by all who have eyes to see. Let me call that Will by the word most explanatory of my thought, God.

Now this world-process, in every detail of its past, present and future, is God; though there is a nature or revelation of God which is not that process and is beyond it. But so far as we now are concerned, God is that process. Stage by stage in that process *God is seeking us.* We say it is man's duty to seek God; but at the same time it is God's delight to seek man. The great search, by man of God, and by God of man, is a reciprocal process. Now if we are to find God, we must turn our faces in those directions whence He is seeking us; and throughout the ages He does not seek us always along the same roads, but in ever new and new roads. In each of the religions I have described to you there is a road along which He is coming to us; worship of Him as those religions tell us, leads us to Him. But if to-day many find no road to Him in any religion or in any philosophy, it is because He is seeking them along a new road. To each man there is a road to God, and neither man nor God can rest till each finds the other. Thousands are turning away from the formalisms of religion and the intellectualisms of philosophy because there exists for them a new road.

Yet that road is not really new. It is to be found in every religion, though the entrance to it is largely barred to-day by the religions themselves. Religions have made for us, as they became stratified and crystallised, a gap between this world of the seen and that world yonder of the unseen; they have emphasised the value of the latter at the expense of the

former; they have taught us to look for God in a heaven beyond the grave and not in this matter-of-fact world which is ours till we die. But the great Founders of the religions have not done this; to them there are no two worlds of man and of God, of the seen and of the unseen. The world is for them one, and God's purpose is being fulfilled in the home as in the temple. It is true that they proclaim a doctrine of renunciation, that some men—never all men—should withdraw from the world to fulfil for the world's welfare a higher purpose than the world can grasp. But while they talk now and then of renunciation, they never cease to talk of action in this world and for this world's sake. See what Shri Krishna says: "With thought intent upon the welfare of the world, thou shouldst perform action."[1] Out of the millions of His followers, the Lord Buddha calls upon only a few to put on the yellow robe and leave the world; and yet to even these few this is what He tells of a life of consecrated action: "If anyone, O monks, desires to help me, let him help one that is sick."[2] In Zoroastrianism the emphasis is always on action—Good Deeds—and on what precedes them—Good Thoughts and Good Words. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,"[3] says Christ, and the whole spirit of His teaching is in this and in that other precept: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."[4] Exactly the same teaching of action is given by Muhammad: "What actions are most excellent? To gladden the heart of a human being, to feed the hungry, to help the afflicted, to lighten the sorrow of the sorrowful, and to remove the wrongs of the injured."[5]

Why are all the religions united on this, that action, unselfish action for others, is absolutely necessary, even

[1] *Bhagavad-Gītā*, III, 20.
[2] *Mahāvagga*, VIII, 26, 2.
[3] *Matthew*, XXII, 39.
[4] *Matthew*, XXV, 40.
[5] *Sayings of Muhammad*, 31.

though contemplation and renunciation are also necessary for the soul's growth? Because we discover our selves through our *other* selves. We cannot be content till each day we discover more of ourselves; but we do not discover what we seek by attending to ourselves. We discover only by attending to the others around us who are parts of our true Self. I said at the beginning that the use of pain was to discover more and more of the I; in exactly the same way the more I discover of the Other Self, the more I discover of My Self.

It is this truth about our other selves that is of supreme importance for our daily lives to-day. For God is seeking us through these our other selves whom we call parent or child, relation or neighbour, friend or foe. It is true that God's Face is revealed in all the religions and philosophies, and in those arts and sciences which lead us to an ideal land; but He is revealing Himself to the world in a new way, and that is through the myriads of our other selves who make up our humanity. We have a perennial need of God, of understanding the mystery of the I; but this need is now beginning to express itself as the need, for our own welfare, of every other self which is in the world.

It is because of this new need in every man of every other man that lives, that in these nineteenth and twentieth centuries all civilisation has been put into the crucible, and the very foundations of our individual and collective ethics and economics are being shattered in the world-crisis to-day. We all know now what only a few dreamers knew before the War, that what we have boasted of as our civilisation and as our culture is indeed a very primitive and rudimentary thing, worthy more of the brute than of the man or of the God. We are beginning to know now that the world must get united, that nations must form a League of Nations, that competition and waste must be prevented by international agreements, and that every sacrifice

which an individual or nation has to make, to break the barriers of the individual or national self, is fully worth while. For there is a supreme need now in men to find their brothers, in nations to find their brother nations. A new spirit of God is breathing over the face of the waters, and men are awakening slowly to a new day of universal friendliness and brotherhood.

It is this new need which gives us the new criterion for right conduct. What is right now for us, for all practical purposes, is what brings a man nearer to a fellow man, and what is wrong is what erects or retains barriers. This spirit of Brotherhood is our standard of good and evil; it will be, as we live Brotherhood, our standard also of Truth. We shall not henceforth compare religions and philosophies and sciences to find out which among them contains more abstract truth than the others; we shall know that that religion or philosophy or science contains more truth which helps us swifter to discover our other selves through Brotherhood and its service. In the new scales of "useful or useless for Brotherhood" we shall weigh all truths of religion, science or philosophy; for we shall know by daily living that what promotes the discovery of our other selves is the most dynamic truth, the one truth which we want for our growth and happiness, and we shall seek no other.

When Truth is weighed in the scales of Brotherhood, we shall inevitably have coming out of each religion that phase which its Founder dreamt for it for always, and which is so rarely realised. Work—selfless, compassionate work—will become the characteristic mark of the man of religion; and men of no religion at all who act with pity will be accepted by us as having all the spiritual value for us which we need from our brother men. We shall not argue about the relative merits for spiritual life of the Unitarian or the Trinitarian God, nor what makes for orthodoxy or heresy;

we shall know that "our works are the mirror wherein the Spirit first sees its natural lineaments," and we shall seek to achieve all work which makes for Brotherhood.

We shall indeed turn once more to our Vedas or Bibles, but this is the type of teaching in them which alone we shall find gives us that spiritual strength and illumination which we need for every day:

Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.

But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed.

These tears, O thou of heart most merciful, these are the streams that irrigate the fields of charity immortal.[1]

It is living this practical religion of brotherly actions which will not only banish human suffering but will give us a new delight in life. It will enable us to sense that harmony of reconstruction which is ever taking place in each soul. When we discover "the beauty and obscurity of those other divine fragments which are struggling side by side with you, and form the race to which you belong," then we shall hear within us and without us the great Song of Life.

There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced—but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope, and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul.

Only fragments of the great song come to your ears while yet you are but man. But if you listen to it, remember it faithfully, so that none which has reached you is lost, and endeavour to learn from it the meaning of the mystery which surrounds you. For as the individual has voice, so has that in which the individual exists. Life itself has speech and is never silent. And that utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry: it is a Song.[2]

[1] *The Voice of the Silence.*
[2] *Light on the Path.*

What will be all the wonderful transformations of life when Brotherhood reigns, who shall say? Something of all men's dreams of good will then be the reality. The poor we shall *not* then have with us, and every man and woman and child in whom the spirit of God breathes will have from life all the opportunities for happiness and growth which are his due. When Brotherhood is a fact and not a dream, our statesmen will find the new statecraft which will rebuild a nation's house so that within it none shall be miserable or diseased, oppressed or ignorant; we shall not say there is no money for this or that reform, because then the earth will open up her treasures of gold and give us the wealth we want, the air and the sea will give us new forms of energy and, when the heart and brain are ready, the hand will be guided by a Divine Architect to build according to His Plan.

Each of you must help in this day to come. Not the smallest child but cannot help in some tiny action, not the poorest now who cannot heap up wealth of hope for that future. For within us is the Light of the World and the Power of the World—if only we knew how to find. But the doors of all the treasure-houses will open if we know the right mantram to repeat, the *open sesame* of this newer day. It is the new word of power: "Brother, thou art I." In that thought and aspiration will lie the road to all future nobility, to all the joys and beauties men have dreamed of and of which poets have sung. In my *Brother*—the friend I love, the enemy who hates me, the king who rules, the workman who toils, the child that plays, the man or woman on the bed of pain—will be all the religion I need to inspire my heart, all the philosophy to illumine my mind. For man and God are one, not two; and in the seeking of Man is the finding of God.

It is for this day we Theosophists are working, and we know we tread the right road, because each day life pours on

us more and more wisdom to plan and strength to achieve. We gather in Conventions to dream and to plan ; come and dream with us, learn to plan with us, and you shall discover the illimitable wonders of that mystery that as you are your brother, so God is even you.

C. Jinarājadāsa

THE SANCTUARY

DROWNED by the strains of longing and repining,
God's music in our souls is sounding low;
Dim in our hearts the Light of Lights is shining,
'Mid gusts of passion flickering to and fro.

Why is God's Flame so faint and fitful burning?
Why soundeth not His music strong and clear?
O restless souls, for ever selfward turning,
'Tis ye are blind ; 'tis ye who will not hear.

Live but as lamps to spread the Light of Heaven ;
As harps whereon God's Harmonies may sound ;
Give utterly, and God Himself is given :
Behold, the Lord within His Temple found.

X.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POWER

By CHARLES EDWARD PELL

THE late Lord Acton opened his celebrated essay on "The History of Liberty" with these words: "Liberty, next to religion, has been the motive of good deeds and the common pretext of crime, from the sowing of the seed at Athens, two thousand four hundred and sixty years ago, until the ripened harvest was gathered by men of our own race." That is true so far as it goes, but there is one great omission in Lord Acton's essay. He nowhere explains what he means by liberty; and this omission is common to all the thinkers who have written about liberty since the dawn of history. Our library shelves groan under the weight of thousands of stout volumes devoted to the discussion of this subject in its myriad aspects. Men are willing to work, to fight, and to die for liberty. In its name many of the greatest wars of history have been waged. Oceans of blood have been shed because of it, and of disputations about it there is no end. Yet it never seems to occur to those who argue, quarrel and fight about liberty that it would be an excellent thing to understand just what it is that they are disputing about. So far as I am aware, not one of all the countless authors who have written about it has ever explained what liberty is. Not one of all the myriads of men who have fought and died for liberty has been capable of offering an intelligible explanation of what he meant to convey by the term.

Indeed they do not, as a rule, appear to realise that any explanation is needed. The meaning of the word is assumed

to be so obvious that no definition is considered necessary. Ask any man what he means by liberty, and, instead of giving a satisfactory explanation, he will probably reply: "Oh! Everybody knows what liberty is." Or he will reply with an attempt at an explanation so vague and evasive as to convey no intelligible conception to the mind. A thing which everybody knows, but which nobody can explain, is usually a thing which nobody knows.

Attempts at explanation frequently take the form of an enumeration of the various aspects of liberty. Thus we have free will, free thought, free speech, free trade, freedom of conscience, and so on. But no mere enumeration of the aspects of liberty is an explanation of what liberty is. Sometimes it is identified with some peculiar form of political organisation. A nation which has representative institutions—an elected parliament, that is—is usually regarded as a free nation. But there are those who would argue that no nation is free unless it has, not merely representative, but democratic institutions—one man one vote, and the like. On the other hand, there is a conservative school of thought the members of which gravely argue that democratic institutions are incompatible with what they call "true liberty". That sounds very much like arguing that roundness is incompatible with circularity. The people who argue thus are usually of a conservative type, and they wish to see politically predominant the class to which they belong. To paraphrase a well known saying: "True liberty is my liberty: false liberty is the other fellow's liberty."

Seeing that in the period of social, political and economic reconstruction which will follow the war the question of liberty will play a vital part, it is desirable to understand exactly what we mean by the term. First, I may point out that the meaning of any word is that which the speaker or the writer intends to convey by it. Not what the dictionary says, as many

people suppose, nor the associations which the word held for our forefathers—which is about all that the dictionary can convey to us—but that which the speaker or the writer intends to convey by it when he uses it to-day. Therefore in defining the meaning of the word "liberty" I am going to explain what I intend to convey by it. Perhaps the reader intends to convey very different things by this word from the meaning which is going to be set forth here; and there is no objection to that, provided that he knows exactly what it is that he intends to convey and is capable of a lucid explanation when challenged.

The words "freedom" and "liberty" are used both in a negative and in a positive sense. We hear people speak of freedom from pain, freedom from care, freedom from oppression. When used in this negative manner the words mean nothing more than the absence of pain, care or oppression. It is the positive sense of the words that is of real importance, as when we speak of free will, free speech, free trade, and so on. Now first it is necessary to notice that we cannot be merely free in the abstract. We must be free to do something. Thus free thought implies freedom to think. Free speech implies freedom to speak. Free trade implies freedom to trade. But freedom to do a thing implies the power to do it, otherwise we are merely playing with words. It is mere phrase-making to say that a man is free to do a given thing when we know that he has not the power to do that thing. To accomplish any action the individual must possess the necessary power. And here we have the clue to the mystery of liberty. For liberty is power—power to do something—and the problem of human liberty is the problem of the equitable distribution of power.

So when an individual fights for liberty, he is, or should be, fighting for an equitable distribution of power. What constitutes an equitable distribution of power is an altogether

distinct question, with which, at present, it is not necessary to deal; but it may be remarked in passing that power is the control of force. It is of little use claiming to be free to make a railway journey without the power to buy a ticket. Power to buy a ticket implies the possession of a certain amount of money, and the ticket gives one control of the force developed by the locomotive to an extent sufficient to enable one to make the journey. Power is always the control of force, and liberty is always power. Liberty is quantitative, and it is qualitative. We may have more or less liberty, and we may have different kinds of liberty. Thus a prisoner who is confined to a cell measuring forty square feet has obviously a larger measure of liberty than the prisoner who has only twenty square feet of space; while a prisoner who has the run of the prison yard has more liberty than one who is confined to his cell. Then a man may be free to think, free to speak, or free to write. He may be free to go to the theatre, or free to eat a good dinner. He may be free to ride in a railway train, free to drive in a motor-car, or free to take a stroll along the seashore. But freedom to do any one of these things implies the power to do it, or we are merely playing with words; and the extent of the individual's power in these matters is the measure of his freedom.

Power to do most of these things is dependent on the possession of a certain amount of money. That is why the economic factor looms so largely in our lives. Without money, and the control of force which money brings, we are limited in our freedom to do, to say, to write, or even to think what we wish. For that reason we shall do well not to affect to despise money. Money is power, and without power we can do nothing. At our Theosophical meetings speakers will often dilate upon the worthlessness of the things of this world, and particularly upon the comparative insignificance of money. Yet we always conclude by sending round the plate. That is

because, like the rest of the world, we are free to do nothing without the necessary power, and we need money to provide the power. But we may remember that there is a vast gulf between a clear perception of the value of money and the habit of mind which renders one its slave. To the man to whom the acquisition of money is the be-all and end-all of existence it is a source of weakness rather than of power, a fetter rather than a source of freedom. The power that he gains in some directions is more than offset by his losses in other directions —by the contraction of his intelligence, the cramping of his moral nature, and by the burden of acquired habits of selfishness, meanness, and general futility.

I have said that the problem of human liberty is the problem of the equitable distribution of power. Liberty *is* power, and if we are to have a fair distribution of liberty we must have a fair distribution of power also. That implies a fair distribution of wealth, or economic power, a fair distribution of political power, and a fair distribution of every other kind of power. But an equitable distribution, be it borne in mind, is not necessarily an equal distribution. Nature does not recognise or provide for equality. Take, as an example, such a factor as freedom of thought. Freedom of thought is the power of thought, and a freethinker, properly so-called, is a powerful thinker. The measure of his thinking power is the measure of his intellectual freedom, and his thinking power is determined by his inherited intellectual potentialities, by the extent to which these potentialities have been developed by education and training, and by his freedom from the crippling influence of ignorance, prejudice, fanaticism, and preconceived ideas. A man whose mind is crippled by ignorance or prejudice cannot be a powerful thinker; yet this does not prevent people who are hidebound with prejudice from calling themselves freethinkers. A man must be free to do something or free from something. How can a man justly

call himself a freethinker when his mind is crippled by prejudice and timidity in the face of new ideas? How can he call himself a freethinker when he is intellectually tied by the leg?

Liberty is always a matter of degree. Every man, even the meanest slave, has some liberty—the power, that is, to do something. No man has absolute liberty. We may have more liberty, or we may have less; but we are always hemmed in by certain barriers, always chained by certain limitations. We are chained to the earth by the force of gravity. We are limited in our power or freedom of thought by the limitations of our physical brains, and by the nature of our education. We are limited in our power of conveying our thoughts by the limitation of our power of speech or expression, or by our dread of offending the man higher up. We are limited in our freedom of action by our lack of intelligence, of physical strength, or of needful money. Freedom is always a question of more or less. Yet a nation is called "free" in an absolute sense if its population has the vote, even though they are condemned to live in slums and to sweat in factories; even though, from the cradle to the grave, they are scarcely free to do a thing worth doing, to see a thing worth seeing, or to hear a thing worth hearing; though their lives are one long round of drab and sordid ugliness. This comes of using in an absolute sense words which have only a relative meaning. This bad mental habit, this misuse of words, leads a man to call himself a freethinker, again using the word "free" in an absolute and quite unqualified sense, although his mind be nothing but a poor little bundle of prejudices, and although he may have scarcely more than a couple of ideas in his head. Such a man has some liberty, but it is small in quantity and poor in quality.

How little the question of freedom and power is properly grasped, I can best illustrate, perhaps, by recalling the story of

Major Barbara, the central figure in George Bernard Shaw's play of the same name—a play which is very widely read, but very little understood. Major Barbara was the daughter of Andrew Undershaft, a self-made millionaire cannon-founder, who had separated from his family when Barbara was a child. Undershaft was a notable man in many respects. He had a philosophy of his own, and his motto was "Money and gunpowder". This was his way of saying that liberty is power. He understood that we are free to do just those things that we have the power to do, neither more nor less. He understood that we get nothing in this world except what we are prepared to work or fight for—that we can accomplish nothing without the necessary power, financial, political, military, intellectual, or spiritual. In course of time he was brought into contact with his daughter again, and acquired a liking for her, as she was a young woman of some character. He found her a major in the Salvation Army, she having abandoned her social position in order to live on a pound a week, fight for the army, and work in the slums. Now Andrew Undershaft did not altogether disapprove of that. It was a sign of a certain forcefulness of character which pleased him. He liked it far better than if Barbara had played the part of a mere social butterfly.

But there were certain points in Major Barbara's philosophy which did not please him. He found that her head was full of what he called "obsolete formulas and second-hand ideas". She was fond of talking about freedom of conscience, freedom of thought, freedom of speech and the like, in a way which showed but little grasp of the significance of these things. Worst of all she affected to despise money, and told him that he could not buy the Army. She even told him that the money he had accumulated by making cannons was unclean. She was living on it herself, by the way, but that is a detail. Well, Andrew Undershaft resolved to teach his daughter a lesson and straighten out her ideas. An opportunity

soon presented itself. It was during a hard winter, when the streets were full of unemployed. The funds of the Salvation Army were over-taxed and exhausted by the necessity of providing relief for the multitudes who were threatened with starvation. The very shelter in which Major Barbara worked was in danger of being closed through lack of money. She had to beat up the collections to the utmost possible extent. She had, as she herself said, to beg for the Army in a way she would never have done for herself, and even then she only succeeded in collecting a few poor hatfuls of shillings and pence where many thousands of pounds were needed. At this juncture her millionaire father called at the shelter and offered, out of his millions, twopence towards the collection —two pennies which were promptly refused with indignation because, as Barbara told him, he had made it by the sale of cannons and gunpowder. There was blood upon his hands, she said, and he could not buy his salvation there. He could not buy the Army; the Army wanted his soul, not his money; and so on.

The Army, however, did need money very badly; but just as circumstances were looking blackest, it was fortunately announced that Lord Saxmundham would give £5,000 if only five others would give £1,000 each to make it up to £10,000. Major Barbara's heart leaped for joy at the news, until she learned that the generous donor was none other than the lately ennobled Sir Horace Bodger, the maker and seller of Bodger's whisky, which was responsible for the ruin of half the drink-sodden wretches who crowded into the shelter nightly. Her whole soul revolted at the idea of taking money from Bodger, made by the sale of his whisky and the direct result of the misery and ruin of thousands. But to make matters worse her father, the maker of cannons, whose millions were built up on the blood and tears of myriads of men, women and children, now came forward and offered to give the other

£5,000 needed to make up the £10,000 required. Here was a conspiracy between the whisky distiller and the cannon founder to buy the Army. Major Barbara had refused her father's twopence only a few minutes before, because there was blood upon his hands, because she wanted his soul, not his money. She had refused his twopence; would she refuse his £5,000? She could not refuse it. The streets were full of unemployed on the verge of starvation, and money was desperately needed to help them. It was accepted in spite of Major Barbara, and in a fit of disillusionment she cast aside her uniform and left the Army.

That was a bad quarter of an hour for Barbara. For the first time in her life she had come into effective contact with the realisation that liberty is power; that money is power; and that money is a means of liberty also. She realised with a shock that she was free to do only those things that she had the power to do. She had not the power to refuse that money because she had no money of her own with which to replace it, and it was badly needed to feed the starving unemployed. For the first time she grasped something of her father's real meaning when he said that being a millionaire was his religion, that his gospel was "Money and gunpowder, freedom and power, command of life and command of death". She understood now that most of the freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of action—was on her father's side, because he wielded the power. He had money, which she had not. He was an acute, forceful and original thinker; whereas Barbara's powers of thought were relatively small, and her mind was crippled by obsolete conceptions. What she had called freedom of conscience was little more than confusion of ideas, and now she saw that her conscience was free only to the extent to which she possessed the power to give effect to its promptings. Her father was free to do a multitude of

things which she was not free to do, because he had the necessary power and she had not; and while Barbara had set out to save her father's soul, he boasted that he had saved hers. He had certainly opened her mind, destroyed her illusions, and remoulded her destiny in spite of herself.

Yes, having shattered Barbara's illusions in regard to freedom physical, intellectual and moral, Andrew Undershaft proceeded to set his daughter on her feet again. She fell at first into the fit of depression which always follows disillusionment. It seemed to Barbara that the solid earth had been cut away from beneath her feet, and that the light of life had been extinguished for ever; but Undershaft charged his daughter, saying: "Make not too much of your own little tinpot tragedy, my daughter." And he further said: "You have learnt something. That always feels at first as if you had lost something." He showed her that the universe lay before her, a universe of power, power to be seized, controlled and used by those who have the will and the courage; and that with the acquisition of power she would acquire real freedom—the power to do things—not the poor, pitiful, phrase-mongering sentiment which usually usurps the name.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with Theosophy? The answer is that freedom is power, and Theosophy is the religion of power, the science of power, the philosophy of power—of power rightly developed and rightly used. For Theosophy teaches that man is a spark of the Divine Life containing within himself the potentialities of the whole universe. That he is engaged, through a long series of lives extending over countless ages, in developing these potentialities from latent into active powers. That there is no position in this universe, however lofty, to which he may not aspire; no measure of power, however sublime and inconceivable, to which he may not attain, if only he is ready to will, to work, and to wait. He must throw himself into

the upward current of the universe and swim with it. When he slips into a back eddy he must not despair, but utilise the adverse circumstances to strengthen his nerve and will. And every upward step will be accompanied by shocks of disillusionment from which he will gain knowledge and experience, while with every lesson he really learns he will feel for a time as if he had lost something.

Only as we become powerful shall we become really free. An alternative definition of liberty to the one given above—that liberty is power—is that liberty consists in the absence of restraints. But there is no such thing as the absence of restraint in the manifested universe. There may be the absence of this or that particular restraint, but man is hemmed in on every side by limitations beyond which he cannot pass, hemmed in by restraints which accompany him from the cradle to the grave; and no human beings are so closely hemmed in by restraints and limitations as those so-called "free" races of savages whose lives used to be looked upon as the ideal of human liberty. The romantic school of French political thinkers of the days immediately preceding the French Revolution used to draw most attractive pictures of the noble savage, leading his wild, free life, wandering where he would, working only when he felt inclined, and altogether leading a life which was supposed to be uncribbed, uncabined, unconfined—a really free and unrestrained existence. But all this was mere illusion. Take, as an example, the Australian aboriginal in his unspoiled days before the advent of the white man. To be free, a man must be free to do something. What was the Australian savage free to do? Where was he free to wander? His limited powers of locomotion would carry him, as the result of a day's hard and painful marching, perhaps as far as the civilised man will journey in an hour by motor-car or train, comfortably reading a newspaper the while. What was he free to eat? Just a limited

selection of tough, stringy roots, and grubs, frogs, snakes, and similar palatable items, eked out with an occasional wild animal. The civilised man has his choice of a multitude of foods brought from all parts of the world. What was the Australian savage free to think? Why, he had not the brain capacity to think out a proper shelter to protect himself from the inclemencies of the weather. Freedom to think implies the power to think; and the educated, civilised man is almost as far above the poor savage in thinking power, as the savage is above the apes. Moreover, power to think implies food for thought. What food for thought was supplied by the lonely bush with its limited interests, compared to that available to the civilised man who has, through his library, the knowledge and philosophy of the whole world at his command?

There is no subject upon which more romantic nonsense is uttered than that of liberty and the simple life. A simple life is an excellent thing for simple minds, but the complex intellect of the highly developed man demands an equally complex set of interests upon which to exercise its powers. What happens when an educated man is sent to lead the simple life—say, tending sheep in the backblocks? Very frequently he goes mad. He finds that there is very little real freedom for him in that kind of life, because there is very little that he is free to do. What has he the power to do under such conditions? That lonely existence provides very little food or scope for thought, and the books he takes with him soon grow stale. His mind is reduced to preying upon itself for lack of other occupation. There is no society, no conversation, few of the varied sights and sounds that make life interesting to a man who lives in the city. He is not free to enjoy society, because he has not the power to do so. He is not free to go to the theatre, because he has not the power to do so. He is not free to eat appetising, well-cooked meals, because he has not the power to do so. He is not free to

enjoy the pleasures of music, literature and art, because he has not the power to do so. Let us get rid of the idea that the simple life means freedom. A man living the simple life in the backblocks is almost as closely penned in by invisible bars as a prisoner within four stone walls and windows barred with iron.

A German poet once said that "A narrow circle narrows too the mind; and man grows greater as his ends are great". Let us see what this theory of liberty as the absence of restraint implies, and we shall find that it is merely another way of saying that liberty is power. While we are hemmed in on all sides by limitations or restraints which we cannot transcend, we can push these restraints ever further and further back. We can render ever larger and larger the sphere within which we are free to act by developing those potentialities lying latent within us, which, when developed, give us the power to do things. Thus the absence of restraints can mean nothing more than the widening of our limitations by the development of our latent powers; and as we have all the potentialities of the manifested universe lying latent within us, no limit can be set to the scope and extent of our future freedom. We may become free to do anything by developing the power to do it. We can develop the power to think and become great thinkers. We can develop the power to speak and become eloquent. We can become great organisers, great statesmen, great soldiers, or what we will. Only the will is needed. A famous Greek thinker once declared that he had come into the world to do only one thing—to perfect himself —and that there was nothing in the whole universe that could deter him, because there was nothing he could not use for his purpose.

But perfecting oneself implies much more than a mere selfish devotion to one's own development. The man who is exclusively occupied with the salvation of his own little

soul is anything but perfect. The perfect man must not only be perfect in self-control, perfect in courage, perfect in strength, perfect in wisdom and in insight; he must be perfect in sympathy as well. He must see in accurate perspective his own relation to the universal scheme of evolution. He must realise that the evolution of his fellows is as important as his own; that they are one with himself; that he is one with them; and that he can do nothing which assists or retards their evolution without, at the same time, furthering or retarding his own. He must also remember that perfection in evolution is after all a relative term. No matter how perfect an embodiment a man may be of the powers and qualities required at his given stage of evolution, there are always further heights beyond. No matter how complete his knowledge within his given sphere, there are always illimitable worlds of knowledge lying unexplored behind. As a famous thinker once pointed out, the greater and greater the sphere of our knowledge becomes, the vaster and vaster is the outer surface which is in contact with surrounding nescience, the more unlimited the fields of knowledge which lie behind the veil of our ignorance.

But if the scale of life stretches upward to infinity, we have infinite time in which to climb, and unlimited power will be our ultimate goal. Reincarnation—life after life on this earth, and then a never-ending life in the spheres which lie beyond—will provide us with opportunities fully adequate to our task; while the law of karma will ensure that no effort is wasted; that not an ounce of will or force is squandered without bringing its appropriate reward. But the law of karma has another aspect. From life to life and from age to age our powers will continue to expand, until we control such forces as govern the destinies of kingdoms, of empires, or of worlds. We cannot have power for good without having power for evil also; and woe unto him by whom these powers

are abused and used for selfish ends. The law of karma will provide that the penalty for every unjust deed shall be paid to the uttermost farthing. But if we develop rightly the powers lying latent within us, and use them rightly too, Nature will see that we reap our just reward. For every talent developed by ourselves she will add a talent from her own store; and thus there opens before us a vista of ever-increasing, never-ending glory; of the development of powers infinite in scope and magnitude; of the expansion of our natures until we are coequal in rank and stature with the God of Gods Himself.

Charles Edward Pell

A PERILOUS POINT

By JUSTIN C. MACCARTIE

"A LITTLE attention to Occultism produces great kārmic results," we are told, on high authority; and therefore it is perhaps reasonable to assume that much attention thereto might possibly produce such results that the personality could not endure the strain and the life might be wrecked; particularly if the change from pursuing individual aims with great energy, to that of helping the evolutionary scheme with equal energy, were suddenly made.

Let us imagine a Napoleon, or even that wretched travesty of a great name termed, in modern journalese, "a Napoleon of finance," as suddenly gaining the "knowledge," and devoting his exceptional powers of concentration and strength of will to altruistic work! The jar would be very great, and—to use a physical illustration—comparable to the effect of, not only stopping the engines of a steamer going at full speed, but reversing them and making her go astern. It is easy to believe that devotionalists and servers, with lives of altruism behind them, could obtain knowledge and proceed along the Path with open eyes without experiencing very great kārmic shocks, having glided naturally into the scheme as it were. But it must be quite otherwise with those who have made the change rapidly.

In the February issue of THE THEOSOPHIST a writer, who used the *nom de plume* "Saturnian," deals with the statement made, I think, by Mrs. Besant, that "the path of Occultism is strewn with wrecked lives," and contends that the greatest danger is experienced by those who come

by the way of knowledge, as distinguished from devotion and service; and, in my poor opinion, he is right. From the very fact of their knowledge they are likely to be proud and domineering; often perhaps hard, combative and cruel. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon and Bismarck are types; and we can well believe that many and severe would have to be the kārmic shocks before such men submitted to any law except their own wills, or accepted the doctrine of unity or Brotherhood. The last thing they would admit would be any bond or relationship between themselves and the weaker members of the race. Their rôle was to destroy, to conquer, not to construct or help; and thus considerable pressure would be required to bring them into line with the Good Law. Of course the Law bends everyone to its service, if they only knew it, and the strongest spirits serve it, as well as the mildest. Were only the latter available amongst the more advanced races, who would control and subdue the fiercer passions of the slowly evolving masses?

Alexander, destroying the decadent Persian Empire, brought a higher civilisation into Asia; Cæsar saved Rome from less capable, and more cruel, tyrants; and Napoleon rescued France from the Red Republicans who were incapable of ruling, though they possessed an undoubted genius for destruction. On lesser stages,

> The village Hamden who with dauntless breast
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood

is as necessary, in his way, as a Cæsar or Napoleon, and has to do battle for his own and others' rights every day. The obsolete customs, conventions and superstitions which clog and delay progress have to be brushed aside or trampled on by the more advanced spirits of the race, who are in very truth servers of their fellow men, but are by the latter often regarded as eccentric, immoral, or actually wicked. Many of us are old

enough to remember when it was not "proper" for women to work in offices; yet what a great fillip to the economic independence of one-half of the race was given by the few courageous spirits who, defying convention, set out to earn their living in clerical capacities! Millions of their weaker sisters followed in their footsteps, and are to-day reaping the reward, not of their own enterprise, but of the courage of the few. Women are compelled to strive ceaselessly against convention, and are insufferably hampered by disabilities, while they are doing probably quite half of the real work of the world. This statement may be scouted, but I have employed both men and women in many capacities, and make it with due deliberation. I know the modern "worker," and not to admire. He was probably more attractive when in less exuberant days he wandered in umbrageous lunar forests; for he was inarticulate then, but, having advanced a little through the ages, he is now able to voice his plaints, and protests his wrongs to High Heaven, which, it is to be hoped, is at least making a record of his statements for his future confutation when, towards the end of the kalpa, he begins to have some regard for truth. As compared with his womenkind he consumes one-third more food, and has, in addition, to be fortified by most of the alcohol, and nearly all the tobacco, in the world; yet he probably does very little more work. Certainly much of his work is of lesser importance. Women endure the agony of bearing children, rear and care for them until they are adolescent, and in addition undertake the drudgery of domestic life and frequently contribute to the support of the family as well. In a world wherein most things are wrong, the lot of women is superlatively so, and therefore the strong spirits amongst them, who strive for equality of opportunity for the sex, are worthy of our highest admiration.

The strong, the impatient, the fierce are, we may take it, as necessary in the evolutionary process as the gentle, the

loving, the devotional; and not less so are those who follow the way of pure intellectualism. From their ranks are drawn the scientists who unravel more and more of the secrets of nature, who combat disease and discover new forces; inventors who devise fresh methods of controlling those forces, thus finding fresh outlets for human energy; teachers, legislators and leaders generally. But from the very nature of their acquirements such men are by no means evenly developed, and, being possibly moral and spiritual laggards, are likely to be severely tried when they turn from the pursuit of purely material ends to the single, unselfish aim of forwarding the mighty spiritual scheme of creation. History shows that it is possible for a man to have the intellect of an Alexander or a Bacon, and the morality of a Nero or a Commodus; though, when we come to the realm of pure thought, it is difficult to conceive a Newton or a Copernicus as otherwise than balanced; that is, in occult phraseology, functioning almost entirely in the mental world, and being little affected by the emotional or physical.

For most men it is undoubtedly a critical time when they are approaching the crest of physical-plane evolution and the greater rebirth is not very far distant—the birth into the infinitely wider life of the solar universe. Beginning to feel the limitations of matter, the developing man experiences an impatience with life—its endless sufferings, anomalies, gross injustices and transitory pleasures—and sinking perhaps into despondency reflects, like the late Grant Allen, that "blank pessimism is the only thing possible for all save fools," or agrees with the sentiment expressed in that writer's lines:

A crowned caprice is God of the world.
On his stony breast are his white wings furled.
No ear to hearken, no eye to see,
No heart to feel for a man hath He.
But his pitiless hands are swift to smite, etc.

It is so on the surface: the Pharisee and the wealth-worshipper flourish, and the law of cause and effect is inoperative in the visible world, as those who work hardest obtain least, while the knave and schemer prosper. One man is tortured for a venial offence, another suffers not at all, though guilty of a thousand. Henry VIII, a monster of lust and cruelty, lived long and luxuriously, and died in his bed; while his poor, unwilling consort, Catherine Howard, was beheaded for a childish lapse. Messalina lived to a good age; Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in her youth. The cruel tyrant, slayer and debauchee cannot apparently be destroyed early in his career, as witness Sulla, Commodus, Caracalla, Chaka of Zululand and many another. Thousands of Welsh and Scottish swords and arrows were sharpened for Edward I, but he died of old age or natural failure; while the fierce Royalists who thirsted for Cromwell's blood were unable to injure him.

Our pessimist notes these facts, and scouts the idea that justice of any kind exists anywhere in the universe, for his knowledge of the real is not sufficient to enable him to recognise that these bloodthirsty beings are merely instruments for the carrying out of the Law; servants of Shiva the Destroyer. He may perhaps have come into contact with Theosophical or other occult teachings, but to him they are no more worthy of credence than orthodox Christianity, Confucianism or Fetishism. They rest on the statements of persons presumably as credulous as the rest of humanity. His personal efforts to come into touch with the superphysical are attended with no result—except irritation—and he refuses to believe that the superphysical exists. It is a figment of the chemical energy-created thought of human brain cells.

Having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, he perhaps harks back to Epicurus, or the distortion of that philosopher's teaching which bids us "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," and turns to sensation again; but only to find that it

disgusts, is revoltingly stale and unsatisfying; so in despair he takes up the parable of the spiritual once more, and possibly enrols himself under the banner of one of the "assured" beliefs. But its assertiveness soon repels the thinking mind, that assertiveness which shouts when its statements are received with expressed doubt, or the silence of non-conviction; and checked again, the man endeavours to find in intense mental or physical effort some relief from his doubts and vague longings.

But the ruthless SELF impels him forward, the inexorable, evolutionary pressure is upon him, he must no longer live his child-life but must face his responsibilities like a man; and so he turns again to the occult teaching which he has, for lack of development, to take at second hand. Intellect is his only refuge, and by it alone can he hope to find his way out of the Cimmerian darkness which is about him. "Always you must come back to yourself," writes a modern author with more truth than she was perhaps aware of. Using the mind, the struggling one realises that the balance of evidence is in favour of intelligent control of the universe.

There is not an ounce of evidence to show that from chance or chaos order ever emerged. The measured sweep of the planets round the central light- and life-giving luminary; the diurnal revolution of the earth on its axis, rendering life on its surface possible; the inclination of the axis to the plane of the ecliptic, creating the seasons and preventing the formation of unduly large ice-caps at the Poles; the wonderful system by which the earth is watered; the exquisite mechanism of the bodies of men, animals, birds, fishes and plants; the fact that the great forces of nature, vital, atomic, electrical, gravitational, are outside of the physical; observation of the fact that from the use of intelligence (which is superphysical) alone can any coherent plan, any practical invention result—all these things, and many others, support the thesis of intelligent creation

and control. Did anyone ever see a clock, a steam-engine, an aeroplane, come into existence by chance? No; it has to be thought out and gradually built up. So with the Universe; and the Mind which planned Man must be as much above him as he is superior to the mechanisms which he invents.

In such reflections the uncertain one finds some comfort; he recalls the statement that "in matter no satisfaction can be found," for it is impermanent, unreal, a school for egos; and then perhaps with a great effort he at last realises, lays aside selfish aims to some extent, and accepts service. And then he is tried indeed. He has turned aside from the broad, easy road and has begun in earnest the ascent of the steep and stony hill, on the summit of which shines the Eternal Light, and perforce the kārmic storm must burst upon him. He has of course a vast mass of old debts, accumulated in his age-long course from the naked animalism of savagery to the veneered cruelty of "civilisation," which he would have gradually liquidated as he moved placidly along the gently ascending path. Now, having faced reality and put aside self, he must pay them in a comparatively brief period. Hence the shocks, and hence often the wrecked lives. It is perhaps wise to hasten slowly; the strength may be overestimated, the resolution less strong than was imagined. It is scarcely necessary to say that shocks and trials can come almost equally forcibly to those who travel by other roads than that of Occultism. Any man who turns away from the life of the world, be he Christian, Muhammadan, Buḍḍhist, philanthropist or self-effacing materialist, must of necessity by the law of growth bring down on himself the kārmic shocks which are his last debts in matter. There is no distinction; no one escapes, for the law is automatically just.

As the occult disciple has knowledge, however, his ascent is probably somewhat more rapid, and his experiences therefore more trying. On taking the very first step he almost

certainly loses his world; that is, the people with whom he has hitherto been associated. Friends, relatives and acquaintances look upon him as erring, foolish, mad or wicked, according to the varying sizes of the eye-pieces through which they critically survey the Universe. If he rashly endeavours to impart some portion of what he thinks he knows to his world—to his scientific or orthodox fellows—he is sneeringly asked: "Do you possess special information? Have you explored these wonderful superphysical worlds which you tell us about?" He is of course obliged to admit that his information is but second-hand, and depends entirely on the powers of observation, ability and veracity of others. The scientific will scarcely trouble to voice contempt, though they may possibly snort it, while the orthodox will infinitely prefer Daniel to any modern seer, despite the Babylonian prophet's weakness for employing in his business impossible pterodactyls, inconveniently and superfluously fitted with internal as well as external organs of vision—superfluously, unless these remarkable saurians were interested in the process of digestion, and wished to observe it from all points.

Some good souls will be genuinely concerned as to the future of the errant or erratic one, and they will beseech him to follow the known paths which lead, at worst, to a respectable and well ordered limbo, where chains, brimstone, fiery furnaces, stokers from the Demons' Union, and all other necessary properties and actors are provided, instead of branching off on strange tracks which lead deviously to some obscure Eastern Eblis, where unknown and therefore more awful things may happen to him. Taken aright, the paths lead to what might be termed "Paradise Ltd.," a select if not extensively occupied heaven. The multiplicity of the said paths is a little confusing, and one's childish recollections are of many opened by the exploratory genius of

one's immediate forebears. One was sacred to adherents of the then "established" Church of Ireland, and was apparently opened to those who were able to give the necessary passwords in the Irish-English of the *Chateau*, and pass an examination in certain tenets, the principal of which seemed to be that it was not possible for any other sect whatever to attain any post-mortem altitude—except in the matter of temperature. But strange as it may seem, some connected by the closest ties of blood declined to follow this path of certainty, and one actually became a Roman Catholic nun ; but there was no need for the rest to dwell on the termination of the road which *she* took ! *Facilis descensus Averni.* Avoiding both these routes another experimentalist became a Plymouth Brother and an earnest propagandist, who stood outside the barriers and tried to lasso the others back to safety as it were, but in vain. Time has almost obliterated the memory of the tenets of this particular sect, but they were apparently liberal enough to allow of the possibility of salvation to persons born elsewhere than in the favoured Devonshire town.

In such select company, what would be his chance of a hearing who maintained that all men, even those who follow non-Christian beliefs, attain ? And so we see that the disciple of the knowledge can hardly expect to find congenial surroundings amongst ordinary religionists. Worldly people, with their narrow, selfish, often gross and revolting aims, are even less attractive to him ; and so he finds himself isolated and often unpopular. Nay more, he may be persecuted. As likely as not, the first karma which comes to him may be poverty, death of those dear to him, sickness, or failure of one kind or another, and men are very like wolves and dogs in their habit of turning on the unfortunate and ending them. Again, for his sins and the good of his vacillating soul, his first service may be amongst people who, perhaps finding sudden abundance amidst the stale plenty of the deserted

moon, delayed their departure from that moribund planet till the last boat, so to speak, and have now as little sympathy with anything beyond the severely concrete as their scarcely less developed anthropoid relations of yesterday.

As rebuffs, contempt,

"The oppressor's wrong,
The proud man's contumely"

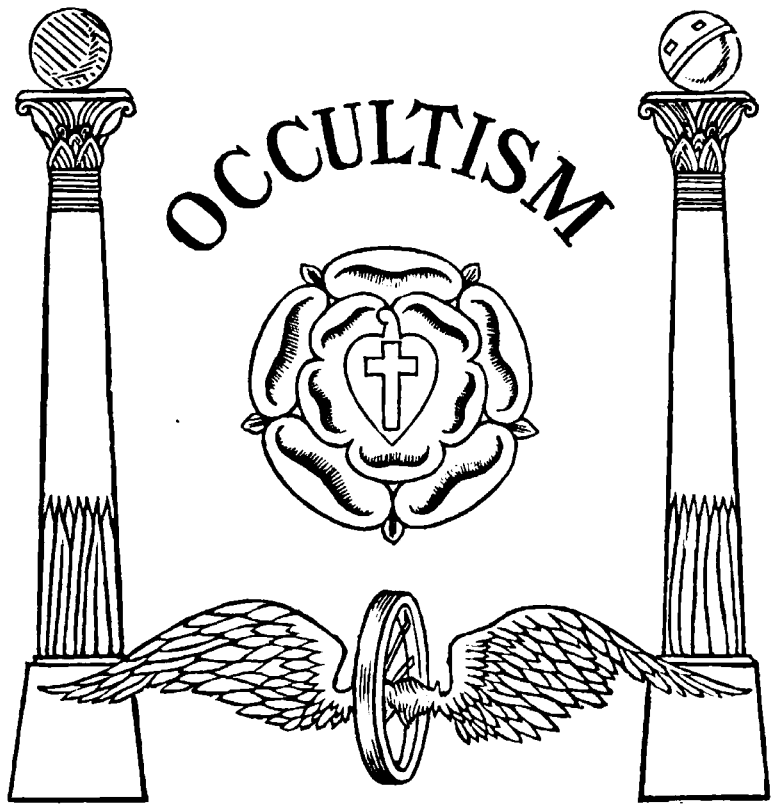
wound him, the whole world apparently scoffs; all efforts appear to be in vain; friends and supporters die and enemies seem to have everlasting life; while the disciple may call in despair for help, for the faintest sign from Those who are said to watch constantly and sympathetically each upward effort of the suffering soul. But "Heaven as usual is dumb"; the camouflage is complete; the veil of illusion is unrent; and again finding himself with nothing to go on with but his wobbly faith—which all the world holds him to be a fool for having—he doubts. And he doubts in high company: Bacon, Shakespeare, Hume, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel—probably half the thinking men of the world in fact. "And thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought."

But deeper thought dispels the mist of irresolution. The Service is not for those who weep or laugh within their castle of illusion, but for those with strength to rise above the petty storms of matter into the deep calm of the Eternal. The work is the greatest on earth, the greatest in the universe; the goal is divinity, and the far more to be prized power of alleviating the sufferings of others, the God-given power to help. In the lesser service of physical war, when the command comes: "Take that position," questions of how or why, or of personal risk, are inadmissible; surely they are not less so in the wider service of humanity?

To every advancing soul there comes a time when the little accumulations of luxuries and riches which it has gathered for its own satisfaction must be thrown aside—

worthless toys of an impermanent existence—the pursuits and pleasures of childhood abandoned, and the real life, the service of others, entered upon. It is truly "a perilous point"; the life may be wrecked, but the growing intuition has at length overcome the wavering mind, the creator of illusion; and when at last the voice of command rings out clear and pure above all other sounds, the voice of the Master which bids him "go on," then, at all hazards, flinging aside the last mouldering fetters of self, the man springs forward as the mighty wave of advancing humanity surges "over the top" and sweeps onward in the Grand Advance.

Justin C. MacCartie



A THOUGHT-WORLD

A TALK WITH A CLASS

XV

By ANNIE BESANT

ONE of the greatest difficulties in the way of western students is a realisation of Devachanic conditions; this is partly due to their habit of connecting reality with physical phenomena, and regarding as unreal the phenomena of worlds higher than the physical. The very terms used,

"subjective" and "objective," imply "imagination" in the first and reality in the second. That the creations of the imagination are more real than the creations of the hands is a novel, and hence an unwelcome, view of life. That an idea is more real than a club, sounds absurd to the ordinary Westerner. That the results flowing from the first category are more vital, more vivid, more beneficent or destructive, and are objective phenomena in their own world, and far more widespread in their effects in the lower worlds than those of the second category, appears to the man in the street a topsy-turvy view of life. So seemed to him wireless telegraphy until his physical ear at the receiver heard the message.

Now the eastern student starts from the opposite pole of thought. To him the real is the unseen, the eternal; and every veil of matter in which this unseen and eternal Reality is clothed, causing external separateness, intuition, mentality, emotion, physical embodiments, in a descending series, is one more stage of unreality imposed upon the Real. He is like a man who understands that over his eyes are placed a series of distorting glasses, each one increasing the distortion of his external surroundings and also dimming their clearness. He sees the outer world, but he sees it wrongly, distorted and dimmed; but he knows that he is seeing it thus, and that it is unreal *as he sees it*, while the average man, though looking at his surroundings through such distorting and dimming glasses of matter, does not know that it is unreal *as he sees it*, and that its real appearance from the centre is quite different from the appearance that he sees.

Try for a moment to imagine yourself as without a physical body, clothed only in your astral body and those composed of yet finer matter; if then I hit you with a club, you would not feel it, the club would pass through you, it would not knock you down; you could walk through this table; you could sit down on this

chair, and another of us seeing the chair apparently empty could sit down on the chair through you. You could walk through the rest of the class, and its members could walk through you. You could enter through the closed door, or come down through the ceiling, or come up through the floor, and leave the room in similar fashion. All the ordinary tests of reality would fail you under these conditions, and the physical world would to you be unreal, non-objective, a world of dream to you, when living in your astral body, intangible, and one which you could not act upon directly, in which you could not create objects nor destroy them, a world which you could neither affect nor be affected by—an unreal world.

When Theosophy appeared in the western world, this was at its nadir of spirituality, its zenith of materialism. Psycho-physiology was making its way, beginning in resolute materialism. To it, the workings of consciousness were regarded—especially by the leaders of science in Germany—as the product of certain arrangements of nervous matter; Karl Vogt's trenchant phrase was often quoted: "The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." If it were suggested that thought was not, like bile, a chemical product but an immaterial thing of a different order, the answer came that in a cell made of physical matter you could, by a certain arrangement, generate a galvanic force, and that thought was a force, not yet well investigated, which might well be produced by chemical reactions in the brain. Thought might be a resultant of physical and chemical action, and a whole series of exquisitely careful experiments was devised to investigate the travelling of waves in nervous matter, appearing as sensations when they reached the brain.

Inevitably these investigations—like all honest and patient efforts to understand Nature—led the investigators towards truth, in this case into the Borderland which separates the physical from the superphysical worlds. The Spiritualists

had long been colonising it with the help of mediums, and had tabulated many of its phenomena; men like Sir William Crookes, Stainton Moses, and Richet had been carrying on careful investigations and obtained remarkable results. The Psychical Research Society had collected an immense number of observations and had made many carefully devised and accurately recorded experiments, proving to all students that the materialistic basis of science was inadequate as an explanation of the observed facts of Nature. The Theosophical Society showed, in the persons of some of its members, that human evolution might be quickened, and that it was not necessary to await the sporadic "sports" of unassisted Nature in producing clairvoyants, clairaudients, and other exceptional people, who could explore the subtler worlds and report their observations, but that such people could be produced by a course of training along the lines of the ancient eastern science of yoga. The result of all this was the definite recognition by western psychologists of the "dream-consciousness," functioning beyond the "waking," as a subject for careful investigation, no longer one for ridicule as superstition, nor for reprobation as wicked. Gradually the view triumphed that, so far from matter being the fount and origin of life, life was the shaper and moulder of matter. Eastern psychology traced back both matter and life to the "One, without a second," and saw in them the dual manifestation of the Unmanifested Unity. Western Science, with Haeckel as its prophet, taught Monism, with matter as the prolific source of all; Eastern Science, with Ṛṣhis as its Teachers, also taught Monism, but Monism with an Unmanifested One as the Fount of the Dual Manifestation found throughout the universe man studies.

It will be readily understood that to minds steeped in the ideas drawn from a materialistic Science, eastern ideas were too revolutionary to be readily accepted. Fortunately, one

of the Ṛṣhis—whom we call "Masters"—responsible for the Theosophical Society had as one of His pupils Mr. A. P. Sinnett, then Editor of the *Pioneer*, a man who was himself steeped in the scientific thought of the time, and who had as his intimate friend Sir—then Mr.—William Crookes; he was well versed in the latter's researches into post-mortem existence, and was also without the hidebound prejudice of Mr. Crookes' colleagues which nearly lost the most eminent physicist and chemist of his day his well-earned place in the Royal Society. Mr. Crookes—I may remind you in passing—with his rare intuitiveness, welcomed the old-new Light of Theosophy, and was one of the earliest members of the Theosophical London Lodge, of which Mr. Sinnett was, and still is, the honoured President.

Before Mr. Sinnett's eyes, the great Indian Ṛṣhi unrolled the vast panorama of a sevenfold universe, with its five planes of human evolution, and, through our revered and beloved H. P. Blavatsky, He precipitated most of the letters written about in Mr. Sinnett's revealing book, *The Occult World*, the letters which formed the basis of *Esoteric Buddhism*; his scientific training, with occult teaching superimposed upon it, made him exactly the messenger fitted to carry Theosophical truth to the then materialistic western world; and if the pretty Christian idea be true, that every soul "saved" by the truth brought to him by a teacher forms a star in that teacher's heavenly crown, then Mr. Sinnett would need a hundred heads to carry all the crowns, each gemmed with innumerable stars, representing the souls whom he has illuminated.

Owing, however, to the deeply engrained western habit of looking at life from the circumference instead of from the centre, all of us who wrote in England on Ḍevachan, the heavenly world, unconsciously represented it as a dream-world, a world of thought—as indeed it is—without understanding that it was nearer to Reality, not farther from it, by the

dropping of the two distorting glasses of the physical and astral bodies, and that this so-called "subjective state" was filled with far more vivid experiences than the so-called "objective," and might be utilised far more than the physical for the quickening of our evolutionary pace. Not understanding this, and misled by the supposed connotations of eastern terms, such as were translated "illusion," "unreal," and the like, we regarded the time spent in Ḍevachan as "wasted," and were wont to say: "I don't want to go to Ḍevachan."

If we had considered the great difference between the relative lengths of the periods passed in the physical and mental worlds respectively, we might have reached a more rational view than the one we then took of Ḍevachan. We might have realised that the Divine Wisdom, which planned human evolution, would scarcely have set apart a century or less for the useful part of the life-period, and many centuries for the useless. We might have considered that in the dawn of consciousness in the animal man and during its infancy in the savage, incarnation after incarnation succeeded each other very swiftly, and that what interval there was was spent on the astral plane with a mere touch with the ḍevachanic, and that the ḍevachanic period lengthened as the mind developed, until in the advanced stage, before actual initiated discipleship, when fresh influences are at work, the periods spent in Ḍevachan became longer and the growth in successive earth-lives was far more strongly marked. "Progress," once said a Master, "is arithmetical in the lower stages, geometrical in the higher." Why should this be, and why should it be accompanied by such different lengths of time in Ḍevachan, if the periods spent there were practically wasted?

The general truth is that in the physical world the man gathers experience; in the ḍevachanic world he works out that experience into every possibility contained in it as a germ of thought. The germ is taken and the mind evolves it into a

mighty tree of capacity, and of activities springing out of that capacity; these are all lived through with a vividness that nothing on earth can rival; any experience passed through in in the body is dull, colourless, lifeless, as compared with the springing, glorious, many-coloured radiance of that intense ecstasy of the very essence of life, that marks those of Ḍevachan. It must be remembered that happiness, joy, promote all life-energies, and where happiness is deepest and most radiant there the whole nature expands and grows. What then of the growth in that perfect joy of Ḍevachan, where no sorrow can intrude to cloud, no pain to mar?

Think of choosing a single idea, of following it out into all its branching bye-ways, into all the suggestions it throws out, each of these also to be followed out similarly; think of each idea in the long succession as being an object to the thinker—for he is in a world of thought, where every thought is a living form, where there is nothing else but thoughts, for there is no matter there except mental matter—thought-stuff, as Clifford called it. In that world are solids and liquids and gases, of varying density, and colour, and consistency, and quality. There is no sense of dream, nor of unreality, but of thronging, joyous realities, visible, audible, tangible, exquisite—all shaped out of thought-stuff, less distorting the life within them than that same life is distorted down here by its additional vestures of astral and physical matter.

None of us realises how our thoughts in this physical world are creating our karma, since in thought lies our creative power. Each thought creates a line of thoughts which grow out of it, and these again branch out; desires and actions clothe the thought-forms, so that these make or mar our future lives. This intricate network of our thoughts enmeshes those future lives, and is the cause of the great complexity of the threads of our destinies. Hence the difficulty of tracing an event to its kārmic causes, indefinitely numerous, and the difficulty found

by students, when a series of the lives of an individual is placed in their hands, in tracing the connections between them. Broad lines of karma stand out, the trend of evolution, the relationship between groups of people, the friendships and the enmities which come down through the ages. We can see enough for encouragement and for warning, but not for anything approaching full understanding. The lives are like a mosaic, rather than a connected growth. And why? Because the observers record actions and not thoughts, the finished result and not the causes which brought it to the surface. If the observer concentrated his attention on the thoughts of the individual observed, and traced out each thought as it worked itself out in Ḍevachan, volumes would be required for narrating a single life. That life in Ḍevachan would be the immense field of study. As we merely glimpse the complexity, the intricacy, the outstretching lines passing beyond our vision, we dimly feel that only the Lipika, the Lords of Karma, living in Nirvāṇa, can suffice for the tremendous task of applying the kārmic law. If we try to follow out the bye-ways starting from a single thought and their results, and then remember that the ḍevachani does this with every thought in his recent life on earth, we realise the hopeless impossibility, at our present stage of evolution, of grasping the totality of kārmic causes in the life of any individual. We can see that in the case of a person who owes a kārmic debt to another person, the two must be brought together in some physical life, and that this fact may hold over the payment for many lives. Many similar instances may be noted, sufficient to establish the great principles of karma, but in the application of those principles to particular cases we have not data sufficient to guide us to a definite conclusion.

The fact that kārmic debts may be left over, owing to the impossibility of bringing debtor and creditor together, thus affording the opportunity of payment, sometimes results in

very curious apparent contradictions. A poet spoke of the Chancellor, Bacon, as the "greatest, wisest, meanest, of mankind". The collocation of greatness, wisdom and meanness is obviously impossible, and no one who recognises the greatness of that extraordinary man can, for one moment, believe that he stooped to the acts debited to him. Here is a case where a splendidly unfolded Spirit had incurred debts in a long-past incarnation that remained undischarged, and that had to be paid to the uttermost farthing before he could cross the threshold of Liberation. His supreme greatness and supreme wisdom, as measured with men, could not relieve him from his ancient undischarged liabilities, incurred perchance when he was neither great nor wise. A man who would become a Jīvanmukṭa, a liberated Spirit, must, as he approaches the threshold, sweep out all the corners of his long-past lives, with their forgotten fragments of ancient enmities, of ancient evil done, and burn them to ashes on the fire of suffering. As he cannot at the stage he has reached do the ills that would entail bitter reproach on him, false accusations must be brought against him, convincing proofs must smirch his reputation, scandal must launch at him its poisonous darts. Why should Bacon escape the fate of his peers? Nay, was not the very Christ accused of treason to his Emperor, was He not betrayed by His disciple, mocked and jeered at by the populace, slain as a malefactor, He, the emblem and the type of all the Crucified, ere they can rise to be the Saviours of the world? Therefore has the way of Liberation been called for immemorial ages the Way of the Cross. Every Christ must be crucified, must be "made perfect through suffering," must thus attain the stature of the Perfect Man, of Man become God.

But the world cannot see men in this fashion, nor recognise its Christs. Its crude and hasty judgments and condemnations are also useful in evolution. Its standard is

about as high as average persons can appreciate, and its wide-flung aspersions have in them this of uplift, that the condemnation of the vice is good for it, even if the particular person assailed be not guilty of the sin. "Righteous indignation" has its place at a certain stage of evolution, where the feeling of strong repulsion is necessary to keep the recent sinner—my "recent" may cover lives—from falling back again into the mire whence he has emerged. "To understand all is to forgive all," and is also the condition of giving a judgment which is just. But a wide tolerance is not always wholesome in its effects, if shown too publicly, for it is difficult to make people in general understand that the absence of condemnation is not necessarily due to moral indifference. The conditions of evolution stretch over such huge periods of time that they cannot be available as data for judgment until a person has himself reached a certain point; a man must have climbed to a certain height upon the mountain side, before he can see over the plains. Hence the wisdom of the direction: "Judge not."

Annie Besant

ASTROLOGICAL VALUES

A STUDY IN SPIRITUAL ALCHEMY

By LEO FRENCH

IV. THE WAY OF AIR

And what if all of animated Nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the God of each and breath of all. . . .

—S. T. COLERIDGE

The wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.—*Psalms.*

FIRE is the creative element of Deity—human and Universal Nature; air is the breath thereof—respiration, with its alternating rhythms of inhalation and exhalation. Between inspiration and expiration the story of man is told. Impalpable air! "Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth"; yet the art of "knowing which way the wind blows" is one which has occupied some of earth's greatest foster-children. For earth is but foster-mother to air's sons. There is something elusive, interiorly intangible about them, even though they lack not worldly wisdom. Refinement, ethereality, ideality, a paradoxical mingling of inner unapproachableness with outer faculties of harmonious co-operation, distinguish the princes of the airy clan; its wastrels degrade adaptability into deceit, versatility into various forms of compromise and slipshod, "hail-fellow-well-met" attitude, cheapening comradeship into promiscuous intercourse.

As with fire, the fixed quality represents the most essential, generic air type ; the deity and dignity of the element are "embodied" in the scions of fixed air ; fixed air denotes the ideal "noble-man," as fixed-fire denotes the typal sovereign. Mind is the ruler of air's realm ; fixed-air is the element employed in building thought-forms of the purest, rarest, highest order. The æthers of inspiration radiate from the auras of spiritual sons of fixed-air; in them we expect to find ideality and practicality blended in firm yet delicate poise, and we shall not look in vain. The strength and inner solidarity of fixed-air is in *Being*. Evolved Natives radiate force and balance, strength and calm, reason and emotion—finely tempered, exquisitely blended. They move among the restless, fevered children of men, natural elder brothers of the race, to whom the younger look for the quiet help, the word in season of strength and guidance, but always a strength that "does not strive nor cry". The degradation of fixed-air is *l'idée fixe*, a natural decadence of stability into rigidity, firmness into fanaticism. Instead of ruling the storm (one of fixed-air's divine faculties) they lash themselves to the helm of one particular vessel and refuse to allow that life's ocean contains any other ship! A strong man with fixed ideas is one of the most difficult foes to subdue, as he infects others with his mania and clouds the light of reason (his native air) with fogs and mists of error and prejudice.

Cardinal-air, on the contrary, must be for ever blowing; this is the law of its nature. Progress through movement and "movements" is the native's rhythm, reform the breath of his nostrils. In him, as in fixed-air, reason and emotion are well blended and balanced, but fixed-air is a centre of stability and inner life expression, whereas cardinal-air's centre is in ascending spirals of progressive movement. Cardinal-air natives make ideal speakers and heads of movements. A "fine flower" of cardinal-air is neither a fanatic (the danger

of fixed) nor a turncoat (mutable's danger), but a sincere and eloquent representative of whatever cause claims his reasoning and emotional faculties; both must be satisfied, for cardinal-air is intuitional and practical. Beauty and Justice, ideality and action, blow through him with strong and sweet airs; the air of freedom braces, the breath of beauty consecrates him a chosen vessel, a leader among men. According to his station in life, and his astrological capacity to respond to the inner, spiritual rhythm, will be the range and nature of his leadership; but he is essentially a leader; he voices the thoughts and aspirations of his fellows by virtue of "The Word," the Breath of God, whereof he is a tabernacle among men.

Mutable-air represents the mental messenger of the Zodiac, also the butterfly and the swallow thereof. Charm, versatility, and that *débonnaire* element, as grateful and comforting to the weary, rusty world as flowers in spring. Indeed "spring flower" describes a certain type of mutable-air child more perfectly than any other simile. All the joy, charm, beauty and divine irresponsibility of a spring flower distinguishes them. They are "useful" with a utility that laughs to scorn the mere substantive application of the world, that soars above it, up through the earth, dancing in the wind, filling the air with blue incense of wild hyacinths or joyous *diablerie* of "nodding daffodils". Mutable-air represents divine revelry. If his "lovely apparition" of the moment be that of a butterfly, then it is his divine prerogative to "flit from flower to flower," and none but warped and sour souls will exclaim, "what is the use of a butterfly?" Who that has seen a fleet of butterflies with outspread wings, drinking from some favourite and favoured blossoming shrub, but will know the *use* of *beauty* by the quickening thrill of life within, that stirs in response to the joy of colour and grace outspread by deva-artists for man's delectation. Mutable-air decadents are among the most pitiable wastrels of the human race. They cannot

"settle to" anything—unlike their symbol the butterfly, which will at least settle on a flower and extract all its honey! Versatility and impressionability have degenerated into fickleness and deceit. Nothing satisfies them for any length of time, nothing is ever completed. Countless activities are begun (not in the strong pioneer fashion—he who carves a road, though rude and rough, before he passes on to the next beginning—a road that serves for fellow explorers, at least), many subjects dipped into, with mental curiosity ever athirst, never slaked, because all travail is avoided, and on earth no perfection is wrought save through the process of travail. There is no more exquisite specimen of human flora, and no more pitiable weed, than is found among mutable-air representatives. From thyrsus-bearer to thief runs their gamut. Graceful-bodied, nimble-fingered, on every plane. "The fall into matter" is a descent indeed for mutable-air; its perils and temptations find in him a peculiarly pitiable and vulnerable victim.

These natives require extraordinary wisdom and patience in their upbringing. They love to please, they fear displeasure; joy is a necessity, a breath of native air to them, for they are the dancing stars of the Zodiac. A certain elusive but positive egotism is inherent; yet they will deceive rather than incur displeasure, will choose compromise and cowardice, rather than determinative self-expression or courage, if the latter entail disapproval or include nemesis in the shape of expiation ordained by disciplinary guardians. The art of educating these "genii of the whispering breeze" is an education in itself to the educators; it will teach them not to expect impossibilities, which is too often done in parental psychological ignorance. The spiritual alchemy of mutable-air is a delicate and subtle process. Its votaries are susceptible to pervasion, framed for it, in fact; persuasion is the most powerful lever that should be applied; force is worse than useless, it crushes and stamps the life out of them. A certain

amount of self-dependence should be inculcated, gently and gradually; nevertheless, protection and dependence are natural atmospheric environments to all the mutable signs. The fixed and cardinal signs will, in a sense, bring themselves up (though surrounding influence, atmosphere and environment of childhood will provide the material, and if unsuitable, all must be remade subsequently), but the mutable sign children are in a peculiar and pathetic sense dependent upon surroundings and conditions; this to a great extent throughout life, but very specially during childhood. To understand a child of mutable-air is to recognise his liabilities and limitations, neither less nor more than his gifts and graces. The sterner virtues must be no more expected of him than flexibility and intimate, delicate sympathy from a fixed-earth child. The æsthetic path is usually the line of least resistance with mutable-air; the idea of the beauty of holiness appeals where duty as an incentive may leave them not only cold but entirely impervious.

This surely is that practical application of the principle of wisdom, one of whose facets expresses that capacity of being "all things to all men" which involves no sacrifice of principle, but an emptying-out of all preconceptions and prejudices, a dealing with men *as they are*, that in each and all the *point d'appui*, the psychological moment of progress, may be found and seized.

Among the children of the elements, the range of differentiated consciousness extends from that of the rhinoceros to that of the butterfly. The only sensible proceeding can be to learn the respective rhythms of each, in the hope of helping each along his own line of development. It is as senseless to expect a child to answer to that which evokes response in the *educator*, as to demand from a gazelle the demeanour and behaviour of an elephant. Yet both these mistakes are made, frequently and in all good faith. A parent or guardian

who is on the line of love will persist in considering love, demonstrative affection and embraces as the panacea for all and every disturbance in the nursery. A child very distinctly on the line of power or wisdom simply does not respond to it. To the child of power, the idea of a background of strong, determined authority—not of tyranny, but of disciplined, intelligent, authoritative force—is the most helpful environment. To the son of wisdom, understanding; a subtle *finesse* that knows and understands the variegated threads of motives, will respond to the possessor thereof, recognising a kindred spirit; whereas an appeal to affection, to "do this or that because it *pleases me*, or refrain from the other because it *hurts me*," etc., leaves him unimpressed, puzzled and wondering why! Thus, if children were trained and taught according to their natural trends and interior natures, written plainly in the star-script of each, they would grow up as plants placed in their appropriate and native soil. There is no fear of making things too easy for children, according to this training and treatment. Nature will see to that; she does not fail to provide appropriate, sometimes inappropriate, obstacles in the way of too easy and obvious success.

But if this science of spiritual alchemy were understood and applied, what wasted opportunities, what cruel twisting of tender fibres in wrong and unnatural directions, would be avoided; what waste of force in guardians and guarded! The hopeless despair of the misunderstood, misjudged child, to those who have witnessed it, is one of the most appalling tragedies under the sun; silent, unperceived, and all the more tragic. Few are the children, indeed, "in whom the elements are so mixed" that ideal manhood or womanhood ensues almost independently of the upbringing. Countless numbers of "critical" natives are marred or maimed by want of intelligence, force, or sympathy—one of which, or all, is conspicuous by its absence.

Children of air are peculiarly susceptible to the minds and thoughts surrounding them during childhood. The air of freedom, light of reason, breath of life, reach them on and from the mental plane. The subtle alchemical interminglings of "slight air and purging fire" demand a treatise to themselves, for air and fire together compose the constituents of those realms invisible yet *most* real—the worlds of creation, inspiration, ideation, the universe of Spirit and Mind, *le multiple splendeur*, divine marriage of life and form, cosmic lovers whose children are sole heirs of immortality. In this sketch of the nature and properties of air, enough has been given, perhaps, to show how much more remains behind, awaiting exploration and penetration, twin divine adventurers. Truly the universe and all its powers pertain to Man the Creator, Man the Thinker; courage and thought together inherit divinity, which man has but lost, temporarily, that he may regain it. "On the wings of the wind" what echoes of his lost paradise linger!—inspiring, spurring, lashing him on, through storm and tempest, through shadow and exile, back again to that country of viewless, moveless, yet vital air, where the winds are hushed and still; to the end that air, herself Breath of Life, Voice of the Silence, may bestow her gift, the secret understanding of the Mind of God, Inspiration.

Air is the Universal Solvent on every plane—spiritual, cosmic, human. The last secret, as the first, of air is. . . Immortality.

He who overcometh the Prince of the Powers of the Air, *i.e.*, the mysteries connected with the creation, generation and suspension of breath, he shall inherit the secret whereby Death is mastered; for Death hath no more dominion over him.

Leo French

THE SPIRITUAL ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES[1]

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

WE have hitherto associated Sir Arthur Conan Doyle with a number of excellent novels and short stories, with a particularly sound and readable account of the South African War, and with a work he is now writing, dealing with the present world-wide conflict. To most of us Conan Doyle is but another name for his famous Sherlock Holmes, for when we think of the one we also think of the other. Sherlock Holmes was so much sought after by his countless admirers that he was a very long time dying. When he was dead the public still wanted him, and Conan Doyle, out of the kindness of his heart, caused him to live again and once more bring criminals to book and make Scotland Yard look a trifle silly. Within the last year or two we were told that Sherlock Holmes had made his last bow, but I have a fancy that if the public claps very, very loud, he will give a few more exhibitions of his skill.

It has been said of Conan Doyle's detective stories that the author has made the key to fit the lock. Of course he has, since it is his business to open the door that conceals some criminal mystery. But how cleverly he finds that key! We poor inexperienced readers might look through many a bunch of keys and repeatedly fumble at the closed door without being able to open it. That is the supreme art of Conan Doyle. He can and does open the door every time, and it is just because the public cannot do so that Sherlock Holmes is in such demand.

[1] *The New Revelation.* By Arthur Conan Doyle. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 3s. 6d.

" There was a door to which I found no key," cries Omar Khāyyām, writing of a door which hides the spiritual mysteries that lie beyond the tavern and carnal Heart's Desire. He stood there, lover of wine and women, impotent to open it, simply because the spell of earth's Rose Garden was upon him, and because he had come to that door in the spirit of revolt, drunk with the follies of this world.

Conan Doyle has stood before the same door. If it has a stone step, then it must be sadly worn away, for millions of people throughout the ages have stood before that door. Some have tapped it till their knuckles ran with blood; some have cried: "O let me in!" Some have prayed, some have cursed. Many have gone away asserting that it could not be opened, while others, equally dogmatic, have stated that even if they could find the right key and open the door, it would simply lead them to an empty room, not worth a moment's consideration. A few have found the key and opened the door, and what they have seen beyond, so far from being disappointing, has filled them with a great and abiding joy. Conan Doyle—or, in no flippant mood, shall we say Sherlock Holmes?—has opened that door, and he has witnessed something that is to be found on the other side. But many of us who have studied the mystics, Christian and otherwise, who have found in the great religions of the world spiritual consolation, but above all, those who have seen the Light and admitted the Master, will agree that Conan Doyle has only lifted a very minute portion of the Veil. There are still doors to which he has found no key at present. So far he only stands in what we may describe as the nursery of the Kingdom of God.

Conan Doyle's *The New Revelation* is dedicated " To all brave men and women, humble or learned, who have had the moral courage during seventy years to face ridicule or worldly disadvantage in order to testify to an all-important truth ". The little book tells us in a clear and concise manner, what

we may describe as the spiritual adventures of Sherlock Holmes, for the author has displayed the same care—dare we say the same ingenuity?—in revealing the more elemental mysteries of the spiritual world which we have previously noticed in his famous detective stories. More than that, it is a confession of faith on psychic lines, and an attempt, hardly successful it seems to me, to raise Spiritualism from the dark séance room into the light of what he rather unhappily calls a New Revelation, a profound spiritual truth which shall some day become, even to the much-abused "man in the street," a perpetual bond between this world and the world to come.

At the time of writing, Mr. Pemberton Billing is astounding the civilised world with one of the most extraordinary cases it was ever the lot of a judge to hear or a public to read about. It seems that we are very far from hearing the last of Oscar Wilde and his degrading influence. As the case proceeds, we shake our heads gravely over the stormy utterances of Sir Alfred Douglas, and over the German Black Book, which contains so many black sheep that it must rejoice the heart of the British Food Controller. We ask ourselves if the Great War is still raging, or if we have been suddenly plunged into the dark abyss of a Walpurgis Night. Can it be possible that we are so materialistic, so utterly vile in our passions? Some evil smell seems to be rising from London at the present moment, and some horrible canker revealed in the Law Courts. We turn away, sick with disgust. We want to breathe the freshness of a May morning, to be stirred by the cheery optimism of Robert Browning, to believe in the goodness of our fellow men which Dickens taught us to find with so much delightful humour. And yet, if we have courage, we must face the truth. Maeterlinck, in writing about the present war, said that the Germans represented all that was evil in human life, that it was a Holy War in which Good was fighting against Evil, in short, that the time had come when we must

choose between Christ and Anti-Christ. All this is true so far as it goes, but unfortunately we have to strike a blow against materialism in England as well as in Germany, and the case to which I have just referred brings out this truth with startling clearness. There is so much that is rotten, bestial, utterly unworthy going on in English life to-day, and those undesirable influences must be driven out before we can hope to rise as a nation to better things.

Such evil practices would be utterly impossible if we had found the Light, and it must be confessed that the majority have not done so. They do not believe in a survival after death. They say it is contrary to science and to reason. Many of them lead clean, useful lives, working without the hope of a spiritual harvest, but some cram their days with every form of sensuality. These people are so near the jungle that they cannot hear the heavenly music because they are always roaring like lusting animals. The brass band of the Salvationists will not turn them to God, for they cannot even hear that. It is useless to expect them to find the Almighty after the manner of St. Francis of Assisi, useless to expect them to understand the beautiful mysticism of St. John. They will only believe in a spiritual world if it can be presented to them in a series of hard and unquestionable facts. Psychic research has supplied those facts, and Conan Doyle in *The New Revelation* presents them in such a way that they will at first appeal to these sceptics as reasonable—that is to say if they keep an open mind—and finally as an abiding truth.

Conan Doyle has been interested in psychical research for some time. In 1887 he wrote a letter to *Light* giving an account of some spiritual experience. He tells us that when he finished his medical education in 1882 he was "a convinced materialist as regards our personal destiny. I have never ceased to be an earnest theist, because it seemed to me that

Napoleon's question to the atheistic professors on the starry night as he voyaged to Egypt: 'Who was it, gentlemen, who made these stars?' has never been answered. To say that the Universe was made by immutable laws only puts the question one degree further back as to who made the laws". At that time Conan Doyle recognised a complex force working behind all the operations of Nature. He recognised right and wrong "as great obvious facts which needed no divine revelation," but he did not believe that human personality survived death, because it seemed contrary to the laws of Nature. "When the candle burns out," he writes, "the light disappears. When the electric cell is shattered, the current stops." And because at that time he argued in this way, he believed that death finally put an end to every conceivable form of life. He continued to preserve a healthy scepticism in regard to Spiritualism for some time. I write healthy scepticism, because the most hearty sceptics often make the most ardent and virile converts in the end, while a weak credulity too often leads to mental chaos. Conan Doyle, however, went on carefully studying the matter, and when he found men such as Myers, Crookes, Wallace, Lodge, Flammarion and Lombroso were convinced as to the genuineness of certain spirit phenomena, he very naturally found the walls of his disbelief blown down by the trumpets of such eminent men. It is true there were eminent men on the other side, who clung to science for sustenance just as tenaciously as a baby clings to a feeding-bottle. There were, for example, Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, but their decision was not very formidable after all, for, blinded by prejudice, they refused to examine what purported to be spirit phenomena.

Conan Doyle was impressed by what Wallace has very aptly called a modern miracle. I refer to D. D. Home floating out of one window and into another at the height of seventy feet

above the ground. The scene was witnessed by Lord Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and Captain Wynne, and they were prepared "to take their oath upon it". We also learn that the author was familiar with Monsieur Jacolliot's experiments in India.

About 1891 Conan Doyle joined the Psychical Research Society, and while frankly admitting "the unwearied diligence of the Society," he is of the opinion that "in their desire to avoid sensationalism they discourage the world from knowing and using the splendid work which they are doing". He justly praises Myers' *Human Personality*, and describes it as "a great root book from which a whole tree of knowledge will grow".

Writing of mediums convicted of fraud, Conan Doyle makes a practice of leaving discredited mediums severely alone. This is not always wise, for so long as the professional medium is paid for his or her experiment, trickery is introduced at times when genuine psychic phenomena cannot be produced. The late Eusapia Palladino, for example, was more than once convicted of fraud, but in spite of gross behaviour of this kind she remains one of the most remarkable mediums the world has ever seen. Lombroso took a keen and critical interest in her experiments, and while admitting occasional fraud, fully endorsed the genuineness of most of the phenomena she produced. It is quite true that Home showed his supernormal power in broad daylight and that he never resorted to trickery, but notwithstanding, the sum total of Eusapia Palladino's experiments are of greater value, because they are much more wide-reaching and much more suggestive.

The War undoubtedly quickened our search after Truth. It gave a practical significance to Conan Doyle's psychical studies. It was not a subject to dally with from an objective point of view. With the death of the flower of our race it had become of momentous importance. "The telephone bell," he writes, "is in itself a very childish affair, but it may be the

signal for a very vital message. It seemed that all these phenomena, large and small, had been the telephone bells which, senseless in themselves, had signalled to the human race: 'Rouse yourselves! Stand by! Be at attention! Here are signs for you. They will lead up to the message which God wishes to send.'" The author saw in these dark days of warfare a fresh impetus given to religion. He heard, as it were, the pitiful cry, "*Do the dead live?*" go up from thousands of desolate homes. Christ has already answered that question. He said: "I go to prepare a place for you. If it were not so, I would have told you." Spiritualists, however, are out to reaffirm this solemn and beautiful pledge, and since we seem to have forgotten the priceless teaching of the Master, it is well to have the promise emphasised in a way attuned to present conditions.

There are many people who object to Spiritualism on religious grounds. They quote one or two passages in the Old Testament by way of giving authority in the matter, but they altogether fail to realise that all the miracles of the Master exactly correspond with what we now know in regard to psychic matters. Conan Doyle does not desire to see Spiritualism converted into a new religion. He writes: "Rather would I see it the great unifying force, the one provable thing connected with every religion, Christian or non-Christian, forming the common solid basis upon which each raises, if it must needs raise, that separate system which appeals to the varied types of mind."

Writing of life beyond the grave, Conan Doyle is of the opinion that "since connections still endure, and those in the same state of development keep abreast, one would expect that nations are still roughly divided from each other, though language is no longer a bar, since thought has become a medium of conversation". I sincerely hope that nations are not "roughly divided from each other," for the strict

demarcation of the nations in this world has been the root of all war. Dumas writes in *Love and Liberty*:

> Men like the hero of the Nile and of Trafalgar are the products of universal civilisation, posterity not desiring to give them any country in particular for their birth, and considering them as a part of human greatness which can be proudly loved, warmly embraced, by the whole world. Once in the tomb they are neither fellow-countrymen nor strangers, friends nor enemies; they are named Hannibal and Scipio, Cæsar and Pompey. Immortality naturalises these great geniuses for the benefit of the universe.

In the life everlasting let us hope we are neither English nor French, German nor Russian, but one great company of souls serving the same Master, since He is Lord of all.

According to that extraordinary book, *Raymond*, there are thousands of men who go down in battle and who desire to communicate with those they love, and are prevented from doing so by the bar of ignorance and prejudice. Raymond writes: "It is hard to think your sons are dead, but such a lot of people do think so. It is revolting to hear the boys tell you how no one speaks to them ever. It hurts me through and through."

Spiritualism is not for those who have found the Light. They have no need to place their fingers in the nail-marks on Christ's body before they believe. For my part I have no desire whatever to communicate with those who have passed over "a round or two before"; neither, I think, when I am on the other side, shall I wish to be the cause of so-called automatic writing. I have no desire to rap a table, or send forth flashes of light, or to materialise at some séance. I am looking forward with keen anticipation to life beyond the grave, and with too much joyousness to be tainted with the least touch of morbidity. I shall meet those with whom I have an affinity, and I shall meet many for the first time on the other side of the door. If I have found Heaven here, then I shall take it with me to the other side. Every pure and noble thought is a key leading to a fuller and greater beauty. Death is not a great jump from man to God. It is but a step from this

world to the world of spirit, and what we are here, so shall we be in the early stages of our spiritual existence—no more and no less.

In *The New Revelation* it is the author's wish "to bring back the material-minded—to take them out of their cramped valley and put them on the ridge, whence they can breathe purer air and see other valleys and other ridges beyond". Let us hope he will meet with success, for though this little book is not learned, it is sincere and earnest, and it should appeal to many who have had no previous knowledge of the subject.

A new dawn is breaking. A world-wide influence for good is at work. A battle was recently fought where Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount, and machine-guns were placed in the Garden of Gethsemane. Nearly the whole world has bled as it never bled before. We have had to make tremendous sacrifices. We have had to suffer unspeakable agony. But a new dawn will lighten the world, and when that dawn comes we shall know it was worth while. When we have passed through the ordeal of battle and when we have swept materialism aside, we shall find the Master, and get into closer touch with the spiritual world. Gerald Massey wrote many years ago:

> Spiritualism has been for me, in common with many others, such a lifting of the mental horizon and letting-in of the heavens—such a formation of faith into facts, that I can only compare life without it to sailing on board ship with hatches battened down and being kept a prisoner, living by the light of a candle, and then suddenly, on some splendid starry night, allowed to go on deck for the first time to see the stupendous mechanism of the heavens all aglow with the glory of God.

So much for Gerald Massey's beautiful tribute to Spiritualism. There are many ways to Heaven, and it matters little which path we choose. Let us stand by, let us be ready when the new dawn breaks.

F. Hadland Davis

[Written in a Military Hospital, "somewhere in France," June 4, 1918.]

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DEVOTIONAL SIDE OF THEOSOPHY

THE article under the above heading in the August number of THE THEOSOPHIST suggests various ideas. The ideas expressed there are very practical and sensible. If Theosophy has to influence the members and the outer world, it must take some concrete form on the devotional side, such as shrines, etc. Of course this is intended only for those who want it. Let us see what sort of shrine there should be. Here great difficulties come in, as the members composing the Society belong to different religions. As far as possible, therefore, it is better to consult the wish of the majority ; but the best symbol would be the present Theosophical seal, which would satisfy all religionists. But let each member worship in the way suited to his religion. *There should be no priest.* The shrine should be open to all worshippers of any religion.

The above is the case for the members and other people who are intellectually on the higher scale. What about the large masses of people of the various religions? Let shrines suited to the various communities and various religions be built, that will be the concrete expression of the ideas of Universal Brotherhood. Take the case of Hinḍus. There are large classes of people who have got the crudest forms of worship. Let shrines be built suited to their conditions. Similarly let places of worship be built for Christians and Muhammadans. They must be built amidst the habitations of those for whom they are intended. There the great truths of religion can be carried to the doors of the humblest individual. What is necessary is that the religious fervour now spent in fasts, festivals, pilgrimages, feasts, and various ceremonies and charities, should be diverted into better fields of religion.

Side by side with the shrines there should be hospitals, orphanages, settlements, schools, libraries, reading-rooms, recreation grounds, bathing-places, museums of art and gardens. We always find that Hinḍū temples have had and have now most of the above accompaniments. They were the great centres of Hinḍū culture and thought. All these should be the expressions of social service. All the religions of the world have emphasised only the emancipation of the individual soul by acts of charity and the like. But Theosophy proclaims social service, not as a means for the soul, but as an end in

itself. It states that man should work for the betterment of others, not for getting Puṇyam, but with the idea that, others also being sparks of the Divine Life, he should exemplify the idea by actually expressing it. We should realise the Aḍvaiṭism that all are one by means of social service. Aḍvaiṭism should be made practical. The central truth of Aḍvaiṭa—the unity in diversity—should be realised concretely.

If the great truths of Theosophy are to reach the masses, they must be expressed in terms of their thoughts; and the best means is their own mother-tongue. So, side by side with the shrines, there should be standing committees of people to translate the works of great authors into various Indian languages. In the shrines there should be religious dramas, Bhajana parties, Harikathas and lectures by eminent persons.

The first question that will be asked is—where are the men and the money? The answer is—where were the men and the money when the great truths were reaffirmed by the Founders of the Theosophical Society? Great things arise only from small beginnings; so a fund should be started for the special purpose of building shrines, etc. Each one of the large numbers of Theosophists must do something. A beginning must be made *at once*.

P. S. SUNDARAM AIYAR

BOOK-LORE

Per Amica Silentia Lunae, by William Butler Yeats. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

The "enquirer," if he is to make headway in his Theosophical studies, must be given books to read in which the teachings which represent present-day Theosophy are given him in an ordered, straightforward way; but there comes a time when the student, having mastered the outlines of the system which makes of Theosophy a coherent whole, is ready to fill in details for himself, and finds it profitable to let go for the moment the hands which guide him and point out at every step of his journey what may be included in Theosophy and what may not, and trust for a time for further teaching to hints which come from unexpected sources, to breaths, as it were, of well recognised scents borne to him upon the fitful breeze. Anyone who is passing through some such period in his life as a student of the Ancient Wisdom will find the volume before us well worth meditative attention. Not that it is in any sense what is sometimes called "straight" Theosophy; it is not. Mr. Yeats, though he met and was influenced by the founders of the T.S., is not one who identifies himself with our Society, nor is he an exponent of its teachings. But somehow much of what he says must inevitably recall to the mind of one whose thought has run along the lines which Theosophy marks out, truths which have come to him, and to the modern world, through the medium of the T.S.

The book proper consists of two studies—"Anima Hominis" and "Anima Mundi". The first deals, one might say, with the relation of the personality and the individuality. This is a very bald way of putting it, and not at all in the style of Mr. Yeats; nevertheless these are the words which to Theosophical students suggest the ideas with which the author is here concerned. He speaks of two selves, the everyday self and the anti-self. It is not the mediæval idea of a good and a bad angel, but the occult one of a complex personality which in moments of inspiration becomes aware of an other self "of our being and yet of our being but as water with fire, a noise with

silence," a creature that is himself and yet in a mysterious way his own enemy, identification with whom is his highest object in life. "That dazzling unforeseen wing-footed wanderer," Mr. Yeats calls the strange visitant; sometimes he speaks of him as a mask. Again this inner self is somehow identified with the man's destiny, and our author says: "When I think of life as a struggle with the Daemon who would ever set us to the hardest work among those not impossible, I understand why there is a deep enmity between a man and his destiny, and why a man loves nothing but his destiny." It is interesting to note that the "heterogeneous self" does not become permanently fused in the "antithetical self"; the momentary union is always the result of struggle and each is necessary to the other: "Man and Daemon feed the hunger in one another's hearts."

The second half of the book, "Anima Mundi," touches upon all sorts of questions connected with the soul of man and its finer vestures. Our daily thought, says the author, is certainly but "the line of foam at the shallow edge of a vast luminous sea". What is that sea, and how do we as individual selves contact it? Dreams, magic, communication with the dead, all sorts of slight but significant happenings which to the observant and meditative give hints of "the powers latent in man"—all these throw an uncertain light upon this question. The author calls attention to many of these little signposts which may lead the thoughtful into the realms of Occultism. There are so many points of Theosophical interest that it is impossible to choose any for special mention.

The reader will find a companion who "wears well" in this volume.

A. DE L.

Some Revelations as to "Raymond," An Authoritative Statement, by A Plain Citizen. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Price 3s. 6d.)

In the preface to this strange volume, the writer explains his somewhat singular use of the word "authoritative". "The book," he says, "is authoritative, because the only authority it invokes is that of *Raymond* itself." He then devotes two chapters to what he calls "A general account of *Raymond*," that is, a brief summary of the book, chapter by chapter, with copious quotations, as though thereby to justify his sub-title. It might seem at first sight that reading this would be, for people of limited leisure, an easy way of obtaining a general idea of *Raymond*, for the four hundred pages of the original volume are here summarised in about seventy,

and the quotations seem to guarantee a fair amount of accuracy. But the "Plain Citizen," as he calls himself, though he takes care to let his readers know that in reality he considers himself quite other than this—a personage, in fact, quite equal in importance to Sir Oliver Lodge—intersperses his summary with such remarks as these: "At this sitting the medium was, *or professed to be*, controlled by . . ." "This sitting . . . *was understood to be* anonymous." "The argument—*if it can be called one* . . ." (The italics in every case are ours.) All these tend to convey to the reader a feeling that *Raymond* is on the whole unreliable and even absurd.

Now it must be admitted by any open-minded reader of *Raymond*, however convinced he may be of the substantial truth of the conclusions which Sir Oliver Lodge draws from the series of phenomena he recounts, that many of these phenomena are of very little use as evidence, and that the arguments are not beyond criticism; but it is not fair play, when giving an account of a book, to prejudice the reader in this way, especially as the subsequent criticism is based on this account rather than on the book itself.

In Chapter III the "Plain Citizen" reminds us that Religion and Magic are fundamentally one, and that all persons who hold any religious belief are *ipso facto* believers in magic. He then shows how the discredited "magic" of the Middle Ages has, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, made a successful effort to re-establish itself by the very simple expedient of changing its terminology and appearing before the world as Spiritualism. On the whole the chapter is a fair statement of the case, and the author really seems to have tried to conceal his personal bias. But all semblance of fairness disappears in the next two chapters, in which he deals with the "exploitation" of Sir Oliver Lodge.

In the beginning of Chapter IV he assumes that there is a guild of mediums all over the world, who communicate with and help one another, especially by circulating information about present and future (!!) clients. Then he adds: "All this is mere hearsay and is not based on any definite proof"—and yet the whole of this chapter and what follows is based upon the assumption that it is a fact! He explains how the more intelligent among this guild of mediums, seeing in the war a splendid opportunity for making money, if only they could bring themselves more prominently before the eye of the public, looked about for a person sufficiently popular and sufficiently credulous, and deliberately laid their plans for drawing him into their net. The only thing one wonders at in reading the details of the so-called plot, as the "Plain Citizen" unwinds them from his

imagination, is that he did not add one more—that the mediums, following the example of a renowned person of old, arranged to have Raymond Lodge placed "in the forefront of the battle". Then, having arranged for the gulling of Sir Oliver Lodge by this imaginary guild of mediums, he dubs him the "St. Luke-Paul" of the new "Gospel" of Spiritualism, and calls him by this ridiculous nickname through the rest of the book.

In the three chapters dealing with the subject-matter of the book itself, he has laid stress on all the weak points in it, and there are many such; but his arguments are weakened by the reiterated sneer at "St. Luke-Paul" and the "Gospel". Moreover he falls into the mistake of assuming that what he does not personally understand does not exist; and he spoils a scathing criticism of some statements concerning the astral world, which are more or less commonplaces to Theosophists and psychics, by including in his denunciation a mathematically demonstrable proposition—the fourth dimension.

After reading these chapters, the final one, "The Verdict," comes rather as a surprise, for among its fifteen points we find the following:

> Plain men are of opinion that Sir Oliver has succeeded in establishing the following conclusions:
>
> 7. The certainty that the Mariemont sittings were of a wholly genuine character and were really attended by some invisible spirits.
>
> 8. The probability that one of the spirits attending the Mariemont sittings was the discarnate soul of Raymond Lodge.

Now if "Plain Citizen" really thinks that Sir Oliver Lodge has proved these points, and others which are not quoted, surely he should admit that he deserves gratitude and not ridicule. (There is nothing, by the way, in "Plain Citizen's" book to show that these or any other points are proved.) On the whole the impression left by the book is an unpleasant one, and one is tempted to amend "Plain Citizen's" statement concerning himself in the preface of the book, and say that he is "willing to follow Truth" when she leads where he wishes to follow, but that when the leading is not according to his inclinations he prefers to set up a series of assumptions to prove that Truth is not what she professes to be, but something quite different.

E. M. A.

Immortality, An Essay in Discovery Co-ordinating Scientific, Psychical, and Biblical Research, by Burnett H. Streeter, A. Clutton-Brock, C. W. Emmet, J. A. Hadfield, and the Author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

Like its predecessor, *Concerning Prayer*, this volume is a symposium of essays by different writers, having their own points of view but co-operating for the elucidation of a definite subject after conferences for discussion and comparison of views. Again this method has achieved a very considerable measure of success in bringing before the public a fairly coherent presentation of the position reached by some of the more progressive thinkers within the Christian Church. Of course the Bible is nominally retained as the starting-point for this enquiry, but though a continual dependence on scriptural interpretation is still evident, there is a healthy disposition to check each conclusion by the facts of present-day experience; and it is a striking testimony to the increasing importance now attached to psychical research that a whole section, entitled "Mind and the Brain," should have been devoted to the scientific aspect of the subject. This section has been contributed by J. A. Hadfield, a surgeon in the Navy, and is quite the most interesting feature of the book. But we shall return to this later; the section that is naturally the first to claim the attention of Theosophists is the one entitled "Reincarnation, Karma and Theosophy" by the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* (Lily Dougall).

Frankly, we are glad to find that Theosophy and its two most distinctive teachings are recognised as factors that can no longer be ignored in an investigation of accepted bases for the belief in immortality. But we are equally disappointed to find that the writer's apparent desire to test the truth of Theosophical tenets seems to have stopped short wherever these did not fall into line with her theological preconceptions. Instead of trying to understand the Theosophical presentation of the laws of karma and reincarnation, she seems to be mainly occupied with showing how they fail to attract her and how they detract from the character of the personal God of Christianity. Her chief objections are already familiar to most of us; they include the absence of brain-memory of former lives, the "geocentric" nature of a doctrine that permits more than one life on this planet when there are so many planets to choose from, the difficulty of believing that the "innocent" child brings with him any "original sin" from the past, the fact that mere suffering does not make us good, and others of a less informed variety. She would also have us believe that Christians are taking up the study of Theosophy simply because

they find in it the ideal of brotherhood and a discipline of self-control for acquiring serenity and helpfulness.

However, it is a good sign that a distinguished champion of liberal Christianity should find in Theosophy a "heresy" worthy of her steel, and if students will take the trouble to follow the course of her criticism, they will not only learn something of the difficulties that beset enquirers, but may also be prompted to overhaul their own ideas. For instance, her remarks on the hypnotic states are full of interest to us as showing how easily the negative trance states may be mistaken for the positive use of trained clairvoyance. One point in this connection that the writer aptly makes is that the value of the negative trance states depends on the quality of the information which it is desired to obtain, and not on the mere ability to enter such a state; in fact the same may very well be said of trained clairvoyance. But it is very evident that the facts of hypnosis are providing a convenient and respectably scientific stepping-stone by which orthodox Christianity may be gently let down from its pedestal to the more secure though less exclusive ground of natural law. The same function seems to be served by telepathy in this writer's attitude to Spiritualism, a subject on which she pronounces in another section. Here her evident anxiety to escape admitting any more material form of communication with the so-called dead than the vague sense of a "presence," leads her to stretch telepathy to almost breaking-point; and we notice that she prudently avoids any attempt to explain materialisations—which can hardly be accounted for by telepathy pure and simple. After these two rather querulous sections the writer returns to her native element in the concluding section "The Undiscovered Country," which leaves us in a sane if somewhat parochial heaven.

Returning to Surgeon Hadfield's contribution, we have here something solid to work on. His cases of neurasthenia and "shell shock" are skilfully utilised to present a strong case based on scientific fact for the belief that mind is something more than the brain because, though continually influenced by the brain, it is normally dominant in educated people; hence he argues that there is no scientific reason why mind should not survive the destruction of the brain. An original and highly suggestive portion is that dealing with the evolution of mind from the sensations observed in the lower kingdoms of nature. The following quotation will give a general idea of the line that is followed:

> Consciousness is thus a different form of energy from nerve energy, though it may have arisen out of it; it is, in fact, psychic energy, which it is impossible to describe in terms of the physical.

This dramatic leap from the physiological to the psychical is the most important factor in the evolution of mind. It is the decisive factor which once and for all turns the balance and establishes the supremacy of the mind over the body. . . . The mind arises from the body and its sensations, but only in the sense that the dragon-fly springs from the grub which lives in the mud of a stagnant pool; its origin is humble but its life in the sunlight is a whirl of coloured brilliance and wanton liberty. This new form of energy which we call consciousness has a similar freedom and autonomy; it originated in physical sensations of the body, but has taken wing, breathes the airs of the ethical blue, and is nourished by spiritual food. Thus the mind has now as little in common with the sensations of the body from which it sprang, as this fiery, dazzling creature has with the slime-covered grub.

The other sections, by B. H. Streeter, C. W. Emmet, and A. Clutton-Brock, are thoughtful and sensible essays on articles of the Christian faith, such as Hell, the Resurrection of the Dead and the Life of the World to Come, which relate to the life after death. Within these limits the writers' imagination and intuition are exercised to advantage, and we are relieved to read that death will not make us so spiritual that we shall no longer require a body of any kind; our "spiritual bodies," in the Rev. B. H. Streeter's opinion, will leave us at least enough matter for personal recognition and social activity.

W. D. S. B.

There is no Death, by Richard Dennys. (John Lane, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The book before us contains poems written by a young officer who was killed in the present war. In the first two poems, one of which gives its title to the collection, the author addresses his dead friend; and the spirit that underlies these poems can be gathered from the following quotations:

I shed no tears. What need of tears?
Thou would'st not have it so and Time has taught me better things. . . .

So long
As bird's sweet song and pleasant shade of tree
And water's cool smooth mirror serve to enshrine
The ghost of our old joy, so long shalt thou
And I together linger there where all
Our chiefest happiness was realised.
The world grows old; but this thing I do know:
The grave is nought, for Love hath conquered Death.

These lines and others have the ring of truth; they are not the expressions of a merely pious, orthodox soul, but of one who has discovered in his inner self some of the realities of life. The next section contains poems written when the boy was between twelve and fourteen years old. They show a most happy facility for imitation of the poets he was obviously reading at the time. It is clear that he

thoroughly entered into the spirit as well as the form of R. L. Stevenson's children's poems, and one if not two of Richard Dennys' poems at this time would not be out of place if added to the *Child's Garden of Verse*. His later poems are free from this quality of imitation, and both in spirit and in form are clearly the expression of a reserved man letting himself go in his poems. To him they replace the friend to whom doubts, hopes and questionings are brought. To us they are valuable as another instance of the trend of thought among our younger men. From the preface by Desmond Coke we learn a good deal of the personality of the author, and the portrait given emphasises a few of his traits. He seems to have been typical of the transition period in which he lived—with some of the doubts due to the limitations of the science of the past generation and many of the hopes and also assurances of the next.

To many people poetry is on quite a different footing from prose; while they eagerly welcome the many books of good, or even decent, prose which are written at the present time, they consider that poetry should only be written by geniuses, and they have no use for poetry of a humbler kind. This attitude is rather that of a person who considers lightning as the only legitimate form of electricity or of those who consider that only larks, nightingales, Jenny Linds and Carusos should sing, that other birds—humans—should be dumb. We, on the other hand, welcome this book, and the others of the same kind which are being issued just now, as an earnest of the time when every educated person will be able to express himself equally well in poetry or prose—in other words when all shall sing as well as speak.

A. L. H.