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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

PERHAPS the judgment in the Court of Appeal may be out before these lines see the light. Whether it bring to our beloved Alcyone and his brother good or evil, it will be the final judgment of the Indian Courts, reversible only by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on appeal. Whatever it may be, we—who look beyond Courts of Law to the Supreme Judge of our globe, to Him who has been so ignorantly blasphemed in this case, the great Kumāra known to all instructed Hinḍūs—we shall be satisfied; for we know that all things work according to His Will, and that He, who sees the future which to our purblind eyes is invisible, shapes our doings to the appointed end, and weaves into His fabric, for its greater beauty, the black thread of hatred as well as the golden thread of love. Well is it with us, who know and therefore trust Him, whether for the moment we triumph or suffer defeat. Both are alike to those who have seen "the KING in His Beauty," for both are temporary, while He is eternal.

"Fight, taking victory and defeat as equal," was the advice of Shrī Kṛṣhṇa to Arjuna, His Beloved. And this is the lesson which the struggles of earth must teach the disciple until it is wholly learnt. To take and to let go, to build and to see pulled down, to be crowned with glory and then with infamy, and to take all as equal—such is the lot of the disciple who is being moulded into the likeness of his Lord. Thus only may he pierce "the great Illusion," cross the ocean of Māyā, and reach the "other shore". Those who would reach the end must not complain of the hardships on the way.

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And, after all, what are the hardships? A little newspaper abuse; a magistrate's prejudiced decision—founded on a mass of irrelevant documents—eagerly republished over the world by those who catch at any chance to injure; a judge's hasty refusal to reconsider the matter—founded on a misunderstood sentence, taken away from its context—jubilantly circulated. A few obscure individuals throwing mud. What is all this to me, who in this, as in other lives, have passed through it all before, and have triumphed over it? They "think the rustic cackle of their burgh the murmur of the world". In other lives, their like have followed similar impulses of hatred—with what result? That future generations build monuments to the persecuted prophets, and crown with glory those whom they had crowned with thorns.

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And in this life with what result? In fighting side by side with Charles Bradlaugh for freedom of discussion on Christianity and on the Law of Population, we

were both struck heavily at the time; his seat in Parliament, won again and again, was kept from him, and he was so brutally ill-treated within the walls of Parliament that his invaluable life was shortened, for he never recovered from the injuries then inflicted on him; yet he won his seat at last, and as he lay on his early death-bed, Parliament erased every resolution passed against him as subversive of liberty, and his name remains on record in English history as one of its heroic figures. For myself, my children were torn from me under the old bad law, now changed. But freedom of discussion on religion was won, and is now unchallenged. (It must not be forgotten that Mr. Foote played a gallant part in this struggle, and was the last man imprisoned for 'blasphemy' in England.)

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Freedom of discussion was won on the Population Question; we recovered the confiscated pamphlets and sold them openly, challenging further prosecution. My own little book was prosecuted in Australia, and triumphantly vindicated, the Judge pronouncing his strong approval of it. There was even a Commission sent to Holland, to enquire as to methods of limiting population. The principle is practically adopted in the leading countries, and no one would now dream of regarding a publication on the question as 'obscene,' as did an ignorant jury, to the manifest disgust of Sir Alexander Cockburn, the eminent Judge, who had decided that the little book was a scientific treatise. My son and daughter returned to me the moment they were able to earn their own living, and thus escape from their father's control (the Indian law, as interpreted by the Hon. Mr. Justice Bakewell, does not hold in England);

both are members of the Theosophical Society, doing useful work therein, and both are passionately devoted to me. What can legal judgments do when righteousness and truth are sought after and lived? A judge must administer the law as it is, good, bad, or indifferent; the good citizen must accept the decision of the law, and has no right to complain of it. The utmost he may righteously do, if it commands that which conscience forbids—for it may sometimes clash with Duty—is to yield his body without cavil to any penalty which may be imposed on him by the State to which he owes allegiance.

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No greater patience, no greater courtesy, could have been extended to the most eminent counsel than have been shown to me by each Judge of the High Court before whom I have pleaded. I particularly appreciated Mr. Justice Oldfield's alert and searching questions, which recalled what was once my great delight, a keen debate. There is no intellectual pleasure greater than that of defending a position against a well-conducted attack—not that I mean to imply that Mr. Justice Oldfield was attacking my position, but he sometimes wanted points to be cleared up, and it was helpful to be asked questions directed to that end.

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I must here place on record my grateful thanks to those who have helped me in legal matters. First and foremost to my venerable friend, Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, who so long adorned the Bench of the Madras High Court, and whose strong grasp of principles and extraordinary memory of details made his help priceless. As is well known, his view on jurisdiction is entirely

against that now laid down as law, and I am not sure that he does not rather wish me to lose the case, in order that the Privy Council may reverse the judgment —on this matter and on the Guardians and Wards Act as a code—as delivered in the Court of Appeal. On the latter point, the judgment differs from those of the Allahabad High Court and the Punjab Chief Court, so that the power of a father to bring a suit outside the Guardians and Wards Act in a District Court now depends on the part of India in which he lives—a most inconvenient condition as regards law. The Calcutta and Bombay High Courts have not decided this matter, so that the Act, which was intended to make one law for the whole of India on the subject with which it deals, leaves matters as inconsistent as ever. It is as though, after the passing of a Bankruptcy Act, the procedure as to bankrupts were unchanged in some provinces and changed in others. The legal mind of Sir S. Subramania naturally chafes against this condition of the law. He has taken endless pains with me, and is not, I am happy to know, wholly dissatisfied with his 'apprentice'. To him my gratitude in fullest measure. Then to Mr. C. S. Govindaraja Mudaliar, who has been at my service at any time and every time, disregarding all his own interests, and, with his sound knowledge of case-law, bringing most useful suggestions. Lastly, to Mr. Graham Pole, who came over here, abandoning all his own work, from the sole desire to help; his acute criticisms were most valuable when I submitted to him the arguments that I proposed to advance in Court; and he has been a real support from his 'understandingness' and unfailing bright encouragement. I have been inclined to bestow on him my own

old name of 'Sunshine'. To these, I pray that the gracious words of the Christ may be repeated: "Forasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

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I must not leave out of these poor words of gratitude all the residents of Adyar, who, during this year of struggle, never added one featherweight to the difficulties, but who, one and all, helped most effectively by maintaining peace and harmony within Headquarters, and not one of whom added any personal trouble to the outer troubles that had to be faced. My immediate helpers, Rao Sahab G. Soobhiah Chetty, Messrs Wadia, Sitarama Shāstri, Ranga Reddy, all bore increased burdens of work without complaint. All business departments were carried on with unfailing regularity. As has always been my happy lot since 1875, I have been surrounded by loving friends, if assailed by unscrupulous enemies.

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I have also once more to thank my opponent, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, for conducting the case in a way that deprived it of features which might have made it well-nigh intolerable, for unfailing delicacy, and for constantly remembering that his opponent was a woman, to whom the subject-matter of the suit was necessarily supremely distasteful. His pleading was none the less able and brilliant for the avoidance of any coarse phrase, and, while he did even more than his duty to his client, he never descended into the licence which a counsel of a lower type would have employed. It is well that, at the close of a case so bitterly contested, one is able to salute one's opponent with

raised rapier, as chivalry demands. But I would rather have Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar on my side than against me. I have not seen his equal, so far, in the High Court, for readiness of answer and clever presentment of a case, making much of its strong points and covering its weak ones; he also knows what he wants and the way of obtaining it. It is not wonderful that he is overwhelmed with cases. In addition to his legal work, he is constantly engaged in making himself useful to good public causes, and his name is ever seen in connexion with these. India will have a fine public worker in him, if he fulfils the promise of the present.

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The T. S. propaganda work of the winter in Europe seems to be fairly started, and the summer has not been unutilised. Mr. Herman Thaning of Copenhagen writes of a visit to Iceland, where there are two Lodges, and of well-attended public meetings, whereat appeared a bishop and his wife, a professor of theology and his wife, as well as four clergymen. We have sent from Adyar to England three Theosophical lecturers—Mr. and Mrs. Ransom and Miss Codd, while the late and present General Secretaries have both had the advantage of a stay here. Professor Wodehouse from Benares is also busy, and news comes of an exceptionally good lecture, delivered by him at Cheltenham.

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Sir Oliver Lodge, as President of the British Association, treads in the steps of his eminent predecessor, Sir William Crookes. If the ghost of Tyndall haunts the scenes of his triumphs, he must be rejoicing that they have gone so far ahead of himself in things psychical. A very significant utterance as to the

changed conditions of the times, with their "rapid progress combined with fundamental scepticism," ran as follows:

> With the realisation of predicted aether waves in 1888, the discovery of X-rays in 1895, spontaneous radio-activity in 1896, and the isolation of the electron in 1898, expectation of further achievement became vivid; and novelties, experimental, theoretical, and speculative, have been showered upon us ever since this century began. That is why I speak of rapid progress. Of the progress I shall say little—there must always be some uncertainty as to which particular achievement permanently contributes to it; but I will speak about the fundamental scepticism.
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> Let me hasten to explain that I do not mean the well-worn and almost antique theme of theological scepticism—that controversy is practically in abeyance just now. At any rate, the major conflict is suspended; the forts behind which the enemy has retreated do not invite attack; the territory now occupied by him is little more than his legitimate province. It is the scientific allies, now, who are waging a more or less invigorating conflict among themselves, with philosophers joining in. Meanwhile the ancient foe is biding his time and hoping that from the struggle something will emerge of benefit to himself. Some positions, he feels, were too hastily abandoned and may, perhaps, be retrieved; or, to put it without metaphor, it seems possible that a few of the things prematurely denied, because asserted on inconclusive evidence, may, after all, in some form or other, have really happened. Thus, the old theological bitterness is mitigated, and a temporising policy is either advocated or instinctively adopted.

No one has done more than the speaker himself to give back to religion some support from science. Sir Oliver Lodge's remarks on life and mind, and his gentle irony on the bridge of the Firth of Forth and the damming of the Nile should give pause to materialists; his bold testimony to the persistence after death of the personality is invaluable, for it rests on his own experience, gained despite "the usual hostile prejudice". The conclusion of the address was fine:

> Many scientific men still feel in pugnacious mood towards theology, because of the exaggerated dogmatism which our predecessors encountered and overcame in the past.

They had to struggle for freedom to find truth in their own way; but the struggle was a miserable necessity and has left some evil effects. And one of them is this lack of sympathy, this occasional hostility, to other more spiritual forms of truth. We cannot really and seriously suppose that truth began to arrive on this planet a few centuries ago. The pre-scientific insight of genius—of poets and prophets and saints—was of supreme value, and the access of those inspired seers to the heart of the universe was profound. But the camp followers, the Scribes and Pharisees, by whatever name they may be called, had no such insight, only a vicious or a foolish obstinacy; and the prophets of a new era were stoned.

Now at last we of the new era have been victorious, and the stones are in our hands; but for us to imitate the old ecclesiastical attitude would be folly. Let us not fall into the old mistake of thinking that ours is the only way of exploring the multifarious depths of the universe and that all others are worthless and mistaken. The universe is a larger thing than we have any conception of, and no one method of search will exhaust its treasures. Men and brethren, we are trustees of the truth of the physical universe as scientifically explored; let us be faithful to our trust.

Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it; the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal, and our methods are, as we know, incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a principle of relativity here, and unless we encounter flaw or jar or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind, therefore, to the immanent grandeur around us, unless we have insight enough to recognise in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God.

May Sir Oliver Lodge live long to be a bridge between religion and science.

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In the 'Ecclesiastical News' of the *Yorkshire Herald*, we have one of the ever-recurring false statements made by missionaries to lower the Indians in the mind of the English public. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Beverley presided, and a Miss Driscoll, "a lady who had spent many years in missionary work

in India" was the chief speaker. The following is reported as said by her:

> Speaking of the life in the Zenanas, Miss Driscoll said those Zenanas consisted usually of two rooms, lofty but always dark, and occupied by perhaps fifty or sixty women and children of all ages. The people of the West gloried in their liberty, and loved the beautiful things of the world, but shut up in the Zenanas there were women who for forty years had never seen the outside of the buildings in which they had lived since their marriage. There was no escape. One could picture the darkness which shadowed the lives of the high-born women of India. The age for the marriage for women in India was twelve years, and if a girl became a widow she had to remain in the background. The Hindoo religion taught that when a man died, his death had been caused by his wife's sins in a previous state of existence. So she was regarded somewhat as a murderess. The natives of India had a million gods, but no God of Love, and it was among these who had never heard of a God of Love that the Zenana missionaries were working. There was a great contrast between the homes of the native Christians and the others. [This is true, for the 'Native Christian' often drinks. ED.] The Christians' homes were clean and well kept, and when sickness broke out it was not necessary for the authorities to send them to segregation camps. People such as Mrs. Besant were going about England talking of the beauties of Hinḍūism, but those people did not understand anything of its horrors. The Christian schools in India were doing a marvellous work. Only about one per cent. of the native population could read and write, and more and more missionaries were needed for educational work. She appealed to the people of York to support the society.

The two dark rooms of the Zenana, occupied by fifty or sixty women and children, is an effective touch, but is purely imaginary. "People such as Mrs. Besant," who have visited familiarly the homes of Indian ladies, with their large open courts and airy rooms, will appreciate it. The chief Deity of these "high-born women" is Shrī Kṛṣhṇa, supremely a "God of Love," but probably Miss Driscoll has never heard of Him. The ladies shut up in the Zenana for forty years must be confined to Miss Driscoll's acquaintances. The ladies I have met often go out to visit the temples, to travel to holy places,

to say nothing of the gay ladies' parties that so often occur. Miss Driscoll does not, of course, say that the Zenana system is only found in some parts of India. It is scandalous that such false stories should be spread in order "to support the society".

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It is strange that Count Leo Tolstoy should have prophesied of the Balkan wars—if the accounts given in the daily journals are true—and it will be interesting to see how far the next quarter of a century carries out the remainder of his forecast. In 1915 a man is to arise who will "hold most of Europe in his grip till 1925". "After 1925" a change in religious feeling is to appear and with the fall of the Church a great reform is to begin.

> It will lay the corner-stone of the Temple of Pantheism. God, Soul, Spirit and Immortality will be molten in a new furnace and will prepare the way for the peaceful beginning of a new ethical era.

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The *Daily News* tells of two men, each of whom dreamed of the other, not having met for fifteen years; one of them dreamt that he met his friend on Ludgate Hill. The latter stopped at Benson's to regulate his watch, and some one came up, stopped for the same purpose, and behold! it was the friend. May one suggest that they had really seen each other in the dream-world—the astral world—and that a coming event had cast its shadow before? Had it not been for this, the two men might have passed each other without recognition, after so long a separation.

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Some people have odd ideas of what is desirable. A cutting has been sent to me, recounting the experience

of an old man and woman, "who have brought up fifteen children on an average weekly wage of 15s., have never been able to afford a holiday." Often they only had dry bread for meals, sometimes gruel for dinner. Mr. Newton, the father, won a first prize at the Lincolnshire Agricultural Show for bringing up the largest number of children without parish relief. At one time they had a cottage rent-free, but usually paid 1s. 6d. a week as rent. "I am afraid," says Mr. Newton, "the youngsters did not get enough to eat many times, but we pulled through." Is this a human life in a country where people often pay for a bottle of wine several times this man's weekly income? These people slaved for morning and night during their whole life, and are given a prize! *They* may be splendid in their courage and cheerfulness—"We have nothing to grumble at," says Mrs. Newton—but what of the social state which awards such a fate of unrelieved drudgery as a human life?

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Dr. Rocke, well-known to Adyar residents, as to many other Theosophists in London, has just refused an offer of a lectureship, carrying £500 a year, from the London County Council, in order that she may devote her life wholly to the work. Dr. Rocke has of her own only barely enough to live upon. Such willingness to sacrifice in its members makes the strength of the Theosophical Society.

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His Excellency the Viceroy has again shown his insight into Indian feeling and his readiness to put right aught that has gone amiss. He travelled down from Simla to Cawnpur in order personally to soothe the hurt susceptibilities of the Musalmāns: "I have

come," he said, "from Simla with the express purpose of bringing to you peace". The plan of the pathway has been arranged so as to accommodate both wayfarers and worshippers, but the essence of the Viceroy's feelings comes out in the noble words of pardon, extended to those who were being prosecuted for riot:

I am your father and you are my children. When children do wrong, it is the duty of their father, while inspired by the most kindly feelings, to admonish them so that they may learn wisdom and not err again. My words are not addressed to you personally but to those who are charged with having committed riot and have now suffered imprisonment for the last ten weeks. These, if guilty of violence, have put themselves in the wrong, for they are accused of having resisted constituted authority and have thus not only broken the law, but also the very well-known and universally acknowledged principles of the great Islamic faith which they profess and follow. The maintenance of constituted authority is the duty of the Government, and I say, as head of the Government of India, that, under all circumstances, it will be maintained. Under ordinary circumstances, it would have been the duty of the Government to prosecute and obtain the punishment of the prisoners, but they have already suffered severely, and as I have said before I have come to Cawnpore to give peace. I also wish to show mercy to those who instigated the riot and who are thus responsible for the harm that has occurred. They are the least deserving of consideration, but as a solution of the difficulty connected with the mosque has been found, I am anxious that the incidents which aroused so much feeling and excitement should be now buried in oblivion. I trust, however, that, if clemency is extended to the instigators the melancholy consequences of their intemperate oratory may be a warning to them and to others against similar reckless speaking in the future. I wish the sufferings of all those who are charged with having taken part in the riot to now cease, and I have, therefore, with the full concurrence of Sir James Meston and of Mr. Baillie invited the Local Government to take immediate steps for the provisions of Section 494 of the Criminal Procedure Code to be applied to all those connected with the riot who have been committed to the Court of Sessions for trial. I devoutly trust that the solution of the question of the mosque and the decision that I have taken in connection with those now under commitment for trial may bring peace and contentment not only in Cawnpore but amongst the whole of the Muhammadan Community in India that no action may be taken locally or otherwise tending in any way

to perpetuate the melancholy memories of the past few months and that all Muhammadans may unite together in loyalty to their Sovereign and in loyal co-operation with constituted authority for the maintenance of law and order and for the peace, happiness and prosperity of the great and beautiful land in which we live.

The prisoners have, accordingly, been set free, and Lord Hardinge has raised 'English prestige' far higher than could have been effected by any punishment inflicted on the rioters. In him have spoken the best instincts of Englishmen, and he has closed a gaping wound with the sympathy of a good man and the insight of a statesman.

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Miss Stuart, one of our Adyar students, has inaugurated a most kindly and useful movement in aid of lepers in the Government Leper Asylum of Madras. Moved by pity for their dreary lot, she collected money and gave them a gramophone, and now the gift of a piano has been added. On October 14th, she took a party of musicians chosen from the residents to give them a concert. Mr. Schwarz and Mr. Van Hook gave a solo and duets on the violin, Mrs. Gagarin, Miss Stuart and Mr. Best contributed songs, while I read Arnold's 'The Rājā's Ride' and Miss de Leeuw presided at the piano. Once a month Adyar is to provide a similar entertainment, and we hope that three other Societies will come forward, so that each will take charge of one evening a month, and thus provide a weekly entertainment for these unhappy ones. The Doctor and the Superintendent both strongly approve of the idea.

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The first of my eight lectures on Social Reform was given in the Victoria Hall, Madras, on October 10th, Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, K. C. I. E., LL. D., late Acting

Chief Justice of the High Court in the Chair; the subject was 'Foreign Travel'. On the 17th, the Hon. Mr. Justice T. Sadasiva Aiyar presides over the lecture on 'Child-Marriage and Its Results'. On the 24th, the Hon. Mr. Justice B. Tyabji takes the Chair for 'Our Duty to the Depressed Classes'. On the 31st, Dewan Bahadur M. Adinarayana Iyah is the Chairman, a specialist on the subject of the lecture, 'Indian Industries as related to Self-Government'. On November 7th the subject is 'The Passing of the Caste System,' and on this we have as president a leading Madras citizen, Dewan Bahadur L. A. Govindaraghava Aiyar. On November 9th, the Hon. Mr. P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar, C.S.I., C.I.E., the Indian Member of H. E. the Governor's Executive Council, takes the Chair for the 'Education of Indian Girls'. We then return to the High Court for our next president, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Miller is Chairman for 'Mass Education' on November 14th. The last lecture of the series, on November 16th is on 'The Colour Bar in England, the Colonies and India'—a thorny subject.

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On October 3rd, I had the pleasure of attending the meeting held by the Theistic Endeavour Society to celebrate the Anniversary of Rājā Ram Mohan Roy, the founder of the Brahmo Samāj. This man of marvellous courage and prophetic insight saw, in the early 19th century, the reforms for which the 'advanced' among his countrymen are battling to-day. All honour is due to one who stood alone in the darkness, and sang to the yet unseen dawn.

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The terrible battle of 'passive resistance' has begun again in South Africa, and heroic Indians are going to gaol for the honour of their Motherland. The Boers are even more unjust to them now than they were when their treatment of Indians was one of the grievances which led to the South African War. But now that South Africa is a self-governing Colony instead of a foreign Republic, it can do as it lists. "The Flag" protects the oppressor over whom it had waved as conqueror, but can now do nothing for its coloured children. Women are suffering as bravely as men, showing that the heroic strain still exists in Indian Womanhood, and that the wife will stand by her husband in patriotic self-sacrifice if only he will associate her with himself in his hopes and aspirations. Truly Mr. Gandhi, the Saint-Warrior of South Africa, keeps nothing back: property, his own body, his wife, his children—all, all are laid on the altar of his country. It is such men who make nations.

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I am receiving various announcements about 'occult' associations with requests for publication. I cannot announce nor recommend any clubs or societies of which I know absolutely nothing, not even the name of their promoters. Occultism is not a thing to be lightly played with, and it would be wrong of me to give publicity to any movements bearing its name unless I know something of them. Any one of them may be all right, but also it may be all wrong. And it is the duty of a publicist to know that which he recommends.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY[1]

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

FRIENDS:

With all my heart I thank you for the love which prompts your welcome to me to-night.

I want, if I can, to put before you on this occasion different views as to the Theosophical Society, and as to the position in which it stands both generally before the world and specially at the present time; for I think we make a mistake when we try to understand the position of a movement like our own at any given moment, as though you could separate that moment from that which has gone before and that which is to follow after.

[1] A lecture delivered at Chelsea Town Hall, London, on 3rd June, 1913.

The general view that you take of the vast Theosophical Movement, and of its standard-bearer the Theosophical Society, must govern the view that you take of any particular line of thought or of feeling in judging the position of the Society, the wisdom or unwisdom of its ways; and in putting these different standpoints before you, and in trying roughly to indicate how things look from one standpoint or from another, I would begin by asking you to remember that various standpoints are rightfully taken by various members, and that there lies no right on the part of anyone, whether it be the President of the Society or the latest recruit in its ranks, to declare that his view is the view with which the Society as a whole should be identified, or that his view is in any way binding on the members of the Theosophical Society.

You may remember that last year I was putting before you very strongly, as I have put over and over and over again, the vital necessity for the Society to keep its platform broad, definite, free, and to realise that when the Theosophist speaks of toleration, he does not mean a compassionate permission to other people to make errors in their own way, but the honest recognition that each human Spirit must hew out his own path to his perfection, and that the road which leads to perfection for one is not necessarily the road which leads to perfection for each and all.

If I begin by reminding you of that fundamental principle, it is because it seems so difficult for many, even of our own members, to embrace it thoroughly and completely. I notice so often that one opinion or another is barred, as though we had a right to judge of the way in which another man shall walk. I would

remind you again, as I have so often reminded you before, of that great Egyptian sentence, so full of profoundest truth, that each is to make his own way according to the Word, and that the Word for each one of us is that which is sounded out by the God within him, with all the overtones belonging to that keynote of his being, which belong to his temperament, his line of thought, his tendency of will. It is to that great variety of opinion, not looked on as a matter of regret, but as wholly desirable and useful for progress—it is that great variety to which I would ask you to turn your thoughts for a while, as I put before you the different standpoints from which the position of the Theosophical Society may be regarded. You will not, I know, misunderstand me, in speaking of this variety, as meaning that each one of you should not make for yourself a clear and definite opinion. Indefiniteness of thought is no duty of the Theosophist. His own thought should be as definite as he is able to make it, but he must not impose that thought on any one of his brethren. To realise that truth is many-sided, to understand that, looking at a single object, you see it at a different angle according to the position which you occupy in your study of it—that does not mean in any sense that to you the truth is indefinite, but rather that you realise that variety of belief must and ought to imply variety of the way in which the expression of truth is to be made. It is that union of clear individual thinking and belief with perfect respect and tolerance for the views of others, it is in that that the path of progress to the future lies. For we must remember that, even as far as we ourselves are concerned, if we are growing in knowledge, if we are gaining in devotion,

if the God within us is evolving along the lines of infinite perfection, then the thoughts of yesterday, even for ourselves, cannot be identical with the thoughts of to-morrow; there is a danger that if we turn our thoughts of yesterday, or even our thoughts of to-day, into dogmas imposed by authority from without, then we ourselves in the days to come, if we are climbing up the mountain side, shall find that our past thoughts are hindrances to our future, instead of being a foundation on which an ever more beautiful building will be erected; for the building is not identical with its foundation, although on the solidity of the foundation the stability of the building must depend.

Now let us for a moment consider what I think I may call the two chief standpoints from which the Society may be regarded, when we are judging of its position, its policy, its tendency. There is one which is quite fairly held by a large number of our members, which regards the Society very much from the outer standpoint—as they might regard other Societies to which they belong—as an Association of people engaged in a common study and able to help each other by the light that mutually they may throw upon the subjects that they discuss. They regard the Society as not differing in kind from the other Societies around it, to be looked on as an organisation growing and developing along the lines of ordinary intellectual and moral progress, a Society valuable largely for the sympathy by which its members may support each other in studying subjects not yet much understood in the outer world, and one in which the judgment is thoroughly based on what I should call the external view of the Society: people gathered together for a common object, and

assisting each other in finding out the truth for which all are seekers. That is a thoroughly legitimate view which people may take of the Society, and some of us who look on the Society from a very different standpoint, one that in a moment I will put before you, have no right to complain if our brethren take this more ordinary, and as they would say, more rational, view of the mission of the Society in the world. There is one great advantage connected with this view, that it raises very little antagonism; the judgment is very largely the judgment of the world, the exercise of reason goes along fairly conventional lines. People thus looking at the Society are people who will not much antagonise those around them, and gradually by their very reasonableness and their likeness to those among whom they live, they must exercise a most useful broadening and liberalising influence, and so help to prepare the world for other views held by what many would call the more extreme members of the Society, who look at it not from the outer standpoint, but as fundamentally in its very nature different from other Societies which exist side by side with it in the world.

The other standpoint, the other pole, in the Society—for of course there are many grades between—the other pole is that which looks on this movement as a distinct effort on the part of the great Hierarchy of Men made perfect to influence the spiritual evolution of the world in a quite definite way, in a quite definite direction; which regards the Society not so much as a band of students, as a number of people drawn together by an aspiration of a purely spiritual nature; which regards the whole Society as the expression of a spiritual purpose, and recognises as its true leaders, not the

people who play that part on the outer stage of the world, but Those who work for the world behind the veil, the Guardians of Humanity, Those whom we speak of as Masters—dealing with Their lowest grade—and who stretch up, rank after rank, beyond that grade of Masters, until we reach that highest One who is King and Lord of all, the Ruler of our globe, the Mighty One, in whose strong hand lie the destinies of the human race. Now those who take this view of the Society and, as you know, it is a view that I myself take, think that it differs very largely from the ordinary Societies which we find scattered around us in the world. Its standard must be a different standard; the values that it puts on various objects must differ from the values put upon those same objects in the outer world. In fact those who thus look at the Society might well take as their guiding word, perhaps, a phrase used in the early days by one of the Masters, that if we would reach Them, "You must come," He said, "out of your world into ours."

For the world in which we are living here in our physical bodies is a very different world from that in which the Masters live, the liberated Spirits of our race; just as if you were living illuminated by a particular kind of light, if that light were suddenly changed, every object around you would also change in colour, so is it, nay, more than that, when you contrast the way in which the dwellers in this mortal world look on the world around them, and as They look upon it whom we speak of as the Masters, Those whose vision is purged, whose discrimination is perfect. There will lie the difficulty of all who take this view of the Society, and, if it be the truer view of the two—for both in a

sense are true—if this be the deeper view, the more real view, then we shall look on all the difficulties with which the Society meets, to take but a single illustration, in an entirely different light. Those who look upon this Society as one amongst many will be troubled by the great crises which take place in it from time to time, crises which they will face with dislike, with the desire to avoid them. Wishing to lead a peaceful and quiet life among their fellows, they naturally shrink when some great trouble arises within the Society, and at once they look for some outer reason why that trouble should have come about. This person has made a mistake; the other person has spoken very unwisely; why do the leaders of the Society make so many blunders? We have heard that criticism made from the earliest days of H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott. Always we have found that they, in their time, were being blamed, because it was said they made unnecessary difficulties, because their unwisdom caused troubles to the Society in the world, and because the steps that they took, unconventional, not easy to be justified to the outer world, were the things which, it was said, made trouble which a wiser policy would have avoided; and, it was said, a more discriminating reason could have been used for the saving of the Society.

If, on the other hand, you are looking upon the Society as being really guided, not by those who appear to guide it in the outer world, but by those great Ones who have sent it forth as a messenger to the world, to express to the world the possibilities of the future, and to re-proclaim to the world the ancient spiritual truths; if you look at it thus, then when one of these

troubles arises, you will not so much be inclined to criticise the causes which seem to have led to it, as to endeavour to understand its meaning and its purpose, and the lesson which from it the Society is intended to learn. You will, in fact, rather take up the position of a soldier in an army who, knowing that his general is wiser than himself, and that he is working out the plan of a campaign with a knowledge that the soldier himself does not possess, says: "I know my general, and although he may seem to have allowed me to fall into an ambush, and although he may have sent me on a mission which it is impossible to fulfil, although he may have commanded me to perform a task for which my strength is inadequate, yet I am prepared to fall into the ambush and suffer from it, I am prepared to attempt the task however difficult, I am ready to obey, because I trust in the knowledge, in the skill, which is guiding not only my own little part of the army, but the whole great army in which I am only an insignificant unit."

And such a Theosophist, looking to the true Leaders of the Society, will realise that while They are working with very imperfect instruments, that while those instruments lack knowledge and power and may make many a blunder, many a mistake, they can never injure the Society by their blunders and their mistakes so long as the true Leaders are there, guiding and directing, and using even the blunders to bring about some great end which is more effective than could have been reached by some apparently wiser policy. Personally I learned that lesson long ago while H. P. Blavatsky was still with us. Living with her, as I was privileged to do, observing her closely in order that I might try to understand, I always took in relation to her not

the attitude of the critic, but the attitude of the student. And, taking that attitude to her, I learned much of the occult ways of life and of action. Very, very often she asked us to do a thing that from the worldly standpoint was unwise, and even undesirable. Very often she would provoke a conflict which it would seem to us easy to have avoided by a little more worldly wisdom, a little more tact, and a little more discretion. But I noticed that when some of those to whom she made the suggestion did not carry it out fully and thoroughly, then really difficulties arose; and I found, invariably, that if with whole-hearted trust and confidence one went along the path that she suggested, while the path was rough it was also short, and led to the goal which was being aimed at; I learned that my wisdom lay in obeying one who was wiser than myself, rather than in hampering her by foolish criticism and by choosing the way of the world instead of the occult method. And, learning thus from her, I have been able to apply it to many things that have happened in the Society. Looking over the last five-and twenty-years, or even going rather farther back than that, to the time of the Coulomb difficulty, one sees how one part of the world after another is thrown into a turmoil, how one country after another is tried; and as one watches the method of the trial, one sees that it is constantly directed against some national weakness which it is desirable to eliminate from the Theosophists who belong to that nation. In the Coulomb trouble—that which was stirred up by the Christian missionaries—we see how the choice placed before the Society was whether they would walk along the occult path or the worldly path, whether they would stand firmly by H. P. B., with her knowledge which

was the beacon light of the Society, whether they would recognise the facts of the occult life, whether they would acknowledge the truth of the existence of the Masters behind her, or whether they would go along the easier road of teaching metaphysics, science, including a certain amount of theoretical occult science, and so avoid the difficulties which she had so heroically confronted. For the time, on the whole, the Society on that occasion showed badly. It rather left her on one side for a very considerable time. It was not prepared to face the difficulty of recognising the existence of occult forces in the world. It was not ready to admit that the existence of the Masters was really the *raison d'être* of the Society; and so you have those phrases that come out here and there, about "our Theosophical Ship," which They were not to be permitted to steer in Their own way, and the statement of one of Them: "If the Society cannot make up its mind about us, we can step back into the silence in which we have so long lived"—and for a time They did so. For a time the Society gave itself completely to that line of outer study, and only a few here and there were willing to stand by the assailed and slandered teacher of Occultism, and to declare that, whatever the world might say of fraud and charlatanry, we *knew* that H. P. B. was the Masters' Messenger, and therefore had a claim to our allegiance and was entitled to our support. And so to those who gathered around her at that time she gave the teaching which she alone was able to give, and the mass of the Society for the time went quietly on, peacefully on, for many years.

And then came another trouble which rent the Society in America, which circled round the person of

William Quan Judge—a difficulty which arose, and shook the Society almost to its foundation. And we must never forget in looking back to him, that it was to his efforts that the building of the Society in America was practically wholly due; that it was his devotion, his unwearying services, which planted Theosophy in America and spread it over the whole of that vast continent; and if it be, as some of us think, that in the later years he was himself deceived, and so unhappily deceived some others, never must we forget the debt of gratitude that the whole Society owes to him as one of its pioneers for the work which made possible the present position of the Society in America; he left behind a name which will shine out ever the more brilliantly as the temporary errors are forgotten, as they already well-nigh are, and the lasting work is seen which he so splendidly wrought.

And after that again a time of peace, and then a shaking in 1906, which tested more, I think, the English part of the Society, perhaps, than the Society in any other part of the world. For it challenged what we always find in England, a certain hypocrisy which likes to shut its eyes to some of the facts of life and to blame those who force them on attention. The English, as a whole, would rather see thousands ruined behind a decent veil of silence and say nothing about it, than see an attempt made, perhaps a mistaken attempt but still an honest one, to deal with one of the greatest problems of the time;[1] and so we had here a great shaking, and we find large numbers of our older members leaving us; for there is nothing harder to face than misconstruction by the society in which you are

[1] See *Youth and Sex*, Jack's People's Books, for statements on the terrible prevalence of sexual mischief among the young.

living, by those who surround you, on whose good-will too many of you let your peace of mind depend.

The trouble we are having at the moment is chiefly found in India. But the curious thing about the trouble in India is this, that it is a newspaper trouble and not a real one. I mean by that, that the whole of the turmoil is caused, is made, by some four or five papers, that do not really influence the public opinion of India, nor practically affect the credit of the Society as a whole. And one very simple proof of that is the fact that during the last few months, when the newspaper turmoil has been at its fiercest, more people have come into the Society—something like one hundred a month—than have ever come into it during the whole of its previous existence in India, I believe, showing how little the movement is affected by the attacks which, after all, are chiefly levelled against myself.

But if you want to estimate the nature of the attack, you will find that the greater part of it comes out of causes not connected with the Society as such. Two causes are at work in India to make the present difficulty. First the political, which comes from the anarchists, who realise the fact that the Theosophical Society is composed of law-abiding people who set their face steadily against every form of violence, who stand for unity between Englishman and Indian, for fraternal co-operation between the two races, for the building up of a mighty Empire in the future, in which each country shall be the better for being linked with the other; who look on the future of England and India as a common future, in which both shall co-operate in the building up of a greater and nobler type of humanity. Now that ideal has been held up definitely, was advanced by

H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott when they landed in Bombay.

The second cause comes from the ultra-orthodox, who dislike the liberality incorporated in India partly in the Theosophical Society and partly in the Central Hiṇḍū College, so familiar to all of you. Hiṇḍū that College has always been, just as in Ceylon, Buḍḍhist Colleges and Buḍḍhist Schools have been built up by the Theosophical Society; for the Society is not a Missionary Society, trying to convert people from the faith into which they were born, but a Society attempting to deepen in each man his sense of the value of the faith to which he belongs, to lead him to spiritualise, to liberalise, his own religion, rather than to attack the religion of his neighbours. Because that has been the Theosophical position wherever we have worked in eastern lands, we have worked for the religion that we find there as the religion of the people, and therefore the Central Hiṇḍū College has never been a Theosophical College in the ordinary sense of the term. If it had been, people of every faith would have been freely admitted from the very beginning, and the foundation, the common foundation of all faiths, would have formed the religious instruction. But when that College was built up, the deliberate choice of those who built it was that Hiṇḍūism should be the one religion which should be taught within the walls of that Central Hiṇḍū College, a Hiṇḍūism, liberal, broad, purified from many of the superstitious aggregations which have grown around Hiṇḍūism in the course of ages, but recognising that Hiṇḍū parents might fairly claim that their children should be brought up on Hiṇḍū lines, and that questions of controversy should be left for the maturity of manhood, while

the elements of the ancestral faith should form the religious teaching given to the young. It is true that this College was originally founded by Theosophists; it is true that the spirit of it was the fraternal spirit of the Theosophical Society; it is true that there we viewed no difference of race, and that Englishmen and Indians worked along hand-in-hand in loving mutual respect and mutual regard. That is true. Much of the money was Theosophical money; all, I think, of the voluntary and the honorary workers were members of the Theosophical Society; and that gave rise to the idea of Theosophy in connection with it; people not being very observant, did not realise that its basis was very far narrower than that of the Society. Only within the last couple or three years has the Committee of the College admitted one or two lads of faiths outside the Hinḍū, and Theosophists have gradually worked to widen—not to impose upon their colleagues a liberality that they have not yet reached. But always the road was open towards the future, so that there was a growing liberality, a growing recognition of the need for the brotherhood of religions.

This in many ways caused antagonism to the Society and the College among the very orthodox Hinḍus, and I have been waiting for years for the time to come when the more orthodox would find that we were gradually leading the educated Hinḍūs into a rational and liberal form of Hinḍūism. Well enough did I know that, sooner or later, they must discover that we were going with the Spirit of the Age, and were gradually endeavouring to win the people to a more rational form of religious belief; and we knew well enough that, once orthodoxy discovered the fact, its

whole claws and teeth would once again show themselves and would be turned against those who were trying to save the national faith by making it possible for modern thinkers to accept it. Side by side with that came the political anarchism, and when this and the orthodox leaders set themselves deliberately against the College, the trouble began. That has been the great root of the difficulties you now have coming to a head. The anarchists said that we were the worst enemies of Indians, because we drew Indians and English together. They said that we were the obstacles that had to be cleared out of the way, because we made Indian boys love the English when they saw them as fellow-workers and not only as rulers; and so against that Society and that College they gradually directed strong streams of opposition, in order that an effort might be made to change the policy which was working for the common good of the common subjects of the one Crown.

Some of you will remember that I deliberately started a scheme for a Theosophical University, in which all religions should be represented, in which people of every faith in India should take place on the governing body, and I drew together a very strong body of Theosophists of the different great faiths in India, with the idea that every denominational College might be affiliated, but that all should be on a single level, and no one religion should be given any advantage over others. That was the scheme that the late Viceroy so warmly approved, the scheme that I discussed with, as he was then, Mr. Morley, and later with Lord Crewe; the reason that that failed has made very very largely the present position as regards the Theosophical Society in India. The idea was started of a Muhammadan University,

exclusively Muhammadan, with no one on its governing body except the children of Islām. When that scheme was put forward, by a natural rivalry another scheme rose up in the Hinḍū Community for an exclusively Hinḍū University, not one in which all faiths should be recognised, not one which was really Theosophical in drawing them altogether, but one which should be as definitely Hinḍū as the other was definitely Mussulmān.

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The educational work in connection with the T. S. is, however, going on, though we are thrown out of the C. H. C. For to us who believe in reincarnation, the breaking of a form is not a matter of first importance, and as this form was breaking, a new form was being built, in order that the Spirit might reincarnate in a body more fitted for its expanded powers. Being a person who never knows when she is beaten, I invented the scheme of a Theosophical Educational Trust, in which we should lay down broadly and boldly the lines of a Theosophical Trust to follow those designed for the Theosophical University. Boys and girls of every faith should be welcome and should be treated in equal fashion; we should draw together the number of schools which we have started through the Theosophical Society in different parts of the country, and bring them all under a single Trust, openly and frankly Theosophical, and so go forward along the lines that we have gradually been aiming at. As this was thought an impossible thing, I may tell you that, on the 7th July, the Theosophical Collegiate School will open in Benares. I do not know why, in reporting it, the papers said Bellary, a small town in Southern India. We prefer to stay in the large city of Benares,

where we are accustomed to the surroundings, and where we are much beloved; so we bought a very large piece of land there; the money came in for the purchase, and we have now a piece of land as large as that on which the Central Hiṇḍū College was built, and we propose there to erect our College buildings. We have many of the staff which made the Central Hiṇḍū College what it was, and although our Principal is away for a time, he is Principal of the new Institution and is only here in England on leave. And as he has trained up a very large and fine staff, and has not brought the whole of them over with him here, I am happy to say we are keeping enough of them in Benares to carry on this new work, and all the higher classes of our Girls' School come with us into the Theosophical Girls' School, so that we have both boys and girls, and both of them starting in July, along these Theosophical lines. We are by no means discouraged under the difficulties in India, but are going forward perfectly happily. As soon as it was heard in India that land was bought in Benares, one of our Indian Theosophists sent us word that he would contribute 600 rupees a month in order that we might have sufficient, if necessary, to pay our staff, and so our financial difficulties quietly disappeared, and we have simply now to collect the money for the building, which I shall proceed to do on my return to India; and because, as we know, most of the money came from Theosophists before, I have very little doubt that we shall be able to raise again the funds that are necessary for this cherished work. Thus the only result of struggle is a new departure of definitely Theosophical Education, which I believe will gradually spread over India, and make for

that liberalising spirit which is necessary for future progress, and for that same spirit of co-operation between Englishman and Indian which it was our aim to secure in the Central Hiṇḍū College.

But we must remember that that will not be confined entirely to India—our Theosophical Educational Trust—for since I came to England I have come across a very good idea, which is that we should also after a time have a Theosophical School and College in our English country, where the same lines of education will be pursued.

So that here, even in the very middle of the struggle, you can see the impulse which is being given to the work of the Society, and it is in that, for my own part, that I see the proof of those superphysical Powers which lie behind it. That very temporary defeat only means new strength and new vigour, the truth which was put into words by Edward Carpenter when he spoke of the struggle of man with Satan, that "every pain that I suffered in one body was a power that I wielded in the next". If you look at the Theosophical question from this standpoint, you will not fear the stress of pain, you will not fear the shock of battle, for you will know that, in that spiritual alchemy which is ever going on behind the veil, pain turns to power, temporary defeat means greater victory. That is the standpoint which I take for myself; I do not ask any to accept it who do not naturally place their feet on that rock on which, as we believe, we stand; it is the idea that everything must work for good for those who desire to serve with pure hearts and single aim; that nothing can hurt us save our own weaknesses, and even they will only be a road to greater strength. There is

nothing that can hurt the soul that trusts in the inner God, and looks to Those in whom God is more manifest than He is as yet in ourselves.

As you look over the world you see that it is not only the good things that work for good; the evil things also are made to work for good by the Supreme Good who turns all things according to the counsel of His own will. For all forces, rightly looked at, make for progress—those that resist as well as those that impel—for resistance brings strength, developing the power to overcome; it is those who face obstacles who grow strong, and not those who live the easy, calm and quiet life. The peace of the Spirit is not an external peace, but an inner serenity. The outer world may be as tumultuous as it will, but the spiritual man is peaceful in the midst of strife and is able to fight without revenge. Quiet times are not times of growth. It is in the storm that most rapid growth goes on, and there is no reason therefore to be troubled because winds may beat upon our house; within the house is peace, and for the first time in the history of our Society, all the attacks are coming from outside; none are coming from within—a mark of progress.

There is only one part of our Society that might have made such difficulty for us during the coming year: our German brethren, whose view of Theosophy is rather—in fact I may say much—narrower than our own; who are not willing to take in all opinions, all views, all thoughts, but would rather choose one view only and follow that; they would have been hindrances to us as regards the toleration and the width of our Society; we should have had growing a German-Theosophy in contradistinction to a World-Theosophy, and that

would have done us harm and caused confusion in the time to come. It is better, where there is a fundamental difference of that kind, that there should be separation, and even if on their side the separation is somewhat bitter and accompanied with many harsh words, yet, if we do not answer harshly back, then before long the bitterness will vanish, and we shall be able to go on side by side, each following its own path—we, intent on keeping Theosophy broad and clear and liberal, and leaving the other Society to carve out its own way, and to teach those whom it may perhaps more easily reach than we can reach them, thus filling a place in the great forward movement, belonging to the Theosophical Movement if not to the Theosophical Society. And so perchance in years to come they will make a useful road for many to walk upon who are not willing to walk on a road so wide that the absence of barriers makes them feel that they will fall over the edge; there are some who need the protection of the limiting wall, in order to feel that they are safe on the road along which they go. So that one apparently great loss that we have had, the loss of our German brethren, will not, I think, in the long run be a loss. Gradually and steadily the new German Section is growing up, largely thanks to the efforts of our veteran Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, who has steadily held up the banner of liberty in the midst of bitter opposition, and has gradually gathered around him a number of workers who will be able to carry the work on along these broad and tolerant and liberal lines.

So, looking at our position, I see nothing which need make us anxious. You need not trouble about that

suit which is going on against myself. It advertises Theosophy, for while I try to keep Theosophy out of it, my opponents were determined to work Theosophy into it, and the result has been that in the open Court, statements of Theosophical principles have been made which could not otherwise have been made. It matters nothing that a great deal of mud is being thrown against myself, provided it is not thrown against the Society; that which is thrown is warded off from the Society: It matters very little that that mud may for the time fall on an individual, for there is one thing of which you may be absolutely sure, and that is that no amount of mud, thrown on a person who is trying to live her best, can for very, very long remain upon that person. Life is stronger than any form of opposition or misrepresentation, and I know of no function which is a greater privilege than that, when an attempt to injure the Society is made, it should be turned aside on to the individual who has the honour to represent it before the world. For all through, in Madras, it has been definitely said that Theosophy has come clear out of the attack. And while I do not think that that has found its way over to your papers here, because the agency that supplies the news is hostile, that has been the verdict of all the Madras papers except one, and they agree that the Society is uninjured.

Looking then at the opposition, what is there that we should fear? What we have the right to look for is that as soon as this passing trouble is over, the Society will spring forward more rapidly than it has ever done before.

There is only one real danger that I see near us, and I would put that to you as I close. Some of our

older members are inclined to forget that the future is with the young, and not with themselves. Every generation has its own way of dealing with its problems. Every generation must have its own eyes, and see through its own eyes, and not through the eyes of its elders. And we must remember that if this movement is to go forward, it will go forward by winning the younger generation, who will carry it further than we have been able to do. Some ten or fifteen years ago there was a general complaint that the young people did not join us, that the young men and the young women were not attracted to us. Our members were mostly composed of middle-aged people —some even beyond middle-age. The young who came were very few. But now things are changed; the young ones are crowding in; the young men and the young women are taking a very active part in the movement; and it is our duty to help them to take the places to which they are entitled, and not to insist that they shall follow the policy of the elders, instead of their own policy. I would leave that with you as an earnest warning here as elsewhere. We, who are older, have largely done our work. We have no right to claim the work of the future as our own exclusive privilege. We have worked in the past, and we have made a foundation for our right to serve in the future, when we shall again be young. But meanwhile the younger ones who are to lead the Society into new fields of thought, into new aspirations, into the realisation of new hopes, into the seeing of new visions, they are to have the greater opportunities.

Let us offer to the younger such wisdom as we have gained by experience, but do not let us try to

coerce them, do not let us try to make them walk along our lines; because these were good for us, it does not follow they are best for them. Give the younger ones every hand and help, but do not try to coerce or control; give advice, but not orders; aid, but do not seek to rule. Learn the wisdom of age, which is to give counsel; feel with the young and sympathise with them; encourage their hopes. They may not be realised wholly, but they will be realised more if we encourage them therein, than if we throw cold water on their new ideas, and are trying continually to hold them back instead of encouraging them to go forward.

For it is the work that matters, and not you or I. It is the progress of the Movement that is important, and not whether this person or another shall stand as leaders in the Society. This great Movement to which we have given ourselves, it is the Masters' work, not ours. It is Their Society, not ours; Their Movement, not ours; and our place is that of service, eager to do Their will, eager to catch Their wish, and to carry it out. And part of that duty, it seems to me, is to give the younger ones the opportunity of showing what they can do, and how fast they can go forward, and not of our being a drag upon the coach, but only helpers, counsellors, and advisers.

Then the energy of youth shall flow also into the elders; then we who are old shall remain enthusiastic, as the young are enthusiastic around us. As we think with them, work with them, are glad with them, their youth will flow into our older veins, and we shall go forward side by side into a better and more beautiful to-morrow, and come back—we older ones—younger

than those who now are younger than ourselves, to take from their hands the banner that they will have carried farther than we can carry it. Let them take it from us now, and in the future we again shall take it from them.

Annie Besant

THE DAY OF EXPLANATIONS

In the day of explanations
When all the truth is told
And all mistakes are righted
None will look harsh or cold.

In the day of explanations
When all the lies fall dead
And the scandals are forgotten
Love will rise up instead.

In the day of explanations
When everything is known
Then Love will reign triumph
Upon his golden throne.

MARGUERITE POLLARD

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Does this Clash with the Evolutionary Theory?

By ELSIE HORDER, F. T. S.

IN the days when Byron was fashionable, and "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean" a favourite recitation, the poetically minded, when oppressed by a realisation of the transitory nature of this world's power and glory, were wont to address to the ocean the passionate enquiry: "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage where are they?" and to receive a very uncomforting reply. History repeats itself in no more obvious and arresting way than in the rise and fall of nations. And truly, if we have no key to the meaning of this oft-repeated process of birth, development, decay and death, history is a depressing study and the historical student a frequenter of graveyards and decipherer of epitaphs. Backwards and ever backwards the history of mankind is seen to recede, as the discoveries of archæologists reveal the remains of ancient civilisations; civilisations that flourished and died long before the birth of Assyria, Greece, Rome or Carthage. Indeed these names of ancient history are becoming by comparison quite uninterestingly modern. For the lost Atlantis, regarded a few years ago as a purely legendary land, is to-day attesting its reality, and from recently unburied cities in Yucatan and Guatemala evidence

is accumulating of a powerful and enlightened race, a race that had telescopes, and printed books, a calendar and art of a high order, before the days of Egypt and Babylon. How many thousand years separate the printed books of lost Atlantis from William Caxton's printing press in England, I leave the archæologists to guess. Little did Edward IV and his wondering queen and courtiers dream, when they visited the printer and saw his wonderful new writing machine, that history was but repeating itself, and that many, many thousands of years ago, a great catastrophe, legends of which came down the ages in the story of Noah's flood, swept from the face of the earth a great and powerful people to whom the art of printing books was well known. And since no great civilisation can spring from nothing, the civilisation of Atlantis must have had its forerunner, which also had its day and ceased to be.

So we of the British Empire see ourselves as the last in line of an endless series of civilisations and kingdoms and empires, and on many sides the question is being asked: Is history repeating itself? Are we to go the way of all nations in the past? Has the process of decay already set in? Comparisons between our own times and the period of decay of the Roman Empire have become commonplaces; books by serious and weighty historical authorities dealing with the subject continue to multiply. It is satisfactory perhaps to know that those who diagnose our social and political disorders as senile decay are in a minority; still, if history teaches anything clearly, it teaches that the time of decay and death must come, and the British Empire must be one grave more in the vast cemetery of nations.

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the peculiar make-up of the British mind rendered possible the belief that the British Empire was unique, and not subject to the laws which governed "nations not so blest". It was indeed conceived of as the consummation of things, the grand result of past experimenting at civilisation and empire-building, and as such destined to endure to the end of the world; just as the Christian religion, as interpreted by the British Protestant mind, was regarded as the only revelation of God to man. Such beliefs, like the belief that the earth is the centre of the solar system, were only possible to ignorance, and a wider knowledge of history, and contact with the 'heathen' have undermined, if not completely destroyed, both.

How near or how far off is the fall of our Empire matters little. History says emphatically that it must go. The Roman dreamed of his eternal Empire, and men were amazed and their hearts failed them when that mighty edifice tottered and fell, burying in its ruins the familiar Gods, and the religious sanctions of the mighty past. There was a spirit of intense pessimism abroad in the declining days of Rome. Men cannot hope greatly when they have no great and vital religious faith. Does not history repeat itself in this particular too? We are not a happy people; in every department of the nation's life there is discontent and unrest. Old landmarks have been removed, organised religion has ceased to hold the people, the mass of men know not what they believe or for what they are to hope. What does it all mean? It all seems "a striving and a striving and an ending in nothing". Do we just go round in a circle, and is the future in very truth just the past

re-entered by another door? Does the world never solve its problems? Maybe the Phœnix is no symbol of hope, but is merely the type of the unsolved problems of mankind, springing with new life and vigour from the ashes of one civilisation to find a home again in a later one. Long ago a royal pessimist, oppressed by history's constant repetitions, declared that there is nothing new under the sun. It looks as if all life is just "a climbing up a climbing wave," and that Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters were right, who, seeing death as the end of all, turned their backs upon life and chose as their portion rest and dreamful ease.

What then becomes of evolution, that magic word that has revolutionised the thought of this generation? When we speak of evolution the idea connoted is of a gradual advance from lower forms to higher. The biological point of view, by means of which the idea of evolution was first given by Darwin to the world, has long since been enlarged, until every department of life is seen to be under the law. The logical conclusion of the application of the evolutionary theory would seem to be that latest results must always be the best, the nearest to truth and perfection. Maybe reliance on the apparent logic of this reasoning is responsible for the widespread assumption that our civilisation is the finest that the world has seen, that ours is an age of enlightenment such as the world has never known. Think of the contemptuous attitude of the average Briton towards men of the older civilisations, towards all men of a complexion different from his own. Think of the scant respect paid to the religious beliefs of other peoples, as evidenced by our crude though well-meaning missionary efforts. It is true that the field of foreign

missions has always had its great men, its saints and martyrs, and that a broader spirit is making itself felt to-day, but the majority of missionaries still go forth in the serene belief that " their souls are lighted " in some exclusive way " with wisdom from on high," to break the heathen of his pernicious habit of bowing down to wood and stone, without thinking it worth while, if the 'heathen' should belong to an old civilisation, to know anything of his point of view, or of his ancient faith.

Does it not seem as if the evolutionary theory bolsters up this exclusiveness and conceit? Are not we, the heirs of all the ages, models to the rest of the world? Listen to the latest words of the veteran scientist Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace. At ninety-one years of age this strenuous thinker thus passes judgment upon us. After surveying "the various forms of social immorality which have accompanied the economic development of our civilisation," he says:

> Taking account of these various groups of undoubted facts, many of which are so gross, so terrible, that they cannot be over stated, it is not too much to say that our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom and the social environment as a whole in relation to our possibilities and claims is the worst that the world has ever seen.

In the same number of the *Christian Commonwealth* in which that book was reviewed, the Rev. R. J. Campbell makes these striking remarks in a sermon:

> I ask you to take stock of the benefits of progress and enterprise up to date in this favoured land of ours. I deliberately challenge the assumption that England is to the rest of the world an example of the way to live and the ideals at which we ought to aim. We are so used to the assumption that we scarcely ever think of questioning it . . . . I ask you this morning to conceive it possible that we may be all wrong, that we have developed our resources mistakenly, that we have got into a cul-de-sac, and will have to find our way out again somehow.

What then we may ask again, in justifiable bewilderment, becomes of evolution? Is history in our time, to the confusion of our ideas of continual progress, repeating some phase of the world's story, such as the degenerate days of the Roman Republic, with its wealthy aristocracy and its hideous poverty, its luxury and ostentation based upon slavery? Yet is the idea of evolution so woven into the texture of our thought that we know it must be somehow true, or our world is chaos.

Yet we doubt not through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Perhaps we have been merely mistaken in our idea of the way in which the increasing purpose manifests itself. We think of evolution as progress in a straight line, a steady mounting upward step by step. The truth is, and this when applied will be found to be the explanation of the apparent contradictions of evolution which we have glanced at, that evolution is progress upward, but by a spiral movement, not in a straight upward line.

Keeping in mind for the purpose of illustration a spiral staircase we can see that in mounting, at the first turn of the spiral, we reach a point exactly above our starting point but one turn higher up. Similarly all succeeding steps bring us to points just above those on which we stood as we traversed step by step the first turn of the spiral. We are covering again the same ground on the next turn of the spiral, and this process is repeated the whole way up. If the energy, the life, the Spirit, call by what name you will the upward driving force which we call the law of evolution, travels

by a spiral movement, we can see how inevitable it is that history should repeat itself. And we can see that the repetition means neither stagnation nor retrogression, but progress all the time.

For the purpose of illustration let us take a well-known cycle in the world's story, the period that separates the Roman domination of the world from the British Empire of to-day. What are the salient points of that cycle? Rome having reached the height of her power started on the downward path, and the process of disintegration continued until she fell a prey to the barbarian nations of the north; then the slow civilising of these barbarian people through the centuries that make up the Middle Ages of Europe, now one, now another nation making a bid for dominion over the others, until at last England emerged as the new world power, the new Rome. When we have completed the turn of the spiral we shall be just over the point that marks the greatest power of Rome.

There are some who think that we have already passed that point and are standing over the point of the beginning of Rome's decline. But what was the essential work of the Roman Empire? Above all things its work was the introduction of the idea of unity into the world. Rome grasped at a world-empire. By her magnificent roads she linked together far distant countries and diverse peoples; her system of provincial administration gave to all parts of her vast empire the unifying power of a common idea, the idea of dominant Rome as the centre whence radiated law and order and authority. The Roman Empire as a unifying idea was most powerful. It is true the unity was based upon conquest, and was maintained by military power

and expressed by the payment of tribute money. It was a rough sketch of a real unity.

Now, amid all the confusion of our present social and political conditions, what is the dominant note that is being struck? Who can doubt that it is unity, brotherhood? On the physical plane the distance between nations is being continually lessened by improved methods of travelling, time is set at naught by cables and wireless telegraphy. Nations can learn to know each other as they never could in the past, and with knowledge come respect and the possibility of real unity. Think of the movements having unity as their aim—the Peace Movement, the great International Councils representing various activities to which delegates come from all parts of the world; that most significant gathering held some two years ago in London, the Inter-racial Conference; the rapid growth of the Theosophical Society, having a belief in universal brotherhood as its sole test of admission. The idea of brotherhood is the enduring element in Socialism, as it is the basic truth of Democracy, though now so overlaid by falsehood that it is hard to discover it. What is the significance of all the activities, if not that the British Empire is destined to fill in the rough sketch drawn by Rome, and bring about a real brotherhood of nations and of classes? And thinking this we may hold the opinion that the turn of the spiral is not yet complete, and that our Empire has further greatness in store before the coming of old age.

Following up this line of thought history takes on a more cheerful aspect; the sense of futility, of moving in a circle, vanishes. If the work of past nations is taken up and carried to completion by later ones, we see how

the evolutionary force, if you put it that way, or the will of God guiding His universe to its destined consummation, if you put it another way, is working ever upwards. If we could see far enough backwards, far enough forwards, doubtless we should see the work of all nations that have ever been, taken up and enriched and brought nearer to perfection by some succeeding people. It is true that the beauty of Greece remains unique; that no society has in later times evolved a social order comparable in dignity and spirituality with that of which we catch glimpses in ancient India; that in the records left us of Chaldæa and Egypt we have hints of scientific knowledge and of mystic lore that the world has not yet recaptured. But cycles are of every duration; and in the infinite number of spiral movements making up the world's progress, the turn of the spiral is sometimes short, sometimes very long. Certain it is that nothing is lost, though all cannot manifest at once; and in the fullness of time who can doubt that the beauty of Greece, the spirituality of India, the hidden lore of Egypt and Chaldæa shall appear once more, enlarged, enriched, grown nearer to perfection? And as it does not yet appear what man shall be, our argument implies that in the long journey to the goal of evolution, whatever that may be, all the movements which we know as history shall appear and disappear many times as the spiral mounts upwards, each reappearance marking a turn in the long ascent, a stage nearer to the ultimate truth and perfection.

So we need not be depressed, if, when we ask of the ocean the whereabouts of Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, our question is evaded or answered in a

pessimistic vein. For we have our answer. But have we answered the problem set by apparent retrogression, by the existence of those social conditions in the world's leading nation which called forth the just condemnation of thinking men of such different types as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell?

Setting aside for the moment that special problem, let us see what apparent evil and retrogression are, considered from the point of view of special progress. When the evolutionary force has carried a movement to its destined height, it withdraws from it gradually, and disintegration sets in. Naturally enough those who have identified themselves with any movement, who have become accustomed to a certain environment, regard the passing of the old order with regret, and see retrogression and decay. Could the Roman, when his great civilisation was shattered by uncouth barbarians, see anything but a turning back of the wheel of progress? Yet the future lay with these same barbarians. The Roman civilisation had done its work, and a new one was to be built. The form was broken up, and the life-force passed on to the building up of a new form. Or to take another illustration. With what misgivings must the men who made the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," when England was a "nest of singing birds," and throbbed with great hopes and aspirations, have viewed the oncoming tide of Puritanism, with its harsh views of life, its stern contempt for art and culture. Yet the Puritan Revolution had its necessary work to do, a work as great, if not so attractive, as that of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists. Or again, see how those who were moulded by the early Victorian theology despaired of the young generation,

which, under the impulse of the new scientific spirit, and a more sensitive imagination and broader humanity, discarded the terrible, and to us blasphemous, beliefs in eternal punishment and hell fire and an angry God, and refused to believe, in the interests of a liberal interpretation of the seven days of creation, that God put fossils in the rocks to puzzle the geologists.

We are far enough from that time, though the early Victorian theology still survives in many places, to realise how necessary was the breaking up of the old forms that new and better ones should be built. But it was a very evil thing to our grandparents. It appears then that what we call evil and retrogression consists in the breaking up of the particular form with which we have been associated. We travel with the increasing force to a particular point in the spiral, then the force turns and travels apparently in the opposite direction, and we cannot realise that it is bearing humanity with it back to the same position on a plane higher up. We can realise that this is so of the past, but it is hard to realise it of the present, of the forms with which we are associated. How hard it is, we have lately seen delightfully set forth in Arnold Bennett's play 'Milestones'. This process of the building up, and the breaking up of forms is repeated in the life story of every man, who is born, comes to maturity, grows old and dies. But though man shrinks from death, the wise have said that death is the gate of life, and so we see it to be in the larger processes of history.

Touching our own social evils, the unrest and misery among us to-day may be interpreted as the result of the breaking-up of an old social order. As a matter of historical fact we have had no social

order since the Wars of the Roses dealt a fatal blow at the Feudal system. Feudalism has been dying in England ever since, and to the making of a new order many new factors have come, notably our great industrial growth, and increasing power over natural resources. In our efforts to solve our problem of social reconstruction we seem to have got into a dreadful muddle; we have as the Rev. R. J. Campbell puts it developed our resources mistakenly, guided by the spirit of materialism. Feudalism was no ideal system, still it established human relations between classes, while we have merely class antagonisms. The lord owed protection to his vassals and they owed him service in return, and in the great baronial hall with its common dining-table we have an indication of the idea of brotherhood. It is true that the idea of brotherhood expressed by the Feudal system would be most unacceptable to modern Democracy which regards brotherhood and equality as synonymous terms, but it is just this confusion of terms which has led to the many blunders of the democratic movement; blunders which as their evil results become increasingly apparent, are undermining the general faith in Democracy as the solution of our social and political evils. For brotherhood implies differences of age and capacity. Can the members of a family be all of an age, or have they all equal or similar gifts? No, in a family the older must care for the younger, the strong protect the weak; and it is this idea of brotherhood, which, becoming stronger among us as the wealthy and cultured realise increasingly their responsibilities towards their less fortunate fellows, will, when the turn of the spiral is complete, bring about a reincarnation of the human

relationships of the Feudal system enriched by the experiences of the intervening centuries.

Is it necessary now to defend by further argument the idea of the spiral movement we call evolution? Its best defence is that it explains the facts, whereas the idea of movement in a straight line does not. We know that for more than a quarter of a century after the publication of Darwin's discoveries, men applied the evolutionary hypothesis to many departments of knowledge, working on the assumption of a steady upward advance in a straight line from crude beginnings to large results. Invaluable as this work proved for future progress, logic, working from a false premise led them into positions which have proved to be quite untenable as more facts came to light.

It would take too long to review even the best known of false conclusions of the last generation of scientific workers, conclusions which the present generation is by degrees abandoning. I mention only by way of illustration the theory of the comparative mythologists, who thought that they had found the seed of the mighty tree which is religion, in the nature-worship of primitive man, and traced back all man's immortal longings and beliefs, all the experiences of Mystics and Saints to the fear-inspired superstitions of savage man. Taking a broad view, it is safe to say that the scientific materialism of the last generation was the logical result of a mistaken idea of the method of progress. Coming into contact, as we often do, with members of that large section of society to which the ideas which represented the advanced thought of fifty years ago have just filtered down we can realise how arrogant and how deep rooted that materialism was.

Who does not know the type of man who quotes Huxley and Haeckel and thinks himself up to date, merely pitying you as an early Victorian survival if you suggest that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy? The daily papers contained an amusing instance a short time ago. You may remember that a prominent Wesleyan clergyman, at the recent annual conference of that denomination, had the temerity to suggest that, as truth is so vast a thing, our ideas of religious truth, like our ideas of scientific truth must be subject to the law of growth. In the excited controversy which this tremendous statement evoked, a correspondent in a daily paper quoted S. Paul as an authority, whereupon he was promptly taken to task by an enlightened man, who poured scorn on S. Paul as an authority for anything, suggesting that he was all very well for the primitive times in which he lived, but that we live in an enlightened age, and two thousand years of progress have made us so vastly wiser than S. Paul that only the foolishly old-fashioned would dream of taking him seriously. That instance is a striking example of the common assumption that by the law of evolution the latest results must be the best, and that mere lapse of time involves all-round superiority. It is reasonable to believe, as probably all of us do, that S. Paul said many things that applied only to his own age, notably his views on the woman question of his time; it probably never entered his head that such sayings would be regarded as divine commands for all time. It is true that we might surprise him with telephones and phonographs, and that he had no knowledge of airships, or even of trains, but

only the conceit of ignorance could imagine these other than small things compared with the knowledge of the man who could say, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain," and know what he meant by it.

Does the idea of spiral progress need in addition to its power to explain facts the support of great names? Someone with a knowledge of the history of philosophy alone could deal adequately with that line of argument. I can only say that I believe the idea of a progressive spiral movement to be as old as religion. Certainly it is to be found in the ancient Hinḍū religion and history is only repeating itself as the idea reappears among us. So far as I know, James Hinton was the first to express the idea in England. More than fifty years ago he wrote as follows:

> The idea that that only which is bad needs to be reformed, superseded, done away with, is perhaps the greatest hindrance to our progress in every respect. We must learn to see that everything, the good and necessary just as much as any other, requires to be reformed and superseded by the opposite when it has had its day; that, in truth, everything that is, is good and needs to be replaced by the opposite because it is good, and has therefore prepared for the opposite; that progress is spiral, and all things are unipolar and demand their opposite. To recognise this thoroughly and wisely would put a complete end, it appears to me, to all the intellectual errors that oppose progress.

So the philosopher expresses the idea; does not the poet mean just the same thing when he says:

> The old order changeth yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Yes, surely this great idea is true. We cannot look upon a tree or a plant without seeing an illustration of spiral progress. Are not all leaves and branches arranged in a regular order on the trunk or stem, following the spiral winding or the windings of two interlaced

spirals? Can we think of a quality that has not its upper and lower aspect? Foolhardiness reappears at the turn of the spiral as courage, knowledge as wisdom, desire as aspiration. The idea is as inspiring as it is true. Almost it seems that we might say as the equivalent of the statement, progress is spiral—all things reincarnate. Nations reincarnate as we have seen. It is difficult for those to whom the idea of reincarnation is a belief, to hold back from the deduction that those who made a nation in the past reappear at the appointed time to carry their work up to a higher point. Whether you think this a fair deduction or not, the idea of spiral progress remains an inspiration. With this key to history the world ceases to be a vast cemetery of nations. Like the children in 'The Blue Bird,' we see the tombs disappearing, and to us, asking in glad surprise, "Where are the dead?" the answer comes, "There are no dead."

Elsie Horder

WOMEN AND PUBLIC SPIRIT

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME" is the cherished tradition of criminal departments. Police inspectors and private detectives, to whom the daughters of Eve are the mothers of mischief, make use of the phrase to give utterance to their hereditary belief in woman as the origin of evil. We readily admit that, by virtue of a certain elusive quality, which may be termed the power of suggestion, woman is not infrequently the instigator to crime. This, however, is only half the truth. The same quality makes her the inspirer to deeds of valour and virtue, but the public mind is still so little acquainted with the laws of true perspective that it has never yet occurred to anybody to quote the phrase in connection with woman and the production of anything *good*.

Is there a painful scandal public or private? "*Cherchez la femme*," says the man in the street knowingly. "*Cherchez la femme*," echoes the man in the club complacently. How great their mutual amazement, were some illustrious visitor to the East, sight-seeing at Agra or Benares, to pause before the mournful glory of the Tāj Mahāl, or linger in the learned precincts of the Central Hinḍū College, to exclaim "*Cherchez la femme*". We fear no royal patron has so much as

murmured it at the laying of the foundation stones of those great palaces of pain we call in the West our city hospitals; but both the eastern monuments to art and culture and the western tributes to philanthropy are laurels laid at the feet of womanhood, man's witness to the world without of woman all glorious within, his response to her inspiration, his acknowledgment of her devotion. Without her it is doubtful if they would ever have arisen to bless the world with the triple gifts of beauty, knowledge and healing. Let women point their detractors to such monuments. What is early-Victorian tittle-tattle, the scandal of clubs or the censure of drawing-rooms to women whose own works praise them in the gates? Nor was there ever a more eloquent reply to evil-speaking than well-doing.

There is moreover a permanent Court of Appeal from the verdict of any particular day to the judgment of posterity. Women may await with patience the time when the world will wish to inquire more closely into the personalities of some of those world-awakeners who brought about the abolition of slavery, the reformation of prisons, the skilled tending of the sick, the diminishing of drunkenness and vice, the spread of education, the passing of the 'Married Women's Property Act,' the rescue of young children from crawling upon all fours as beasts of burden in the coal-mines, the reconciliation of rival religions, the recent revival of spirituality in both hemispheres, and many other such-like things. A society formed to inquire into these matters might appropriately adopt as its device the legend "*Cherchez la femme*".

Meanwhile something may be attempted even in the limits of a short article. Let us 'seek woman' not as the

cause of crime but as the agent turning men to righteousness. We shall then witness her extraordinary powers of suggestion put in exercise. We shall see how a certain dynamic force of hers is pent up in a frail body. Often it is handicapped by poverty and social obscurity or by conventional restrictions; yet this spiritual force will shake off every fetter to give so mighty an impetus to the moral evolution of the world that the impulse lasts even for centuries.

Who but Sīṭā is the well-spring of inspiration to Hinḍū womanhood? The bride of Shāh Jehan reigned in the house of her husband, buṭ Sīṭā—where in all the history of the whole world will you find such a Queen of Hearts? You question if she ever lived? There seems to be pre-historical foundation for the existence of her father Janaka, King of Koshala, and as to Sīṭā, why according to the Hinḍū chronicles she died eight hundred thousand years ago, but she is more alive at this moment than any modern maiden—she is inextricably interwoven with the fabric of Indian life. The hand of Sīṭā is like the head of Charles I, which you will remember could *not* be kept out of the memorial.

Do you doubt this? Walk with some Indian lady friend and, as you talk, try to keep Sīṭā out of the conversation. You will fail. Do you so much as catch your raiment in the sea-prickles—

"Beware!" your Indian sister will instantly exclaim. "Beware of the whiskers of Rāvaṇa!"

"Rāvaṇa!" you repeat irritably. What in the world have anybody's whiskers to do with your predicament? But you are soon abashed by a superb smile of superior wisdom:

"Rāvaṇa, who ran away with Sīṭā!"

Then you give it up, for you perceive plainly that this is a world of Māyā in which you are only part of the illusion, whereas Sīṭā is a supreme reality, an eternal verity. It is for love of Sīṭā that the Indian woman scorns to make her life a pleasure-chase, setting her footsteps firmly on the road of renunciation. Western women in their nervous restless lives sometimes think wistfully of Sīṭā, so safe among—

> The immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence, live
> In pulses stirred to generosity, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self.

India gives us the adoring wife, but we must turn to the West to find that flower of humanity—its maidenhood. But for early marriages, what might not India's maidens have been?

"I would have the men pure and the maidens brave," said a holy father.

"Surely the maidens pure and the men brave is what you would say, good father!" corrected a critic.

"No," was the reply, "Nature has done that. I meant what I said."

Then if courage be the crown of maidenhood, let France be proud of her maidens. She does not only boast 'The Maid' of all history; she has other daughters, worthy of their illustrious sister. Take for example that *demoiselle d'honneur* of Marie Antoinette, who, when the infuriated rabble that sought her royal mistress in the Tuileries burst tumultuously into the ante-chamber and broke the bolt of the last barrier, thrust her slim arm into its place to make a moment for the Queen's escape. Nor is she the last of these remarkable maidens. In the heart of the Pyrenees a sorrowful spectacle takes place almost daily. Hundreds

of sick folk, helpless guests in the Hostel of Our Lady of Pain, lie on their couches in the open square, awaiting the passing of the Host. Simultaneously a colossal pilgrimage of friends and sympathisers ascends the broad sweeps of steps that conduct pilgrims to the portal of Our Lady of Lourdes. From England and Germany, Alsace and Switzerland, Austria and Italy, they come, each with his candle and his psalter book. Now the sonorous Spanish, now the guttural German, takes up the eternal chant: Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

Sometimes you will see pilgrims rise from their beds, or fling away their crutches, and rush to bless the Madonna and to kiss Her feet. Some speak openly of miracles. Others talk cautiously about "a consensus of thought power" and the "action of suggestion upon the sub-conscious mind". Nobody denies the existence of thousands of discarded crutches. "Seek for the woman." You find a simple Pyrenean maiden. As she knelt upon the mountains, she received a commission from the Queen of Heaven. "The place she knelt upon was holy. . . the waters were healing. . . there was to be a shrine. . . a Church must be built. . . signs should follow. . . the Madonna would bestow a blessing." Strange tale to have to tell to nineteenth century France. How absurdly it must have sounded in the mouth of an ignorant, moon-struck, poverty-stricken peasant girl. Orthodoxy did its best to stop the movement, but neither the dissuasions of Pope and Cardinals, nor the sneers of agnostics and sceptics, could daunt the 'formidable innocence' of Bernadette and, in short, there it stands, the Church of her Vision, three tiers of it, based on a great basilica above the waters of the miraculous source. Thirty Archbishops presided

meekly at its consecration. In France "*l'homme propose mais la femme dispose*!" Truly a Maid of Destiny was Bernadette.

"I will that my ashes rest upon the banks of the Seine among the French people that I loved so much," wrote the Man of Destiny. But was it the French people that Napoleon loved or was it a certain phantom —a goddess called La Gloire? One wonders, for the French people seem indifferent to their departed Lover; but they all love Bernadette—Bernadette, who outbraved the ridicule of the most agnostic nation in the most materialistic age and is still a living factor in the lives of thousands. To her, as to many women, death is only the beginning of their life-work. She has made the grave a pulpit from which she, "being dead, yet speaketh" to the French people. You may burn a maiden or you may bury her, but you cannot bury a movement, and as to the maiden—she will rise again. But ah! how black to Heaven is man's ingratitude! He abandons Sīṭā to years of lonely exile, Hypatia he tears in pieces, with devouring flame and suffocating smoke he silences Joan of Arc, yea, and with a sword he even pierces the soul of the Blessed Virgin.

Would you seek the woman in Spain? You need not go far. At Barcelona you already come upon the statues and portraits of Isabella the Catholic. To her in the dark hour of his despair came Christopher Columbus. Strange freak of fate for this forlorn adventurer to find a sister in the Queen of Castile! Scorned and condemned by Church and State, his future prospects must indeed have looked hopeless. None the less Isabella stood his friend. Isabella sold her jewels to obtain his ships, and upheld his sinking

spirits till those last moments when she stood upon the shore to bid him God-speed in his hazardous enterprise. May we, without *léze-majesté* cry: Bravo, Isabella?

In Spain Columbus is the national hero, but Teresa is the national Saint. Picture, if you will, the indomitable Carmelite crossing and re-crossing the Spanish Peninsular in a little wooden cart, becoming the life and soul of the counter-reformation, founding her twenty-eight reformed religious houses, braving storms without, quelling mutinies within. "You have deceived me in saying this was a woman; she is a bearded man." To day the modest MS. of the great Active rests in the Escurial among the treasures of the Spanish Kings.

Italy contributes another of these moving Spirits. Catherine of Siena—not to be confounded with her namesake of Alexandria—the Italian maiden, now, we are assured, "one of the fourteen most helpful saints in Heaven," forms with her followers the connecting link between S. Francis and Savonarola. She rendered her chief service to the mediæval world when in the matter of the exiled Popes she proved a successful mediator where Dante and Petrarch had failed. Gardner writes:

> Her letters are addressed to Kings, Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, conventual bodies, political corporations and private individuals. Their historic importance, their spiritual fragrance, and their literary value combine to put their author on a level with Petrarch as a fourteenth century letter-writer. Her language is the purest Tuscan of the golden age of the Italian Vernacular, and with spontaneous eloquence she passes to and fro between spiritual counsel, domestic advice and political guidance.

The subject is fascinating, but we dare not linger over Elizabeth of Hungary, whose apron full of rose-leaves has inspired the artist as Beatrice has inspired

the poet; nor yet upon "the little Wilhelmina of almost too sharp wits," to whom Carlyle makes such handsome acknowledgments in his life of her brother, Frederick the Great. There remain still England and America to be briefly dealt with.

The names of Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale are household words wherever English is a mother-tongue, nor were either of their public ministries limited to their native land. Elizabeth Fry made several extended tours, in the course of which she visited French, Swiss, German, and Danish prisons, and before her death she saw the adoption of many reforms. The English are a compassionate people, and perhaps had they to choose a companion Saint to their S. George, they would select Santa Filomena as the poet has re-christened our "Lady with the Lamp".

One instance of the courage of English maidenhood may fitly be given. The authoress of *The Road-mender* fell victim to a grievous malady in her twenty-second year.

> When first she could no longer go about she took up modelling . . . . too ill for that, she wrote . . . when she could no longer sit up she wrote lying down . . . . her right hand failed, she wrote with her left . . . . her sight went and she dictated . . . Such the dire conditions under which the *Road-mender* was finished—

America gives us a marvel of patience and perseverance in Helen Keller, born deaf, dumb, and blind but now the possessor of a B. A. degree. One more example from over the Atlantic. Eighteen years' residence in Cincinnati had familiarised the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with every detail of the slave trade. That such a book should ever have been completed amid poverty, ill-health and domestic duties seems little short of miraculous. Her manuscript lay upon the kitchen

dresser, and was written a few words at a time in intervals between washing-up and preparing the next meal, often with her baby in one hand and her pen in the other. When published it had a phenomenal success, was translated into twenty-three languages and read by all the Prime Ministers in Europe. It was certainly a factor in the abolition of slavery.

It seems impossible to put any limits to the influence of one simple woman. When Queen Victoria passed over, an obscure Japanese journalist complained of loneliness in the columns of a Kioto journal. Exactly in what way the great gentlewoman had imparted to him a sense of companionship it might be difficult to say, but had she not that touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin"? She was a universal sister. Would that a double portion of her spirit might descend on the women of the Empire she once ruled! Good women, kind women, are plentiful. Their private charity is often wonderful. Lady Bountiful and Madame Liberality go hand in hand. But great women? Why is a great woman so much rarer a phenomenon of Nature than a great man? You ask what constitutes a great woman? What has Sīṭā in common with Victoria, Helena Blavatsky with Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bernadette with Santa Filomena, Isabella with Annie Besant? Only their womanhood and their public spirit.

A very illuminative conversation took place recently between a noted alienist and an old abbé; the great specialist was full of impatience:

"Bah! Monsieur l'abbé! Do not speak to me of Jeanne d'Arc. Hysteria! Neurasthenia! Come to the Salpétrière. I will show you fifty Jeanne d'Arcs!"

The abbé elevated his eyebrows.

"Indeed, Monsieur," he replied politely, "and which of them have given us back Alsace and Lorraine?" In other words, which of them has shown any practical patriotism, for it is not her visions and her voices that have immortalised the Maid of Orleans. It is her public spirit.

We hear much in these days about "Universal Brotherhood," whether as sentimental theory from the pulpit or scientific fact from the socialistic platform. The universal brother has 'arrived,' be he Briton, Bahai, or Burman. But his counterpart, the universal sister, where is she? How the wheels of her perambulator loiter! It looks as though she were not born yet, but how long will Feminism stop short of Humanism? You talk of universal service from men in time of war? Why not a universal service from women in time of peace? "I would have man master of himself that he may be the servant of all," wrote a great statesman. If this be the goal of manhood, then to be mistress of self and servant of all is the twin goal of womanhood. Every woman must not only recognise but realise herself as member of the Commonwealth and servant of the State. To be mistress of self and handmaid of all is the great enfranchisement of women, of which no Government may deprive them. Government may prevent your being happy; it cannot forbid your being good. It may refuse to admit rights; it cannot regard duties as contraband. You will wait for the power of the vote? But why wait? any woman worth her salt can make her own power. What can she do? Take one simple yet ghastly thing—take War. Ruskin has pointed out that "if war only broke the china on ladies'

drawing-room tables, no war would last a week". Men have little to gain by it beyond dead men's shoes, and women have certainly everything to lose. Let women arise and put an end to war. Take another public problem—Education. If the care of the child be not a woman's work, what is?

Quite recently in India a large meeting was held on the subject of Education. It was attended by hundreds of men and *one woman*. Anglo-India will soon identify her, but . . . . are there no more?

Surely she must be on her way to us, the universal sister of our dreams. Has not the poet told us how he looked into the Heavens and longed, and longed, and looked, and how at last, in answer to his ceaseless Ave Maria,

> The blessed damosel leaned out
> From the gold bar of Heaven.

And even as the poet, one day we shall wake up and find her, the universal sister—a woman with a planetary patriotism, that makes distinctions of race and creed, colour and caste, seem childishness, and war a squabble in the nursery; a woman whose ears are opened alike to the howl of the animal, the sighing of the prisoner, the calling of the sick, and the crying of the child; a woman who bears on her brow an invisible name that nobody sees and that every one knows, the name of Help, who is at once a maid of all work and a Queen of Hearts, nor would ever "abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next door neighbour". In her social ministries, the universal sister never draws the line anywhere; he who halts to paint her, he would limn her arms encircling the globe. Let one who has seen her speak:

It was the terrace of God's house
That she was standing on,
By God built over the sheer depth
In which is Space begun;
So high that looking downward thence
You scarce could see the sun.

* * * * *

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in solemn Heaven
On earth has he not prayed?

* * * * *

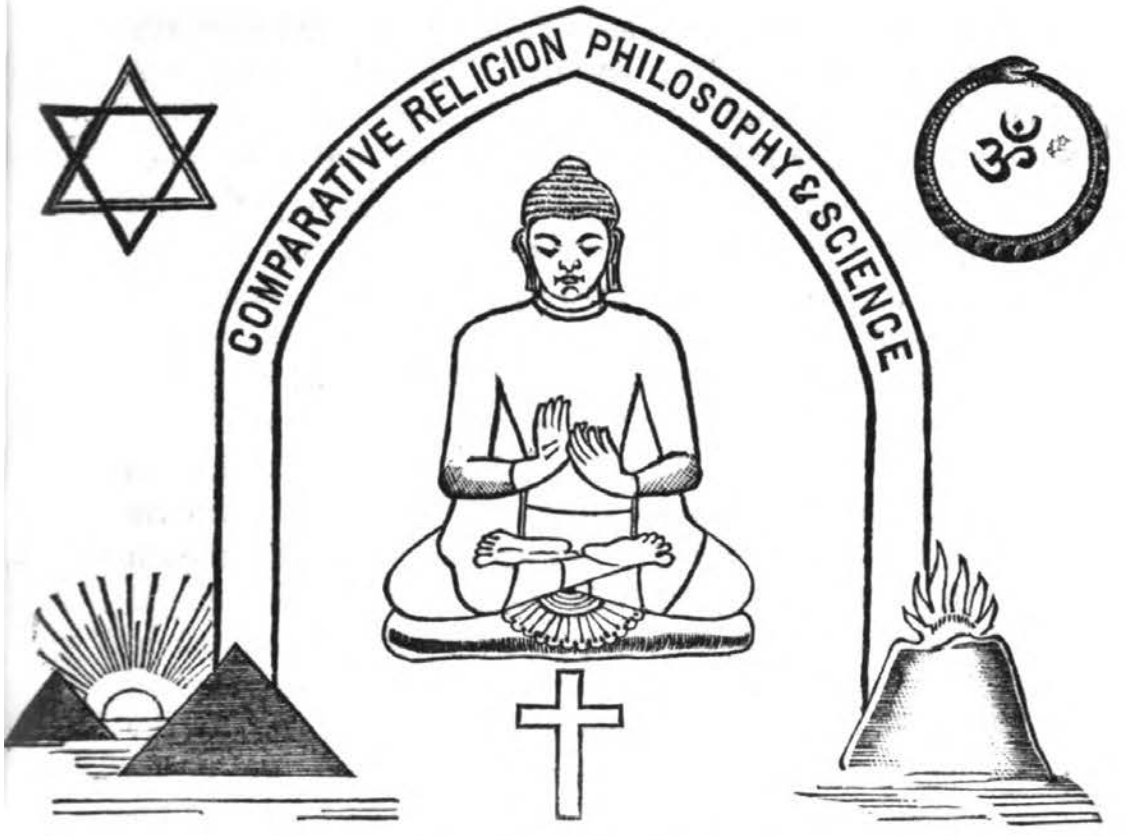
"Yea, verily; when he is mine
We will do thus and thus:
Till this my vigil seem quite strange
And almost fabulous;
We two will live at once one life;
And peace shall be with us."

O woman, does man still blame you for his Paradise Lost? You shall open to him the gates of Paradise Regained.

K. F. Stuart

The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognised motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.

Ruskin, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*



THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS

IV

Govind Singh and the Preservation of Sikhism

By DOROTHY FIELD

IT has been necessary to consider at some length the lives of the nine Gurus who preceded Guru Govind Singh—the last and greatest of the Sikh prophets. The history of the Sikh religion is so closely bound up with the development of its doctrine that it is

impossible to separate the two. As a feeling of antagonism spread among the Muhammadans, warlike tendencies grew up among the Sikhs, and gradually became part of their religion. The Moghul rulers of Delhi were largely responsible for this.

Fearing any power which seemed to threaten their supremacy, they encouraged the fanaticism that was inherent in their Muhammadan subjects, and thus the persecution of the Sikhs began. Whereas Nānak, the founder of Sikhism, had been very friendly to the Muhammadans, and had made a bitter attack on the Hinḍūs, this state of affairs was gradually reversed, and by the time of Teg Bahāḍur it had actually become possible for a Sikh Guru to offer himself as a martyr in the Hinḍū cause. This Guru, ninth in succession from Nānak, finding that Aurangzeb was seeking to destroy the Hinḍū religion by force, determined to embroil himself with the Emperor, and thus distract attention from the Hinḍūs to himself. He thereby hoped to give his countrymen some respite, and at the same time to create an opportunity for proclaiming his purer doctrine. This sacrifice involved a cruel death, which Teg Bahāḍur fully expected, and which he refused to escape by recantation.

It will be remembered that the martyrdom of Arjan, the fifth Guru, had given a great impetus to the warlike tendency of the Sikhs, and that his successor had surrounded himself with an army. These results were infinitely greater in the case of the death of Teg Bahāḍur, and they came just at the very moment when the sect was in most danger of extermination. Isolated individual actions sometimes affect the history of vast continents, and by them great causes stand or fall. The

death of Teg Bahāḍur makes history as it is to-day. It gave the inspiration that formed the Khālsa, and the Khālsa saved the Empire for the British. The failing courage of the Sikhs was thereby restored, and Govind Singh, with his father's death in mind, accomplished one of the most magnificent tasks that the world has ever known.

He first proceeded to collect an army, and to make his position as strong as possible. Every disciple who came to him was taught the science of warfare and was enrolled as a soldier. The Guru himself became so magnificent a warrior that it is said by the chronicler that "his splendour shone like the sun". Some of the Sikhs protested against this extreme development, but the Guru replied that he had been sent by the Immortal God to preserve the sect, and to defend it against all oppressors. For this purpose he proceeded to the great work of his life—the institution of the Khanda-ki-Pahul. This took place in the following manner.

When the Sikhs were assembled on a certain day, Govind Singh drew his sword, and asked if any were ready to die for him. Five were found willing to do so. After putting these to the test the Guru poured water into an iron vessel, and stirred it with a khanda, or two-edged sword. He then repeated his Jāpji, the Jāpji of Nānak, Amar Ḍās Ānand, and other compositions of his own. He then baptised the five Sikhs by giving them five palmfuls of the water to drink, and by sprinkling it five times on their hair and their eyes, causing them all to repeat *Wah Guruji ka Khālsa*; *Wah Guruji ki Faṭah*. He gave them the surname of Singh, and the five distinctive signs, bidding them wear long hair (Kesh), a comb for it (Kangha), a sword

(Kripan), short drawers (Kachh), and a steel bracelet (Kara). The Sikhs then in turn baptised the Guru, showing that the Khālsa had now definite religious power. In the Guru's words: "The Khālsa is the Guru and the Guru is the Khālsa; there is no difference between you and me."

Govind Singh then sent to the hill chiefs and Rājās, beseeching them to strengthen themselves by means of this ceremony against their enemies, both spiritual and material. They replied: "How can we, who are weak like sparrows, overcome through your baptism the powerful enemies of our faith, who are strong like hawks?" "I will make," replied the Guru, "humble sparrows, by virtue of this baptism, beat the aggressive and powerful hawks, and then call my name Govind *Singh*." This prophecy has been amply fulfilled. The Pahul has been described by a Sikh writer as the "incomparable miracle of India". It is certainly an astounding fact that Govind Singh by this means did succeed in reclaiming a vast outcaste population. He converted men supposed to be unclean and polluted from their birth into exceptionally fine types of humanity—brave, self-respecting, upright and fearless warriors. Countless pariahs and outcastes, in defiance of age-long prejudice and conservatism, were received into the Sikh community, where they were on equal terms with all other baptised persons, of whatever caste. They all showed bravery and charity one to another, fighting side by side and sharing a common meal.

Govind Singh then laid down very definite rules to be observed by the Khālsa. Besides taking the baptism, they were to regard themselves in other ways as distinct, though they might have dealings with everyone.

They were to bathe every morning before dawn, chant the hymns of the Gurus, meditate on the Creator, share a common meal, disregard caste, and believe in the equality of all men. The Rahiras were to be repeated in the evening, and the Sohila at bed-time. They were neither to smoke nor to drink wine, but they might eat flesh-food—with the exception of that of the cow—provided that the animal had been slain by one blow dealt by a Sikh. No Brāhmaṇa priests were to be employed in domestic affairs. Sikhs might only marry within their own community and according to Sikh rites, and a special burial service was also to be used. No Hinḍū pilgrimages or ceremonies were permitted, and Sikhs were bidden to assist one another in time of trouble. Loyalty to the ruling sovereign and to the sword were insisted upon, and at the present day an injunction is added at the time of baptism to be loyal to the British Government, which the neophytes solemnly promise.

It will be noticed that a large number of these rules make for strong physique—such, for instance, as the eating of meat, the wearing of long hair, the practice of regular bathing and early rising, the regular use of arms, abstinence from wine and tobacco and from unhealthy and exhausting pilgrimages.

Govind Singh repeated the prophecy of his father concerning the coming of the English with still greater distinctness. These words are full of interest to-day:

> What God willeth shall take place. When the army of the Muhammadans cometh, my Sikhs shall strike steel on steel. The Khālsa shall then awake, and know the play of battle. Amid the clash of arms the Khālsa shall be partners in present and future bliss, tranquillity, meditation, and divine knowledge. Then shall the English come, and, joined by the Khālsa, rule as well in the East as in the West. The holy

Bābā Nānak will bestow all wealth on them. The English shall possess great power and by force of arms take possession of many principalities. The combined armies of the English and the Sikhs shall be very powerful, as long as they rule with united councils. The Empire of the British shall vastly increase, and they shall in every way obtain prosperity. Wherever they take their armies they shall conquer and bestow thrones on their vassals. Then in every house shall be wealth, in every house religion, in every house learning and in every house happiness. The English shall rule for a long time.

The Khālsa grew rapidly in strength, men of every caste, or none, flocking to the Guru's standard. The Sikhs were involved in many engagements with the Muhammadans, and were frequently worsted, but their phenomenal courage made them fight to the death against tremendous odds, and their physical strength soon became famous. Upon the death of the Emperor Aurangzeb their political position improved somewhat, and Govind Singh was personally on friendly terms with the Emperor Bahāḍur Shah before his own death came in 1708. He died as the result of a wound received from a Muhammadan. No successor was appointed, since the Khālsa was now firmly established. Govind Singh declared that the Khālsa and the *Granth* were an embodiment of his "mental and bodily spirit," which he infused into them. He also said that wherever five true Sikhs were assembled he would be in the midst of them. They might baptise and absolve any sinner, for they should be "priests of all priests".

Besides his great work for the consolidation of the sect, Guru Govind Singh was a fine poet. He left many hymns, which break away somewhat from those of his predecessors. In the *Granth*, compiled in his name after his death, there are several new elements.

Doctrinally, the Guru was of a more mystical turn of mind than his predecessors, and reverted somewhat more to the attitude of Hinḍū Pantheism. Then again, the hymns devoted to warfare and in praise of the sword were new, and were calculated to inspire bravery. New names were given to God, such as All-steel, All-death, Great-steel, Great-death, and so forth. The Guru also made more distinct claims for himself and for his mission. In his own account of his spiritual history, he says that he was performing penance on the mountain of Hem Kunt when he attained Nirvāṇa. God then besought him to assume birth, saying: "I have cherished thee as my son and have created thee to extend my religion." Realising that the world was going astray, Govind Singh then took birth, declaring: "Recognise me as God's servant only; they who call me the Supreme Being shall fall into the pit of hell"; but in another place he says: "God and God's servant are both one; deem not that there is any difference between Them."

The subsequent history of the Sikhs is well known. Their gradual welding together into a great nation, which became master of the Punjab, is a matter of common knowledge. Ranjit Singh recognised fully the prophecies of Teg Bahāḍur, and remained always on the best terms with the English. During his lifetime his wisdom was fully rewarded, and it was only after his death that the words of the Gurus were temporarily forgotten. In their thirst for warfare the Sikhs involved themselves with the English, but after the Sikh wars were over their allegiance was restored to the doctrines of their religion. It would be vain to attempt to enumerate the countless examples of self-sacrifice in the British cause that have since been made.

The prophecy of Teg Bahāḍur led the Sikhs to Delhi, and was the war-cry during the assault: and since those dark days it has continued to identify Sikh interests with those of the English.

From the foregoing survey, then, we may safely say that there is nothing in the history or theology of Sikhism to warrant its discouragement in face of every dictate of good policy. On the contrary, the more it is studied, the greater do its claims on our attention appear. We see how we owe to it the saving of our Empire; and with increased knowledge of these facts, gratitude should have some real weight with us. That that sentiment has not hitherto influenced our actions is deplorably evident. We are responsible for its decline—not passively, but actively: not merely through neglect, but through definite blundering. Let us consider for a moment what we have actually done for the faith that led the army at Delhi.

We gave to a German missionary the task of translating the *Granth Sāhab*—the "visible body of the Gurus". This man, a Swabian by birth, was in the employment of the C. M. S., and had been sent as a missionary to Sindh. He went to Amritsar, where priests had assembled to assist him, and smoked in the presence of the sacred volume, knowing full well that tobacco was forbidden to Sikhs, being termed "world's filth". The priests fled in consternation at this insult, and the missionary could only get assistance from a half-educated and unorthodox Sikh (termed *lucha*—of loose character), who worked with him for about a year. The result of these labours appeared at Munich in 1877, entitled *The Holy Scriptures of the Sikhs*. It contained but *four* of the thirty-one 'rāgs' or musical

measures, of which the *Granth* is composed; and this small portion was full of inaccuracy and mistranslation. The English was frequently unintelligible, and much *odium theologicum* was introduced. The religion was declared to be powerless to extend morality, and to recognise no standard of virtue. Har Govind was said to have misappropriated money, and Govind Singh to have offered a human sacrifice. All these statements being totally false, the Sikhs immediately petitioned the Government to remedy the error. They said that they felt sure that those in authority were not aware that a great insult had been offered to their faith, and that they could not cite a thousandth part of the libels and misrepresentations. These representations, though formally made many times over, were either ignored, or met with the reply that assistance should be sought from native priests or princes. It was not until 1893 that a loyal-hearted Englishman realised the continued injustice, and, upon earnest representations made by Sikhs, gave up his post as Divisional Judge in the Punjab to undertake the work of accurate translation. By this time the labour had greatly increased in difficulty. The dialects of the *Granth* were very rapidly altering and disappearing, and the Gyānis dying out. Many journeys had to be taken to remote parts of India —sometimes for the elucidation of a single phrase. Valuable manuscripts were bought up, and printed proofs circulated throughout India for comparison and correction, and as many Sikhs as possible were given hospitality at Amritsar for the benefit of their criticism. The opinion of Sikhs themselves was in all cases consulted. The book occupied sixteen full years, apart from previous preparation, and it accomplished a task

which, a generation later, could not have been done at all. When it appeared in 1909 recognition was at once requested of the Government, in order that Sikhs might yet feel that the Rulers were interested in their cause. After some delay, and only under pressure, £300 was offered as a token—this being promptly rejected, in view of the fact that over £12,000 had been expended and an immense degree of labour given.

Reparation was thus made by an individual and the wrong done by the missionary righted. But it is sad to feel that in many ways this has been too late in coming, and that the enthusiasm of the brave warriors of the Punjab had meanwhile waned. The new translation has been hailed with delight by the orthodox, but many have lost interest owing very largely to the attitude of the Rulers. The whole story of our dealing with the Sikh Scriptures is typical of our religious policy.

Such persistent failure to realise the meaning of religion to the Indian is the source of our worst mistakes, from the Mutiny onwards. To some of those unfavourably inclined towards ourselves our conduct might seem worse than a blunder. It might appear that we only adopt the policy of religious neutrality when it suits ourselves. This is the way in which we alienate some of the most loyal subjects of the Empire.

There is, however, much that can still be done to preserve the Sikh genius, even *without a radical change of policy*. This, of course, is finally to be hoped for, and should be the end in view; but the way must be carefully prepared, so as to avoid the risk of setting Northern India ablaze. The following suggestions have been made in the preface of the standard work on the Sikh

religion by the Sikhs themselves, and elsewhere. Though very important in themselves, they must necessarily be subservient to that new spirit of sympathy and interest which alone can make the movement a success. With this point gained, further opportunities for help will present themselves to the experience of every individual.

The suggestion that has most frequently been put forward is that Punjabi should be an alternative official language in the Punjab, of which it is really the mother-tongue. Neither English nor the alien Urdu can make a stepping-stone to the reading of the *Granth*, and thus, at present, education leads the young Sikh daily further from his religion. Such a change would be of great advantage, and opposition from other Indians where Sikhs are in the majority should be disregarded.

Much might be done, also, for the appointment of officials in the Sikh States. There is here a good deal of out-voting by Hinḍūs and Muhammadans, who side together against the Sikhs. Sikh officials of ability and integrity should hold the high offices as far as possible.

Something could also be done for the Khālsa College at Amritsar. It should be put under proper management, and should then receive every encouragement. Sikh chiefs and nobles should be sent there, rather than to the College at Lahore, where their distinctness is far more difficult to maintain.

Enlightened British officers have already done much good by sending recruits to receive the baptism of Govind Singh. This could always be made a necessary qualification for civil and military posts. Denominational Sikh education should be encouraged, and as

much facility as possible given to Sikh priests to spread their doctrines.

Some day it may be hoped that grants in aid may be given for the definite upkeep of the religion. Many of the great world-religions would have perished but for the timely assistance of State support. Certain grants made before the Mutiny to Hinḍū temples and Muhammadan mosques are still continued, and it may be hoped that the bugbear of religious neutrality will not forever hinder us from recompensing the heroes of Delhi. On no ground could such a policy be opposed, even by those from whom prejudice might most be expected; for a missionary has lately said that Sikhism is the one Indian religion that is of definite assistance in preparing the way for Christianity.

The Sikhs themselves can help their own cause. They can deliberately resist the movement which would include them as a sect of the Hinḍūs, remembering that had they in reality remained such they would not have become a race of universal military fame. The ministrations of Brāhmaṇa priests should be rejected, and Sikh marriage and funeral rites invariably used. Sikhs should remember the injunction of Govind Singh to marry only among themselves, if they wish to remain distinct. The rules as to caste, wine, tobacco and meat should be carefully borne in mind. Orthodoxy in these matters would do much to preserve the religion. Again, the daily services are elaborate, and require much leisure for their performance. These might be abbreviated, so as to meet the increasing demands of modern civilisation. Another suggestion that has been made is that the *Granth Sāhab* might be printed or written in separate lines and separate words, as all poetry is now written or

printed in Europe. The Scriptures would thus be much easier to read.

The purpose of these articles has not been to suggest for a single moment that the Sikh religion should be *forced upon* any part of the Indian community, but only that it should be preserved where it does already exist—as a valuable asset to the Empire. This is not to hinder a process of natural decay by artificial means, but rather to induce a more normal state of affairs by resisting unnecessary suffocation, thus allowing the religion free scope for its healthy and spontaneous growth. Not until we Englishmen realise the essential pre-eminence of religion as a life-giving force to the human race, the strongest motive-power to action, shall we begin to understand the problems with which we have to deal, and the people over whom we have to rule. Let us give religion in India every chance; and let Sikhism, on account of its inherent merit, its fine history, and its present unsatisfactory position, have the very first claim on our attention. It is not too late to meet with a response. There are still countless loyal earnest young Sikhs who would welcome any movement which would revitalise their religion. Let us extend to them the hand of sympathy, and friendship, remembering that the words of the seer and warrior Govind Singh were not spoken in vain:

"The English and the Sikhs shall be very powerful, so long as they rule with united councils."

Dorothy Field

ANCIENT PERU

By ELISABETH SEVERS, F. T. S.

IN recently reading Sir Clement Markham's very interesting book, *The Incas of Peru*, I was struck by the many remains he records of the prehistoric civilisations clairvoyantly seen and described by Mr. Leadbeater in his articles on 'Two Atlantean Civilisations,' incorporated into *Man: Whence, How and Whither*.

Sir Clement tells us how the sight of the country of the Incas fascinated him as a navel cadet, an interest fed by the study of Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*. Before undertaking any personal explorations in Peru, he visited Mr. Prescott in his American home. But "since the publication of his historic work a great deal of subsequently discovered material has quite altered our views of some things and thrown entirely new light on others".

Mr. Leadbeater describes the prehistoric Peruvian as "having the high cheek-bones and the general shape of face which we associate with the highest type of Red Indian—and as always more Āryan than Atlantean; in the higher classes keen intellect and great benevolence frequently showing themselves. In colour he was reddish bronze." Sir Clement describes the Incas as shown by their portraits in the Church of Santa Ana at Cuzco: "The colour of the skin was many shades

lighter than that of the down-trodden descendants of their subjects; the forehead high, the nose slightly aquiline, the mouth and chin firm, the whole face majestic, refined, intellectual."

Mr. Leadbeater shows how the government of the country was autocratic, and sub-divided "until we come to a sort of centurion, an official who has a hundred families in his charge for whom he was absolutely responsible". Under the Incas there was an officer called Llacta-camaya in charge of a hundred families, whose duty it was to divide the cultivable land annually into topus, three being assigned to each head of a family, sufficient for the maintenance of himself and his people and for the payment of tribute to the State and religion, one-third for each. Over a thousand families there was another officer selected from the Llacta-camayas. A varying number of these huarancas made a huna, and over every four hunas there was an imperial officer called a Tucuyricoe, the literal meaning of which is 'He who sees all':

> His duty as overseer was to see that the whole complicated system of administration worked with regularity and that all the responsible officials under him performed their duty efficiently. There was also a system of periodical visitors to overlook the census and the tribute, and to examine minutely and report upon the state of affairs in each district. Other visitors, in consultation with the local officials, selected young people of both sexes for employment in the service of the state and of religion, according to their various aptitudes. Marriages were also arranged by the visiting officials.

Mr. Leadbeater's account of weddings runs:

> The wedding could not however take place until the proper day arrived when the Governor of the district or town made a formal visitation and all young people who had attained the marriageable age were called up before him and officially notified that they were now free to enter the state of matrimony. Some proportion of these had usually already made up their minds to take immediate advantage of the

opportunity and the Governor after asking a few questions went through a simple form and pronounced them man and wife.

The Incas, who were great conquerors of the surrounding more savage tribes, respected the organisation of the people who came under their rule and did not disturb or alter the social institutions of the numerous tribes they conquered.

Their statesmanship consisted in systematising the institutions which had existed from remote antiquity and in adapting them to the requirements of a great Empire. Not the least important part of that system was the policy of planting colonists, especially in provinces recently conquered or supposed to be disaffected. This colonising policy not only secured the quiet and prosperity of recently annexed provinces. It also led to the increased well-being and comfort of the whole people by the exchange of products. Colonists sent up cotton, capsicum and fruits and received maize, potatoes and wool in exchange. The colonists in the Eastern forests sent up supplies of cocoa and of bamboos and of chonta wood for making weapons and received provisions of all kinds. This system of exchanges was carried on by means of couriers constantly running over excellent roads. A third important end secured by the system of colonists was the introduction of one language to be used through the whole Empire, a result which followed slowly and surely and was an immense help in facilitating the efficient working of a rather complicated system of government. . . . The Inca organisation was not the creation by a succession of able princes. The Incas found the system of village communities prevailing among the tribes they conquered and made as little alteration as was compatible with the requirements of a great Empire. The Incarial system of government bears some general resemblance to a very beneficent form of Eastern despotism such as may have prevailed when Jamshid ruled over Iran. There was the same scheme of dividing the crops between the Cultivator and the State, the same patriarchal care; but while the rule of Jamshid was a legend that of the Incas was a historical fact. The condition of the people under the Incas, though one of tutelage and dependence, at the same time secured a large amount of material comfort and happiness. The eye of the central power was ever upon them and the never failing brain, beneficent though inexorable, provided for all their wants, gathered in their tribute, and selected their children for the various occupations required for the State according to their various aptitudes.

Readers of *Man* will remember in how many points this Government of the Incas accorded with the ancient tradition. Sir Clement continues:

> This was indeed Socialism such as dreamers in past ages have conceived. It existed once, because the essential conditions were combined in a way which is never likely to occur again. These are an inexorable despotism, absolute exemption from outside interference of any sort, a peculiar and remarkable people in an early stage of civilisation and an extraordinary combination of skilful statesmanship.

Mr. Leadbeater goes into some detail with regard to the prehistoric architecture and its extraordinarily massive character, and Sir Clement describes some interesting existing ruins of Peruvian architecture built, he thinks, in the Megalithic age and of similar massive type. On the plateau of Lake Titticaca are ruins of a great city by the side of the Lake, the builders being entirely unknown.

> The city covered a large area, built by highly skilled masons, and with the use of enormous stones. One stone is 36 feet long by 7, weighing 170 tons, another 26 feet by 16 by 6. Apart from the monoliths of ancient Egypt there is nothing to equal this in any other part of the world. The point next in interest to the enormous size of the stones is the excellence of the workmanship. The lines are accurately straight, the angles correctly drawn, the surfaces level. The upright monoliths have vortices and projecting ledges to retain the horizontal slabs in their places, which completed the walls. The carvings are complicated, and at the same time well arranged and the ornamentation is accurately designed and executed. Not less striking are the statues with heads adorned with curiously shaped head-dresses. The builders may best be described as a megalithic people in a megalithic age, an age when cyclopean stones were transported and cyclopean edifices raised. We only have tradition to indicate the tradition whence the megalithic people came. I am quite in agreement with Dr. Brinton "that the culture of the Andean race is an indigenous growth, wholly self-developed and owing none of its germs to any other races".

Mr. Leadbeater attributes the perfection of the Peruvian system to a revival of the ancient Atlantean system in Peru, and to the principles of Government

founded by the Divine Teachers of man who in the infancy of the race incarnated for the purpose. With regard to the ancient religion, Mr. Leadbeater describes it as a kind of Sun worship. The Incas called themselves Children of the Sun, and behind the deities worshipped by the people the worship of the fabulous ancestor or originator of each clan was universal. The Incas believed there was a Supreme Being, called Illa Tici Uira-Cocha.

The first word means light; Tici means 'foundation or beginning of things'. Uira is said to be a corruption of Pirua, meaning the 'depository or store-house of creation'. The ordinary meaning of Cocha is a lake but here it is said to signify an abyss—profundity. The whole meaning of the words would be: "The splendour, the foundation, the creator, the infinite God". Some of the hymns addressed to the Almighty were written early in the seventeenth century by a native. Spanish translations published in 1892, show a plaintive cry to the Deity for a knowledge of the unknowable, which is touching in its simplicity.

Oh Uira-Cocha! Lord of the Universe,
Whether thou art male,
Whether thou art female,
Lord of reproduction,
Whatsoever thou mayest be,
O Lord of Divination,
Where art thou?
Thou mayest be below,
Thou mayest be above,
Or perhaps around,
Thy splendid throne and sceptre,
Oh hear me!
From the sky above,
In which thou mayest be,
From the sea beneath,
In which thou mayest be,
Creator of the world,
Maker of all men,
Lord of all Lords,
My eyes fail me
For longing to see thee;
For the sole desire to know thee.
Might I behold thee,
Might I know thee,

Might I consider thee,
Might I understand thee.
Oh look down upon me,
For thou knowest me.
The sun—the moon—
The day—the night—
Spring—winter,
Are not ordained in vain
By thee, O Uira-Cocha!
They all travel
To the assigned place;
They all arrive
At their destined ends,
Whithersoever thou pleasest.
Thy royal sceptre
Thou holdest.
Oh hear me!
Oh choose me!
Let it not be
That I should tire,
That I should die.

One of the hymns is composed as from an aged Inca on his death-bed, praying for light and for a knowledge of the Deity.

O Creator of men,
Thy servant speaks,
Then look upon him,
Oh, have remembrance of him,
The king of Cuzco,
I revere you too, Tarapaca.
O Tonapa, look down,
Do not forget me.
O thou noble Creator,
O thou of my dreams,
Dost thou already forget,
Am I on the point of death?
Wilt thou ignore my prayer,
Or wilt thou make it known
Who thou art?
Thou mayest be what I thought,
Yet perchance thou art a phantom,
A thing that causes fear.
Oh, if I might know!
Oh, if it could be revealed!
Thou who mad'st me out of earth,
And of clay formed me,
Oh look upon me!

Who art thou, O Creator?
Now I am very old.

Another hymn to Uira-Cocha is attributed to the Inca Rocca. The Inca Rocca is the great pioneer of the Peruvian Empire, and he secured the sovereignty of the people by a ruse. He was of the blood royal, and before his accession among his intimates he was called Inca or Lord.

Oh come then,
Great as the heavens,
Lord of all the earth,
Great First Cause,
Creator of men.
Ten times I adore thee,
Ever with my eyes
Turned to the ground,
Hidden by the eyelashes,
Thee am I seeking.
Oh look on me!
Like as for the rivers,
Like as for the fountains,
When gasping for thirst,
I seek for thee.
Encourage me,
Help me!
With all my voice
I call on thee;
Thinking of thee,
We will rejoice
And be glad.
This will we say
And no more.

Sir Clement gives some interesting details of the Sun worship at Cuzco:

The splendid temple was built of masonry, which for the beauty and symmetry of its proportions and the accuracy with which the stones fitted into each other, is unsurpassed. The cornices, the images and the utensils were all of pure gold. The elaborate ritual and ceremonies necessitated the employment of a numerous hierarchy, divided into many grades. The high priest was an official of the highest rank, often a brother of the sovereign. He was called Uillac Uma, "the head which counsels". He was the supreme judge and arbiter in all religious questions

and causes relating to the temple. His life was required to be passed in religious contemplation and abstinence. He was a strict vegetarian and never drank anything but water. . . . . He received ample rents, bestowing the greater part on those afflicted by blindness or other disabling infirmities. He appointed the visitors and inspectors, whose duty it was to report on all the temples and idols throughout the empire and the confessors who received confessions and assigned penances and he superintended the record of events. On his death his body was embalmed and interred with great pomp on some high mountain.

Mr. Leadbeater gives an elaborate account of the manner in which pure gold was used for ornamentation. Sir Clement saw in 1853 gold plates worn on the breast by the Incas and the great councillors, relics of the past which unfortunately have since disappeared.

But the Spaniards in Pizarro's time, before the execution of Atahualpa, received about £3,500,000, chiefly in the form of square or oblong plates which had been used to adorn the walls of houses. A far greater amount was concealed and has never yet been found, though the secret has been handed down, and on one occasion a small portion was used in the interests of the people. When the old chief Pumacagua was about to head an insurrection against the Spaniards, he had no funds for procuring arms and ammunition. (1815 when Pumacagua was 77.) After obtaining from him an oath of secrecy, the then guardian took him blindfold to the place where the vast treasure was concealed. He had to wade up a stream for a long distance. His eyes were then dazzled by the vast masses of gold, and he was allowed to take enough to meet his needs. No one else has ever been admitted to the secret. His conductor was the last who knew the secret, for when Pumacagua was killed he despaired of his country, and died without revealing it to a successor.

The wonderful fortresses which Mr. Leadbeater described seem to have had their successors in the more modern civilisations:

In Cuzco there is a cyclopean building in the *Calle dell Triunfo,* with a huge monolith known as the "stone with twelve corners". But the grandest and most imposing work of the megalithic builders was the fortress at Cuzco. The Sacsahuaman hill on which the fortress stood overlooking the city, was practically inaccessible on two sides and easily defensible on another. But the eastern face was exposed to

easy approach and here the great cyclopean work was constructed. It consists of three parallel walls, 330 yards in length each, with 21 advancing and retiring angles, so that at every point an attack could be enfiladed by defenders. The outer wall had stones of the following dimensions; 14 feet high by 12; another 10 feet high by 6. Its origin is as unknown as that of the Tiahuanacu ruins. The Incas knew nothing. There is nothing of the kind which can be compared to them in any other part of the world.

I think I have quoted enough to show to any one interested in this subject of Ancient Peru that Sir Clement Markham's book, the result of modern research, following up Prescott's fascinating *Conquest of Peru*, also testifies to the many historic surviving customs and traditions of the prehistoric civilisation that superphysical methods of investigation have disclosed for our knowledge—a civilisation of which even the Spanish invaders wrote: "There was much in their rule which was so good as to deserve praise and to be even worthy of imitation."

Elisabeth Severs

THE LOGOS

Out of the womb of night
I come: I who am Light.
From Numberless Bliss I fall
To a multiple pain. I am ALL.

The Shadow of Me is as smoke
On the face of a glass. I am Fire.
My outpoured Breath is the Soul of the World: my Cloak
The pleated folds of the rainbow robe of Desire.

War-god am I: My sceptre-rod is a spear.
On the anvil of Night with the hammer of Day was fashioned a bladed Fear.
Eternity whittled the shaft from the bulwarks of Time,
And painted thereon as a Voiceless Word the power of a cosmic rhyme.
As a javelin I leap through the echoless chasms of space;
Singing and slaying, and sowing the seed of the Children of Marvellous Race!

Gwendolen Bishop

IS JESUS CHRIST A HISTORICAL FIGURE?

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE, F. T. S.

A SHORT time ago Albert Schweitzer published a very important book giving an account of the researches made, and of the theories existing, in regard to the life of Jesus Christ.[1] In this work the author only dealt with modern researches; otherwise he could not have omitted to cite such writers in the early Christian centuries as Faustus of Mileve and Marcion. We should also mention here that S. Jerome, even in his day, complained that the Latin versions he used differed so much one from another that there were as many different copies as there were copies in existence.[2] The Pope Damasus, to whom Jerome makes this complaint, replies that he does not mind about accuracy so long as the doctrines are useful.

At the end of the eighteenth century Reimarus, and others who followed him, began to criticise the traditions we possess of the life of Christ and, to give only a few names from the long list of students who have been working on the subject, I may mention Hase, Schleiermacher, Strauss, Bruno, Bauer, Renan, Wrede, Loisy and Drews. At the end of the nineteenth century

[1] The first edition was entitled: *Von Reimarus bis Wrede*; the second edition, which has just come out, is called: *Geschichte des Leben Jesu Fornhungen.*

[2] S. Jerome praef. in *Josue in Evangelista ad Damasum.*

a very important group of critics existed also in Holland and at Tübingen. Loisy and Drews are the leading critics at present and both have many disciples, but I think that Drews' studies[1] have attracted even more attention than those of Loisy, which are rather more for specialists. An enormous number of books and pamphlets have been written in Germany for and against Drews' theories, and the struggle between critics and liberal theologians still continues. I want to explain in a few pages the principal results arrived at by this modern German school of criticism, of which I share most of the opinions and entirely approve the methods. I shall only give what I consider the most striking arguments.

The documents at our disposal for solving our question: "Is Jesus Christ a historical figure?" may be divided into three categories:

A. Non-Christian documents.

B. The writings of S. Paul.

C. The Gospels.

The non-Christian documents may again be divided into two: (1) Jewish; and (2) Roman.

The evidence afforded us by Jewish documents is negative; that is to say a silence so general as theirs proves that they had nothing to tell either about Jesus Christ or about the early Christians. It is astonishing enough that Philo (30 B. C.—50 A. D.), who speaks of the religious sects in Palestine, should say never a word about the Christians, but it is quite incomprehensible that Justus of Tiberias, a historian living at Tiberias, quite near Capernaum, at the time that Jesus is supposed to have lived, should never mention the

[1] *Die Christus Mythe*, I and II, 1911.

preaching, miracles, or death of Jesus. We do not know the chronicles of Justus himself, but we have the statement of Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople in the ninth century, that he had searched the writings of Justus in vain for any reference to Jesus. It is the same with Flavius Josephus (30—100 A. D.). In his *Jewish Antiquities* (XVIII, iii. 3) we do find a reference to Jesus, but here we have to do with a forgery of a kind which was by no means rare. To satisfy the early Christians, who probably asked for documentary proofs of what they were told about the Founder of their religion, several false documents were fabricated, such as *The Acts of Pilate*, a letter from Jesus to the King of Edessa (in *Eusebius* i, 13), a letter from Pilate to Tiberius, and sundry other documents recognised as forgeries even by those who defend the historicity of Jesus. Josephus can certainly never have written the passage mentioned above, in which Jesus is referred to in the most orthodox Christian terms, and is even called the Master of Men, a name which a Jew like Josephus would never have applied to Jesus. In the same book (*Jewish Antiquities*, XVIII, v, 2) S. John the Baptist is mentioned, but this passage is no less a forgery than the other, and besides, the existence of S. John would not suffice to establish the existence of Jesus. The *Talmud* gives us three passages in which sayings of Jesus are quoted, or mention is made of His teachings and of His disciples, but these portions of the *Talmud* belong to the beginning of the second century of our era and it is generally agreed that Christian traditions already existed at that date. Attempts have also been made to prove that the *Gospel of S. Matthew* was already known about the

year 70 A. D., because a phrase from that Gospel is quoted in a judgment reported in the *Talmud*. But in order to get this date of 70 A. D. it would be necessary to identify a person named in the suit in question—which suit is a mere fiction as shown in the text itself—with the Simeon ben Gamaliel of the *Acts of the Apostles* (v, 34), and there is no warrant whatever for doing so. Other passages in the *Talmud* which might be of interest in this enquiry belong to the third and fourth centuries and are therefore without value for its solution.

We turn now to the Roman documents.

Pliny, when Proconsul of a province in Asia Minor, mentions the Christians in a letter addressed to the Emperor Trajan in the year 113 A. D., but no reference is made to the Founder, and the existence of Christians at the beginning of the second century is not contested by anyone. Marcus Aurelius speaks of the Christians (A. D. 175), and Porphyry, who lived between 232 and 304 A. D., does the same; but neither mentions the Founder. Suetonius (77—140 A. D.) seems at first sight to merit more attention when, in his biography of Claudius (Chap. xxv), he tells how the Jews were expelled from Rome by this Emperor as "they were incited to rebellion by Chrestos"; but on closer consideration we see that there is nothing here of the nature of a proof. In the first place reference is made to Chrestos not Christus; secondly, the first of these names was often given to liberated Roman slaves; thirdly, the passage in Suetonius would lead us to suppose that this Chrestos was himself in Rome at the time of the expulsion; fourthly, if the teaching, and not the person, of Christ was intended, is it probable that

that would have incited the Jews to rebellion? lastly, it is certain that when, ten years later, S. Paul came to Rome to preach Christianity, its doctrines were absolutely unknown to the Jews.

Tacitus too seems, at first sight, to have an importance which completely vanishes, however, when subjected to the following reflections. In his *Annals* (xv, 44) Tacitus speaks of Christ as of a historical person. In relating how, in the year 64, the Christians were martyrised because they were thought guilty of the burning down of Rome, the historian adds that the founder of the religion was Christ who, in the reign of Tiberius, had been executed by Pontius Pilate. But Tacitus wrote his *Annals* in the year 117 of our era, when Christianity was already an organised religion with its own traditions, and so only repeated here what was said by Christians in Rome at the beginning of the second century, when three of the four Gospels already existed or were about to be written. Moreover the authenticity of the passage is by no means certain and we may again be dealing with a forgery, not only as regards what is said of Christ but also of the martyrdom of the first Christians, which perhaps never occurred at all. As to Tacitus, a hypothesis exists that the whole of his writings are the work of a Humanist of the Italian Renaissance, Poggio Bracciolini.[1]

These few references are all that we find in the non-Christian literature of the first centuries. They afford no evidence whatsoever of a positive nature, and a silence so general on the subject of our enquiry may rather be interpreted as a proof that there was nothing

[1] Ross: *Tacitus und Bracciolini*, 1878. Hochart: *Etude au sujet de la persecution des Chretiens sous Neron*, 1885. Hochart: *De l'authenticite des Annales et des Histoires de Tacite*, 1890.

to relate. Moreover the fact that a document, purporting to be a report of the trial and execution of Christ, was fabricated in the second century—and everyone agrees that the document is spurious—would show that the real report was non-existent, and, when we consider the great regularity and order with which reports were always sent in to Rome by the different Governors of the Roman possessions, especially at the time of Tiberius, the absence of such a document acquires special importance.

We now pass on to S. Paul, who, by his own admission that he had never known the Christ save in spirit, can furnish no first-hand evidence of the historical Christ. We will not discuss the authenticity (often disputed, especially by the Dutch critical school) of the Pauline Epistles. We only want to enquire if S. Paul himself was convinced of the existence of the historical Christ.

As a general rule we may say that S. Paul speaks of Christ the Son of God rather than of Jesus Christ, and in terms which do not seem to indicate that he thought of Him as a real being. He often says that we should unite ourselves with Christ and be crucified with Him, that Christ should be born in us, and so on, using expressions to which it would be difficult to give any other than a very mystical interpretation. Besides this, S. Paul speaks of the salvation of the world by the Son of God, a doctrine known in the religions of Babylon, Greece, Asia, North Africa, Syria, Phrygia, Egypt, the Gnostics, and many others. In this conception God becomes a human being, and when S. Paul refers to it he simply states a theological idea and does not give any proof of his belief in a historical Christ. True, he

sometimes speaks of Jesus Christ in a more realistic way, but the passages in which this occurs are anything but conclusive; firstly, because they all refer to the fulfilment of the prophecies of Isaiah liii and Joel iii, 1, and secondly because all scholars of exegesis agree that S. Paul's works are full of interpolations. Great importance was attached to making things harmonise with Old Testament prophecies (even the passage in Josephus reminds us how everything had been predicted). Anyhow S. Paul does not make of Christ a more realistic figure than that of Adam. They represent the two poles of the drama of Humanity; but belief in the real existence of the one would imply that of the other, and would lead us back into orthodoxy of the narrowest kind. The burial and resurrection we find in Isaiah liii; Pentecost is the echo of Joel iii, 1. As to Chapter xv of I *Corinthians*—which speaks again of the resurrection—and to verses 23-25 or 31 (or perhaps even the whole) of Chapter xi, it is possible that they may be interpolations, and thus the whole story of the Lord's Supper, as a fact in the life of Christ known to S. Paul, would fall to the ground. A more realistic way of speaking of the Christ is to be found in I *Corinthians* ix, 5, and in the *Epistle to the Galatians* i, 19, where S. Paul mentions the brothers of the Lord. If the word *brothers* is to be taken in the ordinary sense, then *the Lord* too must refer to a real figure. Only it is very probable that the expression "brothers of the Lord" merely refers to those who live after the commandments of God becoming—in the sense used in *Romans* viii, 14-17 "sons of God," "children of God," "and if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ," who, in verse 29

is styled "the first-born among many brethren". In *Matthew* xxviii, 10, Jesus calls his disciples *brethren*, and in *Mark* iii, 35, states that: "Whosoever shall do the Will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and my mother". So too Origen (*Contra Celsum* i, 47) speaks of S. James as a brother of Christ "because he is believing and virtuous".

Then again we find S. Paul speaking of "the words of the Lord". If the Lord pronounced words, He must have been living among men. S. Paul refers to words of the Lord in I *Corinthians* vii, 10 and ix, 14. In the first of these references divorce is forbidden in agreement with *S. Matthew* v, 32, and xix, 9; but a similar prohibition is also to be found in the *Talmud*.[1] As to I *Corinthians* ix, 13-14, in which S. Paul says that they who serve the altar should live by the altar, it is true that this repeats portions of *Matthew* x; but on the other hand we find the same precept also in *Deuteronomy*, xviii, 1. So that it is by no means certain that S. Paul was referring to actual Sayings of Christ, rather than to the commandments of the God of Israel, recognised by S. Paul in II *Corinthians* iii, 14-16. We find many instances in which S. Paul is in agreement with the New Testament, but generally this agreement is no greater than with similar passages in the *Talmud* and Old Testament. Again "words of the Lord" was a term applied in the Old Testament and Didache to the sayings of a person under inspiration. S. Paul gives no details of the life of

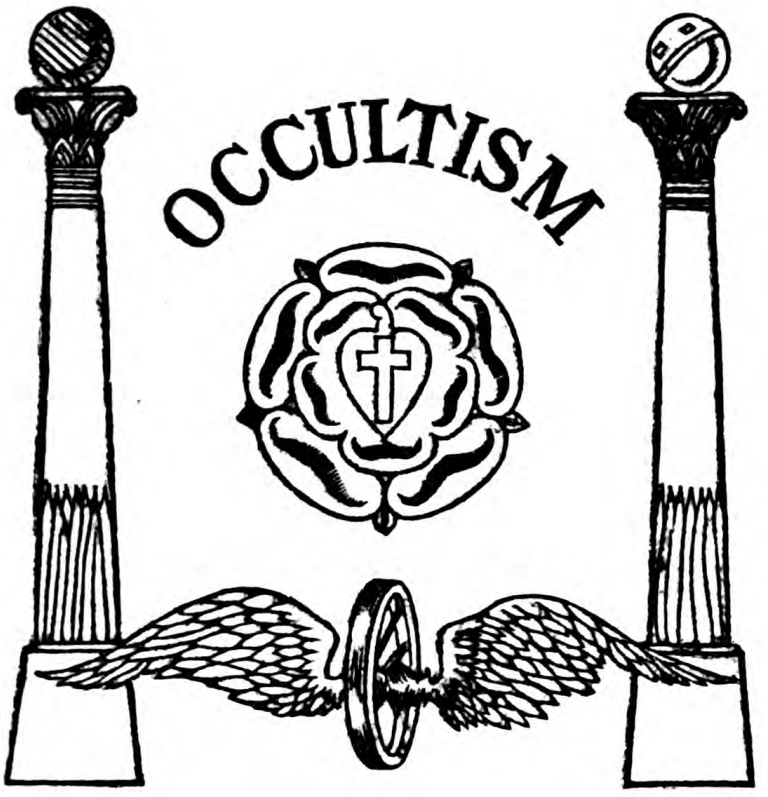
[1] Gittin, 90-90b; Pessach, 113.

Rom. ii,1; *Matth.* vii, 1; *Talmud*, Pirke Aboth I, 6; *Sanhedrin*, 100; *Rom.* xii, 14; *Matth.* v, 44; *Ps.* cix, 28; *Talmud, Sanhedrin* fol. 48; Baba Mezia, 93. *Rom.* xii, 21; *Wisdom of Sol.* vii, 30; *Rom.* xiii, 7; *Matth.* xxii, 21; *Talmud*, Shekalim. III, 2; Pirke Aboth III, 7; *Rom.* xiii, 8-10; *Matth.* xxii, 34; *Talmud*, Shabat 31; *Rom.* xiv, 13; *Matth.* xviii, 6-9; *Talmud*, Tanchuma, 71 and 74; *I Corinth.* xiii, 2; *Matth.* xxi, 21; *Talmud*, Berachoth, 64; Erubin, 29.

Christ which are not contained in the Gospels—to which he never refers—and seems to have known but a small portion even of the details given in the Gospels. He often fails to quote sayings of Christ, or facts in His life, which would support what he himself is saying, and this proves that S. Paul did not know those sayings or facts and cannot have known the Gospels. Besides, as we said before, all scholars agree that S. Paul's Epistles are full of interpolations, and a good number discard them altogether as unauthentic.

Raimond van Marle

(To be concluded)



DIFFICULTIES IN CLAIRVOYANCE

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

IN the early days of the Theosophical Society there was an impression current among us that psychic powers could not be developed except by one who from birth had possessed a physical vehicle of suitable type —that some people were psychic by nature, in consequence of efforts made in previous lives, and that others, who were not so favoured, had no resource but to devote themselves earnestly to whatever physical-plane work they could do, in the hope that they might

thereby earn the privilege of being born with a psychic vehicle next time. The fuller knowledge of later years has to some extent modified this idea; we see now that under certain stimuli any ordinarily refined vehicle will unfold some proportion of psychic capacity, and we have come to be by no means so sure as we used to be that the possession of psychic faculties from birth is really an advantage. It is quite clear that it *is* an advantage in some ways, and that it *ought* to be an advantage in all; but as a matter of experience it often brings with it serious practical difficulties.

The boy who has it knows a world from which his less fortunate fellows are excluded—a world of gnomes and fairies, of actual comradeship with animals and birds, with trees and flowers, of living sympathy with all the moods of nature—a world freer, less sordid and far more real than the dull round of every-day life. If he has the good fortune—the very rare good fortune—to have sensible parents, they sympathise with him in all this, and explain to him that this fairy world of his is not a separate one, but only the higher and more romantic part of the life of the gracious and marvellous old earth to which we belong, and that therefore every-day life when properly understood is *not* dull and grey, but instinct with vivid wonder and joy and beauty.

There can be no question of the advantage here; but unfortunately, as I have just said, the sensible parent is rare, and the budding poet, artist or mystic is quite likely to find himself in the hands of an unsympathetic *bourgeoisie*, wholly incapable of comprehending him, and thoroughly permeated with fear and hatred of anything which is sufficiently unusual to rise a little above the level of the deadly dullness of their

smug respectability. Then is his lot indeed unhappy; he soon learns that he must live a double life, carefully hiding the romantic realities from the rude jeers of the ignorant Philistine, and but too often the crass brutality of this most reprehensible repression stifles altogether the dawning perception of the spirit and drives him back into his shell for this incarnation. Hundreds of valuable clairvoyants are thus lost to the world, merely through the unconscious cruelty of well-meaning stupidity.

Some boys, however, and perhaps still more often some girls, do not entirely lose their powers, but bring through some fragments of them into adult life; and not improbably the very fact that they have thus direct knowledge of the existence of the unseen world draws them to the study of Theosophy. When that happens, is their psychism an advantage to them?

There is no doubt that it ought to be. Not only do they know as a fact of experience many things which other students accept merely as a necessary hypothesis, but they can also understand far better than others all descriptions of higher conditions of consciousness—descriptions which, because they are couched in physical language, must necessarily be woefully imperfect. The clairvoyant cannot doubt the life after death, because the dead are often present to him; he cannot question the existence of good and evil influences, for he daily sees and feels them.

Thus there are many ways in which clairvoyance is an incalculable benefit. On the whole, I think that it makes happier the life of its possessor; it enables him to be more useful to his fellows than he could otherwise be. If balanced always by common-sense and humility it is indeed a most excellent gift; if not so

balanced it may lead to a good deal of harm, for it may deceive both the clairvoyant himself and those who trust in him. Not if proper care is exercised; but many people do not exercise proper care, and so inaccuracy arises.

Especially is this the case when the operator endeavours to use the powers of the higher vehicles, because in the first place long and careful training is needed before these can be rightly used, and secondly the results must be brought down through several intermediate vehicles, which offer many opportunities for distortion. A good example of the kind of work in question is the investigation of past history or of the previous lives of an individual—what is commonly called examining the records. In order to obtain reliable results, this must be done through the causal body; and to chronicle the observations correctly on this lower plane we must have four vehicles thoroughly under control—which is a good deal to expect.

The physical body must be in perfect health, for if it is not it may produce the most extraordinary illusions and distortions. A trifling indigestion, the slightest alteration in the normal circulation of the blood through the brain, either as to quantity, quality or speed, may so alter the functioning of that brain as to make it an entirely unreliable transmitter of the impressions conveyed to it. A similar effect may be produced by any change in the normal volume or velocity of the currents of vitality which are set flowing through the human body by the spleen. The brain mechanism is a complicated one, and unless both the etheric part of it through which the vitality flows and the denser matter which receives the circulation of the blood are working quite

normally, there can be no certainty of a correct report; any irregularity in either part may readily so dull or disturb its receptivity as to produce blurred or distorted images of whatever is presented to it.

The astral body, too, must be perfectly under control, and that means much more than one would at first suppose, for that vehicle is the natural home of desires and emotions, and in most people it is habitually in a condition of wild excitement. What is wanted is not at all what we ordinarily call calmness; it is a far higher degree of tranquillity which is only to be obtained by long training. When a man describes himself as calm, he means only that he has not at the moment any *strong* feeling in his astral body; but he has always a quantity of smaller feelings which are still keeping up a motion in the vehicle—the swell which still remains, perhaps, after some gale of emotion which swept over him yesterday. But if he wishes to read records or to perform magical ceremonies he must learn to still even that.

The old simile of the reflection of a tree in a lake can hardly be bettered. When the surface of the water is really still we have a perfect image of the tree; we can see every leaf of it; we can observe correctly its species and its condition; but the slightest puff of wind shatters that image at once, and creates ripples which so seriously interfere with the image that not only can we no longer count the visible leaves, but we can hardly tell even what kind of tree it is, an oak or an elm, an ash or a hornbeam, whether its foliage is thick or thin, whether it is or is not in flower. In fact, our interpretation of the image would, under such conditions, be largely guesswork. And that, be it

remembered, is the effect of a mere zephyr; a stronger wind would make everything utterly unintelligible.

The normal condition of our astral bodies might be represented by the effects of a brisk breeze, and our ordinary calmness by the ripplings of a light but persistent air; the mirror-like surface can be attained only after long practice and much strenuous effort. When we realise that for a reliable reading of the records we must reach that condition of perfect placidity not in one vehicle only, but in four, no one of which is ever normally quiet even for a moment, we begin to see that we have a difficult task before us, even if this were all.

Not only must the astral body be tranquil before the investigation is begun, but it must remain unruffled all through the work—which means that, if he wants to get more than a general impression, the seer must not allow himself to be excited by anything which may appear in the picture. Be it observed that the nature of the excitement makes no difference; if a spasm of anger or fear is fatal to accuracy, so also is a rush of affection or devotion. If he is to be rigorously truthful in his report, the watcher must record what he sees and hears as impartially as does a camera or a phonograph; he may allow himself the luxury of emotions afterwards when recalling what he has seen, but at the time he must be absolutely impassive if he is to be reliable. This makes it practically impossible for the emotional or hysterical person to be a trustworthy observer on these higher planes; he surrounds himself with a world of forms built by his own thoughts and feelings, and then proceeds to see and to describe those as though they were external realities.

Often such forms are beautiful, and their contemplation is uplifting, so that, even though they are inaccurate, they may be of great help to the seer. Indeed, his experiences may be useful to others also, if he has the discrimination to relate them without labelling his actors as deities, archangels or adepts. But it is usually precisely such figures as those that his imagination evokes, and it is merely human nature to feel that the person who comes to *him* must surely be some Great One. The only way to secure oneself against self-deception is the old and irksome way of a long hard course of careful training; except by some vague intuition a man cannot know a thought-form from a reality until he has been taught their respective characteristics, and can rise sufficiently above them to be able to apply his tests.

Calmness is necessary in the mental body as well as the astral. A man who worries can never see accurately, because his mental body is in a condition of chronic disease, a perpetual inflammation of agitated fluttering. One who suffers from pride or ambition has a similar difficulty. Some have supposed that it matters little what they think habitually, so long as during the actual investigation they try to hold their minds still; but that idea is fallacious. In this vehicle, also, the storm of yesterday leaves a swell behind it; an attitude of mind which is constantly or frequently held makes an indelible mark upon the body, and keeps up a steady pulsation of which the owner is as unconscious as he is of the beating of his heart. But its presence at once becomes obvious when clairvoyance is attempted, and makes anything like clear vision impossible—all the more since the man, being ignorant of its existence, makes no effort to counteract its effects.

Prejudice, again, is an absolute bar to accuracy; and we know how few people are entirely without prejudices. In many cases these mental attitudes are matters of birth and long custom—the attitude, for example, of the average Brāhmaṇa to a pariah, or the average American to a negro. Neither of those could report accurately a scene in which appeared any members of the classes they instinctively despise. I may give an example which came under my notice sometime ago. I knew a good clairvoyant with strong Christian proclivities. So long as we were dealing with indifferent subjects her vision was clear; but the moment that anything arose which touched, however remotely, upon her religious beliefs, she was instantly up in arms, and became absolutely unreliable. Being a highly intelligent person in many directions, she would have checked this prejudice if she had been conscious of it; but she was not, and so its evil influence was unrestrained. If, for example, a scene rose before us in which a Christian and a man of some other religion came in any way into conflict or even appeared side by side, her description of it was a mere travesty of the reality, for she could see only the good points in the Christian and only the evil in the other man. If any fact appeared which did not fit in with the alleged history contained in the Christian Scriptures, that fact was ignored or distorted to suit her preconceptions; and all this with entire unconsciousness, and with the best possible intentions. That is only one small sample of the unreliability of spontaneous untrained clairvoyance.

No wonder that it takes many years of patient and careful training before the pupil of the Master can be accepted as really reliable. He must discover all these

unrecognised prejudices, and must eliminate them; he must evict from the recesses of his own consciousness other tenants even more firmly attached to the soil—pride, self-consciousness, self-centredness.

This last is a condition from which many people suffer. I do not mean that they are selfish in the ordinary gross meaning of the word; they are often far from that, and they may be kind-hearted, self-sacrificing, anxious to help. Nor do I mean that they are offensively proud or conceited; but just that they like to be under the limelight, to be always well on view in the centre of the stage. Suppose such a person to be psychic from birth; in every case where there is a personal experience to be related, that psychic will necessarily and inevitably magnify his or her personal part in the affair, and that without the slightest intention of doing so.

We know that it sometimes happens that a beginner in astral work identifies himself, in his recollection of some event, with the person whom he has helped. If he had during the night been assisting a man who was killed in a railway accident, he might wake in the morning remembering a dream in which *he* had been killed in a railway accident, and so on. In something the same way, when the self-centred psychic comes across in his investigations some one with a fine aura, he immediately remembers himself with such an aura; if he sees some one conversing with a Great One, he promptly imagines himself to have had such a conversation, and (without the slightest intention of deceit) invents all sorts of flattering remarks as having been addressed to him by that august Being. All this makes him distinctly dangerous, unless he has quite a phenomenal power of self-effacement and self-control.

Members of the Society who have flattering experiences of this sort have been encouraged to send an account of them to the President or to some other trained seer, in order that the facts (if any) may be disentangled from the embroidery, in the hope that such correction may enable them by slow degrees to learn how to winnow the chaff from the wheat. They come with stories of the marvellous initiations through which they have passed, of the great angels and archangels with whom they have familiarly conversed, and the tales are often so wild and so presumptuous that it requires a great fund of patience to deal adequately with them. No doubt it requires a good deal of patience on their part also, for again and again we have to tell them that they have been watching some one else, and have appropriated his deeds to themselves, or that they have magnified a friendly word into an extravagant laudation.

We may easily see that, if the self were just a little more prominent, they would *not* come and ask for explanations, but would hug to their bosoms the certainty that they really had become high Adepts, or had been affably received by the Chieftain of some distant solar system. So we come by easy gradations to those who have angel guides, who hear divine voices directing them, and are the constant recipients of the most astounding communications. It is no doubt true that in some cases such people have been charlatans, and that in others they have been insane; but I think it should be understood that the majority of them are neither mendacious nor megalomaniac, but that they do really receive these bombastic proclamations from entities of the astral world—usually from quite undistinguished members of the countless hosts of the dead.

It sometimes happens that a preacher, especially if of some obscure sect, becomes a spirit-guide. In the astral world after death he discovers some of the inner meanings of his religion which he had never seen before, and he feels that if others could see these matters as he now sees them, their whole lives would be changed—as indeed they quite probably would. So if he can manage to influence some psychic lady in his flock, he tells her that he has chosen her to be the instrument for the regeneration of the world, and in order to impress her more profoundly he often thinks it well to represent his revelation as coming from some high source—indeed, he usually supposes that it does so come. Generally the teaching and advice which he gives is good as far as it goes, though rather of the copybook-heading style of morality.

But to that dead preacher come presently people who will have none of his sage moral maxims, but want to know how their love affairs will progress, what horse will win a certain race, and whether certain stocks will go up or down. About all such matters our preacher is sublimely ignorant, but he does not like to confess it, reasoning that as these men believe him to be omniscient because he happens to be dead, they will lose faith in his religious teaching if he declines to answer even the most unsuitable questions. So he gravely advises them on these incongruous subjects, and thereby brings much discredit upon communications from the other world in general, and upon his own reputation in particular.

The untrained psychic among ourselves is often put in precisely the same position, and he or she rarely has the courage to say plainly: "I do not know." One of

the very first lessons given to us by the great Teachers is to distinguish clearly between the few facts that we really know and the vast mass of information which we accept on faith or inference. We are taught that to say "I know" is to make a high claim—a claim which none should ever make without personal experience to support it. Short of that actual personal certainty, men are wiser to adopt the humbler formula with which begin all the Buḍḍhist Scriptures: "Thus have I heard."

The advantage of the pupil who, not having been psychic in the beginning, is afterwards instructed in these matters, lies, I think, in this: that before the attempt is made to develop any such powers, he is trained in selflessness, his prejudices are eradicated, and his astral and mental bodies are brought under control; and so when the powers come, he has to deal only with the difficulties inherent in their unfolding and their use, and not with a host of others imposed by his own weaknesses. He has learnt to bring his vehicles into order, to know exactly what he can do with them, and to make allowance for any defects which still exist in them; he understands and allows for the action of that part of the personality which is not normally in manifestation—that which has been called by the Psychical Research Society the subliminal self.

When the powers are opened he does not proceed immediately to riot in their unrestrained use; laboriously and patiently he goes through a series of lessons in the method of their employ—a series which may last for years before he is pronounced entirely reliable. An older pupil takes him in hand, shows him various astral objects, and asks him: "What do you see?" He

corrects him when in error, and teaches him how to distinguish those things which all beginners confuse; he explains to him the differences between the two thousand four hundred varieties of the elemental essence, and what combinations of them can best be used for various sorts of work; he shows him how to deal with all sorts of emergencies, how to project thought-currents, how to make artificial elementals—all the manifold minutiæ of astral work. At the end of all this preparation the aspirant comes out a really capable workman—an apprentice who can understand the Master's instructions, and has some idea of how to set to work to execute the task confided to him.

The person who is born psychic escapes the trouble of developing the powers; but this great gain brings with it its own peculiar temptations. The man knows and sees, from the first, things which others about him do not know and see; and so he often begins to feel himself superior to others, and he has a confidence in the accuracy of his power of sight which may or may not be justified. Naturally he has feelings and emotions which are brought over from past lives, and these grow along with his psychic faculties; so that he has certain preconceptions and prejudices which are to him like coloured glasses through which he has always looked, so that he has never known any other aspect of nature than that which they show him. The bias which these give him seems to him absolutely part of himself, and it is exceedingly hard for him to overcome it and see things at another angle. Ordinarily he is quite unaware that he is all askew, and acts on the hypothesis that he is seeing straight, and that those who do not agree with him are hopelessly inaccurate.

From all this it emerges that those who possess the psychic faculties by nature should exercise them with the greatest care and circumspection. If they wish that their gift shall be helpful and not harmful, they must above all things become utterly selfless : they must uproot their prejudices and preconceptions, so as to be open to the truth as it really is ; they must flood themselves with the peace that passeth understanding, the peace that abideth only in the hearts of those who live in the eternal. For these be the prerequisites to accuracy of vision ; and even when that is acquired, they have still to learn to understand that which they see. No man is compelled to publish abroad what he sees ; no man need try to look up people's past lives or to read the history of æons long gone by; but if he wishes to do so, he *must* take the precautions which the experience of the ages has recommended to us, or run the terrible risk of misleading instead of feeding the sheep which follow him. Even the uninstructed clairvoyant may do much good if he is humble and careful. If he takes for a Master some one who is not a Master (a thing which is constantly happening) the love and devotion awakened in him are good for him, and if in his enthusiasm he can awaken the same feelings in others, they are good for those others also. A high and noble emotion is always good for him who feels it, even though the object of it may not be so great as he is supposed to be. But the evil comes when the erring seer begins to deliver messages from his pseudo-Master—commands which may not be wise, yet may be blindly obeyed because of their alleged source.

How then is the non-clairvoyant student, who as yet sees nothing for himself, to distinguish between the

true and the false? The safest criterion of truth is the utter absence of self. When the visions of any seer tend always to the subtle glorification of that seer, they lie open to the gravest suspicion. When the messages which come through a person are always such as to magnify the occult position, importance or title of that person, distrust becomes inevitable, for we know that in all true Occultism the pupil lives but to forget himself in remembering the good of others, and the power which he covets is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.

Psychic powers are widely desired, and many men ask how they can unfold them. Yet is their possession no unmitigated blessing, for at the stage which the world has reached to-day there is more of evil than of good to be seen by the man who looks with unclouded vision over the great mass of his fellow-creatures. So much of sordid struggle, so much of callous carelessness, so much of man's inhumanity to man, which indeed makes countless thousands mourn, and might well make angels weep; so much of the wicked calculated cruelty of the brutal schoolmaster to his shrinking pupil, of the ferocious driver to his far less brutish ox; so much senseless stupidity, so much of selfishness and sin. Well might the great poet Schiller cry:

> Why hast Thou cast me thus into the town of the ever-blind, to proclaim Thine oracle with the opened sense? Take back this sad clearsightedness; take from mine eyes this cruel light! Give me back my blindness—the happy darkness of my senses; take back Thy dreadful gift!"

Truly there is another side to the shield, for so soon as one looks away from humanity to the graceful gambols of the jocund nature-spirit or the gleaming splendour of the glorious Angels, one realises why, in

spite of all, God looked upon the world which He had made, and saw that it was good. And even among men we see an ever-rising tide of love and pitifulness, of earnest effort and noble self-sacrifice, a reaching upward towards the God from whom we came, an endeavour to transcend the ape and the tiger, and to fan into a flame the faint spark of Divinity within us. For the greatest of all the gifts that clairvoyance brings is the direct knowledge of the existence of the great White Brotherhood, the certainty that mankind is not without Guides and Leaders, but that there live and move on earth Those who, while They are men even as we are, have yet become as Gods in knowledge and power and love, and so encourage us by Their example and Their help to tread the Path which They have trodden, with the sure and certain hope that one day even we also shall be as They. Thus we have certainty instead of doubt; thus we have happiness instead of sorrow; because we know that, not for us alone but for the whole humanity of which we are a part, there will some day come a time when we shall awake up after Their likeness, and shall be satisfied with it.

C. W. Leadbeater

SOME ODD HAPPENINGS

By T. L. CROMBIE, F. T. S.

IN these days when psychic experiences are being more openly talked about, one finds that scarcely any of one's friends has been without some glimpse into the unseen, and so one gradually gains confidence and begins to tell one's own little tale.

I have experienced four incidents which have made an indelible mark on my memory: the first two of these can scarcely be called psychic, because a purely physical reason could be found to explain them, and must, of course, be accepted, whatever I personally think of such an explanation. The remaining two are certainly lifted above the plane of the everyday world.

In all four, however, there have been no events that led up obviously to these experiences, no eerie forebodings of psychic power, nothing at all out of the ordinary course of events. This makes them all the more valuable to me, as often and often I have felt as if I were about to pierce the veil of the unseen world, and though in such moods I have never seen anything, yet if I had, the vision would probably have been ably assisted by my imagination. In the cases recorded, I was taken completely unawares.

As has been said, my first two experiences have possibly nothing to do with the unseen; they are

interesting inasmuch as they are rather curious, and similar in character, and so I give them for what they are worth.

When I was about ten years of age, I lost my temper rather badly, and rushed out of the dining-room in a huff—we had just finished lunch. To go to the schoolroom, which was my harbour of refuge, I had to pass through a heavy swing-door, and then down a long corridor. I pushed the door open, roughly in my rage, and fled down the passage. When I got to my destination, I became full of revengeful thoughts, and the idea came into my head to go back to the swing-door, and place in front of it a heavy iron weight, which was used to keep the door open if required. My sister would, on trying to push open the door, meet with an unaccountable obstruction and might possibly fall.

Such were my thoughts, but fortunately my better nature came to my rescue, and I abandoned my fell design. A little later, my sister came running into the schoolroom, and upbraided me for my ungentlemanly conduct in so placing the heavy door-weight as to cause her a possible accident.

I was much astonished at what she said, and told her at once that I had meant to do so, but had thought better of it as it would be "rather a low-down sort of thing". She was good enough to take my word absolutely in the face of the most contrary evidence, but I have not to this day found a satisfactory explanation (to me) of how the weight was placed before the swing-door in the very few minutes that elapsed between my going to the schoolroom and my sister's arrival there. Anyhow, I comfort myself with the knowledge that *I* did not put the weight there consciously.

The next experience occurred when I was in my second year at Oxford. I had just emerged from the rather invidious position of a freshman, and thought myself quite an important person. Before I had entered the University, I had spent some weeks in the town of Oxford, coaching for the First Public Examination, properly known as 'Responsions,' but familiarly known as 'Smalls'.

My coach was then in his fourth year at the University and was brilliantly clever: he was also one of the most charming men, and knowing that I was alone in 'digs,' and furthermore had no acquaintances in the town, he introduced me to many of his friends, and gave me a thoroughly good time.

One of his friends, a particularly brilliant student, had a brother coming into residence the following year, and I looked forward to our being freshmen together. However, when I eventually did come up to Oxford I never got introduced to young Brown, and as my coach went very shortly afterwards to the other side of the world, it seemed likely that I should have to bide my time until I found a common friend to introduce us. Thus the whole of my first year passed without our meeting.

The first term of my second year I arranged with a man at Christ Church who, I found, knew Brown quite well, to ask us to dinner together one night; and, as I now felt that we should eventually meet, I ceased to think any more about the matter. I have never yet understood why I made such efforts to get to know Brown, but my efforts were crowned with success.

There was a custom at Oxford in my day, and I suppose it still obtains, that, though it was the correct

thing for a senior man to leave his visiting card on a freshman he might wish to know, the freshman, in returning the call, might not leave *his* card, if he found the senior man out, but had to call and call again until he found him in. I had discovered by chance that two or three freshmen on whom I had left my card, had made several vain attempts to return my call, and so, to make matters right, I asked them to tea. During tea my scout brought in a letter, addressed to me in a handwriting unfamiliar. I opened it and read:

DEAR CROMBIE,

I am very sorry I cannot come to you this afternoon, as I am engaged to go to tea with a friend at Balliol.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. Brown.

My astonishment was great. Of course I had never invited him, not knowing him, and my first thought was: "Thank heaven he did not come," for I should have been most embarrassed, and utterly at a loss. This awkwardness was spared me, and I turned to attend to the wants of the freshmen who devoured hot tea-cake and spoke very little.

When they had gone, I decided to call on Brown and ask for a personal explanation why he thought I had invited him. I went to his college. I had no friends there and was totally unfamiliar with the 'lie of the land'. A porter kindly directed me, and after some searching and much climbing of stairs, I found Brown's rooms. He was out, but on my return I met a man who looked at me for a moment, and then stopped me, asking if I were Crombie. It was Brown, who had recognised me from a photograph he had seen which

belonged to my coach. He had heard of me, and said he was so sorry he had not been able to come to see me, and thought it was most kind of me to have waived all ceremony and asked him. He had found my visiting card on his table that morning, with the invitation written on the back of it. I asked to see the card. It had disappeared, so that avenue of inquiry was stopped. However, we had at last got to know each other, and the somewhat strange introduction led to an acquaintanceship which lasted during my time at Oxford—but no longer. Indeed it has always seemed strange to me that a friendship I had anticipated rather eagerly, should have been so utterly without anything to mark it save the manner of the introduction.

I sought in every possible way to discover *how* my visiting card had got into Brown's rooms. My friend at Christ Church had not called on him that term, so could not have left an old card of mine by mistake. All my friends at college denied any knowledge of it. My enquiries were searching, but personally I have never doubted since the moment I received Brown's letter that there was something weird in the whole incident, and I have always connected it with that extraordinary happening of my childhood just related.

My third experience is distinctly one recognised by modern psychism. I saw a thought-form. For me, henceforth, it is and must be a fact that "thoughts are things"; but I regret to say that, even so, thought-forms have never much interested me, and it is a matter of wonder to me that one of my few glimpses into the unseen should have been the vision of a thought-form, and also its effect on the person towards whom it was directed.

Late one afternoon, when living in a London boarding-house, I was sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, drawn up close to the fire. My mood was perfectly quiescent, and I was not best pleased when one of the boarders opened the door and disturbed my solitude. I remained perfectly still, but was somehow aware that the intruder had not shut the door. I have a great dislike to sitting in a room with the door open, and I thought instinctively, "I wish he would shut the door," at the same time deciding that possibly it would be less disturbing to wait until my friend had sat down, and then go and shut the door myself. I felt that I had not the energy to form the words to *ask* him to do so. My sudden desire had taken form. I saw a greyish-blue object, shaped like a boomerang, issue from the back of my head, and strike my friend on the forehead before he had reached his chair. He hesitated perceptibly for a second and then went back and shut the door.

When I returned to a more 'normal' condition of mind, I marvelled how I could have seen anything coming out of the back of my head, and travelling behind me. I have since been able to reproduce in my mind the idea, but am conscious of effort and of the fact that in so doing I make a *series* of mental images, passing them in review in rapid succession, as in a cinematograph; whereas at the time I could see myself and my companion, simultaneously, and without difficulty, from several points of view.

So much for the solitary thought-form that has deigned to manifest itself to me.

My fourth experience is of the nature of clair-audience. Some years ago a friend played to me

Rubinstein's 'Melody in F,' and I was much struck by this, and whenever I could, I got her to play it. I am fond of music, but lack that essential quality of 'ear' to make me in any way a musician. I could never mentally reproduce the melody, and this vexed me, because I often tried to do so, without success.

One day on a bus in London, I heard, above the roar of the traffic, the 'Melody in F' being played, and I vaguely wondered whether my friend were playing it. The next moment the music ceased, and I had no power to recall it. Several times, and in different places—once while in Italy—I heard the 'Melody' thus played. It suddenly began to 'play itself,' if I may use the phrase, but the playing resembled that of my friend. I could not establish the fact that I was really hearing her playing at a distance until one December.

I was spending Christmas with my brothers in Aberdeen and Mrs. R — was in London. At dinner, when I was in the midst of enjoying the customary turkey, and thinking of nothing beyond the very physical plane, I heard the 'Melody in F' played from beginning to end, most clearly. I believe my brother spoke to me. I did not answer, but after the music ceased, I recovered my manners.

The time was about 8-30 P. M. We dined at 8, and I knew Mrs. R — usually dined at 7, so there would be time for her to have finished and to be playing in her drawing-room.

I made subsequent enquiries. Just about 8-30 P. M. of that night, she began playing Rubinstein's piece, and her son said: "I do wonder if Mr. Crombie will hear it this time." I did. The fact was established, for me, that I had been hearing at a distance. Since then I

have never heard it again. The power has come to me to recall the tune whenever I will, and I have lost the ability to listen to my friend playing over the many miles that separate us.

Such are my four experiences.

I have had a few others which rather baffle any sort of description. I have been consciously out of my body and painfully aware of the re-entry into my physical frame. I have felt a vast depression being raised from, or purified out of, my bodies, leaving me free, light, and happy, but so utterly surprised that it took me nearly ten minutes to realise that I was no longer depressed, even though I had felt the depression go, as if it were some physical weight being lifted off me.

Once on waking, I found myself in a state of happiness I have seldom experienced. Every nerve of me had soothing; I felt in a condition of perfect rest, and the reason was, I knew, that I had come into contact with someone on another plane who had surrounded me with, and bathed me in, the quality of Gentleness.

These experiences cannot be described, nor are they of any particular value to others. But they are of value personally, for they bring a reality where there was formerly a doubt, and they confirm one's belief in those who see further than we see, but at whom the world scoffs as charlatans and impostors.

T. L. Crombie

HUNYADI JANOS

By MAJOR C. G. M. ADAM, F. T. S.

IT is not easy to disentangle the various and conflicting accounts of the life of this celebrated character, as some give details which are quite contradictory to those of other historians; where this is the case the writer has followed the versions of Gibbon and Coxe.

One of the most obscure things about his life is the origin of his family. According to Pray, the annalist of Hungary, he was of a noble family of Transylvania, but other accounts say that his father was a Wallachian, and his mother a Greek. He was born in 1387 at Corvinum, a small village, whence came his surname of Corvinus. This name gave rise to the idea that his father was descended from the Roman family of that name, while his mother has also been supposed to be descended from the Byzantine Emperors. However this may be, he appears to have owed his elevation to his own efforts and talents. He commenced his military career early in life; as a youth he served in the wars of Italy, and was retained with twelve horsemen under his command by the Bishop of Zagrab. He appears to have gained the soubriquet of the White Knight of Wallachia (*Chevalier blanc de Valaigne*). Subsequently he served in Italy under the Emperor Sigismund, and next in the army of Philip Maria Visconti, who was Duke of Milan from 1412 till 1447. On his return to Hungary he received from Sigismund the small estate of Hunniad, on the frontiers of Transylvania and Wallachia, and afterwards served

with the rank of captain, under the Hungarian prefect of Halle, in a campaign. He appears also to have taken part in the Hussite war in 1420, and in 1437 he drove the Turks from Semendria. For these services he got numerous estates and a seat in the Royal Council. In 1438 King Albert II made him Ban of Szoreny, a position entailing constant warfare with the Turks. He married a wealthy lady of noble family, and gradually becoming more conspicuous both for bravery and military talent, he rose to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian forces. He is mentioned in all English books under the name of John Hunniades, the surname being derived from his estate.

It is not until 1439 that we find him taking a prominent part in politics, but in that year Albert II died, and his widow Elizabeth being *enceinte*, there was every opportunity for a glorious state of confusion concerning his legal successor. The States of Austria and Bohemia agreed to wait till after the birth of the child before taking any other steps, but the Hungarian nobles forced the Queen to send an Embassy to Vladislas, King of Poland, offering him her hand and crown. By the time Vladislas reached Hungary, escorted by a large army in case of any objections being raised, the child had been born and proved to be a son, Ladislaus; so Hungary was now divided into two camps on the question of the succession. Hunniades however, supported Vladislas, principally, no doubt, because he was a distinguished soldier and would be a useful ally against the Turks. The party of Vladislas and Hunniades, consisting of the Poles and the majority of the Hungarians, and supported by the despots of Bosnia and Servia, was too powerful for the adherents of Elizabeth, and

Vladislas was crowned, though not with the crown of Stephen, as Elizabeth had pawned this to the Duke of Styria. This somewhat troublesome lady departed this life suddenly, and not without suspicions of poison, in 1442, which simplified matters for Vladislas, who soon afterwards concluded a three years' truce with his only remaining opponent, the Duke of Styria, and was thus left with a free hand to devote his attention to the Turks. For his share in this enterprise Hunniades was rewarded with the title of voivode of Transylvania, and was also made captain of the fortress of Belgrade. During this time he had been continually fighting the Turks. In 1441 he delivered Servia by the victory of Semendria, and the following year he first annihilated an immense Turkish army near Hermannstadt, recovering for Hungary the suzerainty of Wallachia and Moldavia, and soon after defeated a third army near the Iron Gates.

About this time Julian, a Cardinal and Papal Legate, organised a crusade against the Turks, who were in possession of Bosnia and Wallachia, and the city of Adrianople, though Belgrade still retained her liberty, and Constantinople was still the capital of the moribund Greek Empire. The western nations remained unresponsive, but the Polish and Hungarian Diets voted unanimously for war, while the maritime Republics of Venice and Genoa contributed their navies. Accordingly Vladislas advanced in 1443 at the head of the united Polish and Hungarian armies. Hunniades, at the head of the vanguard, crossed the Balkans, captured both Nish and Sofia, and then, uniting with the royal army, defeated Amurath at Snaim, in spite of the fact that the latter possessed the double advantage of both position

and numbers. The approach of winter forced a retirement, which was effected without opposition, and the entry into Buda partook of the nature of a triumph. The consequence of this victory was a deputation from the Turks offering to restore Servia, to ransom the prisoners, and evacuate the Hungarian frontier. Accordingly Vladislas agreed to a ten years' truce on these terms, but before the conference had dispersed, news arrived that the allies were continuing the war. The Greeks had in fact invaded Thrace, while the allied fleets were masters of the Hellespont, and, ignorant of any treaty negotiations, awaited the return of the Hungarians. Urged on by the Papal Legate, who absolved them of perjury for the broken treaty, the Poles and Hungarians returned to the Danube, though now deserted by their German allies and reduced to a strength of only twenty thousand men, and advanced to Varna, expecting to meet the confederate fleets. Unfortunately, however, owing to treachery on the part of the Greeks or the Genoese, the Sultan Amurath had crossed over from Asia Minor and was now advancing from Adrianople at the head of sixty thousand men. Hunniades counselled a retreat, but the King resolved to conquer or die, with the result that not only did he himself die, but ten thousand of his followers fell with him.

The throne being now again vacant, a provisional government was formed, Hunniades receiving the Transylvanian provinces as his district; but the following year, 1446, he was unanimously elected Governor or Regent of Hungary with regal powers. He now made war on the German King, Frederick III, who refused to deliver up the young King Ladislaus, and ravaged Styria, Carniola and Carinthia. In 1448 he received a

golden chain and the title of Prince from the Pope, and the same year, no doubt on the principle that the offensive is the best defensive, he again invaded Turkey. He had penetrated into the heart of Bulgaria before he encountered on the plains of Kossovo an enemy of four times his strength; nevertheless he managed to hold them for three days. Finally he escaped alone into the woods of Wallachia, and either here or during the battle he was taken prisoner—the accounts vary in different books—but while his captors disputed for the possession of a gold chain that hung round his neck, he seized a sword and slew one, whereupon the other fled. He was subsequently taken prisoner by George, despot of Raseia, but obtained his liberty and returned to Hungary, which was now distracted with internal commotions, and exposed to foreign enemies.

In 1453, a deputation from Hungary requested the young King Ladislaus, who was now only fourteen years old, to assume the reins of government. The Count of Cilli, the King's favourite and an enemy of Hunniades, dissuaded the King from entering Hungary on the ground that Hunniades was all-powerful, master of the principal fortresses, and too ambitious to submit to a superior. Influenced by this advice the King summoned the Regent to Vienna, intending to seize him, but the latter declined the invitation, declaring, however, that he was ready to obey the King in Hungary. After further attempts at treachery on the part of Cilli, which the Regent avoided by his prudence, a reconciliation was effected, and Hunniades surrendered several fortresses and sent his son Matthias to Vienna to be educated. Soon afterwards Ladislaus came to Buda and treated Hunniades with every mark of respect and confidence, and

brought about an apparent reconciliation between him and Cilli. This was a matter of importance, as, owing to the fall of the Greek Empire, and the increasing power of the Turks, the kingdom was menaced more than it had ever been previously.

The victorious Sultan, Muhammad II, who had recently succeeded his father Amurath, having captured Constantinople, and established himself firmly in that part of the country, was turning his attention to the West, and planning the conquest of Hungary. He burst through Servia, and, reaching the Danube, invested Semendria. Hunniades now approached and compelled him to raise the siege; but he left thirty thousand men behind as a covering force, whose camp Hunniades surprised in the night, carrying off the Turkish Commander a prisoner to Belgrade. The following year, 1454, Muhammad collected two hundred thousand men and besieged Belgrade. Hungary trembled before the approach of this overpowering force, and sought assistance from the rest of Europe. Capistran, a Franciscan monk, collected a rabble of forty thousand men, whom Hunniades reduced to order and discipline, and at the head of this crowd and a corps of Hungarians he hastened to Belgrade. This town was reduced to the last extremity, as it was invested not only by land but also by a Turkish flotilla on the Danube and Save. Accordingly Hunniades collected a considerable number of small vessels which sailed down the Danube flanked on either shore by squadrons of cavalry, and thus attacked the enemy's fleet. Hunniades led one division of the flotilla, Capistran the other, and roused by the heroism of the former and the eloquence of the latter, the crusaders completely destroyed the Turkish flotilla

and opened a way to Belgrade, enabling the garrison to be revictualled. Muhammad next ordered a general assault, which so nearly succeeded that the crescent already floated from the ramparts, but Hunniades rallied the defenders to a counter attack, repulsed the Turks, and turned their captured cannon on to their own camp, so that after a battle of twenty-four hours' duration the Turks retired at night with a loss of thirty thousand men.

This, the most glorious military achievement of Hunniades, was also his last, as soon afterwards, in August, 1454, he died at Semlin from a fever brought on by his mental and bodily exertions, leaving a widow and two sons, Ladislaus and Matthias, to whom Cilli transferred the hatred he had felt for their father. The Hungarian nobles however, who detested Cilli, supported the cause of the brothers, and were enraged when the King appointed Cilli governor of the kingdom. A few months later Ladislaus Corvinus mortally wounded Cilli in an unpremeditated duel, and was subsequently imprisoned and beheaded by the King, notwithstanding the fact that he had previously given him a free pardon. At the same time his brother Matthias was also thrown into prison. The King soon paid the penalty for his treachery, as before the end of this year, 1457, he died at Prague.

According to custom, the King having died without issue, the Hungarian nobles assembled to elect his successor. This gave rise to a somewhat dramatic incident, which may be quoted in the words of Philip de Commines:

> Whilst they were mightily divided, and in great controversy about the election, the widow of the White Knight and mother of Matthias entered the town with a very splendid equipage, for she was very rich, especially in ready

money, which her husband had left her, by means of which she was able to raise men immediately, and besides, it is not improbable that she had partisans in the town. As soon as she came into the city, she marched directly to the prison and released her son, upon which some of the barons and prelates who were assembled fled in terror out of the town, and those that remained chose Matthias for their King, and he reigned among them in great prosperity, with as much applause and esteem as any of his predecessors, and in some things with even more. He was a man of as much courage as any of that age, and obtained many signal victories over the Turks, . . . He managed his affairs discreetly both in peace and in war.

As regards his personality, Hunniades is described as being "remarkable no less for the comeliness of his person and the beauty of his countenance than for his bodily strength and activity". Gibbon tells us that "his wise and facetious sayings are registered by Galestus Martius of Narni"; here is a chance for some scholar who can cope with mediæval writings!

Sir William Temple, in his essay on 'Heroic Virtue,' includes Hunniades among the seven Chiefs who have deserved, without wearing, a royal crown, the others being: Belisarius, Narses, Gonsalvo of Cordova, William, first Prince of Orange, Alexander of Parma and Scanderbeg.

With regard to the opinion which the Turks entertained of their mighty opponent, Gibbon remarks that their hatred is the proof of their esteem; they used his name as a bogey to frighten naughty children, while on hearing of his death, Muhammad II sighed that he could no longer hope for revenge against the only enemy who had ever defeated him, a remark which Gibbon describes as "his most splendid epitaph," a comment which does scant justice to his achievements as a statesman or his personal character.

C. G. M. Adam

REVIEWS

Epochs of Civilisation, by Pramatha Nath Bose, B. Sc. (Lond.) (W. Newman & Co., Calcutta.)

Mr. Bose divides the growth of civilisation into three epochs, in the first of which man is chiefly concerned with his animal existence and the dominating spirit is predatory; brute force rules; but the Arts, being connected with the senses, flourish. In the second, intellectual development is most prominent; science and philosophy appear. In the third, spirituality reigns; self-sacrifice and benevolence become widely diffused. These three stages form "an Epoch of human progress," and of these Mr. Bose considers three. The first is from B. C. 6,000 to B. C. 2,000; the second from B. C. 2,000 to A. D. 700; the third is now existing. These dates appear to us to be far too modern for an accurate study of human progress. To put "a new race, the Āryan," as arising in the second epoch, is surely unreasonable, and B. C. 2,000 is given as the "generally accepted date of the Indo-Aryan immigration". Even the restricted view of ordinary western scholarship scarcely supports Mr. Bose on this point.

Mr. Bose next analyses the "factors of civilisation," and we are in hearty sympathy with his concluding words: "The leaders of Greek thought, from Pythagoras to Aristotle, were mostly persecuted, some were sent into exile and some condemned to death. There is, perhaps, no tyranny more incompatible with higher culture than the tyranny of an ignorant democracy."

An interesting chapter follows on the "survival of civilisation," Mr. Bose showing, by a careful historical review, that a community "engrossed with material pursuits" is doomed to decay. If it can reach the third stage, in which matter is brought under the control of the mind and the spiritual life unfolds, its persistence during long periods is secured. India

and China are the longest-lived of nations because they have regarded virtue and wisdom as higher than wealth. "It is their ethical development which enabled the Hinḍūs also to integrate the foreign elements into their system of civilisation and thus place it on a stable basis". "In the beginning it [the caste system] was flexible enough to permit the admission of the lower into the upper classes. But it attained such rigidity towards the end of the third stage that the fissures between the different classes became almost impassable." This contributed to the loss of political independence, but "their moral and spiritual culture" enabled their civilisation to survive and largely to Hinduise their conquerors. "The main condition of social efficiency is not perpetual strife, but rather a cessation of such strife, not physical but psychical strength, not the military and predatory spirit, but righteousness and benevolence." Various civilisations are next brought under review, and we note that both in Egypt and in Babylonia woman is spoken of as being "on an equal footing with man". This is, of course, accurate, and it is well to remember it in view of the preposterous claim that Christianity has raised the status of women. Women in these two Empires were far more free and independent than they are now in modern Christian countries. Their position in ancient India is also noted, and the *Ṛgveḍa* is quoted for the remarriage of widows—the well-known passage, X, xviii, 8—for post-puberty marriage, and for the absence of caste. The chapter on the second epoch in India deals with the philosophic systems, and that on the third, beginning with Buḍḍhism, carries us through Paurāṇic Hinḍūism, Shaivism, Vaiṣhṇavism, and the later Buḍḍhism to ethical, literary and scientific development, legal institutions, arts, manufactures and trades. The ancient Hinḍūs are spoken of as "bold and expert surgeons," and the forms of judicial procedure receive well-merited praise.

Mr. Bose deals finally with Greece and with western civilisation; the latter is traced through its first stage with unrelenting severity, and its horrors are remorselessly unveiled. The second stage sees the rise and triumph of science, and its progress is sketched most effectively. The third stage is scarcely entered as yet in the West, though many individuals show a noble altruism. A painful picture is drawn of the treatment of coloured men by the white—a picture, unfortunately,

of facts—and severe condemnation is bestowed on the exploitation of the East by the West. "The object of the western conqueror or exploiter is to squeeze as much as possible out of the conquered and the exploited peoples, and enjoy it at home," and the author remarks that the notion that "Europeans are on a benevolent mission of progress and civilisation in Africa, the Oceania and the East" makes "one suspect a vein of irony". After a powerful sketch of the evils of industrialism, the book closes on a note of hope, looking to the arising of "a fabric of civilisation grander and more majestic than any the world has witnessed as yet".

Mr. Bose's book is a valuable one, and deserves careful reading.

A. B.

Hypnosis and Suggestion, by W. Hilger, M. D. (Rebman Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

Although primarily addressed to the medical profession, this book abounds with interest for all who are seeking to relieve human suffering. Hypnotism is here defined as "a condition of sleep which is characterised by rapport—that is to say, a condition of sleep in which the exchange of thoughts is possible between doctor and patient". The whole subject of sleep and reflex action is described from an impersonal standpoint of scientific observation and practical treatment, for the author wisely steers clear of the conflict of personal opinion which impeded so much of the early researches. The cases narrated are numerous and convincing, and open up a wide field for further enquiry. We cannot refrain from our usual note of protest wherever we find experiments on living animals condoned, even by being quoted as cases of physiological action, but this is only in passing. Perhaps some students of psychology might wish for a little more in the nature of an explanation of the phenomena described, but it is very doubtful whether much can be advanced in this direction at the present stage of investigation. It is evident, however, that nothing has been introduced into this work that is not amply supported by reliable professional evidence, and herein must lie its value as a record of progress.

W. D. S. B.

Historical Studies in Philosophy, by Emile Boutroux. Authorised translation by Fred Rothwell, B. A. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd, London. Price 8s. 6d. net.)

These very interesting and able studies, " written mostly at the express invitation of my pupils or colleagues " (M. Boutroux is a Member of the Institute and Professor of the University of Paris), are a resume of lectures delivered at the Ecole Normale Superieure and the Sorbonne, and deal with Socrates, the Founder of Moral Science; Aristotle; Jacob Boehme; Descartes; Kant. The principle adopted is:

> In order to understand an author's work in the way he meant it to be understood, *i. e.*, to understand it aright, we must make it our constant endeavour not merely to search into the visible letter of the text and all the details of documents, but also to live and think with the author himself, to enter into his spirit.

The longest study is that devoted to Aristotle, as befits the almost unique position the Stagyrite has occupied in the shaping alike of European thought and religion. But it is surely a significant sign of a quickly changing world that Jacob Boehme, a prince of Mystics, is in this work designated " the German Philosopher " and his work seriously studied from the philosophical standpoint. In the treatment of Socrates it is his philosophy and work that is studied, "the doctrine he taught his disciples and left to the world". As he left nothing in writing his soul and his feelings are indecipherable. M. Boutroux sums up Socrates as " the man whose ideas are most instinct with life in contemporary society," after careful scrutiny of his purpose, his methods and his teaching and a careful analysis of his views. However steeped in Socratic lore he may be, the specialist, much more the general reader, will find some new light thrown upon Socrates' thought by this incisive and finished study. Of Aristotle our author writes: " In him the philosophic genius of Greece found its universal, its perfect expression." And in truth as one scans the long list of his writings, many of which have not come down to us, it appears that Aristotle preceded Lord Bacon in taking "all knowledge as his province". A short biography is given and his method discussed; M. Boutroux considers Aristotle above all a historian. It is probable that, as regards this extraordinarily many-sided man, each will see in him that aspect which personally appeals most to him. He was also a logician,

a metaphysician, in philosophy opposing the Platonic philosophy, a cosmologist, an astronomer, an exponent of general physics, a biologist, meteorologist, a botanist. His teaching brought the Peripatetic School of philosophy into existence, and the extraordinary influence this 'heathen' philosopher, born 384 B. C., exercised on the theology of Christianity is well known.

The claim of Jacob Boehme to be a philosopher is first dealt with, for it is acknowledged that it is not customary to see him as such in Germany. His motive is sought for, and Boehme himself tells us: "From my youth up I have sought only one thing: the salvation of my soul, the means of gaining possession of the kingdom of God." "And in Boehme's mind this object is destined to raise the most profound metaphysical speculations."

Descartes, a very different character from the 'shoemaker Theosophist,' held that the sovereignty of reason "dominates the entire development of modern philosophy". His famous maxim, "Cogito ergo sum," still survives.

Kant, who lived for philosophy alone, was, M. Boutroux considers, a thinker rather than a writer, but a chronological list of his works is given and a short account of a singularly uneventful life. His writings cover a vast field of thought; metaphysics, science, religion, morals, criticism, logic, geography, history, etc., besides philosophy.

A book of singular interest. Opinions may vary very probably as to the value and true meaning of some of the interpretations of the various philosophical systems and points dealt with, but all will probably acknowledge the fascination and clarity of the thought with the celebrated French charm of brilliant and clear-cut style. The translation also is singularly well done, so well that one loses the odious sense of reading a translation. An Index completes the book.

E. S.

Yatīndra-Mata-Dīpikā or the Light of the School of Srī Rāmānuja, by Srīnivāsa. Translated into English, with Notes, etc., by A. Govindāchārya Svāmin, C. E., M. R. A. S., *etc.*, (The Meykaṇḍān Press, Madras.[1] Price Rs. 2.)

There is surely no want of small introductions to the Pantheistic Vedānta (as distinguished from the Illusionist and the Pluralist interpretations of the Vyāsa-Sūtras), such as the *Catechism of the Visishṭadvaita Philosophy*, by N. Bhāshyāchārya.[2] But an "academic work" which might serve as a "book of reference for all time on the Visishṭādvaita Philosophy and Religion" has so far not been accessible to the English-reading public.[3] This is now placed before us in the form of a translation of that famous manual, the *Yatīndramata-dīpikā*, which has long since been recognised, in the Paṇḍit world, as the best hand-book for beginners in the study of the Vishishṭādvaita.

The translator is A. Govindāchārya Svāmin of Mysore, so well known by his works on the Drāviḍa Saints, etc., and his useful contributions to the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

The work consists of ten Avatāras or Advents, as the word is very happily rendered in the translation, these chapters dealing respectively with (1) Perception, (2) Inference, (3) the Word (*i.e.*, the authoritative literature), (4) Matter (constituting the visible Universe), (5) Time, (6) the Spiritual Universe, (7) Attributive Consciousness, (8) The Soul, (9) God, (10) Non-Substance.

We should like to say something more on the contents of each chapter, but we have to confine ourselves to pointing out one or two interesting passages. On p. 20 we read that dream-cognition is not a delusion, and for what reason. On p. 70 we are informed that the senses (*i.e.*, the power of

[1] Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.

[2] Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Ans. 6. See further *Vade-Mecum* of *Vedānta*, by A. Govindāchārya Svāmin; *Sri Rāmānujāchārya*, by S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar and T. Rajagopalachariar; *The Life and Teachings of Sri Rāmānujāchārya*, by C. R. Srinivasa Aiyengar; etc., etc.

[3] V. A. Sukhtankar's dissertation on *The Teachings of Vedānta according to Rāmānuja* is excellent, but that it is not exhaustive, may be gathered from the fact that one of the six Substances, *viz.*, Pure Matter (shuddha sattva), is not even mentioned in it.

seeing, hearing, etc.) of one who dies as a Mukta do neither accompany the latter nor perish, but abide here till the Period of Dissolution and may meanwhile be reappropriated by somebody else who is in need of them. Pages 109 ff. teach a good deal on Bhakti-Yoga. On p. 123 we learn that there is consciousness also in the lower kingdoms of nature. Pages 126 ff. give information on the liberation of those who wish not for union with God (attainable through Bhakti) but for "the metaphysical soul-bliss secured by the Path of Knowledge *(jñāna)*". This soul-bliss "is experienced in a Corner of the Spiritual Universe—in the manner of the wife who has lost her husband," or, according to some, in a corner of the physical Universe.

Many passages being unintelligible to the average reader without a commentary, foot-notes have been added on almost every page. Still in some important places they are unfortunately missing. For example, not everybody is likely to understand why Pure Matter (*shuddha-sattva*) is on p. 65 one of the six Substances, but on p. 156 a Non-substance.[1] Nor is it quite a patent fact that consciousness is non-conscient or non-sentient (pp. 91, 98), unless the latter be explained to mean: different from the subject of consciousness.

The translation is faithful, on the whole, but we cannot quite agree that the translator has always "done his best" (p. iii). What is the unfortunate reader to think when he is told (on p. 76) that Earth is "(1) All-odorous, (2) Odorous and neither warm nor cold to touch"? The passage should run (as is shown by the context as well as the editions): "(1) All-odorous, (2) Savourous, and characterised by Touch".[2] A similar mistake occurs on p. 73, l. 2 where we read "colour" instead of "smell"; and on p. 66, l. 13 where "Avyakta or Indiscrete" must be replaced by "Vyakta or Discrete".[3] On p. 138, l. 8-9 we are struck by the notice that God has everything as His body "excepting His own body and consciousness";

[1] The solution is that there is also a Quality called Pure Matter inherent in the Substance Pure Matter.

[2] "Neither warm nor cold to touch" is added in the following sentence.

[3] *Cf.* Varavaramuni in Tattvatraya-bhāṣhya ed. Skt. p. ४९: अव्यक्तमित्युच्यते ऽनभिव्यक्तगुणविभागत्वात् (also p. ९०), and Tattvatrayaculuka-samgraha p. ३: एतदेव द्रव्यं विषमपरिणामदशायां व्यक्तमिति नामान्तरेण कथ्यते.

while the correct translation is: "Having as His body all the Substances excepting Himself (or: His own, *i.e.*, the sixth Substance) and His consciousness (belonging to the fourth Substance)" (*cf.* p. 65). How is it, by the way, that our friend the translator, renders, on p. 105, *Bhagavato 'nanta-kalyāṇa-guṇāḥ* by "the innumerable Blessed Attributes of God," and not (as would be in accordance with the practice adopted by him since the end of the long discussion on the term *bhagavat* in J. R. A. S.) by "the innumerable auspicious attributes of the Blessed One"? Is it because he feels the impossibility, in English, of applying the word 'blessed,' which is passive both in form and meaning (*favoured with bliss*) to the giver and source of bliss? If so, why reject 'holy' (suggested by the reviewer) which, according to the Oxford Dictionary, means, among other things, "morally and spiritually perfect"?

Another not very pleasant feature of the translation is a certain mania for using uncommon, or inventing new, words: moiety (p. 77), septuplicatory (*ibid.*), three-propertied (p. 78), cognoscitiveness (p. 115), liegent *cum* cognoscitive (p. 117), nucleolus (p. 119), in-dwelling (p. 144), mal-odour (p. 163), etc., do all not sound very well and will, it is to be hoped, not return in any future works. Perhaps our translator had also better desist, in future, from speaking of Knowledge and A-knowledge instead of Knowledge and Ignorance (p. 95).

In concluding let us say that the Preface contains some valuable biographical material, to which also Professor Narasiṁhaiyaṅgār of Bangalore has contributed one or two pages.

F. O. S.

Education and Ethics, by Emile Boutroux, translated by Fred Rothwell. (Williams & Norgate, London. Price 5s. net.)

"The present volume," writes our author in his valuable introduction, "consists of lectures delivered, at various times, at the Fontenay school, a training college, so to speak, for teachers in elementary schools," and the object he sets himself in these lectures is to show what is, in his opinion, the real aim of education, and to try to inspire his audience with his ideal.

> Education, in its true and complete meaning, is not the acquisition of any particular habit or knowledge, but rather the cultivation of the human being with all his physical, intellectual, and moral powers; it is not the confiscation of his freedom for the benefit of a machine, however scientific and powerful this latter be regarded; it is the development of this very freedom itself. The task of the educator is a strange one: to act on mind and conscience in such a way as to render them capable of thinking and judging of themselves; to determine initiative, arouse spontaneity, and fashion human beings into freedom.

Ethics, M. Boutroux holds, are a part of education, and three of his lectures are devoted to different ethical systems; the Hellenistic or Esthetic; Christian or Religious; Modern or Scientific. He distinguishes these very ably:

> The Greek sages heeded neither theology nor science; they simply asked themselves what it was that constituted supreme beauty, the one sovereign boon. Christianity created its type of moral perfection even more freely, liberating itself from all exterior necessity and taking account of none of the conditions of earthly life. Science which finds itself faced with these moral traditions . . . . . purposes to find their bases in the necessary laws of nature.

It is a pity that in dealing with religious ethics, the author should exclusively confine himself to a consideration of Christianity, which, after all, is but one religion out of many, and all have their moral codes. Different ways of inspiring the young to study, the educative value of reading aloud, and the advantages of the interrogatory method in teaching are all considered, and the author has written a volume which may be most warmly recommended to those who intend to adopt the art of teaching.

T. L. C.

The Soul of India, by George Howells. The Angus Lectures of 1909-1910. (The Kingsgate Press and James Clarke & Co., London. Price 5s. net.)

Dr. Howells' book contains a mass of information on India of a valuable and interesting character in a very convenient form. It is divided into five books covering the field of: The Land, its Languages and its Races; Historical Survey of Indian Civilisation; The Evolution of Indian Religion and Philosophy; A Comparative Study of Hinḍûism and Christianity; Hinḍûism and Christianity in historical contact.

The generally recognised Indian authorities have been consulted and used in the making of this book, completed by a map of India and Index. It is of course with the author's

personal views on the many vexed questions arising from the forced contact of two great religions that we find points of disagreement. The standpoint taken is: "I have tried earnestly to avoid misrepresenting in any degree any phase of religious thought and to make my criticisms above all things fair." But Dr. Howells is the Principal of Serampore College, Bengal, a Baptist College originally founded for the training of Indian Christian Missionaries and for the education of Indian Christians; and so, unless he were more than human, a predisposition in favour of his own religion must be suspected. One knows oneself, even when one has left orthodoxy behind in favour of the wider view that all religions equally lead men to God, how difficult it is to shake oneself free from original theological prejudice. And after the adoption of this impartial standpoint has been categorically set forth, it is something of a shock to read in the notice concerning the Theosophical Society, ranking it as among the "new currents of great force operative in Hinḍūism through the impact of western civilisation and Christianity":

> Mrs. Besant has done much to encourage higher education on Hinḍū lines and to discourage child-marriage. At the same time she encourages educated Indians to utilise modern science for the defence of such glaring evils as charms, spells, incantations, astrology, idolatry and caste. Theosophy can tolerate any form of faith except a living Protestant Christianity that believes in Christ as the Light of the World and the Saviour of mankind, and in loyalty to Him feels itself in duty bound to seek to discipline all the nations.

I have never heard or read, and probably I know more of Mrs. Besant's activities than Dr. Howells does, of Mrs. Besant encouraging charms, spells and incantations. As for astrology, idolatry, and caste: in the former a great revival of interest is now taking place in the West, and Christianity itself uses idols, as, I suppose, a Protestant would describe the images in Roman Catholicism and for the same reasons. While Mrs. Besant allows their necessity she does not encourage it. She recognises as the Hinḍū villager tells Dr. Howells: "We want something to worship that we can feel, touch and handle." If Protestant Christians—and Dr. Howells is apparently a Baptist—could but realise what one would have thought a very small experience of Indian ryots would have shown him, that one religion, or rather one presentment of religion, cannot fit all men's needs, what an increase in religious tolerance would result. And for caste too a good case can be made out, if caste is on the

original lines laid down by the Manu, and not the multitude of subcastes existing in modern India. Indians, who ought to know, say that if caste were abolished they do not know what would take its place in organising and restraining India's social and religious life. It is quite conceivable that if caste prematurely vanished, the last state of India might be worse than the first. Many Theosophists also quite agree with Dr. Howells that Christ is the Light of the world, and are doing their best to ensure that His Light may soon again illuminate our day, and so are trying with him to discipline all the nations, and with some success, as the widespread organisation of the Order of the Star in the East proves. The occult power of sound is believed in by Mrs. Besant, and perhaps that is what is meant by her encouraging the use of spells and incantations. But it is very difficult to censure practices of one religion without in reality censuring all, even your own. In all set forms of prayer there is an element of incantation, and the power attached to sacred names by almost all religions is naturally known in India.

The *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* is said to be "from the standpoint of religious philosophy the most notable product of ancient India". The common element in the theology of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* and the New Testament is dwelt on at length and the unifying tendency common to both noticed. The very vexed point as to whether the teaching of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* and the devotional Kṛṣhṇa cult were borrowed from Christianity or not is also considered, with the result: "I think there is considerable ground for suspecting Christian influences in both cases, but the data are not sufficient to enable us to come to a definite decision in the matter." The Theosophist would probably account for the similarities between the Christian and the Hinḍū teaching, I imagine, by a recognition that human nature is everywhere the same, shows the same traits, has the same needs, and is given by the great Ones the spiritual food it needs. The *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* includes the teaching of all the six schools of Indian philosophy, is intended evidently to be a Scripture with an appeal to every Indian school of thought—a catholicity of doctrine which has caused astonished comment, when in one Chapter one method of progress is recommended and in the next Chapter another standard is adopted. It is hardly likely that an Indian Scripture, with its incorporation of

these different elements of Indian philosophy, would borrow from an alien faith. And so with the Kṛṣhṇa legend and cult, with its strong resemblance to the Christ story and the Christian devotion to the Christ as babe and boy. Theosophy recognises that the lives of great Avaṭāras are built on the same plan, their exoteric life-stories are intended to arouse certain devotional feelings while symbolising also the long pilgrimage of the soul on the different stages on the path, each with its own trials and its accustomed setting. Kṛṣhṇa and Christ are two persons but one Spirit, on whom centres the love of the greater portion of devout humanity.

But within his limitations the author means well to India. We are all one with him in his final words: "In the spirit of Christ help your Indian brother to realise his own soul." Exactly the work the Theosophical Society is trying to do in India as elsewhere; though our methods may be different to those of Dr. Howells, our aim is the same.

E. S.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena, by Thomson Jay Hudson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London. Price 6s.)

This deeply interesting book has had a popularity which has carried it triumphantly through twelve editions already, and we predict for it several more. There is no path of psychic investigation which this author has not pursued with his enquiring mind and his observant eye. The result is a comprehensive survey of the entire field of research, not only interesting but valuable to the student. If Gladstone was correct as to the enormous importance of such work to the world, then the services of Professor Hudson are among those which will be even more appreciated by posterity than by present day students. He will then be recognised as one of the first fruits of the revival of spirituality and consequent belief in the immortality of man at the close of the last century. Most of his investigations are directed towards the establishing of this truth.

K. F. S.

The Secret of Efficiency, by Grace Dawson. (William Rider & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

That additional attention should be paid to the laws of health and life, with the increased strain upon the nervous system, and the intelligent application to life of the great principle of rhythm is the theme of this practical hand-book for the mind and body. It proves, both by precept and example, that when we work intelligently with the law of rhythm, life becomes easier, and that when we work against it, either wilfully or through ignorance, everything is more difficult. Efficiency—the power to produce the effect intended—can be ensured only by learning how to bring the nerves of every member of the body under the direct control of the brain. The book treats of economy of energy by rhythmical movements; the saving of muscular and nervous energy; the preserving of health, strength and vitality by the quite simple method of learning the principles of tension and relaxation. Ignorance and apathy are the two foes that prevent the great majority from learning how to have full control of their own nerves and muscles. To economise energy in every possible way is the secret of tirelessness. A useful chapter is devoted to the use and abuse of muscular and nervous power in games and various actions. The secret of mental efficiency is valuable in its teaching the discipline of dominating thoughts instead of being dominated by them.

G. G.

The Social Basis of Religion, by Simon N. Patten, Ph. D., LL. D. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 2s. net.)

This book is not an apology for religion but a "constructive defence," and is written from the point of view of "social pragmatism". "Religion," says our author, "begins not with a belief in God but with an emotional opposition to removable evils. It is a psychic reaction, not an intellectual conviction, and its one essential element is its programme for saving social outcasts." Professor Patten argues that thought has three stages: the traditional, the metaphysical and the pragmatic. In the first all actions are judged by the authority which sanctions them, in the second by their antecedents, in

the third by their results. Activity, he says, has in many ways passed into this last stage, and religion, if it is to be effective as a regenerative force, must pass into it also. Religious aspiration in some form or other will never die out as long as men hope to become better and fear to become worse; but the time is at hand when the process, already well under way, by which religious concepts become socialised must be recognised as making for progress and encouraged. The chief problems with which religion is concerned are degeneration, regeneration and the will. These subjects the author discusses with great originality and vigour. The book is interesting and well worth study; those who enjoy bold generalisations will find in it matter to their liking. The spiritual ideal set forth in it, an ideal of brotherhood and social responsibility, is a high and beautiful one, yet the reader feels unsatisfied at the end of the volume. This sense of something lacking is caused no doubt by the fact that the author interprets life always in terms of the physical body and its requirements. Such an outlook on the world as his is bound to limit his views and lessen his insight into life's problems.

A. de L.

The Fourth Creative Hierarchy, by E. L. Gardner, with Astrological Analogies, by H. Veale. (Published by the author, London. Price 1s.)

This little book is a Transaction of the Blavatsky Lodge, London, and is especially welcome as showing the revived activities of that well-known Lodge after a period of temporary 'obscuration'. It is based primarily on a careful study of *The Secret Doctrine*, and will appeal only to earnest students. Mr. Gardner has provided his text with coloured diagrams to illustrate the fruits of his labours, and Miss Veale has contributed an admirable astrological treatise, showing from that standpoint the results of her study. Both of these students are to be congratulated on their work, and we hope that this Transaction will be the forerunner of many others in the future.

T. L. C.

The Adyar Bulletin (October). This is a very interesting number. A lecture by Mrs. Besant on 'The Coming of the World-Teacher,' dealing with the subject from the emotional point of view, in distinction from the intellectual aspect treated last month, forms the *piece de resistance*. Mr. Leadbeater contributes an original and interesting article on 'The Physical Body of the Master,' while Mrs. Adair's paper on 'The Reality of Thought' is well-considered and helpful, possessing great literary charm. In lighter vein is a duologue by K. F. Stuart, entitled 'The Public'. 'On Tour,' by T. L. Crombie is a brief description of a visit that eight people from Adyar made to Palghat to attend a Theosophical Conference. A delightful poem by H. M. Barnard concludes this excellent number. With the exception of the Editor's notes, which, as always, are full of interest, the permanent features of the magazine are conspicuous by their absence—owing possibly to pressure of space.

Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co. of Madras have issued *Philosophic Thoughts*, by V. Nagalingaiah Devara (Ans. 12) and *Studies in Local Self-Government, Education and Sanitation*, by A. P. Patro (Ans. 12), which embodies the "author's experience of Municipal and Local Boards Administration," and provides very useful hints and suggestions. *How Not to Grow Old*, by J. Stenson Hooker (Fowler, 1s.) is the revised third edition of a popular book, good of its kind. *Saving Health* (Sherratt and Hughes, 1s.) contains six essays in Mental Science. *This Work-a-day World and the Next*, by Ben Adhem (Weekly Post, 6d.) is a collection of articles "being a resurrection of certain hebdomadal ephemeralities intombed in the newspaper necropolis"! *The Character and Call of the Modern Age*, by T. L. Vaswani, is yet another (No. 17) tract from this indefatigable worker. *Social Problem*, by Maharaj-Kumar Sailendra Krishna Deb (Ans. 4) is the Presidential Address delivered to the Hindū Marriage Reform League printed in handy form. It is very interesting and useful. *The Origin and History of Reincarnation*, (Power Book Co.) is a symposium arranged by S. George from the writings of Archdeacon Wilberforce, Mrs. Besant and others. It is a very imperfect and not quite impartial collection on the subject, and totally fails in its purpose. We wish some one more judicious and careful and better-read in the subject would produce a symposium worthy of the great theme. We regret we cannot recommend this booklet.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

AUSTRIA

The General Secretary writes of vigorous propaganda in Vienna. The Monday evenings at Mrs. Luckeneder's, in the old House of the Knights of Malta, are being continued, whilst on Thursday is held a study class on *Man*. The ethical side, studied in the lately translated *Initiation*, and *At the Feet of the Master*, is cultivated on Saturdays. A new feature is that a theme is given out for the Monday evenings on which members are invited to speak, thus rousing interest in many, besides the one lecture of the evening. A long course of weekly lectures is arranged for, and meetings are held for the answering of questions.

GERMANY

Herr Lauweriks, the General Secretary, is starting a National Theosophical Journal, in which enterprise Austria is participating, thus combining the German-speaking Lodges in this new venture. The title is to be, *Organ der Theosophischen Gesellschaft in Deutschland und Oesterreich*. Mr. Ostermann is generously assisting in this, in spite of his great interest in French activities.

An Occult Congress is to be held in Berlin in the spring of 1914, and various organisations are being invited to take part therein. An interesting article on it has appeared, and it is looked forward to with much interest.

AUSTRALIA

The Theosophical Society has to mourn the loss of a good worker in the passing away of Mr. J. W. Hunt, the father of our well-known Melbourne worker, Mr. H. W. Hunt. Mr. Hunt was prominent in the Temperance field, and many other useful civic activities, and his place will be hard to fill. May the Light Eternal shine on him.

Launceston, in Tasmania, has now its own Lodge building, after living for seven years in hired rooms. A convenient house has been bought, and the Lodge is installed therein.

BELGIUM

A report on the Theosophical Society was presented by Mr. Wittemans in the name of the Belgian T. S. to the World-Congress of International Associations, held in Brussels.

ENGLAND

The propaganda season is open, and much activity is visible. Mr. Ransom is lecturing in Leicester, Loughton, Peterborough, Swadlincote, Derby, Nottingham, Mansfield, Birmingham and Wolverhampton. Hampstead has issued a syllabus of Sunday evening lectures through October and November, in which Mr. Sinnett, the Vice-President, Miss C. E. Woods, Mrs. Ransom, Lady Emily Lutyens, and others are taking part. The Blavatsky and H. P. B. Lodges are also busily at work. A Theosophical School is being opened at Letchworth by Mrs. Ransom, aided by Miss Hope Rea.

INDIA

The meetings of various Federations in the South have attracted much attention in the Madras papers, and have been fully chronicled. Members have been coming into the Section at the average rate of over one hundred a month. The Kumbhakonam Fellows have formed a League for the helping of the Depressed Classes, and have started a school, opened by the Hon. Mr. Justice Sadashiva Aiyar, who went down for the purpose from Madras.

One of our Adyar students, Mr. H. K. Mehta, has been doing some very good work since he left us, visiting the T. S. Lodges in Kathiawar and Gujerat. He reports great interest throughout the student population and school teachers have also come in large numbers. Many Hinḍū ladies have attended the lectures, and some meetings were specially arranged for ladies only, teachers and girls gladly attending. Some of the Chiefs of the Kathiawar States were, as usual, glad to welcome the Theosophical lecturer. Mr. Mehta, after his tour, has settled for a time in Bombay, and is working hard there. It seems as though those who study for a time at Adyar and then go out to work carry with them a special force and a special blessing.

FRANCE

The General Secretary reports the opening of the autumn campaign, and states that the new Headquarters' building is rising rapidly.

U. S. AMERICA

A most successful Convention has been held in Chicago, and Mr. A. P. Warrington was unanimously re-elected as General Secretary. It is amusing to read in the Chicago *Daily Journal* that a great split was expected, and then to receive the news of the perfect harmony which prevailed! But it seems that the Chicago papers were hoaxed by a local enemy of the Theosophical Society, who has thus injured her future power for evil-doing; for American Editors are not 'had' twice. Nothing, in fact, is more remarkable just now than the complete solidarity of the Society all over the world.

ANNIE BESANT

By C. SHERIDAN JONES

[We take the following from *Everyman* of September 26th, 1913.]

I

Thirty years ago, on a certain July afternoon, a remarkable event took place within the precincts of the House of Commons—an event that served to stamp the impress of a woman's personality on the British people. Inside the Chamber itself there was being enacted one of the fiercest episodes that marked the long and dramatic struggle then being waged by Charles Bradlaugh—a struggle, crowned, as we know, by a complete victory for the member for Northampton. Outside, blocking the traffic, thronging the corridors, passages and lobbies, was a crowd of many thousands, not Londoners only, but sturdy miners from the North, factory hands from Northampton, Lancashire lads from the mills, all of whom had come flocking to London in their tens of thousands to "back Charlie". To control them there was only a handful of amazed policemen, and when the rumour ran from lip to lip that their hero was being ejected by force, the few constables on the spot —there was no time to get reinforcements—despaired, for the mob, angry, sullen, and masterful surged up into the central lobby, and, with a roar, faced about to rush the Commons. "Nothing can save it," said an old officer on duty at the doors. For the first time since the days of Lord George Gordon the Imperial Parliament was going to be stormed.

It was then that the incident I refer to occurred. A slight, rather fragile woman advanced from behind the police, who told her that she was attempting the impossible. But she went on. She held up her hand; she spoke, quietly, simply, effectively, scarcely raising her voice, and with only that one forbidding gesture. Even as she spoke the crowd paused, listened, hung back, and within a couple of minutes had drawn off orderly and subdued. That woman was Annie Besant.

II

It must seem to Mrs. Besant now-a-days a far cry indeed from those times of storm and stress; of riots and demonstrations; of repeated bye-elections and prosecutions; of science classes to artisans and of fierce polemical journalism. To-day she has, to quote her own words, "struggled through the storm and found Peace beyond"—Peace and the Theosophical Society! To-day she is the central figure of a faith whose cardinal doctrine is serene detachment from the mundane

affairs of life; whose message to man is to rise above the very causes in whose service her energies were poured out like water. The arch materialist has become the greatest force for occultism in the modern world; the eloquent champion of the people a firm adherent of aristocracy. And yet those who know her best see through all these and the other startling changes that have marked her life one thin but golden thread of consistency. Annie Besant is at once the child and the victim of a sympathy that causes her always to think of herself, her position, her logical justification even—last. "Looking back over my life," she once said, "I see that its keynote—through all the blunders and the blind mistakes and clumsy follies of the past—has been a longing for sacrifice to something felt as greater than the self. It has been so strong and persistent that I recognise it now as a tendency brought over from a previous life and dominating the present one. The efforts to serve have not been painful acts of self-denial, but the yielding to an overmastering desire. We do not praise the mother who, impelled by her protecting love, feeds her crying infant and stills its wailings at her breast; rather should we blame her if she turned aside from its weeping to play with some toy. And so with all those whose ears are open to the wailings of the great orphan Humanity. I now know that it is those wailings that have stirred my heart through life—that drew for me, as a child, alluring pictures of martyrdom, breathed into the girl the passion of devotion, and sent the woman out into the world to face scoff and odium."

III

It is in these words that we have the key to all the kaleidoscopic transformations that have marked her wonderful career; that changed her from a *devotee* of Dean Stanley to a colleague of Bradlaugh, and then again into the disciple of Madame Blavatsky. But through it all she was obsessed with that passion for service which has, consciously or unconsciously, marked all really strong souls; that antithesis of indifference which is the essence of greatness. "To follow it," she has well said, "is not the act of a deliberate and conscious will, forcing itself into submission, and giving up with pain something the heart desires, but a joyous springing forward along the easiest path." It is this resistless, this ever-flowing sympathy that has given Mrs. Besant her unmatched power as a speaker, a power that has not perhaps been equalled in this generation, and which places her far above any other woman orator that I have ever heard. The cadence of the voice, the beauty of the gestures, so sparingly used, the wealth of language and amazing power of illustration, even the marked lucidity of the argument—all these are as nothing to the strange, hypnotic power which compels her to lose her own individuality in that of the audience, sitting silent and intent—

to wake at the conclusion of her speech with a start as though released from a spell.

IV

This intense interest in the world around her has carried Mrs. Besant far beyond her platform successes, wonderful as these have been. Her industry is almost devouring. Her power of application nothing short of astonishing. Turn to the catalogue at the British Museum and you will find no less than eight pages devoted to her works—works on subjects as varied as, to take some at random, "Occult Chemistry," "Legends and Tales," "Trade Unions," "Heat, Light and Sound". Her mind is wonderfully accurate, tireless and retentive, and she absorbs and arranges the most complex facts with a rapidity and sureness that probably only Mr. Gladstone ever approached. It may be doubted, however, if, on the critical side, she is anything like so well developed. A practised debater, she can in argument easily outmatch most of her opponents; but, probing some of her later works, one finds again and again that logic is sacrificed to rhetoric. Yet she is always well grounded in the grammar of the science she is elucidating. Her science hand-books are even to-day, and after more than thirty years, among the best for students, and as an exponent of Theosophy and occultism she is, of course, unapproached by either writer or speaker.

V

But it is more, far more, in her personality than in her writings that Mrs. Besant is a force. One may question, indeed, if fifty years hence any one of the memorable volumes that she has poured forth will be recalled. But very certain is it that no one who has ever met her or heard her speak can fail to remember the striking impression that she leaves, even on the least responsive of mankind. When she was identified with doctrines that seemed abhorrent to thousands of well-meaning folk, the simple dignity and calm repose of her bearing brought her thousands of adherents; men who had come to break up her meetings were stayed by that quiet, intent look which quelled the mob at Westminster, and were won over by a few words from that wondrous voice.

And yet, despite all these triumphs, Mrs. Besant always remained a true woman. There is a delightful touch of feminism in her autobiography which is well worth recalling. She relates how, even in the days of her greatest platform triumphs, shyness never left her. "I shrink from a quarrel in the home," she writes, "although a good fighter in public; when I have been lecturing and debating with no lack of spirit on the platform, I have preferred to go without what I wanted at the hotel rather than to ring and make the waiter fetch it; and, as the young mistress of the house, I would let careless

work pass rather than bear the pain of reproving the ill-doer." Yet, as we have seen, she could on occasions display astounding courage, wonderful firmness.

VI

One of the greatest triumphs of Mrs. Besant's life was her splendid leadership of the match girls of the East End, who, with Herbert Burrows, she brought out on strike against conditions that were probably unequalled for injustice. Mrs. Besant made the cause of the girls known to all England, and their success was practically the commencement of the modern movement for women's Trade Unionism. Her pamphlet, "White Slavery in London," stirred the nation profoundly, and led, after many years of agitation, to the abolition of that appalling industrial evil—"phossy jaw". The struggle was a desperate one. The cause of the girls seemed at first hopeless. For a fortnight Mrs. Besant worked as she had never worked before in her life, and then it was that the Match Girls' Union won recognition, and one of the most notable movements of modern times received a stimulus that is not yet exhausted.

VII

It was from movements like these, from helping the dockers, from pleading for woman suffrage and for the poor, from organising the unemployed and helping to fight for Free Speech in Trafalgar Square, that Mrs. Besant turned to Theosophy. When she found it, it was a discredited cult, with few supporters, almost exclusively of one class; with its organisation preyed on by charlatans and its messsage ridiculed and misunderstood. Mrs. Besant changed all that. She made Theosophy a force in two hemispheres. She interested the people in spiritual matters as they had not been interested since the days of Wesley. Thousands of men and women to-day think of her with gratitude and affection as having changed life for them and given it a new significance. Thousands have been led to think on a spiritual plane for the first time through hearing her speak.

In an age of materialism and indifference she has won converts by the hundred for a religion that was derided almost before it was known. I do not believe that there is any other man or woman alive to-day who could have survived the attempt, still less achieved the thing.

[This is the woman who has placed her services for twenty years at the disposal of India, and whom some Indians —unknown outside Madras till they attacked her—are seeking to destroy.]

THE PERSIAN ORDER OF SERVICE

By CAPTAIN E. G. HART, S. & T. CORPS, F. T. S.

This Order of Service has been formed for the service of a great and very ancient Empire which has now fallen on evil days and would almost seem to be near its end. It is intended to be as catholic as possible and so it is divided into five sections (which may be increased later if found necessary); hence, although started under the auspices of the Theosophical Society and with the kind permission of its President, Mrs. Besant, those who find themselves in disagreement with the principles and objects of that Society need have nothing to do with the two sections which alone represent it and the Order of the Star in the East. It is very necessary to organise and combine the various and scattered efforts at present being made to help Persia into a single and homogeneous whole, and it has been thought that no better way of doing this could be effected than through an Order divided into a number of different sections, in one or more of which those interested in the welfare of the country could find vent for their energies according to their tastes and capabilities. Practically all who are so willing to help must agree to the main tenet of Brotherhood of the Theosophical Society, and as that Society admits as Theosophists all those who make this principle a working factor in their lives, whether they be members or friends of the Society or not, there is no reason why the Order should not work under its auspices although only one of the sections is pledged to work for it.

Persia as a country is admittedly in a very bad way. Her independence has almost disappeared, whilst internally there is only anarchy in the land and it seems as if her days as an independent Empire are numbered. To all Muhammadans, to all subjects of the British Empire, and to all philanthropists, this is a consummation to be avoided at any cost, and all those who do desire to avert this disaster to a once great and glorious Empire should join the Order to help the Persians to help themselves; for it is not intended in any way to be a merely charitable concern nor indeed a material charity at all.

Although Persia is a country of from ten to twenty millions of inhabitants it is probably in more urgent need of outside intellectual assistance than any other country in the world. Countries with small populations like Norway, Switzerland, New Zealand, etc., all have their National Sections of the Theosophical Society, always a mark of the intellectual advancement of a land; in Persia it is doubtful if seven Theosophists could be found in the whole country. In the same way there is not a single decent school in Persia, and

every year dozens of young Persian boys are sent to Europe and India, often to very indifferent schools, from which they return with a superficial intellectual, and no moral, training to despise their own country for the rest of their lives. The whole country is crying out for intellectual help and rescue from the remnants of an autocratic and religious tyranny which has prevented the ingress of modern ideas and thought. In the West we have ready to hand an organisation unfettered by political or religious bonds which can be utilised for the help of Persia in the translation and publication of literature likely to assist the Persians and in the organisation of schools. These will all be carried out on business lines, and there should be little difficulty in making them pay their own way once a start has been made, for Persia is by no means a poor country; but funds will be required at first to make a start, after which it is hoped to utilise the profits on the literature, at any rate, wherewith to publish more and more. Books are so very expensive in Persia, and there is such a demand for literature of the class it is hoped to supply, that quite fair profits should be made whilst selling books at a much cheaper rate than they can be obtained in the country.

The Sections into which the Order is divided at present are as shown below, and it is hoped that all who are interested and willing to assist with service or money will fill in the form enclosed and send it to the organiser. In particular an appeal is made to Parsis to help their Motherland, which, it is believed, many of them still hold very dear.

1. General Education Section.
2. Islamic Section.
3. Theosophical Section.
4. Order of the Star in the East Section.
5. Miscellaneous Section.

The *General Education Section* will bring to the Persians the treasures of ancient and modern thought by the translation and publication of such literature, etc., as may be thought to embody it; and possibly later on by the publication of a high class quarterly, or even monthly, review, for which it is thought there is a very real need, there being at present nothing beyond very poor daily and weekly news-sheets, and very few even of these. This Section might also take up the question of education, and help to start a Trust of schools, on the pattern of those which have been so successful in India at Ajmere, Rajkot and Indore, etc., for the sons of Indian Chiefs. The whole question of female education is also in crying need of attention.

The *Islamic Section* will do all it can to revive and strengthen the national religion in consonance with the highest

and noblest of its Founder's ideals, and at the same time to free it from the bigotry and narrow-mindedness which must militate against its real acceptance by the more educated of the community.

The *Theosophical Section* will strive to spread a knowledge of Theosophy in Persia and to enlist members for the T. S. Its funds will be devoted to the printing and publishing of notices and pamphlets and of Mr. Leadbeater's *Outline of Theosophy*, all of which have been translated already whilst others are in the course of translation. A few copies will be sent free in order to advertise them.

The *Order of the Star in the East Section* will have similar objects to the above. *At the Feet of the Master* and a shortened version of Professor Wodehouse's pamphlet have been translated and await funds for publication. There is a likelihood of this Section making a very strong appeal to the Persians, many of whom are expectant of the nearer coming of the Twelfth Imām.

The *Miscellaneous Section* will be for those wishing to serve Persia along other lines than those noted above, and may be expanded into further Sections as the need arises. For the present, sub-sections can be formed for the assistance of Jews (who need assistance badly), Christians, Bahais and others, and one of them might endeavour to get other movements with the same object to co-operate with the Order.

It is hoped that a number of Persians themselves will be enlisted in the Order and will assist in the work of translating and spreading a knowledge of the literature published, and arranging with local booksellers for it to be stocked. With regard to other members, all will be welcomed who are genuinely anxious to serve, but those who have a knowledge of the language or are well acquainted with the country and the people, especially as regards their tastes in literature, etc., will be especially useful. Those wishing to make themselves acquainted with the country and its people are advised to study the following works:

Sketches of Persia, by Sir John Malcalm.
Hajji Baba Isfahani, by Morier.
Persia, by Lord Curzon.
Persian Revolution, by Professor Browne.
Strangling of Persia, by Mr. Shushter.

Further enquiries should be made to

The Organiser,
Persian Order of Service,
Theosophical Society,
Adyar, Madras, S.

E. G. Hart