

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

SOME of our members have a very curious idea about THE THEOSOPHIST, which they speak of as "the official organ of the Society". The Society has no official organ, and has no responsibility, as is said every month, for opinions expressed in this Magazine: "The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Journal, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document." Were it an official organ, the T. S. would be responsible for all that is said in it, and it would be impossible for any one to express in it any opinion at all without committing the Society, whereas I put in all opinions. Criticisms attacking the President could not appear, as they would then involve the whole Society. Critics do not complain that official decorum is violated when I put in the most violent and abusive attacks on myself; they only complain when I express my own opinions! THE THEOSOPHIST is a magazine which is the

organ of the President of the T. S., through which he reaches the Society primarily, and then the outer world, giving to both the benefit of his wisdom or his folly. Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky, who founded it, used it for this purpose, and most certainly Mme. Blavatsky's vigorously expressed opinions did not coincide, on many occasions, with those of the more timid and conventional members of the T. S. But they interested most of the members and many in the outside world. What she said counted, and people wanted to read what she thought on passing events. However much some folks may object to the fact that some persons exist whose opinion large numbers of people want to know, it cannot be helped. Such persons are to them an offence, I know, but still they exist. The more important the questions that arise, the more does the public wish to know what these particular persons think about them.

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I have watched with some care the expressions of opinion on this matter, and I find that the great majority of our members wish to know not my Presidential, but my individual, opinion on the great problems of the day. Rightly or wrongly, they value that opinion. The other view has come only from strong antagonists of the opinions I hold. Two letters reached me from Sweden, objecting to the November "Watch-Tower," Swedish opinion being pro-German; and those who at this particular time want THE THEOSOPHIST to be colourless, entirely devoted to parochial matters, are, curiously, all pro-German.

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Now I cannot look at large public questions from this National standpoint, for to me Nations,

at a world-crisis, embody the great principles on which the further evolution of the world will turn on the other side of the crisis. For an Occultist and a servant of the Brotherhood to be neutral in such a struggle is impossible. Germany and her Allies embody the principle of scientific Materialism, of the crushing out of Liberty and Individuality, of the non-Morality of the State, which is an end unto itself, and which may and should grasp Power, without regard to aught save itself. These ideals are embodied in books published before the War, and cannot be denied save by those who have not read the books. If these ideals triumphed, the world would roll into barbarism. The Allies stand for the security of small peoples, the sanctity of treaties, public faith, in a word, for National Righteousness. That Great Britain in the past has wrought many wrongs, does not affect the question ; that she crushed Ireland and ruined her prosperity, that her record in India is soiled with the crimes of Clive and Warren Hastings, with unfaith to treaties and broken promises—this is all true. I have written and spoken strongly against her action in these in the past ; I write and speak to-day against her denial of liberty to India now, against her Arms Act, her Press Act, her Seditious Meetings Act, and the like. But in this world-quarrel she is on the right side, and the fact that all my sympathies are with the people she has wronged, with Ireland and with India, and that I oppose her autocracy and its methods in India now, cannot affect my judgment of her action in the conflict of ideals now raging in Europe. I, Theosophist and Occultist, stand by England as India stands by her, because, despite National wrongs, her heart is true to Liberty, and her

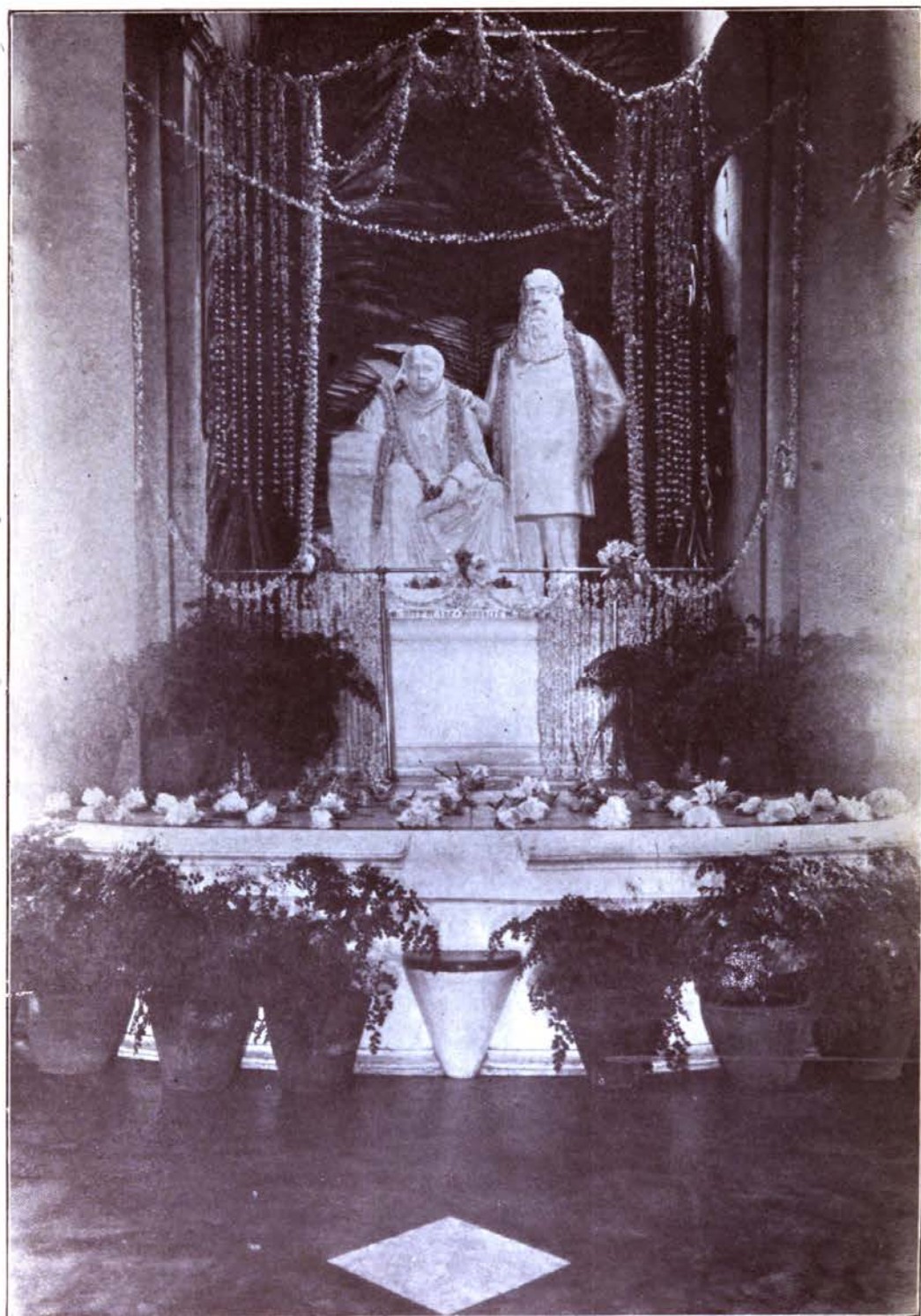
triumph will be the triumph of Righteousness. Smaller quarrels must wait while the great battle is waged, and those who, all over the world, look to me for guidance, *and claim it*, shall have it. There was a chorus of disapproval when I proposed, on Mr. Van Manen's suggestion, to leave THE THEOSOPHIST outside my social and political work. I have other means of reaching the public, but in THE THEOSOPHIST more intimate speech is possible, and this is asked for. In this crisis Britain and the Allies embody the principles on which the Hierarchy is guiding the world, and Germany embodies the opposing forces; the victory of Germany would mean the set-back of evolution, the crumbling once again into ruins of all that civilisation has won, and the building of it up again from its ruins—as so often in the past. Therefore, not on National but on Human grounds, I speak for the Allies.

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My article this month, on "Brotherhood and War" will not, I know, please many of my friends, but thus it is that I see things. Gladly will I open, as ever, the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST to those who see things otherwise. Discussion is here eminently desirable, and the more thorough it is the better.

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Death has again stooped over the Society, and this time has taken away our good Brother Arvid Knös, the Scandinavian General Secretary. His steadfastness, and his quiet unaggressive firmness will be sorely missed in Scandinavia, which has suffered much from the various movements which have split off fragments from the Parent Society now and again. It is curious that these are always so quarrelsome, though the Parent



WHITE LOTUS DAY DECORATIONS

Society never makes any fuss when some of her children wish to set up houses for themselves. Mr. Knös always treated the dissidents with good-natured and tolerant indifference, and went on his own quiet peaceful way, attacking none. How happy he was over the meeting of the European Federation the year before last in Stockholm. And now he has passed over into the peace, leaving behind him his devoted wife, a faithful worker in the T. S. and some sons and daughters, who will, we hope, tread in their parents' footsteps.

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Mr. Rogers and some faithful workers—the chief of whom wishes to remain anonymous—have started a Theosophical Educational Society in Louisville, Kentucky, U. S. A., of which full particulars, with some illustrations of its beautiful home, shall appear next month. Next month, also, we shall have a very beautiful article from the pen of Mr. Leadbeater, who is so taken up with his Australian work that he does not find time to write many articles. He is living with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Martyn, the E. S. Corresponding Secretary for Australasia, and it is good to know that he is cared for and honoured as he should be.

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White Lotus Day was kept as usual at Adyar, and the recess where are the statues of our Founders was so exquisitely decorated that I asked Mr. Schwarz to photograph it. But no photograph can give any idea of the fresh beauty and delicacy of the flowers, and of the lovely carpet of pink and white lotuses that covered the marble platform. The greater part of my own address on the occasion appears in the June *Adyar Bulletin*.

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I am writing this in the train on the way to Kolhapur, where the Maratha Federation is holding this year its anniversary. We are running through beautiful wooded country, part of the Western Ghats, and are high up, and so much cooler, than in Madras, though I suppose we shall presently run down again into the heat. The temperature in our *New India* Office was at 109° odd when I left it yesterday, and, I suppose it will be somewhere about that when I return. Friends from Bombay will be gathered there, and we are sure to have a "good time," though the third week in May is not an ideal time for meetings in India!

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We are now on the other side of the Federation meetings, so I may as well report. Kolhapur is a delightfully wooded city, with avenues for roads in which the arching branches meet over head, and with pretty public buildings in large compounds, richly planted with trees and flowers. Only in the business part of the town are the trees pushed away. It is ruled over by a descendant of Shivāji, the great warrior-chief of Maharashtra, and its people, like Mahrathas in general, are strong and robust in body, and keen, shrewd and powerful in mind. Religion and politics are to them the two aspects of patriotism, Hindūism being wrought into their very blood. Mr. G. K. Gokhale offers one of their finest types, men of whom any Nation might be proud.

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Our meetings were densely thronged through the three days of the Federation, and I lectured on "The

Value of Theosophy to India," "Eastern and Western Science," and "Why We Believe in the Coming of a World-Teacher". As Theosophy spreads through Maharashtra, it should bring out all that is noblest in its virile race, and check its harsher side.

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Friends will be interested in the picture of some of the guests at our party in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi, at the Blavatsky Gardens in Headquarters. The party was under the great Banyan tree so familiar to our readers, and the photograph was taken near the bungalow. Sir S. Subramaniam sits in the centre, with Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi on his right and left. Practically all the leading Indians of Madras—Hindūs and Musalmāns—were present, and we had a very pleasant two hours. Little tables were scattered under the wide-spreading hospitable branches of the great tree, and people ate fruits and cakes and savouries and ices—all Indian—in the friendliest way. There is always something very friendly about our Headquarters "At Homes," and people enjoy the camaraderie and absence of formality that prevail.

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The article by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa raises many interesting points, but there is one which I should like to make clear; and that is that, as a matter of fact, I decline to give any advice at all on disputed T. S. matters, unless some great conflict of principle arises, as in the present War, and then I give it publicly. It seems to me that the Head of the E. S., whether President or not, ought not to advise in Sectional crises where the dispute "involves no real principle," for such advice carries so many with it that it may easily decide

the matter in question, and an uneasy feeling may arise in the T. S. that some secret agency is "pulling the strings," and that the vote is not a straight vote. As President, also, I have no right to advise on Sectional disputes, which should be settled by the local workers. Each side wants to use the President as a club to knock the other side down, whereas my duty seems to me to be to accept whatever officer a Section gives me as colleague, and not to advise on one side or another in a contested election. Neither as President, nor as Head of the E. S., will I advise in favour of any candidate for any elective office. I am told that a private letter of mine, referring to a private quarrel and expressing a wish that it might cease, has been used as implying approval of one party to the quarrel and disapproval of the other, and so as bearing on an election, with which it had nothing to do. A Section is autonomous, and autonomy would be a farce if a President should throw his weight on one side or the other in a contested election.



BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

By ANNIE BESANT

IT is natural that members of the Theosophical Society, recognising that their organisation exists for the spreading of the realisation of Brotherhood among men, should feel themselves puzzled as to what to do in the state of War, which prevails over Europe to-day, in face of the obvious danger of a triumph of the military ideal, the no less obvious duty of defending a small Nation whose neutrality Britain had guaranteed, and the carrying out of the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

Can we, by a survey of "the things most surely believed among us" who are Theosophists, clarify to any extent our ideas on the tremendous conflict which seems to exist at first sight between Brotherhood and War?

1. Universal Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature, not a theory, nor an ideal. Men *are* brothers, sharers of one Life, partakers of one divine Nature, ensouled by one Spirit, feeling in common pain and pleasure, sorrow and joy. This Brotherhood, inhering in a common nature, man can neither make nor destroy. He may recognise or may disregard it; he may affirm or may deny it; he may realise or may negate it; let him do as he will, it remains unchanged; it is a FACT, ever-existing.

2. No less a Fact is War, in the history and evolution of the human race. Looking back over human history we see a long succession of Wars. I am not saying whether Wars should or should not have occurred, whether they were good or evil. At present, I merely note the necessarily admitted fact that no period of human history has long been free from War. The story of the Nations is a story of ever-recurring Wars. War is a FACT, ever-reappearing.

3. God, Īshvara, Allah—call Him by what name you will—is a Fact; Nature is His Self-Expression; Evolution is His Plan; the laws of Nature are the laws of such part of Him, as is manifested in our universe; life and death are His methods; joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains are His tools—the tools of the Supreme Artist—in fashioning the crude material into the perfect masterpiece embodying His idea; the worlds are His studio, crowded with unfinished models, with hints of exquisite future beauty here and there. For us, who believe in Universal Brotherhood, God is a FACT, ever-present, ever-immanent.

4. The Hierarchy of Perfected Men is a Fact, the Guardians of Humanity, the Elder Brothers of our

Race. Their strong Hands guide ; Their lucid Wisdom directs ; Their perfect Love chooses the best Path for the treading ; They are the means whereby the divine Will, incarnating in Them, renders itself operative in our world. The Hierarchy's guidance of the human Race is a FACT, ever-existent, ever-potent.

These are the four great Facts which we have to face ; none of them can be excluded ; none of them can be ignored ; we must accept each of them in all its bearings, and either succeed in basing on *all* of them a rational theory, or confess that our philosophy is inadequate to render life intelligible, too restricted to embrace all facts within its sweep. The end of philosophy is to put an end to pain, and most of all to that keenest pain of all, the anguish of living in a world intellectually and morally unintelligible.

Our problem is :

In a world in which men are Brothers, a world emanated from and maintained by God, guided by His Will embodied in a Hierarchy of Men made perfect, how does War come to be an often-repeated event, an event which is evidently a recurring factor in evolution ?

We may at once say that War is an evil, and that the problem of its existence is part of the problem of the existence of Evil. From the standpoint of the Occultist Evil is Ignorance, and therefore negative and relative ; Ignorance is to be gradually gotten rid of by Knowledge, Knowledge being attainable by experience ; Evolution is the passage from Ignorance to Knowledge, from the nescience of the stone to the omniscience of Brahman, the Supreme Self. At any point in this age-long evolution Evil, Ignorance, will be present,

and the more or less of it, relatively to the good, will depend on the actual stage of evolution under inspection. Until perfect knowledge is reached some evil will remain, mingled with the good, and all action being necessarily a mingling of good and evil, the rightness or wrongness of any given action will depend on the predominance of the Right in it at the time of its occurrence, Right being that which subserves Evolution, God's Plan for His world.

War is a recurring fact in Evolution, in a world God-planned and guided by the Hierarchy; in some way, then, the good to be gained thereby, the purpose to be subserved, must predominate over the obvious evil of it, the hatred, the bloodshed, the widespread ruin and desolation wrought by it. In our sight spreads a suffering intolerable, inexcusable. But "larger, kinder eyes than ours," the eyes of Wisdom and of Love, the eyes of the Hierarchy which includes the Saviours of the world, the Bodhisattvas, the Christs, gaze on it all calmly, seeing its use and end. Can we lift ourselves above the welter of agony, and catch a glimpse of the larger view?

"The Universe exists for the sake of the Self," for the sake of the Spirit Eternal, dwelling in all forms, and unfolded most in our world, in men. The forms are born and die; they are garments which are outgrown, outworn, in the ceaseless expansion of the Spirit; births and deaths succeed each other on the turning wheel of evolution as it rolls along its appointed groove; death is necessary to break away the shell that cramps the further expansion of the deathless Spirit; birth is necessary to clothe him in new garment fit for the expanded life, and shaped so as to be

fitted for his further expansion. Very perfect the plan, seen from the view-point of the Spirit, in whose endless life births and deaths are welcome recurring incidents, subserving his unfolding powers.

War, from the view-point of the body, is a horror of mutilation, agony and death. War, from the view-point of the Self is an opportunity to acquire in a few days, weeks, months, qualities that otherwise would take lives in the winning. From *that* view-point, it may be well worth while. For to sacrifice the body utterly on the altar of the Country; to face death in the spring-time of youth or the full strength of manhood's prime; to risk lifelong mutilation, far worse than death, giving up the joy of lithe activity for the trailing step of injured limb or incurable mutilation; what is this, but to leap at a bound up the ladder of evolution, to outstrip lives of slow drudgery of growth by one splendid spring into heroism? Even under the fury of the charge and the crashing blow in the captured trench, how little there is of hate may be seen by the swift outflow of pity and help, as when a man catches up a wounded enemy and at the risk of his own life saves that of his foe. A stricken Scot, German, and Frenchman, lying near together, mortally wounded, share water and morphia with each other ere they die.

Many, too are the lessons being learned of comradeship between noble and peasant, university man and shop assistant, as they march, enjoy, suffer, share, fight, side by side. The gulfs between classes are being filled up on the battle-fields, not to be dug again in times of peace. The old comrades will make a New Britain when they return; a true

Democracy, such as the world has never seen, is being born in the battle-fields of Flanders. A century of "peace"-struggle would not have brought what War is doing in a few months, and the strife between capital and labour, classes and masses, would have left behind it bitter rancours and hatred, where the comradeship of War will send back to build the New Britain men who have learned to love, to respect, to trust each other, in the strife and peril of the battle-field. In the furnace of War are being smelted together the materials for the new Democratic Empire, the Empire of the Free.

The rivalries born of trade struggles and jealousies in time of peace are more prolific of hate than are wars. The ghastly hate of Germany against England is born of trade envy; they feel no hate against the French, whom they fought with forty-five years ago. A century ago, Britain and France were locked in death-grips; they fight side-by-side to-day, belauding each other's virtues. France and Britain fought Russia sixty years ago; they fight together now.

It is interesting to note the result of invasions, and the benefits reaped by each Nation when the strife is over; Greece invaded India, and Indian Art for ages bears the mark of her fingers, while the Greeks carried home some of the thought of India. The Saracens fought with Europe, and left with her Persian thought and the institution of Chivalry. The Moors conquered southern Spain, and left there their exquisite architecture, while Europe went to school under their teachings. Nations fight for brief space, with bloodshed and manifold horrors; these all sink into the all-forgiving earth and are forgotten, while both are permanently enriched by exchange of the things which endure. Wars have

distributed among many Nations the treasures of each in turn, to the profit and increased enjoyment of all.

Moreover, there is one great purpose served by War: it puts on the world-stage, in a dramatic, startling way, wrongs that exist unnoticed in time of peace, forcing them on public view in a fashion that shows them in their true light, and that cannot be ignored. Britain has been stirred with horror by the ruin of many girls and women by German soldiers, and rightly stirred. But what of the horrors of the White Slave Traffic? What of the young village maidens seduced by "gentlemen," taken up to town for a few weeks of gaiety, and then thrown off, to sink lower and lower? What of girls decoyed away, imprisoned in houses of ill fame, starved, beaten into surrender, outraged a dozen times a night? Are these thousands less worthy of pity than the ruined girls of England and Belgium, the prey of German soldiers, and are the crimes of the Britons less because not done in the hot fury of passions roused by war? War shows out in a striking awful way the daily horror that goes on in our midst, perchance to arouse some to the wickedness that goes unchecked, condoned—the ruin of countless girls by the lusts of men.

Again, more than 6,000 women, probably very many more—there are over 2,000 in one country borough—are expecting to become mothers, the motherhood due to the great armies conjured up in Britain by the War. *The Morning Post*, most respectable of papers, has printed a letter from Mr. Robert McNeill, dated from the Carlton Club, under the heading: "An Urgent War Problem". Many of the "prospective mothers" are,

he says, "little more than children themselves". He writes:

Now, sir, these facts open up a prospect which, unhappy under any circumstances, will be nothing short of disastrous unless men of authority in Church and State resolve without delay to prepare for it and to handle it with all the wisdom, courage, and boldness they can command. It is just such a problem as the British public is prone to hide away, and to say and think as little about as possible. But to ignore or conceal the truth would be moral cowardice of the deepest dye. To allow events to take their own course, without recognising an imperative public duty towards the young unmarried mothers and their offspring, would be a national crime. It is not as if we were merely faced with the problem of illegitimacy on an unexampled scale, and in an acuter form, than ever before. All the circumstances are unprecedented. Sacred as are human life and character at all times, the present wastage of the most vigorous of our manhood sets a stamp of exceptional value on the approaching increment of population. No effort should be spared to secure that these children come into the world under healthy conditions, and are reared so as to be a credit, both morally and physically, to the country; and it is not less imperative that the mothers, both for the children's sake and their own, should be saved from the degradation which too often follows a single lapse from virtue. We must resolutely cast aside established theories, prejudices, and formulas about "setting a premium on immorality". In the middle of a national life-and-death struggle, even the most censorious—and especially those pious personages who exhort us to forgive the bestiality of our enemies—may surely look upon the frailty of our own men and women with an eye of sympathy and forgiveness undarkened by blame. Very many of the men whose children are about to be born have already amply redeemed their fault by giving their lives for their country and for us; and it will never be possible to bring home responsibility for their error to any who may ultimately survive the battle-field. But let it be frankly acknowledged that the women are no more blameworthy than the men. The strictest justice, then, demands for the women complete and whole-hearted forgiveness, sympathy, and assistance.

Mr. McNeill, after a few sympathetic words about the mothers, goes on :

What about the children, who will form an appreciable proportion of the next generation of Englishmen? Are they, the offspring of the heroes of the Marne, of Ypres, of

Neuve-Chapelle, to carry through life the stigma of shame for "irregular" birth? Are they, who on eugenic principles should be the most virile of our race, to be handicapped from the start by impoverishment both of physical constitution and of moral character, through the ignorance, prejudice, and injustice of their earliest environment?

A certain amount of charitable amateur effort is being made to meet the needs of the case, by ladies who have become aware of the facts. These ladies propose to start "schools for mothers," where the girls may learn how to care for their own health and that of their babies, and may also be helped to preserve their self-respect. This is the right spirit, and a move in the right direction. But it must fall far short of the requirements. What is wanted is for the religious leaders of the nation, in the first place, to come forward with an honest and courageous pronouncement that under existing circumstances the mothers of our soldiers' children are to be treated with no scorn or dishonour, and that the infants themselves should receive a loyal and unashamed welcome. In the second place, the Government should at once pass legislation drastically reforming—even if only as a temporary measure—the laws of bastardy. It also has to be considered how provision is to be made for the fatherless children, whose girl-mothers have no separation allowance, no separate homes of their own, and no means of support. If nothing is done, thousands of them will fall upon the rates. Better that they should be boldly adopted as the honourable children of the State, than that they should slink through life as the children of shame and the parish.

The Christian Commonwealth speaks out vigorously as to the National duty :

At such a crisis as this in the history of the Nation to treat any mother with harshness, or to leave her and her child in unsympathetic or unskilled hands, would be unpardonable folly and inexpressible crime. We hold it is our duty as a Nation to safeguard the home, marriage, and our young womanhood to the utmost of our powers, but, when all we can do fails, to give birth is not a crime; all mothers and all children are sacred.

"*All mothers and all children.*" Will not the pressure of the War press upon the Nation its duty to all illegitimate children and not alone to these? The wastage of child-life is still terrible. Two-thirds of the children, Mr. Samuel said at Bradford the other day, die before or shortly after birth in some towns. War

makes child-life more precious, and the care begun in time of War from direful necessity will extend and will become habitual.

The problem once faced, cannot hereafter be ignored, and other aspects of the sex problem will be forced on the attention of Great Britain as they have never been before. The tremendous wastage of prospective fathers will be another fact to be dealt with. How are the depleted ranks of the masculine population to be refilled ?

Leaving aside the economic problems of State power over industry, its right to seize and control manufactures and food, leading directly into Socialism, consider the effect of the War on the condition of women. They have changed their whole position in the social order ; they have enrolled for National service at the request of the Government ; there are some Women Regiments, the excellence of whose drill is said to be remarkable ; they have shown very high powers of organisation and administration ; they are serving in many new trades, as motor drivers, van drivers, and the like. Mr. Massingham thinks they should be the re-shapers of politics, and it is certain that they have taken a position in public life from which they will never again be dislodged. They prepared themselves in their huge organisations for Labour and Suffrage, and have seized the opportunity created by the War.

So also with India ; by her soldiers, by her extraordinary generosity in money, by her strenuous support of the Empire, and the putting aside of her own wrongs, she has taken advantage of the War to show her value. She is being badly used in return : by the refusal of a Council to the United Provinces, and of a High Court

to Lahore ; by the passing of a so-called Public Defence Act, which enables the Police to recklessly arrest by hundreds, and then release all but a few ; by the feeble resolution on "Self-Government," if the word can be used in such connexion ; by the rejection of her Volunteers ; by all these the old bad policy is continued, and the emptiness of all the fine phrases is shown. But India is resolute to endure even these additional provocations. For she knows that her position will be enormously strengthened by the War. She too has seized the opportunity to show unexampled generosity and patience.

It cannot reasonably be maintained, as some are maintaining, that the War is the condemnation of western civilisation especially, for every civilisation known to history has had many wars. Ancient India was very often engaged in War, and mediæval India was continually fighting. Egypt, Persia, Assyria, Greece, Rome—what civilisation ever kept the peace ? What is true is that this War is showing on a tremendous scale the failure of modern civilisation to do *better* than the older ones. All its humanitarianism, its talk about liberty, of the rights of peoples, of the comity of Nations, of education, of philanthropy—all leaves unaffected the tendency to savage outbreak of carnage and ruin. Science, the boasted benefactor, has added to War unimaginable horrors, new weapons, new forces of destruction, a power to slay multiplied a thousand-fold. Men of science appear as death-dealers, men's worst enemies ; the splendid powers of the human brain, its skill in investigation, in discovery, in invention, are all consecrate to murder and torture on the hugest scale. We see on the battle-fields of Europe

the proof that knowledge unguided by conscience is a curse to humanity, a veritable tree of death. Rightly did a Master refuse to unveil Nature's hidden powers until the human conscience was more developed.

Let me say here, though it may raise much disapproval, that I do not find myself able to agree with those who themselves use science to destroy life, as far as they can, but blame the Germans when, with more knowledge, they go "one worse"—one cannot say "one better". The Hague Conventions say that certain things ought not to be used, and if States accept these Conventions they ought to abide by them. But when the British used lyddite shells against the Boers, they were very proud of their destructive effects and their intolerable green fumes. Why are poisonous gases morally worse than shrapnel, and trench mortars, and hand-grenades? Probably the first people who used gunpowder against bows and arrows were regarded as peculiarly brutal. But it is all brutal and abominable together, and War is essentially murder and torture.

The distinction between combatants and non-combatants is intelligible; the useless murder of fishermen and travellers by blowing up their boats and ships is abominable, having no bearing on the outcome of the War; the obligation to treat prisoners of War with decency, to care for the wounded, to respect the honour of women, the lives of the aged, the women, the children, this is all rational. These soften the horrors of War, and confine them to the actual fighters who go into the field of free choice or by compulsion, and in either case go with the intention of wounding and killing each other. Among these, the methods of

wounding and killing seem to be labelled as permissible or non-permissible by convention rather than on any intelligible principle—but this by the way.

To recognise all these facts is not to hope that War will continue to be a factor in Evolution, but only to recognise the part it has played in the past, and so to understand why War has been so constant a factor in Human Evolution. It renders it intelligible, and to me, I must admit, to understand a thing is to remove a painful mental strain. The unintelligible is the intolerable.

I submit then that in this world, God-emanated and God-sustained, and administered by the Hierarchy, War is a factor in evolution, and is intelligible as such; that it brings about a number of highly desirable results in a short time, and at a cost no greater than would be necessary, spread over a long time, to bring about the same results. That it quickens enormously the evolution of the individual as well as that of Nations, and evokes in apparently average men the most splendid qualities by the force of a great ideal.

When is War justifiable? At the present stage of evolution, not for trade or commercial gains, not for the taking of territory, not for the increase of power, not for the subjugation of another people. But it is justifiable in defence of the Country against invasion, in defence of National pledges by treaties and other engagements, in defence of a weak State oppressed or invaded by a strong one, to help a struggling Nationality to throw off a tyrannical yoke. Britain ought to have gone to War to defend Denmark, when Prussia robbed her of Schleswig-Holstein. She ought to have gone to War to help France after Sedan. In both cases great

wrongs were inflicted, and the commission of them with impunity sowed the seeds of which the present War is the harvest. She was right, eminently right, to draw the sword in defence of Belgium, and to help France against unprovoked invasion.

One result from this War should be, and will be, the formation of the United States of Europe, which might otherwise have been delayed for centuries. Civilised Nations should have outgrown the settlement of their disputes by wholesale murder, as they have outgrown such appeal to force between individual citizens; international law, supported by an international police, naval and military, should be substituted for War. The time is ripe for it, and this War has crystallised vague dreams into a definite Ideal.

And Brotherhood, where does that come in? First of all, being a fact in Nature, it ever exists, but the huge majority of mankind do not realise it. War beats into Humanity's wooden head the truth that when men behave in an unbrotherly fashion they ruin themselves and their countries, and weigh down their children for many generations with a heavy load of debt, cramping trade, burdening industry, exacting toll from every citizen. Laws of nature are generally discovered by the painful results which follow from disregarding them. So far, every civilisation has perished because based on actual, not verbal, denial of Brotherhood, and the present one is very near to a similar catastrophe. Man has evolved to a point where he is beginning to see that competition—and War is the apotheosis of competition—is wasteful, unnecessary, and brings many evils in its train. He is ready, or nearly ready, for co-operation, for the creation of a Social Order, instead

of an unsocial anarchical struggle. That is the next stage in Evolution, and the most evolved persons in each Nation are working for it consciously. For that all who realise Brotherhood should be working, each in his own way. A healthy vital realisation of Brotherhood sees the distant end and works for it; it does not mean that we help in the perpetuation of tyranny, injustice and wrong, by standing aside, when the ruffian assaults the child, when the strong strikes down the weak, when the tyrant crushes the helpless. It means that we actively labour for the good of humanity, for the improvement of human conditions, for the suppression of tyranny, cruelty, and evil of every kind, for these stand in the way of the realisation of Universal Brotherhood. The only service we can do to the cruel and the tyrant is to actively stop their cruelty and tyranny; they are heaping up misery for themselves, and it is brotherly to deprive them of the opportunity to continue their ignorant madness. Is it brotherly to allow a man to torture a child? Brotherly to allow a man to ill-use an animal? Brotherly to see a robber steal a child's food, or rob the aged of his purse. Brotherly to allow Nations to commit these crimes on a large scale? Away with such Brotherhood. It is the mask under which lurk the enemies of mankind, the hinderers of evolution. I say unto you, Resist evil, wherever you find it; let the only limit of your resistance be the limit of your strength. Resist tyranny, resist cruelty, resist oppression, and that wherever you find them. Protect the weak, defend the helpless, be a rallying point for those who suffer under wrong. By such action have men become perfected, and have

won their way into the Hierarchy which guides the world. By such action have men entered the Brotherhood of the Elder Brothers of our Race, and Their Brotherhood is good enough for me.

Annie Besant



HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. HADEN GUEST

(Continued from page 117.)

THERE is another fundamental question. What is it that causes the variations, the spontaneously presented differences of offspring from their parents which enable the fitter type to be chosen by selection. The ancestry of man, it would seem, stretches in one unbroken line back to primitive protoplasm. We may think of this primitive living matter as an amœba, but out of that primitive amœba have grown all the variations which, when selected, have produced man. In that amœba, therefore, all the complexity of man's form was latent.

What is the immense, the incalculable force penned up in that little blob of protoplasm which has enabled it to branch out into all the multitudinous forms of living things, to produce the great panoramic display of the sequence of creatures through the ages.

From the materialistic standpoint it just *is* so. It is the property of protoplasm to vary in this way. From the newer standpoint, it is in the study of the life behind the form that we shall find the explanation of the mystery. The life behind the forms of physical

matter (the life clothed in matter of a finer kind, for there is not only one kind of matter) presses upon that physical matter with an unceasing, a continuous force, moulding it to a greater and greater perfection in the power of expressing that life. This is true, not only of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, but of that which is called inanimate, also. For all matter is alive, the division between dead and living matter is a delusion. All forms of air, of rock, of ether, of protoplasm, do but serve to express something of the powers of the life pressing on it from behind. It is the life behind which presses the crystal into its shape, which moulds the leaf of the sensitive plant, which moulds the cell of the cerebral cortex of the genius. It is the gradual building of forms, more and more expressive of potentialities of the life behind, which is the purpose of evolution and it is the need for this building in response to the pressure of the life behind which is the cause of the occurrence of variations. Such, in merest outline, is the conception of spiritual evolution. To bring it nearer home we have to consider its direct bearing on man himself.

MAN, PHYSICAL AND SUPERPHYSICAL

Perhaps the simplest way to approach this matter is to ask ourselves what are the possible theories, or hypotheses, by which man's life here may be explained.

The first and most obvious explanation, is that of the purely materialist school, that man is a physical animal which is born and dies. Certain considerations of a general character, dealing with evolution as a whole (as indicated above) make this improbable. But quite apart from these, and whatever the explanation, man is

certainly not only a creature made of physical matter. Experiments in hypnotism show man to have reaches of consciousness, of memory, and of intellect, beyond his own every-day knowledge. Such reaches have been, and can be again unveiled. Other experiments in hypnotism show man to possess acute senses of seeing and hearing, before which distance almost seems to disappear, and the ordinary limits of vision are abolished. In the clear-seeing hypnotic state, objects at a distance of miles, and inside houses, can be perceived and described; and the inside of the body can be seen and described.

Again, there are the now well-known experiments in telepathy, or thought-transference, thought can be directly transferred from mind to mind across hundreds of miles. Then there is the evidence gained from spiritualistic investigation : objects can be made to move without the intermediary of living physical bodies, or without the application of force in any known way. More striking still, by making a code of signals for letters from such movements, intelligible messages from intelligences apart from physical bodies can be conveyed to us, intelligences living in physical bodies.

Anyone who will sufficiently study the records of these things will find for himself that, however much of doubt and scepticism may remain, it is at least sure that the purely materialist assumption no longer holds. Whatever he may be, man is something more than a structure of physical matter. There is something in a living man different from the sum of the physical substances that make up his fleshly tabernacle. Intelligent life can express itself through man's body, but can also express itself without the intermediary of a body. That

is to say, the real man must be sought for in some condition of existence not dependent for its continuity on a combination of physical elements. If the forces which express themselves in an intelligent human being exist in some condition apart from physical matter, then presumably, so do all forces. So that we are driven to seek for the root and origin of all the forces which move and control the physical world, outside that world, at least, as we now know it. The roots of the physical world are in something beyond the physical.

EVOLUTION AND REINCARNATION

If man is not then purely physical, what is he? The most ordinary answer is that man is soul and body, the "soul" thought of vaguely and indistinctly, sometimes as connected with love and beauty and the greater things of life, sometimes as connected with the region of the ideas, sometimes as an indefinitely realised possession needing to be "saved". But the difficulties confronting this theory of existence are very many. For firstly, if men are souls, and have bodies, why the so tragic difference between the fates of different souls? If men's souls are born into bodies at birth, and leave their bodies at death, and afterwards experience some other worldly state of happiness or misery, of heaven or hell; then why the differences? And more and more urgently, what is the meaning of those great vistas of evolutionary conquest down which we may look towards the beginnings of our life? The soul, it would seem, has no place in the scheme of things.

A question one must ask, for instance, is—have animals a soul? If not, what is the difference, not at

all perceived from the evolutionary standpoint, between men and animals, that gives men-animals souls and monkey-animals none? Again, we know that men's bodies have evolved upwards from the animal kingdom. At what point in the evolution was soul given? Or if we compare, not species, but individuals, and think, not of the species, but of the individual fate, what is the why and the wherefore of the differences between individual lives?

A CONCRETE QUESTION

Take two concrete examples: that of a mentally defective child, born in poverty, and that of a well-equipped child born in comfort. From the purely materialistic view you may rely on heredity to explain these things although, of course, they cannot be reconciled by individuals. But from the standpoint of the theory that holds that man is soul and body, what is the meaning and significance of the differences? Let us realise what it means. Into both the infants concerned is born a soul, presumably it is the same in both (we are not told in this theory of antenatal differences of souls), but from the instant of birth how different are the experiences. As the mentally defective child grows up, it is shut out of the great world of mental interests by lack of mind. Such a child cannot count accurately more than a few articles, cannot remember the day of the week, cannot remember the simplest instructions, is only capable of the most mechanical form of toil. The world of science, of art, of philosophy, the possibilities of culture, travel, and of expansion of mental life, all these are debarred absolutely. Not only that, but the simplest interests

are debarred, the debating society, the club, the ordinary school, the chapel or church, the workshop talks, the reading of politics in the papers, the participation through the press in the wider life of man, all this is debarred too. Life to the mentally defective is only the little prison in which his thoughts can walk the to-and-fro walk of bodily routine and the tiny barred window out of which he may catch a little view of the light and brightness outside. But not only is he thus handicapped; such unfortunates not only suffer from lack of mind, they are also dowered with well-developed feelings, passions and desires, sometimes diseased and distorted, sometimes atavistic, but they have not the normal power of control over these feelings and desires. A mentally defective child may be shaken with tempests of uncontrollable anger, with a lust of cruelty, with a devouring lust of sex. And the power of control is not there. With no mind to judge, with no power of control to check, the mentally defective child growing up into the adult is the slave of bodily caprice, of bodily inertia, of passion and of desire, and is dragged by them in the mud of our corporal life. If you go to look for the mentally defective man, you find him in the prison, the defective colony, the workhouse, the hospital, where you find the woman also, but you find her, too, in the lowest brothels.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DEFECTIVE

Think of, realise this life-experience, mindless, tossed and beaten by moral and physical disasters, dragged in the mud of our life, and compare it with that other life we took as example, the well-circumstanced

normal life. The normal man, growing up, expands a mind which brings him into touch with all that the world presents of mind ; the philosophy, science, and art, sealed to the defective, are to him realms of interest and of delight ; he, too, may be equipped with strong passions, feelings and desires, but they are held in check ; the normal life of such an one is not ruined by some tragic explosion of passion, but he uses the passions and desires for the building of life. And, superadded to the primitive emotions and feelings are a whole series, almost infinite in their gradations of delights, of nuances of appreciation and discrimination, of subtle shades and delicacies. Beyond these, too, lies the world of great ideals, of intellectual aspirations, of moral grandeur, the open road to a world of Spirit utterly out of reach of the unfortunate mentally defective in his poverty and limitation.

A CONTRAST OF LIVES

Think, then, of these two lives. Think of them at birth, the souls, it would appear, the same. And think of them at death—their experiences how different! The soul of the mentally defective stands, as it were, with a poor handful of miserable and painful experience culled in demoralisation, and in the mud and squalour of life, the other stands with a great armful of the beauty and the splendour of the world. The one knowing of the treasure of the mind, nothing ; the other well-stocked ; the one knowing of beauty and of the grandeur of moral law, nothing ; the other with many delightful memories and a realisation of moral heights and depths ; the one with a painful, a humiliating record of actions and suffering ; the other with a record

of useful, honourable work, of duty done by home, by town and country. And those two souls came equal out of God! What do they take back? Why this difference? And shall there be hell for the mentally defective, who never had a chance, and heaven for the well-born soul that has had his path made easy?

To contemplate the differences between two such soul-lives, to realise what these differences mean to the soul after death, in relation to the experience which it has gained, is to decide emphatically that no such simple explanation of the relation of body and soul is possible. For it explains nothing. It makes the mystery even more profound. For why the evolution we see everywhere in the physical world, if it only result in providing a bad body for one soul and a good body for another? And also, the evolutionary process we know is not linked in any way to this existence of soul. Such a theory of soul makes of it a meaningless intrusion into a divinely beautiful unfolding of life.

THE REINCARNATION OF SOUL

The reason for the weakness of this theory of soul and body is not far to seek. It is a conception which belongs to the period before the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution. Formerly it was held that man was a specially and separately created being, and endowed with soul. On this theory the whole world was an incomprehensible operation of the Will of God working according to laws (presumably) beyond our ken. And this theory of soul belongs to this era; if it were accepted, it could only be as an incomprehensible operation of the Will of God. There is no reason

which can be perceived by humanity which can either account for or justify the different soul existences of the mentally defective and the mentally well-equipped man. Such a soul theory is a terrible example of the idea of special creation. Consequently it has been dropped, the idea of evolution has triumphed, and triumphing, has brought with it the theory of materialism ; the soul has been allowed to fade away into vagueness, a mystery not understood.

But materialism is provedly untenable. What then of the soul? Compare our two cases. The mentally defective and the well-equipped man. What are their differences? Differences in power and development. Both have mind, both have emotions, desires, both have a morality. But in the one, mind is in germ, and moral control is in germ. In the one, strong passions are unleashed; in the other, held in check. In the one "atavistic" emotions and feelings may be found—that is emotions or feelings or desires characteristic of very primitive men or animals—in the other these are not found. In a word, the differences are explicable as differences of growth, of development. From this standpoint we should say the soul of the mentally defective is at an early stage of its growth, the soul of the well-equipped man at a much later stage of growth. But if souls evolve and grow, what is the process of growth? The answer will be found by studying the world around.

THE METHOD OF GROWTH

Take any large elementary school as an example and study the children in it. You may find there a child

who is mentally defective, and another who is exceptionally intelligent and morally developed. Take them as the two extremes of the school and you will find you can range all other children between them. Next to the mentally defective, you will place a child who is very backward, then one a little less so, and up through a series until you reach the standard of average intelligence. Here there will be the great mass of children whom we will for the moment put all together in one group—and then an ascending series will lead you step by step up from the average to the highest child of all at the top. We have in this way constructed a kind of ladder of grades of development in the school. On the lowest rung of the ladder the mentally defective, on the highest rung of the ladder the brightest child of all. On the middle steps of the ladder are the great mass of children, but with certain great divisions among them, so as to give a certain group distinction. And if you take special characteristics of the mind, one by one, and special studies, all the children can be arranged in ascending and descending grades of intelligence and capacity.

The school we have taken for an example is but a picture in miniature of the world outside. Take the races of men from the lowest Australian Aborigines, or African Bushmen, to the highest Indian or Teutonic races. All the races of man stand in a ladder of development, one grade above another. Take the men of any nation and range them according to capacities and moralities, and all stand upon a ladder of development, from the lowest demoralised criminal to the highest saint or genius. All men are different, all are at different positions on the ladder of development. The

human forms we see, expressing every grade of difference, of development, are the rungs of the ladder up which men climb out of savagery into civilisation, out of mental deficiency into talent and genius.

THE WORLDS BEYOND DEATH

Soul and body are two things, the soul is Self clothed in matter finer than the physical, which comes to dwell in man's body, get experiences of life, and grow and develop by those experiences. After death, the soul leaves the body and digests the experiences of its life, for a longer or shorter period as they have been of greater or less importance. In the early stages of development—the savage and the mentally defective, for instance—the experiences are crude and soon assimilated. And when assimilated, the soul, modified by this assimilation, takes birth in another body, undergoes another life period, accumulating a new fund of experience. So, life after life, the soul lives and learns by experience, then in the interval between lives it digests this experience, weaves it into powers, capacities, methods of reponse to stimuli from without, and so gradually climbs upward, powers more and more realised, consciousness more and more expanding. The finer matter in which the soul has its existence apart from the physical body forms a region of the world only separated from us by its density. We are not ordinarily conscious of this matter, of this region of the world, although it is all about us, because we pay attention more readily to the comparatively massive sensations derived from physical matter. But this matter exists all round and about us, in it we live

after death and in it we live (although not knowing it) at all times, and in it and of it are made forms and movements—vibrations—by our feeling and thought life. In this theory of evolution by reincarnation there is no break with the animal world, no break in the chain of evolving beings, the soul of man is but a fragment of the life of the world, the disguise, as it were, of the life of the world, during one chapter, that of its human reincarnations.

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER?

Men often ask: If, then, we have had many lives, why do we not remember? Because for most men, the memory available in ordinary consciousness is the memory of the brain, and the brain you have now, never existed before, and at death passes into dust, its memories disintegrated. Memory continues in the fine superphysical matter which clothes the Self of Man and which we call soul, but only after a long period of evolution, only after a long series of reincarnations, can the soul so modify its body as to be able to impress upon its brain the memory it has of previous lives. But the memory which matters is present. For the memory which matters is shown in the differences of human faculty.

Physical heredity accounts for the inheritance of physical peculiarities, and so long as one confines attention to these and to broad divisions among species of animals or races of men, it may appear to account for all differences. But when the analysis is pushed to the individual cases the explanation by physical heredity becomes more and more difficult. It is known that

eye-colour, for instance, is inherited; it therefore may be stated that moral or mental characteristics are inherited, but it is only a statement and rests on the unprovable assumption that man is wholly material and his mental and moral characteristics are dependent on physical modifications of his body.

Whether or not musical talent is inherited, we know that musical genius is not, nor, in fact, is any outstanding moral trait, nor any outstanding mental quality. The genius produces children, but they are children of his body and not of his mind, for this, which is other than the body, is not handed on to them. To try and stretch the theory of heredity to cover the multitude of individual cases may well appear a hopeless task and is quite unnecessary. The theory of reincarnation is at once simpler, easier to apply and understand, and more comprehensive.

L. Haden Guest

(To be concluded)

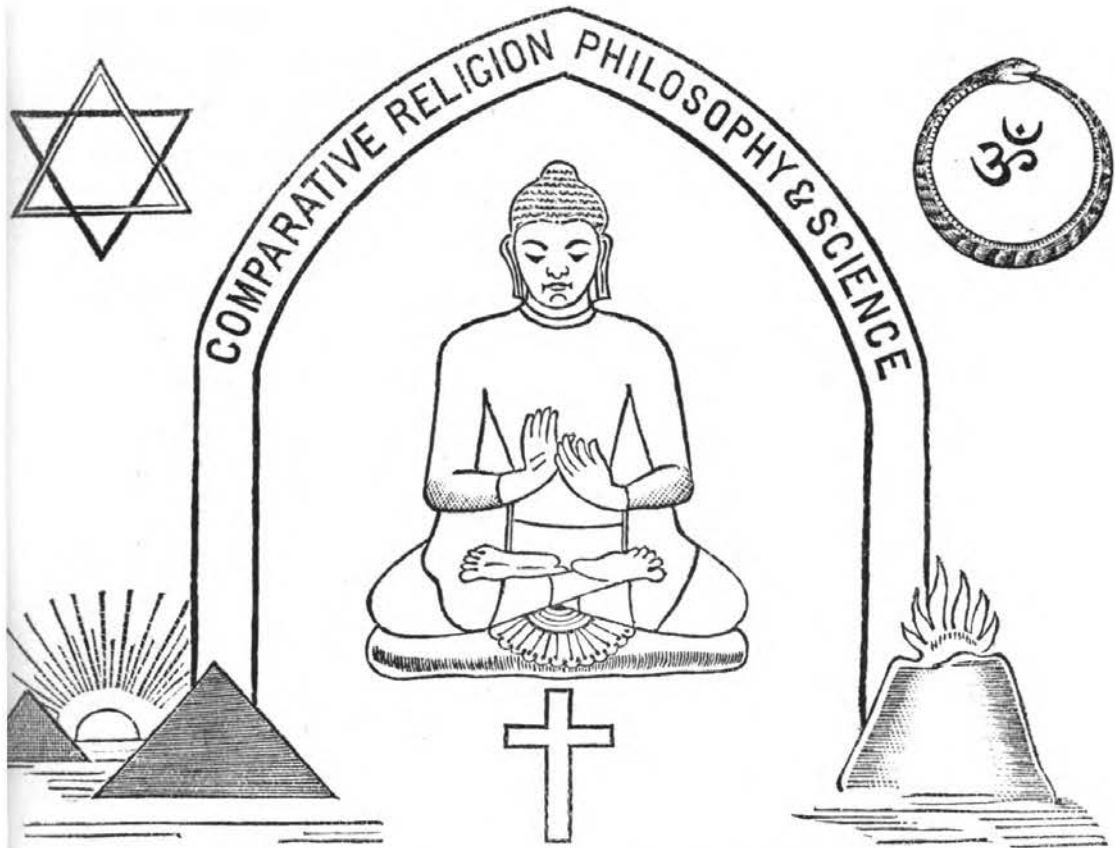
FROM THE LONG-AGO

STRETCHED beside you in the sand
 (Ungololo)
Of a burning, silent land,
 (Ungololo,)
Gaze I in your clear, brown eye,
Fearing naught in earth or sky
So my heart's great Chief be by—
 (Ungololo!)

What if from this dream we fade,
 (Ungololo?)
I be man, and you be maid,
 (Ungololo?)
... Ah! ... Where now? ... What restless town
This, where restless up and down
I am seeking eyes of brown?
 (Ungololo.)
Till at last I touch a hand
Thrilled with some old life and land;
Strength and sweetness glimpse and claim
By an unforgotten name,
 (Ungololo! Ungololo!)

Comrade of the Spirit's road,
 (Ungololo!)
Share we each the other's load,
 (Ungololo.)
What if God should part us two?
Not if each to each be true,
 (Ungololo! Ungololo!)
Lives be many, lives be few,
One we came when Life was new,
One at last shall fade from view,
You in me, and I in you,
 (Ungololo! Ungololo! Ungololo!)

J. H. C.



"THE LAND OF MANY BLADES"

A STUDY OF THE SWORDS OF OLD JAPAN

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "Japan and the Great War,"

"The Mikado of the New Japan,"

"Myths and Legends of Japan," etc.)

JAPAN has taken a prominent position in the present War. The army and navy of the Mikado's Empire were largely responsible for the fall of Kiaochau and

the crushing of Prussian militarism in the Far East. Her success marks one of the most significant events in the present great struggle of right against might, of freedom against tyranny. But Japan's interest in this stupendous conflict is by no means confined to the East. Our Ally was privileged to strike a decisive blow against Germany in her leased territory in China, but she is fully aware that a no less decisive blow has been struck by the brave Belgians. She realises, as we realise with gratitude and admiration, that it was Belgium in her heroic defence of Liège that effectively checked the onrush of the German army, and in so doing saved France and perhaps England too. It is impossible to honour too highly the self-sacrificing heroism of Belgium. Japan has recently expressed her admiration and respect by presenting the King of the Belgians with a sixteenth century Japanese sword as a "humble testimony to the profound reverence and pious feeling with which the people of Nippon have been inspired by His Majesty's august and never tiring perseverance and the unexampled patriotism of the Belgian people recently manifested in defence of both humanity and civilisation under the severest calamity that may befall a nation". It was the most gracious and most happy gift the Japanese could present under the circumstances. It was a fitting tribute to a great hero whose deeds will be recorded upon the pages of history for all time. The sword holds a unique position in Japan, for it has been well described as the "soul of the samurai". With the Restoration of the Emperor in 1867 the picturesque samurai disappeared, and with him departed the last phase of an effete and useless feudalism; but his indomitable spirit still remains. In this great struggle

we have seen it rise to heights never attained before. In Old Japan the sword was too often lifted in petty feuds. To-day it has been raised in a righteous cause, not only in defence of Japanese interests, but in defence of all those nations that are arrayed against Germany and her allies. Japan's sword has struck and killed the dragon of tyranny in the East. It has added glory in so doing, and in the fall of Kiaochau ancient Bushido has won its greatest triumph. Japan's sword is a symbol of her people, and in her gift to the King of the Belgians she has given that hero-monarch the soul of the samurai.

In Japanese mythology we find many references to miraculous swords. Some kind of weapon is referred to in Japan's cosmogony story. We read that Izanagi and Izanami, the parents of the gods, "standing upon the floating bridge of Heaven, thrust down their glittering blade and probed the blue ocean. The drops from its point congealed and hardened and became an island. This eventually became a large country composed of eight islands, and amongst the many names of the country, they styled it too the 'Land of Many Blades'." Susa-no-O, the "Impetuous Male," had the good fortune to rescue a maiden named Mota Hime from a serpent which had eight heads and eight tails. When Susa-no-O slew this curious creature, he found inside a two-handled sword, a little over two feet long, and double-edged. This sword was called "the cloud resembling sword of Heaven". Later on when Prince Yamato Daké used the weapon for cutting down blazing grass, it was renamed "the grass mower". This sword, designed on both sides with figures of stars, together with the sacred mirror and rosary of

jewels, constitute the Imperial Regalia of Japan. In the temple of Atsuta, near Nagoya, the sword is still preserved and copies of the Sacred Treasures are stored in the Imperial Palace at Tokio. The sword symbolises courage, the mirror knowledge and purity, the jewels mercy.

We cannot, of course, rely upon these picturesque myths, but when we come to investigate the theories of antiquarians in regard to the origin of the Japanese sword, we find many conflicting statements. One authority states that "the swords of Japan are the highly perfected working out of a general Indo-Persian type". Other writers claim that in the seventh century Japanese swordsmiths made the katana, or long sword, simply by dividing the old two-edged Chinese weapon known as *ken*. This very superficial theory is not in accordance with archæological evidence, neither is there any connection between the Japanese sword and the Persian scimitar. In Japan's swords we can certainly trace the influence of China and Korea, or, in one word, Buddhism, but the katana dated from prehistoric times. A primitive, double-edged sword, not unlike a large leaf in appearance, came to Japan with the early dolmen-builders. If this theory is correct, and it is based upon the best evidence, we may regard this weapon, in the opinion of Captain Brinkley, "as essentially the sword of the progenitors of a section of the present Japanese race".

The Japanese swordsmith was very far from being a common artisan. Even as far back as the twelfth century, the Emperor Go-Toba considered sword-making an occupation worthy of a sovereign, and that was also the belief of the swordsmith himself. His work

necessitated skill of a very high order. He could scarcely be employed in a more honourable task, and he was fully aware of the significance of his labour. The Japanese are essentially artists with all that craving for perfection that is so characteristic of the artistic temperament generally. The swordsmith made something more than a finely-wrought blade of steel. He was working for his country, for heroes only one degree removed from the gods themselves. In his hands rested in some measure the future victory or defeat in battle. It was his duty and his privilege to make a sword that should be the soul of steel, the soul of the samurai. He aimed at perfection with all the zeal of a true and conscientious workman. Before undertaking his task, he fasted for several days and prayed that the gods would bless his labour. He was of the excellent opinion that pure motives were just as essential as an alert brain and practised hand. His labour, rightly undertaken, was a kind of religious rite. He turned to his forge, after fasting and praying, radiant with joy, conscious that after due preparation, he was about to fashion the very symbol of his country, something finer, if less sacred, than the sword of the gods itself. A Shinto rope of straw and *gohei* were hung up in his forge in the belief that they would act as charms against evil spirits. When he had propitiated the elements, fire, water, wood, earth, and metal—for in his work he was about to make use of them all—he put on the elaborate robe of a Court noble, making this dignity practical by fastening back the large sleeves. Having observed these preliminaries he set to work. We need not describe the elaborate process in detail, the first strip of steel welded to a bar of iron, the use of clay, the hammering

and folding repeated many times, the tempering and grinding and polishing until the blade is ready for use. It was no easy task and perfection was seldom attained. In the eleventh century only four blades out of three thousand were regarded as of superlative quality, and not until the sixteenth century was there found in Honami Kosetsu an infallible judge of these matters. It is surprising to find, when we bear in mind the complexity of the work, that some of the old swordsmiths sang when the steel was beaten or heated in the furnace. The amiable Masamune chanted: "*Tenku, taihei, taihei*" ("Peace be on earth, peace"), while the bad-tempered Muramasa, who had failed to purify his heart, sang fiercely: "*Tenku tairan, tenku tairan*" ("Trouble in the world, trouble in the world"). Thoughts, good or evil, were said to influence the blade. The swords of Masamune brought victory to their owners, while those made by Muramasa brought misfortune, which may after all be only a picturesque story illustrating the effect of good and bad workmanship.

There were many superstitions associated with the Japanese sword of a more subtle kind than that exhibited by Excalibur. Eight is a mystical number in Japan, and it was believed that a sword of that country would bring to its owner one of eight things—either good fortune, revenue, wealth, virtue, reputation, sickness, or poverty. One Japanese writer of the seventeenth century attempted to correct such superstitious ideas by stating that the owner carved his own fortune, yet he admitted that no evil man could possess a fortunate sword. "If it were possible," he writes, "for a knave to procure wealth, dignity or renown by possessing a fine sword, the noble

weapon would become the mere tool of a malefactor." There is no doubt that the sword was often regarded as a talisman, and so great was the belief set upon it that when it was lost the owner was plunged into a mood of deep despondency. We have already referred to the sacred sword that formed a part of the Imperial Regalia. Next in importance were the *Hirugoza* ("Daily Companion"), the *Hateki* ("Foe-smiter"), and the *Shugo* ("Guardian") of the Emperor. Then came the "Beard-cutter" and "Knee-severer," the grim names of two Minamoto weapons, and "Little Crow" and "Out-Flasher" of the Taira. Many other celebrated blades were carefully and reverently preserved by great feudal chiefs.

Stories, historical and otherwise, abound in reference to the Japanese sword. A son of one Empress dreamed he stood on a mountain flourishing a spear eight times and dealing eight blows with a sword. The Princess Sawo was tempted to slay her lord the Emperor by stabbing him with a dagger while he slept, but her falling tears made the deed impossible. Two gods thrust the hilts of their swords into the ground, and, apparently without any discomfort, sat cross-legged on the points. There is the story of a commander who, finding his army could advance no further, flung his sword into the sea, which immediately ebbed and permitted his men to cross on dry land. Still more diverting is the thrilling story of Benkei and a sword-smith, which is but the prelude to that lovable hero's escapades, when he captured nine hundred and ninety-nine swords from knights who either fought feebly in self-defence or else dropped their weapons and ran away. The story of the short sword is another

matter. It was never used in combat, but was the weapon with which a samurai committed harakiri when hopelessly defeated, or when for some reason his lord bade him take his life. A Japanese poet, writing of a woman, observes: "Her weapons are a smile and a little fan." They were not always so. History records many sad tales of women as well as men committing seppuku, and we in the West have never understood why such an end should have been called the "happy despatch," or why, until recently, the Japanese should have regarded self-immolation not with horror but with a kind of complacency.

A samurai carried at least two swords, which he called *dai-sho*, that is "a great and small". Encased in scabbards of lacquered wood they were not suspended from his girdle, but stuck into it and secured by cords of plaited silk. The average length of the long sword was three feet, including the hilt, but those carried by swashbucklers were sometimes seven feet in length. It will be observed that it required no little skill to draw out so large a weapon which was in a fixed position, and yet there were not a few who could do so in a sitting posture. The withdrawal of a sword from its scabbard was not the heated impulse of a moment. Such an act was gravely considered, for to expose the precious blade either in vanity or in no just cause was a dishonour to the weapon and stamped its owner as no true samurai. There were sixteen varieties of cut in Japanese swordsmanship, such as "four-sides cut," the "clearer," the "wheel stroke," the "thunder stroke," the "pear-splitter," and the "torso severer". The sword was wielded with consummate skill. A Chinese historian, while describing the Japanese invasion

of Korea in the sixteenth century, informs us that a samurai "brandished a five-foot blade with such rapidity that nothing could be seen except a white sheen of steel, the soldier himself being altogether invisible".

The sword has exercised a very great influence on the life of the Japanese nation. The very wearing of such a weapon was a distinction in itself which the peasant class could never hope to attain. It conferred certain rights and privileges, and the famous deeds associated with it were alike told by the professional story-teller and the mother to her little son. A really fine blade by a great master was beyond price. Honours were bestowed upon him who made it, and through long years of hammering and heating, tempering and grinding, a sword was fashioned that has never been surpassed or equalled elsewhere. Captain Brinkley writes :

If the Japanese had never produced anything but this sword, they would still deserve to be credited with a remarkable faculty for detecting the subtle causes of practical effects, and translating them with delicate accuracy into obdurate material.

A jewel needs a setting, a picture a frame, and in course of time Japanese artists discovered that a wonderful and delicate beauty could be added to the strength of the sword by embellishing its furnishings with all manner of artistic designs. No mount was too small, too trivial, to artists who had carved miniature men and women out of the toggle of a tobacco pouch, figures that seemed to live, to be moved by joy or sorrow. On the various sword mounts they lavished a wealth of beauty with so much skill as to lead one to wonder if the work was in some way connected with

a veneration for the sword itself. Buddhism was undoubtedly the dominant art influence in Japan, whether in fashioning a gigantic image of Amida Buddha or a small piece of cloisonné with the sheen of a humming-bird's wing upon it, but militarism came second. It was possible to tell from the decorative mountings of a samurai's sword, happily called the "jewelry of the samurai," the standard reached in glyptic art, for the feudatory chiefs, like the Buddhist priests, were a centre of art influence.

The tsuba, or sword-guard, affords the most pleasing example of the artist's work. Within a space of not more than three or four inches in diameter he was able to produce some remarkable effects with the use of gold, silver, red copper, and pigments. He was not simply content to apply metal or colour. He was able to cut the tsuba till it resembled some fairy-like kind of lace, or he could produce designs in high or low relief, and, again, he could, if he chose, obtain a granulated surface by way of background. On these metal guards, that seemed in his hands as plastic as wax, he could tell a tale of long ago, he could depict deities and men and women, mountains and seas, flowers and birds and beasts; there was nothing apparently he could not make live upon the metal. Faces of human beings actually reflected all the emotions of men and women—love, joy, horror, cunning, benignity, mirth were all there. The great artist was consistent in his work. If he depicted a savage dragon rising from a lake, the water was always crested with many waves, the whole conception suggesting tumult. If, on the other hand, the scene is that of moonlight, flying birds and lake, the water is either calm or stirred with little ripples. Harmony of

setting is aimed at and attained. Flower-rafts appear only on calm water surrounded by rocks as smooth as a woman's shoulder, they would never be shown on a stormy, wind-swept river with precipitous cliffs.

Not infrequently there is a verse on the back of the sword-guard and kozuka, a knife inserted in the scabbard of the wakizashi, or small sword, and on the kogai, or comb. On one kozuka, we see the rustic gate of a cottage half hidden by pine-trees and in the foreground the long grass of autumn. On the back are written these lines :

One are our hearts, my wife's and mine
 Beyond the reach of withering years,
 Beyond the sound of falling tears,
 To skies spring sunshine always fills
 ' The music of our love notes thrills,
 Through the linked branches of the pine.

In sharp contrast with this scene and verse are the designs and words chiselled by Watanabe Hisamitsu on a kozuka and kogai. The former depicts Takao, the "lady of the green hall," apparelled in rich brocades. On the kogai the same fair charmer is seen, and with her the Saint Daruma. The backs are inscribed with the following lines :

Buddha sells doctrine. The expounder sells Buddha.
 The priest sells the expounder Green is the willow;
 crimson the flower; many-coloured the ways of the world.

A thousand nights, a thousand eves,
 The soft moon sails the lake above;
 No trace of her caresses leaves,
 In the cold depths, no ray of love.

It seems strange to us that so much beauty, so much human feeling, should be expended upon the furnishings of a sword. It seems, perhaps, a little inconsistent that such tender sentiments should be in any way associated

with a weapon intended for slaughter. It reminds us of Watts' picture, "Love and Death". A love of beauty radiates from that samurai's jewelry, and when we look at specimens in a dusty museum, we wonder if the artist was trying to hide the nakedness of the sword and its slaughter under the robe of love. We look forward to the time when we may sheathe our swords for ever, when these lines, behind a single chrysanthemum carved in relief, will be a tribute to Peace:

- Until the dew-flake,
 Beading this blossom's gold,
 Swells to a broad lake,
 Age after age untold
 Joy to joy manifold
 Add for thy sweet sake.

F. Hadland Davis

THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTH INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

By E. M. THOMAS, F. R. I. B. A.

Consulting Architect to the Government of Madras

YOUR association having honoured me, an architect, with an invitation to address you to-day, you will no doubt be expecting that I speak to you on the subject of Architecture. It is certainly one, I think, in which you are all, in some measure interested—your constant association with the buildings around you demands that you should be.

You have with you most beautiful ancient buildings which have been preserved as records of Architecture's brilliant past, not only in this Presidency but in many other parts of this great and wonderful country. A good many of you, I am sure, will have visited the sites of those buildings which grace the Cities in the North. Most of you will be familiar with the more important architectural works in Southern India. I might speak to you of these edifices, conceived in years gone by, touching lightly upon each period of the development in design and construction which culminated in the fairer monuments remaining with you to-day. A mind ramble within the realms of the past in Art (and to me more particularly, perhaps, the art of architecture,) is always interesting, always instructive, but much as

I might be tempted to speak to you of earlier days I feel I should not miss this opportunity of speaking to you of an entirely different period in your architecture—not less interesting I think, and to you as citizens of Madras, of the utmost importance. With your kind permission I propose to-day to leave the Past alone, alone in its serenity, and to endeavour to look into the future, the future of architecture, the architecture of this Presidency.

Now what is Architecture? A common definition is “art in building,” and we may perhaps accept this provided we clearly understand that the word “building” in the sense used here implies something more than the mere piling up of stone upon stone.

Sir Henry Wotton, a well-known writer very aptly said: “Well building hath three conditions, Commodity, Firmness and Delight.” Convenience and suitability of arrangement of plan, stability of the structure, beauty of design—and in all the finer buildings, both ancient and modern, one will I think find these conditions very largely if not wholly fulfilled.

Now before we consider the future we should know how architecture stands with us to-day in the Presidency, what class of work is being produced, and what influence such work is likely to have on that which is to follow. We must also know what provision is being made for the training of your architects of the future. The education of the architect is of the greatest importance and it will be of some interest to you, I think, if I first explain the training which an architect receives in other countries.

A young man having decided to enter the architectural profession, say in England, must of

course have first received a sound general education. He then passes into one of the Schools of Architecture which are admittedly conducted on most excellent lines and where he obtains a thorough training in the work which he will later on practise with distinction, or otherwise, according to his ability. The school curriculum has been arranged only after careful study and long experience and, at the present time, is all that can be desired for providing an effective training in all departments of architecture.

The course covers a period of about three years. The first year's course deals, in a general way, with the development and the history of architecture from the earliest times, and in addition to lectures and visits to ancient buildings, studio exercises in the various styles are worked out, the whole being under direct supervision, and organised to avoid any overlapping, yet leaving the student largely dependent on his own initiative and energy for the result achieved. Lectures are given on the various historical periods, the aim of these lectures being to acquaint the student with the growth and development of the architecture of past civilisations, demonstrating its origin from constructional necessities, climate and environment; and to show in each case that its eventual perfection and acquisition of style was due to the intellectual capacity and craftsmanship of its authors, no less than to their natural æsthetic instinct. Special attention is given to drawing various constructional details to a large scale, which are studied at first hand on buildings in course of erection. Visits to such buildings are made in connection with each subject. Observation papers are set after each construction visit, to encourage and test a student's ability

to take notes, and sketch from memory. The aim of the lectures is to inculcate the broad principle of construction necessitated by the nature of materials and the vagaries of climate—they familiarise the student with the manufacture and production of materials, so that he may recognise their qualities and therefore be better able to form an opinion on the use to which they may be put. The student is also enabled to study the principles of perspective and freehand drawing and is encouraged to sketch and measure up ancient buildings, excursions being made for this purpose. It is considered that by measuring and sketching good examples of old work, a student more quickly improves his draughtsmanship, learns to appreciate architecture, and to recognise style.

The work of the second and third year courses are so arranged as to link up the general course of the preceding year and provide for more advanced study of architectural history, construction and design. It is recognised that the subject of town-planning comes within the province of every architect and for this reason great attention is paid to the setting of the building and the laying out of its surroundings. During the time he is in the schools a student is able to study for the examinations in architecture promoted by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Having finished his course at the schools he will then for preference enter the office of one of the more prominent practising architects where he gains further experience in designs, and of the manner in which they are produced, and possibly will later enter into practice on his own account or obtain employment in Government Service. The preliminary training of

those wishing to qualify as architects should, whether they intend to enter Government Service or to set up in private practice, be the same.

Now architecture in this Presidency has in recent times had a larger measure of official recognition than any other Province. You have had Government architects for the last fifty years at least. In addition to bringing out men from England who have held the position of Consulting Architect, Government is now granting to Indian subjects scholarships in architecture tenable in England or Bombay for a period of years, with the possibility of employment in the Archæological Department of India after the course of training has been completed—and I have no doubt Government will find room for some of the men so trained in the Architectural Departments of the different Provinces.

You will thus see that your Government has done something for architecture, but the something Government has done will solve the question, I think, to a limited extent only. Government's action in bringing out qualified men from England to act as Consulting Architects and to provide for the training of Indians by granting scholarships in architecture will no doubt solve the problem of what I may call "official architecture". But it will not, and I think it is quite right that it should not, interfere with the future development of designs of buildings erected by private enterprise. This I consider most intimately concerns you as citizens of Madras; it is for you to endeavour, as far as it lies in your power, to see to it that the architecture appertaining to your private buildings is kept at a high standard—and should you find the existing standard not high enough—then endeavour to raise it.

To enable you to form an opinion on the standard of your present day architecture, you have only to review the designs of your school buildings, your hostels, residences large and small, your shops, etc., and I think you must come to the conclusion that all is not as it should be—that there is room for improvement.

I have told you what training an architect in the West receives. Now let us see what training the men in your Presidency, who design your buildings, have had. This will give us an insight into what we may expect of them. There are a few, unfortunately very few indeed, who have practised here in architecture with distinction for some years, but in proportion to the work of the untrained, I regret to say that very few of their designs lighten the darkness of the architecture which we have in the Presidency to-day.

As Consulting Architect to Government, I am concerned principally with the designs for your school buildings and hostels. A great number of these come before me annually for investigation before Government sanctions a grant towards the erection of the buildings, and the architects, so-called, are, I presume, the same as those who design your other buildings, the cost of which is met entirely from private funds. Now the majority of the school designs are prepared by retired overseers, first-class draughtsmen, etc., and provided such designs promise, when carried out, to be structurally sound, Government for many good reasons does not, except in very bad cases, have much to say about their appearance. The majority of these designs are not of a high standard—the planning of the rooms is in most cases badly arranged and most extravagant in area, the exteriors being expressionless,

and, in many cases, merely offences against all the principles of architectural design and composition. One has only to glance at the drawings submitted for sanction to see at once that they have been prepared by individuals who lack refinement, yet these are the men who are responsible for the principal part of your architecture to-day. Now what can you expect from a man of the retired overseer class? The poor man has probably done good and long service in his particular department and it appears to me a pity that he should be encouraged to take up, in his old age, a subject of which he knows absolutely nothing. He just knows enough geometrical drawing to enable him to draw up a set of plans with moderate accuracy, and the design of the exterior is probably an attempt to copy the façade of a building on which he worked, but of which he has but a vague recollection. Occasionally one finds a more ambitious fellow who, with all the freshness of youth at sixty years of age, sets out to be original. It is only seldom, I am glad to say, that this happens, for such attempts lead only to most unfortunate results.

A design I have in mind was for a school building. In the plan the amount of useless space far exceeded that devoted to useful purposes. The external design of the lower story resembled Italian Renaissance, relieved here and there with severe Greek ornamentation; the upper floor was I believe intended to be in the Saracenic style, but really the detail more closely resembled German Gothic of the worst period. The tiled roof, of most playful outline, and probably copied from an English rural cottage design, was surmounted by a heavy cast iron railing of almost impossible proportions. A sort of architectural curry

composed of scraps from each style which, not blending well, left an exceptionally unpleasant flavour behind it. Yet that building has, I believe, been set up within your Presidency and will be left there for the inhabitants to digest.

The first question which some of you will ask is: "But why are such men employed to prepare the designs for buildings?" That is the question I myself used to ask, and the reply I received was: "There is no one else to do the work for us." Now this is not correct, there *are* other men—one or two—who are more capable of doing the work, but with so much going on, it is obviously impossible for these few to cope with the whole of the work in the Presidency, more's the pity! So it comes to this, that every one thinks they are making the best of a bad job by just accepting the situation and trusting to good fortune that some day it will be possible for them to obtain the help they require, and which will enable them to obtain more reputable designs. In the meantime the Presidency must continue to be flooded with such abortions in architecture as we see going up at the present time.

Now that is quite the wrong spirit. If matters are not as they should be, then it becomes necessary to inquire *why* they are not—and having got at the root of the matter, the proper course is to endeavour to find the best possible means of *improvement*—otherwise, as far as I can see, you will jog along for ever as you are doing now, and your architecture will have no chance whatever of proper development. If you think there is room for improvement, and I believe you will agree with me that there is, it is quite time that you looked into the matter—and that is what I think we might with

advantage do to-day. It will not be possible for us to go into the question in any great detail but I think we can cover sufficient ground to enable us to form a fairly definite opinion as to what steps are necessary to ensure our architecture of the future being raised up to such a standard as will at least justify its being graced with the name of architecture.

Now it is not I think a very difficult problem and can be fairly easily solved, provided you will recognise that the majority of the individuals now responsible for your designs are totally untrained, and therefore unfit, for the services they now perform in the name of architecture. You must recognise that some form of architectural education is necessary, that instead of leaving architecture to the tender mercies of the uncultured, it should be put on the high plane existing in other countries and therefore likely to attract those of superior education and taste, and those of good social standing, who have received their general education in one of your more important colleges.

A great many of these boys now enter the profession of engineering but very few, if any, of the better class boys ever dream of taking up architecture as a profession. The reason is not far to seek. There is no College of Architecture! So they all enter the College of Engineering instead, and architecture is left to look after itself, and very badly it has fared.

Now architecture is a constructive art and concerns every one of you in more ways than the art of painting and the other arts. For instance, if a painter paints a bad picture he offends no one, unless he finds some poor ignorant fool who will purchase his wares; in which case the picture, bad as it is, will be hung in the

purchaser's private apartments and therefore offends only those who may have the misfortune to be lured into them. But there is still the chance of the purchaser himself acquiring a better taste in art in which case he will experience no great difficulty in ridding himself of his former purchase, either by relegating it to the dust heap or by adopting some other effective means of disposing of it.

But with architecture it is different. Once a design has been prepared and carried out in a building, that building once set up, and especially if set up in an important street, remains on view for all to see for many years, perhaps a century. If it is a bad design it cannot be discarded as easily as the bad picture. Its retention is necessary, if only on account of the great amount spent on its construction, and therefore all those who are responsible for the erection of buildings are under a deep obligation to the public to see that what they set up will not be a blot on the architecture of their city.

It is unfortunate in every way that the majority of those who subscribe towards the erection of buildings are not capable of ascertaining beforehand, even approximately, what those buildings will look like when completed. But such is the case and it is therefore obvious that, as they have to place themselves so unreservedly in the hands of the architect, it would be to their advantage if they were able to obtain the assistance of one properly trained, one who could be relied on to give sound advice in all matters relating to building and design. A good many of the men whose advice you now accept, not only give you a design which is bad, but one which is in many cases unnecessarily extravagant

in cost. I have seen many designs for buildings on which a saving of anything from ten to twenty-five per cent could have been made if a capable architect had been employed.

So those who may intend to continue to employ the untrained man merely because his fees may be small need not think they save by consulting such men, for they don't save in the long run—they may save a small amount on fees, but I think I am right in saying that their building, notwithstanding the inferiority of the design, will cost them infinitely more than if they had obtained good advice. It is an established fact that a good architect will provide you with a plan which will give all the required accommodation in a more convenient and less expensive manner than can be done by a person who has had no training or experience in such matters. It is necessary that every one should recognise this fact, that they be made to understand that by consulting competent architects their buildings would be more beautiful and less expensive than those they obtain under present conditions.

Now there must be many of your boys who would make good architects and whose talents in that direction lie dormant. If facilities were granted for the study of architecture we should, in the course of a very few years, see a vast improvement in the standard of work produced in the Madras Presidency. Government has done their share in providing the means of carrying on *official* architecture—it now remains for all of you as citizens to take an intelligent interest in that side of the subject which concerns you most intimately, and, for those of you whose purses permit, to assist in some measure in inaugurating a School of Architecture where

a course of training somewhat similar to that in England can be carried out. I think it is preferable that such a school be started by you and not by Government, for the simple reason that if the school were controlled entirely by Government, boys who might enter as students would expect employment in Government Service after they had completed their course of training. What you require to do now is to educate some of your boys and show them the way to a very profitable form of private practice in architecture so that your private buildings of all classes may be improved. Such a school with a governing body of influential citizens, would then be recognised as the training centre of architecture in the Presidency. Certificates or medals could be given to those students who passed their final examination with distinction and to create added interest it would no doubt be possible to exhibit, say at the Fine Arts Exhibition, the work done by the students each year.

Now I wonder if there are any public-spirited gentlemen sufficiently interested in the welfare of the appearance of their city who would be prepared to assist in the promotion of such a school. Some of you, I know, give liberally in various ways, but the citizen who gives to the cause of architecture will benefit the community as a whole to an enormous extent and would deserve the highest praise. It would, I feel sure, be very gratifying to Government if such were the case and although I have no authority for saying so, Government would probably be prepared to recognise and assist the school to some extent if it were found necessary. Any way, the initial step should in my opinion be taken by you; it should be your endeavour to

promote a healthy general interest in architecture and to impress upon those intending to erect buildings the necessity of their having the designs prepared only by those who have received the required education.

There is, no doubt, a tendency for boys to endeavour to obtain employment in the Public Works Department as Engineers—such service has many attractions I admit. If a boy, having done his course, say, in the Engineering College, can obtain permanent employment in a Government department he has an assured position for life provided he behaves himself. His pay probably starts at Rs. 30 or Rs. 40, and by the time he reaches the retiring age he will possibly have risen to Rs. 250 per month.

But it has evidently not occurred to them what a fine field lies open to them in architecture—a very pleasant field, and one which would be very remunerative to well-trained men. On school buildings alone I estimate that fees to the extent of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs per annum can be earned, and after making the usual allowance for office expenses there would still remain a very ample margin to provide a means of livelihood for many architects who chose to set up in private practice. Apart from educational buildings, there are a vast number of buildings of other classes which are being erected in the Presidency. Would it not, therefore, be well worth while for those boys who have a natural taste for architecture to give up some time in their earlier life to the study of the subject and to make themselves proficient in the art? Or, suitable boys who have done their engineering course in the College of Engineering, could take the opportunity of devoting

themselves to a further course of training in architecture.

I will not suggest that all the boys entering the school would turn out to be good architects. Probably some of them would become only good draughtsmen, but such men are also badly needed and the pay which they would command would be, I think, much in excess of that received by the men who now do similar work. And assuming that some of these boys would be taken into Government Service, and that they had also received training in the Engineering College, such boys would be of infinitely more use to the Department than those with only a knowledge of engineering.

So you see that from every point of view such a school as I suggest is essential to the welfare of the architecture of your City and there is I think no doubt that both Government and the Municipalities would welcome it. As regards Government, they could insist on all the school designs which come up for a grant being prepared only by properly qualified men. At present it would not be feasible for them to take such a step. As regards the Municipalities, they would be able to take the same action with all the work which goes to them for approval and sanction. In time, the architectural work in the Presidency would be in the hands of trained architects and not, as it is at present, largely in the hands of incompetent draughtsmen. Your architecture would develop on the right lines and you could look to the future to give you a fairer city and finer towns than it will do under the less favourable conditions existing at the present day.

I will now leave the question for your consideration—it is one which I think needs a good deal of

thought—but I hope and trust that in the near future it may be found possible to form such a school as I have proposed and that your architecture of the future may benefit therefrom.

E. M. Thomas

THE WING OF SHIVA

Men! are ye fools or madmen that ye deem
 These hours fit for feasts and senseless mirth,
 Chatting of wars o'er wine-cups—when the earth
 Begins once more with massacre to stream?

Can ye not feel?—Over Earth's heart there creep
 A dread, a death-like chill—a shadow vast
 Over her sunny plains is silent cast—
 For Armageddon rises from its sleep!

Silence your laughter, fools, lest it be drowned
 Ere long in roar of battle, anguished groans
 Of dying—cries of children—widows' moans—
 While universal carnage dyes the ground.

Is this a time to feast, and dance, and sing—
 When all the world grows dark 'neath Shiva's Wing?

F. G. P.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

By ERNEST UDNY

I. THE RELATION BETWEEN THEOSOPHY AND THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

CHRISTIANITY, like all other religions, is part of the Wisdom of God—*Theosophia*—Theosophy. The only men in the world who are fully cognisant of the Ancient Wisdom—ancient because it is as eternal as God from Whom it flows—are those men who have finished their strictly human evolution through many lives lived in the world—many days passed in God's great school, this earth—and who, having reached the full consciousness of their own oneness with the Eternal and Supreme, in Whom we “live and move and have our being,” long and work to hasten the time when their fellow-men shall attain the same glorious consciousness of the mysterious and glorious depths of their own inmost being—ever divine, though at present they know, and perhaps even suspect, it not. There is no difference whatever in origin and essence between those who have already attained and those who have not yet attained, for *all* life (aye even the so-called “lower” kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral) comes from Him, and to Him it shall at

last return. At the same time there *is* a great difference, in that the Divine Men have completely unified or "at-oned" their Will with that of the Supreme, while the rest of humanity and the other kingdoms have not yet done so. The former know, while the latter do not yet know, the Divinity of their own inmost being. All weakness and sin are the result of ignorance, an ignorance which is in course of being changed into knowledge in God's great school, as fast as we ourselves will permit, for "the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" never forces its way, and we have it in our power to shut it out, although even such shutting gradually brings its own remedy, for it leads us into unwise courses of action, by which we bruise ourselves against "the Good Law" that brings to every man, in the course of successive lives, the exact results of his own behaviour towards the innumerable other "fragments of Divinity," whether for joy or pain, weal or woe.

The Divine Men who have attained "liberation" from birth and death, and have the right and power, if they so choose, to pass away altogether from the world into loftier states of being—higher "planes" of existence—remain here for the helping of their younger brothers of the human, animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and are employed by the Supreme as His Agents for their leading and guidance. Living and working as They do in the most perfect accord with Him and with each other, They constitute a Great Brotherhood, which is sometimes called "the Great White Lodge". They do not, however, live together so far as their physical bodies are concerned, for They *have* physical bodies, though it is only at certain

times in the world's history that They come before men into the ordinary publicity of the world. They live in various parts of the world, and yet They are in constant communication with one another on the higher planes, in which Their true life is centred, and where physical separation is no barrier to the freest interchange of ideas.

In this Brotherhood the work is divided, for convenience of administration, into different departments, one of which is devoted to the spiritual instruction and helping of the world ; and at the head of that Department stands a very Great One (for there are differences in Wisdom and Power even among Those who have already filled Their hearts with Divine Love) and this One is called the World-Teacher, the Light of the World, Teacher of Angels and of Men. He acts as a kind of Prime Minister to the actual Head of the Hierarchy (the Great White Lodge) Who is sometimes referred to as "The One Initiator," because the Great Initiations which mark the stages of progress on the Path of Holiness are always conferred by His express authority and in His name. The World-Teacher acts also as a Minister of Religion to "the King". It is He who founds, either in person or through a deputy, a member of the Great Brotherhood specially appointed for the purpose, every religion that appears in the world. The Founder of a religion does not, of course, attempt to give to the world His own knowledge in its entirety, which would be an impossibility ; but, having regard to the time, place and people for whom it is intended, He selects from the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom such as He sees to be most helpful in the particular circumstances.

It thus happens that while each religion has its own leading idea, upon which special stress is laid, certain important and fundamental truths appear in all; and it is possible, by means of appropriate quotations from the various Scriptures of the world, to prove that the same great truths are taught in each. In Mrs. Besant's most helpful *Universal Text-Book of Religion and Morals* these common teachings are tabulated as follows :

“The Unity of God—One Self-dependent Life, pervading all things and binding them all together in mutual relations and dependence.

“The Manifestation of God in a universe under Three Aspects.

“The Hierarchies of Spiritual Beings.

“Incarnation of Spirit.

“The two basic laws of Causation and of Sacrifice.

“The Three Worlds of Human Evolution.

“The Brotherhood of Man.”

None of these truths is the exclusive property of any particular religion. They belong to what may be called Universal Religion, and abundant quotations are given from the Scriptures of all the great religions, Hindū, Zoroastrian, Hebrew, Christian, Muhammadan, and Sikh, to show that these teachings, which may be assumed to be fundamental, are indeed common to all. For any one who will carefully study it, this collection of varied statements, in each case of the same truth, is highly instructive, as they illuminate and confirm one another, in very much the same way as a collection of texts on any one subject from, say, the Christian Scriptures.

The teachings which have been given to the world by the Theosophical Society, founded in New York in 1875, and now having branches in nearly every country in the world, are drawn, equally with those of all religions, from the one Ancient Wisdom and, of course, include the fundamental truths mentioned above; but, as Theosophy is far more recent than even Muhammadanism, the youngest (except the Sikh) of the family of religions—in fact 1,400 years younger—the world was ripe for a much fuller and clearer presentation of the facts of nature in the broadest sense, including God and Man. The fact of reincarnation had been known and taught in the Hindū and Buddhist religions for thousands of years, but without the slightest attempt to explain scientifically and in detail the method of rebirth, the nature of the subtler planes of existence, their relation to the physical, the subtle bodies in which the interval between births is passed, or the exact stages of the progress from one physical body to the next. So long as even the fact of reincarnation was withheld (and it seems to have been deliberately withheld by direction of the Founder of Christianity, the World-Teacher) from the western world, it would have been difficult, and even purposeless, to give scientific teaching about the subtle bodies and the (to *our* eyes) invisible inner worlds; but now reincarnation has been as deliberately restored.

We learn, for the first time in the West, that man is evolving spiritually by means of repeated births in the physical body, and that the law of cause and effect in the moral world, the sowing and reaping of good and evil, is carried out not entirely, or even chiefly, in one and the same body, but rather from life to life. Thus

much is in its broad outline easy to understand, and will probably be the common belief of all cultured people within a generation from the present time; but those who care to study may learn much more than this, for Theosophy contains much detailed and fascinating information as to God's plan of evolution, so far as it relates to man at his present stage. We may learn of the existence of worlds invisible to our physical senses, and of subtle vehicles which we possess even while living here in the world, and in which we shall continue to live after the loss of the physical body at death, and in which we shall pass the long interval between death and rebirth. The invisible worlds, and the life which man leads in them after death, are described for us in great detail. We learn, too, that the process or cycle of repeated births and deaths, however long it may last, is but a passing stage in evolution, the preparation for a glorious condition of superhuman Love and Wisdom, to which we shall all surely attain in the long run, because it is God's will that we should do so, but to which our own efforts assisted by the divine grace, which never forces its way, can alone conduct us; and that the process of attaining this far higher condition can be enormously quickened by those who are willing to make special efforts—to leave, in fact, the beaten high road which scales in many spirals the mountain of achievement, and to breast the ascent in its steepest but swiftest form, which is called the Path of Holiness, because it leads to that state fairly rapidly and in the course of a comparatively few lives. We learn of the Great Gateways, or Initiations, which mark first the entrance to that Path and then the various stages of achievement. And—perhaps most interesting of all for us at our present

stage—we learn the qualifications prescribed by the Head of the Hierarchy Himself, “the ONE INITIATOR,” which must be developed by would-be entrants while still living the ordinary life in the world, ere they can pass the Gateway which stands at the entrance. Over that Gate is written the word “Service,” for by service alone can we hope to enter the Path. The power which enables us to hasten our own evolution comes from our Elder Brethren (the Divine Men, who are for us the channels of divine grace) and is held in trust for the whole race, not for particular individuals. If, therefore, it is given in special abundance to a comparatively small number, that is not from any favouritism, but simply because those individuals are willing and have fitted themselves to take part in the Master’s work, and because the force given to them will produce in this way a better result for the whole of humanity than it would in any other.

Theosophy not only tells us all this, of profound interest and importance for Christians as for all other men, but it also comes to us straight and fresh from the Divine Men who are the Guides and Guardians of our race; and this is a great advantage, for it is not yet overlaid by the materialising tendency, innate in the human mind, which inevitably obscures, as time goes on, every fresh presentation of divine truth. All religions gradually go down-hill with the lapse of time, though perhaps this is not an unmixed drawback, as the decadent stages may be, and doubtless are, utilised for the training of souls who would be unable to profit by the purer, more enlightened, forms of religion. The gradual decadence arises from the fact that the Founder and His immediate disciples are, of

course, much more highly evolved than those whom they come to teach, and, as the former gradually pass from among men, the sublime teachings are more and more misunderstood and materialised by men who are unfitted to sense the deeper meanings, and do not even suspect their existence, but adhere rigidly to the outer husk. Spiritual truths must from their very nature be expressed in symbolism, and in the Scriptures of the world advantage is taken of that fact in order to provide at the same time and in the same words teaching for different classes of souls—for those who cannot yet see beyond “the letter that killeth” as well as for others who, having eyes to perceive and ears to hear, can receive “the spirit which giveth life”.

This process of the substitution of the letter for the spirit was to a large extent completed in the Christian Church as early as the 4th or 5th century of our era, when the orthodox but ignorant majority succeeded in expelling from it the few Gnostics (or Knowers), the Mystics of the early Church. From one point of view, Theosophy is but a revival, a rebirth, of Gnosticism; but, owing to the development of modern science, men are now capable of receiving much more definite information as to the existence and nature of those subtle invisible worlds which interpenetrate the physical, and as to the broad details of human evolution, the existence of Divine Guides and Teachers, and of a Path of Holiness—to be trodden in the world during a short series of lives taken in quick succession—which leads from our level to Theirs.

The most important difference between Theosophy and ordinary Christianity is the teaching of reincarnation—that all men, whether or not they may be aware

of the fact, are really undergoing a process of spiritual evolution, for which purpose they are born again and again into the world, each life being, as it were, but a single day of the immortal Spirit, passed in God's great school, the world, which is fitted to be a school of experience for men at all stages of growth from a savage to a Divine Man, a Liberated Soul.

All enlightened Christians are giving up the ghastly theory of eternal damnation, and the almost equally crude idea that the ultimate and eternal fate of every soul is settled at death. The fact is beginning to be recognised and admitted, that, apart from the loss of the physical body, no immediate change occurs at death, the man's character and knowledge being exactly the same afterwards as they were before, and that his spiritual education or evolution must therefore be carried on *somewhere*, though it is assumed, for no obvious reason, that this further evolution will be conducted on some other planet or in some other world. The reply to such a suggestion is clear. If, as seems obvious enough, we have not yet learned all that the physical plane has to teach us, is it not necessary that we should return (after our night's rest, first in purgatory and afterwards in heaven) to *a* physical planet, and, if so, why not to this one. If, as present-day orthodoxy *assumes*, for it is nowhere stated in their Scriptures, each soul is a new creation at birth, then perhaps it might not be an unreasonable speculation that the "dip-down," the descent to earth, was for a single occasion only; but such a speculation is negatived by the extraordinary difference in the conditions into which individuals are born—some amid virtue and refinement, others amid vice and squalor, some to happiness others to misery, some to luxury

others to want, some to care and love others to cruelty and ill-treatment. Is there no cause for all this? Are the Love and Wisdom of the Supreme at fault? "Shall a man be more just than his Maker?" On the other hand, with the keys of Reincarnation and Karma in our hands, all falls into its place. Once more we breathe again: "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world." If we have all lived before many times upon this earth, then it does not take much faith to believe that these differences, which before seemed so cruel and unjust, are but the working of the "Good Law," which brings to every man according to his deeds; and, though we try to sympathise to the utmost with all who are at present unhappy, we need not assume that they are sinners beyond other men, for we know that each life is but a single day at school, and if "to-day" (this life) brings tears, "tomorrow" (next life) may bring sunshine. Further, an unhappy life, wisely and patiently endured, brings wisdom. That is always the result of Karma cheerfully endured; and even a bad life, if there has been some good mixed with the bad, as there nearly always is, is surely followed, after the temporary condition of purgatory, by the highest bliss of which the soul is capable at its present stage of evolution. Its power to enjoy is limited only by the size of its own cup, and in any case the soul is blissfully unconscious of any limitation to its happiness.

If reincarnation in some physical world is necessary for our further evolution, why not on this earth, and what greater difficulty would there be in our being born here on the next occasion than there was this time? We do, in fact, see people evolving and learning at every possible stage on this earth; what difficulty is there in believing that these differences are

largely due to the number of lives that each has had in the human kingdom—the number of days passed in the great school? It would be hard to frame any other explanation; but this is not all, for those who have developed the power to see on other planes, even as we ourselves see in the physical world, tell us that reincarnation is no theory but an obvious fact, for they see the souls at all stages on the way up and down. And the contradictions which sometimes reach us, through spiritualistic mediums, from the departed carry no weight, for the souls who utter them are in no better position than we are ourselves to know at first hand whether reincarnation is a fact, inasmuch as they cannot see or sense the souls who have already passed on into the heaven-world, much less know what will happen to them when their bliss in heaven comes to an end.

For lack of a knowledge of reincarnation, Christians have assumed that each soul is a new creation at birth, but is this really a philosophical theory? There is indeed such a thing as creation. Theosophy itself teaches it most fully, but not a creation out of nothing. The ancient maxim *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—"Nothing is made out of nothing"—is certainly sound, and is in no way contradicted by Theosophical teaching about creation. The worlds and all that is in them, on all planes, physical and superphysical, up to the highest of the three Nirvāṇic planes recognised in Theosophy, *are* deliberately created by the Blessed Trinity and their hosts of Agents, but out of subtler matter still, which antedates and survives the period of existence of a solar system, almost infinite as that period may appear to our limited powers of conception. One may say that

the lower planes which are comparatively temporary are, as it were, "unrolled" from or out of higher planes still. But this is all in reference to the Form side—to matter, of however high or subtle an order. What can be said of the Life, except that it shares—that all the innumerable life-centres which come into manifestation in a solar system share—the eternity of their source, the One Life,—from which they proceed, in which, in spite of this apparent "proceeding," they ever continue to inhere, to "live and move and have their being," and to which they eventually return, when the Supreme Being of the system withdraws all to Himself, that God may once more "be all in all"—until in due course, and at however distant a period, the innumerable lives shall again stream forth, in appearance, from the bosom of the Father, to begin their new day upon the ceaseless and endless "Wheel of Life". In the beautiful words of Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Song Celestial* (a metrical translation of that great Hindū Scripture, the immortal *Bhagavad-Gītā* or *The Lord's Song*):

Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be
never.

Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are
dreams.

Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the
spirit for ever.

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house
of it seems.

If, as Theosophy teaches, there is but One Life in existence, then must we all share the eternity of our origin, substance and final goal, and the great teaching of reincarnation shows us that death (as it appears to us) and immortality are in no way incompatible

or self-contradictory. To quote Sir Edwin Arnold again :

Nay but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
" These will I wear to-day,"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

This teaching about reincarnation is not expressly given, it is true, in the Christain Scriptures, or to be more precise, it is not insisted on, though it is more than implied in the Christ's saying about S. John the Baptist : " If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come " (Matthew, xi, 11) and again, in reference to the man which was blind from his birth : " Neither has this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him " (John, i, 9). This clearly shows that there is a possibility of a man's sinning before he is born, and it contradicts the current orthodox belief, that every soul is new-created at birth. It is, to say the least, perfectly consistent with, and strongly suggestive of, the idea of a previous birth or births.

On the other hand, the fact that these slight references to reincarnation are the only ones in the Christian Scriptures points to the probability of a statement which has been made, and which on other grounds is quite likely to be true, that, far from wishing to teach reincarnation, the Christ deliberately withdrew that teaching from the western world and from the religion which He founded, and that for the following reason. The central idea which He wished to give to the world was " Self-Sacrifice "—the note of true brotherhood—but for this the world was not yet ripe.

Before men could be built into a Brotherhood—before a Church could be formed, whose ordinary individual members (the rank and file, the ordinary communicants, and not merely the very exceptional saint) would be ready and willing to make practical sacrifice the leading note of their lives—before such a Church could be built, it was necessary to build the Brothers of whom it would be composed, and in His wisdom He saw that the best and quickest way of inducing men to make the necessary exertion for spiritual growth would be to withhold from them the knowledge that they had really many lives before them in which to evolve, and to leave them to conclude that their whole future depended upon the way in which the present life was led.

This was a strong measure and in one way nearly wrecked the civilisation for which the religion was intended—that of modern Europe—and probably contributed to bring about that long period of spiritual and intellectual gloom known as “the Dark Ages,” when, outside the walls of convent and monastery, might was the only recognised right and violence reigned supreme. For, without a knowledge of reincarnation, it is impossible logically to make sense or justice of the world, or to recognise the Wisdom and Love of the Supreme. Men are obviously born into sets of conditions which are extraordinarily different from one another. Some are born into comfort and abundance, others into want and misery; some into vicious surroundings, others into virtue, true religion, and refinement. Some are so situated that it is difficult for them from infancy to do right, while for others it would appear to be almost equally difficult not to be pious and virtuous. Now if, as is popularly supposed, they are new souls

created at birth and having no past behind them, what justice, to say nothing of love, can there be in treating various souls so differently, and how can this be reconciled with the goodness of God? In such circumstances the reason must be laid aside and the ways of the Supreme be accepted on faith as "a mystery"—a solution which is very apt to breed unbelief and discontent in thinking people, who are unable to accept on authority beliefs that seem contrary to common sense.

But humanity had to grow and this was the quickest way. To use a Masonic metaphor, the stone was being rough-hewed in the quarry—a process which requires very different methods from those that are afterwards used for smoothing and polishing the same stones when they are to be placed in position in the Temple of Humanity. Chips fly about in the quarry during rough-hewing, and a humanity that is in process of being built into Brothers needs in the first instance strength rather than refinement, a motive for exertion rather than more advanced teaching which it would as yet be unable to grasp. The individual must be spurred to exertion by the motive of "saving his own soul". "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matthew, viii, 36,7). It is by effort, by exertion of the will, that he must begin to realise the divinity of his own nature, and will thus become fit to be built, with his fellows, into a Brotherhood capable of understanding and practising the Divine Law of Self-Sacrifice. "All over the Masters' place is written the word 'Try'."

It is not an easy thing to "enter in at the strait gate," which of course refers neither to attainment of

heaven nor escape from hell, but simply to enter on the Path of Holiness. "Strive to enter in," says the Christ, "at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will strive to enter in and shall not be able" (Luke, xiii, 24). The passage certainly goes on to represent the Christ as saying that "the Master of the House" would address those who might fail "to enter in" as follows: "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets in *the kingdom of God*" (simply another phrase like "the strait gate" for the Path of Holiness or of Initiation) "and you yourselves thrust out". But it must be remembered that the Gospels do not profess to be authentic and verbatim accounts of the sayings and doings of the Christ. They are carefully described in the Bible itself as the Gospels *according to* S. Matthew, S. Mark, etc. The question in what spirit the Scriptures should be approached and studied will be considered later. For the present it is sufficient to note that the Christ is exhorting his hearers to strenuous endeavour. That was His immediate aim two thousand years ago—to develop strength in the individual souls, whom at His next Coming—the one now expected—he would build into a Brotherhood. He had first to "build the Brothers," and for that purpose He withdrew from the West all knowledge of reincarnation, although obscure traces of the teaching have been purposely left in the Scriptures, as in the statement about Elias and the story of the man that was born blind, in order to facilitate a restoration of the knowledge when the time should come.

Ernest Udny

(*To be concluded*)

THE ENEMY

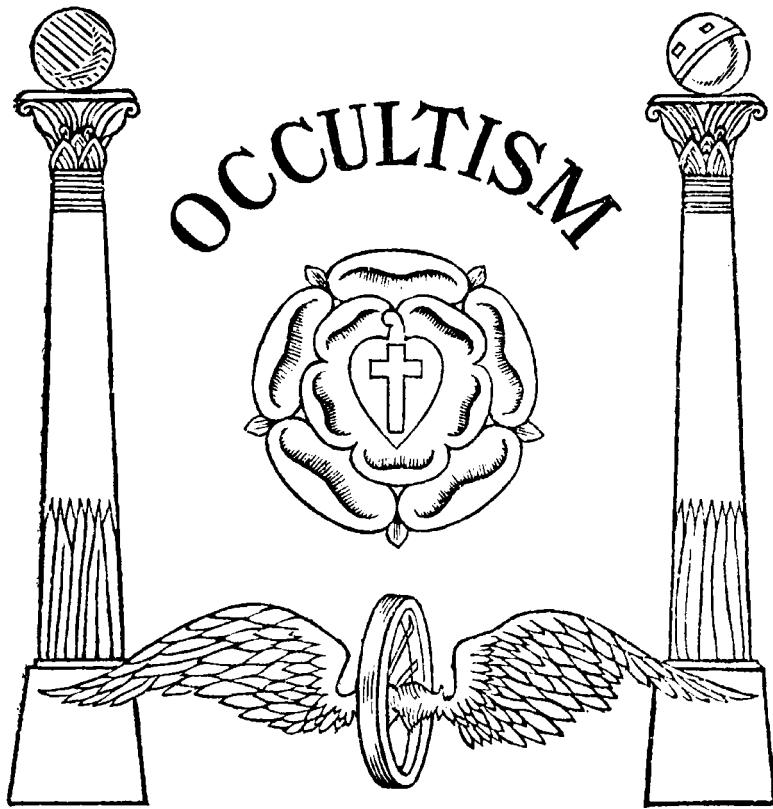
(From *The Smart Set*)

You shall not come between me and the light,
You shall not block the path my soul has set.
Though I must lift and bear you all the way,
Though I must seize and bind you to my side,
I'll wear you as the warrior wears his shield ;
You shall not come between me and the light.

As, at the last, my brother you shall be,
We shall go on together till the end.
Though you may strike, and, striking, see me fall,
Though you escape me for a certain space,
I shall arise and overtake your feet,
For at the last my brother you shall be.

All men are greater than the deeds they do.
My love is greater than your utmost hate. .
Though each may struggle in his separate cause,
Though we be blind to understand the fray,
We shall achieve our brotherhood at last,
For men are greater than the deeds men do.

LOUISE FLETCHER PARKINGTON



OCCULT GUIDANCE IN THEOSOPHICAL WORK

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (CANTAB.)

MANY E. S. members rightly enough recognise that the counsels of the Head of the E. S. with reference to T. S. affairs should be scrupulously followed ; they not infrequently ask for "orders," without realising that there are times when that Head, by the very nature of the situation, cannot give any advice at all. Members are brought together in this incarnation into the T. S. to work for a common purpose ; but they do

not now meet as strangers. They have lived in association for several lives, and have behind them kārmic links, both agreeable and disagreeable, made in all sorts of relations, such as parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, friends, and workers, in commercial and philanthropic and occult undertakings. The kārmic account is therefore mixed, and our present friends and co-workers owe us sympathy, charity, patience and opportunity, just as much as we owe them the same in return. But wherein we differ from ordinary people is this, that our kārmic adjustments to each other take place while we are busy in an occult work, and with reference to that work.

When, then, we come as co-workers and are united in a common work, items of karma between us as individuals reassert themselves, bringing both friendship and collaboration as well as strife and opposition. Furthermore, if the Lords of Karma required those items of karma to be worked out between us in this life, they would be worked out, even if we were not united as now in an occult work, in some other way, such as in business relations, through literary and other organisations we might be members of, and so on. The principal point to remember is that where kārmic adjustment is inevitable, the Lords of Karma bring out the greatest possible result in experience and capacity for the individuals affected; and where this adjustment can be utilised to train the kārmic recipients for greater efficiency in occultism, the Lords naturally use that opportunity.

Those of us who are aspirants in the service of the Masters must therefore realise that continually personal karmas are put into operation, the relation of which to

the occult work is indirect ; when strife and opposition arise, we must be careful to note how much a "principle" is at stake, and how much it is really a matter of the personal karmas of past lives. Here the path is "narrow as a razor's edge" for all of us who in this epoch are sent out to service ; for we are bound by our highest duty to bring the greatest good as the result of our output of energy, and yet at the same time we cannot be utterly certain whether our particular ideas for bringing about that greatest good are the wisest and most efficient to meet the needs of the situation.

Now when strife arises, there is one fact that we must strenuously keep before our vision, and that is that the Masters are fully aware, even to the least little detail, of all that is happening, and that They are at the helm even of local affairs, and will see to it that Their will is done. There may be a little delay here or there, but Their will is irresistible, and whatsoever They have planned with reference to a particular country, that inevitably shall be done. We humble individuals must therefore remember that much as we can help to bring sooner to realisation Their plans, we *cannot* hinder that realisation, though there may be a little delay because of our opposition. And equally this fact holds good with reference to those others who are opposed to us ; they too, however strong, cannot bring to ruin the Master's work, though they may seem to do so for the time. A striking instance of this was in 1906, when the Executive Committee of the American Section forced the late President-Founder to expel the present writer from the Theosophical Society, and the whole Section was for a time swung in a direction contrary

to the welfare of the great work. The Masters knew, and bided Their time; and when the karmas of the various individuals came to a new conjunction, They utilised those karmas to have the work re-established on Their foundation.

When the difficulties arise in a country, as to the better way of doing the work of the Masters, members must be careful to see that their kârmic debts and credits with reference to each other do not make them exaggerate the situation ; there are occasions when they are apt to think that they must "save the situation," and that a principle is at stake, when in reality it is nothing of the sort, but is merely a minor matter of efficiency. But the difficulty is to know at the time that it is *not* a matter of principle. Is it possible to gain this necessary knowledge, at a crisis ?

I think it is possible, if we do not forget what we are. First and foremost, we are fellow-servants of the Masters, and as one in our desire to do Their work, we are linked together in mystic ways. We help or hinder each other profoundly by all that we think of each other ; the least lack of charity towards a fellow-worker, or the faintest tinge of hostility, reacts *on us*, and thenceforth we view all that the other does through a distorting medium. If we let our hostility be fed daily by our criticisms and dislikes, we slowly wrap ourselves in a refracting mâyâ, and "all we have the wit to see is a straight staff bent in a pool".

But we are still human, and likes and dislikes are yet part and parcel of our evolutionary equipment ; nevertheless we must be daily purified from the glamour caused by our imperfections, if we are to do the Master's work well. Therefore it is that daily we should come to

Him in humility, "with a broken and contrite heart," stript of all our opinions, beliefs, convictions and principles, offering ourselves, in our integrity, that His will may be done. We are apt in our daily meditations to offer the Master less ourselves and more our possessions ; we dwell more on what we mean to do in His name than on what we mean to be, as a mirror of His strength, grace, and love. There is many an aspirant, "who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life ". We are not so much the artist " who works for the love of his work," as individuals who are somewhat too self-conscious that we are serving the Masters, and convinced that our way must be right because our aspiration is, to ourselves, pure. To free ourselves from all these glammers we must train ourselves to renounce ourselves, when even in thought we approach the Master ; we must be before Him pure in our nakedness of desirelessness, desiring nothing, hoping for nothing, flaming in joyous offering, happy as is a flower when the clouds disperse and the sun shines, knowing only this and rejoicing in it, that, "in the light of His holy Presence, all desire dies, but the desire to be like Him ".

Furthermore we must remember that we are all as one family, and that what conduces to growth is more the sense of general well-being of all of the family, than the individual brilliance of any particular member. We must above all retain the feeling of home-life—that sense that we are affectionately ready to protect the weaker and share his burden, and that from the

members of our home we shall receive understanding and sympathy. There is no sacrifice of self that is not worth the making, to retain in our midst this sense of home, as we work for the Masters ; They would have us far more be little loving patient children doing less effective work *together*, than a few brilliant individuals forcing an unwilling band to do more efficient work. For in the latter case, the work done may seem more efficient, for the time ; but in the larger vision it is seen to be less so than the mediocre work of the united and loving many. To the *home* the Master comes joyfully ; to the wrangling mart, where the trafficking may even be His business, He comes not at all.

There is a further fact we workers must keep in mind, and that is that when our karma puts us into a particular post, it does not follow that the Masters want us in that post all the time. It is so easy to feel that we are indispensable, because we are the most efficient to be found ; but in this particular work of ours Egos are coming into it year by year, and we must be ready to hand over the work to others, to whom karma gives that privilege. Here too the path of action is hard to tread, for could we but know who is our heaven-sent successor we would joyfully give our work over to him ; nevertheless, while we lack the necessary revelation, we must do this much on our part, that we do not cling to our work as though no one else could do it so well.

Yet another essential thing we must not forget, in the midst of our rivalries, is not to attribute motives. This perhaps is the hardest thing of all, when our feelings are stirred up and we heartily disapprove of our opponent's actions ; it is as if that person were a troublesome question ever confronting us, unless we

explain what his motive is, and so explain him away and find a self-sufficient peace. It is our innate weakness that makes us search for motives in another's actions; we have not yet learned really to think without an admixture of feeling; for could we think as we should, that is impersonally, then we would know that "intelligence is impartial: no man is your enemy, no man is your friend. All alike are your teachers." Unfortunately at our present stage we want less to be learners than teachers; hence our propensity instantly to seize upon a motive in order to understand another's action. But it is the duty of the occultist to consider people and their actions impersonally, sorting out the facts from the hearsay, and, observing the facts and the facts only, not to attribute any motive but the best; and if he cannot attribute a kindly motive, then to take the action at its face value only, as one more item in a mystery awaiting solution. There is little doubt that if we were literally to put into practice what the Master K. H. has said, "Your thought about others must be true; you must not think about them what you do not *know*," the minds of many of us would be a blank most hours of the day; happily however for the aspirant, if he will make his mind blank in this fashion, thoughts worth the thinking will visit him more and more. Most of us view the deep realities of life as through a glass darkly, simply because we have not yet learnt the rudiments of real thinking; no aspirant in the service of the Master need ever hesitate as to what to think about the needs of His work, if in the past, specially about people, he has thought only what he knew about them. It is our injustice to them that reacts on us and clouds our vision in a crisis; let us but kill out the instinct in us of

attributing motives and we shall find that slowly our vision clears.

These then are some general thoughts as to our attitude to the work and to our co-workers. But while this is our spirit of work as E. S. members, we must see to it that the larger Theosophical Society is given its constitutional liberty of action. Every member of the Society has a right to control its destinies, whether he is in the E. S. or not; and we who are in the E. S. must specially see that the right to direct the affairs of the Society that an ordinary T. S. member has is not infringed by us because of our esoteric convictions. But while we give the T. S. member who is not in the E. S. his right, we ourselves can exercise a similar right, and we can exercise our esoteric convictions through the right we too possess as members of the Theosophical Society. The E. S., *as an organised body*, must not sway the deliberations of the Society; but as E. S. members, and as more clear-seeing than non-E. S. members, we must throw into those deliberations the full weight of authority that the Sectional or General Constitution allows. But in working in the outer organisations, we must adopt only such methods as are permitted or implied in the Constitutions. We must be law-abiding, in the truest sense of the term; but, within the law, we must use all the privileges that the law allows to fulfil our duty to what we believe to be the best welfare of the Society.

When, then, in a Section's affairs, for instance, difficulties arise, it is little use asking for orders from the Head of the E. S., *as Head*, to guide the affairs of the outer organisation. Were she to give such an order, she would infringe the neutrality as between

contending parties that she must preserve as President of the T. S.; at most, in Sectional crises, she might advise, but never order. And occasions arise when she cannot even advise.

These latter occasions are when the crisis involves no real principle at stake (however much that may seem to be the case to the individual litigants), but merely individual karmas are brought to a conjunction. In such cases, frankly, it little matters who wins the day, so far as the general results for the great work are concerned; for all the litigants are devoted to the work, and whoever gets the special opportunities of service may be relied upon to do his best. What is important to the welfare of the T. S., is not that a particular individual or party should win, but that in the competitions and strifes of all the parties they should have "played the game". There are certain rules of honourable conduct in competitions and elections, and we must not infringe a single one of them, even to "do God service". It little matters that we have lost the day, so long as we have "played the game"; if we really deserve the privilege of winning, the opportunity will still come, if we work to that end after our defeat. In the outer work, then, we can organise ourselves into parties and play the party game; but we must be ideal there in our methods, as if the Masters were watching—as They do—how we play.

Some of us who are dedicated to the work of the Masters are apt to forget that, far more important than the success of any particular piece of work given us to do, is the preservation by us of the feeling of friendliness for, and readiness to work again with, those who are our opponents. So long as we preserve this

fundamental key-note of our work, the Masters will guide our actions to success—if success is Their immediate necessity ; if They but give us defeat—then, Their will be done. For in the present Theosophical organisation, we are but rehearsing the greater deeds of the future ; ages hence lies our true work, and our present partnerships are not finalities in themselves, but merely modes of learning lessons of co-operation for future service. If therefore now we must be divided into this party and that, we must take care to carry on our party work so that our fundamental sense of brotherhood is not impaired. Our attitude must be that of true sportsmen, who are less intent on being the winners as being proven the better side at the game. It is the custom in English football matches between teams representing the great clubs for the defeated team—whether the home team or the visitors—to give at the end of the game three cheers for the winners ; and the winners in graceful courtesy give three cheers in return for the losers. Much as during the game the competitive spirit has been at full blast, the players do not forget that it is a game as between gentlemen and not cads ; and if the better side has won, there is no carping or belittling of their prowess, but only a determination to meet again “to play the game”.

So must it be in our Theosophical disputes, where sometimes more feeling is generated than can be reasonably accounted for ; if we are the losers, we must be ready, so far as lies in our ability, to co-operate with the winners to keep the work going, while we continue in our determination to work also for a reversal of the policies of the winners. Our sense of loyalty to

the work demands that we stand by our convictions; but we must at the same time recognise that more important than our convictions is the helping of men to know Theosophy. If while we stand by our convictions, we refuse co-operation in the larger work, and thereby one single individual loses his opportunity of knowing of Theosophy, we have distinctly *not* played the game, and have ill-served the work, for the welfare of which we have been quarrelling. Time enough to prove whose convictions are just, *after* we give the light of Theosophy to those in darkness who are seeking comfort and consolation.

A Theosophical worker who understands these principles of work scarce need ask for occult guidance with reference to his work for the Masters. He knows how They would have him work, and that more precious to Them than his success or failure is that his heart should be "clean utterly". He is therefore neither elated by success nor depressed by failure. Those of us who in the past have been full of doubt as to the better action, and had no occult guidance, but did our best in the spirit of the humble worker, can testify that when we laid at Their feet either our success or our failure, They smiled in benediction. For success or failure in Their work depends on our ability, on our karma, and on the play of the larger forces that affect humanity; but past success or failure, as we judge both, this is what we must deserve—to be greeted by Them, when we come with our offering:

Weil done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

C. Jinarajadasa

A PLAIN WOMAN

By MAI LOCKE

MARY TEMPLE was a very plain woman, and an exceptionally nice one. She was painfully conscious of the first, and blindly oblivious of the second. For nearly twenty long dull years she had worked for her living. The work had sometimes been very hard, it had always been dull and monotonous. She had been either a nursery governess to uninteresting children, or companion to some elderly relative—a post taken for a home, where she had been generally snubbed or patronised, or made to realise how physically unfit she was for hard work. She had lain awake many a night wondering in nervous dread what would become of her if she got ill, if she lost her post, and even, when she was considered too old and could not obtain another. Then her great good fortune had come.

Aunt Sarah had never seemed fond of her though she had made use of her for over six years. All the old lady's nearer relations had refused to share the gloomy house in the dull London Square and she would have died there alone, had not Mary nursed her faithfully through her last illness, not even getting a kind word, not a smile, at the end. After the funeral Mary found herself possessed of what seemed to her untold riches. Five hundred a year opened the door to

a world she had only dreamed of. Now she had the power to help, to give, for her own comforts never occurred to her as necessary to her happiness.

“I need never teach children any more: ‘One, two, three; play it more slowly, try it again.’ That is finished. I am free. I will hear the best music London can give me later. Dear Aunt Sarah, I wish you knew how happy I am. I expect you do know. I shall have time to write that melody that has been in my heart for years, that has perhaps burnt out the hungering starving soul of me. I shall get it published.”

She remembered that Mark Goring had once said to her (while he had been teaching the elder sister of one of her many little pupils): “If you ever feel like writing any music, Miss Temple, let me know. You improvise so well, why not turn it to account? I may be able to help you.” No man had ever taken any interest in her before. She remembered now how more than grateful she had felt to him, and how abruptly she had answered. “Thanks, but I have no time.” Every hour in the poor little governess’s day had its regular work, and at night she was too tired to write and too bitter to endure the constant reiteration of thoughts that banished sleep. Everything was changed. “I will write to Mr Goring, I will ask him to come and see me. I can take lessons from him, it will help me and I feel sure he needs more work than he gets in this cruel London.” He had sent her seats occasionally for concerts; he knew she loved music and had little pleasure in life.

“Now it’s my turn, I will be kind to him,” thought Mary. “He is worth something so much better than

the everlasting grind of teaching. He only needs a chance to be heard, he plays so well."

She wrote a graceful little note asking him if he could spare time to give her a few lessons. She would like two lessons a week at a guinea a lesson. She knew he charged much less, so fixed her own fee.

The tall sad-looking man, whose white hair contrasted oddly with his clean-shaven boyish face, came Mondays and Thursdays regularly, for six weeks.

"I've found a friend whose interests blend with mine at last," she said to herself, as she tried a new way of doing her hair before her mirror one Monday morning. She decided black must suit her better, soft, good black, better far than the masculine shirt collar and tie of the Mary Temple of other days.

"I'm getting foolish in my old age," she said, colouring. She had been so accustomed to have people dependent on her that she thought she was quite old. One must have happiness to keep young—Mary had never known any. As she dressed this particular May morning, she faced the fact: "I love him. I will be all the help I can to him always. Will he let me?" He was waiting for her in the stiff prim drawing-room. He sprang up as she entered and took both her hands. Impulsively she broke an unbearable silence.

"You have inspired me, you make me long to work, to give the world something really good," she spoke at random to hide her nervousness.

"I understand," he said quietly, "I know, I know so well. I have brought you a little poem. A man I know wants it set to music for a song. I wonder if you could do anything with it?"

“Read it and tell me what you think of it”—she glanced through the first lines.

“When all my world is blind with sleep
And birds are silent in the trees
Around the house winds whispering creep
And rustle in the rising breeze,”

He smiled into her eyes.

“It makes me remember the nights I could not sleep just before Aunt Sarah died. Let me read the rest later. I think I can enter into the spirit of what your friend means if it is to express a restless aching longing.”

There was a great tenderness in his eyes when they rested on her. He looked ill and tired. She noticed it, but did not worry him with questions. He lingered with her long after the cosy afternoon tea was finished. When he rose to leave, Mary said: “Let me play you this, my one and only composition.” She played a soft sad air ending in a minor key.

“Just a simple haunting refrain, nothing much in it, but it would catch on,” said the man to himself.

“Shall I write it down for you?” he said kindly. “Play it again and let me see what I can do about the business of publication.”

“Is it good enough?”

“I think so.”

“Thank you so much. Must you go?” He did not answer. Their long sympathetic silence had proved to Mary what good friends they were. They stood for some minutes without speaking.

“Will you come to-morrow?” said Mary at last.

“I don’t know,” he replied, “perhaps. Anyhow, I will write. Good-bye.”

And he was gone.

After Mark Goring had left, Mary sat in the fast darkening sitting-room trying to think. Her brain seemed paralysed. She could only feel. And the feeling was something between agony and the purest joy.

He loved her, yet he had not told her so. If life could be ever like that. No words were wanted. She knew he loved her.

He did not come the usual day in the next week. He wired an excuse. Then he wrote her a long letter : business he could not explain to her for the moment would take him to Germany for some weeks ; he would write again.

Each morning she looked for his letter. Each night before she slept she said : "It will come to-morrow." Eight weary weeks of waiting went slowly by. She had no address to write to and no letter came from Germany. A girl she had cared for very dearly, because she had been kind to her in those sad days of her working years, wrote from her home in India :

DEAREST MARY,

I am so glad you are comfy at last. Now you must come to stop at cold weather with me. Frank is away so much, I am often lonely and long for a real friend. Cable when you will come. Leave London and the winter fogs for a time. Come and cheer your old friend and chum,

MOLLIE

"I will wait for another week and then, if he does not write, I will go to Mollie for a few months; with her I shall drown this restless misery and longing. I can bear it no longer. It is making me ill. Why did I expect so much more than I deserve? I am old enough

to realise this world is not meant to be only a garden of pleasure."

The letter did not come and ten days later Mary sailed for India. To the casual observer she had changed but little in the three months which lay between her present independence and her former life of toil to keep a roof over her head. Outwardly she was the same serious, silent-looking woman; only the eyes of love and friendship would have detected the spirit of unrest which lay in the dark grey eyes; the lines of weariness about the mouth, and the few threads of silver beginning to streak the dark brown hair.

* * * * *

It was evening six months later. The damp heat of the rice fields and jungle that nearly surrounded Captain Desmond's bungalow, had been too much for Mary. She had taken malaria badly almost as soon as she had arrived, the fever fiend had seized her; run down and weak, she was an easy prey. She had been obliged to give herself up entirely to Mollie Desmond's careful nursing.

"You know darling," said Mrs. Desmond, "you are worrying. I have seen it all the time you have been here."

Mary made a faint gesture of assent, and smiled very sadly as Mollie settled her pillows more comfortably and placed a cool drink on the table by her side. The younger woman stroked her hair gently: "Tell me all about him?"

"How do you know there is a 'him'?"

"There is always a man to account for a woman looking as you look now, my Mary. You don't try to get well. You don't seem to care."

“I cannot tell you yet, Mollie. Some day, perhaps. Not now, I am tired.”

Mollie tapped her little French shoe impatiently on the matting. Her pretty brows frowned angrily. “He must be a brute,” she mused. “She is one of the best women in the world and she seems to be waiting for something that never comes. Her money could not bring her health. She had worn herself out for others too long and she does not get happiness either. Frank is certain she is fretting about some worthless fellow,” and the bright little bride sighed. She had meant this visit to the East to do grand things for Mary Temple. The doctor sahib seemed so much interested in their visitor. He was a dear and so kind. It would be so suitable too. He had been a widower three years now. Mollie had fixed it all in her quick impulsive way. Her big jolly husband had pinched her cheek and laughed at her: “You may be able to manage old Wetherby, my child; he wants a wife and would never have time to find one unless you helped him; but Miss Temple has left her heart in good old England. She won’t fall in with your plans.”

That night Mary was worse. With wild frightened eyes, Mollie rushed to her husband on the verandah. “Go at once, she is much worse, she does not know me. I am frightened to take her temperature. Tell Dr. Wetherby we can put him up for the night, he must come. Call the bearer, tell the sais to saddle Firefly.”

“All right, old girl. I’ll catch him; even if he is at his everlasting bridge, he’ll come.”

For two days and two nights the delirium lasted. Mary’s temperature rose to over a hundred and five, she rambled continually of her song, “melody the wind sings

at night, Mark, the letter, why does not his letter come? Oh, why doesn't it come?" Her little secret was soon known to the doctor and Mollie, and they exchanged grave looks.

"There is a letter for her sent on by the caretaker of her house in London. It is certainly in a man's handwriting. When she is normal, will it hurt her to read it to her?" asked Mollie, sobs choking her as she discussed her friend aside with the doctor who shook his head.

"Nothing can make much difference now. Her heart is weak, she has no vitality left and she has not the strength to make the effort to live—I should think that woman has suffered in silence for years."

"You don't mean, you can't mean she is dying?"

"Hush! her temperature has dropped at last."

"Look, she is trying to speak."

"Did I hear you say a letter had come for me Mollie? Would you read it to me, dear? I have been dreaming. There are roses growing by the wayside, in England, but no lovers wander hand in hand—only lovely women with sad eyes. After all I am glad to go. . . Mollie, I am horribly weak." Her thin white fingers plucked the sheet: "Read it, dear, please."

Mollie fetched the long-looked-for letter, broke the seal and drew out the thin sheets of foreign note paper. She ran her eye down the first page—"Merciful Heaven! I can never tell her this"—for the letter ran:

DEAREST—

I could not write before. I felt I had treated you so badly. My only excuse is, I loved you. I loved you, so—I was a coward. I saw you cared for me, and never had the courage to tell you I was married. I was only a boy at the time—we had lived apart for years—she wrote to me for money because she was ill. Mary, I sold your song, I made money on it to save my wife's life. It would have been

easier to have let her die alone, but I felt you would have wished her to have the things that meant health to her. Forgive me, dear, and good-bye,

MARK

“My dear, I will read it to you. Can you hear?” There was a childish quiver in the sweet voice as Mollie turned towards the bed.

The Doctor had left them. “Read it, yes. It is too late for anything to matter much now, but it is my first love letter, and Mollie, it will be my last. Don’t grieve, dear; I was never strong, I knew years ago there was something very wrong. It is better like this. Tell me he loved me, and wanted me for his wife—I have left him all I had, even my little song, ‘The Wind Melody’.”

Mollie’s white fingers shook as she spread out the letter on her knee. “I can’t see the writing. What does it matter? I can’t break her heart,” she thought, “and she shall be happy if it costs me a lie to give her joy—poor patient angel. I know how Frank wrote to me—the memory of his dear letters shall make the end easier for Mary, my best friend.” With an effort she said aloud.

He writes :

Dearest, I love you, you knew I loved you.

A movement from the bed made her look up. A happy smile transfigured the thin plain face of Mary Temple. She looked almost beautiful. She raised herself slowly in the bed.

“He loved me, he was true, he would have come for me, at last. Finish it quickly dear. It will soon be dark and I am so tired.”

Mollie went on softly :

Your song sold, it realised quite a good sum. I managed all that for you. I shall bring the song and hear you say you love me and will be my wife. Mary you know all I cannot write. Three words are enough—"I love you".

Till we meet,

MARK

Mollie prayed silently for strength. She sat for a few seconds with closed eyes. Why had she done this thing? It was all a lie. If by a miracle Mary got well, would she forgive her? She must break the news of the letter later. Mary was brave, she would forgive, she would understand.

"Come with me, child," said Frank's voice close to her.

"Frank, I must tell her the truth."

"No need, darling, she knows everything. She is gone." Looking like a tired child asleep, the plain woman had died happier than she had lived.

Mai Locke

A FANTASY

By D. M. C.

THE breath of Nature lay like the cool fresh hands of my Beloved upon my brow. My heart was quiet with a tender melancholy as of the fallen leaf, with a stillness as of the tranquil river that glimmered through the thinning foliage as the sun through eyelashes that are half cast down. Light radiant above and below, yet without heat. Thus also my heart was. I closed my eyes and slept. Then, down the wide roadway of the river came dancing a sweet Spirit, a joyous Spirit, singing with the voice of clouds and winds, full of the light of many stars; and while he danced upon the ripples of the water, he sang thus :

A thousand voices are Nature's,
Drawn from the throat of the forest,
Breathed by a myriad creatures,
Woo'd from the heart of the river,
Caught from the brook that hides
Where the grasses stoop and quiver,
When the breeze their necks bestrides
And catches their manes in his fingers,
When the tired sad daylight lingers,
Or night in her moon-car rides.

Yet Nature's thousand voices
Are heard in my heart as one,
The world in me rejoices,
I echo the laugh of the sun ;

And the stars throw into the water,
 Into the pool of my soul,
 Ripples of running laughter.

Nature ! I challenge with mirth
 All the beings of earth.
 Scan the earth with thine eye,
 Delve in the depths of the sky,
 Hast thou another as I
 So glad of life immortal,
 Nor ever yearned to die ?
 Is there a god or mortal,
 On either side death's portal,
 Who liveth so much as I ?

Then I sprang to my feet and ran towards him.
 "Glad Spirit," I cried, "I take up thy challenge.
 Lend hither thy lute." My fingers paused upon the
 strings and it seemed the wild impulse of song rushed
 through my being, as though many nightingales
 troubled my heart with their plaint, and I could not
 be silent. Song leaped from my throat as the waterfall
 from the side of the wooded hill, and I sang :

Thou that bestridest the wind-wings wild,
 Hast ridden the steed of a human heart ?
 Hast seen the deep midnight in human eyes,
 Or torn Life's blossom and stem apart,
 Or heard the stars laugh in the voice of a child,
 Or the soul's thunders roll in dream-dark
 skies ?

My heart went crashing with thunderous hoof
 Down the ravines of the Sorrowful Way ;
 I clomb sad heights, and lived aloof,
 Fearing the ardours of passionate day ;
 I wandered into the valley of Pain,
 And heard a thousand tortured cries,
 Hot anger swelled in every vein,
 God was a Fiend with mocking eyes !

Then my heart leaped as the joyful spray
 Leaps out of the ocean's sorrowing surf,
 Like a strong-limbed steed with echoing neigh,
 That senses the dewy slope of the turf,
 It sensed the dew-beladen slope
 Of the Freedom of Man, Freedom divine—
 The world was strong with the mountains of
 Hope,
 Life was watered with rivers of wine!
 Under the pall of woe an Angel slept—
 Ah! Dare they sing of joy who have not wept?

Ay! God is Love—God hates, God lies,
 Murders, tortures, imprisons, and murdered,
 Tortured, imprisoned, utters cries;
 God thirsts, and hungers. God is dead.
 But God is Love and casts aside the pall,
 Love rises from the tomb to conquer all.
 Brave Spirit! Thou wast too valiantly
 ungloved—
 Durst thou to sing of joy—who hast not
 loved?

The Spirit looked wonderingly at me and took back pensively his lute. "There are gods on earth," he said, "who sing a strange song. I understand not their song. Farewell." Then dancing with a fairy foot upon the brightest ripples, he sped again up the roadway of the river, carolling in his wild and joyous fashion; and I awoke.

D. M. C.



CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

All the Theosophists who have read with gratefulness and joy the words of Mrs. Besant concerning the War, in the November Number of THE THEOSOPHIST, cannot but repel indignantly the words of rebuke used by Mr. Prentice in the March number of the same.

I don't know if Mr. Prentice is the obscure Theosophist he professes to have been for ten years; all I know is that, using the words he uses, comparing as he does with Judas Iscariot a white-haired lady who has been for years his spiritual teacher, Mr. Prentice proves to be a rather bad apprentice in matters of good taste, politeness and respect.

But leaving aside that not unimportant question of form, it is easy to see that Mr. Prentice errs completely in the substance of his objections.

Without any doubt, Theosophy must be in essence a pure spiritual teaching, which remains open, as well to the children of Rhineland as to any other nation. That point was not put in question in the article of Mrs. Besant alluded to. The all-important truth is that:

First, Germany having violated the neutrality of a country which she had promised to respect and defend, has thus violated at the same time a solemn pledge, a word of honour; Germany has then bled, plundered, ransacked poor Belgium, and at last has slandered it, in order to excuse her atrocities. In doing this, Germany has not only sinned against humanity, but, what is worse, has thus put in question all the principles, and caused many people to doubt in the reality of those abstractions which we Theosophists consider as most real—Right, Honour, Sense of Unity; and for that reason, should Germany

obtain by such forfeitures and such means the supremacy she aims at, her victory would be tantamount to the delaying for a century of all spiritual evolution. We have thus to do here, not only with the struggle of two groups of nations, but with the conflict of two conceptions of Life: Progression and Regression—with the antagonism of two principles: Supremacy based on Fear, against the Authority coming from Love.

Secondly, Mr. Prentice asks us to let the Guardians of Humanity bring the best results out of those most evil causes. But he does not know the French sentence: "*Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*"; he forgets that by refusing to remain mere apathetic spectators, by being willing to take an active part in the great cosmic drama now a-playing, we can forward the realisation of the plans of those great Guardians.

Rightly then, indeed, has Mrs. Besant entreated all Theosophists to stand for Right against blind Might; justly does she wish for the crushing of German militarism which, after her own words, shall free the German people and usher in the reign of Peace.

Doing this, we comply with the teachings of impersonal fighting given to us by the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. We have no hatred against Germany; we wish her to find herself again, to be again the Germany of Leibnitz, the Monadologist, of Boehme, the apostle of tolerance, of Kant, who wrote on the Eternal Peace.

And you, Mr. Prentice, who remember so well the Holy Scriptures in order to rebuke and condemn, do not forget another part of them, a sentence in S. Paul's First Epistle to the Romans:

"Who art thou, that judgest another man's servant?"

GASTON POLAK,

General Secretary of the T. S. in Belgium

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

If Mr. Prentice was "shocked and outraged" by the editorial observations on the War in the Watch-Tower Notes for November, we Australians have greater cause to be

shocked and outraged by his letter in your March issue, the tone of which is presumptuous and discourteous. That it does not reflect the feeling of members of the Australian Section, either as to the truth of his statements or his disloyalty to yourself as President of the Theosophical Society, is fully attested by the resolution of loyalty adopted by the Easter Convention of the Australian Section just concluded in Melbourne, reading as follows :

The Australian Section of the Theosophical Society, in Convention assembled, very cordially conveys to its esteemed President this assurance of its implicit confidence and love, and its sincere prayer that the power and blessing of the Great Ones who guide our movement may long continue to manifest through her.

Without a dissentient the resolution was carried, the delegates standing to affirm their loyalty. New South Wales submitted the resolution ; Victoria seconded : Queensland, in the words of the Brisbane President, was "solid to a man in its loyalty to Mrs. Besant" : South Australia declared that "dissentient voices were only as bubbles on the stream of the strong tide of loyalty that flowed from Australia to the President of the Society" : Western Australia and Tasmania were equally pronounced. So that all the States of the Australian Commonwealth voted solid for the resolution, even Mr. Prentice "as a delegate" affirming it, "whatever his private opinions might be". One lady who had heard Mrs. Besant speak in the Hall of Science, London, in Charles Bradlaugh's day, expressed the supremest admiration for Mrs. Besant, and her "disgust" with the letter, but beyond that the general feeling was one of positive declaration of confidence in the President of the T. S., rather than denunciation of any critic, thereby preserving the element of harmony in which the Congress had commenced.

Doubtless Mr. Prentice has given of his best, as he claims, to teach Theosophy. But when he protests that he is "loyal to the core," and in the next breath ushers yourself into an unholy trinity with the German Emperor and Judas Iscariot ; when he admits the truth of your teaching that War is a factor in the evolution of the human race, and then accuses you of inflaming the passions and stirring up hatred, strife and anger ; when he expresses his "infinite regret" that you should have "imperilled and belittled the T. S.," and dragged it into the "dust of conflict," to say nothing of his

absurd and insulting references to Limehouse and Billingsgate language—then it is time to launch a counter protest. Mr. Prentice's bombastic presumption of having to "provide for success of the arms of my people" appears hardly less falsely prophetic than the reproach that you should have betrayed the Son of Man.

Obviously Mr. Prentice's letter is misconceived. Admittedly he is entitled to his own point of view, though I sincerely trust he will change it. The common courtesy and amenities of life, however, demand that when a member of the T. S. addresses the President, who is a lady, he should be a gentleman, and secondly, that he should tell the truth.

Adelaide

J. L. DAVIDGE

TO J. M. M. PRENTICE

When I read your very unseemly outburst in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST, I could but wonder whether after your "ten years" of spreading the message of Theosophy you had not better turn your thoughts for another ten years to the study of your own character! Where is your charity?

You quote the sayings of the Christ and infer that our President (also the German Emperor) has like Judas Iscariot betrayed Him. Let me draw your attention to another saying of the Master's: *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* Who are you that you should judge a woman who by her life has shown her devotion to the ideal of Right as against Wrong, and has given that life to the helping of the world?

It is true that some of our President's opinions may not be ours, but are we to have no freedom of thought? We do not all agree even on questions of Right and Wrong. Many who read the November THEOSOPHIST may have considered what you term a message of "hatred and war" to have been a just condemnation of past events!

Why must *your* opinion be the right one?

Do not think that I am taking up the cudgels as a personal friend of Mrs. Besant's—no, I have but spoken to her once; I am standing up for the woman whose devotion to the good of mankind is beyond dispute.

You say her language was “but little removed from Billingsgate” and yet I consider it temperate compared with yours.

I am ashamed to think that anyone who has *spread the message of Theosophy not without some measure of success* should in ten years profit so little by its teachings.

E. C. COOKE-YARBOROUGH, F.T.S.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE THEOSOPHIST”

In recent numbers of THE THEOSOPHIST and *The Adyar Bulletin* there appear articles of prominence by the President of the Theosophical Society, flaying America in most intemperate language for remaining neutral during the present War that is in progress in Europe.

Now as a member of the Society, and a subscriber to and reader of the above papers, I should like to know whether these opinions voiced by the President in the official organs of the Society are to be understood as official utterances of the Theosophical Society, or simply as the opinions of an individual.

In other words, has the Theosophical Society definitely entered politics as part of the British War propaganda, and if so, by what warrant and under what clause of the Society's Constitution, and have the 4,000 or more American members of the Society been consulted?

Or is it that the British head of the Society is airing her disappointment that America declines to be made use of to pull any chestnuts out of the fire? In the latter case, while it may be disgruntling to the British temperament to have a war on one's hands and see another country free from war, still, the more dignified and sportsmanlike attitude would be to stop writhing and anathematizing and just “grin and bear it”.

“Ye're makin' an awful poor appearance, Aadam.”

MARY V. JONES

A QUESTION

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Will you or any of your learned readers be pleased to enlighten me whether the Palni Hill—the abode of Shri Subrahmanya (Sanaṭ Kumāra)—with its innumerable steps of the slow winding ascent, with eighteen stages and with many a bypath or short-cut to reach the gate of the Holy Temple, has any particular significance? Does it demonstrate the immeasurable distance through which the Soul has to pass gradually in its evolutionary ascent before it reaches the gate of the Outer Court of the Golden Temple where the Lord of the Universe shines with effulgent radiance?

I shall be much obliged if any one will kindly inform me whether my conjecture is correct, and, if not, to explain why the path to the Temple is constructed in flights of steps with eighteen stages.

Arukutty

S. M.

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REVIEWS

The Religious Philosophy of Rudolf Eucken, by the Rev. W. Stuart Macgowan, M.A., LL.D. (David Nutt, London. Price 2s. net.)

This little volume gives a brief, lucid exposition of Eucken's philosophy, so far as it deals with his views on religion. The author has been struck with the value of his teachings as an aid to a rational understanding of the Christian Religion which has suffered so much at the hands of unphilosophical, dogmatic exponents, and he hopes that Eucken's message "which is that of Christianity in the form of a philosophy" may carry conviction, "because it is not only a philosophy, but also a life".

The key-note of Chapter I is found in Eucken's sentence: "The future is with Christianity, only there will have to be a transformation of its dogmas." To him "dogma is not sacrosanct, for in form it is of man, and not necessarily of God at all. Revelation from God may be final in the sense that it is of *eternal value*, but human interpretation of Gospel teachings and Gospel facts can never be final. The religious observations and experiences of the past—the *then* relatively best expression of our approximation to the truth—must, with each successive age, perpetually be subject to modification in *form* at least, in order to express, though still of course relatively, the truth as apprehended by the consciousness of the latest modern man".

Chapter II deals with the necessity of having some knowledge of philosophy as part of the scientific theologian's equipment. "The main postulate of the Professor's philosophy is the essential unity of the spiritual life. Knowledge of God comes to us through our senses or means of communication with Him, not solely through the domains of the moral and religious. The Good, the True and the Beautiful are all ways

to God and the student of religious philosophy is only one of those who strive by *every* avenue of perception to realise something of the Divine Image."

Chapter III reviews very briefly some of Eucken's works. Chapter IV defines his relation to other philosophers. The author claims Eucken as a *Christian* philosopher, though the "Euckonian Temple of Idealism has stones and slates quarried from both past and present systems of thought". As Eucken himself says: "Hence, even in the future no *new* Religion will be required; all that is necessary is further development (progressive evolution) within Christianity."

Chapter V closes this very clear and thoughtful booklet with a strong plea for a Religious Philosophy, "for a fusion of the intellectual and cosmic of philosophy with the ethical and personal of Religion. We need for our ancient Faith a restatement of its theology in terms of modern culture values. Here is where Eucken's religious philosophy comes to our assistance. It is positive and definite in the claims it makes for Religion in the wider sense. The culture values of the ages are not soulless, nor only *subjective*; they have a value in universality as well as in particularity".

We may differ from Eucken when he holds that "Christianity is the best (not the final) revelation of the truth as yet accorded to man," but if we take his philosophy as applying to religion in general we find ourselves in agreement with him.

Dr. Macgowan's attempt to familiarise readers with Eucken's religious philosophy will serve a useful purpose. The little book, well got up and printed, can be recommended alike to the clergy and to doubters and agnostics.

A. S.

Reason and Belief, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

The fact that *Reason and Belief*, first published in 1910, has just gone through its sixth edition, is in itself a sufficient recommendation for this book which purposes to

demonstrate that "a profound substratum of truth underlies ancient doctrines, some of which are actually illustrated and illumined by the progress of science—in its widest sense".

The subject falls into three parts :

Part I deals "with the subject of incarnation in general; it recognises the strange interaction between spirit and matter which enables psychic processes to affect physical nature and leads on to a brief consideration of the momentous Christian doctrine—The Incarnation".

Pre-existence and survival after death, the freedom of the will, the Advent of Christ, the ideal of sacrifice and service, revelation and inspiration, are treated in admirable fashion, the author's conclusions being the result of a lifetime of scientific study.

Part II "furnishes hints and suggestions for the effective treating of the Old Testament in the light of the doctrine of Evolution".

Professor Lodge suggests that "the early parts of the Bible are better adapted to children than to adults, and have a better chance of being effectively understood by children. For in youth an organism passes in rapid and partial fashion through the stages of its ancestry—each individual rapidly retracing the history of its Race—hence whatever was suited to the childhood of the world may be appropriate to an individual child at a certain stage of development. We cannot expect a scientific account of the creation of the world at a time when science did not exist, yet Genesis is a representation of certain truths, that there was gradual development of life on the earth. In the Bible we have to look for progressive Revelation, always taking into account the conditions of the period at which the Bible stories were written".

Regarding the problem of evil the author remarks: "The very fact that the question is asked: Why was evil permitted to exist? is a sign of latent optimism. In a truly pessimistic Universe there would be no problem of evil, there would be a problem of good. If everything is as bad as it can be, how comes it that any happiness exists? We ask why is suffering permitted, and thereby imply that joy is the natural condition of life."

Part III "is of the nature of an Apologia and anticipatory reply to critics"; It grapples very effectively with the problem of insight, of intuition and the use of hypotheses without which science could never have reached its present development, and the volume closes with an appeal to Literature.

The book is interspersed with numerous quotations from writers and poets who have understood the problems dealt with and whose answers, which are not mere poetic fancies, lend charm and weight to it.

This latest edition is especially opportune at a time when the appalling loss of life caused by the great War will surely cause a reaction in favour of religion, will tend to make us think about the problems of life and death and the truths contained in religion, if rightly understood.

A. S.

The Romances of Amosis Ra, by Frederic Thurstan.
(Francis Griffiths, London. Price 6s. net.)

The Romances are two: I. *The Coming of Amosis Ra*, II. *The Testing of Amosis Ra*; consisting respectively of three and four books, each of about six or seven chapters. The stories turn upon the divine origin and royal descent of Amosis. Having proved himself by every test to be of divine descent and in possession of divine powers, he is about to be made Pharaoh of the double realm of Egypt, when his earthly parentage is suddenly brought to light. The old Priest of the Temple of Aten knows the parents of Amosis to have been of the blood of the Pharaohs by line direct, but he withholds the knowledge, for Amosis was sent as a messenger to Egypt in accordance with a promise given by the God Yah-veh at a secret conclave of initiates of the Temple, and he must therefore bide the time of Yah-veh. This is the last great test for Amosis and, yearning only to pursue his study of the Divine Wisdom, he renounces his earthly kingdom for the occult path.

The plot is an exceedingly good one and well worked out, but unfortunately the author has not the true art of story-telling. He writes more as a historian than a novelist. His

characters do not live ; in fact, it is only when one is well into the book that the strange galaxy of unfamiliar names begin to attach themselves to the respective individuals who bear them. There is little conversation—nothing to give one an intimate touch with the *personae dramatis*. Thus the reading is mostly dry and tedious, and far too long ; we would suggest the whole of the first romance, or the first chapters of each romance, being condensed into the form of an introductory chapter.

The book has one clever and artistic touch for those who can appreciate it, and that is the fine line of difference between values for the occultist, or student of Wisdom, and for the ordinary man of the world. The student of Wisdom may appreciate the consummation of the theme, but the ordinary reader will put down the tale with a feeling of disappointment that the hero in whom he has become interested failed to “win his case”. The value of so good a theme, involving much careful research, has been effaced by the lengthiness of the tale and the failure to make it living.

D. M. C.

An Iron Will.

The Power of Personality.

The Hour of Opportunity.

By Orison Swett Marden. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price each 1s.)

The three handy volumes we have before us deal respectively with the three essential qualifications for worldly success : first, the will to achieve ; secondly, a winning personality, comprising cleanliness, good manners, sympathy and self-forgetfulness ; thirdly, the faculty for seizing an opportunity when it arises or, what is perhaps more important, being ever ready for the opportunity. Time must be caught by the forelock, and when the hour of opportunity has flown past there is no winning it back again. The last-named volume is entertaining as well as instructive, giving many little exemplary

anecdotes, whilst *The Power of Personality* gives interesting sidelights on the value of character in transacting business. These practical hints have their roots in spiritual truths, and well is it if we learn these elementary lessons while transacting the business of our everyday life.

D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

The Great Peace, by James Leith MacBeth Bain. (Theosophical Publishing Society. London.) In the midst of strife and war, this small booklet breathes its message of peace and love, and takes its share in the present struggle by sending thoughts of love and brotherhood to Germany, a valuable part needed to be played by as many as possible in the thought-world. Therefore we hope many will read it and be inspired to do likewise. *The Dream of Dreams, and Other Short Stories*, by P. R. Krishnaswami. (The Kanara Press, Madras. Price Re. 1.) This is a set of simple tales of Indian life, told with a naive and charming sincerity. They give one an insight into the everyday life of the young Indian student.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 6th February to 10th March, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
10 members of "Toronto West End" Lodge, for 1915	37	5	0
American Section, T. S., Balance of dues for 1914, £4 5s. 10d.	64	6	0
Mr. Nadir H. Mehta, Tientsin, for 1915	15	0	0
New Zealand Section, T. S., for 1914 (960 mem- bers), £32	476	4	6
T. S. in England and Wales, for 1914, £71 4s. 4d....	1,070	5	5
Russian Section, T. S., for 1914 (350 members), £11 13s. 4d.	173	10	1
Australian Section, T. S., for 1915, £30	446	7	1

DONATIONS

Mrs. Florence Aldin, Richmond (to Adyar Library), £10 4s.	7	9	11
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Rs. 2,291 0 0

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10th March, 1915

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 6th February to 10th March, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS			
			Rs. A. P.
"A Friend," Food Account	500 0 0
Australian Section, T. S., £2 2s. 6d.	31 10 0
			Rs. 531 10 0

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.
 ADYAR, 10th March, 1915

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Monywa, Rangoon, Burma	... Maitreya Lodge, T. S. ...	25-12-1914
Rajapalayam, Tinnevelly, India	... Gyanananda ,, ,, ...	5-1-1915
Poraiyar, Tranquebar, India	... Poraiyar ,, ,, ...	7-1-1915
Athens, Greece	... Apollon ,, ,, ...	10-2-1915

ADYAR,
 3rd March, 1915.

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

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

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, APRIL 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of March :

MEMORY TRAINING: A PRACTICAL COURSE

By ERNEST WOOD

7½"×5". Wrapper. Pages 102.

Price : As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.

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THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VIII

(MARCH)

No. 3

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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Price: As. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post Free.*

Annual Subscription: Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post Free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; 'On Karma,' by Annie Besant; 'Musical Art in India,' by Alice E. Adair; 'From My Scrap-Book,' by Felix; 'Spirituality,' by M. Venkatarao; 'Patriotism and Universal Brotherhood,' by Helen Horne; 'Two Points of View,' by Elizabeth Severs.

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No. 63.—The Village Organisation in Central India, by A Promoter of Panchayats; Education and the T.S., by Annie Besant; A Millionaire Indian Village, by L.; Cottage Industries, by M. S. K.; The Budget, by C. D. S.; New Hinduism, by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K.C.I.E., LL.D.; "The Rebuilding of Belgium"—Belgian Architects Meet in London, by Hope Rea; Chinese Cloisonne (From Our own Correspondent); Science and Civilisation, by G. E. Sutcliffe.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

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THE VASANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS.

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th March to 10th April, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

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Charter Fee for Apollon Lodge, Athens, Greece, and annual dues of members for 1915 ...	14	10	0
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A. D. Taylor, for 1915, £1	15	0	0
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	<u>Rs.</u>	<u>59</u>	<u>10 0</u>

ADYAR, 10th April, 1915

J. R. ARIA,
Ag. Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th March to 10th April, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

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J. R. ARIA,

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

ADYAR, 10th April, 1915

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, MAY 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of April :

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OF THE

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VOL. VIII

(APRIL)

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No. 65.—The Hindu University Bill; The Plea for the Vernaculars, by Professor V. G. Kale, M.A.; A Penitent Soldier King: A Romance of Travancore, by U.B.; The Thunder-Stormy Kaiser, by

PestANJI Dorabji Khandalavala ; The Present Situation : A Plea for Stock-taking, by X.Y.Z. ; Progress of Archæology in Western India, by Professor V. Rangachari, M.A. ; The Conflict of Ideals, by N. S. Subbia, B.A. ; The Affairs of the West : Piracy, by H. N. Brailsford.

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No. 67.—Where Lies the Fault ? by M. ; Some Notes on Ancient Polity, by C. D. Subrahmania Chetti, M.A. ; Interesting Centenaries in 1915, by U. B. ; England's Passion for Study, by Harendra N. Maitra ; Note on the Bill to declare the Validity of Marriages of Hindu Women after Puberty, by Rao Bahadur T. Sundara Row, B.A. ; I.S.O. ; The Affairs of the West : The Material of War, by H. N. Brailsford ; Florence Nightingale's Statue, by C. S. Bremner ; A Cosmopolitan Dinner Party.

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VOL. XXXVI

(MAY)

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SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. J. T. W. Marshall, Philadelphia, for 1915, £1	15	0	0
Mr. Lawrence A. Achong, Trinidad, for 1915, £1 ...	15	0	0
General Secretary, T. S. in Norway, for 1914-5, £12. 0s. 10d.	180	10	0
Mr. M. Maunk, Hong-Kong, for 1915	15	0	0
Presidential Agent, Spain, for 1914, £20. 2s. 6d. ...	300	0	9
Mr. C. H. Van der Leeuw, for 1913-4-5, £3 ...	44	11	9

DONATIONS

Major Rooke, for Garden account, £5	74	12	7
	Rs. 645	3	1

Adyar, 10th May, 1915

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

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DONATIONS

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Mr. D. Srinivasa Iyengar, Asst. Commissioner, Chickmagalur	25	0	0
Mrs. A. Forsyth, Brisbane, £2	29	14	0
Miss Wend, Mansfield, £1	15	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	2	0	0
	<hr/>		
	Rs. 71	14	0

A. SCHWARZ,

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

Adyar, 10th May, 1915

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Lima, Peru, S. America ...	Karma Lodge, T. S. ...	26-10-1914
Santos, Brazil ,, ...	Albor ,, ,, ...	23-12-1914
Sirajganj, Patna, India ...	Sirajganj ,, ,, ...	8-3-1915
Noakhali, India ...	Noakhali ,, ,, ...	16-4-1915
Tundla, ,, ...	Anand ,, ,, ...	16-4-1915
Cambay, ,, ...	Cambay ,, ,, ...	16-4-1915

Adyar,

J. R. ARIA,

21st April, 1915.

Recording Secretary, T. S.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JUNE 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of May:

The New India Political Pamphlets

This is a new series of pamphlets published with the object of providing, apart from general Theosophical literature, a series where those Theosophists and members of the general public, who are interested in problems of Indian politics, will find such

problems discussed from the Theosophical standpoint. The first of the series deals with the most urgent question in India at present, namely :

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An allegorical poem, with notes by the author explaining the mystical significance of the verses.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VIII

(MAY)

No. 5

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½". Wrapper. Pages 36.

Price: As. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post Free.*

Annual Subscription: Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post Free.*

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