VOL. XXXVI No. 8

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE passing away of our good brother David S. M. Unger, of Chicago, is a very distinct loss to the Theosophical Society. He was an ardent Christian of a broad type, and was thus very useful, as putting the fundamental truths of religion in a Christian form, very welcome in Christian countries. His little magazine, *Esoteric Christianity*, will be known to many. He was very much loved by his co-workers, and many would endorse the affectionate and admiring words spoken of him by a fellow-Theosophist :

> Although we ventured thus to count ourselves his friends and companions, we recognised in him one who had surpassed us in development, one who had passed us on the road, but who had halted in his eager way to lend a helping hand to our advancement. He was to us an inspiration. He was a pure white flame of devotion, a living, glowing, radiant centre of earnest purpose finding expression in the Master's work of compassionate help to humanity . . . . . .
>
> We would pay to our brother our best, our most lasting, our sincerest tribute. May I venture to tell you what I believe this tribute to be ?

It is to take the spirit of his life and exemplify it in our own—to take of the fire that burned in his heart, and apply it to the fuel on the altars of our own hearts and lives—to do for the world with greater zeal and earnestness, the work which he was so earnest and faithful in doing. This shall be better tribute than any poor words we can utter.

He died from the sequela of an operation to remove a growth threatening his life. He rests in peace.

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Our ever hard-working Southampton Theosophists, as the outcome of a difficult piece of work asked for by an official, have started a Club, the Girl's Crusade, to meet some of the dangers to women arising from the massing of large numbers of men together, and arranged a series of six lectures on *Sex Hygiene*. These are also to be given at the Union Jack Club for Women. The great ability as a speaker of Miss Green, the President of the local Lodge, is being utilised by the Church of England and Free Church Temperance Societies and Purity Leagues. The fine work done by the Southampton Theosophists in relation to the War has made them very popular and respected in a town where religious prejudice has always run high.

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The Order of the Servants of the Star have projected a "Correspondence Study Series," in which the first set of papers is to be on *At the Feet of the Master*, the second on Karma, the third on Reincarnation, and the fourth on *Great Teachers*. Mr. G. S. Arundale is writing the first series, and his name is a guarantee for their value. The Servants of the Star are young people, and their "training falls into two distinct divisions," Study and Service. As is said in a leaflet issued :

Many young people's organisations are in existence to-day—the sign of a growing sense of responsibility on the part of the young generation towards its surroundings. The future obviously lies with the young, and it is wise therefore that they should begin, under the guidance of sympathetic elders, to train themselves for duties which will come to them when they are men and women.

The "sympathetic elders" in this case form an "Advisory Council," consisting of Muriel, Countess De La Warr, the Lady Emily Lutyens, Viscountess Churchill, Mr. Arundale and myself. A Quarterly is being brought out by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whyte, who conducted so admirably the *Lotus Journal*, to be called *The Young Age,* and matters concerning the junior Order will be published in that, the *Herald of the Star* being, of course, for older people. The great spread of the Order of the Star in the East all over the world has almost necessitated the formation of the juvenile Order, so many parents wishing their children to share in their own hope. It is well indeed for all who through the thick clouds of War and of the suffering of the Nations, can see in the clear heaven which no clouds can stain the undimmed shining of the Star.

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Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, are as usual, very active in Melbourne, and much of their work has, naturally, been claimed by War-needs.

Since the outbreak of war, Mrs. Hunt has helped to organise a band of women who made over 20,000 bandages for the troop-horses going with our expeditionary forces. I was able through the Minister of Defence to procure for the Organising Secretary—Miss Maude Harvey—a free pass over the Railways so that she was able to go to other States and organise the same kind of work in Sydney, Brisbane,

Adelaide and Hobart. The ladies also provided medical comforts for the horses, arrowroot, salt, oatmeal, molascuit, which lie outside the regular supplies of the Defence Department but are very necessary for the horses. The bandages are used to bind the legs, so that the standing in the ships for four or five weeks does not cause swelling. Partly no doubt as a result of this work, only one per cent of the horses of the first expeditionary force were lost, and I was asked by the Secretary of Defence to convey to Miss Harvey and the ladies concerned in the work the thanks of the Department.

This band is now being converted into a local branch of the Purple Cross Service, so ably conducted by Miss Lind af Hageby and her friends in England for rescue of wounded horses on the battle-fields of France, and we are gathering subscriptions to send on to the parent Society. Mrs. Hunt is one of an Organising Committee of three and the Governor-General of the Commonwealth and State Governor have become Patrons, and the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, President.

I have myself taken up the ideal of getting all our male population who are physically fit, but for any reason are not available or qualified for service at the front to arm and drill for home defence. A movement with this object is finding a ready response all over Australia and in the form of Rifle Clubs—a recognised form of reserve under our Defence Act—the men are coming forward in good numbers.

My small part has been to help in forming the Brighton Rifle Club—of which they have made me Secretary, and we have already in a few weeks sworn in over 200 members and had our first muster for drill on Thursday last. It was very quaint to see staid and, in some cases, elderly city men, merchants, stockbrokers, lawyers, dentists, etc., as well as numbers of the young men of the town being drilled by young men of the regular citizens' forces (almost boys). I don't know who enjoyed it most the boyish non-com.'s or the members drilling.

If we can carry this out extensively all through Australia and all our men have been taught to shoot straight and have been drilled, it ought to make us safer from foreign invasion

and also liberate more of our young men for service at the front.

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At the Convention of the Theosophical Society of Australia, held this year in Melbourne, the Section took the largest Hall in the City, holding 2,000 people, for a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater on Easter Sunday. The promoters were permitted to make a charge for admission, as the proceeds were to go to the Belgian Relief Fund. Australia is very Sabbatarian, and no charges are allowed at Sunday lectures. Hence it was necessary to secure the waiver of the rule in the above case.

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A warning seems to be needed with regard to the work of the Theosophical Society and that of the Order of the Star in the East in regard to propaganda work, when both organisations exist in the same town. The two are and must be distinct, as many members of the younger Order are not members of the T. S., and many members of the T. S. are not members of the Order, but they should work in friendliness not in rivalry. The Order of the Star should never choose for its meetings the same day and hour as is used by the older Society, nor should it be forgotten that the T. S. is a permanent organisation whereas the Order of the Star is a temporary one, working to prepare the way for the coming of the Great Teacher, and necessarily ceasing that work when He comes amongst us. To neglect, still more to directly hamper, the work of the T. S., because of devotion to the younger Order shows extraordinary lack of insight, and is seen with the strongest disapproval by the leaders of both organisations.

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I had a pleasant visit to Benares last month, when I went to Gorakhpur, in the United Provinces to preside over the Provincial Congress Conference there. There is a very strong feeling aroused throughout India by the action taken by the House of Lords in prolonging one-man-rule over the United Provinces, with its population of forty-seven millions, although a lately created and less advanced Province had been granted a fragment of executive power. So we had a well-attended Conference. It is a very bad return the Lords have made for all India's sacrifices in blood and money in support of the Empire, and has aroused very deep resentment, increased by the unfortunate passing of the Public Safety Act.

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The Central Hindū College authorities at Benares gave me a warm welcome there, and we had one of our old meetings in the School Hall. The College Cadet Corps escorted me thither at 6.30 in the early morning—for it is the hot weather in Benares now—and we walked in the old way over the familiar ground to the crowded Hall, ringing with cheers. The regular religious service was held, and one improvement has been brought into it; all the boys chant together some Samskṛt shlokas, and the effect is very impressive. I spoke to the lads then of their place in the New India so rapidly growing up amongst us, and there was great enthusiasm. We sent our love to Mr. Arundale by cable, and all went away very happy. The C. H. C. has now the advantage of the presence of my old friend, Rai Bahadur G. N. Chakravarti, in Benares, as Inspector of Schools,

and he will be able to give it useful advice from time to time.

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From the College, I was escorted to the T. S. Headquarters, where the boys of our Theosophical School were gathered, and I addressed them in turn, and met similar loving welcome.

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Then to the Vasanṭāshrama, dear Miss Arundale's work of love, and her legacy to Benares, where Miss Palmer, B.Sc., is the Principal of the Collegiate School for Girls, and where we have as Matron in sole charge of the boarders, a sweet and capable Hinḍū widow. A third gathering was here to be addressed, and the girls sang, very sweetly, some shlokas from the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*. It is interesting to see the different parts of India from which our girls in our School come. There were during this last session 7 from the United Provinces, 16 Bengalis, 7 Mahrathas, 6 Madrassis (3 Telugu and 3 Tamil), 5 Kashmiris, 3 Panjabis (1 Sikh); these are all Hinḍūs. Then there is one Buḍḍhist girl from Burma, and one Parsi. I cannot but think that it is well to have girls from different Provinces drawn together, learning to overlook the little differences which are so potent to divide, and to realise their one deep unity as daughters of the Motherland.

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From the Āshrama, I went on to visit the three boarding-houses of our Theosophical School. It may interest Theosophists to learn how we meet the supposed difficulty of religious instruction—which is really no difficulty at all, except in the imagination of people

who have not tried to carry it out. In the boarding-houses, the boys all gather in the pūjā-room—room for worship—in the early morning, and one Hiṇḍū, one Buḍḍhist and one Sikh chant a very brief prayer in succession, one in which all can join. Then each does his Sanḍhyā—morning worship—according to his own family custom. The daily school opens with a short religious service in which all can join. During the week the boys have two religious lessons in their own faith, taught by one belonging to it, and the Musalman boys are taken each Friday to their Mosque by a Musalman teacher. In the evening, in the boarding-houses, the boys gather just before they go to bed, and all chant together some shlokas from the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, the "Bible of India". Thus easily is the difficulty of religious instruction solved, and it gives the School a joyous, confident, well-behaved tone that is not otherwise attainable. The teachers and boys are like fathers and sons; there are no punishments, but glad and ready obedience and admirable discipline. How different from the timid air of boys in so many schools, where fear rules instead of love, where the cane replaces religion, and where teachers and boys distrust each other. Very many of the Indians of to-day, the soil of their hearts rendered sterile by missionary and Government education, are against religious education; they themselves have grown up without it, and know not its value, though they lament over the absence of morals in too many of the young men of the day.

HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. HADEN GUEST

WHO are the makers of revolutions? To whom are the great social changes due—the changes in thought that when translated into terms of earth transfigure the face of the world?

Always has there been in the world peasant, tradesman and aristocrat, worker, middle-class and plutocrat, and, on the whole, they have been willing to put up with their lot until some wind from the world of ideas has swept across their faces, and there has come uprising, revolt, cries for the "rights of man," "freedom," "opportunity for all". For any cry will do to express the view of the larger horizon opened up

when the wind of the ideas ruffles the sea of the habit-working ; mind and the waves suck down and the waves rise up.

In every historical age there has been cause enough for lament and complaint by some section of the people, and to some ages there has come the vision of a possible future in which the need for complaint shall be silenced, the wrongs righted, the trouble stilled. To some ages this golden future has been only beyond the gateway of death in some fair mead of heaven; to the latter ages the golden future has been one upon this earth, the means to achieve it here, the will here, all present but the necessary might, the power and the control of circumstance.

THE ROAD TOWARD EMANCIPATION

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries men strove for the achievement of this vision through political emancipation. "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," political freedom, freedom of the press, of speech, the extension of the franchise, the abolition of privilege, republicanism—these were to give us our heaven upon earth. In the nineteenth century and now in the twentieth, the cry is not only for political freedom, but for economic freedom. Now, it is not freedom from king and aristocrat that is to give us our dream, but freedom from the thraldom of rent and interest.

Who is the maker of these revolutions? And what do we want and why? It may be enough for the overworked, underpaid worker to reply that he wants a bettering of his conditions, but who taught him a bettering was possible? Who waked up the lethargy of

habit and bade the man look up and see greater possibilities?

Men and women have come round among the workers saying: "these evil conditions need not be," "wages may be bettered," "you may yourselves own the capital of the industries in which you work," "Socialism will save the people," and the workers have responded. But again, who told these things to those who speak of them, the "agitators" who speak until they are hoarse, who tramp weary miles to meetings to give their message at bleak street corners, at the works' gate, at the pit mouth, in the club room? Where did they hear the message?

The Vision

Trace it back and back and what do you find? The mighty forces that sway peoples, that mould the destiny of nations, that consolidate or rend apart empires, these come out of the minds and hearts of those who think for the world, who see visions of the future, who offer themselves in service to the world. Out from the mind of the scientist, the poet, the dreamer, the theorist, come these mighty forces. Because they are more attuned to the finer and more potent aspects of life, they see a Vision obscured for the many by the incessant iteration of the thoughts, feelings and circumstances of the immediate present. And it is the fragment of the Vision which they have seen which drives the mighty engine of the world.

Darwin lifted a corner of Nature's mysteries on one little planet and caught a glimpse of a dazzling panorama of evolving forms. Goethe, Lamarck,

Spencer and others had seen besides. And these glimpses of a Vision have changed the world. Lassalle and Marx looked beyond the obvious in our social life and saw a future teeming with splendid possibilities. Scientists, philosophers, poets, preachers, agitators, statesmen—these men look beyond the facts to the facts' significance, beyond the things we know to the ideas behind the things. And from the world of ideas comes out the mighty force, the unsubduable force, through which the nation grows into greater being. For there men see a Vision, and each in his own way translates that Vision into language of which we can all understand somewhat. Those who have not seen the Vision read the scientist's, or the statesman's, or the poet's, words and are fired by the reflection. We go about among the people and say that which we have thought and felt, and the divine fire of the Idea lights up the world and unlooses the divine force in the heart of every man.

It is the seers of the ideas behind the facts of every day who are the makers of revolutions. It was the reflection of the Vision they had seen which was the driving force behind the movement for political freedom. It is the reflection of the Vision they have seen which is the driving power behind the Socialist movement. For there, in the world of the ideas, still eternal, dwells the perfected Vision of the man for whom life is no longer a problem, no longer a perplexity, but a splendour of serene achievement. And the one age gets a glimpse of this Vision, and thinks the road there along the political pathway; and another gets a glimpse of the Vision and thinks the road there along the economic pathway. Both in some measure succeed,

and both in large measure are disappointed; and the disappointment drives us back on facts, not for the facts in themselves, but to get behind them. The Vision, it seems, cannot be realised in the way we thought. Let us, then, look again and see if we have perceived it accurately, if there be not something left out of our calculations.

The Vision and the Facts

The Vision is there, still eternal, but we in the turbid world of facts and experiences have misconceived and mistrusted. Not easy is it to bring the gifts of the high heavens of abstraction into the dust and conflict of every day and keep them unspotted. It may seem to some that the words they have just been reading are merely metaphorical, merely poetical; but this is far from being the case. The world of ideas to which we attain by great generalisations from facts is not created by our mental process, it is there awaiting the time of our conquest. The ideas behind the facts are as eternal as the facts themselves. Nay, more enduring are they, for the ideas are the great fountains of life, the facts of every day but the temporary arch of the falling water, the gleam of light in the water's clearness, the iridescent drop. The facts we know teem out of the ideas and, like the waters, flow away; the ideas, like the fountains, remain. The ideas are real, more real than the "facts". The facts are a veil we must pierce—we do not understand them even, until we can see them in relation to some general idea.

Whether you agree or disagree with this point of view does not affect my argument; agreement only

makes it easier to follow. For the crux of the matter is this. How, when, where, matter not. The thinker, the poet, the worker, each in his own way, catches a glimpse of a Vision. Each in his own way is driven to speak of that Vision to other men and uses the symbols of facts to make plain what he would say. We are driven to get behind pretended unreal beliefs, to genuine and real beliefs founded on knowledge, to investigate the facts of life so as to group them anew, to discover in those facts the faint reflection of the great theory, the great generalisation. If this theory is one of political emancipation, we apply it to life, fight for it, struggle for it, agonise, die for it—and in its achievement are disappointed. Then for us the theory of emancipation by political method is no longer a reality, it is a pretence, a delusion; we struggle to free ourselves from it, and to do so we are driven once more to study facts. We emerge from this study with a new interpretation, drawn from the sea of facts; we bring up the treasure of Socialism, and we struggle to apply this to life. Once more partial success; once more disappointment; once more the dive into the facts of life.

The New Standpoint

This is where we have now arrived. The desire to achieve a betterment of man's condition, individual and social, was never stronger than now. Our political efforts have been partly successful, our socialistic efforts have been partly successful also, and must be more so, but we are not sure we shall achieve that which is our desire. Even Socialism has become for many the delusion, and they try to escape from it to

reality. Vague unrest, vague discontent, syndicalism, mere violence—all of these express discontent, unbelief. And once more we must dive into the sea of facts.

The history of our recent progress is a history of growth into bigger and bigger conceptions, to more and more accurate ideas. Now by the sheer stress of the work we have in hand, we are driven to the closer study of the material we have to deal with. We have had theories of politics, we have had theories of economics. Now we want an understanding of man himself.

Politics assume a fiction, the "political man," economics a fiction, the "economic man," but we have done with fictions. The social reconstruction we need is a real re-shaping of a community of men and women. Political and economic men may be suited with equal political and economic powers and opportunities. Real men and women, however, do not fit these moulds; each wants a different something, each is fitted for a different something. We have to build a State, to create a new world, not with theoretical men and women, but with real men and women.

Our laws and our whole life at present are largely built on these fictions. Our criminal law is framed on the assumption of a "cut and dried" individual committing definite classified "crimes" for which there is a scheduled "punishment". Men are said to be "equal before the law," their responsibility is held equal, their criminality, their guilt, and consequently their punishment equal. And this is pure delusion. No two men are equal before the law, neither in themselves, nor in their surroundings, nor in their immediate temptation to crime. We want to abolish from our minds

the fiction of the "cut and dried" criminal, and study the actual women and men. In the same way with votes. With the ownership of property, with every function and relation by which man expresses himself, we want to get away from the fiction of our conceptions and get to the facts, and so beyond the facts to the truer idea.

We know one thing surely, that smashes through our social and political theories like a sledge hammer. All men are unequal. But what, then, is man? What knowledge have we of him that is real, apart from political and social fictions? Do we know truly and accurately anything about him? Have we firmly founded knowledge of man and can a real statesmanship build on that knowledge? That knowledge exists and can be found, and out of it shall flow the strength and power for a new step forward.

Statesmanship and the Sciences

The past two centuries have been remarkable for two great reasons: firstly, because of the attempt to apply knowledge for the betterment of man's condition (although this has been largely through the medium of artificial theories about political and economic man); secondly, because of the increasingly profound investigation of the facts of life, and the getting at the secret, the Idea, the theory, behind those facts. The movement for political and social emancipation has run parallel with the movement for the freeing of the mind from illusions, the attainment of certainty about the world, the acquisition of real knowledge. These two parallel lines have by no means always been sympathetic. The

scientist has regarded the politician as a charlatan or a demagogue, the politician has regarded the scientist as a man divorced from the realities of life. But the disillusionment with politics and economics which we are now experiencing must inevitably drive the politician and the reformer to the scientist and to the thinker for the bricks wherewith to build the State, for the necessary knowledge which, it is felt, must be that of a wider survey of facts than made use of at present and of a more profound theory. To this wider survey of facts let us now turn.

A great deal of knowledge available for immediate application to life, but independent of political and social theories, has been piling up these many years and we may arrange it in certain main groups.

The first of these groups is that which has to do with the Health of Man. Contrast this definite knowledge we have of health with the social theory underlying the Insurance Act. It is arguable that the Insurance Act may be beneficial or not beneficial, for it is founded on an artificial theory, but it is not arguable that good, well-ventilated houses may be beneficial or not beneficial, for this knowledge is founded on a great experience, a great generalisation of facts. There, in a nutshell, you have the contrast between the artificial, outgrown, false theory and the real.

We do not "think" now, we know how to abolish consumption, and the chief infectious diseases. We know what are the conditions for the healthy upbringing of children, for the healthy development of young people, for the healthy work of grown-up men and women. In a word, we know both the conditions for the maintenance of individual health and the conditions necessary

for the public health. Much of that knowledge is not applied, on the ground of difficulty, of expense, or one or another excuse. The new statesmanship will say: "Knowledge that we are sure of is knowledge to be applied, and applied at once." Knowledge made sure will be defined in the future as that which is to be at once applied to life. Some of the knowledge of health to which I refer has been applied in our Public Health legislation, in Acts for the housing of the working classes, in the medical inspection of school children, and a singular thing to note is that what is valuable in the legislation of the past hundred years is precisely this application of ascertained knowledge, and that neither party in the State can claim this knowledge as its own.

Real Statesmanship

Real statesmanship, the application of ascertained knowledge, is independent of the ebb and flow of the *personalia* of Party.

The second of these groupings of our knowledge is that which concerns the Education of Man. Of this we have much real knowledge, although we as yet only apply a comparatively small part of this knowledge. A great junction has been made, however, of mind-education and body-health, and we are trying to get the body that is to be educated to become the healthy instrument which the mind needs. But again the obstacles to the great reforms—smaller classes, exquisite cleanliness, beauty of surroundings and the substitution of love and affection for "discipline"—are those of expense and difficulty. We know, but do not apply.

And oh, the pity of it! Only compare the best schools where knowledge is applied, with the slum school where "discipline is maintained". The tragic difference! The one school like a garden of flowers, growing swiftly, beautifully, delicately, in the sun and the wind; the other like a garden smoothed down and made uniform by the spreading over the ground of an ancient, not too sweetly smelling blanket. But we know, and we should apply the knowledge.

The third grouping of our Knowledge is that referred to as Eugenics. The knowledge of the necessity, the efficiency, and the morality of good breeding. The whole nation should be as well-bred as our racial character permits. And we know enough to indicate main lines. No need to follow eugenists into fantasies of absolute refusal of permission to marry, sterilisation, lethal chambers, and the like. These are the maladies of eugenics, the degenerate strain in the eugenic inheritance, which all have to become "recessive". But let us add to our morality the knowledge of eugenics, and to the ethical imperatives of our action the imperative of good breeding. Some evils we know little of as yet, but some gross evils we know enough of, and here again, as we know, let us apply our knowledge. But as you apply this knowledge, guard your freedom. This is knowledge to be applied not by the State, but by the individual. Here the State may persuade, but only in gross cases compel, may spread knowledge broadcast, and may, to the uttermost farthing, enforce individual responsibility for individual actions.

Another grouping of knowledge on which we can now build is that dealing with the peoples of the world, the tribes and nations, their powers and possibilities,

the difficulties and dangers of their contact, and the mesh of international law, the growth of which needs great acceleration.

Another grouping is that of the resources of the world, the industries, the mines, the forests, the wheat lands, the fruit lands, the supply of wood, of food, of coal, of oil—of all the things wherewith man feeds his body and the life of civilisation in which his greater life shall be. We know much of these resources and often use them, not more wisely than a swarm of wasps uses a just discovered store of sweet stuff. We do not so much use the world's goods, as allow them to be plundered. Here again the knowledge we have we should apply, accepting the great Trust organisations for the control of these goods, but not accepting the Trust's allocation of the profits, nor its exploitation of the stores of material.

THE BOUNDARIES OF KNOWLEDGE

All these groupings of knowledge have to do with man's physical life, with his civilisation, with the earth on which he lives; but not least important is the great grouping of knowledge dealing with man's mind, and with his inner spiritual nature.

Deeply are the sciences delving into the mysteries beyond the boundary of ascertained knowledge; and already the ascertained stretches further than many men and women are aware. Psychology has investigated, not only the psychological apparatus of brain and nerve, but the upper reaches of the consciousness shown in religious conversion. Through experiments in hypnotism, and thought transference, the field of

investigation extends to spiritualism and clairvoyance. But not only in the sciences is the investigation proceeding; philosophy, too, is pushing forward her researches. The philosophy of Bergson and the enunciation of the realm of consciousness above the mind, the intuition, is in itself a kind of scientific discovery in the world of Spirit. Here, too, we know, if not certainties as definite as those dealing with health and with schooling, at least certainties that put outside the barrier of discussion the crude materialism of an earlier day. We know that in the deeps of the consciousness of man, in the inner world in which each man is king, there are discoveries to be made as great as those made by Columbus, by Galileo, by the great evolutionists. And with the realisation of a non-physical side of man, we come upon that which is the crowning achievement of scientific and philosophical speculation, the theory of spiritual evolution in man, side by side with the physical evolution, which we recognise is the master explanation of the physical world.

New Horizons

The inner life of man is an enduring life, an evolving life; the man who turns to himself may know himself as the Spirit, immortal, divine, evolving since the beginning of ages, evolving into the depths of time. As the world is one continuous interweaving of evolving forms of life, so is Spirit one continuous interwoven unfolding of the powers of life. Matter and Spirit, Form and Life, Body and Soul—the great panorama of evolution through the animal and vegetable to the primordial ooze, and the first stir of protoplasmic life,

beyond this to the mineral life of the earth, back to the sun, and nebula before the sun, to the unending stretch before that—all this is lit, illuminated, explained, as the school of the evolving Spirit.

Within man we now behold realm on realm of consciousness, grade on grade of exaltation, to explore, powers unthought of, energies undreamed of. The sciences have brought us to a new door opening on to a greater universe. Man is a pilgrim, spiritual, immortal, entering on his ascending pathway. Depths below, beyond the dust of suns, heights above, beyond the glories and mysteries of God.

The disillusion with politics, with economics, with religion, has driven us back to facts. Grouping our knowledge of these facts, we find that we know what are the essentials for the healthy and harmoniously developing life of man, for the main structure of his civilisation, what is necessary for his good breeding and for his inner nature, enough to be sure that he stands now upon the threshold of adventure and achievement such as has not opened out from life before.

What is Man?

Spiritual evolution? What does that mean? What is the Spirit that evolves? What is man?

The still current theory among educated people is that man is a physical animal, the product of evolution, that he is born as a result of natural physical processes, and that he passes away from life as the result of equally natural processes—and that is all. The emergence of superior species, of superior types, is due to the

unexplained appearance of superior variations which are selected (naturally or artificially). It is assumed man will grow upwards, becoming better adapted, more developed and controlled emotionally, more developed and controlled as to the mind, and with an ever growing and extending power over the earth, the forces of nature, and the conditions of his own life. And one may well ask why? What is the foundation for the assumption? Favourable variations are selected. Certainly. But do they always lead towards an increasing complexity and adaptability? What of the definitely retrogressive organisms? What of the possibility of degeneration and decay of the stock of man? What of the possibility of the supersession of man on this earth by some better-equipped creature, evolving out of his ranks, perhaps, to become the Superman, or invading this world from some other planet (as in H. G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*)?

Evolution has undoubtedly taken place in an upward direction, producing forms of increasing complexity, and adaptability, forms characterised by increase of the content of consciousness. The amœba knows a very little fragment of the world, the deep sea fish a little more, the reptile, the bird, the mammalian and man himself, more and more. It is as though the life behind all forms had succeeded over an enormous period in gradually building up the form through which more and more of its possibilities can be expressed. Bernard Shaw has imagined that in this way we are now evolving something which will be able to express, not the consciousness of man, but that of God.

L. Haden Guest

(To be concluded)

ANCIENT HINḌU SHRINES OF JAVA

By P. L. NARASIMHAM

UNDER the heading of "Ancient Hinḍū Colonies," I wrote a very brief history of Java in ancient times, published in *The Commonweal* of 18th December, 1914. In that article I mentioned that many beautiful and large temples were built there by the ancient Hinḍū-Javanese (Hinḍū natives of Java, or Yava Ḍwīpa), especially the temples of Prambanan and of Boro Budur. From an inscription found in Prambanan, it was ascertained that most of them, especially the group known as the Chandi Sevu, or the Temples of Shiva, consisting of a thousand temples, were built about the year A.D. 964. Here I propose to give a concise description of one of the important temples, so that we may have a clear idea of what kind of temples they are, or rather were, and of the place Hinḍūism occupied in that beautiful little island some centuries ago.

The ancient Javanese, like the Hinḍūs and many others, had their superstitious ideas about most things, and to every stranger that goes there to see the wonderful workmanship of the group of temples popularly known as Loro Jonggrang, the natives narrate the following story to account for the origin of the Prambanan temples.

Ratu Boko, or Ratu Baka,[1] the Giant-King of Prambanan, had an only daughter, Princess Jonggrang; and so he adopted a son, Raden Gupolo (or Gopala) whose father was killed by the King of Pengging. With a view to avenging his natural father's death, he requested his foster-father to arrange for his marriage with the King of Pengging's beautiful daughter. Thus, Ratu Boko sent ambassadors to the Court of Pengging to negotiate the marriage. On hearing of this marriage proposal, the King of Pengging understood its real motive; and in order to outwit the Giant-King, he sent secret emissaries to many places to find a competent person to destroy the Giant-King and his adopted son. Damar Moyo (Ḍāmar Maya) advised his younger son, Bambang Kandilaras, a young man of prepossessing appearance and great strength, to undertake the task; but Kandilaras failed in his attempt, as the breath and voice of Ratu Boko were dreadful enough to silence any great warrior. Then, Bondowoso, the elder son of the Saint Damar Moyo, marched against Ratu Boko, but was blown off his feet by the breath of the latter, so that, defeated, he fled to a forest. Knowing what had happened, Saint Moyo taught his son Bondowoso a manṭram which, when twice repeated, would make him big and strong as an elephant. Armed with this talisman, Bondowoso returned to Prambanan and very easily managed to destroy the mighty army thereof. Ratu Boko's rage, when he heard of this disaster, knew no bounds; and meeting his deadly enemy, of whose strength he had a very poor opinion, lost his life in a terrible fight in which "houses and gardens were," says a writer "trampled down, forests rooted up and mountains

[1] *Baka* means a crane, or bird.

kicked over, while the perspiration dripping from the bodies of the enraged combatants formed a larged pool, the Telaga Pawiniyan ".[1] Raden Gupolo, the adopted son of Ratu Boko, hearing of his father's fate, immediately brought a cup of elixir of life, prepared by his sister, Princess Loro Jonggrang, and intended to restore the dead King to life ; but as Raden Gupolo was putting the drops to the lips of the King's corpse, Bondowoso kicked the cup of elixir from his hands and with the assistance of Kandilaras, who then arrived, killed Raden Gupolo also.

True to his word, the King of Pengging gave his daughter in marriage to Kandilaras, to whom he gave half of his kingdom and appointed Bondowoso his Viceroy for the remaining half, thereby demonstrating his gratitude to the deliverers of the country from the tyranny of the giants. Further, Bondowoso was invested with the rank and title of Būpati (Bhūpaṭi) and stationed in Prambanan, where he fell in love with the Princess Loro Jonggrang, but she was unwilling to marry him. Nevertheless, afraid of incurring his displeasure, and with a view to avenging her father's death, she offered her hand to Bhūpaṭi Bondowoso, with the condition that the latter should, before marriage, construct in a single night six beautiful buildings with a deep well in each, and also prepare during the same single night one thousand and one statues of the former Kings of Prambanan, their divine ancestors and the Gods in heaven. Agreeing to this almost impossible proposal, Bondowoso sought the help of his saintly father, Damar Moyo, and of his brother, Kandilaras. All these three invoked the assistance of the Saint of the mountain, Soombing, who

[1] The word *Telaga* in Javanese means a lake.

commanded the spirits of the lower regions to construct the buildings and prepare the statues. Accordingly, these spirits brought mountains of stone and by midnight completed half of their work; they built six buildings, dug six wells in them and prepared nine hundred and ninety-nine statues by three o'clock in the morning. Princess Jonggrang, hearing the noise of the construction by invisible hands, ordered her maids to go and sprinkle flowers and perfumes on the constructions, so that the evil spirits might run away terrified. This done, the work was left incomplete; that is to say, the two remaining statues were not prepared. When he came to know of this, Bondowoso cursed her, and she became a statue of stone, thus forming the thousandth statue.

This, in brief, is the legend that the Javanese to-day narrate to visitors from the West; and this is said to be the origin of the several Prambanan temples. Need it be remarked that this story is on a level with the *Sthalapurāṇās* of the various Hindū temples in India?

As regards the sectarian character of these temples, I need only quote a writer who had seen the temples and gave a beautiful description of them:

> Siva is the key-note of the Prambanan group, Siva, the Jagat, the Bhatara Guru, according to his prevalent title in the island. In the temple which bears his name, he appeared as the leader in the exterior chapel looking south; his wife Durgā, looks north; their first-born, Ganesa, looks west. The latter, sitting on his lotus cushion, is represented as the Ekadanta, the Elephant deprived of one of his tusks when fighting Parasu Rāma; a third eye in his forehead betokens his keenness of sight; he wears in his crown the emblematic skull and crescent of his father; one of his left hands brandishes his father's battle-axe; one of his right hands holds the string of beads suggesting prayer; his father's *upavīta*, the hooded snake, is strung round his left shoulder and breast. Durgā, his mother, born from flames which proceeded from the mouths of the gods, stands on the steer she killed when the terrific animal had stormed Indra's heaven and humiliated

the immortals; her eight hands wield the weapons and other gifts bestowed upon her by the deities at their delivery: Vishṇu's discus, Sūrya's arrows, etc., etc., while her nethermost right hand seizes the enemy's tail and her nethermost left hand the shaggy locks of the demon Maheso (Mahishāsura), who tries to escape with the monster's life. This magnificent piece of sculpture, highly dramatic and yet within the limits of plastic art, the unknown maker having instinctively obeyed the rules formulated in Lessing's *Laokoon*, some thousand years after his labours were ended, is the petrified Lady Jonggrang, victim of Bondowoso's revengeful love. It does not matter to the native that Siva has always claimed her as his consort, if not under the name of Ḍurgā, then under that of Kālī or Umā, ever since she, Pārvaṭī, the Mother of Nature, divided herself into three female entities to marry her three sons, who are none but he who sits enthroned as Mahāḍeva in the inner chamber, looking east, with his less placid personifications, the *Dwārapālas* (doorkeepers), Nanḍiswara and Mahākāla, the wielders of trident and cudgel, guarding the entrance, supported by demigods and heroes.

The colossal statue of their heavenly lord, broken into pieces by the falling roof, has been restored and replaced on its Paḍmāsana (lotus cushion).

. . . . . Siva, the one of dreadful charm, is everywhere, either personified or in his attributes: he dominates the external decoration of the Vishṇu and the Brahmā temples, too, in the latter case as *guru*, even to the exclusion of all other gods; the middle *chandi* of the eastern row, facing his principal shrines, has his *vāhana*, the bull; the one to the north his smaller image, while in the third, to the south, wholly demolished, no statuary can be traced . . . . The four statues of Brahmā, the master of the four crowned countenances, who lies shattered among the debris of his temple, and the four statues of Vishṇu in his (a large one with *makuta, prabha, chakra*, and *sankha*, and three smaller ones, representing him in his fourth and fifth *avaṭāra* and in his married state with his *Sakṭi*, Lakṣhmī, in miniature on his left arm), are chastely conceived in the chaste surroundings of their chapels. In addition to the sorely damaged *Rāmāyaṇa* reliefs . . . . they dwell, however simple the interior arrangement of their cells may be, among richly carved images of their peers and followers stationed outside: Vishṇu among his own less famous *avaṭāras* and supposed Boḍhisaṭṭvas between female figures; Brahmā, as already remarked, among personifications of the ubiquitous Siva in his quality of teacher, accompanied by bearded men of holiness. Siva's *nanḍi*, a beautifully moulded humped bull, emblem of divine virility, watches his master's abode, attentive to the word of command

—watches day and night—as symbolised by Sūrya, the beaming sun, carrying the flowers of life when rising behind her seven horses, and by Chanḍra, the three-eyed moon, drawn by ten horses, waving a banner and also presenting a flower, but one wrapped in a cloud.

If the Prambanan temples, and especially the one dedicated to the great god of the Ṭrimoorṭi, preached orthodox Sivaism to the elect of its innermost conviction, while tainted externally with the heresy of the deniers of the existence of gods, the indubitably Buḍḍhist Mendoot reverses the process. This and the syncretism discernible in nearly all the *chandis* of Java, shows the religious tolerance of the Javanese in the Hinḍū period.

Justly so; for, in every temple of Java, Hinḍūism and Buḍḍhism are both so well represented that a Buḍḍhist shrine may be mistaken for a Hinḍū one and vice versa. Further, it should not be supposed that the Shaiva temple of Prambanan is entirely and exclusively Shaiva. For "counting from the base upwards, the third tier of ornamentation" contains demigods and heroes with their followers. Beneath, the story of "Râma, the incarnation of Viṣhṇu, is told in bas-reliefs which belong to the very best sculpture discovered in Java or anywhere else". Then "in endless varying attitudes, embracing one another, or tripping the light fantastic toe, retreating and advancing, their measured steps being regulated by the musicians on interspersed panels, they represent the Apsaras, nymphs of heaven, adorning the house of prayer to acquaint mortal man with the joys in store for the doer of good".

Then follow the human birds and mythical animals under the bo-trees, enhancing the charm of decoration.

Nor does this wealth of detail, this marvellous display of artistic power, of skill perfected by imaginative thought, divert the attention from the divine idea embodied in Siva, or from the introduction to its understanding provided by the *Rāmāyaṇa*, initiating the beholder's intelligence by degrees.

Then again, reaching the terrace, one's interest, curiosity and sympathy are awakened by scenes from *Brata Yuda* (as Bhāraṭa Yuḍḍha, or the Mahābhāraṭa War, is popularly styled in Java). "Can it be called an improvement after more than a thousand years of progressive western civilisation," questions a modern writer, from whose narrative I largely quote, "that we, to honour the memory of our dead, make shift with inflated epitaphs advertising virtues in life often conspicuous by an absence which the maudlin angels of our cemeteries, rather than shedding unobserved, vicarious tears, perpetually seem to bemoan on their own account," while in Java scenes from *Rāmāyaṇa* were used to embellish the tombs of sovereign rulers?[1]

I might prolong this interesting description of Shiva's temple of Prambanan, of which volumes were written in the Dutch language, but, fearing that it might be found wearisome, or monotonous, I conclude by requesting my kindly readers to note how well, and how much Hinḍūism progressed in its small island colony, compared with its progress in its parent country, Hindustan or India.

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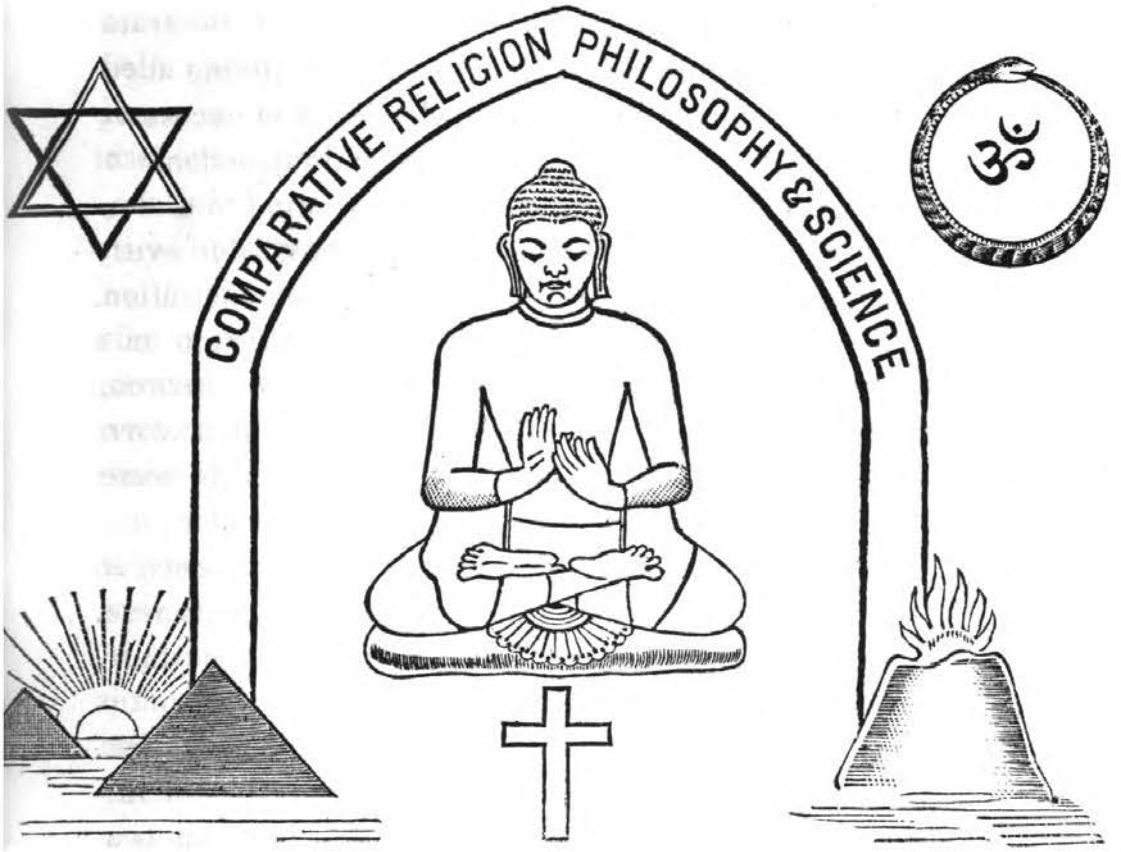
[1] Shaivaites in Java were always buried, but not cremated.



SPENCER VERSUS MILL

THE CRITERION OF BELIEF

By ABDUL MAJID, B.A.

NOTHING is perhaps of greater importance for an investigator of the science of mind than the recognition of an unequivocal ultimate test of belief—a universal criterion whereby the credibility of any and every proposition may, in the last resort, be judged. Yet there is hardly any question in the domain of

mental science leading to a greater divergence of opinion and affording a larger ground for controversy than the same.

Before examining at length the conflicting arguments and entering into minuter details, it is necessary at the outset to state in brief the main question. It requires no great amount of serious thinking to understand that in all the systems of human knowledge every proposition depends for its truth upon demonstration, which is only another name for the affiliation of a premise on a wider truth, a higher generality. In order to establish any assertion we have to refer it to a wider generality already established; to establish this wider generality is to refer it to a generality still wider; and so on. Yet it is manifest that we cannot proceed in this way *ad infinitum.* We must stop somewhere. We must find something that is absolutely certain; something that transcends all proof; something that is the ultimate foundation of the edifice of demonstration. No matter how numerous and varied may be the polemical speculations regarding its nature, this axiom is postulated in every process of thought; it is assumed in every act of belief. Every one of us must have experienced in daily life some truths which are received and accepted without proof, or even demand for proof, and are nevertheless absolutely certain. When exposed to a frosty night, I am invariably forced to feel the sensation of chill. While looking towards the sun at noon, no effort of my will can make me believe that my eyes are not dazzled thereby. When I have framed in my mind the ideas of "whole" and "part," I cannot help conceiving at the same time that the former is greater than the latter and that the one involves the other. These mental

experiences are obviously of radically different nature according to their object-matter; yet they all have one common feature, namely, the character of necessity—their absolute certainty. The question arises: What, then, is the criterion of certainty? What warrant is there to accept these beliefs without a shadow of doubt?

It is the answering of these questions and the statement of the primary assumptions that being granted, we are furnished with an ultimate criterion of belief, which has given rise to a remarkable controversy. It is emphatically held by a certain school of philosophers that the criterion of necessity is to be found by the direct testimony of consciousness. Sir William Hamilton, the leading exponent of this doctrine, lays down the following maxims as a guide to the test of consciousness:

1. That we admit nothing which is not either an original datum of consciousness, or the legitimate consequence of such a datum.

2. That we embrace all the original data of consciousness and all their legitimate consequences.

3. That we exhibit each of these in its individual integrity, neither distorted nor mutilated; and in its relative place, whether of pre-eminence or subordination.[1]

According to Hamilton, the only condition required for a datum of consciousness to be ultimate and transcending proof is the "character" of necessity. And while he considers it "no ground for a certain fact to be impossible merely from our inability to conceive its possibility," his belief in an axiom is based on an intuitive perception, that is, on the inevitableness of thinking it. In the following paragraph he briefly sums up his theory:

It must be impossible not to think of it. In fact, by its necessity alone can we recognise it as an original datum of

[1] Reid's *Works*, edited by Sir William Hamilton, p. 747.

intelligence, and distinguish it from any mere result of generalisation and custom.

In this respect, Hamilton is at one (though of course with certain reservations) with almost the whole of the Scottish School—Reid, Stewart, Whewell and Mansel. Mill challenged Hamilton's position first in his *System of Logic* and again in his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*. Spencer indicated the Hamiltonian doctrine in a paper published in *The Fortnightly Review*, and thence reprinted in the second volume of his *Essays*, and therein re-stated his doctrine of the Universal Postulate previously set forth in his *Principles of Psychology*. Mill's rejoinder to Spencer's strictures appears in the eighth edition of his *Logic*. The aim of the present paper is to examine afresh the arguments of the opposing parties and then to see if a solution can be arrived at.

Let us commence with Spencer. According to him, the ultimate test of belief is the unthinkableness of its opposite. If the negative of a proposition cannot be conceived, the belief in that proposition must be a necessary truth. "The inconceivability of its negation," says he, "is the test by which we ascertain whether a given belief invariably exists or not." The only assignable reason for our primary beliefs is "the fact of their invariable existence, tested by an abortive effort to cause their non-existence". To him this very fact is the sole basis of our belief in our sensations. While exposed to cold, if I receive its sensation as absolutely true, it is so because I cannot conceive otherwise. He substantiates his theory by two arguments, one of which may be termed (after Mill's classification) positive, and the other, negative.

The first is clearly and forcibly summed up in the following passage:

> Conceding the entire truth of Mr. Mill's position that during any phase of human progress, the ability or inability to form a specific conception wholly depends on the experiences men have had; and that by a widening of their experiences, they may, by and by, be enabled to conceive things before inconceivable to them; it may still be urged that as, at any time, the best warrant that men can have for any belief is the perfect agreement of all pre-existing experience in support of it, it follows that, at any time, the conceivableness of its negation is the deepest test any belief admits of . . . . . Objective facts are ever impressing themselves upon us; our experience is the register of these objective facts; and inconceivableness of a thing implies that it is wholly at variance with the register. . . . . Universal and unchanging facts are, by the hypothesis, certain to establish beliefs of which the negations are inconceivable; whilst the others are not certain to do this; and if they do, subsequent facts will reverse their action. Hence if, after an immense accumulation of experiences, there remain beliefs of which the negations are still inconceivable, most, if not all of them, must correspond to universal objective facts. If there be, as Mr. Mill holds, certain absolute uniformities in nature; if these uniformities produce, as they must, absolute uniformities in our experience; and if, as he shows, these absolute uniformities disable us from conceiving the negations of them; these answering to each absolute uniformity in nature which we can cognise, there must exist in us a belief of which the negation is inconceivable, and which is absolutely true. In this wide range of cases subjective inconceivability must correspond to objective impossibility. [1]

Mill's objections to this argument are twofold. In the first place he refuses to admit that "the inconceivability by us, of the negative of a proposition proves all, or even any, pre-existing experience to be in favour of the affirmative". "There may have been," he argues, "no such pre-existing experiences," but only a mistaken supposition of them. "How did the inconceivability of the Antipodes," he interrogates, "prove that experience had given any testimony against their

[1] *Principles of Psychology.* 1st Edition. pp. 21-3.

possibility? How did the incapacity men felt of conceiving sunset otherwise than as a motion of the sun, represent any net result of experience in support of its being the sun and not the earth that moves?" [1]

The following is still more specific:

> We cannot conclude anything to be impossible, because its possibility is inconceivable to us; for .... what seems to us inconceivable, and so far as we are personally concerned, may really be so, usually owes its inconceivability only to strong Association. This law of Inseparable Association is, in a special manner, the key to the phenomenon of inconceivability. As that phenomenon only exists because our powers of conception are determined by our limited experience, inconceivables are incessantly becoming conceivables as our experience becomes enlarged. There is no need to go farther for an example than the case of Antipodes.[2]

Secondly:

> Even if it were true that inconceivableness represents the net result of all past experience, why should we stop at the representative when we can get at the thing represented? If our incapacity to conceive the negation of a given supposition is proof of its truth, because proving that our experience has hitherto been uniform in its favour, the real evidence for the supposition is not the inconceivableness, but the uniformity of experience. Now this, which is the substantial and only proof, is directly accessible.[3]

Spencer has displayed no little combativeness in defending his thesis and in disposing of Mill's first objection. He starts with the warning that "a great proportion of men are incapable of correctly interpreting consciousness in any but its simplest modes," and that "in hosts of cases men do not distinctly translate into their equivalent states of consciousness the words they use". To make the matter worse, this misinterpretation is not occasional, but "with many so habitual

[1] Mill's *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

[2] Mill's *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*. 3rd Edition. pp. 80-1.

[3] Mill's *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

that they are unaware that they have not clearly represented to themselves the propositions they assert". Hence it is quite natural that they are "apt, quite sincerely, though erroneously, to assert that they can think things which it is really impossible to think". And then he proceeds to argue:

> Men may mistake for necessary, certain beliefs which are not necessary, and yet it remains true that there *are* necessary beliefs, and that the necessity of such beliefs is our warrant for them. Were conclusions thus tested proved to be wrong in a hundred cases, it would not follow that the test is an invalid one, any more than it would follow from a hundred errors in a logical formula, that the logical formula is invalid.

It is true that people have considered inconceivable certain propositions perfectly conceivable (the existence of the Antipodes, for instance); but the real cause of their mistake lay not in any inherent defect of the test itself, but in their misapplication of the test—in their endeavour to apply it to cases that were too complex—in the fact that the states of consciousness involved in each of these judgments were so manifold as to render extremely unlikely any trustworthy verdict being given. For this test can legitimately be applied only to the relations of simple concepts and precepts, and it is by resolving the complex concepts into simpler ones that a verdict can with fairness be claimed from an appeal to immediate consciousness. Thus the ancient Greek philosophers, referred to by Mill, who refused to admit the possibility of human existence on the other side of the earth, on the ground of their inability to conceive of the existence, had not to deal with any single state of consciousness, but their proposition involved the concepts of earth, man, distance, position, force, and then the various relations of these to each other. Hence

the test is legitimately applicable to the direct comparison of two immediate states of consciousness—a judgment in which the act of thought is undecomposable; and not to a proposition dealing with the manifold states of consciousness and multiform relations between them —a judgment in which the act of thought is decomposable. Once more, it may be well to note that "in proportion as the number of concepts in a proposition is great, and the mental transitions from concept to concept are numerous, the fallibility of the test will increase".

The foregoing answer which carries with it a suggestion of shifting the ground may be supplemented by another retort which is as convincing as it is ingenious and the credit of suggesting which is due to that versatile historian of philosophy, Mr. George Henry Lewes. It is a mistake, unfortunately very common, to suppose that the ancients did actually feel the incapacity of conceiving sunset otherwise than as a motion of the sun. All that they really experienced, or could have experienced, was, however, only a *subjective* truth, namely, a belief that the sun, and not the earth, *appears* to move. Nothing further they asserted; nothing further they could assert. Their belief in the appearance of the sun's motion was as invariable as is ours at the present day. And who questions this? Perhaps no one can. But to discuss the conceivability of the appearance of the sun's or earth's motion is beside the mark altogether. The point is—has the *actual*, not the *apparent*, motion of any of the two been inconceivable to humanity? Now, while the negation of the appearance of the sun's motion is as inconceivable to the greatest astronomer of the present day as it was to the most ignorant layman

of, say, two thousand years back, the motion of the sun as well as of the earth, when viewed objectively, is distinctly conceivable to us; and there is no reason to suspect that it has not been so to the ancients likewise. Thus we may safely conclude that what was once inconceivable is still inconceivable; that what is now conceivable has been so all along; and that the history of human thought furnishes no support to Mill's dictum that, the test of inconceivability is variable in proportion to the difference in men's education and general culture.

Curious as it may appear, Spencer has made no attempt to meet Mill's second objection. Yet it is not to be inferred from his silence that this objection is unanswerable. We may challenge the position of naïve empiricism in this way: Admitting that the evidence for the certainty of a proposition is the uniformity of experience, the test of the unthinkableness of the reverse remains yet unshaken. For, let it be asked, what warrant is there to claim the absolute certainty for the uniformity of nature? The only possible reply seems to be that there has been no breach in the uniformity of Nature as yet and the individual experience *plus* the recorded testimony of the past ages is in its favour. But what guarantee is there for the trustworthiness of recorded testimony and of our own memory? And is that guarantee in any way different from, and superior to, the test of immediate consciousness—the test of the invariability of our beliefs? Further, in the cases of identity, the necessity of which is denied by nobody, the appeal is made obviously to intuition, not to experience. "A is A" does not rest for its invariable certainty on any previous experience, but on pure

intuition. But why put so much faith in these intuitions? Merely because there is no alternative. So long as the idea connoted by "A" is distinctly kept in view we must invariably conceive it as "A". We can conceive it differently only when the original connotation of the subject term is either entirely lost sight of, or mutilated. To take a still more familiar example from the range of sensations, a newly born infant has as irresistible a belief in the feeling of hunger as an adult who has had a thousand repetitions of the feeling. But the infant, far from being aware of the uniformity of experience had never experienced the feeling at any time before. Now what does constitute this necessity? It can be nothing else than the invariability of his belief in the craving for food and the impossibility of getting rid of the sensation of hunger, until the appetite is satisfied.

So much for Spencer's positive argument, its criticism and counter-criticism. Let us now take his negative argument. It is this: Whether inconceivability of the reverse be a perfect test or not, no better test can be had.

> It is our sole warrant for every demonstration. Logic is simply a systematisation of the process by which we indirectly possess it. To gain the strongest conviction possible respecting any complex fact, we either analytically descend from it by successive steps, each of which we unconsciously test by the inconceivableness of its negation, until we reach some axiom or truth which we have similarly tested; or we synthetically ascend from such axiom or truth by such steps. In either case we connect some isolated belief which invariably exists, by a series of intermediate beliefs which invariably exist.[1]

To be brief, "that what is inconceivable cannot be true, is postulated in every act of thought".

[1] *Principles of Psychology*. 1st Edition. pp. 28-9.

Mill's objection to this argument is admittedly feeble. The only flaw in it that he thinks he can find out is the equivocation of "inconceivable" in his opponent's writings, and he complains of Spencer's mode of using such ambiguous expressions in a philosophical discussion. In his opinion:

> By "inconceivability" is sometimes meant inability to form or get rid of an idea; sometimes inability to form or get rid of a belief. The former meaning is the most conformable to the analogy of language; for a conception always means an idea, never a belief. . . . . Mr. Spencer always endeavours to use the word "inconceivable" in this, its proper sense; but it may yet be questioned whether his endeavour is always successful; whether the other, and the popular use of the word does not sometimes creep in with its associations, and prevent him from maintaining a clear separation between the two.[1]

Yes; let "a considerable part of Mr. Spencer's language, if it is to be kept always consistent," be revised by all means, but we do not take long to discover that the great master of logic, too, in his turn, has failed to disentangle himself from the snare of linguistic ambiguities. In opposition to Spencer, he maintains that when a person experiencing a sensation of cold says that he cannot conceive otherwise, he does not mean to say that he cannot get rid of the idea of cold, for this (proceeds Mill) he evidently can; but he means to assert that he cannot believe himself not feeling cold. "The word 'conceive,' therefore, is here used to express the recognition of a matter of fact—the perception of truth and falsehood," which is but another name for belief. Again, in the same paragraph he asserts that while looking at the sun he can imagine himself looking into darkness.

Here, at last, has ambiguity crept into the language of Mill. All that Spencer meant to assert was, not that

[1] *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

there could be formed absolutely no ideational representation of darkness, but that it was impossible for a person to *conceive himself as actually looking into darkness*, while his consciousness was, on the other hand, employed in finding himself looking at the sun. Spencer's language was plain enough; and it is not a little surprising that a thinker of Mill's acuteness should have so completely misunderstood it. To express the same phenomenon in the still plainer language of G. H. Lewes, "during the state of consciousness produced by his looking at the sun, it is impossible for the opposite state of consciousness to emerge".[1] With the bare statement of this, and, as we believe, the correct reading of Spencer's meaning, the entire force of Mill's objection vanishes.

Apparently, the greatest obstacle in Mill's opinion to the establishment of the test of the Inconceivability of the Negative is, that in the phraseology of its most consistent champion (*i.e.*, Spencer), "concept" is confounded with "belief". But, as a matter of fact, Spencer has contradistinguished the two terms with as much precision as the subtleties of language would allow. He says:

> An inconceivable proposition is one of which the terms cannot by any effort be brought before consciousness in that relation which the proposition asserts between them—a proposition of which the subject and the predicate offer an insurmountable resistance to union in thought. An unbelievable proposition is one which admits of being framed in thought, but is so much at variance with experience that its terms cannot be put in the alleged relation without effort.[2]

Whatever may be the other grounds for rejecting them, and we shall have to reject them presently, one

[1] Lewes' *History of Philosophy*, Vol. I, Prolegomena.

[2] Spencer's *Essays*, Vol. II.

may safely hold that these definitions are not ambiguous.[1] And Spencer, to all appearance, was hardly ever incautious in their application.

To sum up. We began by seeing that the recognition of an ultimate test of beliefs was the first requisite of our mental equipment. Then we saw that the test of Inconceivability of the Opposite was proposed by Spencer and others but was vigorously assailed by Mill. Next we proceeded to state and examine at length each of his objections severally, and found that they were either answered by Spencer himself or else admitted of answer at our hands.

With this recapitulation, one might see that enough has been said to enable the reader to estimate the comparative strength of the contending parties—that sufficient light has been shed on the polemics of the question, and that we are now in a position to set forth our own constructive plan. Briefly speaking, our observations are twofold; and in general they refer to the psychological rather than to the logical aspect of the problem.

1. Our first observation is that the terms "inconceivability" and "unbelievability" that have played so important a part throughout the discussion, in so far as they are used in connection with the ultimate criterion of belief, signify one and the same mental state. This apparent paradox can easily be explained. "Belief" psychologically is the direct contrary of suspense. In its essence it is conviction. When a man is said to have belief in his mortality, what is meant is that his judgment is not suspended in the matter, but that, on

[1] It should be noted that these meanings of "inconceivable" and "unbelievable," respectively, are substantially the same as given by Mill himself in his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*.

the other hand, he has a conviction, a certainty, that he must die. A believable proposition, therefore, is one of which the two terms stand to each other in a fixed relation—the subject and the predicate are connected together in a certain determinate manner; and they can be pictured in our mind in the relation alleged by the proposition:

"All men are mortal;"

"All men are perhaps mortal;"

"All men are immortal."

Obviously each of these propositions conveys to the mind a sense altogether different from the other two; yet all of them are believable. Why? Because each of them expresses a certain fixed relation between the subject and the predicate; in one case, a certainty that a particular relation does exist between them; in another case, a certainty that it possibly exists; and in the last case, a certainty that it does not exist; and all these relations can be distinctly pictured in the mind. An unbelievable proposition is, contrariwise, one which does not fulfil the conditions requisite for a believable one.

Let us take another step. The proposition "I feel pain," is manifestly a believable one, for it expresses that there is a certain relation between my consciousness and a disagreeable sensation, and that my mind fully apprehends it. But this is also a proposition of which the negation, if the words are truly interpreting the feeling, is unbelievable. That is to say, when I am really experiencing pain—when my consciousness is occupied with this particular sensation—my mind is incapable of apprehending any sensation other than the former at the same moment. In other words, two opposing, or even different, relations between the same

objects are simultaneously incomprehensible by the mind, since there can be no certainty or finity of a particular relation while two opposing sensations are vying with each other in monopolising the attention of the mind. Hence our justification in considering the negation of this proposition, while we are experiencing a painful sensation, as unbelievable. But what is an inconceivable proposition? Just the same. While feeling pain, the negation of it is also inconceivable to me. Why? Because my mind is incapable of picturing to itself the two contradictory sensations together—one of pain which is actual, present; the other its negative, which is imaginary, representative. That I may not feel it at any other time and under different circumstances, I can well conceive; but that I am not feeling it at the same moment and under the same circumstances, I find impossible to conceive. But this is also just what I find impossible to believe. This illustrates that the terms "inconceivable" and "unbelievable," in their ultimate analysis, mean one and the same thing. And this holds good not only of the primary sensations, but the like may be said of all other necessary beliefs as well.

No proposition, then, of which the meaning can be distinctly conceived, is to be termed unbelievable, however much it may be opposed to experience. The truth and falsity of a proposition can, and must, be tested, verified and scrutinised by experience; but believability is something different from truth. The former is a sign of the correspondence between different aspects of our subjective nature, while the latter strictly takes into account the correspondence between the subjective and the objective world. "No man is mortal," is a

proposition wholly at variance with our experience, and when asserted as a matter of fact, must be discredited altogether; yet it is to be termed "unbelievable," not on that account, but because the mind feels some difficulty in comprehending the relation alleged—because the mind refuses to dissociate "mortality" and "humanity" which it has so long been accustomed to associate. "Whole is less than its part"; "Contradictories can co-exist"; "Everything is unequal to itself"; these and the like violations of the primary axioms are certainly unbelievable; but they are so not in virtue of their being opposed to any uniformities of experience, but for the sole reason that so long as the connotations of their subjects and predicates are kept intact, no mental synthesis can be established between them.

2. The next point that calls for remark is that the combatants have failed to distinguish between the objective and the subjective criterion of beliefs. Mill is at pains to prove that the real ground for refusing credence to any proposition is not its inconceivability, but the fact of a long series of experiences being opposed to it. Conceding the position that inconceivableness represents the net result of past experience, he maintains that it still merely *represents*, and is not itself, the real evidence. "Why, then," he interrogates, "should we stop at the representative when we can get at the thing represented?" Why indeed! But do we really get at the thing represented? Is it accessible to us? Who has ever declined to accept the negation of an axiom because its acceptance would run counter to his past experiences? Who of us has ever time to go through the record of his experiences while accepting or rejecting a proposition?

That the whole is greater than its part, is believed by us as an axiom, not because we have not had any experience to the contrary, but solely because we cannot help thinking it, we simply cannot deny it. Thus, as every one's introspection can testify, the real evidence for considering any proposition an axiom to *a thinker's mind* is not its conformity to a series of uniformities, but his incapacity to conceive its opposite. A psychologist can very well understand that the inconceivability of a thing is merely a mental register signifying that it is at variance with the objective facts; but then to the subject-consciousness this register alone is accessible, and to it, it is this register, not the individual facts of experience, that constitutes the real and substantial evidence. In a word, even admitting that the uniformity of experience is the ground of our belief in axioms considered objectively, it still remains unshaken that taken subjectively the mind's incapacity to think the opposite is the ultimate criterion of all beliefs.

It has been a standing reproach to the Inductive School that it takes no account, or, at any rate, does not take sufficient account, of a question so supremely important, and endeavours to build a superstructure of demonstration on no very firm basis. And while we consider it a bit of arrogance to suppose, as Spencer has done, that those who decline to furnish a test of certainty, do so " because they are half conscious that their own opinion will not bear testing," we cannot refrain from expressing our sheer astonishment at the resolute refusal of the empiricists to have furnished us with any criterion of certainty. But their pertinacity need not cause us to despair. Some of the ambiguities that have so far been a chief source of

alienating the Inductive School from their allies, the evolutionists, being now cleared up, and that without transcending the bounds of empiricism, there is every reason to hope that the reconciliation between the two Schools may be made easier.

Abdul Majid

ARHAṬS OR ṬIRTHAṄKARS

By LALA KANNOOMAL, M.A.

THE exalted souls that have attained Godhood while dwelling in their moral tabernacles by the predominance of their spiritual greatness, and by the total annihilation of past karmas with their widely stretching tentacles of effects, are called Arhaṭs, the destroyers of ignorance, or Ṭirthaṅkars, the spiritual steersmen of the destinies of mankind. The birth of a Ṭirthaṅkar, or his attainment of Godhood, is not an outcome of chance, but a well-ordained event that has for immense periods of time been in silent evolution. Intense, unceasing, persistent, patient and arduous endeavours, spread over thousands—nay, millions—of past lives, must the would-be Arhaṭ make to attain this goal. He must be scraping off scale after scale of his sins; throwing off veil after veil of his darkness; unravelling skein after skein of the tangled effects of his karmas; advancing step by step after repeated reverses towards inexhaustible treasures of spirituality; and scaling rung by rung the steep ladder of enlightenment. The process, complicated and protracted, involves in its course, a slow and silent evolution of all spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical potentialities. The very tendencies of the physical body have to be moulded so as to build a body fit for the dwelling therein of a Ṭirthaṅkar's soul. A rigid performance of duties towards the seven classes of holy

beings, as described in the Jain Scriptures; an uncompromising practice of the teachings of the previous Arhaṭs; a highly rigorous course of moral discipline, culminating in the evolution of an ideal character; a persistent and unceasing performance of the prescribed five great vows, coupled with the severest ordeals of purificatory rites, which purge the mind of the slightest trace of a vicious trait, and subject the body to repeated baptisms of rigorous austerities and fasts; an unstinted distribution of charity; an unflinching devotion to the spiritual preceptor and his holy teachings; an uninterrupted accumulation of brighter and newer truths; and a life of perfect benevolence to all beings—these are some of the preliminaries for the attainment of the birth which culminates in final emancipation from the trammels of the Samsāra and in the attainment of Godhood. From his very birth, a Ṭirthaṅkar is endowed with internal greatness which, after the period of his enlightenment, multiplies a thousandfold; and the whole universe, terrestrial and celestial, outpours its love, reverence and fealty to him in many a varied form.

The distinguishing characteristics of a Ṭirthaṅkar are (1) his endowments, which are principally twelve, but which with their subdivisions are many; and (2) his immunity from eighteen kinds of earthly blemishes. The endowments referred to are:

I. Knowledge of truths that endure through all time—past, present and future.

II. Greatness of speech, which is characterised by thirty-four distinguishing merits such as purity, lucidity, refinement, depth of sound, harmony, simplicity, musicality, high external significance, absence of contradiction, unambiguity, faultlessness, effectiveness, verbal

arrangement, appropriateness to time and place, accuracy, relevancy. It is reverential towards spiritual subjects, explanatory of the subject to be discussed, sweet and harmonious, justly eulogistic of deserving beings, unprejudicial, unfrivolous, instinct with virtue and wisdom, highly grammatical, picturesque, marvellous, energetic, easy and flowing, descriptive of many subjects, well-worded and phrased, untiresome and successful in proving the right point.

III. Peculiarities of physical characteristics evident from birth. These are:

1. The body of the Ṭirthaṅkar is excellently formed. It emits fragrance and is free from all ailments and such unclean things as perspiration, excreta, etc.

2. His breathing has the aroma of a lotus flower.

3. His flesh and blood have the white appearance of a cow's milk.

4. His acts of taking meals and rest are invisible to a gross eye.

IV. Miraculous effects, which come to view when his fourfold sheaths of knowledge have disappeared. These are:

1. Although the place where the Ṭirthaṅkar dwells and preaches does not extend more than a yojan (four miles), it can hold a congregation of millions of ḍevas, men and animals, without overcrowding it.

2. Although he speaks a mixture of Magadhi dialect, all species of beings, ḍevas, men and animals, understand him in their own respective dialects and his voice is audible for a distance of four miles.

3. A halo of light radiates behind his head and appears as it were a reflection of the sun. It shines with its own peculiar refulgence.

4. For a distance of twenty-five and a half yojans around him, there is a perfect immunity from such diseases as fever, etc.

5. Nor is there in such a space any mutual ill-feeling;

6. Nor plague of mice, etc;

7. Nor epidemic;

8. Nor floods;

9. Nor failure of rains;

10. Nor scarcity;

11. Nor fear arising from one's own wicked acts or those of others.

V. A number of heavenly and earthly phenomena indicative of the feelings of reverence, love and joy of celestial and earthly beings towards the Ṭirthaṅkar, when he has attained enlightenment. The following list includes the remaining eight distinguishing endowments alluded to heretofore:

1. The heavens show a circle of glorious light over the Ṭirthaṅkar.

2. A chowar is seen being held over him in the sky.

3. A throne of white crystal is seen in the sky.

4. The heavens show three canopies being held over him.

5. A flag bejewelled with gems is seen in the sky.

6. When the Ṭirthaṅkar walks, a gold lotus flower is seen being placed close to his foot by ḍevas.

7. The floor of his dwelling-place is spread over with immense quantities of gold and silver.

8. At this place he is seen as having four faces.

9. An Asoka tree is seen to protect him from the sun.

10. As he walks, thorns in the path turn down their points.

11. Trees bend down their boughs, as it were, in the act of offering their obeisance to him.

12. Divine kettledrums are heard with their deep sounds reverberating the universe.

13. Cool and pleasing breezes blow around.

14. Birds fly round him in reverence.

15. The heavens pour down rains of scented water.

16. A shower of five kinds of sweet flowers falls upon him from the sky.

17. Hair, beard, moustaches, and nails cease their functions of growing.

18. A crore of four kinds of ḍevas stay in close proximity to him.

19. All the six seasons give up their unpleasant inclemencies and become pleasing and agreeable.

The eighteen blemishes, or disadvantages, from which the Ṭirthaṅkar is entirely free are:

1. Obstruction to unstinted distribution of alms; 2. Obstruction to unstinted ownership of things; 3. Obstruction to unstinted powers; 4. Obstruction to unstinted new enjoyments such as flowers, garlands, etc.; 5. Obstruction to unstinted daily enjoyments such as women, apparels, gardens, etc; 6. Laughter; 7. Attachment; 8. Aversion; 9. Sevenfold fear; 10. Disgust; 11. Grief; 12. Lust; 13. Affection; 14. Ignorance; 15. Sleep; 16. Desire; 17. Passion; 18. Animosity or Anger.

When the Arhaṭ is born he knows the time when he will go through initiation. A year before the arrival of this time, hosts of celestial beings wait upon

him and request him to go through the initiation for the good of the world. He complies with their request and by the time the appointed hour of initiation arrives, he takes to giving in charity immense treasures of gold. With the permission of his parents, if they are alive, or that of the members of his family, he takes the initiation, but there is no teacher to initiate him. When this is over he sets himself right earnestly to wipe off all traces of sin, if any are left, and performs extraordinarily severe austerities. When all the obstructions that intervened between him and his vision of pure and glorious knowledge have been removed, he is face to face with all that is. Infinite knowledge, infinite vision, infinite wisdom, infinite power, infinite bliss, are his possessions. For the spiritual upliftment of mankind, for the steersmanship of the destinies of living beings along the path of righteousness, for alleviation of the sufferings and miseries of peoples, the enlightened Ṭirthaṅkar takes to preaching the holy truths, the glorious, transcendental, sublime truths with which he is face to face. To him the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the Brahman and the chandal are alike. A stone and a lump of gold have no difference for him; a woman and a blade of grass are alike worthy of his compassion. He is full of forgiveness, compassion, benevolence, humility. He is without greed, without pride, without desire, without ill-feeling, without vanity. He is possessed of simplicity, chastity, self-control, bravery, courage, fortitude, sobriety. He abstains from flesh, wine and all forbidden foods, and is the very Ocean of Compassion. Let others be disposed hostilely towards him, but he is perpetually bent upon delivering them from the hideous pitfalls of the world.

The Arhaṭ is, according to the Jains, what God is to other religions and is possessed of all His attributes. While in a body he is called the Arhaṭ and when he has left it, he becomes a Siḍḍha, one for ever liberated from the meshes of the Samsāra to which he never returns. Some of the innumerable attributes assigned to the Arhaṭ are as follows.

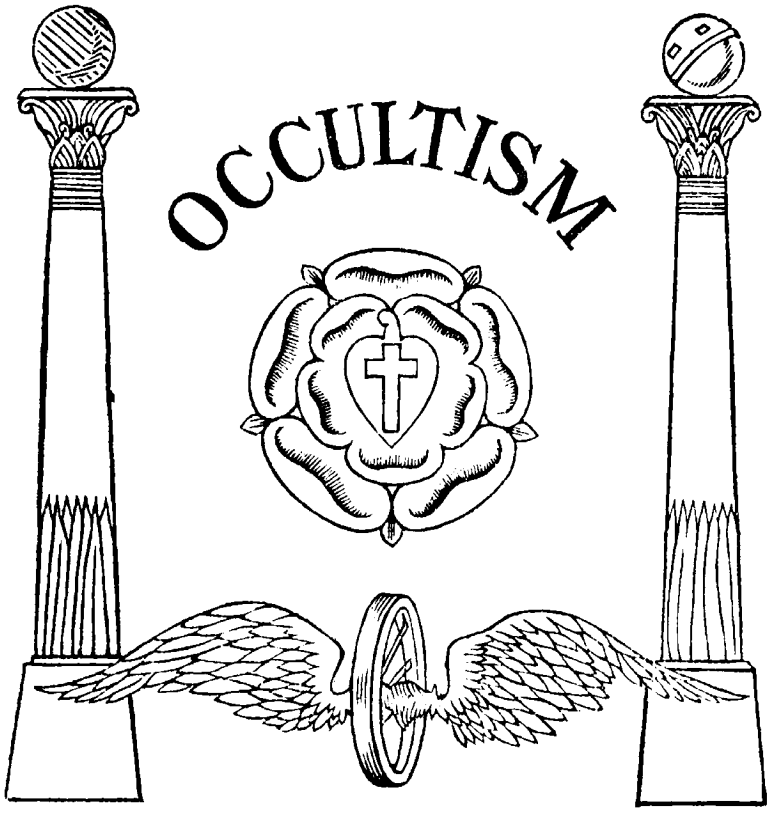
He is indestructible, glorious, incomprehensible, immeasurable, primeval. He is the Brahman, the Supreme Lord, the Destroyer of Cupid, the Lord of Yogīs, the Knower of all Mysteries, the Manifold yet One, the Quintessence of Wisdom—the Infinite and the Ever Immaculate. In his aspect as the Siḍḍha, he is beyond all consumption, old age, death, change, destruction, impurity, form, motion, the Quintessence of Glory, the Lord, the Highest Brahman, the Supreme Spirit, the Unborn, He who cannot be born, the very Essence of Truth, Intelligence and Bliss.

Excepting the Arhaṭ and the Siḍḍha, there is no God, according to the Jains. All time is split up into two great cycles or, technically designated, saws, each with six distinct sections. These two cycles are called the Uṭsarpaṇi (going upwards) and the Absarpani (going downwards) from the fact that in the former, each of the six stages dividing it is better than the one preceding it, and in the latter, the case is the reverse. In each cycle twenty-four Arhaṭs or Ṭirthaṅkars are born for the exaltation of righteousness and the spiritual upliftment of mankind. While they help in the spiritual evolution of the world, they leave alone the course of nature and the causes of karmas to work out their own effects. They neither create the world, nor bring about its dissolution. It is the eternal forces of nature that

manifest themselves by their combination and permutation without any help from God, or any Arhaṭ, or Siḍḍha.

In the present Absarpani Cycle of the world, the following twenty-four Ṭirthaṅkars were born, Shri Rishavnath being the first and Shri Mahavir being the last. 1. Shri Rishavnath. 2. Shri Ajitnath. 3. Shri Samvabhnath. 4. Shri Abhnandannath. 5. Shri Sumatinath. 6. Shri Padamprebhu. 7. Shri Suparashnath. 8. Shri Chandrprebhu. 9. Shri Subudhnath, or Shri Pushdant. 10. Shri Sitalnath. 11. Shri Srausnath. 12. Shri Baspujiaswami. 13. Shri Bemalnath. 14. Shri Anantnath. 15. Shri Dharmnath. 16. Shri Shautinath. 17. Shri Kunthanath. 18. Shri Arnath. 19. Shri Malinath. 20. Shri Munisubritswami. 21. Shri Nemnath. 22. Shri Arasthnath. 23. Shri Parasnath and 24. Shri Mahavir.

Lala Kannoomal



DREAMS AS DETECTIVE AGENCIES

By M. KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR

SOME years ago, I happened to read some descriptions of dreams that had been successful instruments for the detection of criminals. I have been rather perplexed to account satisfactorily for such mysterious phenomena. Herein I put down from memory as faithfully as possible a full report of dreams of the kind I refer to, hoping that all scholars interested in the discussion of this topic will bring to bear their knowledge

and experience to unravel the mystery that seems to shroud the question.

Let me quote the cases as they occur to me. One remarkable instance of the tracing of a criminal by means of a dream is this. In S. Louis, U. S. A., a woman, named Mary Thornton, was detained in the custody of the police, on a charge of having murdered her husband. A week after her arrest, she solicited and obtained permission to have an interview with one of the gaol officers, to whom she related her dream which was to the effect that one, George Ray, had perpetrated the deed of murder, and she recounted the full details, as witnessed in her vision. The man mentioned was the object of the least suspicion at that time. However, the woman's uncommon earnestness so strongly impressed the prison authorities that a search was at once made for him. After a short time, the man was traced and charged with the crime, the details as seen by the woman in her dream being rehearsed to him. Overcome with astonishment, he made a frank confession of his crime; whereupon, of course, he was sentenced to be hanged. The curious feature about this occurrence lies in the fact that the woman had only seen the murderer once and believed him to be a close friend of her husband.

Here is yet another striking instance. A woman, named Drew, dreamed that one night her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a pedlar at a tavern near Gravesend, which was a place of resort for the sailor during his visit to the town. Early next morning, as soon as she was up, the first news that awaited her was that her husband had been assassinated at that very tavern. Thereupon, she raised hysterical cries,

saying that her dream had come true. Then composing herself, she furnished the police with an exact description of the pedlar seen in her vision, even in regard to his dress which included a blue coat of a peculiar pattern. A pedlar exactly answering to the description was discovered two days later at an inn, six miles from Gravesend. His guilt having been brought home to him, he admitted that he had committed the murder in order to rob the man. He was hanged soon after, his doom having come about through the flimsy evidence of a woman's dream!

Another instance is that of a thriving merchant who left his office on a Saturday evening, came home, enjoyed a good meal, took repose and fell into a light dose. He had a very vivid dream, wherein he saw two men of a burglar band engaged in rifling the safe in his office. The vision so wrought upon his brain that he resolved to rise, go to the office and examine if everything was under lock and key. How amazed, then, was he when, on his arrival, he discovered the door forced and the burglary in actual process! Without a moment's delay, he summoned two policemen, and, in the course of five minutes, the thieves, who were notorious housebreakers, were arrested and taken to the police station. In view of the fact that the safe contained valuables to the amount of thousands of pounds, the dream in question turned out to be a very fortunate one for the dreamer.

Again, there was a skilful forger, a young man, thirty years old, in Boston. One day he made the acquaintance of a rich publisher, at whose house he became a constant guest. The publisher's bankers found that their client's signature had been forged to various cheques. All efforts of the detectives were of no

avail. But one night the publisher's daughter, a tiny girl of seven, dreamed that she saw a man, the very likeness of the visitor, assiduously practising to write her father's signature. The child's dream was communicated to the police, who ridiculed the same at the outset, but eventually promised to watch the man in question, with the result that his lodgings were raided and a complete plant for the making of bank notes was found there. It was then discovered that his services had been availed of for manifold forgeries in the neighbourhood, and he was sent to prison for a long term. The dream is extraordinary in that the child was too young to understand the leading incidents of the business.

Surely, we may say with Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

M. Krishnaswami Aiyar

ANCIENT CHINA AND THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "The Peony of Pao-Yu", "Flower of the Snow", etc.)

TO-DAY the Celestial Empire has become a Republic, and recently the President drove to the Temple of Heaven and performed, very hurriedly and very incompletely, those sacred ceremonies imposed upon the Emperors of China for thousands of years. It was a startling innovation over which the Gods may well have wept, and such heresy must have caused no little pain to those Chinese who still revere ancient ritual and still hunger in their hearts for the days of old. The greatness of China in the past lay in her wisdom and the rare beauty of her art. She was never a fighting nation, and was far more concerned with philosophy and poetry than with wars and the greedy clamour for the position of a World-Power. To-day Japan, as the result of her success in the fall of Kiaochau, is making demands on China that have awakened alarm in America, and Germans are busy in spreading wild reports at Peking in which the Yellow Peril bogey is pre-eminent.

Long ago in ancient China there were men who dreamed dreams and saw visions as splendid as those of

the Yellow Emperor: men who, in a hut on some lonely mountain-side, or in grove or cave, sought to discover the elixir that would confer immortality and the stone that would transmute base metal into gold. In those days there were magicians who spoke of glories more beautiful, more enduring, than the pomp and circumstance of kings. Some, no doubt, were charlatans, but there were a few who had lifted a corner of the veil and caught a glimpse of the Far Beyond. In Cathay alchemy had its original source, and from thence came to Arabia. This craving for life beyond the allotted span was the thought that dominated the alchemists of the East as well as those of the West. Material, rather than spiritual, immortality was the object aimed at, and with such an object in view it is not surprising to find that this quest for enduring life went hand in hand with a search for fabulous wealth.

Alchemy is not necessarily associated with that form of necromancy which Benvenuto Cellini described so amusingly in his autobiography of a great Russian novelist in *The Forerunner*. Alchemy is the beginning of chemistry and the basis of medicine, and, even if these old alchemists failed in their dual quest, they found wisdom which they did not seek and pressed back the doors of science. There was something heroic about those alchemists. They sacrificed all for their labour and worked with a persistence that gave a crown of glory to human effort. Browning was right in making Paracelsus an immortal figure. Those who have met and loved Balthazar Claes in Balzac's *The Quest of the Absolute* are never likely to forget the pathos of such a man. " Matter etherealised, and given off ", he cried to his wife, " the secret, doubtless, of the Absolute!

Only think of it! If I should be the first—I the first—if I should find it out. . . if I find. . . if I find. . . !" But he never found the Absolute in this world. Perhaps in death that poor, weary soul, persecuted even by his children, discovered the secret which the Almighty in His wisdom has hidden from human understanding. To amass fabulous wealth by the use of the Philosopher's Stone, to live for ever in this world by means of the Elixir of Life, are not desirable after all, and there were some alchemists who made this discovery in the end. They found that the life of the spirit endures just as surely as the human body must decay, and in that knowledge they found their reward—great treasure, truly, in the heavenly kingdom. There are alchemists of the soul, Christian mystics of all times, who have discovered that the only elixir worth having is not a concoction made by human hands, however the ingredients may be, but the Water of Life, to drink of which is never to thirst again. That, they found, was the Divine Elixir, the Water that gave everlasting life and communion with the Most High.

The teaching of Confucius, even if we only regard it as a system of morality, without the element of religion, has much to commend it. He introduced ethics of as much value to the individual as to the State. He saw the wisdom of unity in human relationships, and no one is likely to quarrel with his Golden Rule. He stressed the value of filial piety, and did much in setting a good example, both in life and teaching, as far as the requirements of this life were concerned. Confucius was limited in his outlook because he lacked a powerful imagination. The Great Adventure,

and what lay beyond, did not interest him. He was simply an ethical organiser and gave nothing to satisfy the cravings of the soul. Food for spiritual thought was given by Lao Tzu, the founder of Taoism, but his teaching was loaded with much abstruseness. Lao Tzu's Tao (Way) was a hard way, too hard for the ignorant man, who clamoured at once for spiritual consolation. It was for those who were prepared to fast and keep lone vigil, for those who could master the Taoist texts, and could afford to wait patiently for the dawning light.

It is not necessary to go into the complexities of Taoism, except to observe that Tao, the Way, has been described by Chuang Tzu as the "happiness of God" and also as a "sacred everlasting calm". The true Taoist, having subdued the ego, entered into "subjective relations with all things". "He who can achieve this," writes Mr. Lionel Giles, "will 'reject all distinction of this and that,' because he is able to descry ultimate Unity in which they are merged, a mysterious One which 'blends, transcends them all'." Chuang Tzu's whole duty of man is summed up in the following: "Resolve your mental energy into abstraction, your physical energy into inaction. Allow yourself to fall in with the natural order of phenomena, without admitting the element of self." There were similarities between Buḍḍhism and Taoism, and something akin to Nirvāṇa was common to the latter. That is evident from the following poem of Po Chu-i, a great Taoist poet of the T'ang dynasty:

Within my breast no sorrows can abide,
I feel the great world's spirit through me thrill;
And as a cloud I drift before the wind,
Or with the random swallow take my will.

As underneath a mulberry tree I dream,
The water-clock drips on, and dawn appears:
A new day shines o'er wrinkles and white hair,
The symbols of the fullness of my years.

If I depart, I cast no look behind;
If still alive, I still am free from care.
Since life and death in cycles come and go,
Of little moment are the days to spare.

Thus strong in faith I wait and long to be
One with the pulsings of Eternity.

Lao Tzu taught his disciples to enter into harmony with their environment. Chuang Tzu, the S. Paul of Taoism, made that environment spiritual, and advised all true Taoists "to pass into the realm of the Infinite and make one's final rest therein". At this point pure Taoism ends, and a host of magicians, finding the way of Lao Tzu a very thorny path, attempted to solve the problem of immortality by inventing the Elixir of Life.

To the uninitiated the marvels of the Eight Immortals read very much like a glorified fairy-tale. Chang Kwoh could fold up his mule and put it into his wallet, and by spitting upon the packet make it resume its proper shape. Han Siang Tsze achieved immortality while falling from the branches of the sacred peach tree, and the maiden Ho Sien Ku entered upon a similar state of bliss by eating the powder of mother-o'-pearl. It is recorded that when Ch'u-p'ing was a boy, he led a flock of sheep into the Kin Hwa mountains to feed, while he himself entered a cave and remained there for over forty years. One day his brother chanced to meet a wandering priest who told him that there was a shepherd-boy among the mountains. Thinking that this might be the long-lost relative, the brother set off with renewed hope, and at length discovered Hwang Ch'u-p'ing seated in his cave, surrounded

with blocks of white stone. "Where are your sheep?" inquired the brother. The recluse, who apparently had not aged with the coming of time, uttered a strange sound, and behold the blocks of stone became transformed into a flock of sheep!

Great adepts could fly through the air by simply breathing in a particular way and uttering the right formula. They could do so either in the body or in the spirit for the purpose of visiting the Palace of Jade in order to listen to the discourse of the Immortals. These magicians who could turn snow into gold and fly through the blue sky on the back of an obliging heron were not always infallible and could not invariably control their destinies. Before T'ieh Kwai Sien-sheng took a long journey into the realm of the gods, he instructed his disciple to guard his body during the absence of his spirit. "If," said the sage with profound solemnity, "I do not return to this world within seven days, you may dismiss my earthly remains into space." Having uttered these words the adept's spirit flew away, and his disciple kept vigil by the silent body. It so happened that on the sixth day the disciple was called away in order to attend his dying mother, and on that day the spirit of the master returned to find, much to his chagrin, that his earthly body was no longer vitalised. The spirit, cursing the laxity of his disciple, entered the body of a lame and crooked beggar, who happened to pass that way, and in this miserable form the magician continued his existence.

This mysterious power was not easily attained, and in order to attain it, it was necessary to master a certain sacred book. Ko Hsuan, one of the Eight Immortals wrote:

I have obtained this Principle. Formerly I conned this book ten thousand times. It is only men of Heaven who can learn it, and it should not be imparted to those of inferior calibre. I received it in the first instance from the Divine Prince of Eastern Glory; he received it from the Divine Prince of the Golden Gate, and he from the Royal Mother of the West .... Scholars of eminence who thoroughly comprehend it will ascend on high and receive authority in Heaven; those of medium grade who strive to put it into practice will have their name inscribed on the roll of the Immortals in the Southern Palace; while those of the lowest order who obtain it will live long years on earth, roam through the Three Spheres of Being, and, mounting on high, pass through the Golden Gate.

The Elixir of Life in the Land of the Blue Gown is not without its humorous side. It is said that the Duke of Luyang, after drinking the Elixir of Life, rose to heaven in broad daylight. He drank the precious liquid in a great hurry, and, in his excitement, he dropped the vessel containing it. His dogs and fowls sipped the few remaining drops and immediately ascended in the air after their master! Oh, those sceptics, humorous or otherwise, who will never believe in anything that is spiced with wonder and made radiant with imagination!

Before dealing with the nature of the Chinese Elixir of Life, it would be as well to ascertain, if we can, its esoteric significance. In one of the Taoist texts known as the *Hsin Yin Ching* we read:

There are three degrees of Supreme Elixir—the Spirit, the Breath, and the Essential Vigour. Obscure and recondite! Confused and dim! .... Men are all possessed of the Essential Vigour; this corresponds with the Spirit, the Spirit with the Breath, and the Breath with the essential nature of the body .... The Spirit is able to enter stone; the Spirit is able to fly through solid bodies. If it enters water, it is not drowned; or fire, it is not burned. The Spirit depends, for its birth, upon the body; the Essential Vigour depends, for attaining its full proportions, upon the Breath. They never lose their vitality or force, but are evergreen, like the pine and cedar trees. The three are all one Principle. Their mystery and beauty cannot

be heard. The combination of them produces existence; their dispersion, extinction. If the seven apertures (eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, etc.) are all open, each aperture will be bright and luminous, [for] the Holy Sun and Holy Moon will pour their effulgence upon the Golden Hall. Once obtained, they are obtained for ever; then the body will become naturally bouyant, the Universal Harmony will be replete, and the bones will dissolve into the cold chrysoprasus flower. If the Elixir be obtained, supernatural intelligence will result; if it be not obtained, there will be defeat and ruin . . . . If this treatise be conned over ten thousand times, its beautiful and mysterious doctrine will become clear of itself.

What is this mysterious Chinese Elixir of Life that is also the elixir of gold and the panacea for all ills, the transmutation of earth into heaven? Two hundred years before the Magi journeyed to the humble manger of Our Lord, a Chinese poet by the name of Szema Siang-ju spoke of "chewing the blossoms of the *k'iung*". He referred to the miraculous jadestone tree that grew on Mount Kw'en Lun, the abode of the Western Royal Mother. This tree was "10,000 cubits in height and 300 arm-spans in circumference," and the eating of its blossom conferred immortality. The word *k'iung* (jadestone) is a symbol for all that is most beautiful and most precious. Chinese poets used it as a synonym for whiteness, spotlessness, purity. The moon is sometimes described as "the lake of *k'iung*". For centuries the Chinese have regarded the jadestone with great veneration, and it is not surprising to find that it takes a prominent place in Chinese alchemy. Taoist philosophers, believing that the jadestone Tree of Heaven revealed the highest strength combined with the purest effulgence, were not slow to attribute all manner of virtues to this precious gem. P'uh Tsze informs us that from the mountain producing it a liquid flows which, in the course of ten thousand years, becomes solidified into a substance as clear and dazzling as crystal. It

may be changed into its former state by the application of a certain herb. A draught of this liquid confers the gift of living for a thousand years, while if a quantity be imbibed, it will enable the happy adept to fly into the air and join the Immortals. Powdered ash of the mulberry, combined with the gum of the peach tree, was said to be a cure for all maladies, and also to confer immortality. Our biblical Tree of Knowledge is by no means an isolated example. We have already referred to the jadestone, peach, and mulberry trees. There was yet another miraculous tree. It was called *k'ien* (cassia) and grew in the moon. Those who ate the sacred leaves not only lived for ever, but their bodies became as pellucid as the clearest mountain stream. It is possible that the Chinese God of Medicine derived sustenance from this source, for he had the extraordinary gift of being able to see into his stomach and watch the action of drugs! Some of us may be inclined to conjecture that the conception of the *k'ien* was borrowed from certain Buḍḍhist *sutras* where reference will be found to the tree of the King of Drugs that is said to grow somewhere in the Himālayas.

The old Chinese philosophers did not regard gold as a precious metal that had always been in existence, but the result of a slow evolutionary process, from the dim beginnings of creation to silver, up to the precious metal itself. Another alchemist tells us that gold is the perfected essence of mountain rock, which in course of time is converted into quicksilver. The change into quicksilver is due to the female or lunar principle in nature, and it can only be transmuted into gold when it is acted upon by the male, or solar principle. It was

this compound, when treated in a particular way, which became the powder of transmutation and in addition, the Elixir of Life, or "the golden draught," a designation which was particularly happy and not without a sparkle of wit. Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, Acting President of the Alchemical Society, London, informs me that these theories are "entirely those of European alchemy. The European alchemists also believed that gold had not always been gold, but was produced by evolution from 'mercury,' the female principle of nature, by fecundation with 'sulphur,' the male principle. They also believed that by carrying the process further one could produce the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life".

Many marvels were to be seen by those who had mastered the mysteries of the later Taoists, and those marvels have been recorded with so much poetry and imagination, with so much tantalising glamour as to lead one to suppose that the brushes of the writers were steeped in a kind of transcendental fairyland. They could listen to the wise words of Lao Tzu and the Eight Immortals. They could, in a merry mood, watch Kieh Lin, the Old Man of the Moon, tying together with a red cord infants destined to be joined in future wedlock, or they could see mountains on the back of a tortoise, or fly to the Palace of Jade. They could listen to the lute-playing of Siao She, or gaze upon the Pure Supreme Mansion of the Immortals.

On Kw'en Lun, a mountain in the Hindu Kush, dwelt Si Wang Mu, the Western Royal Mother. From the mountain flowed the blue, white, red, and black rivers, and on the summit stood Si Wang Mu's palace. A Chinese writer thus describes it:

It has walls piled high in ninefold gradations—upon it there grow trees and grain. On the west there are the tree of pearls, the tree of jadestone, the tree of the *suan* gem, the tree of immortality. At its foot flows the Yellow Water which, after three windings, returns to its source. It is called the *Tan* (gold) water, and those who drink of it escape death.

On the terraces of this mountain were "fields of sesamum" and "gardens of coriander," the seeds of which were eaten by votaries of longevity. There were also twelve towers of gems, composed of five-coloured jadestone, and, in addition, there was the Lake of Jewels. To speak of the glory of the Western Royal Mother, her azure birds, genii, and fairy attendants, would require the glowing language of the "Arabian Nights".

We must not dismiss these fantastic stories as so many fairy-tales. Behind these preposterous adventures in the Unknown we can trace a craving after the Beautiful. There is a vein of truth in them all, the essential truth of all-enduring life. These Chinese alchemists tried to find peace in the dark and tangled woods of never-satisfying magic. They eagerly pressed forward with groping hands to the waters of crystalline jadestone, to the peach tree, to the mighty tree that grows in the moon. This quest is sacred, memorable, because it reveals colossal human effort. Perhaps this search, this splendid struggle, this yearning for something more than life's human span, is answered for all time in these mystical words: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

F. Hadland Davis

KISMET

By C. A. Dawson Scott

AT the bottom of Wazdi Bey's garden stood a large tank. Gold and silver fish swam among the water-lilies, tadpoles wriggled between the greeny-brown stems, while on the wall above lizards crouched in the sunshine. Altogether an attractive place and one that Mustapha, Wazdi's little son, found peculiarly to his taste.

He was a child of constructive ability and with his father's consent and the help of Fortunatus had begun to transform one of the garden beds into a pond. The plot chosen was near two thin-leaved pepper-trees and flanked by a cedar. After the earth had been dug out, the floor was to be cemented, a fountain built in the middle and broad-leaved plants set round the edge. The place was to be a haunt of coolness and shade; and Mustapha, liking an onlooker, had persuaded his half-sister Fatmeh to come and, from her hammock under the trellised arbour of bougainvillea and passion-flower, watch the proceedings.

Nor was Fatmeh loath to come. The summer had set in early and the hot days found her disinclined for exertion. The garden with its many trees, the faint breeze blowing in from the Bosphorus and the flicker

of yellow light through the moving leaves, were in accordance with the girl's languid mood. For she, who had been the life and joy of the harem, whose happy voice had been heard from dawn to dusk in "songs of Araby," now held her peace and moved slowly and sat for hours gazing dreamily into space. She was grown thinner, and her chestnut hair, crowning the graceful slender body, made her more than ever like a tiger-lily on a long stem.

This particular day, as if to complete the resemblance, she wore a pale green melhafa.[1] As she half-sat, half-lay upon the red and white netting, her thoughts strayed from the sturdy boy, casting up spadefuls of rich garden earth—earth with a sweet and pleasant smell—to the future. Since Ayesha had gone back to her husband, Sughra Hanem from the house on the other side of the lane had been assiduous in her attentions. For some time she had had Fatmeh under her considering eye. A restless, eager and ambitious woman, it had taken Sughra some time to reach the conclusion that this girl with her beauty and large dowry, was worthy even of her dear Allah-ud-din. He, though her fourth, was Sughra's favourite son, and greatly to her annoyance had chosen the Diplomatic Service. It removed him from the sphere of her influence and made her vaguely uneasy. Allah-ud-din had always been the least docile of her many children, and she felt she would not know peace of heart till he were suitably married. She was now only waiting till his formal consent had been obtained, to summon the marriage brokers and put the matter in train. Meanwhile she did not stint to talk to Fatmeh of this dear

[1] Robe.

one who for his country's sake was living afar off, in a land where not even the public eating-houses could make a kous-kous.

From the little screened window that overhung the lane, Fatmeh had seen Allah-ud-din pass in and out of his father's house and she thought him, if not all that his mother said, at least a personable and pleasant youth. The future, as sketched by Sughra, was such a one as the girl, left to follow her instincts, would have chosen. To marry Allah-ud-din, to live with his parents while he was at the Embassies in Paris, or London, or Vienna, to be never more than a few yards from the old home and its interests, was to Fatmeh, timid, affectionate and retiring, an attractive prospect. She would be able to bring her babies over to the garden in which as a child she had run and played ; and playing with them, would forget the flight of time. She looked forward therefore with equanimity, for life seemed to be proffering her heart's desire.

" I am tired," announced Mustapha, suddenly throwing down his spade. " I will sit here by Fatmeh and while I rest you, Fortunatus, shall go on digging."

The little boy climbed into the hammock which fortunately was both wide and strong, and cuddled himself down by his sister. With dark eyes that soon grew sleepy, he watched the spadefuls that were flung up rhythmically and at regular intervals by the man who was at once his servant and his guardian. The garden was full of quiet growth. Figs were ripening under the scanty shelter of the leaves, from a great vine on the wall hung clusters of purpling grapes while to the right, nut trees were stretching their close green foliage over a flagged pathway. It being early in the day, the heat was not

great, and as he dug Fortunatus sang in a low voice a ghazel, or song of love, a song which ran like a thread of fire through Fatmeh's visions of the future.

Altho' I sleep
My heart is hearkening for thy voice
O passionate nightingale of love—
Thou my desire.

Altho' I watch
Closed is the lattice of thy heart
Closed to the lover is thy gate,
O my desire.

O moon of pearl
I am the weed beside the way
And in the drought I parch, I die—
Of my desire.

Something in the voice, liquid, melancholy and yet desperately alive, made Fatmeh open her eyes, eyes with flecks of gold in their blue, and consider the singer. Turkish ladies do not veil before their servants, nor indeed do they take more heed of them than does the Englishwoman. Fatmeh, daughter of the house, was aware of Fortunatus as the servant whom, in spite of his youth, her father trusted. Now, however, as she looked across the mounds of dark and fruitful earth and, with his song still in her ears, watched him pause and straighten his back, she saw him not as a hired retainer but as a man.

"How came you here?" she asked with sudden interest.

The man's mind carried him back to the summer day when he had been entrusted with the care of little sleepy Mustapha. "I came," he said grimly, "so that my master's son might grow up to be a man."

"His life was threatened? Allah!" Fatmeh was frankly surprised. The secrets of the house, whispered

over the braziers of an evening, had never reached her ears. She stooped to the sleeping child and kissed him softly. "Who would hurt a baby?"

"Who indeed, Effendim?" said Fortunatus, wondering how so dove-like a creature could have been born to Wazdi's first wife. "Nevertheless, when there is but one lamb in a flock, the shepherd does not leave anything to chance."

"My father is very wise," she smiled tenderly, "and a good father. Vai, vai, and before you came here?"

Fortunatus, leaning on his long-handled spade, determined for once to speak the truth. "I am a man of no consequence, Effendim; a foundling left on the doorstep of Palamountain, whose wife, Amina, let me feed with her children."

Fatmeh had often listened to the mesnevi,[1] but this human tale struck her as more worthy both of tongue that spake and ear that heard.

"They tell of such things, but I had not thought the mother lived who could desert her child. Was there no clue?"

From round his neck Fortunatus took a leathern bag suitable for carrying a talisman and from it he drew a kham[2] of dark blue glass.

"They string such on the necks of camels to keep off the evil eye. Amina found it fastened to the sheepskin in which I was wrapped; and for that reason, and another, they hold I am of the caravan folk, those who come and go, from Stamboul to Samarkand."

[1] Story-teller.

[2] The prophet's Daughter was also named Fatmeh and her hand, roughly shaped, is a common Muslim mascot.

"The gipsy folk who have the sooth and can read the stars?"

"It may be, Effendim!"

Mustapha stirred in his sleep and Fortunatus ever watchful for his comfort drove the spade deep and came to the arbour, "Give me the child, Effendim. He sleeps better on the good earth."

"He is indeed heavy," sighed Fatmeh; and Fortunatus, squatting down, settled the little boy against himself. "Now for the other reason?"

"When my adopted father made the Hajj,[1] I went with him."

Fatmeh's eyes, always limpid, sparkled with interest. It is the ambition of all good Muhammadans to go to Mecca, but many are called and few chosen. To think that in their midst they had long harboured a successful pilgrim! "The dangers of the way!" she breathed, she who was no traveller and to whom any road would have seemed uphill.

"Many died," said Fortunatus soberly, "and we were delayed, first by storm and then by sickness."

"You were in time?" The merit of the pilgrimage would have been lost, if the caravans had arrived after a certain date.

"In time," he nodded proudly, "therefore I, even I, have stood on Mount Ararat, heard the appointed sermon and sacrificed a sheep in the Vale of Muna."

"Wonderful, O most wonderful!" cried Fatmeh, and for a moment the look of health returned in glowing cheek and kindled eye.

Fortunatus' glance was soft and warm. It seemed to envelop the girl as in a glowing veil. Her own

[1] Pilgrimage to Mecca.

sank before it and she wondered vaguely why the day should seem full of infinite possibilities, all touched with glamour.

"Allah kerim!"[1] said the young man, "for I proved a sorry son to my adopted parents and yet—yet was I not punished. I had the wandering blood and when Palamountain returned, he came alone."

"And you?"

"I worked for Franks on shipboard, earning thus my meat. The ship went up and down the world and I with it till I was a man. At length I wearied of the water and came home."

"That I can understand."

"I wanted," said Fortunatus simply, "to eat once more the food of my own people."

Fatmeh nodded gently; that too she could understand.

"But in Galata was no work for me. Hamals were needed, but I am not a camel that I should carry loads. I wanted to be in a good house and," he spread his hands with a characteristic gesture, "behold it has come to pass."

Mustapha rolling over opened his eyes. "Why, Fortunatus, thou art as lazy as a Greek. The new pond is as it was. I had thought it would have been finished to-day, but, when my spade is silent, thine keeps it company."

"'Tis hot, little lord."

"Hot for thee, O Greek, but not for a man," and climbing down the earthen sides of the small depression he fell to his task. The dark eyes of Fortunatus with their veiled melancholy, their hint of keener, more

[1] God is merciful.

personal, feeling rested on Fatmeh for a moment, and then he too took up his spade.

That morning Sughra Hanem had received a disquieting letter from her son in England. Allah-ud-din told her that he had been staying with the family of an Irish friend and that the friend's sister was a hakima, a lady doctor. He would like his mother to meet this Miss Waiora Desmond. Hakimas were well thought of in England, and Miss Desmond was in other ways the sort of woman his mother would be sure to like.

Sughra Hanem read this devious epistle to her husband, a little fair man, who as governor of a raza[1] had contrived to amass a comfortable fortune. "He must come home at once," she cried, "or he will be giving me a Frank for a daughter-in-law."

Though Rashid Effendi was inclined to pooh-pooh the danger, he agreed with his wife that it would be as well for Allah-ud-din to be married, especially if so eligible a bride as one of Wazdi Bey's daughters could be obtained. He even took the trouble to write to his son, telling him to get leave of absence, as his marriage had been arranged, and would take place immediately on his return.

Meanwhile trouble, as a gorged vulture, had settled heavily upon his neighbour's rooftree. At noon Fatmeh, following in Mustapha's wake, had come back to the house. During the heat of the day she would lie in a shaded room, and one of the negro servants would fan her till she fell asleep. As she settled herself upon the divan, however, Fatmeh felt a strange taste at the back of her throat. She turned in pitiable surprise towards

[1] Division of a Province.

her attendant; and as she did so the blood flowed over the parting lips. The frightened negress fled, screaming; but Fatmeh, still with that expression of surprise upon her features, had fallen back unconscious.

The women hurried to her room. Atiya and Zuleika, the old cousins, had been busy transforming unripe apples into a pink lemon-scented jelly. They left their concoction to the mercy of lesser cooks and hurried waddling from the kitchen. Hajira, another cousin, who had lately been divorced by Zaid, her ill-conditioned lord, and who spent most of her time weeping and lamenting, dried her eyes and followed. Lastly came Dewara with long elastic step and anxious eyes. Fatmeh, fair and pleasant, was loved by all, by the old maidens, the unwilling divorcée, even by the stormy and discontented Hanem. The ancient sisters busied themselves with old-wife remedies; but the general feeling was one of anxiety and distress. Dewara was not used to illness. Even among the mountains and in the black tents of her people, however, she had met this disease of wasting and of death. She understood now why Fatmeh was so languid, why she had ceased to dance down the flagged paths of the garden and to sing—as some said and one really thought—like a nightingale.

That afternoon Sughra Hanem paid one of her informal visits. It was Fatmeh she came to see; and Dewara, who understood that the other was seeking a wife, a well-dowered wife for her son, had hitherto made her carelessly welcome. Now, leaving Atiya in charge of the sick girl, the Hanem met the visitor with a careful excuse. The day was unusually hot and Fatmeh had been sitting in the garden, not altogether, perhaps, in the shade. But girls were imprudent or

they would not be girls. She had, of course, contracted a headache of the sun, very slight, it would be gone to-morrow, but meanwhile—

Dewara believed Sughra Hanem to be actuated by motives that were entirely mercenary and she dealt with her as one merchant with another. The calculating visitor should not discover that the goods she so ardently desired were damaged. In the course of time Fatmeh would be—would at least seem—a little better. For these last months, why should not hope, the hope of love and children and a long life, be hers? Grown suddenly loquacious, Dewara talked of the girl's flower-like beauty. A certain Vali's son, hearing of it, had spoken to his mother. From day to day it was impossible to tell what would happen.

Sughra Hanem perceived that her neighbours had pierced to the heart of her intention; that they approved; but that they would not be willing to wait. She returned home believing, not that Fatmeh was ill, but that the girl was to be kept in the background until she, Sughra, should make a definite proposal. This show of firmness made her think that some other candidate must be in the field. Truly the bough was laden with oranges, oranges as heavy, golden and desirable, as that which Sughra had half offered and half withheld. More than ever anxious to take the final step, she was not best pleased when Rashid begged her to wait, to wait, at least, until he should have had an answer to his letter. Impatient of control as she had always been, however, she could not but admit that her husband's judgment was sound. They could not leave Allah-ud-din out of the reckoning. His mother waited, therefore, in a state of gnawing anxiety; and waiting, remained in

ignorance of what was taking place in her neighbour's house.

Three weeks passed slowly, weeks during which Fatmeh, nursed assiduously by the old cousins, lay in the largest and airiest room of the harem. As it overlooked the garden, it was not screened and the sweet air from the Bosphorus blew in at the open window. Every day Fortunatus, working at the command of little Mustapha, dug and planted; and as he toiled, he sang:

> I cannot sleep for longing for thee, O full moon,
> Far is thy throne over Mecca, slip down, O beloved, to me.

The tenor voice was resonant and to Fatmeh's ears, as she lay prostrate, rose, like bubbles of heady wine, his passionate songs of love. The gipsy loved her, but he was her father's servant, the man whom Wazdi trusted as his own hand. Fatmeh growing daily, as she assured those about her, a little and a little better, learned to listen for the vibrating voice, a voice associated with broad shoulders and a languorous glance. Allah-ud-din, pleasant youth, had neither the one nor the other. To the mind of his prospective bride he represented all that was ordinary, while Fortunatus, pilgrim and wanderer, breathed romance. She wondered whether her father could be got to think of the trusty servant as a possible son-in-law? Even while she wondered, dwelling on a glamorous future, she knew, however, that it might not be. Wazdi loved her and, since her illness, had been unusually kind, but he would bestow her in marriage in a way to reflect credit on the family. It would be a matter of arrangement, not of romance. Meanwhile, until she was quite strong, quite well again, she had her dreams.

"If I could be carried out, I might lie in the hammock under the arbour," she said one day, a little wistfully. "It would be cooler in the air."

The women knew that their tender care and nursing were in vain, that day by day, though she believed herself better, Fatmeh was travelling the downhill road.

"You shall have your way," Dewara answered with a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, "a little fresh air to-day and soon a drive along the shore."

"You always look so happy, Fatmeh," interposed Hajira enviously.

"This has been the happiest time of my life," said the invalid with truth. She was thinking of the songs from the garden, of the dream-world in which she lived; and she looked round upon the other women with a smile. "You are so good to me—all of you—so good. Zuleika dear, give me the green melhafa and the little fan with the emeralds."

Because he was so strong as well as so responsible, Fortunatus was called to carry the light burden. Old Zuleika, went on ahead to see that the hammock ropes were taut; and thus, with little Asma carrying cushions and a drink of tamarind, was Fatmeh borne into the green shadows of the garden that she loved.

"How strong you are," she sighed in that new husky voice of hers, and the sigh was of satisfaction; for the woman, who does not rejoice in the strength of man, has not yet been born.

A pulse was throbbing in Fortunatus' temple, making dim his sight. Happiness was his, a new, a burning happiness, so great that as he clasped and lifted the dear burden, he did not notice how light, how very light,

it was. Enough for the moment that he held Fatmeh in his arms, that her face, warmed to sudden colour was beneath his, and that he could see her breast rise and fall under the films of green. As great a happiness had indeed been his before—but only in dreams. Now he tasted fulfilment; and for a few golden seconds the cup of life was given to his parched lips. Scarcely knowing what he did, he stepped on down the flagged pathway, under the flicker of the leaves and so to the arbour. Mustapha, having run on with Zuleika, was waiting by the hammock. He advanced importantly.

"I would not finish the pond until you were well enough to come out and watch. To-day we begin afresh, and we must work, Fortunatus and I, or before it is finished the tadpoles will have swallowed the last bit of their tails."

He turned away, followed by his guardian; and as Asma set out the drink of tamarind on a stool and handed Fatmeh the green and jewelled fan, a scream followed by a peal of uncanny laughter, shattered the pleasant silence.

Fatmeh raised herself on one elbow. "It comes from the garden beyond ours," she murmured.

"Sughra Hanem must be in trouble," said little Asma, a plump roly-poly maiden with the eyes of a gazelle. "It is her voice."

As the sufferer moved further away, the screams and laughter diminished. "What can have happened?" said Fatmeh, little guessing how much the Hanem's hysteria had to do with her.

That morning Sughra, anxious and restless, had gone into the garden for some roses. A new dancer was coming to perform before her and her friends that

evening, and the flowers brought her had been insufficient and of the wrong colour. She would choose her own. As she walked up and down, cutting recklessly, she caught sight of her husband's figure. Rashid was in search of her and in his hand was a letter on thin foreign paper.

"Mash'allah!" cried she, as she went to meet him, for she saw that his face was pale and that he trembled. Indeed, the letter he carried was such an one as people do not receive more than once or twice in a lifetime. Allah-ud-din, knowing his own mind, but doubting his powers of resistance to family pressure, had persuaded Miss Desmond to elope with him. He wrote to announce their marriage.

"An English daughter-in-law!" gasped Sughra, and swayed as if about to faint. Rashid put out a hand to steady her. Such a marriage was strange and portentous; moreover, it is unusual in Muslim countries for the wife to be considered before the mother; and Allah-ud-din's hasty action seemed as unnatural to his parents as ill-advised. "He will bring me a foreign woman for a daughter-in-law. He will set strange grandchildren upon my knees," wailed Sughra, bursting into uncontrollable tears—tears and screams and laughter.

Rashid Effendi led the poor woman back to the harem. He too was greatly shaken, but unlike his more emotional wife, he could accept whatever came. "It is the will of Allah," he said sorrowfully, "neither thy fault, Sughra, nor mine, but the will of Allah."

Fatmeh left to herself, while the busy gardeners laboured at the pond, fell presently into a light doze. The purple leaves of the bougainvillea stirred in the

breeze, the passion-flower spread its strange blooms, and a rain of crimson petals fell from a neighbouring rose-bush. As Fatmeh dreamed, she heard Fortunatus singing an old-time ghazel.

Fierce as the sun at noon
The wanderer's love.

The sun was certainly fierce and noon not far away. Fatmeh opened her eyes and for a space watched the young man as he bent digging and then rose to cast up a spadeful of brown earth. Alas, that she must marry Allah-ud-din!

"Little brother!" said she, and Mustapha came at her call. "Run thou to the harem and ask Asma for my other fan, the one of peacock feathers."

"By Allah, I do not run errands for women," said the boy.

"Not even for me, Couzoum?"[1]

"Thou hast been ill—well—perhaps."

"Bring the fan back with thee." This she said, knowing that only a week ago she had given it to her married sister Ayesha.

His brown legs carried him quickly out of sight and as he went, Fortunatus put down the spade and came to her.

The air was full of the sweetness of flowers and the bitter sweet of love. For a few seconds each looked at the other.

"While I was ill," said Fatmeh softly, "I heard your songs and knew they were for me. But we are in the toils of circumstance and there is no way out."

The man stood speechless, looking at her with those fiercely imploring eyes. Suddenly she bethought

[1] My lamb.

her of the fortune-teller's sooth. "The garden and the cherishing and a silent lover. So will it be until the end." Fatmeh had cried out that there must be more to come, more before the inevitable end. Now, like the passing of a bird, a shadow crossed her face. Was there no more? Could it be possible that this was the end? She recovered herself after a moment. "I am getting better," she said with restored confidence, "and when I am quite well again, I shall be married to Allah-ud-din of the house of Rashid Effendi." This she said in her ignorance and good faith, and because only by telling Fortunatus the truth could she put an end to his silent pleading. She leaned towards him beseechingly. "All my life I shall remember. It will be to me as an oasis in the desert; and if I go first I will wait for thee—at the gates."

The man before her knew, not only that she would go first, but that her going would not be delayed. He made a gesture as of one who scatters the ashes of mourning on his head; but still his eyes implored. She had spoken of his love for her, and she had been glad of it; but in return had she no word for him? Must he wait through all the days of his pilgrimage, wait for the assurance of her love till the day broke and the shadows fled away? His agony broke down the barriers she would have raised.

"Fortunatus," she said at last, a new and more passionate note in her voice, "ah, but my soul failed me at the sound of thy voice!" then as she saw the quick gladness overspreading his features, "I am sick, sick of love, O my beloved, but—there is no hope. It is—"

A look of fear dawned in the blue eyes as her lips became dyed a deeper red. The breaking of another

blood-vessel would bring the end. She sank against the breast of her lover, the life-tide flowing from her and her tongue silently forming that last word in all loves and hates, hopes and despairs: "It is Kismet."

* * * * *

"O Allah, pardon Thou our living and our dead, those of us looking on and those of us absent, our little ones and our adults, our men and our women. O Allah, make thou her tomb a garden of the gardens of heaven. For Thy mercy's sake, O Thou most Compassionate of the merciful."[1]

C. A. Dawson Scott

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[1] Extract from *Muslim Burial Service.*

CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

That the letter in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST under the above heading should have come from a member of the Society is a little remarkable; and any reply that should refute the views held by the writer of that letter inevitably deals with the obvious.

It is not Theosophical to divorce Theosophy from life in the world. Yet the writer implies that his Theosophy is kept as something quite apart from "his share in providing for the success of the arms of his people". The Editor's sin is that by moving eloquence obtaining a wide publicity, she has, under cover of Theosophy, urged others to adopt what by unanswerable argument she conceives to be the right attitude towards a War that affects, whether in thought or in action, more than half the world. The writer has done the same, only on a smaller scale, and not under cover of Theosophy.

If the Christ Himself, who is the Bodhisattva, the Teacher, and not the Warrior, used in well-known passages words of the strongest condemnation, shall we, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, refuse to our President scope to paint strongly the rights and wrongs of the present European campaign?

It needs something of an idealist to judge ideal action. Otherwise, how measure that impersonal attitude which is always actuated by a keen eye to the welfare of mankind, and by an unfailing love that rules none the less, though not sensed by all? Many who are blinded by "the milk of human kindness" in blissful ignorance retard the world's progress;

others, who severely separate their ideals from their actions, know naught of *Karma Yoga*. Is it Theosophical to be "shocked and outraged" at anything?

If critics would but realise the greatness of our President, and the world-wide stage on which she acts, their outlook would inevitably broaden, and their tolerance suffer a diminished strain. To invite free criticism is not to imply its necessity, or even its desirability. Criticism is good, intuition is better. Intuition fosters, while criticism kills, that whole-hearted enthusiasm the few need, if they are to front the world.

C. B. DAWSON

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Regarding the correspondence recently appearing in THE THEOSOPHIST on the subject above named, it appears to me that the most important point has been missed by both your correspondents. What we need to realise is that in signing future treaties for the preservation of neutral territories —such, for instance, may be the case in regard to Constantinople, or other points, as the result of this War—we shall be overshadowed by Germany's present conduct; we shall all put the question inwardly: Will this contract ever be treated as "a scrap of paper"? What is our surety that what one nation has done another may not do? Or, what one has done it may do again. This is the first war we have waged for such a point of honour between nations. We, the human race, stand at a point where international conscience is awakening to a higher sense of honour and justice, and Germany has suddenly dealt it this heavy blow. By her act she has made a move in the face of evolution. It is not merely the doing away with war that is now concerned, but the evolution of international conscience. If war were ever "an instrument in the hands of the Guardians of humanity," surely it is so now. Naturally, those whose work, as yours, lies in such wide fields may see the need to speak forcibly against what is clearly evil and retrograde; but it is regrettable that so

earnest a member as Mr. Prentice, standing also by his principles in a smaller way, should use unwarrantedly strong language against one, such as yourself, whose life has been given to strenuous service of humanity and the cause of evolution, and who therefore deserves, at the least, our reverence and gratitude.

SISTER D.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

I would like to remark that pages 562 and 563 of the March THEOSOPHIST leave a bad taste in the month. It amounts to this—that our President is taken to task for expressing "righteous indignation" in the right place. The objector is entitled to register his objection, of course, if he "feels bad" about it, but I venture to protest very strongly against the language in which it is couched.

It is obvious, however, that the publication of the letter by the Editor without any comment on her part is a sufficient rebuke to the writer. He stands self-convicted of "bad form".

W. BEALE,

Aden *Lt.-Colonel.*

REVIEWS

The Spirit of Japanese Poetry, by Yone Noguchi. (John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

The aim of the Editors in publishing the Wisdom of the East Series—to which the present volume belongs—is by this time well known to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST. They wish to make the books "messengers of goodwill and understanding between the East and the West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action". All who really sympathise with this object will find *The Spirit of Japanese Poetry* an exceedingly interesting and valuable addition to the Series. The subject itself is fascinating and the book is full of information, full too of subtle analysis, of comparings and contrastings in which the ideals and the methods of the poets of East and West stand out against each other in vivid complement. There are six chapters, all alike in this that in them no words are wasted—a virtue of all Japanese writing, as the author points out. "I ask myself," he says *apropos* of a translation of a seventeen-syllable Japanese poem, "why the English mind must spend so much ink while we Japanese are well satisfied with the following"—giving his own rendering.

Japanese Hokku Poetry, the *No*—the Japanese Play of Silence—the earliest poetry of Japan, and the poets of the present are all dealt with in turn in a way that stimulates attention and thought. But the most valuable thing about the book is the glimpse we get of the oriental attitude through the mind of the author. Here we have not a Western interpreting the work of Easterns, but a true son of the "old world of thought," loyal to the ideals of his own people, trying to make their spirit intelligible to men of another race and creed. It is from the turn of a phrase here and there, showing the writer's interest in what seems to us unimportant, from the casual references which when they illustrate an attitude different

from our own are so striking and illuminative, that the reader will get a real insight into the inner workings of the mind. This little book is full of such subtle indications of character and race; and by them the reader may be led through what seems at first "the twilight land of the unknowable," into a region where the attitude and viewpoint of the East become intelligible.

A. de L.

Specimens of Old Indian Poetry, translated from the Original Sanskrit into English Verse by Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A. (Reprinted and published by the Panini Office Allahabad, 1914. Price Rs. 1-8.)

The Panini Office to which all lovers of Indian lore, literature and learning owe an ever growing debt, has been wisely inspired in reprinting this old little bundle of graceful translations from the Samskrit. The work is so very widely known that it needs no detailed description; it is sufficient to say that it contains hymns from the *Vedas* and extracts from *Manu*, the *Mahabharata*, *Sakuntala*, *Nala*, the *Gita-Govinda* and the *Cloud Messenger*. An appendix gives information on Indian poetical rhetoric. The little book is neatly printed and cheap and we know of no handier introduction to the study of Samskrit poetry for those who cannot consult it in its original form, than this present volume. Where other more extensive and learned works fail to interest the layman, he may feel his first genuine attraction for old Indian poetry in reading this handy and sympathetic collection of renderings.

J. v. M.

Visvakarmā. Examples of Indian architecture, sculpture, painting, handicraft, by Ananda Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. (The Editor, 39 Brookfield, West Hill, London N. and Luzac, London. Average price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. per number; complete in seven numbers.)

With its seventh number the first series of this very attractive publication becomes complete, and many there will be to whom it must be a matter of regret to learn that with

its completion the publication of *Visvakarmā* will be discontinued for the present. Dr. Coomaraswamy has laid lovers of Oriental art under a heavy debt of gratitude for his unwearied and enthusiastic labours in that field, and amongst his numerous publications, *Visvakarmā* may be reckoned as one of the most useful. Being an enthusiast to the core, Dr. Coomaraswamy expresses his views forcibly whenever he speaks, and to some these views are debatable from many points of view, though always worth listening to. In the present publication there is next to no letterpress, and hence no argument, but merely a series of fully a hundred very adequate reproductions of well-chosen examples of Indian sculpture. Eventual later series will similarly deal with architecture, painting and handicraft. The collection thus put before the public, at so very reasonable a price as to enable a wide circle to acquire it, represents a thoroughly representative collection; and we do not know of any similar publication bringing together such richly varied material and exhibiting Indian sculpture so thoroughly, which is as easily accessible. We have, therefore, to thank Dr. Coomaraswamy for this his latest enterprise, so satisfactorily terminated, and we are amongst those who will cordially and warmly welcome any continuation of it in the future.

J. v. M.

Whispers, by G. Colmore. (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.) A pleasantly written story with an element of mystery to sustain the interest up till the end. The dual forces of love and hate are seen as psychic in their origin and in their effects. Spiritualised love in the end is victorious over the forces of cruelty and hatred; to say more would reveal too much of the plot of a book which is quite well worth reading. *Transition*, by Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans, Green & Co.) A novel of profound interest to all who are interested in the more spiritual aspect of the feminist movement. It is distinctly a novel with a purpose and the authoress undoubtedly has a deep conviction of the necessity for, and the inevitable attainment of, the ends that the more highly developed advocates of "votes for women" have in view, the vote acting merely as a peg to rest these ideals upon.