

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

*July 14, 1911*

THE Lyceum Club lecture-room was packed on July 5th for an address on 'Eastern Psychology,' and the members showed much interest in the exposition; Mme. Delaire presided. On the following day we motored to Hindhead, where, on Mrs. Russell's invitation, a large party gathered to an afternoon tea, followed by a lecture on 'The Meaning of Theosophy.' On the next day we went to Dover, on the invitation of Mrs. Inglefield, and in the ancient Constable's Tower I spoke on 'Life after Death.' It is a wonderful old place, with its many memories, one of the buildings wrought into the life of England, and the visit was a very enjoyable one.

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The Convention of the T. S. in England and Wales held its business meeting on the following day, July 8, in Kensington Town Hall. Five General Secretaries were present, those of England and Wales, of Scotland, of France, of Russia, and of Holland, and the four latter each made a brief speech. Representatives were also present and spoke from America, Scandinavia, Italy,

Hungary, India, and Belgium, and Mrs. Windust spoke for Java; other friends came from France, Norway, Holland, Germany, Scotland, America, and swelled the general gathering. Mrs. Sharpe, the outgoing Secretary, had a rather uncomfortable half hour in listening to the warm praises so deservedly showered upon her; she was elected under terribly trying conditions three years ago, and stood firmly throughout, and it is mainly due to her strong leadership that England stands in Theosophy where she does to-day; I had the pleasure of presenting to her, on behalf of the National Society, a beautiful gold watch with wrist-chain, a handsomely fitted suit-case, and a cheque "to pay her fare home again." The record of her three years shows the entry of 1,008 new members, and the formation of 30 new Lodges, 24 new Centres, and one new Federation; two new National Societies have been formed from countries previously attached to but outside England and Wales; Spain and Ireland have also separated off to form their own organisations; but are not yet definitely sectionalised.

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The evening of the same day saw a large gathering at Lady Emily Lutyens, while Sunday witnessed a Round Table meeting—at which Mr. Arundale and Alcyone spoke—an E. S. gathering, a reception at Headquarters, and the final Queen's Hall lecture, delivered, as usual, to a packed audience. On the Friday and Saturday evenings two rehearsal performances of Miss Pagan's version of *Peer Gynt* were given, in the Kensington Town Hall, and the *Times* of Saturday gave a very laudatory notice, remarking that the Theosophical interpretation rendered the obscurities less obscure. Miss Pagan is doing fine artistic work by her renderings of mystic dramas. On July 10, a meeting was held of the T. S. Order of Service, and the reports made from the many Leagues now at work were very satisfactory. In the evening the Human Duty Lodge held a meeting at which Masons from many lands foregathered. The last

gathering connected with the Convention was a reception to members from other lands, held on July 11 at Headquarters, which, as usual, were so overcrowded as to plead dumbly but pressingly for more space.

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The new General Secretary, Mr. Wedgwood, has thus happily entered on his first year of office. Nothing could have been in better taste than his speech of recognition of his predecessor's work, and of hope that he might worthily bear the burden that has been placed on his shoulders. We all join in wishing him strength, peace and prosperity, for the work is great and demands great devotion and ability; but greater yet are the forces poured through the worthy channel.

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The 12th July found us at Bournemouth, cared for by the ever generous hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Nunn; the first duty was a Masonic function in the Temple of Lodge Unity; then came a reception in the pleasant garden of Mrs. Shaw, and lastly a crowded meeting in the Temperance Hall, Boscombe, arranged by the Bournemouth Lodge. The 13th saw us motoring to Southampton, through the beautiful New Forest, and delightful breath of nature as an interlude between crowded meetings. A warm welcome awaited us at Southampton from that staunch Theosophist, Miss Green, and in the afternoon the President and members of the Southampton Lodge were 'At Home' to receive us in the beautiful garden of Mr. and Mrs. Green, brother and sister-in-law of our hostess. There was a large gathering, and I gave a brief address on 'The Coming of the Christ'. The evening lecture was held in the Hartley Hall, which was fairly filled, and the audience was very enthusiastic. To-night I am to speak at an Anti-vivisection meeting in London.

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*London, July 28, 1911*

It was very pleasant, on July 14th, to see again the late Viceroy's Private Secretary, Sir James Dunlop Smith, so great a favorite in India. He is to accompany Their Majesties through Their Indian tour—a very wise selection. I confided to him the great wish felt that H. M. the King should lay the foundation-stones of the two Indian Universities.

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On the following day I left for Manchester, but had the great pleasure of stopping on the way to the station to lunch with Lord and Lady Minto. Half-an-hour's talk with the former before luncheon showed that his keen and loving interest in Indian affairs is no whit abated. We have his warmest good wishes for the success of my University scheme, which he sent up to the India Office during his Viceroyalty.

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At Manchester, where Mrs. Sharpe and myself arrived at 6-23 p.m. we began business with a members' meeting in the Blavatsky Institute, and had a very pleasant gathering, Mr. D. N. Dunlop presiding. Sunday, the 16th, had three meetings—one for the E.S., one for T.S. members, and a public lecture. The latter was given in the famous Free Trade Hall, which was packed in every part. A Manchester clergyman has invoked the odious statute of Charles II against Sunday meetings at which tickets are sold, and the lessee of the Hall forbade any charge being made. It was too late to take another hall, and I knew nothing of the matter until I arrived, when I found myself committed to the undignified subterfuge of a collection. I protested before the lecture, saying that I had lectured in Manchester for thirty-five years without molestation, and should not have submitted to the clerical threat had I known of it in time. The Lord Mayor of Manchester was to preside at a concert on the following



Sunday, and in his case the law was evaded by selling programmes at 2/6, 2/-, 1/- and 6d. Surely it would be better to refuse submission to this antiquated statute than to evade it in this way.

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The 17th July was rendered notable by my writing a letter to Mr. Sinnett, inviting him to rejoin the Society and offering him the Vice-Presidency, which Sir Subramania Iyer generously placed in my hands. The letter was the outcome of some conversations we had held, and I wrote it with the very greatest pleasure. Mr. Sinnett replied, accepting my offer, and we both feel that the one who first published the truths of Theosophy to the European world ought not to be outside the Theosophical Society, and that we ought to stand together in the service of the great Beings whom we both revere. The news of Mr. Sinnett's acceptance of office has been welcomed with great joy both in London and in the country, and the letters—which will be found in the Supplement—have been sent to all the General Secretaries for publication.

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I lectured on the evening of the 17th to the Islāmic Society, on 'The Value of Islām,' Sir H. Bilgrami in the chair. The audience was crowded and enthusiastic, and it was a pleasure to render this small service to our brothers of Islām. The weekly lecture to the Loudon Lodges was given on the 19th in the Kensington Town Hall.

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The 20th found a party of us in the train for Bradford, and a splendid audience gathered in S. George's Hall—the largest we have ever had in Bradford. A Masonic meeting claimed the next morning, and then we went off to Leeds. Here came the delightful duty of opening the new premises of the Leeds Lodge, made possible by the self-sacrifice of Mr. and Mrs. Best, Mr. Outhwaite, and the other members. They have built a very nice hall, holding about

300 people, with a seven-roomed flat above, all very well colored and furnished with admirable taste. We began the meeting with a debt of £130 on the building, and ended it with no debt, two gifts of £50 and £80 clearing it off. So Leeds is now established in its own Lodge on freehold land, and may it inspire many other Lodges to go and do likewise. The evening meeting was in the big Town Hall, which was well filled, and the General Secretary very kindly played the fine organ, before and after the lecture.

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The next morning some of us had a delightful drive to Harrogate with Mr. and Mrs. Leo, and at 2-30 the Northern Federation Conference began. After greetings from other Sections, voiced by Mr. Warrington (United States), Miss Arundale (India), Madame Kamensky (Russia), Miss Blytt (Norway), and Mrs. Stead (Scotland), we listened to a quite exceptionally good set of papers, on 'The Value of Rites and Ceremonies,' by Mrs. Russak, Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Warrington and Mrs. Booth. Discussion followed, and the meeting was closed by myself at 5 P.M. According to ancient custom we then adjourned to be photographed and to take tea, gathering again at 7-30 for an address to members by myself, 'Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.' On Sunday, the 23rd, we began with an E.S. meeting, and in the afternoon and evening we held the two largest meetings Harrogate has had in the Opera House, two lectures being given by myself. At 8-30 we were in the train on the way to London, where we arrived at 3-10 A.M., as I had an appointment at the India Office at 11-30 on the morning of the 24th with the Marquess of Crewe, the Secretary of State for India. The decision as to the granting of a charter for the University of Benares is soon to be given, so that there may be time to ask H. M. the King to be graciously pleased to lay the foundation-stone. If he will do this for the Aligarh and Benares Universities, it will carve his name deeply in

the hearts of his Hindū and Musalmān subjects, and no more welcome Coronation gift could be made by the King and Queen to their people. It would rouse a passion of loyalty in the hearts of the adherents of the two great religions, who would feel that their Emperor had blessed their faiths. The idea of the Universities has gripped the imagination of the Indian people, and its realisation will cause widespread joy.

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The last lecture of the series to the London Lodges was delivered on July 25th, and I do not think that I have ever given a series which has been more enjoyed by the hearers and the speaker. I hope that the book will be as successful as the lectures.

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July 26, 27, 28 saw the holding of the first Universal Races Congress; it was a remarkable and representative gathering of many races, peoples and tongues. The task of organisation was gigantic, and that the Congress was a success reflects great credit on Mr. G. Spiller, the Hon. Organiser. Perhaps in another Congress less space may be devoted to anthropology and other branches of science—which are more interesting to read than to listen to, and more to the discussion of living questions which affect the relations of races. But it is much to have called together and to have carried through such a Congress, and the cordial thanks of all lovers of humanity are due to Lord Weardale, Mr. Spiller and their co-adjutors.

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One of our members, Dr. Stenson Hooker, has opened a delightful 'Health Home' at Totteridge, a pleasant village, twelve miles from London; it is intended to offer rest, recuperation, or special medical treatment to all who need such help, and Theosophists are specially welcome. The house stands high, so that views of the beautiful country round greet the eye from all the windows; it is quite new,

and the atmosphere is pure, physically and psychically; there is a lecture and recreation hall, all kinds of games, and a charming garden of three acres; Dr. and Mrs. Stenson Hooker supervise everything, and the doctor is one of the few wise medical men who use suitable diet, pure air, regulated sleep and exercise for the restoration of health rather than drugs. He promotes and strengthens health, and thus destroys disease. It is almost worth while to be ill in order to live for a while at Grove Court, Totteridge, but Dr. Stenson Hooker admits boarders who are not ill, but who desire a respite from the hurry of life. We motored down one day to see the place, and would have liked to remain, instead of rushing back to town for a meeting.

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Much discussion is going on over Dr. Walter J. Kilner's discovery of a way of rendering the aura visible, and the question has been made the more interesting by the publication of a statement of Dr. Patrick O'Donnell, a Chicago physician, that he has photographed the drawing away of the aura from a man at death. Dr. Kilner has not yet succeeded in photographing the aura, but his own eyes have become so sensitive that he can now see it without using a dicynanin screen. He is said to have remarked that the "phenomenon was entirely physical, and that there was nothing occult or clairvoyant about it". The doctor does not seem to realise that he has made himself clairvoyant to a small extent, and that the aura remains occult, *i.e.* hidden, to ordinary sight without his screen. That it is entirely physical is true, since he is evidently only seeing the etheric double which projects beyond the body and consists of fine physical matter.

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Medical men sometimes attack me very bitterly because I oppose vivisection, and they declare vehemently that the practice does not blunt the moral sense. Yet

we find a London Medical Society announcing (*Times*, June 27) that Professor A. Neisser was to deliver a lecture on syphilis on that day in Kensington Town Hall. This same Professor was invited to lecture three years ago by the British Medical Association. Yet attention has been called in the Prussian Diet to Professor Neisser's experiments, and the Government ordered action to be taken against him; he was sentenced to a fine for an article<sup>1</sup> published in 1899, in which he related the experiments he had himself made by inoculating children with syphilis, the children being in the hospital of the University to which the Professor belonged. The inoculation of children—sent to the hospital to be cured of some passing illness—with the foulest disease known to humanity, a disease which poisons the whole system and may produce the most shocking and loathsome disfigurements, which is handed down from parents to children, infecting future generations, is an act of cruelty so appalling that it seems incredible. Yet it cannot be disbelieved, since Dr. Neisser's own statement avers that he performed it. Doctors do not apparently understand the distrust which is sown in the public mind by thus associating themselves with a man who has thus misused the patients who have fallen into his power. The honor of the profession in England has been deeply sullied by the welcome extended to this man, and unless this action is repudiated there is a danger that people may begin to ask whether they are safe in entrusting their dear ones to men who welcome among them such a one as Professor Neisser. The action of a few compromises a whole noble profession.

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One of our Belgian members, M. Jean Delville, who was selected for the important work of decorating the great hall in the Palais de Justice in Brussels, has just fixed the first great picture in its place. *L'Etoile*

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<sup>1</sup>Prosecution for the experiments themselves was barred by the lapse of time.

*Belge* describes it enthusiastically as a magnificent piece of idealism, splendid in color, masterly in execution, and of a strong simplicity. May the whole work—consisting of five pictures—be accomplished as well as it has been begun.

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We hear from New York of the establishment of a Theosophical School by the Science, Religion and Art League, T. S. O. S. A circulating library has been formed, and books are kept on sale. Lecture courses are given, and class rooms are let on rent. Miss Annie McQueen is in charge of the work, which is carried on at 415 West 115th Street, New York City. We hope that it may prove very useful.

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Here are two sentences from the lips of two young French boys, which promise well for their future. They came to see Alcyone in the house of the well-known 'Blech family,' and later expressed their feelings to their parents. "Oh!" said one, "how I wish that I were free I might follow him!" May the wish find accomplishment hereafter. The other: "I should like to sit close beside him, and stay like that, not saying a word, for very very long." A child is sometimes wiser than the elder folk. And a great artist, whose fame has rung round the world, introduced to him in London, said later to a friend, with all his sensitive artist nature set on fire: "What a wonderful face; looking into his eyes you see not eyes but universes."

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The Order of the Star in the East is spreading with remarkable rapidity. National Representatives and Organising Secretaries have been appointed in England, Scotland, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Hungary and Germany, as well as in India, its birth-place, and members are pouring into it. It has been welcomed with extraordinary warmth both inside and outside the Society.

In the eighties of the last century some of us were fond of pointing out that the great Trusts in America were preparing the way for State control of production. Now, in 1911, I see that Mr. Gary—President of the Trust which manages an iron and steel business larger than the whole undertakings in these metals in Great Britain—has advised the United States to accept the solution of the Trust problem endorsed by his Trust, and to make a department of Government, headed by a Minister, to control all such operations. No state, he argues, can insist on increasing the cost of production by encouraging wasteful competition and prohibiting economical co-operation, and as it cannot allow combinations dangerous to itself to exist within it, it must take over the control of production, and make the Trusts State monopolies instead of private ones. The beginning of the end is approaching when a leading capitalist gives such advice.

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We take the following from *The Christian Commonwealth* :

We are much impressed by the wide-spread interest in Mrs. Besant's Queen's Hall lectures. Not only is the vast auditorium crowded every Sunday evening, but there is a keen desire to read the verbatim reports of these remarkable utterances in *The Christian Commonwealth*. It is clear that Mrs. Besant has a message to the age, and, as Mr. Campbell and others have testified, is one of the most influential spiritual teachers now living. While we are not able to follow her into some of the details of Theosophy, we are in full sympathy with any movement that makes for "the universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color". One important step in this direction is the synthesising of religions, and in this field Mrs. Besant is doing valuable work, notably by such utterances as "The Emergence of a World-Religion" and "The Growth of a World-Religion" (published in *The Christian Commonwealth* of May 31 and June 21). We are pleased to be able to announce that Mrs. Besant has kindly promised to follow up the lectures with contributions specially written for *The Christian Commonwealth*. We shall publish the last of the present series of lectures—*vis.*, "Religious Problems: Dogmatism or Mysticism?"—on July 12, and the issue immediately following (July 19) will contain an article by Mrs. Besant. Other contributions will follow; and will be

duly announced. We hope that all who have been reading the lectures in our columns will continue to take the paper week by week, and we shall be glad if our Theosophical friends, in particular, will help to make known the fact that Mrs. Besant will write specially for *The Christian Commonwealth* both while she is in this country and after her return to India, and thus keep in touch with her many friends throughout the world.

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Since our last issue Mr. Leadbeater, accompanied by Mr. Johan van Manen, has left for Java on Theosophical work. Their labors commenced in the city of Medan on the East-Coast of Sumatra, where they arrived on July 28th and stayed for five days. During this short time fifteen meetings were held: five E. S. Meetings; five T. S. Members' meetings; two question meetings for members and friends; and two public lectures which were well attended and well spoken of in the daily press. The group has applied for a charter some time ago, which they had not received when our friends were there, and so Mr. Leadbeater inaugurated the group informally. The fourteen members of the group are spread over Assahan, Tandjong Balei and Medan. The two members from Tandjong Balei came as far as Penang to meet the visitors. The doyen of the group is Mr. P. de Heer who has patiently worked for many years to form a permanent nucleus for Theosophical study and influence in Sumatra. The group contains several serious and capable members and should have a bright future before it. A charming incident of this visit was the solemn baptism of six children, by Mr. Leadbeater, in his capacity of a priest of the Church of England. The children belonged to three families and the parents were members of the T. S. Knowing that Mr. Leadbeater is a 'Clerk in holy orders,' and having read his recent article on 'The Hidden Meaning of Church Ceremonies,' they requested him to administer baptism. The ceremony duly took place in the small Lodge hall, and made a great impression on all present by its dignity and solemnity.





### LIFE THE GREAT INITIATOR

**T**HE stroke of midnight had sounded. A few hours more, one hour and a half in sooth—and the infant came back to earth, a blossom of midnight, on a Sunday morn. The balance of karma brought it to the old family, to the small bungalow under an eastern sky, where two scions of noble houses dwelt in humility. Both father and mother were born under the ray of a Crown, *his* house allied to a throne of western Europe, heir to the Kings of the Sea—*her* race having reigned in its own right over an Eastern land on Europe's borders and for a thousand years wedding with Kṣhatriyas from Guelfes to Cossaks. Far away were these times, but the Ruler, was still in the soul of the parents, the most precious legacy to their first-born. It was a daughter born in the midst of a great storm and

the old nurse who received her in her arms said prophetically: "She will go to war!" This means, by old traditions, death on the battle-field.

On the first morning books were brought into the house, and sweets, and money, quite 'by chance'. The nurse said to the young mother: "She will love learning, she will have many sweet homes, she will find gold whenever she will be in want." "So be it, I am happy if my girlie is," said the girl-mother.

They called the little one Ny, for it was a name in form in that land.

The young mother was like a pale violet ray of sunset, ethereal, graceful, not pretty, but full of that soul's fragrance which a French poet named "Charme, plus puissant que la Beauté," a beautiful musician like her husband; he, a soldier of striking manly beauty, an ancient guardsman whom service had brought to the frontiers in the war with all Europe; his cold-blooded daring had conquered one of the enemy's posts with all the guns and the flag at Chelok. But, a poet in his soul, he loved better sitting under an eastern lamp shedding its mother-of-pearl tints over a sweet fountain and writing verses, or reading the 'Daemon's Song' or listening to his wife's Beethoven and Chopin and the great Russian masters.

The father's mother had been a Swede, and had wedded one who had conquered the Swedish province where her people dwelt. Thus Ny had in her veins the blood of victor and vanquished, and the whole area of these deep emotions lay in germ in her soul.

But the other grandmother was of true Cossak stock, the Slav of the Steppe, and, at fifteen, made a runaway match with the man she loved, a soldier also; she rode with him over snowy mounts and yawning abysses, the white military kèpy on her brown hair, slender like a boy, with a brave heart but a very retiring, womanly disposition. There was a picture of her in the old house, a

drawing made on some military expedition, on horseback, in blue habit, in the golden dust of sunset. The child stared at it for hours.

Before Ny was four a golden-haired sister had come, played with her, grave and stern like all babies, and gone back to an unknown realm of light. Then a brother was born, and the young mother left them. Brother and sister were tenderly united and Ny spent many a day in picturing for herself and for little Petro a fairy-garden where they both would go and dwell, with tall golden flowers, rosy cherries, emerald grapes and black rich fruits, like in the Arabian tales, and spirited, golden-robed little horses. One morning when the apples began to ripen, Petro followed the little sister and the mother.

One morning, long before her illness, the mother had shown Ny a few letters. Some weeks after this Ny was discovered with a book; cross-examined—she *could* read. How? She never could tell.

The bereaved father now made Ny his companion, and often, to the grandmother's horror, he sat up far into the night, reading to the attentive and enraptured little girl the great poets of her country, or telling her of his battles and of the great deeds of old. On the steps of the stone terrace she sat with books, and mused, especially the stories and views of far-away countries, and her great dogs Garson and Serko lay like heraldic griffins at her little feet.

On the garden wall, under heavy perfumed acacia boughs, lay a serpent, the house-snake, and stared at her, putting his glittering head into fuller sunshine. Green like the first beam of life, the serpent shone and seemed to say to the day-dreamer: "Look into the depth of Life, look into its Shade."

Ny remembered the first impression of her earthly life, she was being photographed at seventeen months. The

baby looked upon the camera with misgivings. All at once that black veil was thrown back and a big round hole became visible, like the dark entrance to some other world. Ny screamed and caught at her mother's face. And ever since that, impression remained of other worlds lying in wait all around her.

She sat and read, nature and books. Over her curly head a willow bent, the graceful tree of golden perfume that the Slav race has elected as its symbol.

In one of her books, in which she learned the prayers of the Eastern Church, a picture was dearest to her. There sat an angel with long wings, a circle round its locks, at its feet a child very much like herself—and the angel taught it to read a Book of Signs.

That was truly a symbol. She saw all her life how she was taught by signs—to spell a word, the word that was to open a door behind which lay the mystery of existence. But from childhood on there was a curious indifference to existence for herself. Not that she was free of fears and desires, but the prizes of life were like shadows, fair yet passing. Later she often wondered: it was as if an ancient pledge to some other mode of life were standing from the hour of birth between her and mankind.

She was so strange in some things. She loved best of her readings the beautiful verses of the translation from *Nala and Damayanti*, the Arabian tales, the pictures of the desert, pictures of the Holy Land with its yellow rocks, pictures of spirits and curious creatures; and instead of eating her sweets she kept them to look at, when they had pictures on the wraps, but only pictures of fairies flitting amidst tall lilies of the valley, winged genii and such uncanny ones; especially a winged cherub floating on a blue river with a mysterious horizon. Did the heart recognise the crude record of the Bark of Ra? She read over and over again an old book

of mythology and when taught these were imaginary Gods she flamed up: "They do exist!"

The love of water was singular. She could watch the goldish ray of a fish's back under crystal current, deep in the river, for long, long. The fascination of the sea was all her life the Pagan echo of the Viking ancestors.

One day a high dignitary of the Church met her walking with her father, stopped to talk to the officer and gave his blessing to Ny, who was six. Then he said: "Child, learn and grow, and do not attempt the pernicious ways of free thought." Ny stamped her foot and answered: "I shall do no such thing"—turned and ran away into the mountain bushes. She did not herself understand why she was so upset by ideas she could not yet grasp.

And yet she was deeply religious, of a family which—in its Roman Catholic days—had given, from the earliest Middle Ages, many a devoted Knight to the Church, devoted up to crime and cruelty. Thirty years later, in Rome, in the Chapel of the Order of Malta, where several of her race had been Knights, passing through the door reserved to the Order in the past, she realised how deep such hereditary influence went. But the Slav strain, its wideness, its boundlessness so often shining forth in wild flames of revolt, influx of liberty, had softened the cruel side of the character, and the long devotion of these Kshatṛyas to the country in all its troubles, raising it ever over all personal attachments, all personal aspirations, and equal in all men, women, youths, counterbalanced the attraction of the altar.

Old records and glimpses of the past have ever, for humans, a charm supreme. From the things past the etheric veil falls back, and they shine in their own colors, the colors of the higher worlds—the true ones; they are the link between the earth and its dream.

Ny was sensitive to color, above all the tints of brilliant dark purple and of silver stirred in her an

ecstasy that was a pain; the golden fire of the Malva flowers in the Steppe, spoke to her of the legendary Flower of Fire, of Nala's Serpent in the Fire; the liquid whiteness of raindrops—that old symbol of water that in Egypt was the first principle—made her tremble inwardly with joy. There was an old image: a mother, a Parisian, in a stately garden, sitting with her two daughters one dark, one fair just like Ny, and her sister; something in the tints of the garden in the back-ground, the terrace, lights on a yellow dress, on a rose-colored one . . . “It speaks to me,” said Ny. “Of what?” She could not tell: “Of things far away.”

One morning, at church, she saw in the choir, under the Cross, a child standing with a red rose in its hand. The sunshine fell on the leaves of the flower, which glowed. The flower remained to her a sacred symbol . . . of what, she could not tell herself.

Just then she began to read more verse. And one came that took her breath away with delight: Moore's *Pèri* in the valley of Kashmîr, listening at sunset to a child's prayer. In her heart Kashmîr remained the Holy Land, the Land of Dream.

Then came her first lonely Christmas, without mother, without brother or sister. The father took her out to see the starry night, speaking of the Christ child coming unaware to those in trouble. Strange, there was a light in the north and in the east, glowing rose on the snow. “An aurora borealis visible so far down south!” said the father. Yet it was so.

Ny got many presents and insisted they should be locked up. “Why?” “A thief will come this night?” All laughed. But he actually did come. But there were many psychic instances in the family before, and it was not further talked about. Her more and more distinct affirmations that she had lived on earth before met with more approval than incredulity. But the old soul was some-

times almost too much for the little body, the infantile brain that could not catch the thread of the past.

She had been often cruel, like most children, through thoughtlessness, through ignorance. Yet one early morning in winter, when the fires were just lit and Ny watched them, sitting on the Persian carpet—a peasant came in bringing a wild goose for sale. It was wounded, but living. The bird sat on the floor with closed eyes, the ring of green feathers round its throat gleaming in the rays of the fire. Up rushed Ny and caught the dying creature to her heart. All at once the fount of compassion opened in it. The first lesson was learned.

And then, at night, she saw herself going out to the room where she had slept with her mother. A door opened on darkness. Out of it stepped the mother and stood there very grave. The father stood by Ny's side; he looked humble and happy. Then in the eastern side of the room appeared a large triangle of light. Inside Ny saw herself standing—grown, in a white robe, with a golden triangle in her hand, at the foot of a golden throne. On it sat a Being Divine, and His features, His form, remained in the child's memory like a star. All through life the sound flowing from the vibrating triangle resounded in the child's soul.

Ny was seven. With the Divine vision infancy had closed. Childhood had begun and in another home, far in the north. The new home, cosy though simple, was in one of the Russian capitals, the "Mother Moscow"; a sister of Ny's father adopted the motherless girl, whom the old granny could no longer guide.

A whole garland of girl-cousins surrounded Ny and to her, used to solitude, it was a new delight; most of their life now passed in the house of one of the elder relations. It was the real "Catherenian"<sup>1</sup> house, with a front

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<sup>1</sup> A style as much appreciated for grandeur in Russia as the Elizabethan is in England.

of tall columns, the red-carpeted entrance, a large hall for dances, looking out on a small, but sweet garden full of tillants like in Ny's own cottage, "un hôtel entre cour et jardin." It was the typical house of old Moscow nobility, but perhaps only Ny saw its poetry. The others thought more of their own robes and style.

But Ny was a savage in that respect. She thought it a pretty sight, a little golden-haired girl in blue velvet and fox-furs but she took little notice of her own toilettes except about flowers, whether on her hat or on her window. Dolls she neglected, playing only with horses of all sizes and dreaming of a troika with sledge seen in a shop window. But the old sensitiveness to shades of color remained: one day she stopped her *bonne* to look long, long on a bird's cage of pale blue faïence: "You don't want it, Ny?" "But look at that color." "Well?"—Well it spoke to her again, like the cherub on the blue river. A picture at home, of a river at sunset, a girl crossing it on a brown horse, a dreamy horizon, stirred up a peculiar feeling of something tender and great. Thirty years later, crossing in the saddle, a river of the far East, in war, she understood. Another day, in a Christmas-book there it was again, the Angel watching above the snowed-up houses as on that Christmas when the North-Light shone. That winter, for the first time in her life she expressed a wish for a doll, a beautiful one as tall as she was herself; it reminded her of some dim ideal, of some face that rosy oval, the pale golden hair. She was rebuked for such an expensive fancy, told of the thousands of starving children in the street. But human compassion had not yet progressed so far in a heart of eight.

Ny was now deep in the study of foreign lands. She had begun French and German—in the latter language, which she disliked, she found pleasure only in reading a story that realised her dreams for herself and her brother, of a fairy-garden for



children to live in. Its title was simple *Tagebuch dreier Kinder* (*The Diary of Three Children*). All the German love of nature and forest life was in it, though not so poetically put as in the sweet *Green Princess* of Theuriet. But Ny had now more knowledge even of her own ancestors, whether Normans or Slavs. And so she read with flaming eyes and flushed cheek the story of the Black Prince, and of the war of the Roses—the Red Rose that was the badge of her father's forefathers—and of the Vikings in the beautiful poem of Tignes *Frithuf*. And then Egypt came with *Achmet the Fellahy*, and the land of Khem, land of the setting sun,<sup>1</sup> came foremost into her affections. She read the *Nibelungen Saga* and mused long winter evenings over pictures of gnomes forming the Rhine gold into shining grapes for vineyards. But the deep impression was Egypt and a story of Spain, of Spanish America, *The Hacienda of S. Rosa*. She grew dreamy and restless over them. Again the half-conscious feeling of having to remember a lost word, a lost idea came to her. At that moment she began the study of music and a sad Slavonic melody of a French composer, Bernard. She played constantly. Yet she was but ten. She had a curious confidant of her curious troubles—the grown-ups she could not tell—her friend was a French Marquess—but he was in faïence, and had a court habit of rose, gold and pale purple that charmed Ny's painter's-eye. The Marquess belonged to an aunt of Ny, but she used to have him for weeks on a visit and when he stood there she was as content as if he had been living. Two little four-footed friends came also, two English "pinchets," silken grey, Jack and Lady... but they were only play-fellows. Her favorite heroes were now the little boy in Dostoïevsky's *Little Hero*, and little Maroussia in J. Stahl's novel—Maroussia who died at thirteen for her country. And then her own dog Kashtan died, *poisoned*, her last look for her... a deep impression for life. The child began to see how life was darker

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<sup>1</sup> A name of the Sphinx.

than the first glimpses of it had shown under the Stars of the East. In summer for the first time she went abroad and had to pass Poland. Here, facing her hotel, she saw a closed palace, silent, desolate. "Why is this?" "Exiled"—and all at once human pity arose, mighty, for the 'rebels.'

Ce n'était pas une ardeur inutile  
Puisque Dieu me gardait une tâche virile.

E. AUGIER, *Diane*

Then came the seven years of life abroad, education in a European school, and the first closer relations with the whole earth, for in that cosmopolitan School, in French Switzerland, there were children of all the races of our planet, except Red Indians. Even the 'blacks' were represented by Quadroons. Ny undertook at once the study of the *Histoire des Grands Voyages* of J. Verne—a dry book of facts—and passed many hours now stretched before the fire-place on the floor dreaming or reading of the far-away lands, the lands of her new friends. With geography, history became a favorite study—Sparta and its laws of heroism, the ideal; at that moment the whole school was studying Greek history, the children were divided into two contesting groups: for Athens and for Sparta, Sparta being very small in numbers. The France of the Maid and the France of the sixteenth century, with its brilliant adventurous spirit—an impression never to be forgotten was the modern picture of the Franco-German war, of an officer—somewhat like Ny's handsome father—watching in the saddle—at the frontier in the dark. By-and-by the great drama of 1870. It taught the little Eastern girl the value of that profound and generous cry *Gloria Victis*. Then, one day, a strange thing happened: an irresistible wish to read Spanish, which she had never seen or heard except this verse in her album from a Creole friend:

Seis falabras tengo pará ti:  
Sei dechosa y piensa en mi.

But she asked the friend for a Spanish book. She patiently tried to read it, and began to understand at least the general sense of the subject. How? When she read in French descriptions of the Mexican Sonôra, of Arizona's fields, of Lima—something stirred violently in her heart; once, in Countess Dash's *Amirante de Castille*, the description of the garden recalled the curious vibrations of remembrance she had in looking at that old picture of 'fashions' where a mother with two little girls sat on the stately garden terrace all in white. The love of black in dress, also a sign. And mixing with that the records of vast horizons, of caravans... the old melody of a forgotten opera—"Arabien, mein Heimatlands" and Félicien David's incomparable symphony, "Le Désert".

A l'aspect du Désert l'Infini se révèle—and, in her school lectures, behind these vibrations, older ones stirred in reading of Schiller's *Turandot*, of that Princess of China, whose 'manly mind' in a beautiful woman's body attracted all her contemporaries and drove them even to perdition, for she, for long, could not learn to love. In olden times China has known many such a woman on the throne—"up to our own days with the late Empress Dowager."

The rays of so many different lives crossed and re-crossed each other and, sometimes, weighed down the little head with its long, long black tresses. She rested by preference sitting at the knee of her adoptive mother, the older woman working at some task for Ny's welfare always, Ny's pretty grey dress, her 'toque,' her school things, the girl dreaming. Sweet was such a sitting together on the bank in a hot and empty public promenade near the observatory, none but they two—as in the Sahara! Ny took everywhere the desert with her. She loved fruit. Even in childhood, when she had wanted the big doll or now, when seldom, she wanted an expensive dress-article like a garniture of grèbe, the silver and bronze plumage

of the Léman birds, or a pretty Paris hat where red flowers hung like raindrops of fire, she was consoled with fruit, chiefly dates—when she touched them, at once the taste of the burning air on the hot sand was with her. But she loved the silvery glitter of snow, the white purity of crystals, for the sake of the Northern country, so dear.

As a baby she used to play at North and grey skies and sea storms (she had not yet seen them then, yet the picture was exact)—and there was even a wronged princess to be saved and she put the best horse of her play box—a farm—at the disposition of the persecuted lady (generally drawn and “cut out” by her own hand). And now she dreamt once a dream, as precise as “real life,” of herself as a youth in tricornered hat and French habit, Louis XV. with a brother very like him, saving by night some high lady from a manor where danger threatened her. She could have drawn the house. This remained a puzzle. Two other pictures troubled her: a little page in a corridor of some palace, the golden gleam on his hair. It was the type that had struck her in the “big doll”—and another boy, lying dead on the ground after some daring action, one arm thrown straight out, the face peaceful as of one sleeping. It seemed to Ny she felt that ground under her arm, the sweet full repose of ended struggle! had the end of the last life been such?—ah! beautiful death on the Field of Honor, partisan of Gen. Lee, she had then a friend from the southern states—a golden-haired witch of rare grace.

India came into her dreams again with *Néridah*. Last, not least, just on leaving school, she got and read *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindūstan* and Āryavarta's story.

In these years of learning there was a break of three whole years, a return to the mother country, but too soon, with no baggage for life, mental or psychical to balance the weight of the deadness that had fallen on it

after a victorious war and the disappointment that followed the victory. Russia had saved its sister Bulgaria, but the greater half of the victory's fruit had been wrenched from Bulgaria by European jealousies. And Russia had given 300,000 lives of her sons for that cause. The Slav resignation to karma settled over all like a grey veil. The only gracious episode was the coming of a Fairy Prince, an eastern prince who brought in his aristocratic hand the title of Highness, but also—if the hand be accepted—the exile from her country to an unknown land. The sympathy was mutual, but Ny's interest not deep enough for such a step. She was but eighteen, and the only heroine of romance she liked was Viola in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, not because of her love, but for her daring originality. There were others than the prince, a young Spaniard and it was sweet to hear his Spanish, and a favorite artist who personified to Ny's dreams Egypt in his best rôle in Cleopatra, the burning light, the heavy granite palaces, the enchanting gardens of Khem. Then at last, a "boy and girl" love, a passionette as the Goncourts call it, just a falling star's trace in a summer night. Ah! all this was 'not That.' For that girl with her hair down her back, robed in a black sailor-dress like a big baby she was, it was all sheer nonsense, 'love'. All her days she warbled like a wild bird:

I am Titania, the queen of fairies!

One day, in a museum, she met a glare confronting her—the stone eyes of a beautiful statue of oldest Egyptian art: Hathor, the Infernal Isis, the 'Goddess of the West.' Death had been near and passed, and the nether world paled again. The days of recovery are ever sweet and this was in fairest, palest green spring of the north, with white robed children among early pale flowers, the violent perfume of unguents. And somehow with that physical revulsion of health another spring began. Ny began again her historical studies. Deeper

was the sense of life and now she *did* lift "le voile étincelant du bonheur" to see the multitudes of earth staring and struggling. She remembered the greyish spring when only pale dream-violets strew the floor of Poland's fields, the first start of pity for the 'rebellious' nation—and now the pity was for all and burning was the knightly wish to help all the wronged. She quoted to herself the verses learned in her republican school, the ode to Napoleon :

O Corse à cheveux plats, que ta France était belle,  
Au grand Soleil de Messidor!

Ferdinand de Lassalle, that was a model. And her first pilgrimage abroad was to his monument up in the forests of the Sabia where his last duel was fought.

But lying there in the shade of an emerald green mountain spring under big trees, among young Swiss friends, gay, crowned with roses, sure of their freedom and peace. She mused: "Is this the end of freedom?" One of these very friends had given to her a book of verse with the emblem of Switzerland, the purple cyclamen, drawn on it, and the little book said:

Mon ame. . . .  
Ton plus haut but n'est pas la liberté,  
Par delà cette âme gravie  
Cime plus haute encore grandit la Charité.

And thus the arduous way began, to the real freedom, turning from the joys of earth to the lone fields, and thistle-thickets, the perilous joys and sorrows of the secret paths of service. One episode graced it again, a true "tour de page" (if not in the "page's" costume), a grave brilliant soirée of charity where Ny played—in a drama—one of her favorite young heroes of the French Revolution, and, with part of the sum thus won, helped, in France, the escape of a noble exile, victim of dreams too high for her time.

Life had taught compassion and then sympathy for suffering enemies, life gave the occasion of risk for the life of others—in grand surroundings, not unworthy of her

Gnelf ancestors and of the forefathers of her father who had died for the Stuarts. And now, amidst many a doubt, even desolation, amidst—sometimes—the weary appeal to the Destroyer:

Divine Mort où tout rentre et s'efface,  
Accueille ton enfant en ton sein étoilé.<sup>1</sup>

One night a vision came of Him Who taught:

Ye are not bound . . .

His hand pointed to the East.

In the East rose a Star, like to a Cross in rays.

Then the resolute progress was stopped a while by the shadow of the Being that guards the threshold. He is a friend to the aspirant, he warns by the ancient Egyptian word: "It is time yet, if thou be not ready, turn back from the Adytum." And yet all dread him. But though Psyche trembles, Eros goes on, up to the fire of the Stars.

The Devas of the Azure Door, the Door of the West, opened the entrance to the first Degree of the Golden Stairs. The Deva crosses the *door he guards with wings of scorching flame—the aspirant to enter has to take the cross*. The psychic world began to pour in a mighty rush—and then the Divine Vision of the Child took human shape and the Light of the east shone directly into the home in the north. Four tombs had been added to the three graves around Ny's childhood. Yet the sorrow and sweetness of her life were still of the earth, for the dearest tie down here was not yet broken.

The Guide that took on the form of a Cross of Light had—in a dream—shown the Central Asian plains, the Cupolas of a Moslem grave as symbol of some event decisive. An unexpected voyage took Ny to the land of Art, and in Florence she sat spell-bound before the Palliade of Botticelli, Wisdom leading the lower mind. Then the Imperial eternal greatness of Rome shone and—Greece Divine in the godhead of Apollo, bearer of the Lyre. Apollo, God of the sun and of his sister, Pallas Athene, she and he one

<sup>1</sup> Leconte de Lisle

Light. The Moon had shone on the dream pictures over which the child had mused in days gone by. Its rays traced the airy track up to the Silver Door, the Door of the Lunar Line, to the evening and morning Star—so far as yet. The events rolled on with ever swifter pace of accelerated karma. The land of the Son of Heaven had appeared and gone, the yellow land with the 'Blue' river. The dream of war had passed, the supreme risk of Earth. And in the war-field—as ever to the Kṣhatriya even when he is knight and monk in soul. Death had stood between Ny and life, but it bore the sweet face of Azrael. The red Deva of combat. A trifle: a graceful poem of the enemy read: wild geese flying in autumn and Death.<sup>1</sup> Then... Devistān opened—on the day of the first triumph in service: the country's first feast of freedom. For a moment the veils fell back, all of a sudden, in the street, in an hour of sudden stillness of fulfilment. Her heart was one with all that lived, rosy light of spring, perfume of unguents all around. The Arūpa was touched, and the legendary Bird, the vermillion Bird of the Tao, soared with the soul to the Door of the South, the Door of Fire.

To the South the next step carried Ny. One night, in the Desert, the train's wheels sounded hollow, Ny started, looked out. Under a pale night-ray a silver stream, under the bridge, disappeared into the mist a dust-colored horizon, the Heri Rud, the River of the Sun, the mysterious river of Afghanistan. The train brought Ny to the heart of Central Asia; in the blue heaven shone brilliant the purple line of the Manas Range. In front of it the riotous spring perfumed the desert with the gold of unknown flowers, flowers of fire bringing the odor of life to the weary travellers. Pale, pale rose flushed the snow of plum-trees like the aurora-borealis the fresh plains of the North where golden flowers can live only in seclusion, as the flower of hidden knowledge lives only in the secret chamber of the heart.

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<sup>1</sup> And the first sight of Death and the birth of Compassion in her childhood: the wounded wild goose—how strange a web life weaves.



And behind the Manas mountains, at the feet of Pamir, Indra's throne, lay Kashmir. That was the spring when at Ny's return first resounded again the lost word of a Race, the name of a motherland for ten nations—SLAVIA. Not a man alone, not a people alone, a Race; and with it all humanity—took a new Step on the Path to Unity.

And then: "The Shadow of Death crosses each life at some point."

The cross of fire had shown from afar the Promised Land, the Land of the Lord, and the body of day could no longer be led by its sight, it was now on the cross. The Black Warrior of the North opened the door to the Abyss, the "Open Door of Bewilderment." The home and the love that warmed the hearth vanished like a cold ray of the setting sun. And this ray was green in that cold sunset. Softly the golden perfume of a willow waved a breath of hope.

Only a sweet trace remained of the love lost: an angel's image with that hair of wonderful gold Ny ever saw in memory, and a few words of Christmas greeting, the last—from the hand that now was still, a mother's hand.

Again were they linked: the Northern Symbol of the Christ-child in the silver of snow, the Aurora's unearthly light, the subtle perfume of the Lipa, Slavia's Symbol—the Resurrection of a Great Life on a human tomb.

The Cross is no longer visible and the Blessing has not been given yet. The Voice of the Silence speaks in the deep. Four arms has the cross: compassion to those around, generosity to those beneath, love to Him above—unity with the One who is the All.

The Path is narrow. Only one can go there at a time and for thy greater love, for the Race, first torch-bearer of the Unity, for the Race thou lovest, to go up, thou hast to go by the farthest way, deep below. So be

it. The King will come; thou shalt be far away, on this Kingdom's borders, thou canst not return to see Him. But there is no time in eternity. Conquer time. Thy symbol of the Serpent in the Fire, remember: the highest head of the serpent, the seventh is the middle head<sup>1</sup>.—The fifth Race has three periods, the seventh of the middle, maybe, is the "sixth." Muse on the "perfect nature of the six."

Think of thy love, thy Race.

Only when one disappears, can two be one. The dewdrop has "to glide into the shining sea," Old Greece had clothed Wisdom with the evergreen beauty that fames even the mysterious evolution of the God Pan. But, in the groves of Hellas stood one of the higher Beauty, the symbol statue of Apollo Cythoredes, dual symbol of the moon, male and female, or lower and higher evolution, the lower becoming the higher on the plane where the lyre is the triangle. It is the "mystery of mysteries."

Up and up thou shalt go—thy aura growing ever purer and stronger till its colors can vibrate in time with the sound of the highest of thy plane. So on and on, till thou shalt reach the final Mystery, pronounce the Secret Name spelt with all the sounds conquered by thee, plane by plane, and the powers shall step back and bow to thee: "An Arhat is born." And thou hast to open wings to follow in the unknown, the ever receding, Star of the Ideal. But the gate of Heaven opens to none alone... "It is in heroism that the Secret of Life is hidden."

And thus it is the highest task, to serve and help the evolution and triumphal passing into Light and Power the Race of Slavia that shall be the Cup on which the Name is written, the bearer of the Spark which sets in motion the Triad of our humanity till the Sign of the Times flashes up in Space.

NINA DE GERNET

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<sup>1</sup> *Secret Doctrine*. The name of four doors: East, West, etc., is of Chinese Occultism.

MAINTAINED FOR  
PLANNED GROWTH







Le long pèlerinage  
de l'âme à travers les  
personnalités succes-  
sives dans lesquelles  
elle s'incarne, la con-  
spire à la porte du  
Temple.

X. I.

## THEOSOPHY IN ART

**T**HIS month we print the remainder of Mr. Ostermann's picture postcards. They are representations of great Theosophical doctrines.

### NOS. 1 AND 2 REINCARNATION

One of the cards is of an allegorical, the other of a symbolical nature. In the first we see a man, symbol of humanity, reaching the last steps of a rocky path, leading evidently to a mountain summit where the great temple of truth and perfection stands. On its door, in flaming fire, the seal of the Theosophical Society betokens the verities of Wisdom taught within it. Two columns flank the temple door; on each of them we find engraved the symbols of all religions and the names of many nations. The legend in the right hand top corner of the picture reads:

*The long pilgrimage of the soul through the successive personalities in which it incarnates, leads to the door of the Temple.*

The neophyte holds in one hand a key which he stretches forward to unlock the door. In the other hand he carries the palm of victory.

The allegory is neatly conveyed in a single picture and speaks clearly for itself.

The second picture is more symbolical and is the detailed representation of a complex conception with many of its primary constituent elements.

The Spirit of man, naked and alone, leaning on the seven-spoked wheel of evolution, meditates on his own progress throughout the ages. As in a vast panorama he beholds his life-history, his past and future. Emerging as a cloudy nebula from mere space he sees a series of

successive transformations. The cloud condenses and becomes rock, the rock flowers into roses, the vegetation evolves to the animal state. The animal gives way to the savage, the savage to brutal semi-civilised man, and this stage is followed by that of the tiller of the soil with his passions beyond control at first, and later with acquired virtues of sobriety and industry. Then the Monad clothes itself in its onward march in still better forms. The four western classes or eastern castes are represented by the husbandman (shudra), the merchant at his desk (vaishya), the knight and king (kshaṭṭrya) and lastly the poet, artist, philosopher, sage and anchorite (brāhmaṇa). At this stage the stature of humanity begins to expand and the glow of halo and aura begin to shine forth and to illumine the body. Then finally the stage of saintship is reached and the 'way of return,' of 'home coming,' which was begun long, long ago, nears its goal. The man, illumined and divinified reaches, after a vast cycle, the point of his emergence and prepares to reënter the source whence he came, but now in full growth and consciousness, awake and positive. The long quest is almost over and new cycles of activity await him in a new career.

The legends appended to the picture are :

*Evolution aims at perfection. Reincarnation is its method.*

*Our thoughts and actions mould the future.*

The artist who designed these two pictures has certainly succeeded in his difficult task of rendering the two complex ideas represented in a vivid fashion.

Let us hope that these postcards will awaken in many minds the desire to inquire more closely into the exact meaning and bearing of the conceptions they represent in so striking a way.

### NO. 3 KARMA AND REINCARNATION

This picture brings us a clever and detailed illustration of the two laws of karma and reincarnation, and is



L'Évolution a pour but la perfection,  
La Réincarnation est son moyen



Nos pensées et nos actions  
modèlent l'avenir.

No. 2.

Le Penseur reconnaît que  
dans ses vies successives



No. 3.



L'Evolution a pour but la perfection,  
La Réincarnation est son moyen.

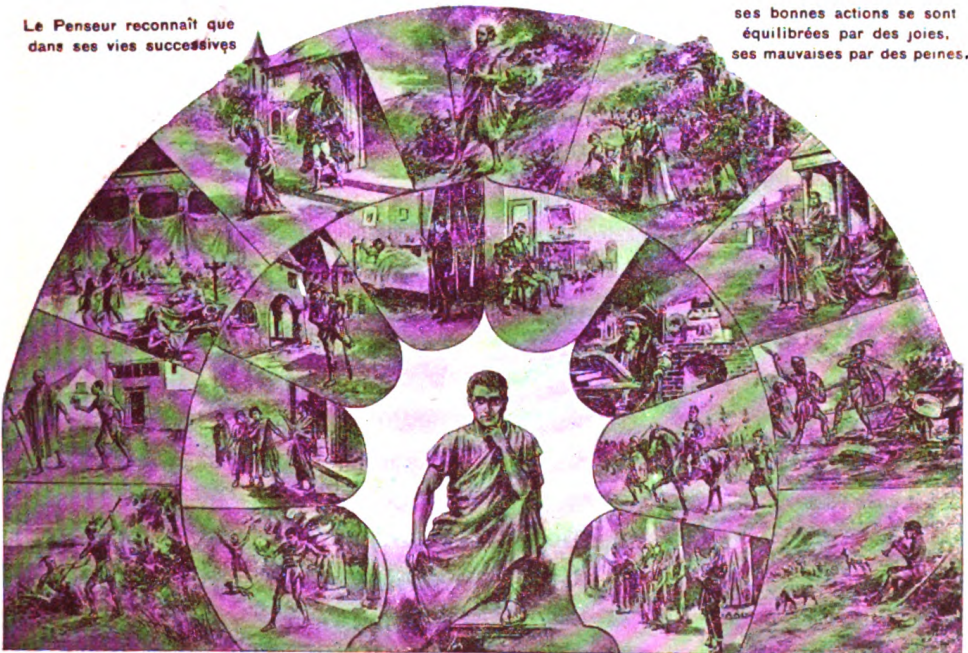


Nos pensées et nos actions  
modèlent l'avenir.

No. 2.

Le Penseur reconnaît que  
dans ses vies successives

ses bonnes actions se sont  
équilibrées par des joies,  
ses mauvaises par des peines.



No. 3.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

probably the most original and attractive of the whole series of these propaganda postcards.

Once more we see man, as a thinker or a seer, ponder and meditate over human existence. A series of pictures flashes out before his vision in two groups of four pairs each. These pictures represent scenes from the previous lives of different people, scenes exemplifying some of their former existences in this material world, as well as typical instances of the consequence of good and bad actions throughout the reincarnations: of the working of karma in short.

On the left side of the picture we find examples of bad karma made and paid for, on the right are examples of good karma created and enjoyed. The outer or higher ring represents causes, the lower or inner one pictures the effects. The lives depicted from below upwards are represented as rising in the scale of civilisation.

Let us examine the scenes in detail.

The lowest outside left-hand picture shows a Red Indian mercilessly killing an unarmed and undefended victim. The inside picture in juxtaposition to it shows a collapsing building the falling masonry of which crushes a man flying from it. Evidently he was the murderer of the former life.

The next pair show, first, in an Egyptian background, an ascetic teacher who is accosted by a fellow offering him ostentatiously a bouquet with one outstretched hand whilst he holds in the other a dagger hidden behind his back. The second picture, placed in Greece, shows a teacher railed and jeered at by his own disciples.

The third pair represents, first, a scene of riotous debauch and voluptuousness in Rome and next a poor, crippled beggar in mediæval times.

The last pair of scenes on the left-hand side depict a fifteenth century occurrence in which a man heartlessly drives away a woman, perhaps wife, perhaps mistress. On the result side we see in a modern interior a man

on his death-bed, vainly struggling to retain his hold on life in order not to lose all it stands for—friends, joy and all he loves.

Now turn to the right-hand side of the picture.

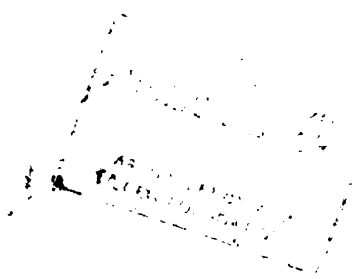
First, a humble little shepherd boy is joyfully piping melodious strains on a primitive instrument. He produces his simple music for the sheer love of it, spontaneously, and in the absence of any applauding public. Then in the twin picture we find him again in stately Egypt a respected member of the accomplished temple choir.

(It may interest readers to know that these two scenes at least are based on a real happening, as analogous facts occurred in the lives of one of the present-day members of the Theosophical Society.)

Next, in early Rome, we find a brave and doughty warrior holding out, in a valorous way, against three enemies of whom he has already disabled one. Might the Horatü have been thought of? In the second picture we see a mighty war-lord victoriously heading a triumphal procession. This is evidently a case of trans-incarnational military promotion! The third pair depicts a Greek scene where an eager student diligently seeks wisdom at the feet of a sage. We meet the zealous truth-seeker again in the twin-picture, in ample, mediæval surroundings, as a second Faust deeply studying the wisdom of the times. The alchemical furnace is duly present—and note the venerable appearance!

The last pair of pictures represents as causal scene an incident in post-mediæval Europe. A chivalrous youth rushes nobly forward to rescue three distressed damsels from the hands of an uncouth footpad. In modern times we find him back as a happy father, enjoying all the bliss of domestic happiness.

Such are the pictures our seer contemplates. At last they fade and merge together, only to transform themselves into a new one. Up till now the silent meditator









has only a few, and the most striking, of which I present a few specimens.

At present, the only specimens of which I have been able to procure are those which have been taken from the same place, and are therefore of the same variety. It is, however, not unlikely that there may be other varieties of this species, and that some of them may be more common than others.

It is, however, not unlikely that there may be other varieties of this species, and that some of them may be more common than others. It is, however, not unlikely that there may be other varieties of this species, and that some of them may be more common than others.

This is, however, not unlikely that there may be other varieties of this species, and that some of them may be more common than others.

Whether the examples of this species which I have presented are as good as the others, or whether they are better, or whether they are worse, I cannot say. It is, however, not unlikely that there may be other varieties of this species, and that some of them may be more common than others.

It is, however, not unlikely that there may be other varieties of this species, and that some of them may be more common than others. It is, however, not unlikely that there may be other varieties of this species, and that some of them may be more common than others.

The legend attached to the picture is as follows:

*The Theaker, a man who, by his own efforts, has become rich, and is now a member of the nobility.*

NO. 4. 1800. THE THEAKER.

This picture, No. 4, is a very good example of the idea which I have presented to you. It is, however, not unlikely that there may be other varieties of this species, and that some of them may be more common than others.

La Vérité rayonne dans  
toutes les Religions

ont une même Base. Toutes sont des Formes de la même Idée  
d'Union vers la Perfection par les lois de Reincarnation et de Carrière.

No. 4.

Et même qu'ils s'élèvent  
vers le ciel. Et c'est ainsi  
qu'ils se purifient et  
qu'ils se perfectionnent.  
Et c'est ainsi qu'ils  
atteignent la perfection.  
Et c'est ainsi qu'ils  
s'élèvent vers le ciel.

No. 5.

has only beheld the past; now he sees the future. (See middle picture between the four on each side, outer rim).

After the lessons of all these lives and of many others have been learned, after good and bad alike have been transcended, after the final dissolution of the pairs of opposites is effected, man turns back into himself, sets his face towards 'home' and turns away from the world. He is now engaged in the final annihilation of all old karma left over, he is alone and has become the saint whose shining halo betokens his inner change. He is on the threshold of superincarnational existence and treads his last human steps on earth to follow one of the many roads through the superhuman life.

This in short is the fulness of meaning symbolised in this small picture.

Whether the examples of cause and effect are in reality as palpable and, be it said without offence, as crude and somewhat commercial—'tit for tat'—as the design would suggest is a question which we will not discuss. Theosophical investigation will have to advance materially before we could claim to possess data enough to discourse profitably on such problems. But the use of a symbol is very often in direct proportion to the palpability and obviousness of its suggested meaning. Certainly there can be no doubt that our picture offers in its clever complexity a fulness of food for serious thought, and, as such, is a useful and a striking example of pictorial propaganda for a Theosophical conception.

The legend attached to the postcard reads:

*The Thinker recognises that, in his successive lives, his good actions are balanced by happiness, his evil deeds by suffering.*

#### NOS. 4 AND 5. THE UNITY OF RELIGIONS

This picture (No. 4) again is a clear pictorial representation of the idea embodied in the above sub-title. The upper legend announces its thesis:

*Truth shines forth from all Religions.*

We see a central mass of light and effulgent glory. A number of tongues of living fire shoot forth from it. They all touch types of the various religious buildings erected in the course of time for the service of the divine spirit. In a big semicircle we see the religious edifices of Egypt and Greece, of Zoroastrianism, Shintoism (?), Buđđhism (?), Judaism, Christianity and Islām. For Indian religions the symbolism is not happily indicated. We hesitate to say, for instance, whether Shintoism, or Confucianism or Buđđhism or Brāhmaṇism is meant in the case of the two left-hand pictures in the lower row. Anyhow the various forms of religions are meant, though archæologically or technically the representation is not very accurate. Evidently there was no intention to exclude Brāhmaṇism, though it seems absent. Perhaps the artist who designed the card had no suitable model at his disposal to guide him.

In the beams of light radiating out over the different temples, though proceeding from the same source, the symbol of each differentiated religion is seen. Egypt shows her *ankh* or symbol of life, Greece its staff of Mercury, Irān a flame, Japan or China the Jin and Jang (the male and female, active and passive, principles), the Buđđhist world the *chakra* or wheel, Palestine Solomon's seal, the Christian world the cross and, lastly, Arabia the crescent.

Before each temple we behold the priest of its religion, clad in the ritual vestments of his creed.

At the base of the picture we read:

*All religions have the same basis. All are forms of the same idea. All teach the evolution towards perfection by method of the laws of reincarnation and causality.*

The same idea is again taught by another (No. 5) card. A young and ascetic looking friar, with the staff of the wanderer in his hand—symbolising the reality of his quest—

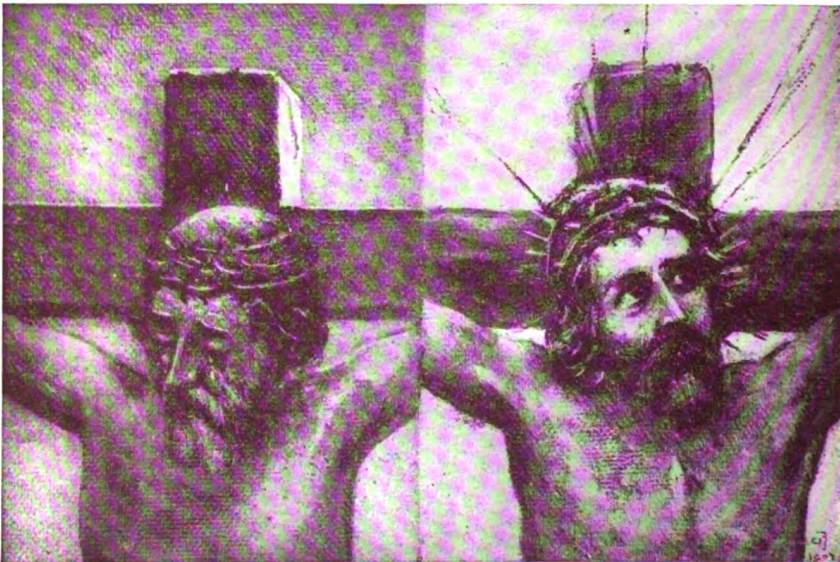
THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



L'homme abandonnant les croyances que la foi inspirait,  
édifie par l'Evolution de son Ame  
**la Religion de Volonté, de Sagesse et d'Amour.**

No. 6.

**L'Évolution (Lois de Réincarnation et de Causalité)  
nous apprend à déposer notre cœur sur la croix**



Mon Dieu, pourquoi m'as-tu abandonné ?      Mon Dieu, comme tu m'as glorifié  
Une action sainte et sacrée doit être accomplie avec Energie, Amour et Joie

No. 7.

kneels at the feet of the new statue, and the old man in the distance waves his hand in farewell.

*Below the new statue, the old man kneels in prayer, and the light of the sun is shining on the religious man, and the old man is waving his hand in farewell.*

There is a symbolical meaning in the various objects used in the picture. The old man, in the distance, by the simple reply,

No. 6. THE OLD MAN AND THE NEW

This is a picture of a man standing in the sun, with a cross on his forehead. The man is dressed in a simple, old-fashioned, and the light of the sun is shining on his face. The man is looking out at the sea, and the sea is calm. The man is standing on a small island, and the sea is calm. The man is looking out at the sea, and the sea is calm. The man is standing on a small island, and the sea is calm.

Two great statues are seen. The one is a statue of a man, the other is a statue of a woman. The man is standing on a pedestal, and the woman is standing on a pedestal. The man is looking out at the sea, and the woman is looking out at the sea. The man is standing on a pedestal, and the woman is standing on a pedestal. The man is looking out at the sea, and the woman is looking out at the sea. The man is standing on a pedestal, and the woman is standing on a pedestal. The man is looking out at the sea, and the woman is looking out at the sea.

*Aur Sapientia. Voluntas.*

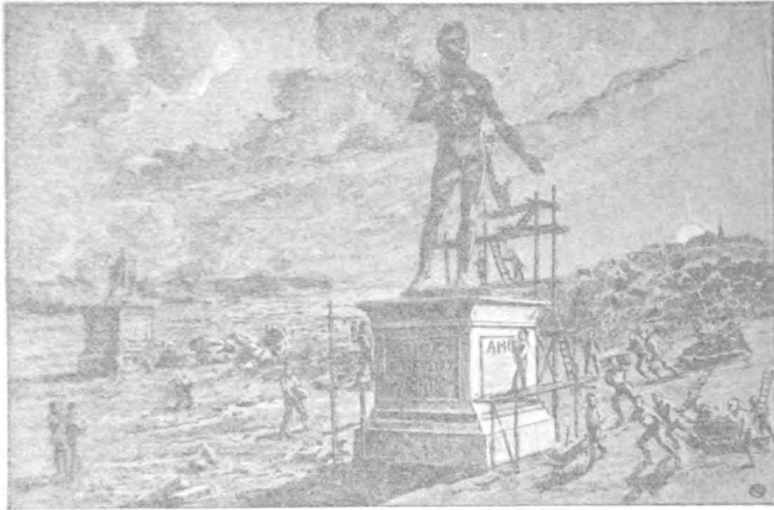
Underneath the fuller legend reads,

*Man, abandoning the beliefs inspired by  
erects, through force of the evolution of his soul through  
of will, wisdom and love.*

On the side of the new statue the sun slowly rises above the horizon. Over the old one, dark clouds are steadily descending.

No. 7. THE FAIR OF WOLF AND THE FAIR OF FOX

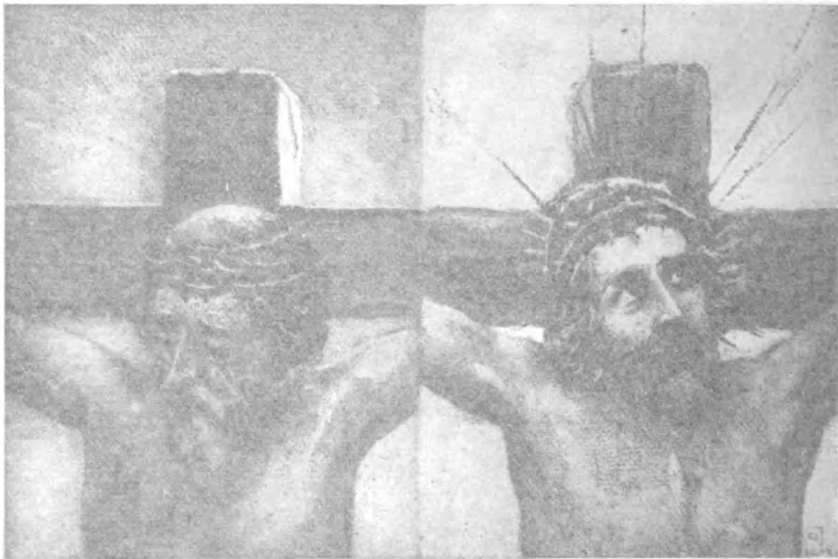
The last picture to be described is a picture of a man standing in the sun, with a cross on his forehead. The man is dressed in a simple, old-fashioned, and the light of the sun is shining on his face. The man is looking out at the sea, and the sea is calm. The man is standing on a small island, and the sea is calm. The man is looking out at the sea, and the sea is calm. The man is standing on a small island, and the sea is calm.



L'homme abandonnant les croyances que la foi inspirait,  
 édifie par l'Evolution de son Ame  
 la Prigion de Volonté, de Sagesse et d'Amour.

No. 6.

L'Evolution (Lois de Réincarnation et de Causalité)  
 nous apprend à déposer notre cœur sur la croix



"W - Dieu, pou qu' m'as tu abandonné? Mon Dieu comme tu m'as glorifié  
 ta religion sainte et sacrée doit être accomplie avec Energie, Amour et Joie"

No. 7.



kneels down at the feet of a venerable sage, who exhorts him in the following words :

*Even as stained windows color the daylight which traverses them differently, so also does human thought color the light of the One Light which it reflects. Thus it creates the religions which, different in appearance, emanate nevertheless from a unique and same source.*

There is a symbolic belt round the picture indicating the various religions and nations. Aptly they are knit together, in the corner, by the universal symbol of Theosophy.

#### NO. 6. THE OLD AND THE NEW FAITH

This is a picture bearing special reference to the mission of Theosophical inspiration and conviction. New light added to mere faith and rational belief widens out the understanding of old religious conviction and raises faith from the formal to the essential.

Two great statues are seen. The one ruined and crumbled into pieces, the other newly-erected but still unfinished. Humanity is busy at work in giving the finishing touches to the new statue, which consists of the glorified image of man, nude and unadorned, and bearing Apollo's seven stringed lyre. On the base of the statue we discern the simple words :

*Amor Sapientia. Voluntas.*

Underneath the fuller legend reads :

*Man, abandoning the beliefs inspired by [mere] faith, erects, through force of the evolution of his soul the religion of will, wisdom and love.*

On the side of the new statue the sun slowly rises above the horizon. Over the old one, dark clouds are steadily descending.

#### NO. 7. THE PATH OF WOE AND THE PATH OF JOY

The last picture to be described is a pictorial representation of a statement made by Madame Blavatsky. She

contended that the words of suffering of Jesus on the cross have been corrupted. She said that far from really meaning: 'My God, My God why hast thou forsaken me?' they should read: 'My God, My God, how dost thou glorify me.' She furthermore stated that these words are a technical phrase and are the exultating cry of the victorious candidate who successfully emerges from the momentous ordeal of Initiation.

The upper legend reads:

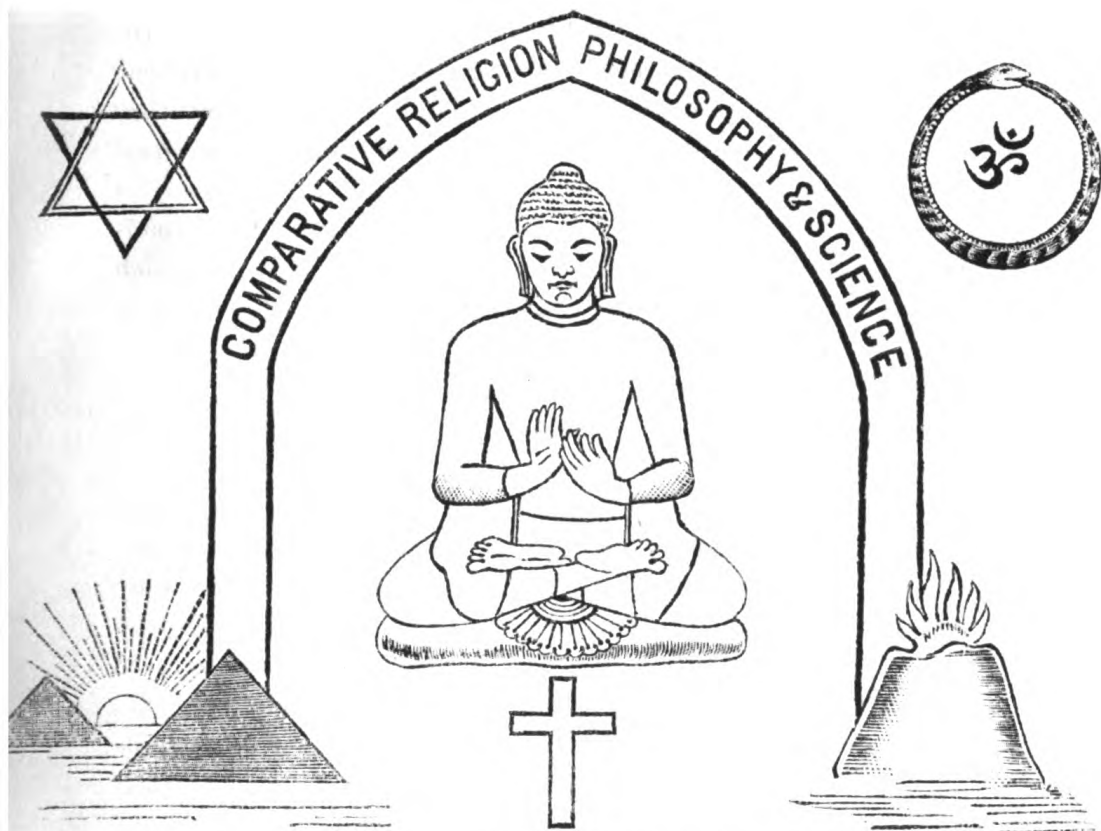
*Evolution (the laws of reincarnation and causality) teaches us to deposit our heart on the Cross.*

Beneath we find:

*A saintly action must be accomplished with energy, love and joy.*

The facial expressions of the sorrowing Christ and of the joyful Christ have been severely criticised by some friends, and one, at least, has expressed as his opinion that the latter showed more of the type of a Calabrian brigand than of anyone else. Be that as it may, yet the idea represented is clear and beautiful. Besides the original of this picture is an oil painting in which the facial expressions show infinitely more to advantage than in this reproduction. In the original there is real beauty. Both the grey gloom and the radiant energy are strongly and expressively marked. Unhappily the print, in losing the telling coloring of the original, has at the same time lost the effect of this powerful indication.

JOHAN VAN MANEN



## THE IDEAL FIGURES OF OCCULT TRADITION <sup>1</sup>

### HIEROGLYPHS EXPLAINED BY VERSES OF THE BIBLE

**A** French philosopher, M. Robin, has published an important work with the great Parisian publisher, Alcan, on *The Platonic Theory of Ideas and Numbers*, in which he tries to show (for which we cannot sufficiently congratulate him) that the doctrine of Ideas of Plato is linked strictly and necessarily to his theory of *Ideal Numbers* and *Ideal Figures*. For M. Robin the theory of numbers and figures is closely and necessarily associated with the theory of Ideas, and continues on and completes its natural evolution

<sup>1</sup> Translated from the French by J. R. and D. van H. L.

in Plato's thought, and fills up the gaps and answers to contingencies, which the theory of Ideas by itself could never have done. However true this point of view may be, it presents, nevertheless, for the Theosophist, only part of the truth, because it embraces but one aspect of the problem and does not explain why the linking of a mathematical and geometrical theory belonging to a tradition far anterior to Plato should work in so naturally with his doctrine of Ideas. In fact, Plato only establishes the occult correspondence existing between ideas, figures and numbers—which theory proceeds from the esoteric tradition. The question then is less one of discovery than of a happy application made by a philosopher initiated into an occult language of philosophy. Let us note in passing, that the initiation of Plato into the mysteries cannot be doubted if one does but refer to the letters he has left—in which he denies having revealed *the mysteries of the pure and high philosophy*. We might add the remark that Plato's philosophy has been defined by St. Augustine—in his *Treatise on the Order*—as “being the preparation necessary to the understanding of soul and of God which, said he, constitutes in his eyes the *real wisdom*.” The word philosophy then, in antiquity, has been equivalent to the word Theosophy. This point is important because it completely changes the angle at which it is permissible to face the question of religious symbolism in its relation to philosophy.

Scholars believe in a chain of tradition which takes its departure in the Orphic, and perpetuates itself through the poems of Homer, of Hesiod, and the doctrines of the Greek philosophers; they even go so far as to suspect that the Orphic tradition itself is related to others still more ancient, and are willing to recognise them everywhere—in the religious doctrines of Egypt, Chaldæa and India, in the poetry and philosophy of ancient Greece, and in early Christianity as well. According to the most accredited opinion among scholars who are specially occupied

with the science of religion, the transmission of these traditions took place by a migration of ideas and symbols from one system to another. This is merely a hypothesis, which has not yet been confirmed by precise facts. It is convenient, but gratuitous. If one but reflects upon the diversity of the genius of nations, upon the difficulties resulting from distance and lack of means of communication, upon the intransigency of a new faith that wants to draw all to itself, and rejects with scorn all that comes from outside—this theory will appear illogical and improbable.

The Theosophical explanation, on the contrary, gives a reasonable solution, and establishes upon a solid base the unity and the universality of all traditions. For them the chain of tradition has been established by an unbroken chain of Initiates who have always and everywhere taught the same truths. The signs and ideal figures that are identical everywhere result from a common language used by the Initiates in order to be able to communicate with and understand each other in spite of difference of nationality. Thanks to a figurative representation, which sprang to the mind and drew forth all the forces of the soul, all the power of a transcendental idea—which could not possibly have been translated in terms of scientific and philosophic reasoning—was rendered clearly. By means of simple and precise formulas, of ideal numbers and figures, by means of symbols, allegories and parables, of geometrical signs and various horizontal, perpendicular and inclined lines, some drawings of plants and animals, all used as hieroglyphs, innumerable generations of initiated seers and prophets have registered in a few pages the whole esoteric history of each nation, the whole wisdom of a high science—a riddle undecipherable by the profane but universally understood by the Initiated. All theologies have come forth from this universal language, said Mme. Blavatsky. The secret has been well guarded, safe from all profanation in spite of the fragments that have filtered through diverse traditions.

The explanations offered by theology and science to solve the difficult problem of the unversality of symbolism are desperately poor. Scientific criticism attributes the unversality of, and the similitude between the symbols to the banal fact that the human spirit, being everywhere fundamentally the same, has nourished itself in all times, and in the most diverse surroundings, upon the same legends and has created the same symbols. We might ask: Why should this natural tendency to reproduce the same thoughts and the same images as a result of the similitude of intellectual faculties exist only with regard to religious representations? One does not comprehend why only the symbolic language should have been kept intact, whilst at the same time the ordinary language has evolved in multiple and varied forms. The improbability of this strikes one still more when one considers that three different methods have been used in symbolism: the Orphic method by means of myths and symbols; the hieroglyphic method of the Egyptians; and the Pythagorean method by means of numbers and geometric figures. How shall we explain that in spite of the diversity of methods the unity of the symbolical language has been maintained so perfectly?

The other theory goes back to the Church Fathers: it attributes the similarities existing between the Bible and the Egyptian symbols to the larcenies that the Pagans were said to have made from the Bible—a convenient theory upon which theology has tranquilly but naively supported itself up to the day that archæological discoveries went to prove, not only that a number of biblical stories strangely resemble those of the Chaldean tradition ten centuries prior to Moses, but also that the Egyptian symbols, the temple hieroglyphs, embrace an historical period of at least five thousand years, according to the opinion of our great French egyptologist, M. Maspéro.

This scholar tells us, in his *Ancient History of Egypt*, that he has been struck by the almost incredible number of mystical paintings and religious scenes represented upon the remains

of the old Egyptian monuments, and thinks, seeing so many sacred representations, one might say, that the country has been inhabited principally by Gods. He attributes the tendency of the early Egyptians to consider their ancestors as Gods to the people's instinctive naivety—which leads them to look for perfection in the past, to believe that then they lived in the most happy of all ages. The belief in a golden age is universal. Why then should it be naive, chimerical, and popular—when all the intellectual élite of antiquity has guarded an invincible belief in the golden age, a belief which was closely linked to that in divine heroes come on earth to direct humanity and put before it models of perfection? If one thinks that early humanity has been deprived of geniuses, of heroes and divine teachers, one could not explain logically the appearance of these marvellous men of whom early history has guarded profound and luminous traces. Denying the existence of Orpheus, Hermes, Zoroaster and Homer, one could not however admit that the works known by their names have fallen from the sky. Though attaching themselves to other and older productions, still, each of them bears none the less an original and characteristic stamp—marking the work of some person of genius. How then explain the appearance of this series of geniuses, who have so much surpassed by transcendent faculties the intellectual aristocracy of their epoch that they were considered as superhuman and looked upon as Gods? Diverse historical traditions, as well as reasons, compel us to believe that these geniuses have been the Initiators of the Beautiful, the Good and the True, and the sole and unique original source of human knowledge. Theosophists are well-founded in their belief that these marvellous beings belong to an evolution anterior to our own, and have come to incarnate on earth to become the Teachers and Elder-Brothers of a humanity still in its infancy.

To-day, as scientific criticism seeks for the origins of symbolism of religion and of magic (which is synonymous

with occultism to the scholars!), it is of much importance that the question be put and dealt with in this manner. The Theosophical teaching sheds on this point an illuminating beam of light. Criticism denies that ancient science has grown out of magic, that is, out of the transcendent science and superhuman forces preserved by the initiated in their sanctuaries. All non-divulged science, or magic, appears in the eyes of the scholars as a tissue of superstitions! And yet the splendors of the ancient temples attest, even in their ruins, to the value of the science hidden by the sacerdotal caste. We will show how, in the depths of these sanctuaries of Egypt, a whole sacred language of signs, hieroglyphs, and symbolical representations has been elaborated—so mighty that they have served as illustrations to biblical stories, and this to such a degree that a number of Egyptian hieroglyphs may be explained by verses from the Bible.

The world, accustomed to think in words, feels a certain disdain, indeed even repulsion for the enigmatic language of the ancients—a language formed of bizarre signs, of numbers and figures expressing complex ideas, instead of mathematic and geometric relations, and readily accuse the ancients of superstition. Assuredly the human mind has always a tendency to err on the side of superstition, and the vulgar did this in ancient times with regard to these signs, but it would be absurd to attribute such a tendency to the geniuses of antiquity, such as Orpheus, the inventor of the mythical language (even if one believes that Orpheus did not exist, still the existence of Orphism cannot be doubted), as Hermes to whom the invention of the hieroglyph is attributed, as Pythagoras and Plato who made use of the method of ideal numbers and figures.

A survey of the signs which express symbolical script has, for us Theosophists, an eloquent and suggestive appeal. The impression received resembles that felt by geologists and archæologists before certain material objects, disdained



by the ignorant and the profane, but which for them have an inestimable value, as these objects provide them with indications which enable them to describe the conditions of a past existence, the history of this globe and its organic processes. In the same way the student of Theosophy gathers the traces of tradition about initiation to which all the schools of Theosophy attach themselves, and he draws a very profound meaning from things apparently insignificant to those who neither see the value, nor the depth, nor the subtlety, nor the unity of the symbolical language. Whatever may have been the methods used by the Initiates, whether hieroglyphs, myths, geometric figures, all the schools of initiation were related by a common basis of ideas, symbols and emblems. Still more so, the whole symbolical side of the Bibles of humanity is nothing else than a translation in current language of the different signs of the script used by the Initiates of all times to instruct their disciples.

It is not at all necessary to be a Theosophist to grasp the power of ideation of the hieroglyphs and their relations to the holy scriptures. French Orientalists, Palin, Lacour, and de Paravey (who was in 1826 a member of the *Etat-major* of the *Ecole Polytechnique*) notwithstanding their Catholic orthodoxy have considered the Egyptian hieroglyphs not only as phonetic signs, as did Champollion, but indeed as expressive of complex ideas and as a substitute for speech. After the discovery made by Champollion of the phonetical value of the hieroglyphs, the method of deciphering them as rebuses was abandoned, and one ceased to seek relations between the religious ideas expressed by this means and those found in the Judæo-Christian Bible. For the rest, orthodoxy was awake, and the books of the Catholic scholars dealing with this question soon became very rare, if they did not disappear altogether.<sup>1</sup>

But, now-a-days, as it has become clear that the method of Champollion only gives a partial solution, and

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<sup>1</sup> The French Section has been able to purchase these books—though at a very high price.

that the attempts made by him and those who have been inspired by his methods have not been quite happy, the interest in the other method may be roused again, the more so because it fits in marvellously with the conception of the unity and universality of the language of the Initiates. This principle of unity that the Theosophical teaching has so clearly stated, may be considered in future as one of the most characteristic points which attest the value and originality of its doctrine. It must seem logical to think that this language proceeded from a common source if we see the failure of partial success obtained by the phonetic method of interpreting hieroglyphs, or the similitude of the Biblical symbolism with the Egyptian and in general if we see the constant repetition of the same religious symbols. The common source can only be the hieratic or sacerdotal script. Indeed every science in antiquity came from the sanctuaries; as on the one hand there is a tie of near relationship between the Chaldean legends, the Egyptian symbolism, and the Biblical legends, so on the other hand the figurative sciences of the mysteries were nothing but a translation of the hieroglyphs. From this it follows that the different forms of language possessed a common meaning of which the hierophants kept the key and gave it to the Initiates. Symbolic writing and language came to have a profound meaning for those who were initiated into the mysteries, otherwise the veneration of the greatest geniuses of antiquity for myths, signs and symbols would remain inexplicable. History shows us, besides, that the mysteries have profoundly permeated the literature, philosophy and art of the ancient world, so much so that Orphism has survived them, not only by a prodigious output of artistic works by which the whole world is inspired up to our own day, but also by its infiltration into religions. The Orientalists, Lacour, and Paravey, to whom ought to be added Duteil, the author of the dictionary of hieroglyphs, and Ragon, the author of masonic works, all are of one mind that the letters of the alphabet come from a primitive hieroglyphic language.

Thus<sup>1</sup> the letter S, which has the form of the uræus, the asp of the Egyptians, depicts the idea of the reptile and its hiss. The letter M, the initial of the words maternity, matter, Mētis, Maiā, Moot (the mother), Minerva, Maria, is drawn from the symbol of water, symbol of matter, the glyph of which is made up of sinuous lines. The letter P, which is the initial letter of the words power, paternity, is composed of a vertical line which is—in the language of initiation—the sign of the male force, the positive element, while that of the horizontal line is that of the passive element, the feminine. The letter D is the initial of the Sanskr̥t word Dyaus, Dieu, the Deus of the Latins.<sup>2</sup> As for the vowel sounds, they represented, in symbolic language, the creation of the world by the sound emanating from God. “The Word was in the beginning,” said St. John, “and it was God.” Ākāsha, the noumenon of sound, is also, in India, the first manifestation of divine creation.

Does it not seem natural that the conventional phonetic signs should have been superadded in order to expand the scope of languages and to utilise them in social relationships? All goes to show, in fact, that the signs proceeded by extension and derivation, from the symbolic, primitive script, hieratic or rather, of initiation. What is there astonishing in presence of the marvels realised by the Instructors of the Mysteries that their language has been fruitful enough to give birth to the different forms of language?

Whatever the opinion one may have upon the value of the symbolic language, it is difficult for one to contest a great power of ideation since Plato himself made use of it to support his theory of Ideas, and that it has been possible to the Orientalists to take some verses or some accounts from the Judæo-Christian Bible as texts explanatory

<sup>1</sup> Lacour and Duteil.

<sup>2</sup> The Boctians called Zeus Jupiter, Deus with a D. The letter z is formed of a double y, supreme sign of the Divine.

of Egyptian hieroglyphs. On this point I will cite some examples.

One of the most widely known of the hieroglyphs, often put as exergue upon the covers of books, is that of a circle or disc (symbol of the sun or of the divine) placed in the centre of two wide-spread bird-wings; another glyph of the same gender represents a god who covers with his wings some people representing the world, as a hen shelters her chickens. These hieroglyphs cannot have a better rendering than the following verses:

“O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.” “He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust” (Ps: 36, 7; 57, 1; 61, 4; 91, 4).<sup>1</sup>

The sign of the serpent is often associated with this same hieroglyph. It should be remembered that the brazen serpent was the symbol of Jehovah and of Moses and that, placed on the summit of a rod, it served as banner and as *sign of salvation* to the Hebrews! The glyph of the serpent around the solar disc, between two wings, found an explanatory text in the following verse of the Bible: “The sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings” (Mal. 4, 2).<sup>2</sup>

Another hieroglyph represents a figure carrying on the head a serpent fixed to a fillet, called *nazar* in Egyptian, and on the neck an ornament of pearls imitating drops of rain—the collar of the Initiates.<sup>3</sup> As well with the Egyptians as with the Hebrews, the dew, splashes of rain, served as symbol to denote the benediction of heaven, wisdom, science. The well-known Biblical sentence: *Nubes silabunt justum*, expresses the same idea.<sup>4</sup> The fillet, *nazar*, ought especially to arrest our attention. In the chapter of the Bible in Numbers, and

<sup>1</sup> De Palin, *Les Hieroglyphes*.

<sup>2</sup> De Palin, *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Lacour, *Les Hieroglyphes*.

<sup>4</sup> De Palin, *Ibid.*

upon the law of the Nazarites, it is said that whoever is consecrated to the cult ought to have his head shaven.<sup>1</sup> The tonsure of the priest is without doubt a remnant of this practice. If he took the Nazarite vow and received consecration he ought not to let his hair grow. According to the Bible the function of the Nazarite was perpetual; and among the persons who have received it, it is necessary to reckon Joseph, whom Jacob called Nazarite—according to St. Clement of Alexandria. This explains why Jesus was designated by the name of Nazarene. In the same way the Egyptian hieroglyph represents the candidate for Initiation; he had the head shaven, wore round his head a fillet called the Nazar or fillet of Osiris, with the sign of the serpent called *Meisi*—etymology of the words Messiah and Moses, “the saved from the waters,”<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, he who is liberated from the lower world (symbolised by the water) and is become a citizen of heaven, a son of God. He let his hair grow when he was initiated.

The Biblical account of Samson “of long hair that no razor shall cut,” belongs to the same order of ideas. During the time of preparation for Initiation, of purification, the Levite should be shaven (Nu. 8, 7); and if after having taken the Nazarite vow, he was consecrated (initiated), then his hair was allowed to grow: “There shall no razor come upon his head” (Nu. 6, 5). But if he defiled his consecrated head it had to be shaved (Nu. 6, 9). Samson, who let himself be seduced by the artifices of Delilah, had his head shaved and lost all his occult powers, symbolised by his prodigious muscular strength. But after repentance, or expiation, of his fault his function of Nazarite was restored to him; his hair grew and his strength returned.

Often in the Bible we find mention of the water of Shiloh. “The sceptre shall not depart from Judah... until Shiloh come” (Genesis, 49, 10); “Thus shalt thou

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<sup>1</sup> Lacour, *Ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> Lacour.

say unto the children of Israel, The Lord God of your fathers has made me Shiloh and hath sent me unto you," (Ex. 3, 15); and in the Gospel of St. John on the subject of the man born blind: "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam" (which is by interpretation, Sent—of God—) adds the Gospel text. Also, in the Egyptian scene of the baptism, the hieroglyph of the temple of Philo represents two hierophants, the one hawk-headed—symbol of the Divine Spirit, the other ibis-headed—symbol of Hermes, the Divine Wisdom; both are pouring upon the head of the candidate for Initiation, the sacred water, *that of Shiloh*.<sup>1</sup> It is important to note that the name of the hawk, *nassar*, signifies the descent of fire and of the spirit.<sup>2</sup> One sees then that one can find in hieroglyphs the double baptism of the Evangelists—of water and of fire. The *rapprochement* of the divers meanings of the word Shiloh, in the Bible, shows that the sense of the verse in the Gospel of St. John is clearly symbolic and of the same meaning as the Egyptian hieroglyph. The term Initiate is, also, the perfect equivalent of that of 'sent of God.' The dove, symbol of the spirit in the Gospels, is also figured upon the Egyptian hieroglyph.

The hieroglyph of the catalogue of Raspe,<sup>3</sup> representing a bird having a broken cord round its neck, and escaping from the spheres, is in concordance with verse 7 of Psalm 124: "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken and we are escaped."

The hieroglyph representing a hind that sighs after the water (Rosetta inscription) is the well-known Biblical image "of the cerf which pants after the fountain of living waters"—to indicate the soul that longs after God.

The symbol of the lion "which comes down to fight upon mount Zion" (Isiah, 31, 4), corresponds to the hiero-

<sup>1</sup> Lacour, *Les Hieroglyphes*.

<sup>2</sup> Lacour, *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> De Palin, *Les Hieroglyphes*. Vol. II, p. 58.

glyph of the lion assailing an unclean animal, symbol of iniquity.<sup>1</sup> In India, the lion symbolises the Thirthankaras, the sages,<sup>2</sup> the Initiates. Lions generally represent the guardians of the judgments of God and of His law; one of their paws is sometimes placed upon a rolled manuscript.<sup>3</sup> One hieroglyph represents a lion letting fall the bee that he holds in his jaws, before the serpent of salvation having a human face. The bee, said de Palin, represents a human soul and the serpent the spirit of good; "the solar lion transports the soul to the superior gods." This symbol ought rather to be interpreted in the Hindū sense: the Initiate takes the soul of the pupil in order to carry it upwards to the divine.

The globe of holiness that "God holds in his hands" (Ps. 95, 4) translates the hieroglyph representing a hawk's head or an eagle's over a globe. The symbol of the eagle is also utilised in the Bible to figure the Eternal: "As an eagle . . . spreadeth abroad her wings . . . so the Lord . . . (Deut. 32, 11—12).

The symbol of the Wheel, which indicates, in the Bible, the penalty of retaliation (David prays God to grind his enemies under the wheel) is found also in India associated with Viṣṇu. It has the same meaning in the Egyptian hieroglyphs.

One sees, in the hieroglyphs, some persons *measuring a field*. The same image is found in the Apocalypse, in the vision of the prophet Ezekiel (49, 3); Zechariah (2, 1); (Job 38, 5). "The Lord measures the field around those that fear Him" (Ps. 34, 8).

The glyph of the chariot and of the car of the Egyptian Gods corresponds to the Biblical idea of "God unfolding his power in order to govern the world."

The symbol of the *Nœuds* (knots, bonds, bundles, etc.) that is found everywhere in Egypt, in Mexico, and in India

<sup>1</sup> De Palin.

<sup>2</sup> De Milloué Director of the Musée Guimet.—Lectures.

<sup>3</sup> "To eat the scroll"—a Biblical expression that means to feed upon the doctrines of the Initiates.

(the kârmic bonds), to designate "the bonds of all the works that are done in the outer world," said de Palin, is found also in the Bible: "The Lord is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven, and hath founded his troop (*nœuds*) in the earth" (Amos 9, 6).

The symbols of the mountain, of the corner-stone of the altar (or the corner-stone) are universal. The hieroglyphs representing the stream of living water flowing from a rock, or from a mountain, as in the Bible the rock of Horeb, represents the divine life, or the Wisdom, pouring out upon the world. The expression "to construct an altar on the summit of a mountain" that one finds in the Bible is explained by the Vedas and the Kabbalah: it is the idea of sacrifice as a means of becoming immortal and of rising step by step to the height of sanctity. The Bible is full of the symbol of the mountain. Moses raised altars upon Mount Hebron; he died on Mount Nebo, he received the baptism of fire, that is to say Initiation, upon Mount Sinai. The symbol of the smoke and of the cloud signify the veil that hide things sacred from the vulgar eye. Another Initiate, Aaron, died upon Mount Hor. Elias, the prophet, *another sent of God*, went up to Mount Horeb, called the mountain of God. The famous mountain of Zion of which mention is so often made in the Bible cannot mean other than a centre of Initiation. "I lay in Zion for a foundation stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone" (Is. 28, 16). The corner-stone, which is also a hieroglyphic sign, has always served to indicate the sacred doctrine of the Initiates. The symbolic expressions of "sacred trees," of "oaks of justice," in order to designate the Initiates; of "doors of the holy city of Zion," which are the "Portals of gold," of the temple of Initiation; of "the place of peace and of beatitude," the sublime state of the Christos consciousness, of the Masters; all this is drawn from the language of Initiation. Mountains are often represented in the hieroglyphs with a sign of the divine or a sun at the



top, this is the mountain of light of the mystics. All Bibles have their sacred mountains: Kṛṣṇa and Mount Meru; Buddha and the mount of the seven beatitudes; Muhammad and Mount Hera; Zoroaster also retired to a mountain, etc. This symbol indicates the centres of initiation. Why the summit of the mountains? Without doubt to express the sublime state of the soul soaring above the world into the calm, the silence, and the peace, finally to merge itself in the immensity of Divine Thought.

Finally, it is difficult to find a more eloquent witness of the universality of the language of initiation than the constant repetition of the septenary in the Bible and other sacred scriptures: the seven days of creation symbolise the seven ages or cycles of evolution, the celestial hierarchy of the seven Christian Archangels, corresponding to the seven Gods of Egypt, the seven Sephiroth of the Kabalah, to the seven Dhyān-Chohans, to the seven Amshaspendas; the seven days of Moses on Mount Sinai symbolise the degrees of Initiation; the seven sprinklings of the Altar prescribed by the Mosaic law for the initiation of Aaron; the seven sacred lamps the seven trunks of the tree of Jesse; the seven Kings of the Apocalypse corresponding to the seven human races—in the Theosophic sense; the seven gifts of the wisdom or the Holy Spirit in Isaiah and the Gospels (the seven Shaktis of the Hindūs); and lastly the numerous septenaries of the Apocalypse. Also, theology has followed tradition in creating twice seven or fourteen articles of the creed, seven gifts of baptisms, seven sacraments, seven works of mercy, and in distinguishing seven ordinary virtues and seven theological offices.

It is at the serious moment when a great book on the spiritual life—the Judæo-Christian Bible—is menaced with being flung into the river of forgetfulness and indifference that Theosophy, faithful guardian of the way of Initiation, comes to resound once again the seven cords of the lyre, and restate to the world that has forgotten it, *the grand Catechism of Initiation*, drawn from all the Bibles of Humanity.

LOUIS REVEL (PÈRE)

## A PHYSICAL GROUP-SOUL

A very interesting and instructive branch of Nature study is that relating to the forms of life about the border line between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. To one who has the limited spare time and restricted home space falling to the lot of the average resident in a London suburb, there are advantages in having a hobby that only calls for an undisturbed table and a fairly good microscope. A vast new world of delightful interest may then lie spread before one within this narrow compass. In the course of some years in the same neighborhood the various ponds and streams for many miles round become well known, and few could wish for a more prolific hunting ground than that afforded by the charming country immediately to the north-west of London. From the multitude of good things that can be found in and about any shaded old pond I am selecting one here for brief description, because its life-history appeals to me as affording a remarkable illustration of the animal group-soul. It seems, in this case, that the whole life-cycle is pitched within the limits of the physical plane, and consequently the successive stages can be followed by anyone with care and patience through the whole circle.

On an old broken twig fallen in a moist place, on the inside of a curled up leaf, or on the damp bark of a tree close to the ground, may occasionally be seen what at first sight appear to be very small closed toad-stools—perhaps too small to be noticed unless particularly looked for. A pocket lens will solve a doubt; and, if fortunate in our search, we have here specimens of one of the lowest forms of animal life, the Mycetozoa, in the stage known as ‘Sporangia.’

Stage I  
Sporangia

Let the leaf on which they were found be taken home and placed half immersed in water in a shallow dish, and developments carefully watched. I have introduced them at this period of their life, when they resemble small toad-stools, because they are then most easily found. It is, of course, no more nor less important than any other part of the cycle.

Kept amid damp surroundings, a few days will see the tiny bulbs at the top of the stalks become misshapen, swell, and presently burst the skin, exposing a net-work of threads. The 'toad-stools' seem indeed to have been stuffed with fine horse-hair, which has uncurled in the damp, and broken the envelope. This is exactly the effect desired, for the threads are hygroscopic, and appear to serve no other purpose than that of rupturing the enclosing wall to release the numerous spores packed within, when a suitable condition of moisture obtains outside. A most interesting and ingenious device, this, in itself.

Recourse must now be had to the microscope, and the water close round the leaf examined under a high power lens. Swarms of minute organisms will be found, each with a tiny amœboid body, resembling in many respects the common infusorians. A whip-like lash is quickly developed, providing the means of rapid locomotion, and now in place of the 'toad-stools' we have a vast number of minute swarm-cells, each one rejoicing in the delights of a definite separate existence. Exceedingly active in movement, these single cells make the best use of their time feeding—mostly on bacteria—growing, multiplying by simple division, again growing and again dividing, till the number is increased ten or twenty fold or more according to environment.

After a considerable period as free-swimming, separated units, another radical change takes place. The zooids, now largely increased in numbers, and having enjoyed to the full their brief period of individual existence, assemble together, and

Stage II  
Swarm-Cells

Stage III  
Plasmodium

## MYCETOZOA

### STAGE I

Illustrations of two species in Sporangium Stage.

- a.* Magnified 2 diameters.
- b.* Magnified 16 diameters.
- c.* Showing the threads—Capillitium.

### STAGE II

Swarm-cells. Magnified 720 diameters.

- d.* & *e.* Flagellated swarm-cells feeding on bacteria. Amoeboid bodies. (Note nucleus in each.)
- f.* Very early form—just escaped.

### STAGE III

Plasmodium. Magnified 500 diameters. The swarm-cells have withdrawn the flagella, and are collecting together and coalescing. After the separate cells have all fused together the only traces left of them are the nuclei.

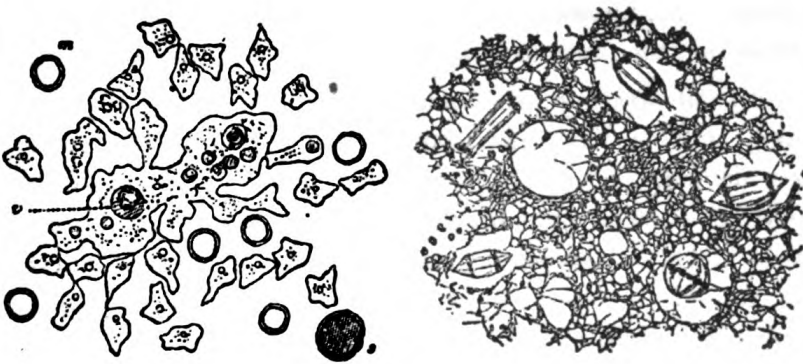
Plasmodium. Magnified 1,200 diameters, showing the nuclei dividing. A vast multiplication of the nuclei takes place during the Plasmodium stage.



*Stage. I*



*Stage. II*



*Stage. III*

become ONE! They all coalesce into one body, not resembling in the least the individual animalculæ, and can only be described as a mass of semi-fluid, jelly-like plasm, with no organic structure as a whole. Throughout the 'plasmodium,' as this stage is called, the original units may be traced as so many nuclei. Thus, the personality of the zooids, or swarm-cells, does not appear to be entirely lost, though ill-defined—but now the united mass lives and moves as a unity. It still continues growing, absorbing food with an amœba-like digestion, and may ultimately measure when spread out over a flat surface several square inches.

The point of interest here is that though this body has been built up before our eyes of a large number of separate living individuals, it is now as a whole of harmonious construction, is rhythmical in its movements, and is obviously a unity.

The Plasmodium is in continual motion, slowly streaming to and fro, a little further in one direction than the other, thus slowly travelling, searching for and absorbing food. While in this state the minute nuclei referred to, which represent and are all that can now be traced of the original swarm-cells—these nuclei divide and largely increase in number, still further multiplying the life-centres of the future generation of swarm-cells.

As illustrating the unity of the mass it may be noted that if the plasmodium be moving over a surface devoid of nourishment and a small piece of green leaf be placed touching an outer edge, at once the whole body will commence moving with its curious rhythmical motion in that direction, and will very soon be wholly collected on and round the leaf.

The duration of this stage seems to be determined by conditions of moisture and food. Unfavorable circumstances may mean a plasmodium that is only a minute speck all told, while abundance of food, moisture, and warmth may lead to one measuring inches across.

After a considerable period of activity the streaming movement tends to become more sluggish and confined more or less to definite channels. Indigestible and foreign particles are thrust to the outside, forming a coating of somewhat denser plasm, external motion gradually ceases, the color generally becomes much darker, and presently all there is left is a brown opaque film.

The stage at which we first met them is now entered on. A forest of mushroom-like tiny  
 Stage I  
 Again bulbs on short stalks appears over the site.

Careful examination will resolve each of these into a tiny portion of pure plasm, packed with nuclei, encased in a rough envelope made of the coarser ingredients of the original mass.

We have followed the life story of the Mycetozoa's full circle; the development of the delicate threads (the capillitium) proceeds apace, and in due course, shorter or longer according to the conditions of moisture obtaining, they burst the shell and Stage II is again entered.

Have we here in this life-cycle a sound parallel to that followed by the higher animals?

Is there ground for my surmise that the 'plasmodium' stage may be taken as a low-level correspondence to the group-soul period of the more advanced animal cycle?

Should it be so, then Stage II of the Mycetozoan life has a useful story to tell. The multiplication of the nuclei in preparation for an increased number of separate incarnations is suggestive, and the tendency of the coarser material towards the outside is evidence of a familiar process at a higher level.

To observe and trace the cycle in greater detail may prove an illuminating study, and add another link to the ever lengthening chain of scientific support of Theosophical teaching.

E. L. GARDNER

## THOU AND I

*Bhagavad-Gītā*, II. 12, 13

From out the Womb of Time we came, just thou and I.  
Yet ne'er beginning had—existing as His Thought.  
We are—and shall be—ever in That Thought so high  
A myst'ry wonderful—Life in a circle wrought.

Thus ever more we were—and are—just thou and I.  
Worlds come and go, are born, wax mighty, disappear,  
The Universes change, we abide, or far or nigh  
In Him—we live and perfect grow—then cast out fear.

For He hath willed it, (Love His Name)—just thou and I  
Born of His age long Thought—to grow *like* Him—we wait  
Passing by the way through bodies high and low, we sigh  
In prison pent—yet patient stand and meet our fate.

And silent press unto our goal—just thou and I.  
To heights sublime—to union with our God within  
And find in hidden depths a Light Divine—and try  
To serve our race with balance—love, and without sin.

CARRIE CROZIER





## RENDS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

### THE LIVES OF ORION

#### XVI

On this occasion we find ourselves amidst a busy manufacturing and mercantile race—the Etruscan—in the west of Italy, not far from where Grosseto now stands. Agriculture was in a thriving condition at this time, for the country was covered with vineyards and orchards. Mu, Orion's father, was a man of substance, a rich merchant, who had a house outside the city, and owned many vineyards. He was indulgent to the child, but was much immersed in business. Virgo, her mother,

was kindly and on the whole anxious to do her duty, but was by nature a worrier. Orion was the eldest of three girls, and was born in the year 8325. It was the father's great grievance that he had no son to assist in and inherit his beloved business, and in default of this he decided that his eldest daughter must as speedily as possible marry someone who could take this vacant place. Orion grew up therefore with this idea always before her as an imperative duty, though she had spasms of disgust at the thought. Her childhood was on the whole happy and uneventful, Selene being her principal girl-friend, though somewhat older and more reserved than she was.

Orion's father presently made acquaintance with Scorpio, a capable and pushing middle-aged man, whom he thought just suitable for a partner, so as soon as she reached the age of seventeen, he imposed this person, then about forty-five, upon her as a husband. She did not at all like the selection, but accepted him obediently. The husband had no affection for her, though he was not generally actively unkind; he regarded the affair as merely a business transaction which secured his entry into the firm. His business methods proved presently to be somewhat too acute, for the satisfied father discovered that his brilliant partner was swindling him, and misappropriating large sums of money. A furious quarrel occurred, and the pushing partner (who had been living with the family), left the house, of course carrying his wife with him. The father vehemently protested against this, but could not legally prevent it, nor had he the necessary evidence to secure the conviction of the defaulting partner, as the defalcation had been very cleverly managed. The pushing husband set up an establishment of his own in another part of the city and began to enjoy his fraudulently obtained wealth, and to use it to embark in new and distinctly shady operations.

Meantime in this new locality his somewhat neglected wife, Orion, made acquaintance with Achilles, a personable but penniless young man of twenty-two, and at once

fell violently in love with him. After a time they eloped, and lived on odd jobs in great happiness and picturesque poverty. The injured husband was furious and threatened condign vengeance; but Orion's father chuckled over the misfortune of his former partner, and caused it to be publicly known that he would welcome his daughter and her lover, if they would make his house their home. They accepted his offer, and the pushing man was more angry than ever. He was just taking the matter up in the most vindictive spirit, when some further frauds of his on a still larger scale came to light, and he was banished from the country, with forfeiture of his wealth and his rights as a citizen.

This set his wife legally free, and she was formally married to the man of her choice. Her father took her second husband into business in place of the swindler, but the young man did not seem to have had much head for it, though he was honest and hard-working, and tried to do his duty. He was of artistic temperament, and he and his wife were united by the bonds of closest sympathy as well as by a deep affection. Aldebaran was born to them as a son, a handsome promising boy, of whom they were very proud, and some time afterwards a delicate little daughter, Theseus, who, however, died of some childish complaint at the age of seven. Orion's old playmate, Selene, had long before married Vesta, and they had a little girl, Sirius, just about the same age as Theseus. As they lived next door to Orion the two children, Sirius and Theseus, had been almost inseparable companions.

When Theseus died, Orion was inconsolable, and did not seem to be able to get over the loss; indeed, she missed the child so much that when shortly afterwards a pestilence ravaged the country, and the little playmate next door was left an orphan, she begged the elder brother Psyche to allow her to adopt her in place of the lost one. Sirius had always been very much attached to Orion, and now that her parents were dead

she was quite willing to go, so that the matter was arranged without any great difficulty, and the adopted child soon came to love her new mother passionately, though she never forgot her own. She also admired Orion's elder son Aldebaran, for whom the mother had quite an idolatrous affection. The boy and girl played together frequently, and the former, though several years older, was very fond of the latter and was quite good to her.

One day when they were playing on the rocks a terrible accident occurred; the boy slipped into the sea and was drowned. When the mother heard of this she was quite frantic, and when the body was recovered and brought to her she utterly refused to believe that he was dead. Herakles, the priest of the local temple, tried to console her, and told her that she must submit to the will of the gods, that it was better to do so uncomplainingly. She turned upon him fiercely and declared she would *not* submit—that she would have her son back from the dead whether the gods willed it or not. She demanded his return, or rather ordered it, in a mighty and passionate invocation over the body; and as if in obedience to her will, life did gradually return to the prostrate form, and the boy slowly recovered.

He was much changed, however. He seemed strange and dispirited; he did not appear to recognise his friends, and he showed dislike instead of love for his doting mother. Indeed, his disposition was not at all what it had been, and his perversity and bad temper made constant trouble in the house. He was now continually guilty of cruelty and falsehood—vices of which he had shown no trace before his accident. As he grew up he caused his mother and sister much suffering. He had become quite dishonest, and frequently perpetrated petty robberies from various people, the amounts of which his mother again and again made up in order to shield him.

The father declared that the boy was a fairy changeling and no longer the same person at all, but the mother would not let herself believe this, though she suffered in secret under an awful fear that the gods were punishing her in some strange way for her impious defiance of them. Achilles died before the son was quite grown up, and Orion found it impossible to manage him. Presently he seduced Cancer, a girl of low caste, boasted openly of the affair, and announced his intention of marrying her—not that he really contemplated doing it, but in order to deceive and pacify her.

His mother vehemently protested, and, as part of his plan, he took care to spread everywhere an exaggerated story of how she hated the girl. Then he pretended to go away on business, and arranged that the young woman should call at his home during his absence. He returned secretly and murdered her on the threshold of his mother's house, taking care to use a weapon that had belonged to his mother, which he purloined for the purpose. Having done this, he stole away unseen, and in a few days returned as from a distant town, to find his mother, as he expected, under suspicion of having committed the murder. An inquiry was held, but nothing could be proved against her, and there were several points in her favor, so there was no conviction; but she lay for many years under this dark and undeserved stigma, and was consequently socially ostracised. She knew perfectly well that her son was the murderer, but held her peace through all these years in order to shield him. The adopted daughter Sirius was absolutely certain of Orion's innocence, and bitterly resented the general opinion on the subject.

Vega was at this time courting Sirius, but she asked him to wait until her mother's name was cleared. Seeing that there was little hope of this, he demanded that she should marry him at once, and offered to share the obloquy which had so unjustly fallen upon the family. The

daughter eventually yielded, for the dissolute son had impoverished them by his excesses, and had abandoned them when he found there was no more money. Vega therefore took charge of affairs, and gradually revived the business, which had been utterly ruined. Vega and Sirius had a fairly large family, and Orion's declining years were passed peacefully among them, looking after the grandchildren, whom she loved devotedly. Nothing more was heard of the dissolute son, but the old priest explained that the father had been quite right in supposing that after the drowning an entirely different person had entered the body—some old enemy, he said, who for the purpose of wreaking his vengeance had taken the opportunity so rashly offered to him by the intense effort of will made by the frantic mother. This enemy was Gamma.

Some of the other characters with whom we are familiar appeared in Etruria at this period, though they did not play a prominent part in Orion's life. A list of them is appended for the benefit of our students.

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#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

OSIRIS : ... *Father* : Albireo. *Mother* : Alcestis. *Brothers* : Pegasus, Leo. *Sister* : Berenice.

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CALYPSO : ... *Brother* : Helios. *Wife* : Melpomene. *Son* : Vesta.

AMALTHEA : ... *Sister* : Hector. *Friend* : Calypso.

HELIOS : ... *Wife* : Hector, *Sons* : Leto, Albireo. *Daughter* : Selene.

HERAKLES : ... *Priest*. *Wife* : Pollux. *Sons* : Capella, Spica, Adrona. *Daughter* : Arcor. *Male disciples* : Gemini, Capricorn, Sappho, Ophiuchus. *Female disciples* : Chamæleon, Fortuna, Apis, Flora. *Supporters of the temple* : Aglaia, Eros.

AGLAIA : ... *Wife* : Phocea.

EROS :	... <i>Rich man. Wife : Alastor.</i>
MU : ...	... <i>Wife : Virgo. Daughters : Orion, Concordia, Taurus.</i>
VESTA :	... <i>Wife : Selene. Son : Psyche. Daughters : Beatrix, Sirius.</i>
ORION :	... <i>First Husband : Scorpio. Second Husband : Achilles. Son : Aldebaran. Daughter : Theseus. Adopted Daughter : Sirius.</i>
GAMMA :	... <i>Occupies Aldebaran's dead body.</i>
LETO :	... <i>Wife : Libra.</i>
ALBIREO :	... <i>Wife : Alcestis. Sons : Pegasus, Leo, Osiris. Daughter : Berenice.</i>
VEGA :	... <i>Wife : Sirius. Sons : Ajax, Demeter, Bellatrix. Daughters : Fomalhaut, Mira.</i>
AJAX :	... <i>Wife : Atalanta.</i>
FOMALHAUT :	... <i>Husband : Viola.</i>
DEMETER :	... <i>Wife : Pallas. Son : Procyon.</i>
BELLATRIX :	... <i>Wife : Deneb.</i>
MIRA :	... <i>Husband : Egeria.</i>
LEO :	... <i>Wife : Theodoros.</i>
CANCER :	... <i>Low-caste girl.</i>

## XVII

Orion was born next in the year 6758 among the Tartars, as the daughter of Dolphin, one of the prominent members of a nomad tribe. Her father was not the chief, but was nearly related to him, and was a person of considerable wealth and importance, possessing large herds of cattle and great hoards of skins. Her early childhood does not call for any special remark, but unfortunately before she was fifteen she was deceived by a young man, only a couple of years older than herself (Iota, the young mistress whom she had murdered in a previous life in India). There was a great disturbance when this was discovered; her father was furious, and tried hard to detect the man who was responsible for this state of things, but in spite of threatening and severe pressure Orion loyally refused to tell. The young fellow was frightened and had not the

courage to declare himself ; so suspicion fell in turn upon several innocent people, but never upon the real culprit. A child was born—Theseus, the daughter whose body she had once forcibly taken in India, but this time he was a little son, and she loved him all the more dearly because he was regarded by the rest of the family as an encumbrance and a badge of shame.

Her father's anger was partly because he had expected to make a success of her marriage—to make a valuable alliance with the son of the chief, and so bring himself to the centre of power. Now this was no longer possible, as she was regarded as a damaged article and a drug in the matrimonial market. Nevertheless when she was a little over twenty a young man came forward and asked for her hand. He had been a schoolmate of hers, and had long adored her silently from a distance, having no prospects which would make him an eligible suitor. Now, however, he was at last in a position which made marriage a possibility, and he could not but see that her life was a very miserable one, so he ventured diffidently to offer a home to her and her child. It was but a poor home—not at all what she might have expected but for that first love-affair—but she thankfully accepted it as a release from the intolerable discomfort of life with a family who hated and despised her.

Her husband was Cygnus, who had been her son in Hawaii. He treated her well, and her life was now fairly happy, though to some extent embittered by the years of scorn through which she had passed. That experience had at least made her sympathetic towards anyone in the same difficulty, and she persuaded her husband to co-operate in helping several such. In particular there was a case of a young woman of her tribe who had fallen into the same disgrace, and was entirely cast off by her family and left to starve. Orion, though poor herself, and with an ever-increasing family, at once took this unfortunate stranger into her house. The new-comer (who was Cancer,



the poisoned wife of Hawaii), was naturally grateful, yet never felt quite at ease with her hostess, and had inexplicable fits of aversion to her. Orion vigorously championed her cause, and maintained that she was in no way blameworthy. Cancer admitted in strict confidence that the chief's son Aglaia was the father of her child, and Orion resolved that he should be made to acknowledge and provide for it, and to marry the mother. She could not take any steps towards a public exposure, for she felt that as she herself had been intended for the chief's son, her story would be universally regarded as prompted by disappointment and jealousy, and so disbelieved.

She therefore took Cancer to Scorpio, a shaman or medicine-man, who undertook, in consideration of a heavy bribe, to perform incantations which were supposed to make the chief's son fall so violently in love with Cancer that he would marry her at all costs. The difficulties were that she was much below him in station, and that he had just been married with great pomp to a bride of his own rank. The shaman's performances were imposing and gruesome; he unquestionably knew something of magic, though of an undesirable kind.

At the culminating ceremony in Scorpio's hut, a dead body was laid before the two terrified women, and after agonised contortions and wearisome chantings on the part of the shaman, after a long, elaborate, uncanny ritual and the burning of much colored fire, the grisly corpse slowly raised itself and came with spasmodic movements towards the women. They were almost beside themselves with fear, and would have fled but that the galvanised putrefaction was directly between them and the only exit. Scorpio was grovelling on the earth, apparently in some kind of fit, and quite useless as a protector, and the women would probably have gone mad with horror at the loathsome embrace of the four-days-old corpse, but that the ceremony somehow broke down at the most critical moment. The flaming eyes of the dead man were

gloating hungrily upon them, and his discolored hand was already stretched out to grasp them, when suddenly the unhallowed life went out of him, and he fell stiffly to the ground, carrying Orion down with him. At the same time, the prostrate Scorpio uttered a blood-curdling yell of despair, followed by strange barking and howling sounds, and as Orion disentangled herself from the now rigid corpse and staggered to her feet, his writhing body changed its form before her eyes, and he rushed madly from the tent in the shape of a huge black wolf, leaving them alone with the dead man, in the faint light of the dying fires.

How the two women reached home they could never remember, but both were ill with nervous shock for many days; and when at last they had recovered to some extent, they took a most solemn vow never again under any circumstances whatever to attempt to gain any object by means of magical practices. Scorpio later offered to try the spell again, if they would pay a still higher price, but they would have nothing to say to him. It is doubtful whether Orion's nerves ever quite recovered their former strength after that experience, so that she suffered permanently from the effect of her ill-advised attempt to obtain justice for her *protégée*.

She did not, however, resign her purpose, and as spells had produced no apparent result on Aglaia, she resolved to try another and more direct attack. Under all the circumstances it required almost superhuman courage, but she nerved herself to obtain an interview with the culprit, and made an earnest and moving appeal to him on behalf of Cancer, telling him quite frankly that because she herself had suffered in exactly the same way, she understood the desperate need of help far better than he could.

His better nature was touched and his eyes were opened by her entreaties; he publicly acknowledged his fault, made over a large amount of property to Cancer

to be held in trust for her child, and arranged a marriage for her in another tribe, giving a considerable sum in dowry with her.

We may suppose that by the help given in this incarnation Orion closed the kārnic account with Cancer which must have been opened by the poisoning in Hawaii and continued by the murder in Morocco. Apart from the help given to unfortunate women, her life was principally devoted to her eldest son. She was anxious to compensate him for the obloquy which surrounded his birth by establishing him for life in a somewhat higher station than that of her husband, and she finally achieved this, though only at the cost of long-continued self-sacrifice. She was a good and careful mother to her younger children also, but her exertions for her family overtasked her strength, and she passed away at the age of fifty-two, happy in the knowledge that all of them were comfortably settled.

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#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORION :	... <i>Father</i> : Dolphin. <i>Lover</i> : Iota. <i>Son</i> : The- seus. <i>Husband</i> : Cygnus.
AGLALA :	... <i>Son of the Chief of the Tribe</i> .
CANCER :	... <i>Lover</i> : Aglaia.
SCORPIO :	... <i>Medicine-man</i> .

#### XVIII

The next appearance of our heroine was in the year 5629, in a beautiful spot among the hills of India, on the site of Amer, in Rājputana, or very near that city. Orion was one of the daughters of a local potentate, Theodoros, the Rājā of the district, and was brought up in a splendid marble palace, with wonderful

carvings and sculptures about it. She used to play principally upon a great marble terrace which commanded a magnificent view. The court was kept up with much pomp and gorgeous ceremony, and Orion, as a child, hugely enjoyed riding upon a richly-caparisoned elephant and taking part in glittering processions. There were many servants and attendants, and she had everything that she could desire, yet in some ways she was rather a neglected child. Her father's mind was full of the cares of state and the pleasures of the chase, and her mother, Lomia, thought chiefly of the innumerable intrigues which always permeate an Indian court. They were both kind to the child in a careless fashion, but to both of them boys who could grow up into fighting men and inherit thrones were the only really interesting offspring; so the little girl's passionate longing for heartfelt affection remained unsatisfied.

At her birth, her horoscope had been cast by the family astrologer, according to custom, and he foretold for her a somewhat uncommon fate. He said that in her case the stars indicated a past of unusual sorrow and a future of unusual glory—that the latter was drawing very near to her, yet it would not come in this life, which was to be regarded as the last link in a long chain of cause and effect. A debt which had been outstanding for thousands of years was now to be paid, he said; if it were rightly paid, it would lead to a male birth next time, and to the opportunity for great occult advancement. Meantime this very life would be to some extent an epitome of the whole, for there would be in it great sorrow and yet also great joy and peace.

She received a certain amount of education, mostly of a religious type. She was taught to recite some of the Vedic hymns and to perform curious little domestic ceremonies. When she was sixteen she was assigned in marriage under rather peculiar circumstances. An embassy came from Corona, a King far away in Kāthiawār, to ask on

behalf of his son, Sirius, for the hand of Orion's elder sister Juno. This sister had just been betrothed to a nearer neighbor, so the Rājā had to send apologies and regrets, but in order to avoid disappointment (for this was a good alliance and he did not wish to lose the opportunity which it offered), he ventured to suggest his second daughter instead. The embassy therefore, carried her off on approval, as it were. Her feelings in the matter were mixed, for while she was flattered at the prospect of marriage into an old and honored family, she was also somewhat indignant at being proposed as a substitute for her sister, uncertain how she would be received, and nervous at leaving the only home that she had ever known.

Little heed was paid to her feelings in the matter, however, and her father and mother dismissed her—kindly enough, but very much as a matter of course. On the journey she wondered often what the prince would be like, and tried to persuade herself that she might be able to arrange a very tolerable life for herself, if he were no worse than most whom she had known at home. When she arrived at the end of her journey she was undeniably nervous, and heartily wished herself at home again; but when she met her prince (Sirius) she received a pleasurable shock and soon forgot all about home; for the two young people were fortunately strongly attracted to one another at first sight, and in a few days became ardent lovers.

The reserved and rather bored young lady of Amer opened out under the influence of real love like a flower in the sunlight; and she threw herself into this new life with a joyous wonder that was beautiful to see. Her love made her take an interest in all that interested her prince, and therefore she set herself to try to understand his religion, which was quite different from her own. She had been brought up in the Hindū faith, though it had never been much more to her than a series of forms which it was proper to observe; while the prince was a Jain. It had

been stipulated in the marriage-contract that she was to be allowed to retain her ancestral faith and beliefs, but that did not prevent the young people from comparing their respective scriptures and teachings, and they soon decided that it all amounted to substantially the same thing, and worshipped in one another's temples with serene impartiality.

The great Jain temple has already been described in the twenty-third life of Alcyone, and it was there mentioned that on her seventeenth birthday Orion gave birth to Gamma, her first child, in the little rock guest-chamber over its gateway. As usual, the child's horoscope was cast but its prognostications were by no means good. It foretold for him a wayward character, that would cause much suffering both to himself and to others, but with the opportunity of final victory at the cost of great self-sacrifice, if he chose to take it. It certainly seemed that at least part of this prediction was accurate, for the nature which the boy developed as he grew was not a good one, and it brought much sorrow to his parents.

One of the tenets most strongly insisted upon was (and still is) scrupulous kindness to every living thing, but this child displayed innate cruelty and callousness, and seemed to be without any natural principle of honor. The grief which these defects caused to the father and mother was intensified by the knowledge that this was the heir to the throne and the destined ruler of the country. They were very patient with the boy, and tried very hard to help him to improve his character, but with only very moderate success. They had several other children of more normal type, and these were a great comfort to them. The love between the husband and wife never lessened or varied, and the prince declined to follow the custom of his country by taking additional wives.

Soon his father, the Rājā Corona, died; so the cares of the government were laid upon his shoulders. Orion thus became the Rāṇī, or queen, of the country, and bore

her new honors gracefully, fulfilling her duties to the satisfaction of all. Sirius often had to be away for considerable periods, as he was a great warrior, and during these times he left the government in her hands, instead of appointing a regent. She seems to have done the work admirably; possibly the experience of centuries ago in South India may have been useful there. Her life would have been entirely happy but for the anxiety caused by the frequent absences of her husband and the troubles due to the behavior of her eldest son, who did not improve as he grew. The remonstrances of his father and mother produced little effect upon him, and he did not seem amenable to the influence of affection. He took to gambling, dishonesty and loose living generally, and bitterly resented all rebuke. The father, when at home, kept him in some sort of check, though even this much of restraint excited his passions.

Presently a rebellion was fomented by a distant relation of the Rājā, who set up a sort of shadowy claim to the throne; and Gamma fled from home and joined the rebels. These were, however, defeated and he was captured. He made submission to his father, and seemed really ashamed of his actions for the time, but gradually he slipped back and resumed his old unruly life, resenting as before any restrictions imposed upon him. The father and mother were always patient and forbearing with him, for their religion counselled them to forgive to the uttermost; but he seemed to become more and more estranged, and adopted a permanently dissatisfied and hostile attitude. Some discreditable love-affairs brought him a good deal of suffering, and one of his undesirable feminine acquaintances spurred him into certain acts of treachery against his father. These being discovered, he fled once more from the court and joined himself to the army of an enemy then just about to attack his country. The Rājā was much hampered by

the fact that his plans of battle and the conditions of the defences were in this way betrayed to his enemy.

This caused trouble at first and some slight reverses, but the Rājā finally won a great battle and disposed definitely of the invaders. In this battle he himself was seriously wounded by the hand of his erring son who, however, turned aside and fled in horror when saw his father fall. Sirius had himself put into a litter, and still continued to direct the battle till victory was assured. The recreant son was captured amongst a host of others, and once more brought before his father and mother. The mother, who had so often forgiven all else, could not for a long time overlook the fatal injury to the father ; but the latter urged that if even now at the eleventh hour the son was really repentant, he should be restored to favor and his position, and should have another chance. His will prevailed at last, and the young man, in a very touching scene, showed real contrition and earnest resolve to do better.

So great was his self-abasement now, that he begged to be allowed to renounce his princely rank and devote all the rest of his life to austerities as a hermit in order to atone for his wickedness; but the Brāhmanas told him that he must prove his newly developed virtue by doing his duty in daily life before he could have the right to the privilege of asceticism. He accepted their decision, though with much regret, and set himself humbly and loyally to overcome the dislike which his countrymen not unnaturally felt for him. While the Rājā lay dying (for he never really recovered from the wound), the defeated enemy gathered together a new army and again attempted an invasion. The reformed Gamma took the field against them, but the knowledge of his country's weak points which he himself had given them made it very difficult to deal with them successfully.

Finally it seemed as though the only way to avoid defeat was for a small party to devote themselves to a



desperate deed of valor which meant certain death. Gamma planned this and insisted on leading it in person, and he fell fighting gloriously at the head of his men, in the act of self-sacrifice which saved his country. He died with his mother's name upon his lips, and his last words were a message to her, begging her to forgive his many crimes, and to accept his death as the beginning of his atonement for all the wrong that he had done her. Orion was so overwhelmed with sorrow at the approaching death of her husband that, at the time, she perhaps scarcely appreciated the action of her son; but the common people made ballads about his deed and exalted him (now that he was dead) into a kind of hero and savior, wisely letting his unsavory earlier history sink into oblivion. The Rājā strongly charged his wife to put away her grief and to concentrate all her energies upon advising her second son Fomalhaut, who, though yet very young, must so soon take up the reins of government. For his sake she promised to do this and, when death took her husband, she bravely and nobly kept her vow.

The departed Rājā held himself in touch with the earth-plane for some years in order to be at hand to help her, and often she realised this and found it a great comfort. But he soon saw that her judgment might be trusted, and that he might pass on in peace and confidence. She was a sort of permanent advisor and power behind the throne for twenty-one years, until her young son had reached middle-age and proved himself a capable and careful ruler. She died at the age of sixty-two, eagerly looking forward to rejoining her husband, whom she had never forgotten for a day. The philosophy, which she had first learned in her youth because it had interested *him* so much, had proved the reliable guide of her later life and the stay of her declining years. Her stay on the astral plane was short, but she had a long heaven-life, in which Sirius was the principal figure.

In this incarnation much progress was made, and the last and heaviest of the kârmic links forged long ago seemed to have been broken, so that all was now ready for the effort to be made in the next life.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

URANUS: ... *Husband*: Fomalhaut. *Son*: Proserpina.

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THEODOROS: ... *Bājū*. *Wife*: Lomia. *Daughters*: Juno, Orion.

JUNO: ... *Husband*: Hebe. *Sons*: Melpomene, Fortuna. *Daughter*: Flora.

ORION: ... *Husband*: Sirius. *Sons*: Gamma, Fomalhaut.

FOMALHAUT: ... *Wife*: Uranus. *Son*: Proserpina.

CALYPSO: ... *Peasant of Girnar*. *Wife*: Amalthea. *Son*: Stella. (*All attend the temple, and are devout though ignorant*).

NOTE.—A list of the remaining *Dramatis Personæ* will be found in the twenty-third life of Alcyone, Vol. XXXII, p. 432, and Addenda List on page 820.

## INVESTIGATIONS INTO EARLY ROUNDS

(Concluded from p. 737)

*Monday, August 24th, 1896*

### THE INVESTIGATIONS OF THE SECOND DAY

#### ROUND II. GLOBE A

- I. The third class piṭṛ has been all the way round making forms on each (globe) on the first round. Is anything left on all those globes, anything like the "Inner round" beginning? . . . Does the life-wave of all sorts go round, or do the animal and vegetable, once set going, go on<sup>1</sup> but not travel?
- B. The piṭṛs go on, but leave behind them the empty shells of the things they have been inhabiting.
- L. In Globe A<sup>2</sup> they have certainly materialised the ideas . . . (I) don't know whether now at the beginning of the second round there is exactly any life . . .
- B. (The) piṭṛs all seem to go on, but seem to leave moulds into which the life-wave (flows) . . .
- L. Does no elemental life remain? Does the whole thing go on?
- B. (The) elemental life-wave goes on to B, because it is wanted there.
- L. There seems to me to be such an indefinite amount behind . . . What is the state of this world<sup>3</sup> after the essences had left it; it surely

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<sup>1</sup> Continue their development on the same planet, without passing to the next.

<sup>2</sup> Of the first round.

<sup>3</sup> The Earth, Globe D.

leaves the mineral life going on, because the thing<sup>1</sup> does hold together?

- B. Yes. . . Doesn't it give the impression of a thing frozen?
- L. Yet surely the motion produced by the heat is going on, boiling and so on? . . . The globe is gradually contracting.
- B. Curious change comes over it when the attention of the Logos is turned away—not dead, of course, but more sleepy.
- L. Do you see, the life of the planet itself is a manifestation of the life of the Spirit of the Earth itself; but that is also a manifestation of the Logos, an earlier stage as it were, because it is in that body of the Spirit of the Earth that the moulds are made. Isn't it upon him that the impression is made which causes the moulds to form? . . . Still he plays his part also in each world; he is the ensoulment of the matter somehow. . . (We) needn't go into that now. . . On the whole, things go on from world to world, and most of the life passes with them?
- B. Yes.
- L. But is the mineral monad of the occasion part of the First Outpouring? (It) seems to me as though (it was) not, as though the seventh class of pitrs all theoretically ought to attain humanity at the end of this chain. . . and still as it [is now] mineral and vegetable and so on [this can hardly come about in the time]<sup>2</sup>. . . There must be a definite outpouring coming to take their place.
- B. They are more playing the part of ensouling intelligence when the moulds are made. . . They inhabit the forms, I mean.

<sup>1</sup> The Earth.

<sup>2</sup> The idea, from the report, is not clear. The words in brackets are offered as a possible elucidation.

L. (A) block of essence is intended to be animal essence on the Moon chain and human life on this chain; those who were meant to be no class of piṭṛs were ensouling themselves in vegetables at the end of the Moon chain.

[Here ensued a long conversation between B. and L. about the piṭṛs, but it was too rapid to be taken down by the reporter.]

B. Do you regard the Second Outpouring as blending (with) it!

L. Which! Piṭṛs themselves! Oh, surely as Second Outpouring.

B. I think they are (the) Second Outpouring.

L. In the case of (the) first-class piṭṛs they have (the) Third Outpouring, which constitutes (the) first class... But here<sup>1</sup> your third class piṭṛs come in as human beings. Hold on! The whole thing is in the mind, on the mental plane... (It) seems as though the whole thing came into existence together.

B. Isn't it that the third class piṭṛ rushes round and vivifies all, but does not stay in there... (It) almost seems as though they came together—waked up.

L. Yes...

B. That is a rather curious effect. It seems as if these revived things don't last very long; (they) seem to go into (a) kind of... It seems as though the piṭṛs made higher forms, and that there was a contest between them, and that the lower ones go down.

L. That which comes [in]<sup>2</sup> is not high enough to keep up the position.

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<sup>1</sup> Globe A, second round.

<sup>2</sup> The life-wave that comes in to occupy the forms vivified by the third-class piṭṛ.

- B. I wonder whether some of these things left behind in one round give rise to those creatures we disliked. (There) seems a sort of survival which is below the life of this time. When things were vivified (it is) as though for the moment they got crushed out, and only some low down remnants remained. I wonder whether (these are what) H. P. B. meant by "by-products"? . . . I suppose the fourth class piṭṛs, some of them, will get a shade of humanity here. . . What is our third class piṭṛ doing—he is human all this time—what is he doing?
- L. Well, undoubtedly he is evolving himself; you see more of his mind than you saw before. He's made himself denser than before.
- B. Has he tried to get a physical body? You see, he is still Devachanic, but he is pressing downwards, isn't he?
- L. Yes.
- K. What kind of matter is he working in?<sup>1</sup>
- B. He is bringing out the second subdivision of it. [Here ensued a long silence.]
- B. He's getting more compact than he was, isn't he?
- L. There's more of him. . . still lamentably incomplete even for a mind body. He has so very little thinking power.
- B. He's dimly conscious, poor creature.
- L. But these things don't so much begin at the beginning as much as that. . . The second round man is a more coherent creature than the first race on this planet,<sup>2</sup> don't you think so? He is more approximating to the second race people—not so much a rolling pillar. . . Well, you want to go to the end of the second round, do you?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Question by Bertram Keightley.

<sup>2</sup> Earth, in the fourth round.

<sup>3</sup> In answer to a remark by Keightley.

## ROUND II. GLOBE B

- L. Do you see him emphasising any part? The principle seems (to be) as though (he is) building all . . . He has what he considers a mind body, and he has another thing which may feebly stand to him as an astral body.
- B. It doesn't seem as though he was evolving a particular principle in a round, but a little bit of each; building the lower quaternary gradually and adding to each bit by bit.
- L. He appears to have races even at this early stage of the proceedings. But (I) can't understand it on the first globe;<sup>1</sup> he doesn't seem to take a number of lives and go up; (it) seems like coming into one race, and next into another race—his personality ensouling a race.<sup>2</sup>
- B. Then at the end of the second round the fourth class piṭṛ is distinctly a human creature.
- L. Most of him.
- B. Something like (an) animal at the end of the first round.
- L. Yes. (*Long silence*) . . . You see, it's rather complicated . . . But what are you hunting?
- B. The appearance of things in general. . .

## ROUND II. GLOBE C

- L. Well, let me see, what can we best do? We have still a good deal of evolution to go over, so far as we've seen . . . It doesn't appear as though a principle in each round or race or globe is evolved. . . He doesn't seem to be evolving Prāṇa, but evolving the power to specialise jīva all

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<sup>1</sup> Globe A, second round.

<sup>2</sup> One life in one sub-race, and then passing on to the next sub-race, the life in each lasting the period of that sub-race.

the while. . . Doesn't it seem as though that is the special work he is doing on Mars; does that seem to you?

ROUND II. GLOBE D

- B. Hadn't been looking at that, but was trying to see what gave the impression of more being left behind—as though some of the pit<sup>1</sup> stuff doesn't go over.
- L. It seems after leaving Mars as though at any rate animal and vegetable life remain, and possibly human.
- B. As though some couldn't get on—were failures.
- L. Oh, yes; yes. There is. . . Don't you see a possibility in it? that that which has fallen behind in the second round and is found there when the third round comes may be taken up, and may regain its position by means of the "Inner Round"? That may be one of the uses of the "Inner Round."
- B. Sort of trailing off?
- L. Yes, that's it exactly.
- B. Part goes on.
- L. It seems as though in the first round a little of the mineral life is left behind imprisoned in the mineral, while the other went on; and on this round, some of the vegetable life is left behind and the other went on<sup>1</sup>. . . Are there not living creatures? (A) quantity (of them has) got down quite to viscous stage—kind of boiling down kind of affair.
- B. If you jump to the earth of the third round, (the) animal (life) is left behind.

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<sup>1</sup> This is my reconstruction of the report. Literally, as transcribed, it reads: "See first round as though mineral left with little imprisoned in the mineral and the other went on and on this round some left in the vegetable and others went on."



- L. But what is this loathsome kind of life that is not life, but yet is life? Yet there are horrid little things moving.
- B. Yes, but if you look at our earth when the second round is nearly over, you will see no animal moulds are moving at all.
- L. No, but these little things hopping about in this sort of boiling, slimy mess . . . What are those things? . . . However, go on, he doesn't matter. We'll ignore him!
- B. What comes out at the end of the second round?
- L. Third class Piṭṛ (is) more advanced, fourth class piṭṛ is human . . . Fourth class piṭṛ would not be quite up to the level of Ji,<sup>1</sup> would he?
- B. No.
- L. He is a feeble kind of thing . . . The third class piṭṛ (is) approaching the level of the kitten.<sup>2</sup> He hasn't much in way of brains, poor thing; he's all instincts and no reason in particular. He hasn't got far, you know. However, he has evolved two-sevenths of astral body, two-sevenths of everything.
- B. He is here getting two-sevenths of the lower quaternary.
- L. He isn't joined up yet, you see.
- B. Oh, no.
- L. He has not got up . . . (the) Third Outpouring (has) touched him, but (he is) not (yet a) separate ego. It doesn't seem as though I had seen definitely what he has done; yet I don't see how to get further.
- B. It made a difference in the vegetable which gets left behind and in the fourth class piṭṛ . . . It

<sup>1</sup> C. J.s' cat, whose name was Ji. At the time of these investigations, in 1896, the cat was becoming "individualised."

<sup>2</sup> A bright kitten, some six weeks old, the offspring of Ji.

has brought on lower things certainly. There is now vegetable life on all globes going on at the same time.<sup>1</sup>

### ROUND III. GLOBES A AND B

- B. (The) third class creature on the first globe is more of a creature now; he is beginning to take a more human shape.
- L. Yes—though cloudy and gigantic . . . This is all on the Devachanic plane . . . I wonder how he manages . . . he is a little confusing, is this creature.
- B. You can see now that on the four levels he is getting more into a shape, and on the three higher he has got . . .<sup>2</sup> threads. Fifth class pitṛ seems to start getting the human thing now, doesn't he?
- L. Some of them have it at the end of Globe A on the third round.
- B. The animal ideas are more various, you notice.
- L. More types have been called down, you mean? Is the whole animal type down yet? Perhaps hardly.
- B. See, one thing is characteristic of this round. All the archetypes are brought down of the mineral in the first, vegetable in the second, animal in the third, and human in the fourth—they are not worked out—so that there is in each one the chance of perfecting its form in the round.
- L. I suppose that is why some pitṛs are left behind.
- B. Those who have quite failed have to stay in it longer.
- L. But surely there is already pressing in behind a mass of other matter?

<sup>1</sup>There was no detailed examination of the remaining planets of this round, such as could be taken down.

<sup>2</sup>Word missed; perhaps "buddhic."

- B. Yes, matter of the second thing ... Just look at Mars, though.

ROUND III. GLOBE C

- L. Yes, Mars is interesting. He has lots more water than he has now—not reduced to canals. There is certainly physical life, as emphasised by specialisation of *prāṇa*.
- B. (The) human being is like a very great monkey now.
- L. But is a loose reptilely kind of thing—that kind of consistency. He would go in as when you touch a cuttle-fish; his jelly is in a bag; if you pressed him the hole would remain long.
- B. He is like a big monkey not stiff enough to stand; he lies about—(does) not float—he crawls, he wallows.
- L. Has he any bones?... The country is getting rather nice; (the) air (is) still unbreathable, frightfully thick... This thing has a most diabolical taste;<sup>1</sup> it's poisonous; probably (has) lots of chlorine. How has all that since been absorbed—by chemical combination?... Anyhow, that's Mars.

ROUND III. GLOBE D

- L. Shall we try this world?<sup>2</sup>... Here you have a more approximate kind of thing. He is still wobbly, beginning to stand; (he) has some hair or bristly something, like third race man,<sup>3</sup> much looser, more flabby and crossed with a reptile... Oh! but he has among him a smaller and better type; there are second class *pitṛs* (who have) turned up; they are more definite—like gorillas.
- B. He is very ugly.

<sup>1</sup> Tasting the atmosphere.

<sup>2</sup> Globe D, Earth, in the third round.

<sup>3</sup> Third race man, on the Earth, in the fourth round.

- L. The other doesn't do it. (He) has a horrid throat, and it all comes out when he does this thing.<sup>1</sup> He does it in a vague kind of way, like a caterpillar. . . Does he see?
- B. Don't think he does.
- L. The second class piṭṛs see. I think they don't seem to get on with them;<sup>2</sup> seem to be at war with them. The second class looks down upon them, is afraid of them at times if it can't get out of their way.
- B. They seem so big to it.
- L. It has more brains—more water-gruel of some sort. . . There are surely races here; there are quite distinct types; there are incarnations. The second class piṭṛ (incarnates) as we do, only at enormously longer intervals. (They live, long lives also. . . The world has in a way settled down. . . still very earthquaky, still many things different). . . I don't know that intervals (are) longer in proportion.<sup>3</sup> I was thinking of the state of the earth. Most astounding mountains . . . about fifty miles high<sup>4</sup>—never saw anything like them!
- B. And enormous waterfall. . .
- L. It's fairly solid; you've a kind of crust on your earth. . . Big avalanches occur; tops of mountains fall off; (I) never saw such tempests! How you have reached the present condition<sup>5</sup> I don't know; I suppose we shall see. Now (you have) much higher conditions of life. Fourth (class) and fifth pretty much human, and second thrown in; third of course is; second ahead of him now. . . Animals (are)

<sup>1</sup> C. W. L. illustrated the action, by stretching out his neck towards the sky and drawing it back again. The second class piṭṛs did not however, do this, being more compactly built.

<sup>2</sup> With the third class piṭṛs.

<sup>3</sup> The intervals out of incarnation then are not longer in proportion to the period in incarnation.

<sup>4</sup> Using a graphic simile, and not to be taken literally.

<sup>5</sup> The condition of the earth to-day.

big, loose and ungainly, like rough copies of ante-diluvian creatures. (There's a) deficiency of hair, (they are) all scales or pachydermatous. (The) best (are) like (the) hippopotamus, but more unwieldy and not so definite. (There are lots of) volcanoes; (there's a) speciality in whirlpools—(the) maelstrom is nothing compared to them. Life (is) very precarious. (They)<sup>1</sup> eat, (they) tear off tops of trees—not trees, they are ferns; they are eating the seeds of them; tree ferns to the *nth*, but not so regular and respectable. Some of them dig, grub up (what is a) primitive truffle perhaps. (They have) no particular objection to smells.

- B. Sweet creature! killed some animal, and tastes the blood with its finger!
- L. (They) seem very fond of slimy things; also *en passant* the slimy things are very fond of them! Here's a curious brute like a gigantic frog. . .
- B. They take them raw. . .
- L. They know nothing about fire; (there is) no trace of civilisation.
- B. The human race (is) very much at the experimental stage, apparently; (they) roam about trying things.
- L. I don't like the state of affairs. Count?<sup>2</sup> Good Lord, no! No idea of it. Can a crocodile count?
- B. They haven't any reason, (they have) passions and instincts.
- L. The human race is getting much larger. I wonder what they do on the upper arc—on Mercury say?

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<sup>1</sup> The humans.

<sup>2</sup> In reply to a question by Bertram Keightley.

## ROUND III. GLOBE E

- L. Well, the life is more definite here, and gives the idea of being less coarse. We are approaching to rather nicer looking creatures now. I notice animals like rabbits without any hair.
- B. The humans have hair on them.
- L. To some extent they have—rather of the pig bristle kind! . . . (They are) getting less loathsome; life (is) beginning to stir in the less ignoble sides of them. (They) might even be capable of affection, don't you think so?
- B. Well, of a rough kind.
- L. Oh, yes, (a) very rudimentary kind of thing—such as a whale might feel! a something that wasn't quite brutal!
- B. They share food, instead of snarling, as on earth<sup>1</sup> . . . The second class pitr is a comparatively respectable being at the end.
- L. (They) would be at about the stage that an average chimpanzee would be.
- B. Perhaps a little higher. I don't know . . . perhaps that.
- L. Few up to Sally's<sup>2</sup> level! Third class pitr (is) lower down and fourth lower still. (*The Investigations into the Third Round here close.*)

## ROUND IV. GLOBE A

- L. Now, this fellow has thickened up his mind, his devachanic matter, so that when he comes (down) into the next plane he will be able to come into touch definitely with the astral plane . . . In the third, second and first rounds there was always a blank between the mind, the astral and the physical. Now there will be a more definite connexion . . .

<sup>1</sup> The previous Globe D, in the same round.

<sup>2</sup> Sally was the brilliant chimpanzee of the London Zoological Gardens, then lately deceased.

There are a quantity of more types of humanity—some very fine types.

B. I was looking at those.

L. Types which haven't come into existence yet,<sup>1</sup> must belong to the future.

B. A few have come into existence.

L. Yes, but not a race of them; they are roughly speaking types of races and sub-races, aren't they? You see that luminous dove-colored thing, so lovely? That must be the type for a race.

B. Yes, quite unknown to us.

L. That must be a race in the future; and that great, dreamy, colored-star thing, must be the expression of him . . . Is this a man of the future? . . . Not connected, I think, with this earth.

B. We have here the types of the remaining rounds.

L. That partly accounts for things.

B. They are showing what men are in future rounds on the mānasic plane.

L. Do you see, these creatures . . . However, these sort of archetypes are brought down as possibilities.

B. Yes, not understandable, unless we go into the fifth, sixth and seventh rounds . . .

L. Well, this is becoming a more practical kind of creature; (the) connexion can be made.<sup>2</sup> Some are doing more evolution in the time. (They are) beginning to have more individual push in them—not so much sweeping on in batches . . . It does seem to be the fact that they don't come down again and again, on Globe A, as they do now; (they) seem to live once in a race . . .

B. Slide on to the next.

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<sup>1</sup> Not yet on this earth, Globe D, of the fourth round.

<sup>2</sup> With the upper triad.

## ROUND IV. GLOBE B

- L. Withdrawing into the self—but no self to withdraw into . . . Now they don't seem to have any period in devachan after incarnation.
- B. I suppose nowhere for them to go into, (they are) not high enough to go on to the arûpa plane.
- L. But still they are beginning to think.
- B. Yes, a little.
- L. You can see the effect on the elemental essence by them; it is being painfully affected by them. Before (it was affected) only by Devas; he is slipping in to spoil things.
- B. I did not notice. It<sup>1</sup> did not affect it at all before on this plane.
- L. (It is) beginning to get quite unpleasant shapes. . . Are you sure they began with the densest subdivision? (It seems) almost as though they began in the middle and (are) working down. . . They have quite a great deal of coarsish astral matter . . . However, run it on to Mars.

## ROUND IV. GLOBE C

- L. Oh! I say, there are people in possession already when we get there! Creatures—not exactly people. . .
- B. I say, these are the creatures which were “watermen, terrible and bad.” They ought to have been human, (but they) got delayed. They are rather non-descripts.
- L. Is this the kind of thing in connexion with whom, on our earth, the “sin of the mindless” business arose?
- B. Yes.
- L. They've a loathsome feeling, like (a) tarantula in its mesmeric feeling about the eyes. (They) take a fiendish delight in evil. . . Well, this is a

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<sup>1</sup> The thought of the pitrs.



long occupation. Humanity is beginning to be civilised. They are building cities, some (of them). (There are) some millions and millions of humanity. (They) might fairly be called humanity, not hairy wild beasts. (They are) much better than some of the Lemurians were. But (it is) still a very selfish kind of life . . . They can build; their cities are mainly wood and mud. They are such at the period I am looking at . . . They get to stone further on . . . Where are we? . . . Let's try to identify . . . this must be the fourth race . . . Wood and mud mainly . . . but (there) begin to be great differences in other ways, too . . . There are greater powers of some sort manifestly guiding; They are teaching them<sup>1</sup> things . . . Here you find among them some Beings with all the principles, yet who to them look like themselves . . . They have incarnated among them; They teach the use of fire. They<sup>2</sup> don't know how to make it. The Being who gives it calls the flame into existence, and all the flames in the world are (lit) from it . . . Occasionally whole parts are deprived of fire, (and) then they have to get it from other people in neighboring districts . . . The idea of getting fire from volcanoes strikes some bold one: and a good many lose their lives in it . . . This is a good while away—there are no volcanoes now.

Let us go on to a later sub-race on Mars. It's rather comic!<sup>3</sup> The fifth race is white, like ours! . . . (They are) building with large rough unhewn stone; they are war-like, prouder people . . . Sexes? surely yes. Wait one moment! Don't let us be rash! There is difference between them, but whether—Yes, we have the sex idea haven't we? . . . They know things in a way.

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<sup>1</sup> The Pitrs.

<sup>2</sup> The Pitrs.

<sup>3</sup> Here C. W. L. laughed in surprise.

- B. They've no initiative. (They) do what they are told to do.
- L. Don't you think that individuals are trying to develop it? It is considered eminently improper! —(because) the crowd follows... They have had Divine Rulers . . . not now though. But (they) have some savages of a state of degradation unknown to us now . . . Some of these are beginning to get real individualities, apparently chiefly in connexion with the Divine Rulers. Some are springing up like Ji.<sup>1</sup> and making the connexion, but only very few as yet; though oddly enough, I think some among them have been third class pitrs and some second . . .
- B. I wonder why coming on here<sup>2</sup> the first and second races should be so little developed?
- L. I suppose it's to get physical matter into touch; I don't know why it is done, but (that) seems to be the fact. Even the first, second and third races are worse than this race on Mars. They<sup>3</sup> knew more; I mean, they would compare not unfavorably with some races now; (they are) decidedly ahead of the average Red Indian of to-day . . . Wait one moment; I want to look at the sixth root race on Mars. . . They are a powerful set of people; know how . . . They appear to begin by being less civilised than the fifth; (they) come in upon Mars, and take up such evidences of civilisation as there are, and carry them further and gradually improve them . . . Its subjects are all fifth, nearly . . . They cultivate quite a large number of plants . . . Psychism generally in

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<sup>1</sup> C. J.'s cat.

<sup>2</sup> Earth, fourth round. We did not at that period understand why the earlier evolution was repeated in the first, second and third races of this round.

<sup>3</sup> The Martians.

some ways (is) more developed than here, (though) not under control . . . They give one the impression of not having got hold of anything; (they have) got nothing under control, even physical and mental powers. They have capabilities, and they do things by fits and starts—I mean, they can; thing occur to them, (but) they can't take a thing and work it out. Of course they have plenty of mind—*manas*—and some are making the connexion.

(The) seventh race at its culmination... Well, material strength and prosperity (are) still in the hands of the sixth; the supremacy of the seventh is not in force, (they are) not so warlike. Let's see how this is... They know more... (they are) smaller in number. It would be a kind of intellectual supremacy; (they are) getting nearer to modern ideas, more definite ideas of right and wrong. (They are) less fierce and more law-abiding; (they have) a more definite polity, and live according to it... They've one or two things curiously like us—in roads; (they) make statues and paintings, but (they are) all different... The seventh race is the first which had definite writing; I didn't notice it before, did you!...

- B. They've developed a polity like the social animals—like the ants.
- L. They would be a very good race in the world now—quite a conquering race if you planted them among the Danubian principalities.

#### ROUND IV. GLOBE D

- L. (A) good many of them don't come on to the earth... The world looks very different... No, no,<sup>1</sup> the first race doesn't contain any advanced

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<sup>1</sup>No question, that could be heard, was asked, to which this interjection is a reply.

people at all; (they are) comparatively speaking small in number . . . Why, they don't reincarnate! They revert back to former habits! These ball people live through a subrace . . . No, the foremost of them are people who have left off in the fourth subrace in Mars, I think—is that so? . . . (It is) perfectly clear the higher people don't come on at all yet, more the fourth and fifth.

- B. Those seventh race on Mars are third class piṭṛs, some of them.
- L. They are better than some third class piṭṛs now! . . . Well, (I) don't think much of the first race . . . (it) improves slightly; more drift in . . . In the second race more drift in.
- B. What I am trying is to get (a) clue, (that) that seventh race on Mars may be those people who throw out shadows<sup>1</sup> and go to Mahāloka to help.
- L. Wouldn't those be those who had individualised?
- B. And come back in the middle of the show . . .
- L. The forms of the seven great Rays are given each on a different place . . . No, but look here! Who are these like stars appearing? Why are there human beings who are not globular along with this first race? . . . They are new importations . . . Wait a minute . . . Oh, I don't know . . . What is this? They are more like some of us!—Like a small eruption of first class piṭṛs! Can you explain? Why is this? (*Here ensued a long silence.*)
- B. I am inclined to think the Chhāyyās are (a) kind of models, and the first and the second race spend the time in trying to build after them.
- L. Trying to assimilate them. . . But who are these who move about them? (They are) not Manus—

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<sup>1</sup> Chhāyyās.

too many of them: Surely (they are) first class piṭṛs?—not from Mars?—not Mānasaputras?

- B. (They) may be first class piṭṛs looking about and seeing when they will be able to incarnate.
- L. The projection of the seven Chhāyyās was done by very big People indeed; but these are ingrained into them . . . I have an idea as to what they are to do . . . No! . . . they grow bodies . . . No! it's the etheric double that they leave for the other fellows.
- B. That is the Chhāyyā.
- L. Anything may be called a Chhāyyā! . . . It seems to me that they try to get some of these foot-ball fellows into their etheric doubles, and the foot-ball fellows are proud of it, and can't keep in it long.
- B. Do you know, I am inclined to think that "Mānasaputras" in the Stanzas covers many of these first class piṭṛs; and I expect these are some looking about seeing how things are getting on—looking about for a chance for reincarnation.
- L. Apparently they were to do this . . . this was the thing to do . . . By the way, the human form is not exactly what it is now. It's (a) little loose still . . . I think some of these first class have made tentative shots several times, (and) turned up later on to see how things have progressed . . . (I) was looking on down to the third race period.
- B. Then they thought they weren't good enough!

*(End of the Investigations.)*

C. JINARĀJAPĀSA

## NOTES ON TEACHINGS

[The following notes are sent to me by a gentleman who is a member of the Theosophical Society. He writes: "I go, of my own volition, into a state resembling, more or less, ordinary sleep. I am there asked, usually by my wife, where I am and what I see. I answer without waking, and dictate what I hear being said on other planes. Invariably a third person is present as witness, sometimes more than one, these, of course, being carefully chosen. In this Hall of Learning I frequently see you, Mr. Leadbeater, and others whom I know. At a full meeting there are, roughly, two hundred persons present under instruction. I need hardly add that the 'seeing,' 'hearing,' and the 'Hall' are only the physical symbols which I must employ to represent on paper my sensations on the other planes."

The writer was in a former life, an Egyptian priest, versed in magic, and has brought over the power of going into trance at will. I met him some years ago, when he gave me some experiences he had had during these voluntary trances, and as I was thinking of him and of what he was saying, I caught a glimpse of his past, explanatory of this rather unusual power.—Ed.]

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(Transmitted 31-1-08)

The field of Psychic Research presents two great difficulties. The first is that of convincing educated minds of the truth of facts which no education, as understood by the physical brain, can conceive. Thus we are met at the outset of our investigations by the genuine discredit of our brothers in physical investigation.

The second great difficulty is the obtaining of souls so evolved along two lines, not necessarily advanced as a soul, that they have the faculty of intuitive or psychic knowledge and the cultured physical brain to express that knowledge; this last difficulty besets more the Masters or Teachers than investigators. It could be met by the Masters or Teachers themselves incarnating and bringing through a cultured physical intellect, but this course would not be expedient, for the numbers of the Masters are few and

the work to be done great. So this work has to be deputed to you amongst others, and the Masters have turned their attention to this end.

With regard to the first difficulty, it can only be met by patience, great thought, and care in the expression of ideas and brevity in the explanation of them, coupled with tolerance towards those who cannot understand or abuse, not because they are stupid or less evolved, but because their evolution has proceeded on the co-equal [*words missed*] study of physical science. The support of these investigators is to be sought after, for their knowledge of physical science will enable them, once they understand the facts you place before them, to place them before those. We teach much more readily and more concisely than you can do. Study then the methods of physical science and study the physical scientists, so shall ye learn psychic science and understand the Teachers.

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(Transmitted 22-3-08)

Where you now stand is not sufficiently firm; it is necessary that you establish yourself more steadfastly in your own knowledge; thus shall you be established and instructed. For a long time now you have all been trained in observation, retention and transmission; for the people are to be raised, and the wave of enlightenment will proceed. The human race, long descending, and immersed in gross matter, now ascends. Descent is easy and acceleration obtainable by all, but ascent is slow and those that accelerate are liable to fall back to the ordinary rate of progression. Therefore, for the progress of enlightenment, it is necessary some should bolster these up; and thus should you assist. Seek carefully to increase your knowledge, not merely by observations on these higher planes, but by comparative assimilation of ideas, discovered perchance at random, by the main body of humanity.

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(Transmitted 20-4-08)

The Power, Origin and Effect of Thought. It is well that you should now understand more clearly Thought. The power of thought passes the imagination. Extend your imagination to the utmost limit and then you have not grasped half. Thought operates in two manners. It operates on the object thought of directly in proportion to the concentration thereon. It operates on the thinker in a dual manner, for when he thinks, his thought, radiating from him affects him; and it rebounds off its object, perchance increased by the induced thoughts of that object, and strikes again on the thinker. Good thoughts operate in this manner, and so also do bad thoughts; but the effects of the bad thoughts are more visible to the physical intellect, for, whereas bad is always recognised, good passes sometimes unnoticed; still the effect of both is equal. Train yourselves therefore to notice the good, not thinking to reap the benefit thereof, but realise the result of bad thoughts and cavil not. So shall ye [*word missed*] and assist.

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(Transmitted 23-10-10)

It appears that the effort commenced some time since is bearing fruit amongst you. The time is approaching when the understanding of these things shall be made clearer. The method of progression pointed out to you before is still to be followed. Remember that in physical science one deals more with analysis than with synthesis. The physical scientist, working upwards, divides, seeks ever the more minute, but to you in this plane, if you would meet him and complete the great Science, you must build up from this fine material, through the seven states of the astral, on to the other planes, and there shall the meeting place be. The physical Scientist seeks for the channel that shall put him in touch with the Ether. He seeks it by physical means and he is right. He will shortly discover it, and the world



will be startled by the new discoveries which shall change many things, not the least being the attitude of the physical scientist towards the psychic. See then that you be ready to assist; and have all data, all necessary explanation of the change from the Etheric to the Astral prepared, and thus shall there be no delay. Care not that at present the physical scientist believes not with you. I have said that the meeting point, that great dividing line which all humanity for many æons has been working up to, is on the Etheric Plane. The scientist approaching from the physical is stepping over the threshold; you, who by a different method of evolution have attained this plane and that below it, must cross the threshold of the other door. Thus shall you meet; thus shall the two evolutions, originally one, divided for a purpose, the increased elevation of both, meet again, and hand in hand, with their co-equal knowledge, progress with increased rapidity. Some there are amongst the scientists who already perceive this. Some there are amongst you who are working for this end; and that is intentional, for, if two solid blocks meet, where is the cohesion between them unless their edges in apposition are serrated? Approximate your methods to those of physical science, even as the scientist is advancing his theories along the lines of psychic thought.

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(Transmitted 19-2-11)

Thus shall you proceed, having so far learned. The time is at hand when you shall express your knowledge. Examine that which you have so far learnt, arrange it in sequence, extract therefrom the essential teachings; where possible compare amongst yourselves that which you have individually obtained. In the disseminating of it amongst the people be guided, where possible, by those who have experience in this matter. You know that you cannot be held back by any selfish thought of not sharing that which you have gained with others. Whom the

teaching cometh through mattereth not. They are the agents, as you know, simply and solely, of the divine instruction which cometh through even us. Far better is it that you should renounce even claim to being the agents, than that you should rouse the slightest animosity against the teachings by the intrusion of your own personality. I speak not these words seeking to rebuke, for I have seen that this thought of self which naturally, in the state in which you are, comes into the mind, is thrown out in a manner well pleasing to those who lovingly watch the earthly struggles of their well-beloved disciples; but I speak them that you may understand how best to further the work. Rest assured that we watch, not over your actions, but over you.

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(Transmitted 16.4.11)

Several have reached that state when they are capable of utilising and to a greater or lesser extent, controlling the powers of the higher states of Nature. More and more are attaining this state. You who have attained thereto should assist those but attaining. For this purpose it is not sufficient that you should rest content with that which you can do. This but opens up the vista of what you might do did you but put forth an effort. You know sufficient to understand how much you can do by the exercise of your own wills functioning on this plane; therefore to attain fuller knowledge utilise this power by exercising will to the greater control of your vehicles on this plane. Observations, however accurate they may be and however accurately (and this is the difficulty) they may be transmitted, are of little value. A thousand retailed observations are worth nothing to a man as compared to one *personal* experience. I have said that more are attaining and shall attain even higher than this, for so it is willed. It is also hoped that you may be capable of assisting these. The fulfilment of that hope depends upon you, and the manner in which you

shall assist is thus: Each one in his particular line shall strive more to perfect his powers, and, having done so, he shall meet here those attaining. He shall explain to them *not that which is here*, not the theories which represent this on earth, but the methods of using the vehicle of this state. Many questions will be asked. Waste not time in answering the curious or the immaterial, but rather lead the search into those lines which shall make knowledge obtained useful. I say unto you all that the time is at hand when enlightenment shall come to most. That lead which in this particular line ye have obtained shall fall from you all, but the stride which humanity shall have taken, to some extent assisted by your strivings, will advance all mankind greatly, yourselves with it.

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(Transmitted 7-5-11)

Howbeit now the time approaches; a beginning is being made. That which was initiated by one who this day left off physical work is bearing fruit. And that work on this day enters upon a new phase. The West receives the Light, that light which has long since shone in the East but, though shining, illuminated humanity but little. Its reflected glow stirred however the observers of the West, firstly by curiosity, then by a wish for knowledge, to investigate it. A Westerner in touch with the East this day returns to the West, and that which there shall be done will cause the Light to shine upon the West where more critical, more advanced observers shall see it, and its illumination of the West reflected shall illuminate the East, and so shall all be lit and shall see the Light. *Mark this!*—For to you all that which you wished, but honorably have not asked, is being given. This is a sign unto you all that your faith is true . . . And your part also now is action. That which you have learned, that which you have seen, that which you have observed, give not to the masses (for you are not the bearers of Light unto them)

but unto those who under our instruction are now bearing that light to the West. Give it unto them for a help, and a strength and an enlightenment; for they need these in the work that they do. You have noticed, one and all, how some of the masses have come unto you for instruction, asking enlightenment on these things which they knew not. Well have you given it; mistakes of course have occurred, but I say unto you that the work done has been great. You one and all have assisted, some singly, some in groups. You were not all aware that the others are doing similar work in divers places on earth. Now, you know; with your followers increasing, so also your responsibilities increase. Have a care how you instruct! *Have a care to keep out all discordance. Rather give way yourselves than let it be imagined that that which you teach in any way breeds strife. UNITY, PEACE and CONCORD are necessary in the preparation of the Way, more necessary than set lines of thought or creed. And you yourselves, strive to lift up yourselves that those who follow may be uplifted; each of you according unto his own capabilities, not overstriving to your own detriment, but doing that which in your own appointed place, you can do!*

Interjected by transmitter "another comes!"

Unto Me also is it given to bless this work. My people walk with you!

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THE TIME IS AT HAND; PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD!

*Transmitter's notes:*

These teachings were dictated or given in lecture form, except where on this page I interjected "Another comes." This Personage spoke the sentence following. When He had finished speaking, there suddenly appeared a great light so dazzling that all of us there seemed instinctively to cover our faces. When I looked again I saw all of the listeners seemingly awed, and the Masters had their heads bowed as if out of respect. I could see no form, but was conscious of the presence of some great Personality. I can venture no idea as to who This One was. I do not know. The last line gives His words.

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SEÑOR DON JOSÈ XIFRÈ.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL WORKS OF

SEÑOR DON JOSÉ XIFÉ.

**O**UR Theosophical Works, this volume, is the intimate friend and veridical record of the Theosophical Society. Unhappily, we have not been able to furnish our readers with exact data as to his life, and we can never relate in detail his early and his later years. We cannot give a biography, but only a sketch of his charming and noble character.

Señor Xifé (pronounced as *stifféna*) was of an aristocratic and very rich family in the town of Segovia, his native town people did not say "As rich as Xifé," but "As rich as Xifé." As a child he pursued a liberal education in the "Valley," when in Paris, in youth he was educated with the future King Alphonse of Spain. And he is reported that a royal friend and fellow-student was lying on his death-bed he said: "I have had only one disinterested friend that was Xifé."

Señor Xifé is still an aristocrat of an aristocratic best sense of the word. In his youth he absorbed the midnight oil in reading the German papers, and gradually his spirit emancipated so much, amidst of ultra-clericalism, that he joined the Theosophical Society. Through what channel one came in contact with it we do not know, but it is certain the real motive was an inner calling, for, when he covered one's marks, he took a prominent part toward himself a devoted and strong supporter. It is little realised in Protestant Theosophical propaganda means in rightly Catholic means opposition, shunners, ruin to the work.





SEÑOR DON JOSÉ XIFRÉ.



## THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

### SEÑOR DON JOSÉ XIFRÈ

OUR Theosophical Worthy, this month, is a dear and intimate friend and verily one of the pillars of the Theosophical Society. Unhappily we cannot furnish our readers with exact data as to his birthplace, and time, nor relate in detail his early and his Theosophical history. We cannot give a biography but only at most a sketch of his charming and noble character.

Señor Xifrè (pronounced as *sheeffray*) was born in an aristocratic and very rich family in the north of Spain. In his native town people did not say 'As rich as Rothchild,' but 'As rich as Xifrè.' As a child he played with the imperial prince in the Tuileries, when in France; as a youth he was educated with the father of the present King Alphonse of Spain. And it is reported that when his royal friend and fellow-student was lying on his death-bed, he said: "I have had only one disinterested friend, and that was Xifrè."

Señor Xifrè is still an aristocrat of aristocrats, in the best sense of the word. In his youth he already squandered the midnight oil in reading the German philosophers, and gradually his spirit emancipated so much, even in the midst of ultra-Catholic surroundings, that he joined the Theosophical Society. Through what channel precisely he came in contact with it we do not know, but it is certain that the real motive was an inner call, for, from the moment he entered our ranks, he took a prominent place and showed himself a devoted and strong supporter of the cause. It is little realised in Protestant lands what Theosophical propaganda means in rigidly Catholic countries. It means opposition, slander, ruin to the weak and the

dependent, social ostracism to the strong and independent. And even now conditions cannot be compared to those of twenty-five years ago.

Soon after his admission to the Society, Señor Xifré made the personal acquaintance of H. P. B., whom he venerates as no other, and of whom he soon became a favorite. His most cherished topic is still a discussion of his experiences with Madame Blavatsky. He says that she twice saved his life. The story of one of these occasions runs as follows:

He had been visiting London to see H. P. B., and came one day to take leave. H. P. B. heard his object and said unexpectedly but firmly:

“You are not going to leave to-day.”

“What, H. P. B.? But, certainly, I am leaving for the continent this evening.”

“No, you shall not go.”

“But I *must* go, it is absolutely necessary for me to go, I cannot put off my departure.”

“You shall not go, you must stay over the night in London.”

After this cryptic saying nothing more was to be got out of H. P. B., and willy-nilly Señor Xifré decided to obey this strange but imperative command.

Next day Xifré called again. As soon as she saw him H. P. B. tossed over some daily paper to him and said only: “Read.” What he found was a detailed account of a fearful smash-up of the mail train by which he would have travelled, had he left England by the boat he had intended to take.

Of Colonel Olcott also Señor Xifré was always a close and staunch friend, and the Colonel reciprocated the sentiment, as can be found recorded in *Old Diary Leaves*.

Señor Xifrè is a man of slightly over fifty, very well educated, a good linguist (he writes and speaks French and Italian as well as his own language, and has a sound working knowledge of English and German), he is of a kind-hearted and amiable disposition, extremely—almost femininely—affectionate, loyal to the core, chivalrous as the true Spaniard, with a keen sense of right and wrong, and unflinchingly true to his principles, and above all courteous as a mediæval knight. In Spain he was for years the Mecænas in the background and the inspirer of work and workers. To give a simple example of his perseverance. More than twenty years ago the Spanish Magazine *Sophia* was started on behalf of Theosophical propaganda. It was Señor Xifrè who mainly supported it financially. After fifteen years of up-hill work the *bona fide* subscribers amounted to less than seventy. Notwithstanding this meagre and apparently unsatisfactory result the Magazine was maintained. Now-a-days it is, as to contents and production, one of the very best published in our Society.

Thus, at last, Theosophy in Spain sees vistas of a brighter future, and that the successful onward march of Theosophy in Latin America is ever increasing in speed is mainly due to the action supported and maintained by Xifrè in Spain in the early years when helpers were few, prospects hopeless, the opposition overwhelming.

At present Señor Xifrè is Presidential Agent for Spain. He resides during a great part of the year in Paris as the Madrid climate is adverse to his health and his doctor has, consequently, advised him not to stay for any length of time in the Spanish capital. But from his Parisian home he watches carefully over Theosophical affairs in his native land, with the fervent hope that he may soon see the victory of his protracted endeavors in the formation of a Spanish Section. May this hope be soon realised and the first chapter of the history of Theosophy in Spain be completed thereby.

J. v. M.

## IN THE TWILIGHT

“THE following is sent by a reliable correspondent,”  
said the Vagrant, and read as follows:

There is a little girl of four years of age in Melbourne (Australia), who repeatedly tells to such of her friends as she feels to be sympathetic the following experience:

“When I was big before (grown-up), I had a different mother altogether, not at all like the one I have now. I always had to go to school then, and my teacher was always so hard to me; he thrashed me continually. When I was bigger still, they took my mother away from me one day, and we all had to travel till we reached a great forest. There a lot of soldiers came and caught me; some cried out to me: “Go to the devil!” and then they shot me.”

When asked if that happened in Melbourne the reply came: “No, in Merika.”

The child never varies in any details when telling the experience; she has her little head full of many other incidents of that time, but is very reluctant to speak about it. Her present physical parents, when interviewed by some of our members, had never heard of reincarnation, and made sure that it was all only the child's imagination; at the same time they were greatly puzzled as to where the child should have got her ideas from, as she had lived with them nearly all her life in seclusion in the country, hardly ever coming into contact with other people or children. The little girl herself is very small for her age, while her eyes have the expression of an old grown-up individual. I am sorry to have to add that her present life will probably be a very short one.

“Here is a narrative from a brother Theosophist, whose act of self-sacrifice ought to be an example; and it is a good Twilight story also,” said the Shepherd.

It was the evening of 24th July, 1910, and two young friends of twenty-eight and thirty years of age were going for a walk. One of them sensed all of a sudden some sort of a peculiar smell. He asked the other friend: “Do you notice a bad smell?” “No,” replied the other. Within two or three minutes the smell passed away. Next evening the same two friends went out for a walk as usual, and again at the same time (probably 5-45 P.M.), but a mile away from the place of the day before, the same young man noticed the same sort of smell. Then and there he stopped, and began to look around him with a positive attitude. He could not see anything with his physical eyes, but he somehow felt that some evil entity was standing at a distance of about two or three yards. He was staring at the place, when he received as it were a mental message from the entity: “Shall I go back to the sender?” But the man was a member of the T. S. and he thought it untheosophical to allow an evil thought-form to return to the sender.

He remembered his Gurudeva, and mentally said “No, don’t go back, but discharge your force upon myself.” No sooner had he said so, than he felt some dark thing coming over his head and covering his whole body, and he at once lost all his strength. He was so weak that he was unwilling to walk any further, but somehow he managed to keep on, lest his friend might be anxious about his sudden weakness.

But from the time the evil entity took possession of his body, he continued to meditate upon the unity of all beings, and to send loving thoughts to the entity itself. After a few minutes he felt that the entity was sliding down his body, bit by bit, and within fifteen minutes or so he felt himself completely recovered.

All this time he did not say anything to his friend. After regaining his normal strength, he asked his friend

whether he had felt any unusual thing while he had been silent. The friend said: "I only felt a slight weakness; nothing more."

Since that day the man has never noticed any bad smell of the same sort, though he has often passed the same place.

"One often hears," said the Countess, "that dying people appear to their friends at a distance. I also have come across such a case, though the manifestation was not a very pleasant one. A young girl, one summer, was invited to spend some time with her aunt, who had married a country-gentleman whose old castle was situated in a very lovely place in the mountains. She was delighted, for she not only expected to have a very merry time in her aunt's house with other relatives, but she was also told that she would find there her aunt's mother, an old lady of whom she was especially fond, and for whom she felt deep love and devotion. And indeed the young girl had not expected too much: every day was a day of joy, the elder members of the family spending much time in entertaining their young guests.

So the days passed on until duties called the young girl to her paternal home. Only by letters she heard from time to time from her relatives in the mountains, and was glad to find that her aunt's mother remained in good health. Meanwhile the winter came. The girl writes: 'One morning I awoke while it was still quite dark outside; only from my mother's bedroom through the half-opened door a dim light of a night-lamp shone. I thought it was too early to get up, and fell asleep again. But what was that? Out of my mother's bedroom my great-aunt came, clad in the light violet dress she used to wear so often in those happy summer days. She approached my bed, she bent over me and clasped me; she pressed me more and more closely. I could not breathe; I felt as if I must die.' So the struggle went on,

but after a time the apparition disappeared, and the young girl could breathe again. At this moment a clock struck six. It was on a Friday morning. A few days later a notice came that the old lady had died on the same Friday morning at six o'clock. Did the old lady go in her astral body to the young girl, or was the young girl in her astral body at her aunt's death-bed?"

"The old lady probably visited her," said the Vagrant, "but in a semi-conscious state, conscious of love for the girl, and not conscious that she was showing it in rather an uncomfortable manner. Most likely, also, the girl was frightened, and the fright made her feel as if she were choking."

"The following experience has been sent to me," said the Shepherd, "but I do not quite see what occurred. My correspondent writes":

At the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War I had in my employ a Japanese house-servant, who could not speak or read English. He came to me daily when his work was finished with the newspapers, saying the same thing each time: "Madame, Japan-Russia?" This was the extent of his English. I would then endeavor by signs—plans of water-color and pencil-drawings—to make him understand the news. Had it not been for his intense desire to know the news of the war, I scarcely think I should have read the papers or war news at all, although my sympathies were with Japan; yet I was not at first at all enthusiastic. Finally a peculiar enthusiasm took possession of me in which I apparently took no part; independently of myself it possessed me. This occurred at home, on street-cars or elsewhere. I tried to throw it off. It continued to get hold of me long after the little Japanese had been called home by his government.

Sometimes I felt myself to be riding a powerful horse which leaped and sprang over all difficulties, and I was

encouraging, inspiring vast armies to follow and pursue the enemy. On and on my noble white horse rushed, or flew, for he knew as well as I that for the moment we were the central power and strength from which the great armies drew their enthusiasm. I tried to throw this off with all my force, and succeeded, but only for a short time. But almost immediately I again found myself riding the superbly wonderful horse, springing forward in mid-air, sometimes leaping over great armies that I might guide them from danger. At the time I felt that I not only foresaw the danger, but had the power to save the soldiers from it by guiding them. I was filled with this wonderful enthusiasm.

This thing continued off and on, spreading over about four months, but ended about the middle of the war, from which time I have not had any such experience. I was conscious of my condition, never losing consciousness, yet I was absorbed in the thing taking place. Apparently I was there riding at the head of armies, an inspiration to the Japanese and often a horror and terror to the Russians when they saw me riding in mid-air, for I saw them crouch and turn back many times. I cannot give any reason for this experience, but it absorbed my whole being for the time; I am sure I am not a Joan of Arc.

“Do you not think,” said the Vagrant, “that the ‘peculiar enthusiasm’ explains it? You know how often we have found novices on the astral plane identifying themselves with the people whom they were trying to help—being blown up in an explosion for example. Fired by the enthusiasm of her Japanese servant, she threw herself on the Japanese side, and very likely associated herself with some cavalry leader. By the way, I had a queer experience in that same war. Awaking one morning, when I had been helping the slaughtered in a great battle, I heard—*after* I was awake—the thunder of the guns, the yells, moans, shrieks and other noises that render a battle-field so horrible. All the intolerable tumult was ringing round me.”



"You must have been half in and half out of the body," remarked the Shepherd, "but so clear a hearing prolonged into waking consciousness is unusual."

"Here is a good instance," said the Banker, "of how a strong thought can overcome distance, and even though it be only for a moment, extend the consciousness, so that it can see and know, though it may never have been to a certain place.

"Several years ago, on the last day of the year, we had a little meeting of Theosophists in my house, as is our custom, to see the New Year in and to send auspicious thoughts to our brothers all the world over. My wife and I had retired after the others had left, and I was in bed thinking over again the thoughts connected with our meeting and with the past and the opening year. Before going to sleep I thought I should like to send Mrs. Besant a thought of good wishes and devotion, and told my wife I was going to do so. I closed my eyes and began thinking of her. Almost immediately I seemed to be in front of a door with glass panes, the approach to which was up two or three steps. I drew close up to it and looked in. In front of me was a long room, up which I could not see very well to the end, as the light was not strong. It appeared to be early morning—sunrise or soon after. Immediately in front of me, a little to the right, was a small low table, and on it were papers and letters; the table or desk appeared to be set on a raised platform or settee, but only a foot high from this. There were no chairs in the room. There appeared to be a strip of cane or Japanese matting down the length of the room, and a rug or mat near the settee. What takes long to describe was of course an instantaneous impression, for, as I looked, I saw Mrs. Besant far off at the end of the room, coming down it towards my end.

"She was dressed in some cream-colored material, much as she always is. She came at once to the little

table, put on her *pince-nez*, and with her left hand took up some papers on the left of her desk, or little table. She was proceeding to examine these, when suddenly she seemed to be aware of my vicinity to her behind the door with the glass panes. She looked over her *pince-nez* straight at me, and as she did so her face suddenly seemed to be coming, as it were from the end of a telescope, right at me, and growing larger and larger as it came until it was huge and seemed to burst on me, which caused me to come to myself with a jerk. All this again took only a moment. Yet I was not at all asleep: only abstracted in thought. I at once gave my wife, whom I had told that I was going to think of Mrs. Besant, a description there and then of the experience just as I have now told it; and I added: "You see, there is not much in these things; for it is just past two o'clock at night and yet it seemed to me it was early morning and the sun was just up." After a little she replied: "Oh! but wait; what is the difference in time between here and India? Would it not be early morning there?" This made me realise that it well might be so; for Italy is nearly an hour east of Greenwich, and India roughly five to five and a half hours; so that, in round figures, the time corresponding to my thought of Mrs. Besant will have been in India somewhere near 6-30 A.M.

"This rendered the whole thing rather more remarkable. The whole occurrence was noted in my diary, and I decided some time or other to satisfy myself that such a room as I had seen existed. I had no idea where Mrs. Besant was at the time, and having only been in the Society two or three years, had no immediate possibility of verifying the matter one way or the other. When last year I came out to Adyar for the first time, I had the thought of this experience uppermost in my mind as I approached Mrs. Besant's room at Headquarters, and was much disappointed when I got there to find

that it did not resemble in any way the room I had seen on that last day of the year some years back. True, there was a settee or platform with a little low table on it, but the room was too square, the windows were all wrong, there were no steps leading up to the place I had looked in at. Nothing quite fitted my idea of what the room ought to have been. So I left it at that. Then it occurred to me it might be at Benares. Perhaps at Shānti Kuñja. I had no chance last year of going to Benares, and returned to Europe without having verified my vision one way or the other.

“This year, however, circumstances took me to Benares. Again the sought-for room was in my mind as I approached Benares, and was being driven by kind friends in the very early morning before sunrise to Shānti Kuñja, Mrs. Besant’s house. The first room into which we entered—it was still fairly dark—had a large settee such as I have described, but, alas, this was *not* the hoped-for room; the shape was all wrong, the chauki was too large—all was wrong. I practically, I don’t know why, concluded that must be Mrs. Besant’s room, and that again the physical fact demonstrated that the transient vision had erred—so there was no use bothering about it any further. Yet as I so thought, we were passing down and through another room; but partly because it was early and there was only one lantern, and partly because the windows at the end gave little light and were closed, I could not see anything of it.

“Yet I seemed to feel it familiar; but, disappointed as I had been, I rather stifled any further thought about it and presently passed out on to the verandah without further question or examination. We had our chota-hazri, or little breakfast, on the verandah presently, and the sun meantime rose higher. I got up from my place and looked in at the window of the room we had passed through, giving on to the verandah—and *there was my long-sought room* and all the conditions just as I had seen them!

“The early morning; behind me were the steps up to the verandah; I was standing behind the window giving on to the verandah, which on account of the wood used might well have been described by me as ‘a door with panes of glass;’ there in front of me stretched a longish room not very well lit, with the settee and the desk a little on the right as I looked; on it were papers; behind me was the sun and the morning. It but wanted Mrs. Besant to walk down it and to look at me over her *pince-nez*. But she was in Burma, so this part of the realisation could not take effect. I at once asked whose room it was I was looking in at, and my friend told me it was Mrs. Besant’s room, then actually being used by Mr. Arundale whilst repairs were going on in his quarters.

“I think that as a bit of first-hand evidence of seeing in thought a place I knew nothing of thousands of miles away, the above has many points of interest.”

“It certainly has,” said the Vagrant, “and it would be a little difficult even for a psychical researcher to ascribe to telepathy the picture of a room you did not know when I was not thinking of you. It may be recorded as a useful piece of evidence.”

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## ADVENT HYMN

O World, all vainly spent  
In quest of sweet content,  
    Finding no help in toil that costeth dear ;  
Turning thee back to Him  
Whose splendor thro' the dim  
    Abyss of years still shineth, wonder-clear ;  
Lifting to Him thy piteous eyes  
O'er-brimmed with agony too deep, too real for cries.

Know that thine unbreathed prayer  
Hath thrilled the Upper Air,  
    And reacht the ear of the great Lord of Love ;  
Hath fed the heart's soft flame  
Of Him whose wondrous Name  
    Is set in Heaven all other Names above,  
Till He with such Compassion burns  
That from His native Height to Earth again He turns.

Waiteth a little space  
The vessel of His grace—  
    For, of a truth, the Holy "Babe" is "born" ;  
Needs but that He once more,  
As erst by Jordan's shore,  
    "Descend" in radiance that pales the morn—  
Clothe Him again in mortal frame,  
Veil His bright essence in our garb of sin and shame.

Wake, ye whose hearts are stirred  
At wonder of the Word

He spake in Jewry, centuries ago;  
Who fain had walkt His ways,  
And lain in still amaze

What time He taught the Holy Mount upon:  
The Master your husht hearts revere  
Cometh, and of a surety, ye His voice shall hear!

Would ye His followers be?  
Then turn you from the Sea

Of human passions, cast no net again  
In its salt waves; behold,  
Now, even as of old,

Fishers your Lord shall make you, but of men:  
Seek Him not that your sorrow cease,  
But that to sufferers ye be blest to bring His peace.

Would ye His doctrine hear?  
Make heart and brain as clear

As is a child's of aught that may divide;  
Sweep out like foolish dust  
Each human "ought" and "must"—

The gates of Reason, fling them open wide;  
Know Him for very Christ and King—  
Least, lightest of His royal words a priceless thing.

"Friends," once He called His own:  
Would ye, too, thus be known?

Then be not hearers only, doers be;  
Serve; for no urging wait;  
To action swift translate

The counsels He shall speak so goldenly:  
Serve—heart, and soul, and mind, and strength;  
And ev'n upon His bosom ye shall lie at length.

Stand not astonied ; fling  
 Doubts by the board—sing, sing!  
 He cometh ! Hush your heart's insistent beat,  
 And listen stilly ; lo,  
 Heaven's harmonies, that flow  
 Already hither, soft, and super-sweet,  
 Yet crescent on your listening ear,  
 As nearer He approacheth Earth, and yet more near.

Join ye the Song of Praise ;  
 Joyful your voices raise,  
 Blend earth with Heaven in worship of One Lord ;  
 East, West, and South, and North,  
 Send the Glad Tidings forth,  
 That richer, fuller grow the glorious chord :  
 He comes—His ancient Word is true !  
 Hate's knell is sounding ; lo, He maketh all things new !

Hark, ye to whom He came,  
 Wearing another Name,  
 Yet telling the same tale of Love Divine—  
 The winsome, wayward Boy,  
 Who made hearts mad with joy,  
 And built by every human hearth His shrine :  
 Yea, Earth's most sweetest songs were mute  
 Whenas men heard entranced the strains of Kṛṣṇa's  
 flute !

How often have ye cried ;  
 " Had we been by His side,  
 Had we been blest to hear those flutings wild,  
 We too the World had thrown  
 Behind us, Him alone  
 Had followed, followed, followed, love-beguiled ;  
 But now nor voice nor flutings steal  
 Thorough life's stridencies with magical appeal.

"Bitter these darkling days,  
 Narrow and rough the ways  
     We stumble blindly in, and far the goal;  
 The roaring World without,  
 And hydra-headed doubt  
     Within, make havoc of the wildered Soul;  
 Though by His grace we keep the course,  
 The joy He made to spring hath withered at its source."

Rouse ye! The Sun, whose beams  
 Alike from doubts and dreams  
     Shall purge you, mounteth even now the Sky;  
 See, on each soaring height  
 Spreadeth the tender light  
     Of rosy Dawn, proclaiming "Day is nigh!"  
 He cometh, who alone can fill  
 Your starvèd hearts; and ye may know Him if ye will.

What though the outer ear  
 No witching cadence hear,  
     What though no measure tread His twinkling feet;  
 Be yet of this most sure—  
 With music perfect-pure  
     Each heart that hears shall rapturously beat;  
 Each Soul respondent to His glance  
 Shall yet with its Belovèd weave the Mystic Dance.

Come He as R̥shi wise,  
 Come He in Kingly guise,  
     Play He the proudest or the humblest part—  
 Not by robe, crown, or sword,  
 Shall any know his Lord,  
     But by the scarce-heard whisper of his heart;  
 Look not for outward badge or sign,  
 But strain your Souls to catch the thrill of Life Divine.



O ye, the wide World o'er,  
 Who the One God adore,  
     Thronèd afar, or walking Earth's poor ways;  
 Well knowing that no Name  
 The lip of man can frame  
 Disparts the Life; no Form its current stays;  
 Seeing God's Prophets every one  
 As Beam on splendent Beam from the great Central Sun.

Let Laughter, and sweet Mirth  
 Deep in your Souls have birth,  
     And, welling up, your whole glad being fill;  
 Dawneth another Day,  
 Sweepeth another Ray  
     From the Sole Glory, willing but His Will;  
 Bearing fair freight of hidden things—  
 Healing and more than Healing, in His outstretcht wings.

O ye, who still have felt  
 Life a mere horror; knelt  
     Never in rapture in the Place Apart;  
 Yet with stark, human strength  
 Have fought—'tis yours at length,  
     The Mighty Mystery of the Sacred Heart;  
 Power had ye known, beneath, above:  
 He comes whose Message runs: "Power verily is Love".

In Love the Worlds are made;  
 On Love the Worlds are stayed;  
     The Worlds, grown old, are shattered by Love's rod;  
 Love-made, that whoso please  
 May leave his Bliss-brimmed ease,  
     Go forth, and fight, and prove him Very God;  
 Love-stayed, lest barren effort be;  
 Love shattered, that the radiant Victor God rise free.

And that those Battle-tost,  
 Who in the strife have lost  
     All sense of all they were, and ever are,  
 Their true estate may learn,  
 Their lineage high, and turn  
     From rim to centre—find their Father Star,  
 And pierce Illusion's every wile,  
 Love taketh ev'n our form, and treadeth Earth awhile.

Blow winds—tell over Earth  
 The story of His Birth;  
     Tell of the sure Descending of the Dove,  
 That He, the Holy Youth  
 Be chrismed with Wisdom, Truth—  
     Walk Earth Christ, Kṛṣṇa, Maitri—Lord of Love:  
 Chant, Winds, in every startled ear,  
 "Wake, ye that sleep! The World's Desire is here—is  
     here!"

MARSYAS

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NOTE

Our attention has been drawn to a most interesting passage in Mr. G. R. S. Mead's valuable work, *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, p. 430, from *The Acts of John*, a document not later than the third quarter of the second century A.D. John tells how the disciples of Jesus were sleeping, but he was himself watching secretly; Jesus said to him: "'John, go thou to sleep,' and thereupon I feigned to be asleep; and I saw another like unto Him come down, whom also I heard saying to my Lord, 'Jesus, do they whom thou hast chosen still not believe in thee?' And my Lord said unto Him: 'Thou sayest well, for they are men.'" "Here, in my opinion," comments Mr. Mead, "is the direct tradition of an inner fact which led to the subsequent great doctrinal distinction between Jesus and the Christ in Gnostic Christianity. The Christ was the Great Master; Jesus was the man through whom He taught during the time of the ministry." How much light has been thrown on this distinction by our later studies, and how profoundly interesting is its bearing on the events of the near future!

## EVIDENCES FOR TRUTH

**O**UR Theosophical motto is "There is no religion higher than Truth." I take it that Truth means knowledge of true Existence, true Wisdom and true Bliss or knowledge of Brahman. Brahman is the synthesis of Truth in all its aspects. How are we to get at this Truth? What are the means (Pramāṇa) or criteria of reaching the true knowledge of Brahman?

When we do not talk philosophy and when we behave like ordinary mortals, we look upon the knowledge we get through our physical senses (by ocular or direct perception) as the most definite and valid kind of knowledge. We are so certain of its truth that we contemptuously call other impressions "mere fancy," "mere imagination," "mere moonshine," "not a solid fact," "cloudland". The knowledge obtained through the physical senses is also, of course, knowledge of Brahman, according to Manu. But though it appears to be so real and complete, it is not the whole truth, and in fact, it very imperfectly represents the truth. We all know philosophy well enough and I need not therefore elaborate the point that the senses are slayers of the Real. Even exoteric and physical sciences teach us that sense-knowledge is mixed up so much with illusion.

Therefore we turn to Logical Inferential Reasoning (Anumānam), not to destroy our sense-knowledge but to supplement and correct it. We correct the sense-impression that the sun goes round the earth by an elaborate process of reasoning which leads us to the opposite conclusion. So also the sense-impression that matter is destroyed and ceases to exist (say, by the agency of fire) is corrected by the reasoning which proves the indestructibility

of matter in its essence, and that it is only the destruction of the form which gave rise to our incorrect sense-impression that the essence was also destroyed.

But logical inferential reasoning, in both its aspects (induction and deduction) can never get rid of doubt as to the absolute truth and soundness of its conclusions, as Mr. Balfour has so conclusively shown in his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*. Deduction depends on the validity of its premises, axioms and postulates and on the perfect subtleness and strength of the reasoning powers. Induction, unless we have an infinite number of facts and an infinite mental capacity to comprehend all such facts, cannot also give us the exact truth. We all know the induction of the materialistic scientist that because the physical brain is closely connected with thought and in innumerable instances, the strength, clearness, activity and the existence of thought seem to be invariably dependent on the strength, health, nourishment and existence of the physical brain, thought cannot exist without a physical brain composed of tangible cells and nerves and nourished by oxygenised blood. But when the facts of telepathy, hypnotism and mediumistic phenomena could no longer be pool-pooed as mere fraud, the above inductive inference of the materialistic scientist came down like a house of cards. An inductive conclusion, though based on a million instances, become wrong if one single instance to the contrary is clearly proved to exist, and a higher law which would explain and include the single contrary instance also has to be searched for.

The ordinary statement of the so-called law of gravitation is all right for many practical purposes but it cannot explain the facts of yogic levitation or magnetic attraction, and hence, a higher and more accurate law has to be formulated, as H. P. B. has insisted in her writings.

Further, the mind being "the great Slayer of the Real," it has itself to be slain before pure Truth can be

reflected in it. It is in a state of constant turmoil through the impinging of astral waves, and is always swayed by likes and dislikes, as the Chinese *Classic of Purity* insists. Wish is father to the thought, and we believe what we wish to believe; and can always find adequate reasons for those conclusions which are in conformity with our predilections, prejudices and tastes. We are satisfied that either Advaitism, or Dvaitism, or Vishishtadvaitism is the only true and reasonable religion, and the other two must be erroneous and utterly unreasonable. So long as the Ahankāra of the reasoner is not killed, his reasoning powers will not lead him to the exact truth. Reasoning, again, on one's own sense-impressions *alone*, cannot afford adequately numerous data in a single incarnation to arrive at any truth worth the name.

We therefore pass on to the next means, called variously: Competent Testimony, Āpta Vākya, Shabda, Veda, Scriptures, Nigama, Universal Tradition, Historical Conclusions, Shāstras, Shruti, Smṛti, Itihāsa, Purāna, Āgamas, etc. By competent testimony, we can only mean the words of those who have conquered love and hate, and have seen truth exactly reflected in their inner mind (antahkaraṇa), in the trance (samādhi) state, and after coming down to the ordinary waking (jāgrata) state have tried to communicate what they saw in samādhi, in the ordinary language then prevalent, for the benefit of their contemporaries and of posterity. Such communications, when made through physical sounds and languages after translation into physical-brain-thought, must be tainted by the impurities of the physical brain and by the faults of the languages which act as media of communication. Further, unless the recipient's mind is as pure as that of the communicant's, the impressions on the recipient's mind become further clouded and tainted. Notwithstanding all these defects, this means is of almost the very highest value in arriving at Truth. It does not supersede the two preceding means but enormously supplements them. Especially in respect to truths of higher

planes than the physical, planes in which our ordinary physical senses are powerless, does this come to our aid. Of course, if we obtain and develop by yoga the higher senses of higher planes and see truths direct on those planes, the Vedas become less and less useful, so far as their enunciation of those truths is concerned; just as a book of travel describing scenery is not of much use to the man after he has gone to the place and seen it for himself, though it was of great help to him in going and seeing. I must repeat that testimony does not supersede reasoning. Reasoning is still required :

(a) In accepting particular books and traditions and seers as competent testimony, and rejecting spurious passages and blind pretenders to seership.

(b) In meditating on and trying to find out the correct and logical meaning of the communications in the scriptures, written mostly in archaic languages, the meanings of the words, idioms and expressions of which languages *must* have altered by time.

The scriptures (nigama), it is clear, must necessarily contain many elements calculated to mislead us. Have the communications come down without clerical mistakes and even forgeries? What are Apocrypha, and what are not? Were all the communicants really those who had seen truths face to face? When each religionist thinks his own scriptures to be the only true Vedas and all others impostures, when the higher criticism has knocked out the dogma of verbal inspiration, when versions differ, when interpretations differ, when Shaivas contend that other books are not less authoritative than the Samskr̥t Vedas, and Vaiṣṇavas have their 'double Vedas,' it is clear without elaborate argument that testimony cannot be the highest and clearest means, though it has been indispensable to individual aspirants whom it has *helped* on their paths to see God face to face. The highest means for each, in the very nature of things, can be only direct vision by each of

the Supreme. Hence Realisation in the purified heart by perfect intuition in samādhi is the highest means, higher than the Veda. Unaided individual effort to open that samādhi eye by even the pure of heart and steady of intellect can go but a very little way, just as a child's attempt in a lonely forest to learn things without the aid of an already developed language taught by its elders can go a very little way. It is only the mantra vibration taught by another (the Elder Brother, Guru, who has similarly received it from His own Elders in the succession of Teachers—Guru Parampara) that opens the divine eye that can see the Truth validly. As the *Kathopanishat* says: "Brahman is too subtle and evasive to be grasped by mere logic (ṭarka) and has to be communicated by another for proper comprehension." So the *Chhāndogya* declares also, and the Lord says in the *Gītā* (iv. 34) that wise Seers of Truth ought to be approached with salutations to obtain Wisdom.

I have treated above of only four means, following the *Shrīmad Bhāgavatam*. In the 19th chapter of the 11th Skanda (17th shloka), the Lord mentions to Uddhava only these: Direct, Logical, Testimony, and Self-Realisation. I have humbly followed the Lord's classification, and have tried to show that the highest means is not the Veda but Self-Realisation. This (Ātma Samvit) might be called in a very real sense direct, as it is as vivid and definite as the highest waking perception obtained by the most healthy physical senses, but it is far greater than ordinary sense-perception which is very imperfect and very misleading. This Self-Realisation being perception by the highest spiritual sense, called the divine eye, is the highest sense-perception, and being buddhic perception is the real waking state. It can also be called logic as it gives the highest and most exact logical coherence to all our other knowledge. Ordinary logic depends on the keenness, strength and clarity of the intellectual powers of discrimination, similarity and

retentiveness. When two intellectual giants fight and differ, an ordinary man can only follow his prejudices and inclinations, and he gets bewildered by the wealth of dialectics poured forth by the combatants. Subtle fallacies are beyond his unravelling. This want of finality in mere reasoning is referred to in the *Veḍānta Sūtras* (II. i. 11) and accepted by all schools of *Veḍānta* and even by the *Nayyāyika* and *Pūrva Mimāmsā* schools. Intellectual men differ, because they have not got rid of the *Ahaṅkāra* which clouds the mind, and also because truth is many-sided and has to be expressed in many ways when the medium is human language, even if it be a very perfect language like *Samskr̥t*—literally, the well-constructed language. So, again, this vision might be called the highest *Veḍa*, as all *Veḍas* and *Shr̥tis* and *Āgamas* and scriptures are only the concremented results of this highest vision. What God Omniscient taught as *Veḍa*, no doubt, must be perfect truth. But what did He teach and how? Did He teach in the Arabic language, the Hebrew language, the Tamil language, the old *Samskr̥t* or the new (in which the minor *Upaniṣats* are written)? As H. P. B. said (*Secret Doctrine*, iii. 72): "It is a loss of time to ask which (of the Scriptures) is the earliest; all are simply different versions of the one Primæval Record of pre-historic Knowledge and Revelation." It is in this sense alone that all *Veḍas* and Scriptures are Eternal. In page 119, she says: "Dogma and Authority have ever been the curse of humanity, the great extinguishers of Light and Truth." In the fifteenth chapter of the *Giṭā* the Lord says: "I am the author of the *Veḍānta* and I alone know the meaning of the *Veḍa*." So the mere admission that revelation is even verbally infallible does not help us much to find out valid Truth. The *Bhagavad-Giṭā* itself has been commented upon by atheists, and our modern anarchists quote its sublime verses as justifying their hideous actions; the devil can always quote scripture for his purpose. As cycle succeeds cycle and human language succeeds human language, old *Veḍas* collected by the *Vyāsa* of a cycle must



be discarded, not because they are false but because they cannot be understood and are very liable to be misinterpreted. More recent divine expressions of the same truths must be and are brought forward and made permanent by the Vyāsa of the next cycle. Hence, also, the necessity of the Lord's repeated incarnations to restate the same old truths in newer language. Siddhasena Divākara says that scripture as a source of valid knowledge is "that which was first cognised by a competent person, which is not such as to be passed over by others" (through mere logical reasoning) "which is not incompatible with the truths derived from direct perception" and which helps and guides you by laying down injunctions and instructions in respects of matters "which baffle perception and inference." These competent seers have to drink 'Soma' to liberate themselves from their lower bodies (*Secret Doctrine*, iii. 124). The lower 'Soma' takes you to svarga and the higher beyond svarga to the imperishable worlds. Revelation there comes through the grace of the highest Guru (Shrī Kṛṣṇa, or Dakṣhinamūrti, or Rudra-Shukra). Mere verbal repetition of scriptures will not give us true knowledge. Ever reverent meditation on their hidden meanings can only be a help. It is the direct supreme vision which gives the most valid knowledge. This supreme vision is the highest perception, the clearest logic and the most infallible testimony. It cannot be affected by doubts as all the other three means can be. It is the vision which Arjuna enjoyed by the Lord's grace and which removed all his doubts. That highest knowledge on the highest plane has however to be repeated on that plane many times, so as to form part of our constitution and has to be brought down by constant practice for use on the lower planes, for the further and final purification of our lower bodies, for the clear understanding of Truth on the lower planes, and for doing real good to the lower worlds and their inhabitants.

All lower evidence and knowledge then feed the Self-realising experience. Self-Realisation is the synthesis and

the foundation and consummation of all the other kinds of knowledge and hence does not contradict or totally destroy them. Even the Vedas are below it. Hence the Vedas are spoken of depreciatingly in the *Gītā*. All the four Vedas are included in the lower knowledge in the *Muṇḍaka Upaniṣhaḥ*. All the Vedas are as useless to the man of pure-hearted intuition, who has seen truth, by God's or Guru's grace, as a small well to a man who is surrounded on all sides by floods of pure water. The manṭra given by the Guru at Initiation and which opens the inner eye is greater to that Initiate than all the outer Vedas. As the Lord Buddha said in the *Kalama Sutta*, the traditional or literal meaning of the Vedas cannot be considered infallible till our own reason and (not only our reason but) our highest samādhic consciousness approve of it, and then all the Vedas which were helps in the earlier stages become useless. This Self-Realisation is described by Maharṣhi Devendranāth Tagore as "the Light of Intuitive Knowledge in the perfectly purified heart." And the heart is purified by virtuous sacrificial work and still more rapidly by devotion.

Seeing the Truth once in Samādhi is not enough. "The light of Heaven seen in wakeful moments is soon forgot in dreams of busy life," as Saint Tukārām says, and as even Arjuna said before about the *Gītā* teachings to Shri Kṛṣṇa. Just as there are grades in the definiteness and clarity of sense-knowledge (the visual perception of an aged color-blind man being much less valid and true than that of a healthy keen-eyed youth), so even in spiritual vision, that of one who has passed the fourth Initiation and has cast off all the ten fetters, and has seen God several times or is seeing God continuously (like Nārada or Prahlāda) must be more valid than that of another who has seen God only a few times.

The later uncontroversial utterances of perfected seers like the recognised heads of the three Vedāntic schools, are more correct than their earlier utterances and more

harmonious with one another. All the four means give knowledge of Brahman. As Manu said: "The man who is deprived of even one of the ten physical senses is incapable of a true knowledge of Brahman, as water oozes away out of a pot which has even one hole in it." The Infinite Lord cannot be completely known even by Self-Realisation which can only know his *true nature correctly but not fully*. As the *Voice of the Silence* says: "One can enter the Light but can never reach the Flame." This Self-Realisation is the faith which can move mountains—as the Lord Jesus said. Faith is not (as the school-boy said) "Believing what you know isn't so". It is not, as a calculating priestcraft teaches: "Believing a thing because reason revolts against its acceptance as truth," the greater the virtue of the faith, the more absurd and impossible the believed dogma looks to the reason. The real faith comes by the opening of inner clairvoyance (or clear higher sight) through the Guru's grace and its indispensable preliminary is faith in the Guru. Neither of the two faiths is opposed to reason, but both are supported by the highest reason and by the scriptures. As Shri Rāmānujāchārya says, the truths of faith and of the scriptures cannot be disproved by the logical reason (though they may not also be capable of proof to all by the logical reason) and their probability can be supported as fully by reason as any other probability. All the Vedas might be destroyed for seers like Ṭirumoolar or Ṭāyumanavar and they could create new scriptures and shāstras which might be also called in a very real sense "the oldest and the eternal Vedas". It is the Svānubhava vision (which is a more valid means than all the Vedas) that Arjuna obtained through the grace of Shri Kṛṣṇa when the latter showed His Universal Form.

Let me close with a few words to my brother Theosophists. The existence and supremacy of the means called Self-Realisation can neither be established nor disproved by the controversial reason as that evidence underlies

all other evidence, and they all depend for their respective validities on their being pervaded by its ray; our conviction of the reality of the waking state is due to our sense-perception being pervaded by a minute ray of Self-Realisation. Only by the ray of this in each of us can each of us accept it as the highest means. Does that faint Self-realising consciousness, or higher Intuition, not larger than a mustard seed, give us the undoubting belief that our Theosophical Movement is under the guidance of Those who are Masters in realised knowledge? Does it assure us that it is destined to be *the* coming movement, that our revered President is in touch with and is the mouthpiece of Those who are the First Section of the Society? Will that knowledge, free from doubt and hesitation, make us give up our life, worldly honors and position, wealth and comforts, if necessary, in the sacred cause of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion? May it be so in the case of at least a few of us, for, no mere external facts, intellectual disputations, or scriptural passages, will give us the strength of devotion necessary for the supreme sacrificial spirit required by the present times, and the manifestation of a ray, however feeble, of that spiritual intuition born in the purified heart through the grace of the Guru is indispensable in each of the true workers in this grand cosmopolitan movement.

T. SARĀSHIVA IYER

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#### NOTE

Miss Lind-af-Hageby, the devoted worker for the Protection of Animals from scientific cruelty, proposes the foundation of a Medical Research Fund for the prosecution of research along humane, rational and truly scientific lines. She suggests that fellowships should be endowed for Medical Research without Animal Experimentation, with a well-equipped Institute for physiological and pathological research. Such constructive work is most desirable, for 'anti' by itself is as barren as 'protesting,' however necessary at times both may be. As it is, we are often accused of being against research because we are against cruelty, and though the confession that the present methods of research are identical with cruelty may be useful in polemic, it is well to show that such identification is not necessary.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS AT THE CONVENTION  
OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND

**I**T is my duty, as President of the Theosophical Society, presiding over the Annual Meeting of one of its Sections, to say a few words to you before this part of our work is over.

First, let me congratulate you on the progress which has been made during the last year. More and more do we see, looking over the world, how true was the prophecy that from last year onwards a new wave of life would pour out over the world, and would carry forward the Society on its crest. We see evidence of that around us, not only here but practically in all the countries in which our Movement is acting; and seeing that we may well take courage, and realise that whatever difficulties may lie before us in the future, the success of this great Spiritual Movement is assured.

May I now make a suggestion to you, with which I am sure every one of you will agree? It will be necessary, however, to consider the method of carrying it out with great care and deliberation. Has not the time come for the Society in England and Wales to have for itself a worthy Headquarters in the Metropolis of the Empire? You must, from your geographical position, from your place in the World-empire, occupy the leading place in the movement so far as the English-speaking lands are concerned; and it is not quite consonant with the dignity of the Movement that you should have to meet always in a hired house, necessarily a drain upon your resources, and in many ways unsatisfactory. In Scotland, by some ingenious magic known to the General Secretary, they have managed to secure an admirable Headquarters without practically incurring a debt. What the canny Scotchman can

do, surely the Englishman ought also to be able to do. You must not let your younger sister outstrip you so far in this respect. It seems to me that it might be possible for you, especially as the value of town property tends to go down, to secure a site on which you might build Headquarters. If you could secure a central piece of land—not, of course, in the very middle, say, of the city of London, nor in an outlying district; but within reasonable reach of the centre, where land is not at a prohibitive price—if you could do that, and then employ one of the architects who are to be found in the Society to make a good plan, suitable to the needs of the Society, you would at once largely increase your dignity and also the convenience for the carrying on of the work. As it is now, whenever there is a meeting a little larger than usual, the officers have to run about all over the place trying to find a hall; and even for the most ordinary meetings you are compelled to gather upon the stairs as well as in the rooms. Now that is really not wholly satisfactory; and I remember on White Lotus Day there were more people on the staircase than inside. Surely, if you remember that, and remember also that White Lotus Day is a recurring festival, it may stir you to find out either some generous donor, or some reasonable *tour de force*, which may enable you to secure the necessary land, and on that to erect the necessary building. I speak here with very great fellow-feeling, because I myself have been buying much land and building a great deal, and I do not see why you should not follow the example of Adyar and increase your land and buildings until they suffice for the work which is to be done. I will not say that in Adyar we have quite reached that happy point, because there are ever more and more people wanting to come; but still, you might make a race for it, and that is a point which I venture to commend to you and to the General Secretary, who may immortalise his name by making fine Headquarters.

Let us next consider the question of new workers among you, the coming back into the Movement of old workers of the centuries and millenia which lie behind us—a question which is likely to occupy very much space in our Movement during the coming years. The drawing together of large numbers who have co-operated in the past, and who will co-operate again in the near future, is a fact which we cannot afford to ignore. Hence you ought all to be on the lookout in your own Branches of the Society for all promising boys and girls who show special attraction towards Theosophical ideas, and who, even in the days of extreme youth, shadow out possibilities which in the future they may realise. Try to keep a real lookout for such welcome new-comers, and whenever a new worker comes forwards give him encouragement, give him welcome, show him that you desire his help, and are willing in all ways to take advantage of any force that he may bring to your assistance. And in order that that may be so, carry out that system, if I may so call it, which has been so often proved to work satisfactorily, of always receiving new suggestions with welcome and not with discouragement. I remember, in the old days, when Mr. Judge was working in America and made such rapid progress there, that one of his great characteristics was that if anyone came to him, man or woman, bringing some scheme—and occasionally the schemes really were not very wise—he would always say to the man: "Set to work and carry it out," and would give him any help he could. That is one of the secrets of success in a Movement like ours. We must not become fossilised. We must not, we elder people, think that the wisdom of the ages is concentrated in us, and that not a single fragment is to be found outside our own circle. We must be ready to take new ideas, new suggestions and plans, and to encourage initiative in every direction. Sometimes a plan may be a little wild at first; but if someone's heart is in it you ought to encourage and not discourage it. Where

you find earnestness and willingness, you may be fairly sure that a little help wisely given will eliminate the weaker part of the plan, and bring out everything which it has in it of utility, of possibility of success. And so I earnestly ask each of you, and especially the older workers, that they will keep an open mind to all the ideas that are brought out, especially by the younger generation, remembering that the future is with the younger and not with us, and remembering also that when they are old we shall come back again as the younger ones of that day, and shall have meted out to us in our youth the same amount of sympathy that we have given to the younger in the days of our authority.

Now there is another point of enormous importance on which I will ask you to bear with me. You know how often I have said to you, in meeting after meeting, in paragraph after paragraph, that the safety of our Society lies in the freedom of its thought and in the fulness of the expression of that thought. I see, from time to time, a tendency among our most earnest workers to lay down certain lines of thinking which they say other people ought to follow. Now no one has a right to dictate to another how he shall think, or along what lines he shall speak. There was a phrase used by one of our members about "heretics." There are no heretics in the Theosophical Society. You can only have heretics where there are dogmas, and we have no dogmas in the Theosophical Society; and unless that is remembered, our Theosophical ship will always be in danger of running on to a rock, or sticking on a sandbank. H. P. B. warned us of that long ago. Now, when she warned us of that, it was not that she did not hold strong opinions herself, nor that she did not express them extremely vigorously at times. She was by no means a colorless personality; but she knew, as every Occultist knows, that while you may hold strong opinions for yourself and express them strongly, no Occultist will try to impose those opinions upon



another, or make the measure of his own belief the measure of the acceptance of the other. There is *nothing* which we are bound to accept in the Theosophical Society except its three Objects—and sometimes people forget that. We came in on those, and no one has the right to limit the liberty which was offered to us on our admission to the Society. No one has a right to add other Objects without the consent of the whole body of the Theosophical Society. And above all, the words and opinions of one particular teacher, either great or small, must never be used as a fetter on discussion, or made an obstacle to the free expression of the thoughts of others. Now I say that myself, because I am one of the people so often quoted as an authority. You do me ill service when you place me as an obstacle to free and fair discussion. Some of you may say: "Yes, but you are right." That may be. It is very likely that I am; for I know, on these matters, far more than any one of you can know. But that is not any reason why you should believe me, until your own intelligence assents and until your own conscience approves. If in your heart you find agreement, ah, then follow as warmly and as enthusiastically as you will; but it is no part of right enthusiasm to blame another who does not feel the same, nor try to make an opinion of mine a test of loyalty to the Society as a whole.

And there is a danger of it, for many of you love me dearly, and I am grateful for your love. Many of you trust me wholly, and I try to be worthy of your trust. But to make it valuable, it must be spontaneous; to make it valuable, it must be utterly unforced; and it ceases to be spontaneous and unforced if a feeling should gradually go out: "Oh! the President says so-and-so, and therefore we ought to do it." In the search for Truth there is no prize save the possession of the Truth, and there is no penalty save that you have not found it. What reason, then, for quarrelling or disputing? If anyone

does not see a great truth, surely that is no reason why blame from another should be added to the loss which comes from the not-seeing? There are great possibilities in front of us. There are new openings before us. There is a mighty Teacher coming who shall gather the peoples together and speak the divinest of truths; but that is no dogma in the Theosophical Society. There is no compulsion upon any to accept or to believe that true; and the Lord Maitreya would not be served if the Society, chosen to be the herald of His coming, attached penalty to non-belief, or ostracism to non-acceptance. The moment people see a truth, they accept it: until they *do* see it, they are hypocrites if they pretend to accept it. That has been the great fault of the Churches in all ages and in all the religions of the past. They wanted to argue about the Truth. They quarrelled and fought about the Truth. They penalised the non-acceptance of the Truth, and forced it down unwilling throats. Truth is a Light, and the moment the Light shines those with eyes can see it, and those who see it not must wait the time until their eyes are opened and they see. And the opening of the mind's eyes is not hastened by blame, by condemnation, or by the cold disapproval which with us so often takes the place of the active persecution. If there is one thing that I have brought out of the experience of the past, it is that the moment the soul sees the truth, that moment it springs forward to accept it; and you might as well try to get a beautiful open rose by taking a bud and tearing it open so that the sun may shine upon it, thus ruining the flower by the premature and forced opening, as try to drag open the human mind to accept a truth until the sunshine has opened it naturally, and the man is ready to respond.

That is the thought that I would leave with you. For going about the world as I do from one place to another, I find a tendency here and there to set up a new orthodoxy, to set up prophets who must not be

challenged ; and that is all alien from the spirit of the great Movement in which we are. No Master demands belief from a disciple. I have heard One say (it has been said to myself when I heard something said that I did not understand) : " Oh ! never mind ; you will understand it presently." And that is the right attitude. If you are sure you are right, be glad of the truth you know, and so hold your truth and live it that others near you may gradually be opened also to see and receive. I have been told : " Oh ! then you do not care whether people think rightly or wrongly." Yes I do ; but I want the right thought to come in the right way, by inner recognition and not by outer compulsion. To me, right thought is of the utmost importance—" as a man thinks so he is"—and there is nothing sadder than to see a man who should recognise a truth have his eyes bandaged against it by some secondary fact, some hardness or unwillingness of heart. But, because I hold Truth so precious, because I hold Truth so vital, therefore I would only hold it up so that all who can may see its beauty and recognise it as they recognise the sun in heaven. The sun does not quarrel ; the sun does not assert itself : it only shines, and it shines the whole time ; and if one does not see it, it is either that the eyes are blind or that some clouds for the moment have come between the eye and the sun. So is it with Truth. Truth is ever shining, ever uplifting, but sometimes our eyes are not opened to it, sometimes clouds of prejudice, of self-conceit, may act to shut out the Light for a time. Never mind, the Truth will go on shining more and more ; the clouds will tend to vanish more and more ; the eyes will begin to open.

And so let us keep our Society free, worthy of free men and women as members. Let all truth be spoken out, and error also ; for error perishes better in the sunlight than it does when hidden underground. Do not be afraid for the Truth. As Milton said : " Whoever knew Truth put to the worst

in a fair encounter?" And so let us show our love to Truth, our loyalty to Truth by believing in her Light, by holding her up that all may see. And above all, never identify loyalty to Truth with loyalty to a person; but remember that loyalty to a person is only right when that person embodies for you more of the Truth than elsewhere you can find; then it is really loyalty to Truth, Truth incarnate, and such loyalty will raise and help you, but it will never make you narrow, bigoted, or harsh to those who do not as yet see the Truth as you see it.

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### TRANSLATION

An admirable translation by Mrs. W. H. Kirby of the manuscript of Mr. Leadbeater's forthcoming book *The Hidden Side of Things*<sup>1</sup> has just been published by the Theosophical Society in Italy under the title *Il Lato Nascosto delle Cose*. The book of 670 pages is divided into two neat paper-bound octavo volumes, for which credit is due to the Vasantā Press. As stated by Mr. Leadbeater, the object of the book is to give some hints as to the inner side, first of the world as a whole, and then of our daily life. This latter he considers in three divisions, which resemble the conjugations of our youthful days in being passive, middle and active respectively—how we are influenced, how we influence ourselves, and how we influence others, and he concludes by observing a few of the results which must inevitably flow from a wider diffusion of this knowledge as to the realities of existence. The name of the author and the scope of the book make it superfluous to add that we wish for it the widest possible circulation, and we feel sure it will prove of the deepest interest and of the greatest practical utility in teaching people how to avoid the unseen evil and how to set in motion the unseen forces of good, enabling them thereby to live happier and more useful lives.

*Il Lato Nascosto delle Cose* will be on sale at the Congress of the Federation of the European National Societies, to be held this month at Genoa, and it may be obtained for 5s. 8d., post free to any country, from Professor Otto Penzig, 1, Corso Dogali, Genoa.

F. R.

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<sup>1</sup> The original book in English will be published by THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras and will soon be out.—ACTING EDITOR.



## REVIEWS

*The Inner Life*, Vol. II, by C. W. Leadbeater. (*The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Superior Library Edition 7s. or Rs. 5-4 or \$1.75. Special Indian Edition 5s. or Rs. 3-12 or \$1.25 postage extra.)

“At length we have it!” was the first ejaculation that escaped me when the volume came to hand. The delay has been long, and the patience of hundreds of Theosophists who wanted to read and study the book in December last has been on trial; but we shall have our reward now in more ways than one. First, the printing, binding and get up are beyond question first class, and any Indian printing house might well be proud of it. Next, the delay, due to other more urgent publications like *At the Feet of the Master* (two editions), *The Universal Text Book of Religion and Morals*, Parts I and II, etc., has enabled the author to revise, improve and add to the original MSS. and for that no delay could have been too long. I have heard of complaints that the book is full of reprints from recent numbers of *Theosophical Magazines*, and while that to a certain extent is a weak point of the volume, I think no student will fail to appreciate the value of this admirable collection; while, for the casual reader, nothing could be more convenient. And then—what about the ‘brand new matter’ that has never appeared in print like, say ‘Mars and Its Inhabitants,’ or the most instructive stray notes on the Irish, the Spanish, the Jewish races? And what value should we put on the very interesting ‘Reminiscences’ of the author? A careful perusal almost compels me to dub the complaints ‘fictitious’ as it has enhanced for me the value of the book (I hope it will not be considered exaggeration) tenfold.

Mr. Leadbeater has earned the lasting gratitude of Theosophical students by his many books. This one, embodying his latest researches and utterances, is, to say the least, wonderful. It is here and there scrappy, but what can we expect in a volume of ‘Talks’? Of course, students would like more light thrown on many points especially in the sections on ‘Astral Work,’ and ‘Karma,’ but then—students will *always* ask and enquire and question, and there will always be “talks at Adyar”. Mr. Leadbeater’s simple, flowing style, his scientific attitude towards his subjects and his readers, his methodical and systematic

and sequential explanations, his kindly tone—in short his predominant characteristic that of being a true *teacher* is perceived on every page. The quantity of knowledge that he imparts is, in a way, phenomenal; the advice he offers is practical; the instruction he gives is priceless; and the whole book vibrates in unison with that which is of the nature of true Wisdom. Mr. Leadbeater will no doubt continue to teach the group of Theosophists at Adyar and we shall eagerly look for the Third Series of Adyar Talks; though I myself have heard these instructions, their value increases as I read and study them, arranged and put together as in this excellent volume, which will be received with enthusiasm and gratitude in every nook and corner of this wide world wherever a true Theosophical student abides.

B. P. W.

*The Adventures of Hatim Tai.* Translated from the Persian by Duncan Forbes, M.A. Third Edition. The Cherâg, Bombay and THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras. Cloth Rs. 2; or 3s. or 75c. post free.

The countless readers of Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyâm will be familiar with the name at least of Hatim Tai who is mentioned in the IX stanza:

But come with old Khayyâm and leave the Lot  
Of Kaikobâd and Kaikhosrú forgot:  
Let Bustum lay about him as he will,  
Or Hatim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

A small note, at least in the edition we have with us, merely describes this hero as 'a well-known type of Oriental generosity.' For an interested, non-specialist, reader, it would be fairly difficult—if his interest in the matter were raised—to find much further information concerning this valorous and bountiful king; even the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* leaves him in the lurch. And yet there is scarcely a type in old Persian literature who deserves more interest than Hatim.

The exquisite story written about him in Persian is the delight—and has been so for centuries—of masses of readers. Though we are not familiar with the literature relating Hatim's adventures, we know that the book is at least translated into Gujerâti and we have encountered a charming, though much shorter, story of Hatim Tai in a Malay work, the Crown of all Kings (*Makosa Segala Radja*) which reading was the most joyful incident in our study of that language. We may therefore infer that wherever Muhammadan literature has flourished, there also Hatim's deeds are told.

As early as 1830 the Persian version was translated into English, with rare charm and skill, by Duncan Forbes, M.A., for the Oriental Translation Fund. This translation was reprinted in Bombay in 1836. Since then, it seems, no new edition has appeared. Our friend N. F. Billimoria of Bombay has had

the luminous inspiration to rescue this most interesting story-book from oblivion, after three quarters of a century, and the result is a neatly executed book of some three hundred pages.

We confess that we have read the book with youthful glee and joy. It provoked all the pleasant sensations of the perusal in earlier years of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*. Here is the true Orient. In gorgeous pageantry 'an infinity of scenes of splendor, of breath-stopping magic, of beves of bewitching damsels, of prodigious feats of valor and liberality, of superhuman virtues and unlimited wealth, and boundless hospitality, of ogres and fairies, of magic cities and transformations, of love and perils—pass before our eyes. The fertility of inventive power shown in the book stands unrivalled, the quickness of change from incident to incident bewilders but captivates, the variety of happenings is endless.

Why has this book been allowed to fall out of the public sight? What joy and amusement it contains for the young! How potent a means for renewing one's youth, for regaining for a brief moment 'the state of childhood'! How generous in spirit everywhere! The whole lesson the book teaches—if we take it from the serious side—is one continuous and blended rhapsody on the virtues of kindness, generosity, loyalty, bravery. It is an oriental setting—in the midst of djinns and giants, fairies and magicians—of the western mediæval ideal of the knight without fear or blame, *sans peur et sans reproche*. We have no other word than unrestricted praise for this fairy-book. Read it, read it, and read it once more. In form it is one of these much loved tales within tales. The action is swift and cleverly sustained, everywhere spontaneous and natural. There are no tedious over-lengthy portions in the book. In short it is one of the best samples of ingenious, yet naïve Oriental story telling. We deem that this book, better known, must decidedly be classed as belonging to the world-literature and stands in a rank with the *Arabian Nights* themselves. As a translation also it reads remarkably smoothly. May it be read and enjoyed by many new friends.

J. v. M.

*The Master as I saw Him*, by Sister Nivedita of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda. (Longmans, Green & Co., London.)

A very interesting account of Swami Vivekananda, written by a disciple, and breathing the true eastern spirit of devotion to the spiritual teacher. In Nivedita's own account of her attitude to her Master, her first awakened interest in and final complete acceptance of his teaching, we have another and a very original addition to "varieties of religious experience." Every such variety has its own value and we feel grateful to those who, like the author, can throw aside natural reserve for our instruction. Nivedita chiefly depicts what she herself

heard her Master say, and records the doings in which she herself took part.

The book is written with that sympathy and enthusiasm for, and comprehension of the Indian ideals and modes of life that gave the well-known *Web of Indian Life* its charm. A point that particularly interests us is the Swami's treatment of his disciple, and this naturally pervades the book. His method was typically eastern, and naturally a western disciple had some difficulty in comprehending and accommodating herself to a treatment so very different to that the western teacher adopts. She was made to realise there would be "no personal sweetness" in the service she had proffered. A painful phase of experience ended with her adoption as spiritual daughter by her Master, and included the comprehension "that for the first time I understood that the greatest teachers may destroy in us a personal relation only in order to bestow the impersonal vision in its stead." As many of us, now western born, are submitting ourselves to eastern methods of spiritual guidance, it is quite possible that this chapter "The Awakener of Souls," may throw light on some of our experiences, painful and pleasant alike. I am not sure of the Swami's attitude to the Theosophical Society, but I fancy from stray remarks in this volume—the question is never touched upon—it would hardly be cordial. But the personality Nivedita depicts—seen through the eyes of veneration and pious gratitude—is both striking and attractive. I do not at all wonder that the Swami gathered followers and devotees around him wherever he went, if he at all resembled the picture drawn here. The man was a great soul, full of wisdom and tolerance, and well learned both in the eastern and western knowledge, pulsing with love and pride for India, his motherland, yet with insight to see what she lacked, and full of desire to awaken her from her long lethargy; to educate her daughters and to make her sons more virile. He preached the doctrine of strength wherever he went. This learned Hindū seemed an interesting mixture of the practical and the mystic. The burden of India's needs, the struggle of the reformer, (and the reformer's life in the East must indeed be most trying, calling for infinite energy, patience, and endurance), weighed heavily on him, and apparently broke down his strength. If in Europe the Swami had appeared as the calm, detached teacher and devotee of the Advaita Philosophy, in India the more human aspect of his character asserted itself, as Nivedita does not hesitate to record, and so makes the man appear living to us. But it is on the religious and spiritual character of Vivekananda, that his pupil naturally loves to dwell. The Swami showed in himself the Bhakti as well as the Gnān aspect of Hindūism. And some of Vivekananda's remarks on the West and on western people are worth pondering over; they are apt and to the point. Nivedita's position as "spiritual daughter" of her Master led her to intimacy with phases of Indian life which few Europeans contact.



There is a most interesting account of the life and household of Sarada Devi the "Holy Mother," as the widow of Ramakrishna is entitled—Ramakrishna's nominal wife and chief disciple—one of those holy women who still sanctify India's soil, and also a woman of an astonishing tolerance, capacity, and liberality of thought. The account of the pilgrimage to Amarnāth, where in a mountain cave, an ice stalactite in the natural form of a lingam is annually worshipped by thousands as emblem of Siva, is interesting, and recalled memories of a similar pilgrimage made by Mrs. Besant some years ago.

Of the Swami's devotion and attitude to Kāli, the Mother and Terror—difficult as is the conception to the western mind—and to Occultism, to psychic phenomena, and of his teaching about Death and Super-Consciousness, we have interesting records; and the book gives vivid word pictures of phases of Indian life and thought few Europeans experience or could probably understand if they did. If the picture is too *couleur de rose* it but betrays the depth of the author's comprehension and devotion. The book is worthy of careful study, for those interested in eastern religious conceptions and ways of viewing and living life, as seen from the inside; while it also charms from its literary excellence and skilled character drawing.

E. S.

*Malabar Series. Wynad: Its Peoples and Traditions.* By Rao Bahadur C. Gopalan Nair, Deputy Collector, Malabar. (Higginbotham & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 2-8 or 3s. 4d.)

This is an admirable little book in almost every respect. An author thoroughly conversant with and greatly interested in his subject, yet always sober and unpretending; a clear, convenient disposition of the material; a simple, pleasant style. Moreover a get-up (done by the Vasanta Press) which leaves little if anything to be desired. Wynad is a mountainous country situated between the Nilgiris and Coorg and covering an area of 821 square miles, with a population, according to the last census, of only 82,645 souls, but such a variegated one that on this account alone it fully deserves a monograph. Owing to its malarious climate the country has been and is being avoided and therefore practically unknown, though for some months it serves as the sanitarium of Malabar. The first chapter gives an excellent 'Bird's-Eye-View,' where we are informed, among other things that the three derivations proposed so far for the name Wynad are probably wrong, and that the word should rather be explained, in accordance with the popular belief, as Vana-nad, *i.e.*, Forest country. This explanation might stand, if it could be shown that in other cases too, in the languages concerned, *n* has changed to *y*.<sup>1</sup> Chapter II deals with the ancient history of the country, an admittedly difficult and problematical subject. There are only two literary sources about it, namely, one rock-inscription—the

<sup>1</sup>The example at hand from the book itself is not favorable to the theory, *Vana Durga* (p. 125) having evidently not changed to *Vaya Durga*, *Vyduurga*.

date of which is unknown and from which little can be gathered, and a tradition recorded in 1810 and for the reliability of which it is no good sign that it has undergone various changes since then. It seems that in the oldest time within memory a line of Vedar kings held sway in Wynad, until they were subjugated by the Princes of Kottayam and Kurumbranad. In Chapter III we get an account of the Kottayam régime which lasted till 1805, nothing being said about the administration of Parakkumeethil under the Kurumbranad Rajas, for want of information. Chapter IV contains, under the somewhat inadequate title 'Political History,' which should be rather 'Modern History,' an abstract of the history of Wynad from 1786 to 1805, i.e., of the history of the last Kottayam Raja, the gallant and gifted Kerala Varma who defied the British power until he was surprised and killed, in his jungle-retreat, by Mr. Baber, the then Sub-Collector of North Malabar Division. Then follows a small chapter on the Planting Industry (coffee, tea, pepper, rubber), and then comes (pages 49 to 113) the important sixth chapter on the 'People of Wynad.' This is divided into (a) Chettis, (b) Hill tribes, (c) Aborigines—Predial slaves, and (d) Aborigines—Forest dwellers, with 3+10+3+2 sub-divisions which are described in as many special sections. There is naturally a good deal here which might be found as well in E. Thurston's and K. Rangachari's monumental work on *The Castes and Tribes of Southern India*, but more which would be missed there, this and the following chapter being probably the most original portions of the book. The inhabitants of Wynad have come for the most part from either Malabar or Mysore, but they have changed considerably within the time since their arrival, and there is now such a perplexing variety of types and customs in Wynad as it would be hard to find in any other corner of India. We should like to have heard a little more than our author says (p. 51 and 100 fl.) about the Paniyars, that singular people of a Negroid type which by some are declared to be the original Dravidians, while others think that they descend from Negroes, etc. Remarkable but natural it is how many of these tribes have a god who is a hunter. The Mullakurumbers have three days of the week on which nothing must be done except hunting. The Urali Kurumbers never touch the carcass of dead cattle—in fact do not even touch anything made of leather. If they touch even a shoe they commit an offence against caste. Here, then, we have a forest tribe which in one respect stands higher than even the Brahmans and on a level with the Jains.<sup>1</sup> Most gods

<sup>1</sup> I seize the opportunity of asking whether Theosophists too might not go a little further in this point by abstaining not only from animal food but also from using furs (which in certain cases are obtained by flaying the living animal!) and leather-bindings. Just read the account of the fearful slaughter perpetrated for the sake of the new *Encyclopedia Britannica*: "For the bindings twelve thousand Angora goats have been electrocuted, nine thousand hippopotami have been harpooned, and fifty thousand chameleons destroyed by the juxtaposition of tartan rugs." (*Madras Mail*, May 18).

receive offerings but once a year. The Pulayans 'say that they were the original inhabitants of Wynad.' Jain Kurumbers and Kattu Naykans have a deity called Masti who has no shrine but resides in an earthen pot of which there is one in every *padi* (group of huts). Many other interesting details will be found in this chapter, as also in the following on 'The Shrines of Wynad,' which introduces, the famous Tirunelli and five more shrines. Then follow Chapter on 'Legends and Anecdotes,' and finally, in Chapter IX, a few notes on 'Hunting in Wynad.'

Our author has 'an idea of continuing the Malabar Series,' which proposal is rightly supported by Mr. R. B. Wood, Collector of Malabar, to whom the book is dedicated and who has written a preface to it. We add our wishes for the future volumes. The scientific value of books like this can be enhanced considerably by adding a tabular record of head-measurements or, a profile-likeness of a characteristic representative of each tribe, or better several such likenesses of both males and females. Further an ethnographical map, however imperfect, would be highly desirable. Then there should be a bibliographical list of the literary sources which have been used, and also a little record on the methods employed in collecting practical information. Finally, the index should be as copious as possible, and not so meagre that, for example, you cannot find with it the passages dealing with the etymology of the word Wynad. Few authors have an idea how much more useful their books would become with a good index.

F. O. S.

*Christ's Social Remedies*, by H. E. Montgomery. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London. Price 6s.)

This is an endeavor to solve some of the present-day social and industrial problems by going directly back to the teachings attributed to Christ, and seeing how far they apply to them. The book is divided into twelve chapters, the headings of which will give a good idea of its scope: (i) Responsibility of Citizenship, (ii) Was Christ an Anarchist? (iii) Was Christ a Socialist? (iv) The Kingdom of God, (v) Non-Resistance, (vi) Marriage and Divorce, (vii) Crime and the Criminal, (viii) Wealth, (ix) Labor, (x) Sunday Observance, (xi) International Controversies, (xii) Social Reconstruction. On the whole, the author's suggestions on the various topics are actually quite in harmony with Theosophical ideals. He shows sound common-sense in dealing with his subjects, though his Christianity naturally leads him to get some of them a little out of focus, as is shown by his inclusion in such a list as this of so trifling a matter as Sunday observance. One bad slip he makes, when he exhibits the usual astounding ignorance of the Christian by observing that: "Since the days of Constantine, Christianity has been the professed religion of all civilised nations" (p. 13). He is quite uncompro-

mising as to the indissolubility of marriage, and he brings a tremendous indictment against socialism in the shape of a most damning series of extracts from socialist writers and speakers. It is difficult to believe that such sentiments can really have been voiced by those whose names are attached to them; yet it is impossible to suppose that the extracts are other than genuine. After reading those, one is not surprised to hear that "Christianity and socialism are to each other as fire and water" (p. 112). "Anarchy and Christianity are inherently incompatible, irreconcilable and antagonistic" (p. 28). He tells us that the four corner-stones of the Kingdom of Heaven are (1) The Fatherhood of God, (2) The Brotherhood of Man, (3) Childlikeness of Spirit, (4) Serviceableness. Here again I think that Theosophists will agree with him.

C. W. L.

*From Pioneer to Poet*, by Isabelle M. Pagan. (T. P. S., London, W. Price 7s. 6d.)

We are not sure that the title of this book is the best that could have been chosen, in that it does not clearly indicate its astrological nature. At first glance one is inclined to think of it as being biographical. In a sense it is so, but collective—the life-history of humanity in its various phases and embodiments, first as the warrior or pioneer, then as the builder or producer, and so on through many types till the priest, prophet, scientist and poet are reached. Miss Pagan has done her best in the book to unravel the various strands into which the complex nature of humanity is woven, and then she has given keen individual study to twelve of the larger types. Her analysis is on the whole excellent and helps the study of human nature. It must always be remembered that the divisions of the zodiac are not arbitrary but merely suggestive as a classification of human types. Potentially every man has within himself some of the characteristics of all the twelve signs of the zodiac, but at particular stages of his development one characteristic will stand out predominantly, and this allows of individual temporary classification. According as we have thought, felt, and acted in our previous lives, so will be the character we bring with us at birth this life. Not the star under which we are born giving us that character, as perhaps some astrologers are inclined to think, but the character we have builded in previous births bringing us to birth under a particular star in this life either to accentuate or modify that character. Miss Pagan believes that all of us must pass through all the signs of the Zodiac many times, although not necessarily successively—until all-round perfection is reached. One has only to read this book to see how much the knowledge of Theosophy has helped to make astrology more intelligible, to bring something of its soul-side into view again. The first part of the book is taken up with a keen analysis and description of

the twelve zodiacal types. Part II is analytical and explanatory of the various Planetary aspects. Following this is an excellent summary, and the book concludes with the analysing of several specimen horoscopes of notable people.

M. H. H.

*From Gardens in the Wilderness*, by Gwendolen Bishop. 2s. 6d.

*Solar Symbols and Their Origins*, by Avola. Price 6d.

*The Renewal of Youth*, by A. E. Price 6d.

The Orpheus Series Nos. IV, VI and VII. (The Orpheus Press, 3 Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London E.C.)

These are indeed three charming booklets, emphatically so *The Renewal of Youth*. Like all that comes from A. E. it enchants mind and heart alike and wins to high thought and noble desire. *From Gardens in the Wilderness* gives vivid glimpses in prose and poem of life and sensation experienced under warm suns; haunting intimate glimpses most of them are — of the fascinating nearer East. *Solar Symbols* takes us wandering round and round the world peeping with interested eyes into many past nations and seeing in similarity of signs and symbols assurance that the great secrets have ever been more or less understood of all. Each of these will appeal greatly, we are sure, to a wide circle of readers.

J. R.

*Historical Mysteries*, by Andrew Lang. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

Fourteen essays most of which appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine* in 1904 are published in a handy volume. The subjects are historical but very little known, and the clever handling by a clever writer make them fascinating. Theosophists will be interested in 'Saint-Germain, the Deathless,' and if to Mr. Lang the Personality of the Mysterious Count is somewhat of a poser, we do not know if this will console or irritate him: the writer of these lines *knows* a good friend still living who met the Count Saint Germain only a few years ago in a public garden in Rome. I can vouch for the utter honesty and reliability of my friend and I do believe he was not hallucinated.

B. P. W.

*The Beginning and the Ending*, by E. M. Smith. (Elliot Stock, London.)

This quaint little book is issued as being "some thoughts on the Book of Revelations." It tries to show how in the strange symbolism of *Revelations* we have revealed "both the beginning and the ending of the construction of the Church of God." We are not sure that the attempt is either successful or enlightening. One interpretation pleases us: "Is not

'the wrath of the Lamb,' the fire in the eyes that are too pure to behold iniquity?' The Lamb is Eternity, the whole world-cycle, and the writer seems to think that the different references to the Lamb signify the different stages, 'dispensations' in the working out of God's will.

J. R.

#### TRANSFERABLE MERIT

Recently, at the cremation of the High Priest Sumaṅgala, when many pious Buddhists threw all sorts of little things into the flames in order to acquire 'merit,' it so happened that one man in the acme of his enthusiasm caught hold of the hat of his neighbor and slung it upon the pyre. Given to understand, later on, that it was not *his* hat, he generously made over, in a declaration published in Colombo newspaper, the 'merit' of his deed to the owner of the hat.<sup>1</sup>

This little case shows very clearly what present-day Buddhists understand by *transference of merit*. It means to them renouncing, by a free resolution, the entire consequences, for themselves, of a good deed formerly done or now being done; the making over, in thought, to somebody else, the whole good karman they have a claim to on account of a certain pious action.

For us it is impossible to believe that any doctrine like this was ever taught by the Buddha. Just consider a little what it implies! It means that if you have only a sufficient number of devoted friends making over good karman to you, you need not take pains for your salvation! And it leads to the conclusion<sup>2</sup> that if the transference, *in toto*, of a good karman is possible, you may just as well get rid of your bad karman by simply shaking it off upon your neighbor. But what does the Buddha teach? He teaches, and that most emphatically, that everybody is merely what he has made himself. This doctrine is so conspicuous in ancient Buddhism<sup>3</sup> that it has often been declared to be its principal characteristic.

We cannot, therefore, admit that the canonical and other passages collected by Mr. F. L. Woodward, M.A., in his pamphlet *The Buddhist Doctrine of Reversible Merit* (published by the Galle Buddha-Dhamma-Sangama, 1911) prove the existence of that theory in original Buddhism.

Mr. Woodward divides his subject into three chapters entitled respectively: 'Merit handed over to living persons'; 'To the

<sup>1</sup> Unconscious transgressions not counting in Buddhism, the man was right in considering the merit as actually acquired by him.

<sup>2</sup> In spite of Nilinda-Pañha, section 294 (vice is limited, but virtue boundless), for the question there concerned is not if one can transfer *in toto* i.e., renounce a merit, but if one is able to share it with others.

<sup>3</sup> See, e.g., Dhammapada, XII. 9: 'Purity and impurity are untransferable; nobody can purify another' (suddhi asuddhi paccattam, nañño aññam visodhaye).

Memory of the Buddha'; and 'Merits offered to ghosts of the departed (*peta's*)'.

Of these, the second, in our opinion, might have been omitted altogether, because no Buddhist while offering food or flowers before a relic or statue of the Buddha is likely to take this as a transference of 'merit' to the Buddha.

The third chapter (occupying two-thirds of the paper) is based on various misconceptions. In the Buddhist *Srāddha* (ceremony for the dead) 'solid and liquid food' is offered to the *peta's* (= *preta's*) who are supposed to eat the essence of such offerings. The idea doubtlessly is, or at least was, as with the Hindū *Srāddha*, that these *peta's* actually eat the subtle and invisible essence of the food,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Woodward's suggestion<sup>2</sup> that with the 'divine' (*i.e.*, supersensual) food and drink they enjoy the 'mental bliss caused by kind remembrance of the dead' must be meant, is therefore unacceptable and unnecessary. Moreover, the transference of kind thoughts is not by itself a transference of 'merit,' as Mr. Woodward apparently believes. In the ancient Buddhist *Srāddha* (which belongs to the pre-buddhist institutions, like caste, etc., wisely tolerated by the Buddha) the idea of merit-transfer was evidently as absent as it is in the Hindū *Srāddha* of to-day.<sup>3</sup> At least there is no trace of it in the *locus classicus* on the subject, the *Tirokudda-Sutta*, nor in the *Jāvussoni-Sutta*, Mr. Woodward's translations being erroneous.<sup>4</sup> The ancient *Srāddha*, Hindu and Buddhist, is an offering of food to the dead, not a transference of merit. This impression is not removed even by the passage quoted on p. 7 and 8 from *Ākan-kheyya-Sutta*. For here, as is clearly shown by the context, we have the common Hindu idea that *one* of the many benefits resulting from the correct behavior of a *Bhikṣu* (*Sannyāsin*) is the welfare of his relatives, his grandeur being such that the relatives *by necessity* share it to a certain extent (by being saved from hell, etc.) This again is not merit-transfer in the sense of the hat-example, for the *Bhikṣu* *keeps* the merit of his behavior which is but *incidentally shared* by others. The *Bhikṣu* (of the old School, anyhow) can, of course, not undertake anything like a *Srāddha* (for *his*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Buddha's doctrine of the four kinds of food, also the 'feeders on vomit' in the *Milinda* passage quoted on p. 9 of the pamphlet.

<sup>2</sup> For which the more advanced standpoint of *Milindapañha* (*loc. cit.* p. 9 and 10) appears to be responsible.

<sup>3</sup> By doing a *Srāddha* you feed the departed *and* acquire the good *karman* of an unselfish deed. That both the food and the *karman* are, sacrificed to the dead, or the latter through the former, is clearly a clerical after-thought.

<sup>4</sup> The word 'merit' (p. 5 below, and p. 6 above) is not in the text; *anuppaveccanti* (p. 8, l. 12) does not mean 'makes a transference of a meritorious donation,' but simply 'hands over;' *upakappati* means 'serves, becomes useful,' not 'becomes a transference;' etc.

relatives) because he has to carefully avoid the heterodoxy of the 'I-making' and 'Mine-making'.

Turning, finally, to the first chapter, we are struck by the absence of quotations from the Nikāyas excepting only the fifth and last, the Khuddaka. As a matter of fact, the subject of 'merit handed over to living persons' is conspicuous by its absence in all the older texts. The passage quoted from Khuddaka-Nikāya is, however, remarkable. For it shows the introduction of the new theory, and that in a way and language which leave little doubt as to its having been unknown to the Buddha and the older doctrine.

So far we have silently discarded Mr. Woodward's quotations from the Jātakas, Milindapañha, and the commentaries, because these texts are so late, comparatively, that they cannot serve as authorities for the time of the Buddha and oldest Buddhism. But it must be said that these quotations, together with the Khuddaka passage mentioned just before, have a special value in that they are, indeed, some of the earliest passages of Buddhist literature which refer unmistakably to the doctrine of transferable merit. This theory, then, cannot well be said to be of Mahāyāna origin, as we put it in a letter to Mr. Woodward except in that it apparently developed together, if not out of, the Bodhisattva ideal (see the Jātaka quotations, *loc. cit.*, p. 2) which is, as it were, the root of Mahāyāna Buddhism. The theory of merit-transfer, though not taught by the Buddha himself, must have made its appearance not long after the Buddha, in early Buddhism, and Mr. Woodward deserves our thanks for having collected the materials permitting this conclusion.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER

*Ideas, Old and New*, by Barclay Lewis Day. (J. M. Watkins, London. Price Rs. 2-10 or 3/6.)

The ideas in this volume of 212 pages are mostly old, but they are none the worse for that. There is certainly very little that is new in the book, except perhaps the new way of presenting these old old ideas. Evidently the author has collected them from time to time in order that he might become clear in his own mind on these various subjects, and now presents them in print with the laudable idea that they might be helpful to others. The first Chapter "Early Ethical Thought," covers a wide range of extracts from most of the wise men of the elder days of all nations. Chapters follow on "Ideas in Themselves," "The World Outside us," "What is Soul?" "Ideas of Deity" and "From Dogmatism to Freedom." Altogether the author has succeeded in making a very readable volume, one that will be appreciated by most students of the seen and unseen.

M. H. H.



*The New God and Other Essays*, by Ralph Shirley. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3/6 net).

The essays in this volume are reprints, and of them the author remarks in the Preface that "there are several which, had time permitted, I should have much preferred to have re-written." Agreed. The first essay gives its name to the book, but contains nothing of any importance; of the others the best are 'Julian, the Apostate,' and 'Count Cagliostro.' A few on questions that vex the Christian-world do not contribute anything of weight, though all are well-written and form pleasant reading, as well as revealing considerable sympathy with such questions. 'The strange case of Lurancy Vennum' is an account of a curiously interesting case of temporary possession by one girl (dead) of another's body. These essays are good magazine articles, but they hardly merit the dignity of being published as a book.

J. R.

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## THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

### ASIATIC

*The Adyar Bulletin*, Adyar, August, 1911. An excellent number: the usual Headquarters' Notes are followed by Mrs. Besant's speech at the Albert Hall on behalf of the Woman Movement in which the question is raised beyond the ordinary strife of political parties and a broad note is struck. Mr. Leadbeater writes on the occult side of 'Funerals and Cremation'. 'From the Inner Side' narrates an interesting experience; 'Masonry among Hindus' is a reprint; 'Failures' is an instructive contribution. Johan van Manen writes a bright and witty article on 'Jollities of Magic' which is not without its serious lesson. 'From My Scrap-Book' maintains its usual cheery level.

*Adyar Pamphlets* No. 6, Adyar, August, 1911. *Castes in India* by Damodar K. Mavalankar is reprinted from the first volume of this Magazine, and though short, has a valuable lesson to impart. No Hindu Theosophist should fail, not only to peruse, but carefully to study and ponder over this excellent pamphlet.

*Theosophy in India*, Benares, July, 1911. Mrs. Besant's (unrevised) lecture on 'Avatārs, R̥shis and Masters' is followed by 'What is Theosophy,' by Captain E. G. Hart, 'The Future of Theosophy and the T. S.,' and 'Thoughts on the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.'

*The Message of Theosophy*, Rangoon, July, 1911. 'Did the Lord Buddha Teach Reincarnation?' and some reprints make up this number.

*The C. H. O. Magazine*, Benares, August, 1911. 'The Application of Psychology to Moral Training' is an instructive contribution. 'The Conquest of the Air', 'Science Jottings', and reprints with the usual columns form the contents of the issue.

#### EUROPEAN

*The Vāhan*, London, July, 1911. The Annual Report of the English Section for 1910-11 is followed by various notes and news of interest. There are some good reviews by the new General Secretary.

*Theosophy in Scotland*, Edinburgh, July, 1911. A report of the First Scottish Convention and Mrs. Besant's Scottish tour, both by R. L. C., shows how things Theosophic are thriving in Scotland. A resumé of Mrs. Besant's lecture on 'The Value of Theosophy to Christianity' is given; notes and news with excellent reviews close a good number.

*The Bulletin Théosophique*, records much activity, prominent amongst which was 'the great week' with the President.

*The Annales Théosophiques*, contains some good articles. M. R. André, in the first entitled 'Theosophy and the Theosophical Society,' says that the *Dictionary of Sciences, Letters and Arts* defines Theosophists thus: "Theosophists form a school of mystic philosophers, who, disdaining human reason and believing themselves illuminated by an inner and supernatural principle, mix together enthusiasm and the observation of nature, ecstasy and philosophy, theology and metaphysic, alchemy and medicine." Rather an indigestible mixture! Le Verger—a Kabbalistic vision—is at least curious, and the notes upon 'The Incas and Aïmaras' by Mme. Kneir interesting.

*The Revue Théosophique* contains accounts *in extenso* of Mrs. Besant's three lectures in Paris: *viz*: 'The Masters of Wisdom, How to find Them,' 'Upon the Fifth Root Race,' 'The Message of Giordano Bruno to the Modern World'. A detailed account of Mrs. Besant's visit provides interesting reading, as do also the press comments upon her utterances.

*La Revue Théosophique Belge* has mostly reprints of recent speeches and writings by Mrs. Besant. An original article by Anna Firmin on 'Comparison between the Era of glory of Atlantis and of Ours' promises well. Belgium has received its Sectional Charter, and has a fine future before it of Theosophic work.

*Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana*, Genova, June, July, 1911. The June number contains a very well-written paper by G. G. Porro on 'Dante and the Masterpieces,' which was read

at the Tenth Annual Congress of the Theosophical Society in Italy. The July number contains translations of Alcyone's article on Mandalay, and of the last chapter of Mr. Leadbeater's book *The Other Side of Death* on 'How Clairvoyance is developed.' Some interesting answers by Mrs. Besant and by Mr. Leadbeater on the ever-recurring questions of the responsibility of animal slaughter and the use of animal products; and the right attitude towards carnivorous animals, venomous reptiles and obnoxious insects also given.

*Ultra*, Rome, June, 1911, commences with a translation of 'The Deathless Race' by G. R. S. Mead which is followed by several articles among which we note one on 'Meister Eckart' by Ugo Fortini del Giglio. 'I Muhizca' by G. M. Perrone and 'The Unity of Matter both in Science and in Spiritualism' by B. Bonacelli are concluded.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift* (Danish), Stockholm, June, 1911. This nicely printed magazine contains: 'On Lotus Day 1911' by Eva Blytt, 'Sermon on the Mount' by E. H. Schmitt, two poems on 'The Rosicrucian Cross' and 'In Memory of H.P.B.' and translations from Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. We congratulate the Editor on the good number.

*Sophia* (Spanish), Madrid, July, 1911. A very good portrait of our President is given as frontispiece and faces the translation (from *The Christian Commonwealth*) of an article on her by our friend Miss Elisabeth Severs, and is followed by the President's White Lotus Day Address. The translation of Dr. Pascal's article on 'Clairvoyance' is concluded, and those of the Lives of Alcyone, and *Occult Chemistry* are continued. An article on 'Giordano Bruno', extracts from the fascinating *Three years in Tibet*, and full news of our President's activities provide a magnificent bill of fare for the reader.

*Theosophie* (German), Leipzig, June, 1911, opens with a poem with an inartistic drawing of a rising sun as its title. Translations from Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, Dr. Van Hook and Mr. Johan van Manen are given. It is a pleasure to note that the Editor continues presenting to the German public the teachings given in our pages.

*Neue Lotusblüten* (German), Leipzig, July and August, 1911, brings more matter from the indefatigable Dr. Franz Hartmann. It opens with an article on 'Hell' and ends with 'Spiritism and Magic', which sounds awe-inspiring, but the contents provide some good, healthy reading.

*The Lotus Journal*, London, July, 1911. Our President's Address to the Knights of the Round Table is given. Mabel Collins concludes her good story; Mrs. Whyte continues her interesting 'Legends of the Round Table'.

## AMERICAN

*The Theosophic Messenger*, Chicago, June, 1911. Once more we have a number packed with good reading material which we cannot adequately review here for want of space. We are glad to see more original articles and less of reprints. Dr. Van Hook deserves the heartfelt thanks of his many readers.

*La Verdad* (Spanish), Buenos Aires, June, 1911, gives a portrait of the new Presidential Agent. There are some admirable contributions and translations.

*Virya* (Spanish), San José, Costa Rica, May, 1911. A full report of the White Lotus Day Meeting at San José is given. Some translations and notices close a good number.

## AUSTRALASIAN

*Theosophy in Australasia*, Sydney, July, 1911. 'Some Notes on the Bases of Art', 'Shri Ramakrishna, An Indian Master', 'The Theosophy of the Greeks', are original contributions all interesting and doing credit to the magazine.

*Theosophy in New Zealand*, Auckland, July, 1911. The second instalment of 'Mystics and Mysticism' is readable; 'A Scripture of Yoga' has some thoughtful paragraphs and is followed by reprints, news, etc.

*New Zealand Lotus Buds' Journal*, Auckland, July, 1911. We welcome the improved garb of this young magazine now entering its second year. Why still '*New Zealand Lotus Buds*'? Why not '*Journal of the Lotus Buds*'? Light green paper and blue ink has *already* come into use; enthusiasm won't wait 750 years! "Good wishes and great prosperity" is what we have to say to this young brother.

## AFRICAN

*The Seeker*, Pietermaritzburg, July, 1911. 'Quickening of Karma and Astrology', 'What is Religion', 'Thought', 'Soul and Beauty' by W. Wybergh, 'Finn Macoul' with notes and news make up an admirable number. The magazine though young shows a decided maturity in the reading matter it presents to its subscribers.

X

# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

### THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th May to 9th June, 1911,  
are acknowledged with thanks:

#### ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. R. Dittman of Singapore £1/- ... ..	15	0	0
General Secretary T.S., French Section, fr. 784.80 at 68.	467	2	0
Mr. V. R. Menon, Singapore, charter fee for a Branch £1.	15	0	0
Mr. V. R. Menon, Singapore, entrance fees and annual dues for 6 new Members £3/- ... ..	45	0	0
Mr. J. A. Fashann, Secretary, Lagos Lodge, W. Africa, entrance fees and annual dues for 1911 for Mr. J. M. Oguntoyinbo, 10s. ... ..	7	5	0
Capt. R. P. Siedl, Rio de Janeiro £7-15-0 ... ..	116	4	0

#### DONATIONS

Mr. N. H. Cama, donation to the Adyar Library ...	10	0	0
<hr style="width: 20%; margin-left: auto;"/>			
Rs. 675 11 0			
<hr style="width: 20%; margin-left: auto;"/>			

J. R. ARIA

*Ag. Treasurer*

9TH JUNE, 1911.

## OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th May to 9th June, 1911, are acknowledged with thanks :

## DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Theosophical Society, Ajmere, Food Fund... ..	30	0	0
Secretary, Shanti Dayak Lodge T. S., Moradabad, Food Fund ... ..	10	0	0
Nirvāṇa Lodge T. S., Agra ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. D. van Hinloopen Labberton, Adyar... ..	10	0	0
K. F. B. West Australia ... ..	6	0	0
	<hr/>		
	Rs. 61	0	0

J. R. ARIA

*Ag. Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S., Adyar.*

9TH JUNE, 1911.

## BUDDHIST SCHOOLS

I have to acknowledge with thanks the following :

Per Comm. F. Fernandez, from South America :  
P. Languasco ; Lodge Perseverança ; Mrs. Charles.

## HEADQUARTERS IMPROVEMENTS

With many thanks for help :

	Rs.	A.	P.
In memory of our eldest daughter, by her father and mother, Chaganram and Kamben ... ..	25	0	0
P. D. Mahaluxmivala ... ..	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kitto ... ..	15	0	0
Dr. Burnett ... ..	30	0	0
A. Goodman ... ..	30	0	0
Priyamukh ... ..	25	0	0
	<hr/>		
	140	0	0
Previously acknowledged	1,176	11	3
	<hr/>		
	Rs. 1,316	11	3

## NEW LODGES

Location	Lodge Name	Date of issue of the Charter
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. ...	Sampo Lodge, T. S. ...	8-11-10
Hart, Michigan, U. S. A. ...	Hart Lodge, T. S. ...	17-11-10
Reading, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. ...	Reading Lodge, T. S. ...	17-11-10
Paris, France ... ..	Dhyana Lodge, T. S. ...	14-12-10
San José, California, U.S.A. ...	San José Lodge, T. S. ...	24- 1-11
Clermont-Ferrand (Puy de Dôme), France ... ..	Vahana Lodge, T. S. ...	28- 1-11
Pau (Basses Pyrénées), France.	Pau Lodge, T.S. ...	7- 2-11
Sousse, Tunis, France ...	La Paix Lodge, T. S. ...	18- 2-11
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada	Winnipeg Lodge, T. S. ...	20- 2-11
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada	Regina Lodge, T. S. ...	17- 3-11
Kallakurchi, S. Arcot, India...	Gomukhi Lodge, T. S. ...	22- 4-11

ADYAR, }  
3rd June, 1911. }

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

## LODGES DISSOLVED

Location	Lodge Name	Date of issue of the Charter
Valparaiso, S. America ... ..	Atlante Lodge, T.S. ...	1910
Helsingfors, Finland ... ..	Atra Lodge, T. S. ...	26- 3-11

ADYAR, }  
3rd June, 1911. }

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

## A NATIONAL SOCIETY IN BELGIUM

A Charter to form a National Society, to be called "The Theosophical Society in Belgium," is issued to M. le docteur Voûte, 26 Avenue Brugmann, Brussels, Belgium, on 7th June, 1911.

ADYAR, }  
7th June, 1911. }

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

## ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST

This Order has been founded to draw together those who, whether inside or outside the Theosophical Society, believe in the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher for the helping of the world. It is thought that its members may, on the physical plane, do something to prepare public opinion for His coming and to create an atmosphere of welcome and of reverence; and, on the higher planes, may unite in forming an instrument of service ready for His use. The Declaration of Principles, acceptance of which is all that is necessary for admission to the Order, is as follows:

1. We believe that a great Teacher will soon appear in the world, and we wish so to live now that we may be worthy to know Him when He comes.

2. We shall try, therefore, to keep Him in our minds always, and to do in His name, and therefore to the best of our ability, all the work which comes to us in our daily occupations.

3. As far as our ordinary duties allow, we shall endeavor to devote a portion of our time each day to some definite work which may help to prepare for His coming.

4. We shall seek to make *Devotion, Steadfastness* and *Gentleness* prominent characteristics of our daily life.

5. We shall try to begin and end each day with a short period devoted to the asking of His blessing upon all that we try to do for Him and in His name.

6. We regard it as our special duty to try to recognise and reverence greatness in whomsoever shown, and to strive to co-operate, as far as we can, with those whom we feel to be spiritually our superiors.

The Order was founded in Benares, India, on January 11th, 1911, and is now made public. Officers will be appointed for each country, consisting of a Local Representative, the Chief Officer in the country, and an Organising Secretary or Secretaries. There are no rules and no subscription. Each member receives a certificate of membership. The Badge of the Order is a silver five-pointed Star, in the form of a pin or brooch. These may be obtained for 2s. each, and members are requested to wear them as far as possible.



The Officers, up to the present, are as follows :

PROTECTOR :

Mrs. Annie Besant.

HEAD :

Mr. J. Krishnamurti (Alcyone).

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO HEAD :

Mr. G. S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B.

GENERAL SECRETARY :

Professor E. A. Wodehouse, M.A.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES :

*India* : Professor P. K. Telang, M.A.

*England* : Lady Emily Lutyens.

ORGANISING SECRETARIES :

*India* : Rai Iqbal Narain Gurtu, M.A., LL.B.

*England* : { Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, M.A.  
Dr. Mary Rocke, M.D.,

Theosophical Society,

106 New Bond Street,

London, W.

ANNIE BESANT



# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

### THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 10th June to 10th July, 1911, are acknowledged with thanks:

#### ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. A. Maingard, Secretary, Mauritius T.S., for 1911 ...	26	4	0
Miss Jadwiga Marcinowska of Poland, for 1911 £1-5-0...	18	12	0
The Rome Lodge, Italy ... ..	14	0	0
Mr. F. Fernandes, Presidential Agent, South America, £16-13-0 ... ..	248	3	10
Mr. José Xifré, Presidential Agent, Spain, for 1911 £2-17-6 ... ..	42	12	10

#### DONATIONS

Mr. M. Chengiah Sastry, Mysore ... ..	5	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5/- ... ..	2	0	0

Rs. 357 0 8

J. R. ARIA

*Ag. Treasurer*

ADYAR, 10th July, 1911.

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### OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

#### FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 10th June to 10th July, 1911, are acknowledged with thanks:

#### DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhaskara Iyer ...	10	0	0
Secretary, Dharmalaya Lodge, Bombay (Food Fund) ...	12	10	0

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss Effie Gilbert, New Zealand, £1-10-0	22	8	0
Mr. J. Chaboty, U. S. A., £0-19-9	14	13	0
Mr. M. Parthasarathy Iyar, Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools, Tanjore	5	0	0
Mr. L. Rustin, Minneapolis, U. S. A.	6	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5/-	6	0	0
Mrs. J. N. Ferrier, Holyoke, Mass., U. S. A. £3-12-0	53	9	10
General Secretary, New Zealand £11-5-0:			
H. H. M., New Zealand	£10	0	0
Smaller Donations	1	5	0
	£11	5	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhaskara Iyer	10	0	0
	Rs. 308	9	4

J. R. ARIA

*Ag. Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S., Adyar*

ADYAR, 10th July, 1911.

### HEADQUARTERS IMPROVEMENTS

	Rs.	A.	P.
M. and Mme. Lionel Hauser	600	0	0
Anon.	1,200	0	0
Mrs. Davis	150	0	0
Mme. de B.	60	0	0
A Friend	110	0	0
Juan Amado	390	0	0
	2,510	0	0
Already acknowledged	1,316	11	3
	Rs. 3,826	11	3

Printed by Annie Besant, in the Vasantā Press, Adyar, Madras, and published for  
the Editor by the Business Manager, Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, S.

SUPPLEMENT TO  
**THE THEOSOPHIST**

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**Mr. Sinnett and the T. S.**

[The following correspondence will give great pleasure to our readers.—ED.]

82, DRAYTON GARDENS,  
LONDON, S.W.

*July 17, 1911.*

DEAR MR. SINNETT,

In view of all that you have done to disseminate Theosophy in the western world, it seems to me unreasonable that you should continue to stand aloof from the main body of the Theosophical Society. Our recent conversations have shown how little there is really to keep us apart, and I am convinced that our work will be best carried on if we stand together.

I therefore write to ask you formally to take up again the office of Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, so that in all matters of moment we may have the benefit of your counsel, and that we may pay you such honor as lies within our power.

My old friend, Sir Subramania Iyer, co-operates with me by resigning the office, in order that I may be free to offer it to you. I earnestly hope that you may consent to accept it.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

ANNIE BESANT,

*President of the Theosophical Society.*

59, JERMYN STREET,

S.W.

*July 19, 1911.*

DEAR MRS. BESANT,

Only one reply is possible in acknowledgment of your kind letter. All things considered I feel that there is an element of

absurdity in my continued detachment from the Theosophical Society, and assuredly there is no disagreement between us individually that can override our far more important sympathies. Believing, moreover, as I do, that wishes we both respect profoundly are in harmony with the course you propose to take, I accept without hesitation the renewal of my old relations with the Society in the manner you suggest.

Rejoicing in the cordial manifestations of public interest in your work that have been so impressive during your present stay in Europe,

I am always,

Yours very sincerely,

A. P. SINNETT.

---

### BUDDHIST SCHOOLS

I have to acknowledge with thanks the following:

By Manuel Treviño: Los estudiantes de Teosofía en San Fernando de Apure (Venezuela); D. Heliodoro A. Sosa (Colón, República Argentina); D. Emilio de Mársico (La Plata, ídem); D. Leopoldo M. Mattos (Brazil); D. J. J. Benzo (Venezuela); D. L. G. Rens (Fi-Arriba, Cuba); D. J. Marsary Dr. Diaz-Pérez (Paraguay); D. J. F. P. (Sevilla).

Our receipts have now come up to Rs. 14,152-2-3, a very respectable sum.

---

### VASANTĀ PRESS

					Rs.	A.	P.
Miss Browning	...	...	...	...	156	4	5
Mrs. Stephens	...	...	...	...	30	0	0
A. D. MacDonald	...	...	...	...	105	0	0
C. S. Pārthasārathy Aiyar	...	...	...	...	30	0	0
					Rs. 321	4	5
				Already acknowledged	19,641	0	1
				Total Rs.	19,962	4	6

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## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

## THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 10th July to 10th August, 1911, are acknowledged with thanks:

## ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. A. E. MacLachlan, Singapore for 1911 £0-10-0	7	8	0
Mr. H. Gentis, Edmonton. Fees for 1911-12... ..	21	11	0
General Secretary T. S. in England & Wales. Dues for 1911 £54-9-4 ... ..	812	2	8
Presidential Agent, South America. Dues for 1911			
Labnor Branch, S. America. Frs. 112-50 ... ..	66	5	0
Mr. Felix A. Belcher, Toronto West End Lodge, T. S., Canada for 1911 £4-10-0 ... ..	66	14	6
Cuban Section £25-11-3 ... ..	383	7	0

## DONATIONS

Mr. A. Ostermann, Colmar ... ..	24,035	0	4
A Friend of Col. Olcott £500/-... ..	7,441	12	9
Mrs. Sara Djonett, U. S. America £3-6-1 ... ..	49	9	0
	<hr/>		
	Rs. 32,884	6	3

A. SCHWARZ

*Treasurer*

ADYAR, 10th August, 1911.

## OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 10th July to 10th August, 1911, are acknowledged with thanks:

## DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. M. V. Rege, Thana ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. L. E. Rhodes, Motueka £5/- ... ..	75	0	0
Mr. G. H. E. Dempster, Victoria ... ..	58	5	0
Lodge "Pythagoras and Leonardo de Vinci," Turin	15	0	0
Maṅgalāmbāl Ammāl, Wife of Mr. S. Bhāskar Iyer, Executive Engineer, Dowleshwaram ... ..	10	0	0
Secretary, Blavatsky Lodge, Chicago £2/- ... ..	30	5	2
Mr. G. G. I. Carter £3/- ... ..	44	9	5
Human Duty Co-Masonic Lodge Rs. 33-12-0			
Unity                   "                   "                   "                   53- 0-0			
Mrs. Carter           "                   "                   "                   15- 0-0			
	<hr/>		
	... 101	12	0

			Rs.	A.	P.
A Friend of Col. Olcott	£164-9-0	...	2,452	5	0
Donations under Rs. 5/-	...	...	...	2	0
Allison Anderson, Gisborne, New Zealand	...	...	...	7	8
			<hr/>		
			Rs.	2,806	12
			<hr/>		

A. SCHWARZ

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

ADYAR, 10th August, 1911.

## LODGE DISSOLVED

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of dissolution
Pretoria, Transvaal, S. Africa.	Arcadia Lodge, T.S.	... 28-2-11

## LODGE REVIVED

Marseilles, France	... Maya Lodge, T. S.	... 2-6-11
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## NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Porto Alegre, Brazil, South America.	Jehoshua Lodge, T.S.	... 22-1-11
Bulawayo, Rhodesia, South Africa.	Bulawayo	... 22-2-11
Pori, Finland	... Kankomieli	... 7-5-11
Bizert, Tunisa, France	... Hakika	... 13-5-11
Kristiania, Norway	... Vidar	... 18-5-11
Mau, Dist. Jhansi, India	... Mau	... 20-5-11
Glasgow, Scotland	... Annie Besant Glasgow Lodge, T. S.	20-5-11
Musselburgh, Scotland	... Musselburgh Lodge, T. S.	20-5-11

ADYAR,  
10th July, 1911. }

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

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Printed by Annie Besant, in the Vasantā Press, Adyar, Madras, and published for  
the Editor by the Business Manager, Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, S.



## Nelson's Encyclopædia

We draw the attention of our Indian readers to the accompanying advertisements and order form for this excellent series. We need not say we recommend it, we believe it would be difficult to produce a cheaper and better series.

---

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