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# The Theosophist

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# THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

FIRST.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

SECOND.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

THIRD.—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good will, whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

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# THE THEOSOPHIST

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# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE New Year is upon us, and upon us in the midst of War. Terrible has been the record written by the year that closes just as we issue our first number for 1915, a record of battling Nations, of tottering thrones, of an exiled people, and a devastated land. The thunder of the batteries drowned the chiming of Christmas bells; the whining of shells hushed the voices of peace; the moaning of the wounded broke into the carols of Christmas-tide. A strange sad Christmas for all Christian Nations; a carnival of hate replacing a carnival of love.

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Yet amid the tumult and the carnage, there is a still small voice that whispers consolation, for we have read that in the past the uprising of evil ever preceded the descending, the Avaṭāra, of good. And albeit He for whom we look has not yet ascended to the sublime height from which an Avaṭāra comes down, yet the greater cycles are reproduced in the smaller, and the retarding forces which delay evolution—for its helping in the end

—must be gathered together for powerful manifestation, ere the Coming of a Great Teacher may bring new life to the world. In the huge reconstruction that must follow the ending of the War, the United States of Europe will be constituted, and a settled peace descend upon the shattered Continent. How should such a reconstruction become possible without a breaking into pieces of the rocks of custom and the barriers of prejudice?

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A remarkable prediction was made by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, regarding "the Federation of Nations," and published in March, 1910, in THE THEOSOPHIST. He wrote: "Europe seems to be a Confederation with a kind of Reichstag, to which all countries send representatives. This central body adjusts matters, and the Kings of the various countries are Presidents of the Confederation in rotation." He states that the man who shapes the new order of things is Julius Cæsar reincarnated, and that he works with the assistance of other great individualities of the past, such as Napoleon, Scipio Africanus, Akbar and others, and he traces the steps by which huge sums spent on armaments are turned to social improvements, until "armies and navies have disappeared, or are only represented by a kind of small force, used for police purposes. Poverty also has practically disappeared from civilised lands". To the non-Theosophist, the view that great men of the past return for greater work in the present may seem quaint and dreamy. Let that pass. Men of commanding genius will be needed to shape the United States of Europe, and they will be there, be they whom they may. Napoleon was Napoleon to Europe; that he

had fought, triumphed, and failed before, under the name of Hannibal, was unknown to the Europe he dominated, and made no difference to the crowd.

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It is obvious that a work so mighty as this reconstruction of Europe cannot be achieved at once at the end of the War. The War is the preparation for it; the actualisation will take years to accomplish. Mr. Leadbeater says that the work is largely made possible by the Coming of the World-Teacher. A noteworthy minor point in the prediction is: "All necessaries of life are controlled, so that there can be no serious fluctuations in their price. All sorts of luxuries and unnecessary things are still left in the hands of private trade—objects of art and things of that kind."

***

Turning from world-topics to Theosophical events, we may here chronicle the success of our Annual Convention, both in the numbers attending it and the harmony which prevailed. Our visitors from outside India were less numerous than usual, on account of the War, though Miss Horne from New Zealand, Miss Ware and Mr. Studd from Australia, Mr. Udny, Mrs. Larmuth, Miss Larmuth, Miss Codd and Miss Parsons from England, Mrs. Higgins and Mr. Frei from Ceylon, and a party from Burma and Java arrived shortly before the Convention. But from all parts of India brethren flocked in, and we were particularly glad to welcome for a day and a half Mr. Motilal Ghosh of Calcutta, who had been initiated into the Society by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. A unique feature was the coming of many Congress delegates to

pay a visit to Adyar, and it was interesting to hear expressed their surprise and pleasure over its extent and beauty, and its noble library. The President of the National Congress came to our social gathering, and sat beside me in the photograph. So many F.T.S. are good workers for the National Cause, that Congress visitors felt quite at home in the T.S. International Headquarters.

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Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's Convention lectures will rank among the best series ever delivered from our platform. Arrangements are being made to redeliver the first of them, on "Heredity in the Light of Theosophy" in Pachaiyappa's College—the famous Hiṇḍū College of Madras. Our Sinhalese brother is taking a very high place among us for his learning and his culture—the gentle culture of the WISDOM, not the Kultur of Germany.

***

The following paragraphs have appeared in *The Adyar Bulletin*, but I reprint them here, that they may reach a larger circle, for they touch on vital matters:

There are two views of Theosophical work, one narrow and one wide, which are current in the Theosophical Society, and on which members should make up their minds, and having done so, should act accordingly. The first is the view that the Divine Wisdom consists in the teaching of a certain body of doctrines, whether by writing or by speech; to write articles, to give lectures, on Reincarnation and Karma, on the Life after Death, on Yoga and Interpretation of Symbols, on the Planes, Rounds and Races—this is Theosophical,

and this is the only proper work of the Theosophical Society. A certain application of these teachings to the conditions of the day is perhaps allowable, but such application tends to stray into forbidden fields, and is of doubtful desirability. The other view is that the Divine Wisdom, "sweetly and mightily ordering all things," exists in the world for the world's helping, and that nothing is alien from it which is of service to Humanity. The chief work of those who profess themselves its votaries will therefore be the work which is most needed at the time, and the pioneer work along the lines which will shape the coming pathway of the world. At one time, when the great truths of religion have been forgotten and when materialism is strong, it will be its chief work to spread the forgotten truths and to assert the predominant value of spirituality. At another, when a people is to be prepared for the Lord, educational methods and improvements will claim its earnest attention. At another, it will be called to work for social reformation along lines laid down by Occultism. At yet another, to throw its energies into political effort. For those who take this wider view, the country they are living in, the circumstances which surround them, must largely condition the form of their activities. And since the T. S. is international, it can only suggest great principles, and leave its members to apply them for themselves. It can lay down Brotherhood, but whether that shall be cultivated and made practical by Individualism or Socialism, by Toryism, Liberalism or Radicalism, by Monarchy or Republicanism, by Autocracy, Aristocracy or Democracy—on all this the T. S. pronounces no opinions. It can only say: "Son, go and work for

Brotherhood: think out the best way for yourself, and act."

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It is obvious that since I entered the T. S. I have encouraged the wider view, and while I have done my fair share in spreading Theosophical teachings all the world over, I have also worked vigorously in outside matters, for education, and for many social reforms, as, in India, the abolition of child-marriage and the reform of the caste-system, and in England for the abolition of vivisection, for reforms in penology, for justice to coloured races, for the introduction of federalism into the Empire, and of a system of electorates which should weigh heads as well as count them. Since elected to the Presidency, I have endeavoured to organise the many activities of those who agreed with me in Theosophising public life, so that no activity should compromise the neutrality of the T. S., while members should remain perfectly free to work in any of them; and the result has been a great influx into the T. S. of energetic workers, and especially of young workers, who find their inspiration in Theosophical teachings, and their happiness in translating them into practice.

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Both these lines of thought, the exclusive and the inclusive, have their place in the T. S., and it is eminently desirable that both should be present in the Society. The first ensures the steady propagation of Theosophical teachings, and the permeation of all religions with them—the Theosophising of religions: the second ensures the application of those teachings to public work, the permeation of all public activities with them—the

Theosophising of life. While the T. S. was small in numbers and its environment was hostile, the first demanded all the energies of the little band of Theosophists. Now that the T. S. is large, and its environment fairly friendly, the second is necessary for the growth of its influence. The first prepares for the new form of religion—the second for the new form of civilisation. They are complementary, not hostile. But let neither depreciate the other, nor minimise its value. Let each do its work, and recognise that the other has also its place and its work.

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My thought was turned specially in this direction by some criticism which reached me of our French General Secretary going to the front to help his country in her bitter need, of prominent lady Theosophists in France doing ambulance work instead of holding E. S. classes, of the English General Secretary organising hospital work, of the Scotch General Secretary training Territorials whom he is to lead on active service to the front. Such criticisms are untheosophical in spirit, and utterly uninformed from the standpoint of Occultism. In times of need, some men are called to do the hero's work; let us be glad and proud that the leaders of the Society in England, Scotland and France are among them, and that local leaders in smaller areas are among the most active workers in relief, and that the rank and file are gallantly supporting them. Let others take up the work the usual leaders have to drop, and be glad to have the opportunity of supplying their places, setting them free for their more urgent duties. Truly would the T. S. have been disgraced if none among its members had answered to the cry: "La Patrie en danger," and

every one who can help at such a crisis ought to help, and if our special teaching propaganda suffers for the time, let it suffer. Peace will return, and with peace its duties. Unless the war-duties are attended to now, the chief Theosophical countries in Europe will be crushed, and there will be but little room for propaganda afterwards.

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My ever-honoured colleague, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, is doing splendid work in Australia, and I have consented to the urgent request of the Australian brethren, that he may remain there for some time longer, to help in their propaganda work. I hope that he will, despite his hard work, find time to write for our THEOSOPHIST in the coming year.

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# NEW HOPES IN EDUCATION

By Marie Louise de Rigny

## I

## Believers and Non-believers in Education

EVERYWHERE are to be found large numbers of men and women who have never given a serious thought to the subject of education, and who go about the world careless of the way in which their influence is felt, either for good or evil! Even among those who call themselves educators, or whose work is done in educational quarters, there are many who do not believe in education.

There are various reasons for this scepticism. It may be due to the presence of the mercantile spirit, in place of an instructor's spirit. He who loves the young and is burning with a desire to help them to grow into

fine flowers of humanity can never fail altogether in his efforts, and he will retain his faith in the value of education in spite, it may be, of occasional disappointment. But he who remains blindly attached to doctrines, or even principles, which may have been good in their time or when applied by those who first formulated them as a result of personal experience, he who dares not adapt himself to new circumstances and admit new conclusions, arising from new experiments, such an educator is bound to fail in the majority of cases, if not always. Not long ago I was talking with a high official of public instruction in France, also well known as the director of a widely spread Review of education—a clever and a good man—who was in the attitude of heart and mind of one whose faith has not been strong enough to resist trials and misfortune, and who finds nothing but discomfort in what seems to him a harsh, sad reality. He was willing enough to listen while I did my best to impart a little of my own enthusiasm, and in such a case one might succeed, provided previous discouragement had not destroyed for ever the wish to study and capability of studying all questions of education practically.

A short time after that conversation had taken place, a friend of mine sent to the Review incidentally mentioned an article in which was related a series of interesting and satisfactory experiments made by him in a class of boys. What happened? He was told that "though his article was written in clear and elegant French it was of too technical a nature to be printed in the Review". The Committee evidently supposed that its readers required something not too closely connected with real life and its difficult problems,

something for which imagination is answerable rather than observation, and which may entertain them in the pleasant belief that all is for the best in school and nursery, and that therefore no endeavour need be made to alter anything.

However, I persist in thinking that there are in the world at present, a certain number of parents and teachers, who are willing to come out of dream-land, who are conscious of the pressing need of the times! To them I would have us say by pen and mouth: Turn your attention *not* especially to theorists and their manuals but to the children themselves who are to be brought up; *they* must become your study, and then you will learn day by day how to improve for their sake your knowledge of mankind, as reflected in them and in yourself; thus you will discover the laws which preside over the development of your and their faculties. As to writers on education, we should invite them to consider with care all recent experiments, whatever may be the amount of success with which they meet, for failure is sometimes due to the deficiency of the surroundings, in spite of the talent of the experimenter or the adequacy of his methods. When strikingly good results have been registered, as has happened in a majority of the Montessori schools, all the more is it worth while to study every factor by means of which they have been obtained—material arrangement of the schoolroom, didactic apparatus, method, personal qualities of intellect and character in the teacher—these, though last mentioned not least important assuredly.

We who advocate new methods, do not mean to say that the methods previously used are bad; they

certainly were good, when first applied, because answering the need of the moment and better adapted to the growing humanity for which they were devised than those which were supplanted by them. We have no right to ignore methods that have rendered great services in the past; their propounders were no doubt enlightened lovers of their fellow-creatures, and to them we should remain eternally thankful.

## II

## We are Facing an Old Problem set in New Terms

If we consider human history, we perceive that slow changes are constantly taking place in the depth of being, manifesting new powers which tend also to transform gradually the outward side of things and their relations with one another. But there are periods when forms, which had hitherto appeared as an adequate expression of the life within, suddenly become insufficient. Under the pressure of new life-forces that are poured into them, as it were, from other spheres, a kind of distortion takes place. Such a period is characterised by want of stability in Society and lack of balance in individuals, resulting in much feverish excitement and a great deal of suffering.

How can the conditions necessary to peace and happiness be partly restored to the following generation? This is a problem for which it belongs mostly to educators to find a solution, as certain and as rapid as possible. The very problem which is facing us to-day is therefore an old one, which has been set to the world of parents and teachers, over and over agai- at the

beginning of every new era of our psychological evolution. Terms only are changed each time we reach the zenith of a great civilisation, when we perceive the first dawning rays of a new and higher one. A certain stage of development having been reached in one direction, what we have to do is to afford our infants, children and youths, an easy opportunity of development in other directions, not pretending to suppress any natural tendency, but putting it to the best possible use. No stifling, but still more air, more space, so to say, so that the latent powers, far from becoming producers of evil under compression, may unfold freely, so that we may be conscious all round of a sense of gratitude for the increase of beauty and sympathy and enjoyment brought into the lives of future men and women. As to the means and methods to be employed, they can only be discovered in the course of an attentive and sincere study of our children and of ourselves.

In an age of unrest not dissimilar to our own, Socrates repeated unceasingly to his disciples: "If you would gain control over yourself and others, you must first come to know others and yourself."

Before another shifting of the scenes on the world's stage, the great Stoics of the end of the Roman Empire insisted that men must withdraw their attention from the shadows of the outside world, and turn it towards the inner man, in whom alone resided possibilities of lasting happiness. Nearer to us, as the Middle Ages closed, on the eve of the blossoming of a new flower of Intelligence, I mean our modern civilisation, Descartes declared that thought and personal determination being the principle of existence, we must therefore seek inwardly for a source of knowledge which should

enable us to increase our capacity for producing happiness in ourselves and in others. "If man wants *to help himself*, let him *know himself*," said those great philosophers. I do not think this means only: know himself in the abstract, or such as he was in the past and may have been explained in a century preceding ours, by some great student of humanity. Nay! but also such as he is now.

If a master therefore, really intends to help his pupils, and will not risk hindering them instead, removing obstacles from their way, let him find out what sort of men and women they are capable of becoming; let him endeavour also, as soon as possible, to awake in them the same sort of self-consciousness, enabling them to co-operate with him in his work of education. If that happens, they will have reached the high moral level at which begins self-education.

To sum up what precedes, we must agree that, from a new development, spring new needs and new aspirations in the children. Hence, to be sure, new difficulties arise for the educator, but also new hopes in the hearts of those, whose eyes are not constantly fixed upon the earth, but can already contemplate the distant and for them illumined horizon of the future.

## III

## The Ideal Educator

To me this problem of education appears as the greatest and most comprehensive of all problems, which the world, either to-day, or at any time, may be occupied in solving, and the general view of education that I have just exposed shows clearly enough that the ideal educator

ought to be a man with the deepest knowledge of heart and soul. He ought to be endowed with the spirit of the true scientist, and capable of the devotion of an apostle. I may add that he must also be a powerful artist, in order to collaborate with spiritual forces and with the individual soul, as soon as it has reached a sufficient degree of consciousness, in the moulding of the coarsest as well as the subtlest material of which evolving growing humanity is formed.

Is this a new conception?—Yes for the many, for the world at large, but the story of arts and literature and the religious scriptures of the world, bear witness to the fact that there have always been men who were capable and willing thus to discharge the highest functions in the State—highest from its importance, be it or not so acknowledged—that of the teacher.

Not choosing to name here great founders and reformers of religions, may I be allowed to mention two of the finest, noblest, most lovable characters in fiction, yet not purely fictitious? I mean the hero of the Greek legend, Prometheus, who suffered for having set the human mind on fire with a spark divine, and Prospero, the wise duke who cared for knowledge, not for the sake of power, but for the sake of helping his fellow-men to purge themselves of the dross under which the precious diamond, the Higher Self, remained concealed. These are two figures of the ideal teacher, to whom your Shelley and Shakespeare lent new life, painting them in glowing colours on the wall of the temple where poetical genius stores its best treasures, for the consolation, enjoyment and inspiration of the past, present and future generations.

## IV

## To Different Periods of Evolution Correspond Naturally Different Practices in the World of Educators

### 1. *Growing in Sub-consciousness*

During the first stages of the evolution of a race or of a nation, the mass of the people are unconscious of the influences to which they are submitted. That people's health may, however, be sound and the ebb of civilisation constantly rising. At such a period, education means nurturing of the young by the old, of the ignorant by the cultured and refined, of the foolish by the wise. If any one speaks of good-breeding, he intends that good examples ought to be given, the practice of what is right made easy, and temptations to do wrong kept out of the way as much as possible. The aim pursued is to facilitate the acquisitions of good habits, building into the body, into the heart and mind of the unconscious pupils, a wall which egoism may not easily overleap, and thus maintaining a high moral standard, that is to say establishing a balance of interest between individuals and the community. For this is the condition of a certain order without which there could be no peace, and no possibility of duration for any society. This applies to nations in their youth, and it is also true in a measure, with regard to babies up to three or four years of age, for the different stages in the life of humanity are reproduced in the life of each individual.

### 2. *Appeal to Intellect and the Conscious Faculties*

We enter another stage when conscious and more powerful individualities are becoming numerous and it

is found advisable—using Dr. Johnson's expressions—not only "to educate by use" as before, but also "to instruct by precept". As it becomes more and more difficult to make people do things, those entrusted with the work of education, formulate rules of conduct for their own and other people's benefit, taking much trouble to explain them, and to show clearly the reasons why these rules should be followed by their pupils and by all citizens.

These two conceptions of education we find succeeding one another with every unfolding civilisation, and also existing side by side, the former continuing to be maintained, not without cause, while the latter has already been adopted by large numbers of teachers. Sometimes one may see two schools of educationists, each representing in some degree one of these tendencies. For instance in France, the clerical school of educationists and the lay school are often opposed the one to the other and not far from considering themselves reciprocally as adversaries, on account of the differences in their methods, in spite of the identity of their object. This antagonism is in every way to be deplored; and it rests on no psychological ground, but, to me, seems the result of a sad misunderstanding.

Both methods are good, provided they are applied by a kind-hearted, high-minded teacher. To some children the one may be better fitted than the other, according to age and temperament; but in most cases they might be used simultaneously with profit, one correcting and supplementing the other, the appeal to logic and reason being made every time that there is a chance for it to be heard, and confidence being placed in good mental and emotional and physical habits for

other cases. Of course, in every circumstance, the motives of actions, be they offered openly or merely suggested by the educator, must always be as high and as pure as possible.

### 3. *Appearance of the Creative Faculty*

There comes a moment in the course of evolution, when the methods already defined are insufficient; their use fails to afford to the new generations the help which they have a right to expect from their elders. This is so, when many children come into the world with a certain amount of conscious will-power in them, when individuals have become, so to speak, larger channels for the life-forces, which cannot therefore any longer be easily dammed up, or so directed from the outside, as to prevent every damage to the person educated and to those around.

At the first appearance of the marvellous creative faculty in personalities and communities, educators are naturally inclined to look upon it as dangerous, because it was unexpected, and because it raises obstacles in the way of obedience which is not any more obtained so easily. They try their utmost to oppose and reduce to naught its manifestations. They do not know that it is the very soul of the child, the budding individual Higher Self, which they would prevent from unfolding, thus committing, in their ignorance the greatest of crimes against God and Man!

After Hard and Seguin, two French doctors who devoted their lives to experiments in education on new lines at the end of the 18th century, Froebel was one of the first to attract the world's attention to the fact that too much outward control, too many detailed instructions,

which cannot always be adapted to the individual need, are baneful to growing humanity. Froebel, who lived at a later and less troubled period than that of the French Revolution, was happier than my above-named compatriots; he succeeded better in his efforts to convince teachers of a most real peril. Essential it was to the orderly progress of mankind that this warning should not be heard too late. In Germany and in many countries of the north of Europe and America, where educators have carried into practice to some extent the Froebelian principle of encouraging the *free play of the faculties*, we often meet with great wealth of individual powers, and with a widely-spread aspiration towards self-respect and self-control. Herein is the true discipline which insures true liberty, defending us both from outward and inward tyrants, I mean other people's caprice and one's own passions.

The merit of Froebel is great: he knew the need of his time, which is still in many countries a need of ours, and he set to work at once and with the utmost devotion to answer it. He pointed out to us the danger of forcing the same habits on all children, proved that the young children at least should be afforded opportunities to discover things and ideas for themselves, since true learning is always gathered from experience.

## V

## Dr. Montessori's Work—The Training of the Senses as a Preparation to Intellectual and Moral Training

Still more had to be done. Froebel could not have warned us too much against the danger of explaining

or against the early abuse of abstraction and of the reasoning faculty. Methods of teaching by which theory was constantly considered before practice flourished after Froebel's time, and gave their worst or fairest fruit as you choose to call it, in the Latin countries, where an exclusive intellectual tendency predominated.

It was reserved for Maria Montessori and her disciples to show both by demonstration and experiment that intellectual education does not merely consist in offering our children ready-made ideas, nor moral education in imposing upon them ready-made conceptions of their own relation with nature and their fellow-men.

She has told us that the education of the senses, methodically conducted by a wise and devoted friend of the child, is the safest foundation for the building of character and the unfolding of the mental faculties.

She understood, like Froebel, that the child must learn like the man, from experience, self-acquired, in an atmosphere of freedom. She saw that well chosen material might be placed at the disposal of the child, which he could use at leisure either by himself or with the help of a friend, according to circumstances and the degree of development of the child concerned. Children must not be constantly invited to do some special kind of work which the master thinks profitable; they must have leisure to devise experiments if they choose, and that will often happen, if they have not been previously spoiled by too frequent interference. The object of the Montessori didactic apparatus is precisely to help the child in the work of comparison and classification, so that, whilst avoiding compulsion, his experience may be orderly. It is based on the knowledge of general mental rules of development, and its presence

in the schoolroom enables the child to profit better by all subsequent experiments, excluding none, but lending to all greater interest and signification. Dr. Montessori's practical work in education is proof that she was endowed like Froebel, with the natural gifts of an artist in the matter. In her, moreover, we find an expression of the scientific spirit of this century when we consider the careful and logical way in which her experiments were conducted, the independence from all mental and moral prejudices, the love of truth for its own sake, the rigour of her deductions, and the clearness of the conclusions to which they lead.

## VI

## Widening of the Horizon

### 1. *New Light, New Hopes*

Before I met Dr. Montessori, I had long been worried by the necessity, to me obvious, of finding an answer to this question :

Whence comes the social and personal discomfort of the present hour ? Over and over again, indications had come to me that much of the evil, if not all, had its origin in a state of confusion which cannot but exist in society, as long as its component parts, individuals, are incapable of realising harmony within themselves.

Nowadays, many a man, woman and child, even of those whom nature has endowed with great wealth of heart or mind, or both, stands as the battle-field of forces which overrule him from outside ; he is either too ignorant or too weak to subdue them to a purpose, he cannot be the master in his own house of flesh, nor the possessor of his own soul. I felt that all the efforts,

of all who are interested by psychology and its applications ought to tend to finding the means of drawing the new generation out of this chaotic condition.

Many notes of alarm have been sounded all over the world, and I was still under the painful impression produced by Dr. G. Le Bon's pathetic warning in his book *The Psychology of Education*, when I heard Dr. Montessori's faithful message. It was to me a joyous sound, telling of new hopes, hopes that will be realised provided there are found workers enough, truly sincere and persevering.

After experimenting for nearly four years with the new methods, as a result of patient observation and constant reflection, the following is a short summing up of my personal conclusions.

Individual attention must be paid to each child; there is no general rule that can be applied to all—especially during the first years—no kind of recipe as for good confectionery.

The director or directress must be capable of drawing a careful diagnosis. If the child has enjoyed so far a fair all-round development, what we have to do is to assure the continuance of it. If otherwise, we must find what is in excess and what is deficient, and use the qualities already existing as a layer of stones on which to build our wall, or, to employ another, but similar, metaphor, as a rich ground in which to cultivate the new plants—I mean the faculties which had remained latent hitherto, for want of circumstances favourable to their expression.

Physical and mental health will no doubt be more easily restored and maintained in healthy surroundings,

which it depends upon the director to provide. Yet we must remember that the conditions of health are not the same for all. To give but one instance: some children are over-sensitive and require to be dealt with gently, so that they shall not shrink from outward contacts, as would certainly happen if these were rough, until they gradually acquire more confidence and strength. Others, on the contrary have a surplus of energy, which will make them boisterous unless we supply them with a field of activity in which it may be spent usefully, in the service of the community. The resulting sensation of wholesome pleasure will establish a link between such a boy or girl and those weaker than himself; thus he will learn to feel for them and with them, acting as a friend and protector instead of as a bully and a tyrant.

We must not remain under the illusion that one faculty may be isolated, and cultivated apart from the others; that physical education is one thing, intellectual education another thing and moral education yet another; that different directors may be appointed to take care of each of these supposed departments for the same little child; that is a mistake of the past that ought to be done away with. No one would think of taking three architects for the same house, especially if they were strangers to one another, or if they were known to hold different conceptions of their art. However, many families are foolish enough—on the continent at least it is so, and perhaps it also happens in England—to behave in this way when the building of their child's character is concerned.

What can the result be? The same no doubt, as everybody could foresee in the case of a house; some

construction monstrous from its heterogeneity will be obtained, without particular style, only striking in its utter want of harmony.

In the realm of education, let us cease to imagine disconnected departments, which cannot exist in reality. In the south of Europe, we shall do well to follow the example of Anglo-Saxon countries, where so much importance is attached to the culture of will-power, without which there is no permanent individual consciousness. For the sake of it we shall make it easy for our children to acquire safe habits of attention, observation and reflection. They will learn, like yours, not to shrink from effort, but rather to find in it enjoyment, since it brings along with it more and more independence as a gratification to the individual, and the sense of responsibility, as a kind of insurance for the preservation of its rights, to society.

In your turn, you may gain something by the imitation of the Latin nations who have reached such a degree of perfection in their purely mental activities. It is evidently their fineness of discrimination, rapidity in conception and appreciation and sureness of judgment, as far at least as the concrete world is concerned, that give the French workmen the special skill which is nowhere denied them ; it is also this faculty for comparing and classifying, applied in other domains, that becomes the faculty of abstraction and generalisation, which has enabled so many of my compatriots to make discoveries, which other nations have known how to use to improve their material conditions even before the French themselves.

To other races, perhaps to the eastern, we shall all turn for an inducement at once to enlarge and refine

our sensibility. When we understand the importance of that, we shall not wish to bring up our children apart from other people's children; we shall be more willing to send them early to school, to good, well-chosen schools of course! There can be developed what some call the social instinct—a personal realisation of solidarity as a fact. More and more the child will learn to find himself again in others, until he becomes really incapable of acting under the delusion of being separate, altogether distinct, from the rest. In such ground is sown the living germ of deep religious feeling, or as some (who wrongly may believe themselves to be atheists) would prefer to call it—the altruistic tendency.

I have enumerated and examined very rapidly these aspects of development in the child and in the man; I repeat that attention must be paid to them all simultaneously, if some sort of balance is to be consciously realised. Let us always remember that on harmony between the parts depends the beauty of the whole.

In harmony alone stability and motion may be reconciled. Our aim is not to stop the flowing of life's current, but to make it orderly. Balance is, indeed, the way to liberty and discipline, which are not contradictory notions as many would imagine, except perhaps in the earlier stages, when the individual has not yet attained to a certain degree of individual self-consciousness.

2. *The Way to Liberty and Discipline through Work*

How shall we lead the child from passivity and subjection to liberty and discipline? I do not hesitate to say with Dr. Montessori, through work—work appropriate to the faculties of each individual.

This, as a theory, has already been expounded with great talent by the founder of a well-known modern school of philosophy. Many will be ready to object, that when it came into practice, it proved a dire failure. True it is, but the mistake was in trying with men, instead of beginning with children.

Those men were not the pure products of natural and divine forces; they had been moulded by the random influences of an imperfectly organised society; they had undergone deformations of all kinds, which made them unfit to reform those very conditions of which they were partly the outcome.

Our hopes, therefore, lie in the education of the young, education, perhaps by such methods as we propose to you, superior to others, I dare say, only because they come later in time. Are we not bound to be wiser than our predecessors, under pain of being unworthy of being their successors? And in order to be really faithful to them, ought we not to profit by their experience to which might be added our own?

3. *A New Experimental Philosophy of Education*

The greatest novelty of our educational work and for me the beauty of it, is due to this: Far from being content with bringing psychology down into the realm of physics, as if there were no reality except from the point of view of matter, we do (may I say) almost the reverse. We carry the methods of investigation which have only been applied so far to the study of the material world, into the realm of feeling, thought and volition. They are devices of man's intellect which he uses to get better acquainted with the outer world; there is no reason why they should not give satisfactory

results, if we retain them when turning our attention towards the spiritual, inner world, of which these methods are the products. We invite you to study the activities of the soul and spirit, not in books only, nor as dreamland philosophy, but as being the expression of forces that have a bearing on human life, as real and as permanent as those of the physical world. As long as we do not know them well, as long as we do not make it our pursuit to awaken in our pupils a clear consciousness of their workings, we shall remain slaves.

4. *Self-Education for Every Child—An Ideal towards which We may Tend.*

For the adult, self-education may mean that he knows the laws to which his growth is submitted, and that he is forwarding it consciously by appropriate methods which have been taught him, or which he has discovered for himself. With the child it can only be so exceptionally, but in every case, his friend and director must bear in mind that there is a possibility of such liberation for the child also, sooner or later, and he must consider it, as the ideal goal towards which all his efforts are tending in his work as an educator.

And, were this ideal of self-imposed discipline, which is a confirmation of liberty, to be largely realised, what would it produce? It would mean balance in the individual and order in society, therefore—happiness all round.

## VII

## HARMONY IS OUR WATCHWORD: SHALL IT NOT BE YOURS?

With a few words now I will conclude: just as we do not believe in permanent isolation of a faculty to

cultivate it the better, we do not think that the child, whose destiny it is to live as a member of Society, can be better educated alone, away from his like.

If we would obtain balance, we must never forget that in spite of its various aspects, the man's soul, the child's soul, is one.

Though we must not master it, dominate it, we ought to direct it, so that it may, as early as possible, realise its own unity. Neither must we neglect to afford him opportunities to notice that this very Self, being one, is also a component part of various groups to which it belongs—family, school, country, race, mankind; for the laws of action and reaction will remind him of it through suffering, if he ever feels inclined to ignore it in practice, for any length of time.

The sooner we awaken in him the personal consciousness of this reality, the better.

Right expansion of consciousness will produce harmony.

*Harmony* is our watchword! Shall it not be yours, readers! and if it is, shall you not speak in favour of it, and of the schools where a genuine attempt is made to realise it on the spot? Will you not use your influence to hasten the moment when the world may reap the benefits of truly rational as well as religious education, given to all children, for the sake of Harmony!

Marie Louise de Rigny

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# THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS

By G.

And I beheld, and lo! the great Angels of God walked visibly with men, and the by-ways and foul places of earth knew their passing and were cleansed. It was given to me to look upon their Faces, and the shadow of their mighty stature fell upon me as they went. The great Angels of God, the two Wings of His Overshadowing of the Nations, the Glory from the Shekinah of His Presence! Pain was the name of the first Angel; His robes were grey and on His brow burned a circlet of unquenchable fire; His eyes were bound with a band blood-red so that he might not see. Only His mouth, stern, beautiful, and tender with the secret God gave to Him to keep, was eloquent of Infinite Knowledge as He walked, led ever by His great Brother, Love. Of Him it is not given to me to speak in open speech, nor might I look long upon His Face, the beauty of the Christhood of God lay upon Him as a veil, the seven lamps of the Eternal Purpose shone round him like Stars; the white Silence wherein God whispers to the souls of men went before Him like a Herald. Only I saw His Eyes as they watched while Pain bent to lay a live coal upon the hearts of men; and I saw the little life of man and the Uttermost Life of God meet and fuse in the deathless Passion of that look.

HOW is it possible to write of the world as it is to-day; of Europe in the hour of her passion, when she is wrestling with the hosts of evil, seen and unseen, while the peoples of the Sister Continents watch with quick-beating hearts, and hands outstretched to her with gifts of money, life and love. How can any pen trace in letters or written characters, the legends of agony and glory, of pathos and of pain, of grim, gaunt suffering and God-like compassion, of strong service and

silent self-sacrifice that are graven in letters of blood and fire across the pages of history to-day. The wheels of God's inexorable machinery are turning, and the nations are laid upon the tables of steel beneath those awful revolutions. Swiftly and silently the mighty blades work on; paring away the human exterior, the trivial husk of the petty self, the artificial veneer of our boasted civilisation, the hollow cases of our so-called religions, till, at length, the indwelling Majesty of Divinity shines out and Man *knows* the God within.

The world is so full of the keen cleansing breath of Reality to-day that the soul feels it like a strong clean wind blowing from the north. Some souls there are that dare not feel its sting, and draw closer the thin coverings of artificiality that have so long done duty for a cloak; but these are few in number, and to most men and women to-day the call to fling aside the draperies of convention and be themselves comes as a ringing challenge to the best within. Four wonderful months! and the standard of values changed beyond recognition. Pain, Loss, Sacrifice, walking the streets and peaceful lanes of the land as familiar residents; Life, Money, Time, Personal Ease, heaped up to be used free of cost by those who need. And the War Pictures! What Cinema but one of God's preparing can show them to His World? What Hand but His can steady the leaping pulses that thrill to the knowledge that men and women *can* be so great, so unutterably immeasurably great; what touch but His can still the weeping of hearts so full of pride and pain, of anguish and of joy inexpressible, as the heroic spirit of our people flames exultantly to heaven. Writing from S—, the one great Open Door of England,

whence all troops set forth, to which all broken gleanings from those awful harvest-fields return, it is impossible to over-estimate the passion and the crucifixion of the War. There, as in no other place in England, the grim Drama plays itself out day by day and night by night; there the films of the Cinema change from hour to hour, and the scrolls beneath them are written in words plain enough for all to read. There, as men go about the daily task, from hour to hour the boom of the deep siren sounds across the sunlit waters set in their autumn frame of russet and gold; the last farewell of some great troopship with its load of men and officers; another output of the best of England's youth, manhood and pride, given so ungrudgingly, going so light-heartedly, ready to die so simply just "for England". Or, that deep booming note has another tale to tell, one with which, during these latter days, our hearts and brains have become all too familiar; and we pause in the occupation of the moment to bend in silent homage before the glory of that other freight, that shattered multitude of our Wounded, returning to us with the insignia of nobility for ever stamped upon their brows. The Wounded! What words are there for them, what tribute save the tears that coursed down the cheeks of even a veteran Warrior, such as our loved and honoured Lord Roberts a day or two before he laid aside the old age which hampered him and "changed his world". Those who tend them speak rarely of what they see; but the pictures are there and sometimes we are given a passing glimpse—a glimpse that shows us that which is like a scorching breath from the burning circlet of the grey Angel Pain, and which no man might bear unless upheld by that Twin Presence of Immortal Love.

One such shows us a woman, refined and cultured, in time of Peace a leader in her social set, proficient in the then realities of life, neurotic possibly, and very busily idle. We see her now; a shed in the Docks the background, and the foreground—human agony. Three ship-loads of Belgian Wounded are there; and they have been brought across by ordinary vessels, no Red Cross steamers are available. She kneels beside a stretcher to which she has been summoned by a sign from the surgeon. From a chain around her neck a crucifix is hanging which has been blessed by the late Pope. She is not a Catholic but a Theosophist, yet she wears it always. Two Belgian priests cross and re-cross with the transports, but they cannot be everywhere at once, and she says simply: "I find they die peacefully if they have kissed it." To-day there has been no time to unfasten the chain; half of the soldier's face is shot away, and he is going very fast, but is not unconscious. The stench from his undressed wounds and filthy clothes is terrible; he has been picked up on the battle-field by an ambulance and put on board at once, and there are no appliances for dressing wounds on the transport. All in the shed are in the same condition, their comfort will be seen to on the Red Cross train, but many are dying first.

The woman kneels on, and the Great Angels are with her; Pain draws away, while Love Immortal stoops and from the broken casket draws the pearl.

Or, it is a still November afternoon; the waters of the bay are like silvered oil, the black silhouette of the Docks is clear against a sad, pale sky of lemon and of gold. The woods outside the great Army Hospital stand very still; they have changed daily with the

changing War Pictures, but their utter motionlessness to-day speaks of their silent acquiescence in the fate that will touch them to-morrow with the sleep of Death, while the world-drama goes on to its appointed end.

It is the Indian Wounded we have come to see; four hundred of them in this Hospital alone. Our hearts are full, for to us the brown skin, worn in so many lives by us, is more akin than the white. How universal is the speech of love! *How* they speak it to us and we to them. As we approach, an officer's wife with kindly intention, but the Anglo-Indian manner, is distributing fruit very much as she would to a class of school-children. "It's not for *you*, give some to *him*," we hear her say in loud English, and the dark eyes that watch her have a touch of doubt in them. In ten minutes her end of the long stone corridor is deserted.

We are surrounded by a happy, excited crowd; we cannot speak to them except in isolated words, culled carefully from various sources beforehand. But we have numberless picture-cards of the King and Queen, and we manage to convey to the Indians that those Exalted Personages are grateful to them for fighting for England. Their joy is extreme, and they crowd round for the gift. We also give them pencils and letter-cards, and they invariably ask: "India?" and point, as they have been told not to write post-cards home. We are told that they do not get sugar enough with their rations, and ask the young Bengali Law Student, who is acting as Doctor in one of their wards after six weeks' emergency training, to tell them that we will come again soon and bring them some. An old Mussulmān with a long beard makes a fervent speech, and the young Doctor tells us it is to the effect that if *we* will come it

will not matter about the sugar, as they want to see us. One Sikh, who is very severely wounded, is weeping for his wife and children, and the Doctor asks us to go and see him. We can only bend over his bed and repeat such words as Glory—King—Grateful—but he seems quite happy when we leave him with a portrait of Queen Mary in Court Robes, propped against his pillow. "Mahārāṇee," he murmurs, and tries vainly to salute.

And ever the Great Angels go with us; and the Veiled Eyes of the One see only by the aid of the piercing Vision of the Other.

Another picture; in which the tender scintillating colours, shot through with arrowy shafts of crimson glory and the purple of greatness, change and harden somewhat: and the dull earth-tints of human hate and strife clash sorely with this newly-redeemed world where the Angels walk. The Indian Wards are left, we have visited the Belgians and left with them *châpelets*, *scapulaires*, and little books of prayer in French and Flemish; also *petits bouquets de violettes* which rejoice their emotional Latin temperaments. And we are standing at a section where the long stone corridors cross in three directions, talking with Private B— of the South Staffordshire Regiment, of his home in lovely Dovedale, which we know well. Suddenly there is a heavy tramp of feet, the monotonous sound of a file of men marching as convicts march, sullenly, reluctantly. In an instant the word flies from Ward to Ward. *Les Allemagnes—Shermins*—the Germans, the devils! and we are in the midst of a small excited crowd of Belgians, Indians and "Tommies". Slowly, and under escort, they file past us. Suddenly there is a sound of quick padding feet, and towards us,

up the wide stairway, we see two oddly-matched figures approaching. A tall emaciated Mussulmān with green turban and grey beard, and a little wiry Gurkha, his boyish face reflecting the fanatical glare of hate that set the muscles of the elder man in tense rigidity. Swiftly they come on, and the watching crowd grows silent. The dreary file of German convalescents are a little distance away now, marching down the eastern corridor. The Indians make as if to follow, but our friend Private B— and another English soldier intervene. They seize the two fierce warriors as if they were children, and after a brief struggle, good-humoured on the one side and silent and fierce as a panther's on the other, they persuade them to desist from their purpose. Our last vision of them is as the centre of an admiring crowd of Belgians to whom they repeat the words *Shermins* and *Allemins* alternately, making gestures of stabbing, while the old man spits in furious impotency upon the floor. A talk held subsequently with the gallant young corporal of the — Lancers, wounded by treachery at Mons, makes us doubt the wisdom of the policy which places German Wounded in such close proximity with the Wounded of the Allies. The homeward drive along the coast, the Whistler monotones of blue, black and silver, caused by the universal veiling of all lamps against Zeppelin attack; the suggestion of sinister mystery and secrecy in the Docks, closed to civilians, and to all mercantile traffic, yet seen from this shore to be full of strange craft, and alert with the great traffic in human life; the town already beginning at six o'clock its more terrible traffic in the sacred things that belong to personality; the devil's game of which drink and disease are the dice, and human souls the coin in which the

losers pay. Pictures, pictures, always pictures! The Cinema Palaces, with the flaring lights inside contrasting with the mediæval dusk of the streets, are open as we pass; and of a truth the Great Cinema is open also, and the films are ever new. Of the New World we can but touch in these few pictures the War side as it affects our soldiers and sailors and those whose daily life is sucked into the maelström of the world's greatest War. But civilian pictures are there also, pictures that stand out in the psychic atmosphere and melt the cold shell of the smaller self, and lift and exalt and consecrate the life.

For up and down the cities, in among rich and poor alike, the two great Angels go; and the Baptism of Fire wherewith the One baptises is turned by the Other to the healing of the Nations.

G.


# THE REALITY OF KNOWLEDGE

By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D. (CANTAB.)

IT seems to be high time that the presumption of philosophers, on the one hand, and, on the other, the mock-modesty of men of science were seriously called to account. For the efforts of both are being in great measure wasted through the lack of a common understanding as to the main object in view. That object is, of course, just knowledge; but what precisely do we mean by the word? Is it, as the philosophers seem to

demand, to be limited to such results as are absolutely impeccable in regard to mere form? Are such results as are not in this respect what Cæsar's wife was to be in respect of virtue to be ruled out of court? Or may we be satisfied with a more moderate and humanly-attainable degree of certitude, such, for example, as that of the uniformity of nature, upon which Mill based his Canons of Induction, and all empirical science depends? Is knowledge limited as to its content to mere appearance, or may it claim reality so far as it goes? These are some of the questions which urgently need answering, and in such a way as may satisfy the sane majority of representatives both of common and uncommon sense.

Far be it from me to blame the philosophers because in regard to knowledge they are and always have been great sticklers for form. The formal element of cognition is one of their chief and most legitimate interests: even those men of science who almost foam at the mouth at the mention of metaphysics can often be got to admit that philosophy has done useful work in this field. So thoroughly, indeed, have the formal imperfections of empirical science, and its dependence upon a number of unproved and, in the strict sense, unprovable assumptions, been exposed by modern epistemology that the affectation of what seems to me an exaggerated scepticism with regard to the validity of their main conceptions is now almost *de rigueur* among up-to-date scientists. So we find Professor Karl Pearson apparently at one with Bishop Berkeley in regarding the very existence of an outer world of objective reality as a mere inference, and a dubious one at that. Or, what comes to much the same thing, he

is at immense pains in his *Grammar of Science* to convince us that "force" is a mere mathematical expression, symbolising an unknown and unknowable something of which the least said the soonest mended; that scientific "laws" are not laws at all but shorthand expressions for certain observed uniformities of experience; that "necessity" is a notion applicable only to the relations of conceptual symbols (*e.g.*, the truths of pure geometry), and having no legitimate jurisdiction in the sphere of objective reality; that the aim of science must for ever be limited to the elaboration of a phantasmal hypothesis, which, albeit the best available guide through the labyrinth of unknown and unknowable reality, may for all that have no ultimate resemblance to the original which it aspires to copy. The term "science," as applied to our scheme or working hypothesis of things in general, appears, according to this view to be a misnomer, inasmuch as it denotes knowledge; and knowledge we cannot hope to attain. We can make our scheme more and more self-consistent, more and more helpful as a guide to action in the present and prediction of the future, more and more satisfying as a living picture of the universe; and, with every fresh proof added to the innumerable instances of the trustworthiness of science, the temptation to regard it as a facsimile of nature, and not a mere invention, grows more and more irresistible. But this inevitable conclusion we are forbidden by the pedantry of scientific agnosticism to embrace. "We simply know nothing of objective reality," the pedants assure us. It all depends upon what one understands by the word "know". But as between the two views, the view that science merely symbolises reality, in the

sense that an algebraic formula may symbolise a geometrical figure, and the view that it (imperfectly, of course, yet directly and, so far, truly) *depicts* reality, the latter is in my opinion infinitely the more probable and rational supposition. The scientist's objection to it rests ultimately on his irrational hostility to metaphysic: it is metaphysical conclusion, and therefore, he holds, inadmissible, and unworthy even of consideration. But this, of course, is mere prejudice: a rational inference may not be shirked on the ground that one dislikes the department of thought to which it belongs; if we wish to make our world-conception as coherent and complete as the present state of knowledge admits—and it is our bounden duty so to do—the aid of philosophy *must* be invoked to supplement the deficiencies of positive science. There is no choice, and no alternative. The fact is, that, as Schopenhauer demonstrated,[1] perception is nothing else than the intuitive reference of a change of consciousness to its *cause*.

To be aware of such a change does not amount to a perception; one must be aware of it as an *effect*—the effect of something real within or without oneself. This act of interpretation is not ratiocinative—even animals perceive things—but it is in a sense metaphysical for all that. It assumes the reality of the causal nexus; and it does that in virtue of an inborn sense of causality, genetically related, no doubt, to the muscular sense, but distinct from and higher than that. And since the reliance of perception upon its own intuitive basis (the sense of causality) has been justified by innumerable experiences, it has, not indeed formal certitude—nothing whatever has *that*—but a degree of probability in its

[1] *Vide* his *Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason.*

favour which is underrated as infinity to one. Since, too, every single stone of the scientific edifice rests ultimately on the appeal to experience (through perception), if perception be regarded as metaphysical, then science has metaphysical foundations. And why on earth not; or what on earth is there in so simple a fact for science to be ashamed of? The trustworthiness of an inference, such as that which confirms the intuitive belief in causality, does not depend upon the question whether it be metaphysical or not, but whether the balance of probability be for or against it.

In attempting to discredit perception, great stress is often laid on the physiological fact that the brain is not in direct contact with the objects of consciousness. In its relation to the outer world the mind is compared with a telephone operator absolutely confined to his office and therefore dependent, so far as knowledge of external events is concerned, upon the more or less trustworthy messages that reach him from without. In a recently published work[1] I have dealt with the fallacies that underlie this, at first sight, plausible objection to the validity of perception. Its full discussion would carry us too far afield: I will therefore content myself with a brief indication of the reasons for which I consider the objection untenable. It is not scientific to concentrate attention upon the occluded condition of the mature brain, overlooking the fact that *both* brain and nerves are developmental derivatives of the outer layer of cells (epiblast) of the embryo. It is not philosophic to base one's view of perception upon the assumed finality of its analysis (upon psycho-physiological grounds, and

[1] *The Open Secret: Intuitions of Life and Reality*, by C. J. Whitby, M.D. (Rider).

for purposes of convenience) into abstract component factors, *e.g.,* sensation, sense-impression, mental assimilation. Perception is an integral act of the mind, not a mere sum of independent units. Genetically, it is no doubt the end-product in evolution of the simple act of intuition by which a single cell (such as the fertilised ovum) responds to the impact of environmental stimuli. It is every whit as legitimate (even obligatory) to regard the fertilised ovum as the germ of the mature mind as of the mature body. Here we have the germ of mind in, so to speak, naked contact with reality, and our instinctive reliance upon perception is in my opinion justified and explained by this fact. One is tempted to call it a case of unconscious (that is to say, organic) memory.

The subject-matter of science is not then mere appearance but reality; and every addition to our knowledge of the uniformities underlying and conditioning phenomena is a contribution to our understanding of the universe, that is to say, of "the thing in itself".

The dualism upon which men of science are so fond of insisting with a sort of arrogant humility, when they dilate upon the impassable gulf between appearance and reality, between science and its object, is a delusion, or, as Bacon phrased it, an *eidolon theatri.* No such impassable gulf exists. What we know we know *about* reality; but that we know it imperfectly and, at best, inaccurately is indisputable, nevertheless. It is in the form and not in the substance of all knowledge that the flaw of human imperfection persists. Formally perfect, knowledge is an ideal to which we can and do constantly approximate; but to which we never in any respect attain.

It may be claimed that an exception should be made on behalf of pure mathematics, but this I cannot allow. The claim has, of course, been made often enough. "Necessity," says Professor Pearson, "belongs not to the field of perception but to that of conception." He claims for the "truths" of "pure" mathematics —for example, that the three angles of a triangle are always equal to two right angles—an order of verity superior to that of all other departments of science. But the claim cannot be conceded, for the geometrical proposition cited rests on the unverified assumption that a certain conception of space (the Euclidean) is necessarily correct. We only know that it is at least approximately correct. Real space may not correspond with our intuitive presuppositions: it may be curvilinear, for aught we know. It is a case for measurement. Pure geometry is pure hypothesis; and its "necessary truths" are not necessarily true. A necessity that is purely formal is not worthy of the name. We value mathematics not because it forms a self-consistent system, but because by its aid we are enabled to construe reality with ever-increasing confidence and success. That is, on account of its *empirical* validity, not of its abstract necessity, so-called. If, some fine day, a discrepancy however trifling were to be discovered between Euclidean and real space, the doom of so called "pure" geometry would from that day be sealed. In the long run men will not devote their lives to the manipulation of hypotheses which they know to be untrue. However willing and ready we should be to surrender our dearest assumptions, once they are disproved, it is a psychological condition of successful research that we take them seriously so long and so far

as they hold good. Whatever metaphysicians and grammarians of science may say to the contrary, there can be no doubt that scientific laws are discovered by men who have, and feel that they have, a power of imaginative self-identification with nature—men of objective insight. And it would be a bad day for science on which the view that nothing more intimate than a shorthand summary of certain uniform sequences of sense-impression was thereby attainable, became universal among its votaries. They would not be votaries long. In every department of life it is a condition of success that men must be prepared to risk something: in science we must be prepared to take some risk of being wrong. For nothing whatsoever can be proved beyond possibility, or say conceivability, of refutation. It is a question of weighing probabilities, first, last, and all the time. With regard to the best ascertained fact of astronomy, the elliptical path of planets, Mr. Westaway says truly "all that we can do is to show that the orbit of an unperturbed planet approaches *very nearly* to the form of an ellipse, and more nearly the more accurately our observations are made . . . . . We could never prove the existence of a perfectly circular or parabolic movement, even if it existed".[1] In the same work the author sets forth very clearly the true state of affairs, in regard to the limitations of science and the provisional character of its results.

He tells us:

> We seldom realise what great assumptions we make in scientific investigation, and how our knowledge must be largely of a hypothetical and merely approximate character. We base calculations upon the assumed existence of inflexible bars, inextensible lines, heavy points,

[1] *Scientific Method*, by F. W. Westaway, p. 285.

homogeneous substances, perfect fluids and gases; but as probably none of these things have any real existence, we cannot say that our problems are ever finally solved. And even the very best of the instruments with which we perform our measurements are imperfect. . . . . [1] Even the pendulum—our most perfect instrument—is not theoretically perfect except for infinitely small vibrations. . . . . We may in fact look upon the existence of error in all measurements as the normal state of things.[2]

The moral of all this is not, however, that we are to place no reliance upon science, still less that we should regard the fact that experience proves its immense utility as a guide through the labyrinth of unknown and unknowable reality as of the nature of a happy accident. It is that, while we are perfectly justified in regarding hypotheses as true so long as and to the extent that they are confirmed by experience, we must always hold ourselves in readiness to surrender them if and when they break down; and to adopt a new and better in their stead. This is, in fact, what all reasonable people do, not only where matters of science are concerned but also in regard to everyday affairs. And it holds good also where inferences of a metaphysical purport are concerned—such, for example, as that of the objectivity of space, the validity of perception, the reality of movement and force. In practice we all make these assumptions at every moment of our lives, and we are justified in doing so by the fact that they imbue experience with a substance and meaning which it would otherwise lack. I am, of course, not forgetting that, on careful analysis, incongruities appear, as between the conceptual world of pure mathematics on the one hand and the sphere of real perception on the other. In conception, only geometrically limited bodies or

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 286.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 289—290.

mathematical points can be thought of as the subjects of movement; in the perceptual world neither the one nor the other, so far as we know, exists. The conclusion I draw is not that actual movement is a delusion, but that the world of pure mathematics is an abstraction, and, as such, *imperfectly* representative of the concrete and the real. The gap between the two must be bridged by *intuition*; we must constantly grasp the fact that the "pure" space of mathematical imagination is one thing, real space (extension, rather, for space is adjectival) another and presumably different thing. So too with mathematical as opposed to real force, mathematical time as opposed to real duration: the former are approximately representative depictions of the latter, under necessarily abstract and, to that extent, fallacious modes. They are the scaffoldings by the aid of which the synthesising imagination builds up its House of Life. They are the points laboriously "plotted out," which we take as our basis in the production of Life's perfect curve. They are the separate items of a kinematographic film, between which, as they pass before our inward eye, constructive imagination supplies the missing links. As to their errors and incongruities, we must perforce put up with them, until such time as science in general and mathematics in particular shall have outgrown the limitation of their present abstract method and form. A synthetic science, a science of the concrete, will, sooner or later, emerge from the ontological gropings that at present suggest its need. In the acquisition of new knowledge we are forced to proceed analytically, to consider in isolation this or that aspect of reality, leaving the others out of account. But the new items of knowledge thus acquired, in the form of "laws" or

what not, are not permanently maintained by any mind, however "scientific," in their original abstract form. That remains on record, so to speak: it is always recoverable, and available for purposes of reference, or when the work of investigation is resumed. But by a process analogous to digestion, a process of mental assimilation, these items are absorbed into the living picture of the universe whose contents it is the main function of science to supply. If it were possible for a single human being so to assimilate all the known facts and laws of all the sciences, the harmonised result would be something far other and more than a mere collection of "laws" or "shorthand summaries"; it would probably be an impressive philosophy, but certainly a stupendous work of art. If we could look into such a mind we should see the world-process, not merely as it seems, but in a great measure as it *is*. In the meantime every mind of scientific erudition has access to its own corner of the vast composite vision of reality which the sciences are engaged in building up. For which, at any rate, they supply the building material, as well as the broad features of an architectural design.

Not that I would suggest for a moment that the conception of Reality which results merely from the articulation of the established results of empirical science is to be regarded as complete or final. In such a naïve positivism it is to me unthinkable that the human intellect can ultimately find the satisfaction of its needs, or, rather, legitimate demands. To insist upon the objectivity of Science (that is the reality, as to substance, of knowledge), is not by any means to ignore the fact that there are *degrees* of reality; or that Science points beyond herself to unexplored, though not

necessarily inaccessible, domains. What Science reveals, to-day, is the *ground-plan* of a building suggestive rather of a temple than a market-place or an emporium. Suggestive, I say; for it would be presumptuous to claim that even for the provisional completion of the edifice, we have demonstrative information at our disposal. As to the character, even the existence, of the divinity that may be enshrined by the completed building, we must be content with dim surmises, based upon such hints as Nature, History and the depths of our own being afford. One such hint may be found in that invincible predilection for symmetry on the part of natural forms, inorganic as well as organic, of which innumerable instances abound. It seems a far cry to-day to the mystical view of Plotinus, that formal beauty and intelligence are in essence one; yet there is no doubt that the profusion of exquisite forms in Nature spontaneously evokes at least a suspicion of the existence of some occult well-spring of ideality. Despite all that has been or may be advanced to the contrary, the very possibility of Science, the fact that reason finds itself to a considerable extent at home in the universe—as it were in the deciphering of a real or fictitious cryptogram—will always revive a presumption, if not perhaps of the rationality, at least of the psychic affinity (or psycheity) of Nature. As to what this may be taken to imply, I will merely add this, that those who regard the emergence of Man with all his powers and aspirations from the bosom of Nature as a mere happy accident should carry off the palm in any contest of credulity. Again, from the point of view of universal history, the life-process reveals itself as a self-augmenting process; for it is not merely to the

gradual unfolding and realisation of a given collective purpose that its records bear witness, but also to the simultaneously-progressive increment of its emotional purport and the qualitative enrichment of its ideal content. Finally, the self-consciousness of Mankind, as revealed in Art, Religion, Philosophy, shows conclusively that the more we are baffled and thwarted in our efforts to conform actuality to our ideals, the more firmly we entrench ourselves in the inward appropriation and enjoyment of those ideals, the assumption that they have transcendent reality, and the determination that they shall somehow prevail. In brief, I am convinced that scientific thought is tending —at present, dubiously and reluctantly, yet, in fact, irresistibly and irrevocably—in the direction of an emanistic view of reality and causation.[1] It may therefore be anticipated that leaders of thought and action will more and more confidently base their lives on this vivifying assumption; and that Science will follow suit. Why not, indeed? It will only be one assumption the more; an assumption making all the difference between the absolute worth and the sheer futility, not merely of Science itself, but of all forms of human endeavour. An assumption, too, that while in no way invalidating the findings of research in regard to its present limited field of investigation, will consign these to their true grade in the sphere of *derivative* being. The point of view will be shifted, but the fact will remain that the object of Science is not and never was mere appearance, but, on the contrary, just the *elimination* of the merely phenomenal or illusory

[1] But not in its old rigid form, which is at bottom the same as the mechanical view.

elements of experience. Theoretically, this assumption will have the further advantage of overcoming the dualism of the psychological and cosmological points of view by recognition of the intensive unity of subject and object. Science will become philosophical, and Philosophy scientific.

Charles J. Whitby

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## SIR OLIVER LODGE AND AFTER LIFE

"I say it, because I know that certain friends of mine still exist, because I have talked to them. Communication is possible. One must obey the laws, find out the conditions. I do not say it is easy, but I say it is possible, and I have conversed with them as I could converse with anyone in this audience now. Being scientific men they have given proof that it is real, not impersonation, not something emanating from myself. They have given definite proofs. Some of them are being published, many are being withheld for a time, but will be published later.

"I tell you with all the strength of conviction which I can muster that the fact is so, that we do persist, that these people still take an interest in what is going on, that they still help us and know far more about things than we do, and that they are able from time to time to communicate. I know this is a tremendous statement—a tremendous conclusion. I don't think any of us, I don't think I myself realise how great a conclusion it is.

"It is not for everybody to investigate everything, but if persons give 30 or 40 years of their life in this investigation they are entitled to state results which they have arrived at. You must have evidence, of course. The evidence—such as we have got—is recorded in the volumes of a scientific society, and there will be much more evidence. The evidence is not a matter for casual conversation; it is a matter for serious study, and the conclusions that may be arrived at may be delayed."

# THE "DHAMMAPADA" AND ITS MESSAGE TO MODERN INDIA

By KENNETH SAUNDERS

I AM very glad to accept the invitation of the Editor and write a brief article upon the *Dhammapada*. For this ancient anthology breathes the very spirit of the greatest of India's sons, and he has still a message of cheer and exhortation to give to his Motherland. The India of the sixth century B.C. was not very different from the India of to-day: there was the same toiling multitude with the same hunger and thirst for the Unseen and the Eternal in their breasts, and but little time to devote to the Quest; then as now, though we read in the ancient Buḍḍhist books of over sixty different schools of philosophy, the great bulk of the people were not philosophers, but were busy with just the same things as occupy the Indians of to-day: merchandise and farming, marrying and begetting children, making war upon neighbouring clans or more usually upon the dread forces of nature or disease.

We cannot doubt that the imagination of the young Indian patriot Siḍḍhārṭha was deeply stirred and his mighty heart strongly moved as he looked upon all these brave men, and patient women and beautiful little children. Even we aliens who live in this great land cannot but yearn for the coming of a brighter and freer and more abundant life. As the waters are being

brought into the deserts of the Panjab and transforming them into a garden of peace and prosperity, so we long for the coming of that Life into this land; and everywhere—in a new national consciousness, in a new spirit of social service, in a new hopefulness—the signs of its presence are to be felt, and men are seeking after character and reality as never before.

At such a time in India's history, twenty-five centuries ago Gauṭama the Buḍḍha arose, and did a mighty work in calling men away from the pursuit of shadows to the only reality—holy character: and it was just in this that the genius of the Buḍḍhist Reformation lay—that it had for all alike a message of cheer and encouragement; that it taught that the way of happiness was the way of character, and that in the words of King Asoka, "great bliss may be won by any man, however small he be".

We can, in fact, largely reconstruct the Society of Gauṭama's day from the scenes of the *Dhammapada*; Brahmin and sacrificing priest, ascetic and philosopher, householder and recluse, merchant and warrior, throng before us, and all alike are seen as sick souls who desperately need the physician—even the surgeon! Such are some of the metaphors Gauṭama employed to describe his work: or again he looked out as upon a great desert which he the farmer should turn into a rich and fruitful farm.

That we may the better understand whose is the spirit that breathes from the pithy sayings of the *Dhammapada*, I venture to give a verse-translation of a passage in the "Sutta Nipāta" which tells how graciously and humorously he replied to a Brahmin who chid him with battening upon the toil of other men:

"I, O recluse, plough and sow and thereafter do I eat:
So shouldst thou also plough and sow in order to eat."

"I do indeed plough and sow and reap the harvest, O Brahmin," answered the Blessed One, to whom the Brahmin replied:

Recluse, if farmer thou,
As thou declarest,
How is it that we see no plough?
Come, boaster, show us how
The field for harvest thou preparest!

A farmer I, indeed!
True faith is my seed,
The rain that waters it is discipline.
Wisdom my yoke and plough,
(Dost take my meaning now?)
The pole is modesty
And mind is the axle-tree
Alertness is my goad and ploughshare keen!
Guarded in act, in thought and speech,
With truth I weed the ground,
And in gentleness is found
The salvation I preach.
My ox is endeavour
And he beareth me ever
Where grief cometh never,
To Nirvāṇa the goal I shall reach.
Such, O Brahmin, is my farming,
And it bears ambrosial crops:
Whoso follows in my footsteps
Straight for him all sorrow stops.

Then the Brahmin, convinced by these words, poured rice-milk into a golden bowl and opened it to the Blessed One, saying:

A Farmer thou in very sooth;
Ambrosial is thy crop of Truth!
Take the rice-milk, Sir, I pray thee,
Gladly do I now obey thee.

Such was the Teacher, and his kindly words may be studied in concise attractive form in the *Dhammapada*. What were the lessons he gave to the India of

his day which are still "seasoned with salt" and still applicable?

To the man obsessed with the things of this world he speaks words of solemn warning which inevitably remind us of another Teacher: "One is the road leading to riches, another is that leading to Nirvāṇa" (75). If we would adapt this to modern needs we might point to such splendid asceticism and voluntary poverty as that of the Poona patriots, and say: "One is the road leading to riches, another is that leading to Higher Bliss," for it is "the faithful, upright man who is endowed with the true fame and wealth" (303). To the man enthralled by the family life, Gauṭama cries: "Not mother or father, not kith and kin, can so benefit a man as a mind attentive to the right" (43); and does not India need men who set duty above pleasure, and for the sake of the Motherland will forego even the sacred ties of family?

> Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
> Yes, without stay of father or of son,
> Lone on the land, and homeless on the water,
> Pass I in patience till the work be done.

There is no superior sanctity in the ascetic life—but India to-day does indeed need "heroes of the solitary way". Yet the great Teacher knew that such claims are easily misunderstood and he hastens to show that in itself the hard, solitary life of the "religious" is of no value:

> Not by shaven crown is a man made a 'religious' who is intemperate and dishonest. How can he be a 'religious' who is full of lust and greed? He who puts off altogether great sins and small faults—by such true religion is a man known as 'religious' (264-5).

And to the Brahmin ascetic he speaks these memorable words:

Not matted hair nor heritage of birth
Can make a man a Brahmin—only worth
And truthfulness and purity.
What boots your sackcloth and your twisted hair?
On outward things ye lavish care.
Ye who are rotting, rotting inwardly. (393-4.)

India has always had great warriors, and Gauṭama reminds her that at all times men need a "moral equivalent for war": "Not by worrying living beings is a man great as a warrior, but by kindliness and harmlessness" (270); and that we all of us can achieve a nobler conquest than that of the battle-field: "Greater is he who conquers himself than the hero of a thousand fields" (103).

India is listening wistfully as she looks for social reform to another voice which seems at her very doors:

Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

And He, too, teaches that the way of Bliss is the way of Righteousness: and that the greatest is the self-controlled and the servant of all.

To the young orator of to-day the Buḍḍha would say with kindly humour:

Better than a thousand empty words is one pregnant word which brings the hearer peace. Neither is a man wise by much speaking: he is called wise who is forgiving, kindly and without fear. (150: 258.)

And Christ, too, would approve the spirit of silent service that is awakening in the students of India: "Not they who say unto me Lord, Lord, but they that do the will of my Father in Heaven. . . ."

And, lastly, whilst there is in the *Dhammapada* counsel and exhortation to press on towards the new, there is much that India needs of learning not to forsake the old—not to let modern materialism, for instance, crush out the contemplative life—to remember that being is after all more than doing:

> From meditation springs wisdom: from neglect of it the loss of wisdom. (282.)

And we all need in an age of luxury and self-indulgence these rallying cries that ring out again and again in the *Dhammapada* to "play the man" and to endure hardness, as another early Buḍḍhist sings:

> Too cold for work, too hot, too late it is!
> Men think and lose their opportunities.
> But some of heat and cold make light
> And work away in their despite:
> Come, seek we jungle-solitude
> And cultivate the strenuous mood!

Above all in importance is the teaching that "from within are the issues of life":

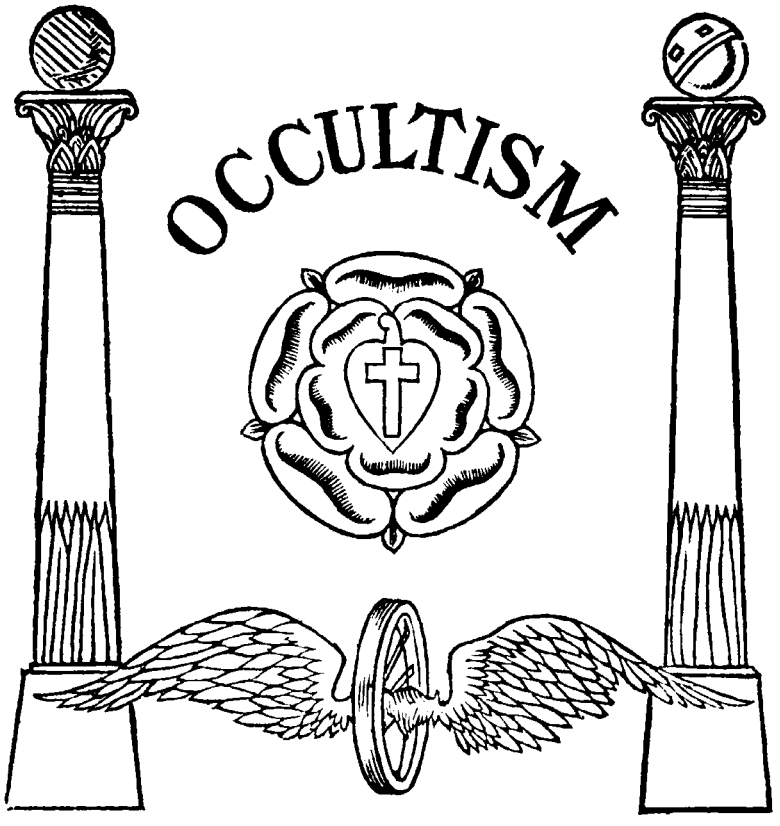
> Know this, O man: evil is the undisciplined mind! See to it that greed and lawlessness bring not upon thee long suffering. (248.)

For

> All that we are by mind is wrought
> Fathered and fashioned by our thought. (1.)

To whom shall India turn to achieve this greatest of all victories—the control of the inward fastnesses of thought? And what is the motive so constraining as to make real the brotherly spirit of which these stanzas are so full?

Kenneth Saunders




# THE OCCULTIST AND THE MYSTIC

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(*Continued from* p. 256)

## II

HOWEVER we may conceive of the Divine Nature, we who are Theosophists will probably agree in thinking of God as existing, in relation to a manifested universe at least, in two great primal modes. There is, first of all, that portion of His life which is at work within the limits of such an area of manifestation; in

the second place, there is that far mightier part of Him which dwells altogether above and beyond that area. God, in other words, is in the Theosophical view both immanent and transcendent; and this is equally true whether we use the term "God" to denote the Ruler of a solar system, or of a universe, or of a universe of universes. Whatever be our "universe of discourse," the famous old text still holds good of its Ruler: "Having permeated this whole universe with one fragment of Myself, I remain."

This, then, is a fundamental dualism, inherent in the very nature of all divine manifestation; and since all life is in its essence one and undivided, this duality in the Divine must of necessity reflect itself in the manifested universe which is the embodiment of the Divine. Every particle of life in such a universe, that is to say, must be related equally to God immanent and God transcendent;—to God immanent, since it is itself the product and expression of that part of God; to God transcendent, since, limited and shut in though it be by form, it has yet its roots in that deeper Life beyond manifestation. And this dual relationship will, by a necessary process, set up a dual movement in the life: for it is ever of the nature of life, which is divine, to seek union with the Divine from which it comes. Of such union the duality of the Divine Nature will provide two methods—the one with God immanent, the other with God transcendent: and these two methods will show themselves as two contrary tendencies or impulses at work at the heart of all embodied life and drawing it in opposite directions.

That the directions will be opposite becomes at once clear, when we ask the question: What is a

manifested universe in the light of these two modes of the Divine, taken severally?

What, for example, is such a universe in the light of God transcendent? Obviously nothing but an obscuration and a limitation of the Divine Life imprisoned within it. Whatever we may predicate of that pure life—be it Reality, or Freedom, or Bliss—suffers, within the region of manifestation, diminution and distortion. The Reality is veiled in *māyā*; the Freedom is lost in constraint; the Bliss is exchanged for pain. In a word, all manifestation is but negation.

What, on the other hand, is it in the light of God immanent? It is the theatre of a mighty, beneficent work. Such a universe is seen as the necessary setting for a Process whereby, through limitations voluntarily taken on, countless hosts of new lives are for ever being generated by the Divine Father and unfolded by ordered stages into the fullness of His own perfection. It is, in its origin, the product of a Divine Sacrifice; it is sustained and guided by the Divine Love. As for its manifold limitations, they exist only because through them, and them alone, can the purposed end be achieved. They are the indispensable conditions of the work that has to be done.

What, then, becomes the logical reaction upon these two aspects of a universe?

In the first case, clearly, to break away, to escape; to get back out of the illusion, the pain, and the cramping fetters of life within the worlds into the Reality, the Bliss and the Freedom of God transcendent.

In the second case, to remain within the manifested worlds, in order to help in that mighty work; to press outward with that informing and sustaining life to the

utmost limits of its manifestation, in order to share in its sacrifice and its burden; and to throw every energy into the service of God immanent.

There are logical and necessary reactions, arising naturally out of the dual relationship which links all manifested life to the Divine. Wherever, therefore, we have embodied life, we must have at work deep down within it—on the one hand, an impulse which is ever seeking to withdraw it out of manifestation back into God transcendent, and, on the other hand, an impulse which is ever pressing it outwards into co-operation with God immanent. All embodied life must, at every moment and at every point in space, be seeking union with the Divine in these two ways. We must see in these impulses, therefore, the two primary movements out of which all the rest are built up—the two threads out of which is woven the infinitely complex web of existence within the manifested worlds.

In order to define these impulses, and their manner of working, a little more precisely, let us translate them into terms of what we, as Theosophists, take to be the basic conditions of all manifested worlds—those conditions, namely, which we sum up as "bodies" and "planes".

It is clear that the conditions just mentioned must apply necessarily to all life within a given area of manifestation, in the sense that all life within that area will have perforce to use the vehicles, and to dwell within the planes, which have been provided for it by the Logos of its system. Thus, no matter how eager the life may be to obey the impulse of escape from manifestation, it will only be able to do so *via* the planes and bodies of the system to which it belongs—each higher

plane and subtler vehicle being, from this point of view, considered as a stage towards ultimate liberation. It need not tarry, necessarily, on any of these planes, nor need it make full use of the bodies; but at least it must pass through them. There can be no road to liberation, in other words, independent of the established conditions on which a manifested world depends. To put it colloquially, there can be no "short cut". Similarly, in the case of the opposite principle—the impulse outwards into manifestation, for the purpose of co-operation with God immanent, will be an impulse pressing the life, of necessity, down into the vehicles, and through them out into the worlds, in which His work is being carried on.

This gives us a formula which enables us to make our definition of the two impulses both more precise and easier to handle. We may now say, that, wherever manifested life exists, there are necessarily at work within it two fundamental movements or impulses, relating that life respectively to the two great modes of the Divine Being with which it seeks union; that one of these—that, namely, which relates it to God transcendent—will work as a constant force of attraction, tending to draw the embodied life out of lower on to higher planes, and out of denser into subtler vehicles, in order that it may come nearer to final liberation and, since this is its object, tending to make each such plane and body something to be merely passed through rather than to be dwelt in and explored, in the one case, or organised and used, in the other. The other impulse—that, namely, which seeks union with God immanent—will follow the general movement of the Divine Life at work in the worlds of manifestation and will act as a constant

downward pressure, forcing the life through subtler down into denser vehicles, and from higher into lower planes of being; at the same time—again in consonance with the Divine Movement in manifestation—urging it to dwell in and explore to the full all the worlds, and to use and develop to the full all the bodies, which the scheme of things, within which it dwells, has provided for its experience and expression.

The fuller definition, thus arrived at, will make clear to the Theosophical reader the significance of the two impulses referred to above, in relation to the subject of this article. For it is, in the writer's opinion, in these two basic impulses or movements at work throughout the whole of manifested life, that we must seek the true ground of that distinction between the Occultist and the Mystic which has puzzled so many students. The Mystic, in his view, stands for the impulse which is the reaction of all embodied life upon its relationship with God transcendent; the Occultist, for that impulse which is the reaction of all embodied life upon its relation with God immanent. Taken together they stand, in this way, for the two great movements out of which, as has been already remarked, the whole of manifested life is built up. They are thus, in the profoundest sense, representative; for they embody the world-process itself. We begin to see why the President could speak of them as "the two Hands of One LOGOS in His helping of His universe".

If this be true, then there has been revealed for the dualism of the Mystic and the Occultist a foundation as deep as any metaphysician could desire. We have now to ask by what process the two impersonal impulses, defined in the foregoing pages, flower eventually into

the two great representative spiritual types, which we speak of as the Occultist and the Mystic.

Our answer to this will consist in suggesting, very rapidly, a number of ideas, which the Theosophical student will readily recognise as involved in the Theosophical conception of evolution—rather than in working out in detail a subject far too vast for the scope of a single article.

The simplest way of suggesting the process by which the two fundamental impulses at work at the heart of all manifested life—drawing it into union with the one or the other of the two great modes of the Divine Being, as the case may be—emerge eventually, in human embodiment, as the two representative spiritual types which we know as the Mystic and the Occultist, is to separate off this process of gradual transmutation into a number of clearly marked stages and to note what changes have taken place with each of these.

(1) The earliest stage will be that in which the two movements operate, so to speak, blindly and mechanically, governed simply by Natural Law. In this primal form they provide what may be called the "setting" of the world-process, their rhythmic interplay giving the broad general conditions within which the drama of evolution is to be worked out. The general scheme here is that of a number of lesser swings of the pendulum taking place within a greater swing and a number of these greater swings being included, in their turn, in one still greater—the greatest of all being that mighty movement which is sometimes spoken of as the outbreathing and inbreathing of the Great Breath, which creates and destroys the worlds. This, in any world-system,

is the most imposing and at the same time the simplest exemplar of the two impulses which we are considering, for it is the immediate reflection, in the form of a movement in Time and Space, of the primal duality of God immanent and God transcendent; the first half of the movement, the out-breathing, being, clearly, in the direction of union with God immanent; the second half, the inbreathing, in that of union with God transcendent. Within this greatest of cosmic swings (so far as our system is concerned) we have others which reflect it and which, albeit on a diminishing scale as regards both Time and Space, are nevertheless just as immediately related, as it is, to the two great aspects of the Divine, and are just as much, in their essence, efforts at the two-fold union with God. Such, to be brief, are the great cyclic movements which make up the life of Chains and Rounds; the descents and re-ascents of the Ego through its long series of incarnations, with the downputtings and withdrawals of the various Group Souls in the animal and vegetable Kingdoms; finally, within the limits of the single life, the universal phenomena of birth and death, growth and decay, as well as all that ebb and flow of the life-forces which is associated with activity and relaxation, waking and sleeping, and with the facts of nutriment and reproduction. All these, so far as they are merely natural phenomena, tend to work by a law of rhythmical periodicity. Taken together they make up, as has been said, the permanent and general conditions of the evolutionary process. We have now to look forward and see what changes are introduced into them by the unfolding, within their midst, of that monadic life the development of which they are designed to subserve.

(2) The first clearly recognisable change that takes place is the emergence of the outward-going impulse (*i.e.*, that towards union with God immanent) into a kind of consciousness, in the form of desire or attraction, and that of the in-drawing impulse (*i.e.*, that towards union with God transcendent) in the form of repulsion. At what precise point in the evolutionary process this emergence takes place is not of importance for present purposes: suffice it that for a long and important stretch of evolution—covering at all events most of the animal kingdom and about half of the human—it is under these guises that the great struggle of the two primitive impulses is carried on. The important point to note—for this is the real change introduced at this stage—is that the unfolding monadic life is now beginning to identify itself with, and to lend its own reinforcing strength to, the hitherto mechanical workings of Nature. For as soon as any kind of *conscious* attraction or repulsion dawns within the unfolding life—no matter how feeble such consciousness may be—the process has already begun whereby the two impersonal impulses are destined to be gradually taken over and "personalised" by that life in the sense of being wrought, in an ever fuller degree, into the fabric of its own psychological experience. The culmination of this process will be when the life of Nature and the life of the Individual become one, and Natural Law itself is taken over and becomes the self-initiated working of the perfected Individual Will.

With regard to the stage with which we are dealing for the moment—*i.e.*, that where the two impulses first come to consciousness in the shape of desire and repulsion—we should note that, for a long time, the

interplay of these two tends to preserve the rhythm and the periodicity which characterised them in the earlier mechanical stage. With the animal, for example, the reproductive impulse is purely periodic; and it seems to remain so through the earliest stages of human evolution—so long, in point of fact, as it is permitted to rest entirely under the control of Nature. The student of Natural History will be able to trace numbers of similar periodicities in the life of the animal kingdom, having to do with the various natural functions of animal life—all of them analysable, under various forms, into the outputting and withdrawal of vital force, *i.e.*, into the two impulses with which we are concerned. Such instances are at all events sufficiently numerous to enable us to take as a general axiom that the impulses of outgoing and withdrawal, in all their myriad manifestations, tend, during this earlier stage of evolution, to show a certain regular rhythm. It is only when we come to the later stages that we begin to find Nature's order seriously interfered with, in this as in other important ways.

(3) This stage is marked by the entrance upon the scene of two great disturbing agencies in the shape of that developing mentality and that dawning freedom of the will which begin to be factors, which have to be seriously reckoned with, after (roughly) the first quarter of the human evolutionary process. The first effect of these upon the two impulses which we are considering is found in the marked intensification of the outgoing impulse and the curbing, or diminishing, of the (normally) rhythmic recoil. The outrushing of desire, in other words, ceases to be a periodic movement and becomes not only more vigorous, enhanced as it now is by

the play of memory and anticipation, but more frequent. Similarly, the period of withdrawal, which is the natural expression of the satiety supervening upon the fruition of desire, is no longer allowed to run its course. We have thus a strong bias beginning to be set up on the side of the outgoing impulse, due to the definite selection of this impulse, and the deliberate associating of itself with it, by the unfolding life by virtue of its growing power of choice: and this bias, is likely to develop with time, as will be easily seen, into a kind of specialisation. It may indeed be said—summing up that great stage of evolution at which the nascent forces of mentality and of free volition begin to play upon the outward-going impulse, clothed in the form of desire or attraction—that this stage is, generally speaking, devoted to the specialisation upon that impulse, the result being that the whole trend of the life-forces, during this period, is to flow vigorously and, as far as possible, continuously outward and downward along the line of God immanent.

(4) With the gradual shifting of the centre of the unfolding life, however, from the astral to the mental level, a new disturbance enters in. While such a shifting of the centre may, on the one hand, result only in a still further intensification of the outgoing impulse, making the grip upon the objects of desire all the more pertinacious and the output of the life-forces into the physical world all the more aggressive and vigorous, by reason of the enhanced mental life, it may, on the other hand, have quite an opposite effect, tending to restrain, and even atrophy, many of the old desire outrushes and to withdraw much of the life-energy from physical things to the things of the intellect. It is at this stage

that we begin to find the familiar distinction taking shape, between the "man of action" and the "man of thought".

The appearance of this distinction means that specialisation on the one or the other of the two impulses, as the case may be, is becoming a habit; and with the crystallisation into habit comes also, as a natural result, the commencement of definite "types". For the impetus thus set up will be carried over by the Ego into its future incarnations, and will become a powerful predetermining influence in the moulding of the personality. We have thus, at this stage, arrived at the important point where the unfolding monadic life is beginning, very gradually, to divide itself into two streams, due to the growing habit of self-identification with the impulse of out-going or withdrawal, as the case may be. We should note, however, that this identification is, at this stage, only rudimentary, being, for the most part, little more than a growing emphasis on the one impulse rather than the other; that its true meaning and significance are not yet recognised; and that the determining factor in the choice is still merely inclination, "what comes naturally to a man"—and is far from being a matter of deliberate choice, of an act of will from *within*.

(5) Before the last-mentioned changes can begin to occur, a furthur stage has to be passed through. This stage may be regarded as a critical period in the evolutionary cycle, marking as it does the turning of the unfolding life from the downward to the upward arc, or, as it is sometimes called, from the Pravṛṭṭi to the Nivṛṭṭi Mārga. At this turning-point the whole weight of Nature is shifted from the outgoing impulse to the impulse

of withdrawal, and the effect upon the individual life is seen in a corresponding shifting of the centre of gravity, in a kind of psychological changing of gear. Henceforward the impulse away from manifestation is the "natural" one, and therefore in many ways the most easily followed, as the impulse outward into manifestation was the natural one during the downward arc. This is the period of that inner condition of consciousness which is often spoken of as *vairāgya*—a transitional phase, signalling the transference of the emphasis of Nature from the one impulse to the other. While this period lasts, the movement of withdrawal is just as dominant, for the time being, as the outgoing movement had been during the stage which we have numbered (2). We must not imagine, however, that the broad dualism of type, whose beginnings we noted in stage number (3) has therefore faded away, or that the specialisation upon the two impulses, there noted, was merely temporary. We must rather look upon it as existing just as much as ever, but as temporarily obscured or submerged during the inner revolution of the *vairāgya* period, and destined to reappear on the surface as soon as that critical period is over. That is, in fact, what happens. For we have only to look on to the next stage to find the two lines of specialisation more clearly marked than ever and constituting the basis of a still more striking antithesis of type. The dualism is called out of abeyance; the "man of thought" and the "man of action" appear once more on the further side of the turning-point, but they appear, in many respects, profoundly changed: for we have entered upon the region broadly covered by the name of the "spiritual life".

(6) Students of the spiritual life in all countries and in all ages have observed, in the representatives of that life, two great types so opposite in aim and character that it would seem at first sight very difficult to find any point of reconciliation between them, yet both of which the common instinct of mankind has always vaguely recognised as spiritual. The one rushes forth with a frenzy of self-abandonment to take upon itself the whole burden of the world, revelling in that constriction of the life within the form which works out as the world's sorrow and suffering, finding no weight too great for it to bear, no form so foul or so fettered that it should refuse to pour forth its life-energies into it, in the shape of understanding and of love. The other, with equal abandonment, spurns the whole phantasmagoria of the universe and presses ever inward and upward that it may escape out of it into that pure state of Being which is, for it, the one Reality. The types are so familiar in spiritual history that it is unnecessary to illustrate them: suffice it that all those whom mankind has recognised as saints may, roughly speaking, be classified as belonging to the one or the other, although, in all but extreme cases, there will always be a good deal of mixture.

This division of type represents, in our view, the dualism of the practical and the contemplative types as it emerges once more on the further side of the critical point of *vairāgya*, and it marks, as such, another stage in the transformation of the two impulses, which we are studying, into the living, human antithesis of the Occultist and the Mystic.

The great change which is visible at this stage consists in the transference of the motive energy,

directing the impulses, from outside to within the man. While he was on the downward arc, his activities, whether along the line of the one impulse or the other, were, for the most part, reactions upon external stimulus. He was drawn forth by desire; he was driven inward by repulsion. At the critical point, however, which was mentioned a moment ago, this began very gradually to be changed, and part of that "changing of gear," which was alluded to as belonging to the turning from the Pravṛṭṭi to the Nivṛṭṭi Mārga, consisted in this substitution of an inner for an outer spring of action. By the time that we reach the stage of definitely spiritual life—the stage which we are now considering—the substitution is more or less complete, and the actions of the spiritually developed man now flow, no longer from the impacts of his environment, but from that self-moved life which has grown up within him.

This means that, in a profounder sense, he has gone far towards "becoming" the particular impulse with which, either habitually or for the moment, he identifies himself. It no longer pushes him, or pulls him, from without: he himself, moving voluntarily from his own centre either in the one direction or the other, goes with it. And with this deeply significant change goes also another in the character of the two impulses as they reveal themselves to his consciousness. Formerly, the outgoing impulse revealed itself as desire; the impulse of withdrawal as repulsion. Now, the former lives in his consciousness as Love, the latter as the search for Reality. That which carries the one type of saintliness out into the world, to work among men, is the love which surges within him: that which draws the other type away from the world is the

growing sense of the unreality of the phenomenal and of the deeper Reality beyond phenomena. We see how near this comes to those two alternative valuations of a manifested universe which are the logical consequence of its appraisement in the light of the two great aspects of the Divine. Such a universe, in the light of God transcendent, *is* as we saw some time ago, merely an illusion; in the light of God immanent it is the very pledge and token of Divine Love. The spiritual man is beginning to feel this, and according to the type to which he belongs, he will feel the one fact more vividly than the other. Let us note, however, that, as yet, he does not fully realise the ground of his feeling: and for that reason there is often a good deal of misunderstanding, of antagonism even, between the two types. To the outgoing type, conscious of the compelling force of love within him, the withdrawing type is likely to appear selfish: to the latter, the type which rushes outward in order to busy itself with the affairs of the phenomenal worlds is likely to appear deluded and unspiritual. Only in the next stage does this misunderstanding, and with it the antagonism, disappear.

(7) This stage is the final one of the process, (so far as we are here concerned) for with it the transformation which we have been tracing culminates in the finished products which we know as the Occultist and the Mystic. With this stage the process of specialisation upon the two respective impulses is carried to a high point; the Occultist becoming, to all intents, the living representative of the outgoing impulse, the Mystic the veritable embodiment of the impulse of withdrawal. And, as the specialisation becomes more complete, so also does the realisation of the true meaning and function of the types,

thus brought into being, become clearer and more definite. It is then seen that these types have been laboriously built up by Nature for a certain definite purpose—in order, namely, that in and through them the great work of Nature might become self-conscious. What has been going on, has been the gradual segregation and training up of two great bands of workers, corresponding, in the method of their work, with the two primal movements out of which the whole of manifested life has been built up. For, just as the whole of life may be seen, in one aspect, to be a web woven out of the interplay of the two great movements of outgoing and withdrawal—at work on all levels and on every scale—so, for the helping of that life, there must be prepared, as the fruit of the evolutionary process, two great hosts of unfolded lives in whom these movements shall, as it were, become incarnate, and who shall, therefore, be able to take over, and consciously wield, forces which have hitherto worked mechanically according to Nature's law. In a word, the Occultist and the Mystic emerge, in their perfected forms, as the embodiments of the mighty Ebb and Flow of Nature; and in them the old rhythmical interplay—the dovetailing, as it were, of the operations of the two impulses—which existed before the automatism of Nature had been disturbed by the incursion of the unfolding monadic life, is once more restored. Taken together, they have become, in the eloquent words of our President, "the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe". They stand, in our manifested worlds, as the living representatives of the fundamental duality of the Divine Nature—the Occultist of God immanent, the Worker, the Demiurgus; the

Mystic of God transcendent, the Life beyond the worlds.

The process by which the two impersonal impulses are transformed eventually into the two great representative bodies of servants of God is, therefore, that of the gradual bringing into self-consciousness of these impulses within the unfolding life, accompanied by a gradual specialisation upon one or the other by different sections of that life. The formula embodied in the process is, as will be seen, one very familiar to students of Theosophy, since it sums up what, from one point of view, is going on everywhere in Nature. For one way of describing the world-process is to say that it consists in the gradual awakening of Nature to self-consciousness; or, conversely, in the gradual taking over of the life of Nature by the monadic life unfolding within her boundaries. Every happening in Nature is, in this way, destined to be one day (and is already for some consciousness) a psychological experience; every law of Nature is destined to be the expression of a conscious act of Will. It is thus that the "dead" mechanism of a solar system becomes, in the fullness of the evolutionary cycle, a LOGOS—perfect in His self-consciousness at every point of His being, perfect in the minute and elaborate specialisation and co-ordination of His functions. H.P.B.'s parallel between a universe and an embryo is, in this connection, the profoundest truth as well as the simplest expression of the truth. All that we call Nature—the sum of the life within a universe—is, from the cosmic standpoint, in a pre-natal condition. All that is now going on is only preparatory. One day it will be born as a God.

In this transformation of Nature into conscious God all other transformations are incidents; all are contributing, in their own way and within their own special sphere, to the same stupendous consummation, and the true explanation of all of them lies in this. It is as the product of one of these great evolutionary processes, therefore—from Nature to God—that we shall best understand the Occultist and the Mystic. Once we grasp the conception of them as embodied movements in the Divine Life, and realise what these movements are, all that we know, in ordinary life, of the respective methods and ideals of the Occultist and the Mystic, and of their place and work in the world, at once falls into place. We are in possession of a formula which illuminates the whole subject and which, as we shall see, goes far to provide a principle of classification in a region where the distinctions, as we know, are apt to be somewhat blurred.

E. A. Wodehouse

(*To be concluded*)

## A DREAM EXPERIENCE VERIFIED

ON Sunday February 1st, a Theosophical friend came to supper with us after his lecture. As we sat talking I happened to say to him: "You sometimes remember your astral experiences, don't you, Mr. X?" "I very seldom remember anything that is likely to have been an experience," he modestly replied, "and if I do I am not in the habit of talking about it. That reminds me, however, that I had a curious dream last night, I wonder if there was any shipwreck."

He went on to relate his dream, in which he had seen what appeared to him to be the tops of four funnels standing out from the sea near the coast. He remembered thinking it must be a new kind of submarine, but when he saw these funnel-tops slowly sinking he realised that the sea would pour down them and the ship would sink. He saw with horror that it must be a cruiser of the Navy sinking, and found himself in a kind of cloud hovering about it and trying to avert the approaching disaster, but the funnel-tops disappeared. He then remembered seeing the whole ship again looking like a cruiser, with a number of "foreign-looking sailor chaps" staring at him over the gunwale or the starboard quarter. He awoke in no fright, as the ship when last seen seemed all right.

Next morning (Monday) on opening the paper the following headlines met the eye:

19 LOST IN A WRECK

Six Hours on a Topmast

and below the story of a shipping disaster on the previous Saturday night off the Cornish coast, with a description of how "the tide began to rise and cover the vessel, and the only refuge left for the eight men on board was the jigger topmast. As the water rose the eight men climbed to the top of the mast, the lowest man being the chief officer who lashed himself to the spar and blew a small whistle in the hope of attracting assistance. He was getting exhausted for the water had almost covered him and, seeing he could do no more, he gave the whistle to a sailor with the exclamation: 'Here, mate, you can blow it better than I can.' Subsequent events showed that this act was responsible for saving the lives of the five survivors."

# GRAIL-GLIMPSES

## I

### YOUNG MIKE—PAVEMENT-ARTIST

By E. M. GREEN

IT was a squally morning; the pale sun struggling up behind the factory chimneys gave no promise of holding his own against the driving cloud-rack, heavy with unspilt snow. The March wind tore at the sooty poplars by the canal, and flogged the oily water into motion.

The Stranger drew his grey cloak closer, and stopped before an all-night coffee-stall at the Factory gates.

The owner took his pipe from his mouth and spat. "Wawnt a mug, Guv'nor?" The Stranger bent his head.

"A cup of water, if I may," he answered.

The man looked sharply at him. "Anyfink to 'blige a gent," he said; and filling a tin mug handed it to the Stranger. "Yer bain't from these parts, be yer?" The coffee-seller was inquisitive. "A furriner, may be?"

"A Stranger here," was the reply.

"Droppin' a bit a paisteboard into ole Rule Brittanyer's letter box, in a manner o' speakin'. Got any mates over 'ere?"

The tin cup was re-hung upon its nail; the cutty-clay resumed, and Ginger Joe was ready for a chat till trade should begin with the breakfast hour.

"Mates! Well, hardly that, I think!" The Stranger shook his head and smiled. "I have been long away. But I think there are some who remember me; and it may be that a few even are looking for my return."

"Well, good luck, Mister; there goes the buzzer; I shall be gettin' busy, so I'll wish yer good-day."

The great gates opened as he spoke and there poured forth a grimy throng of men and women; some of whom came to the coffee-stall, others entering a low-looking public house, or an eating-house next to it, while the larger number ate such food as they had brought with them in a shed provided for the purpose, just within the walls of the Factory.

The coffee-seller was kept busy for the next half-hour, yet from time to time he looked curiously towards the bank of the Canal where the Stranger stood apart, watching the scene before him.

"Christ!" he said, half aloud. "'E were a rum 'un; a torf, was 'e? or the Pope o' Rome, or what? Blimy, if 'e wa'nt a rum customer!"

Meanwhile, the Stranger's gaze was fixed upon a pavement artist, a wizened lad of about twenty years, or possibly less, who sat in an angle of the Factory wall, his shrunken legs drawn up beneath him upon a piece of old sacking, his box of crudely coloured chalks at his side. The three pictures on the smooth asphalt pavement before him were the subject of much comment from the Factory hands; jests, admiration and criticism being freely bandied about. The Stranger saw that several gave portions of their own meal to the boy; but no pence

or halfpence found their way into the cloth cap at his side. As the half-hour struck, the human tide turned, and ebbed away behind the great sluice gates, which presently closed upon it, leaving silence behind. The coffee-vendor shut up his stall and took his homeward way; the pavement artist leaned back against the wall and looked up at the ragged legions in the wildness of the sky. The Stranger crossed the little space of trodden grass and stood beside him.

The dark eyes, sombre beneath his unkempt hair and white, lined brow, were raised to meet the gaze downbent, and the Stranger saw that they were lit by the unquenchable fire of inner vision.

"Like to see the picshurs, Mister?" The accent was that of the London slum-dweller, poor in vowel-sounds; and contrasted oddly with the stamp of genius set upon the eyes and brow.

"I should like to, very much. You are a quick worker."

"Yus! I be smart, they sez; but I don't tike no count o' time! I just dror wot I sees."

"Have you seen a snow mountain? These are very beautiful ones!"

"No! I ain't never seed no mountings, but I knows wot they looks like from the clards! And onst a cove come by as guv me a 'int or two. But I seen the sea ven I wos down to the Convalescing 'Ome."

"I suppose you find that the people round here are not able to pay to see your pictures; could you not find a better place to paint in?"

The lad looked at his questioner sharply, almost suspiciously, but the quiet gaze that met his own disarmed him, and he answered with a shrug and smile

that half invited, half repelled any further advances. "S 'pose as 'ow I *could*, Mister—but that ain't every-fink!"

"Not everything? I don't understand! Do you mean that you would not like to make a living for yourself and get on in the world?"

The boy shook his head, but did not answer; he was rubbing a stick of yellow chalk against his left thumb nail, and at some thought suggested by the Stranger's words he rubbed so fiercely that the stick snapped in his fingers. His questioner seemed to read his mind, for he went on as if answering some remark: "Ah! yes, I see; what you would really like would be to have your pictures seen by the great world, by people who would understand all that you are trying to put into them! That is what you feel, is it not? It is a pity that the police do not allow pavement painting, except at certain spots, and that the good ones are not for such as you!"

The dark eyes gleamed, as the lad flung back his head with the gesture of conscious pride in his own powers that betrays the heaven-born genius in every rank of life. "Garn! 'oo yer gettin' at?" he asked, and laughed a low full-noted sound of supreme satisfaction, a reminiscence unconscious, yet instinctive, of the regions of which his artist soul was the denizen, even while the apparent tenant of his poor frail body, with its pitiful limitations. "There ain't no other paivemen' 'artiss wot can dror like young Mike—that's me, Mister, short for Mikell Angeler; and so the p'lice 'll tell you, if yer arsts 'em. Back near Chrismis 'ole Moses wot 'ad the bit of paivemen' up to "Ide Park Corner was took to the Workus, and Sarjan' Symes up to the

p'lice stytion 'e said as 'ow I could 'ave 'is lay, as I was the best Artiss of 'em all! Is words, Guv'nor, strite!"

"Well, and what did you say; you did not accept the offer, it seems?"

Young Mike's manner changed; the momentary glory that had shone like a halo round him, marking his kinship with the immortals, had faded, and he hung his head and fingered his crayons nervously. The Stranger bent towards him, and his voice was gentle yet commanding. "I am waiting," he said, "tell me, young Mike, why do you stay here to starve when you could make a good living at Hyde Park Corner?"

The boy looked up, but not at his questioner; his gaze travelled past that waiting figure to the sluggish canal, creeping between its blackened banks, to the high walls of the Factory, and to the further banks on which a tall derrick rose spectre-like against the grey wind-riven sky. It travelled over the miles of roofs of closely packed houses, it rested on the dingy eating-house and yet more hideous public house with garish green and yellow tiles to clothe its nakedness; it took in the details of a poster which leaned against the wall, setting forth the entertainment to be had for threepence at a Saloon of Amusement close by, and then returned laden, as it were, with the fruits of its journey, to meet the look it had felt, yet avoided for so long. The two pairs of eyes held something strangely similar, as young Mike finally spoke.

"I stopped, Mister, well, yer knows, it's this wy—this 'ere lot' as *nothink,* and I sez, Mike, I sez, it's up to yew to give 'em a chawnst!"

"A chance to be better men and women, do you mean?"

"I dunno, that's *religion*, ain't it, same as they gets at the Sunday School? I s'pose it's somethink like, but my way ain't got no one hangin' on a cross, nor no Howly Mary, though the Irish gels, they do beg me to dror 'er in, wiv a blew shawl on her 'ead; I drors the picshurs I *sees* for 'em, to make coves stop drinkin' and swearin' and 'urtin' the wimmen and kids. I sez, if Gawd, I sez, wot made them things wot I sees, made men and wimmen, it's likely as 'E meant them to be bewtiful too; and so I shows 'em bewtiful fings and gives 'em a chawnst. See, Guv'nor, they ain't never 'ad no chawnst!"

The Stranger stooped still lower and the faint chill sunshine touched both figures with a pale radiance as he spoke.

"Thank you, young Mike, you have guessed rightly. God means men and women to be beautiful, and it is in the world as He has made it that they, each one of them, shall find his chance. Farewell for a time, little Brother!"

E. M. Green

# THEOSOPHY AND POLITICS

## A CRY FROM UTAH

By F. C. ADNEY

MAY an obscure new member say six words in the absorbing "Theosophy and Politics" series now racing through THE THEOSOPHIST?

It is first desired to offer a brightly variegated nosegay to Mr. Van Manen, a nosegay of tulips. I too am Dutch; that is, French and Dutch; an American amalgam. The offering is a token of gratitude and admiration for a nimble, sprightly, genial Dutchman. We are not like that; but of course we are melting-pot Dutch.

Personally I had been one of the blissful drifters, if indeed I had not been actually ostrichy. We Dutch in America are usually so nearly perfectly impervious that the head-hiding stunt is superfluous. Having accepted, however, with considerable difficulty, Mr. Van Manen's invitation to think, I found myself quite unable to stop until some of the fruits of the process had been made manifest on the typewriter plane.

The big front of his problem, *i.e.*, the complete meaning and ultimate use in the world of the T. S., seems quite beyond the grasp of the everyday thinker. Did some one suggest leaving it up on the mountain top with the Masters? The inadequacy of Lower Manas is quite distinctly hinted by the logician who, wishing to keep T. S. strictly OUT, suggests rather outworn IN methods. In America at least the practice usually ticketed "Public Spirit" is *sentant le rance*.

And the attitude of individual members toward politics seems to trouble no one, not even our

superiors. Since they do not seek to constrain or restrain, it seems a shade presumptuous for those who "centre" in astral or manasic matter to contemplate dictation to a buḍḍhic or border-nirvāṇic consciousness.

The difficulty concerning the manifesto of our Founders might be much modified by the use of that quality which in the States is elegantly termed gumption. If the matter is very complex we are too uncultured to see it. In order to "mingle" over here one must commit some overt act—at the very least toss a hat into a bonfire. When, for example, Mr. Woodrow Wilson was writing rather academic essays and delivering sundry addresses on politics and economics, we did not consider that he was mingling in politics. When he became a nominee for the governorship of New Jersey, the country got a hunch that he meant to mingle. He is a Princeton man and he has continued to mingle, but not "as such". More weight may be attached to his opinion by some, less by others, because he is a Princeton man; nevertheless, Princeton is not involved. Now, if while President of the United States, he had the time, the ability and the inclination to edit a daily paper, neither the Democratic party nor the Nation would consider itself implicated, as might be thoroughly manifested at the following Presidential election.

The application is clear. How it is possible to do mental acrobatics around those simple words "mingle" and "as such" puzzles one who is neither a trained nor a natural contortionist.

Desiring to be as impersonal as Mr. Van Manen wished to be, I confess that *j' ai poussé un cri de stupéfaction* over the statement, from a Theosophist, that one could not change his skin. Indeed, if one cannot change

his skin it will be done perfectly for him. Mine was several times stripped off in tatters, to grow back sectionally, as time and circumstances ordained; but the whole hide sloughed away easily and naturally as I bathed in the Light of the Divine Wisdom. Perhaps some Theosophists have not yet shed. Others may be in the case of the central figure in the child's tale, "What Mr. Toad Did With His Old Suit". He kept a careless eye upon it until the last witness had disappeared. Then he swallowed it.

And if Mrs. Besant has given wounds from the Watch-Tower they are but skin-deep and negligible the world over. It is unthinkable that she would want to hurt; but if she did, from her altitude she could not get our range. Our range, however, is quite clearly indicated by the distorted idea that she talks Empire for Britain because she happens to be wearing an English body. Does anyone imagine that she sees America as the site for the sixth sub-race because some Americans are descendants of the English. The one supposition seems about as reasonable as the other. The obvious truth is, Mrs. Besant, being developed, sees; and she speaks and writes in order to help us become more efficient and worthy agents. And why should there be an attempt to mew her up in her Ivory Tower when, by an occasional descent, she is able to give such a gigantic hoist to the groundlings? The alliterative example of Plato and Pericles seems rather wide the mark. Pericles, perhaps, would never have been much of a philosopher; but had Plato lived through a special world crisis he might possibly have so hastened his evolution as to have grown big enough to combine statesmanship and philosophy. If Mrs. Besant were to

engage in lower matters only, we might indeed seek the sackcloth; but happily she is no less a bearer of the great white Light because she so holds it that some of its rays filter through the dust and smoke stratas and light civic affairs.

If then we become content to allow Mrs. Besant the same freedom in her own activities which she invariably and courteously accords each one of us, what of the MENACE looming in the future?

When first I drove an automobile I was the quaking prey of torturing anxieties. Whenever an obstacle was sighted, and long before I could tell whether it was coming or going, I borrowed trouble. Would it be encountered on a narrow stretch, I wondered, which would force me either to risk a ditching or else overheat my engine by crawling along behind? Would a sudden colt jump out at the unpsychological moment and upset us, breaking his legs the while? Would a third horse, tied long at the side, plunge up and paw out the wind-break or at least tear off a lamp, even if I succeeded in saving the car?

None of the dreaded things happened. Often the course of the obstacle chanced to be down a converging by-way. A reasonable amount of oil with plenty of power and a little discretion has always proved adequate for all the exigencies of the road. One learns not to race ahead to meet troubles; they so frequently turn off. Above all it is unwise to throw on the brakes with the engine running full speed just to see if the brakes are working.

Let us not be among the many who have tended to make Mrs. Besant realise the truth of Rodin's statement: "One cannot, with impunity, benefit mankind."

F. C. Adney

## THE ROUND TABLE

THIS useful organisation for training young boys and girls to lead a noble life themselves, and to help those around them, is doing remarkably good work in Australia. The Senior Knight of Australia has just sent in his report of the last year's work, and it is a notable example of useful service rendered by the young; those who thus learn to do unselfish work in boyhood and girlhood, will prove good servants of their Nation when they reach maturity. The Senior Knight says:

"Once again I have the pleasure of reporting good progress in the Order in Australia. During the year four new Tables have been formed (one in Brisbane, one in Launceston, Tasmania, one in Melbourne, and one in Murwillumbah, New South Wales), our membership list, after allowing for resignations, showing a net increase of 37 Associates and Companions and 4 Knights, making a present total of 241 (*i.e.*, 23 Knights, and 218 Associates and Companions) all pledged to the King's service, and ever striving to give help and encouragement in His Name.

"In Adelaide the four Tables have combined in work for the Creche, the Free Kindergarten, the Children's Hospital and a Home for weak-minded children; large parcels of toys, sweets, etc., being sent to the latter for the Christmas Tree last year, while a Concert was organised to raise funds on behalf of the three former Institutions. Assistance has also been given to the local T. S. Lodge, in securing funds for its new building, and since the outbreak of the war in Europe much work has been done for the Red Cross Society.

"In Brisbane the six Tables in unison have continued to support a Cot at the Sanitorium for sick children; and have also given a most successful dramatic entertainment in which all the items were rendered by members of the Order. The net receipts amounted to £12 12s. 0d., which sum has been made the nucleus of a fund for the Annie Besant Children's Library, to be established in honour of our revered Protector's birthday in connection with a children's public playground, now being formed; a further sum of £7 10s. 0d., has also been collected

towards the cost of erecting a library building. One table continues also to assist the Society for Protection from Cruelty, again donating two prizes for the best essays on that subject, and assisting in the collection of funds. Another continues with Braille work, having, with the assistance of a friend, supplied the Blind Institution with copies of *At the Feet of the Master* and *To Those who Mourn*, besides distributing many of these pamphlets. A third Table has made many garments for friendless old ladies, while a fourth, besides distributing many copies of *To Those who Mourn* has especially assisted in the work of the Creche, the Free Kindergarten, and the local T. S. Lodge.

"In Perth the two Tables assisted by the Fremantle Table, organised a Christmas Tree, at which gifts and refreshments were provided for 100 poor children, who thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment prepared for them. A box of toys was also sent to the Waifs' Home, together with 12 warm suits of boys' clothing.

"The Fremantle Table has again worked for the T. S. Lodge by cleaning the room, decorating it with flowers, and attending to the library, besides assisting the Perth Tables with a Christmas entertainment for poor children.

"In Melbourne the five Tables continue the beneficent work of sending sick lads to the country, 33 boys having thus been given an average of 25 days' holiday, during the year, at a cost of £60. The Ministering Children's League which passes on many of these lads, as being over nine years of age, and so too old for its Cottage by the Sea, in grateful recognition of the assistance rendered has made a donation of £10, and promises, for the future to donate 10s. for each lad thus passed on to the Order. Several friends and sympathisers also give assistance, as occasion requires.

"In December last, a Christmas Tree and entertainment with gifts and refreshments were again provided for, and greatly enjoyed by, the lads and their friends, to the number of 120 or more, while in commemoration of our beloved Protector's birthday, a fine set of book-shelves and dozens of little articles of clothing (all the work of our members' own hands) were presented in her name to the Free Kindergarten and Creche. One Table has also provided one poor child with all necessary clothing for the year. Another has devoted

most of its time and energy to the support of the Blue Bird Club, which concerns itself chiefly with the welfare of girls and women employed in business, and of which the membership has risen to 140, partly as a result of many favourable notices of its work in the press. A third Table has taken up Braille writing, and is engaged in supplying the Blind Institution with copies of *At the Feet of the Master* and *Theosophy* (The Peoples' Books series).

"In Sydney the three Tables have paid special attention to Theosophical and kindred activities, having donated £10, to *The Herald of the Star* besides helping in the work of the Order of the Star in the East, doing clerical work for the Sydney T. S. Lodge, and making themselves generally useful at meetings and lectures. One Table has also continued to clothe a child at the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

"Taking advantage last Easter of the Annual Convention of the Australian Section of the T. S. being held in Hobart, Tasmania, an endeavour was made to interest some of the Tasmanian delegates in the work of the Round Table, with the result that 5 Companions were formally initiated into the Order, leading to the recent formation of a Table of 6 companions and Associates in Launceston, with a nucleus of 3 members in Hobart, meeting together regularly once a month.

"After a little correspondence a Table of 6 Companions and Associates has also just been formed in Murwillumbah, New South Wales, this being the first Table to be established in a country district, quite away from the large centres of population. The first issue of a Round Table Year-Book has met with a very cordial reception at the hands of members generally, and has also received words of high praise from some who are quite outside the Order, but who appreciate the value of its altruistic work. The artistic appearance of the Year-Book, together with the inspiring nature of its contents, reflects great credit on all those responsible for its production.

"We rejoice at the signs of the ever-widening influence of the high and noble ideals of our Order, and give heartiest greetings to all our fellow Knights, Companions and Associates, throughout the World, hoping that we may, one and all, prove worthy of our place in the King's service."

## HOSPITAL WORK IN FRANCE

THE Red Cross Work started by the British General Secretary and some English F.T.S. has increased and developed in the most astonishing manner, with the result that no less than four hospitals are now in full working order, to say nothing of help that has been given to other hospitals not directly connected with the Haden Guest organisation. Paris, Limoges, Nevers and Calais are the four French towns which have been supplied with a hospital unit. Of the *Ambulance* at the Hotel Majestic in Paris, something has already been said in these pages—here the wounded soldiers are cared for in large airy rooms, which in times of peace form the restaurants of one of the finest hotels in Paris. But at Limoges the party of doctors and nurses who went there early in October did not find preparations all ready made for them; on the contrary they had to set to work and do some days of hard scrubbing before the rooms in a museum destined for the reception of "*les blesses*" were considered fit to use. Personal comforts, the luxury of baths or even of hot water, had to be dispensed with until things were got into order, but the brave little band of pioneers (among whom were some half-dozen English F.T.S.) worked night and day, and before long they were sufficiently prepared to be able to receive the eighty patients who were offered to them. They have two hundred beds, and at the time of writing they are filling up fast.

Nevers was the next Hospital set on foot, and here the preliminary work was done, under Dr. Armstrong Smith's guidance, by a French F.T.S., Mlle. Senard, who displayed a perfect genius for organisation, and who with four or five fellow workers has converted a new *Atelier* belonging to the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway Company into a nice hospital with upwards of one hundred beds. The enthusiasm of the workers seems to have infected the whole neighbourhood, so

that all Nevers is willing and proud to lend a hand in furthering the hospital, and the General of the District has expressed his very cordial approval of the undertaking.

An amusing little incident which occurred during the house-furnishing gives one some idea both of the friendliness of the neighbourhood and the resourcefulness of the workers. Chairs were required—a large quantity for a hospital of a hundred beds. Where were they to come from? It seemed waste of money to our friends to buy them, so some one proposed that two of the party should make a visiting tour round the town, and ask each of the good townsfolk to provide one chair for the hospital to be started in their midst. The idea caught on, and soon afterwards an English lady was to be seen driving through Nevers an old cart-horse and wagon in which were piled up chairs of all sorts and sizes for the use of the *Hopital Militaire Anglais.*

The workers at Nevers live in three little cottages which surround the hospital, where vegetarians and non-vegetarians can be catered for, as they prefer. One circumstance more we must mention, for of this our Nevers friends are very proud —thanks to the kindly help and co-operation of the Railway Company the trucks conveying the wounded will be run right up to the door of the Hospital, and thus the extra pain and fatigue of conveyance from the station to the Hospital will be avoided.

The other Hospital which owes its existence to the initiative and despatch of the English General Secretary is one at Calais. Inquiries had led to the discovery that help for the wounded was badly needed in this seaport, and funds to the amount of £14,000 being provided at this moment by the "Baltic and Corn Exchange" in London, it was decided to despatch a unit there immediately. On a certain Saturday in October the urgent need of Calais was made known, and within forty-eight hours, forty nurses, five surgeons, two ambulances and two motor-cars were—with the friendly co-operation of the War Office—landed in the place. The situation was saved! And Lord Knutsford, who made a visit of inspection, wrote to *The Times* that the arrangements were "amazingly perfect".

Readers of THE THEOSOPHIST may like to know what is the official position of the Hospitals which are being run by the Haden Guest Hospital Fund. Dr. Guest himself has been appointed by the British Red Cross Society as *Commissioner* and a member of the Anglo-French Committee mentioned in the following extract from *The Times*.

ANGLO-FRENCH HOSPITALS

"A Committee has been formed to co-ordinate the many offers of British help to the French sick and wounded. It will deal with the establishment of Anglo-French hospitals under the British Red Cross Society and S. John Ambulance Association. Each hospital, as mobilised, will be established at such place as the French Minister of War may designate. The scheme has been submitted to the French Ambassador, who has signified his approval and expressed his thanks.

The committee will consist of:

The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P. (Chairman, Joint Committee, British Red Cross Society and S. John Ambulance.)

The Rt. Hon. Sir Claude Macdonald, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

Sir Henry Norman, M.P.

Dr. Guest.

Dr. Wm. Butler (Deputy-Medical Officer of Health L.C.C.)

The Medical Department of the War Office has approved the scheme, and all offers of personal help to the French wounded should be addressed to the French Hospital Committee, 83 Pall Mall, London, S.W."

The above-mentioned Committee has since been enlarged, and now counts among its members two British Ambassadors (recalled because of the War) the wife of a well-known Statesman and Philanthropist—appointed by Queen Mary, and other prominent members of English Society.

As regards our Commissioner's position in France, we need only say that during an interview with the French Minister of War, at Bordeaux, Dr. Guest was given what one might perhaps term a "roving Commission" to inspect several of the

famous *chateaux* and colleges in different parts of France with a view to ascertaining their suitability as hospitals for wounded soldiers.

One very interesting feature of all this is that it may lead to a much greater co-ordination of efforts, made for the relief of suffering and the amelioration of conditions, by many different Societies in France and England. Who knows if we may not within a few months see instead of a "French Red Cross," and a "British Red Cross," and a "S. John's Ambulance," and a "*Secours des Blesses*," and all the countless organisations that exist in each country for the relief of our wounded soldiers—one great International Society in which distinctions of nationality are merged in the united effort to help and tend all the sufferers in the allied armies?

Do some of us dream yet bigger things? Do we dream of a time when our present "enemies" shall work also with us to provide relief for their men wounded in our country, and for soldiers of the allied armies who may be wounded in Germany or Austria? Is such a thing impossible? To the Theosophist surely not; for to him all men are brothers, however much the action of the time may set them against each other on the outer planes; and when the horrors of warfare have brought our enemies wounded to our doors, what thought can we have, but that here is a suffering tortured body through which a brother man calls out to us for aid?