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# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, *May* 12, 1911

**B**OMBAY gave us a noble farewell, and we passed through the entrance to the pier amid a chorus of good-byes from a large crowd of friends; through the medical inspection to the launch, from the launch to the ship, s. s. *Mantua*, where we quickly settled down for the voyage. The Peninsular and Oriental Company is an old friend, and its stewards efficiently catered for our vegetarian party, attracting thereby some Indian travellers who asked to be allowed to join us. The passengers requested a lecture between Bombay and Aden, and I spoke on Reincarnation, and so gave rise to many questions during the remainder of the voyage.

We reached Aden on April 26th, and left again the same evening, spending some time in pleasant talk with Colonel Nicholson and others who came on board. We were at Suez on April 30th, and entered the Canal on the same day. At 2 A.M. on May 1st we were routed out to join the *Isis* at Port Said, and spent nearly three uncomfortable hours waiting about at that unconscion-

able time. We left Port Said at 5 A.M., and met a rather heavy swell in the Mediterranean, the legacy of a past storm; but fortunately the sea was quiet the next day, and we reached Brindisi at 1 P.M. on May 3rd. My Indian charges proved quite good sailors, and, for myself, it is the first voyage in my life during which I have not once been ill.

\* \* \*

At Brindisi the Italian General Secretary and some other friends met us, Professor Penzig travelling with us as far as Turin, where the Lodges turned out in force to greet us, and smothered us in the loveliest and most fragrant flowers. On May 5th—thirteen days out from Bombay—we arrived in England, after a smooth Channel passage; the English General Secretary met us at Dover, and at Charing Cross we found a great crowd of friends who gave us joyous greeting. Thence to the new London home, 82 Drayton Gardens, S. W., whither my dear old friends, Mrs. and Miss Bright, had moved; and, as people matter more than places, it did not really seem new.

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So now we are established for a time in England, and are settling down to work. Alcyone and Mizar are with me at Mrs. Bright's; Mr. Arundale sleeps at my son's, but is with us all day; Shri Prakasha is staying for awhile in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Leo. All are well, and adapting themselves to the new conditions. A generous friend has put a motor-car at my service for three months—an immense boon in this city of huge distances.

\* \* \*

On White Lotus Day we found Headquarters packed to suffocation, a large crowd of members blocking even the stairs. It was pleasant to see many old faces and



many new ones, all alight with enthusiasm for the one great Cause. After a violin solo by Mrs. Herbert Whyte and a song from Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Sharpe opened the meeting with a few appropriate words; Mrs. Betts and Mr. Whyte read from *The Bhagavad-Gitā* and *The Light of Asia* respectively, and then the duty of speech came to me. What I said will be found on p. 583.

\* \* \*

On the 9th eleven of us went down to Folkestone, where I had to give a public lecture in the Town Hall in the afternoon and a Lodge address in the evening. The afternoon gathering filled the Hall, and I spoke on Theosophy to an audience that proved to be remarkably enthusiastic; in the evening, the Lodge room was packed for a students' address on Mysticism. We returned to London on the following morning, and in the afternoon Shri Prakāsha and I visited the house lately opened for Indian students and societies in Cromwell Road, and had an interesting talk with Mr. Arnold, the Educational Adviser. Mr. Arnold is eminently fitted for his work by his keen sympathy and wide heart, and he is laboring against many difficulties. The rush of Indian students some years ago, who came over without proper guardianship and control, has led to much trouble; some left the University with debts unpaid, and some injured their country's good name by loose behavior. Oxford practically closed itself against them; and Mr. Arnold, after prolonged efforts, has only lately succeeded in persuading one college after another to open its doors. Now only four remain obdurate; the remainder are willing to accept a limited number. It remains for a better class of students to win respect for their country and affection for themselves.

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The second half of May is very full of work; we shall be visiting Oxford, Manchester, Liverpool, Aberdeen,

Dundee, Leven, Perth, Edinburgh, Forfar and Glasgow. In addition I speak at a meeting of the Fabian Society in London, and to the Round Table, and I have promised to attend the Annual Dinner of Women Writers. The meetings in the large Queen's Hall begin on June 11th, and occupy five successive Sunday evenings.

\* \* \*

Scotland has quite justified her organisation as a National Society; 125 members made up the forming body, and in a year they have risen to 235. Three new Lodges have been formed during April and May, at Perth, Forfar and Glasgow, completing a dozen, and there are ten centres. The Society has just purchased a large house in Great King Street, one of the finest thoroughfares in Edinburgh, as its Headquarters, and the formal opening is to take place on June 3rd, when I shall have the pleasure of being there. I hope later to give an account of the little Scotch tour.

\* \* \*

At the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, I am to deliver a lecture on 'The Emergence of a World Religion,' at the Spring Assembly of the League of Liberal Christian Thought. The Assembly itself seems to indicate a great widening of religious thought, for among the speakers are the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Canon Cremer, the Very Rev. Monsignor Hugh Benson, and myself—a Non-conformist, an Anglican, a Roman Catholic and a Theosophist. A number of ministers of various denominations are gathered together to discuss Christian teachings and co-operation among the Churches, and the social Service which should be rendered by the Churches to the nation. The gathering should be impressive and useful, and I am glad to have been asked to deliver the closing address. It is a recognition of the position gained by the Theosophical Society.

\* \* \*

LONDON, *May* 26, 1911

The first country work began with a visit to Oxford, where the South-western Federation held a Conference. Two evening public lectures were given on May 19th and 20th in the Town Hall to good audiences, and a pleasant garden party—at which Mr. Arundale and myself spoke on the 'Order of the Star in the East'—occupied one afternoon. An E. S. meeting completed the work. It was very pleasant to meet there Basil Hodgson-Smith, now an Oxford undergraduate, looking very well, and active in service to our Society. On May 23rd we were at Manchester, where the League of Liberal Christian Thought was holding a four days' Conference; it was surely significant that the President of the Theosophical Society was asked to deliver the closing address on the 'Emergence of a World Religion.' The Rev. Mr. Campbell presided at a great meeting in the Free Trade Hall, which was roused to much enthusiasm. Our party, consisting of Aloyone, Mizar, Mr. Arundale and myself, stayed at the Blavatsky Institute, Hale, a most charming house, dedicated to the service of the Masters in the name of Their great Messenger.

On May 24th we motored from Hale to Bidston through a beautiful undulating and well-wooded country, in all the charm of the fresh green of spring. The rolling sweep of emerald meadows, the dropping yellow rain of the laburnum, the mauve of the lilac, the white and rosy snow of the hawthorn, the golden glory of the gorse, the brilliant plume of the broom, the white spike of the chestnut, brooded over by the calm serenity of the English country-side, made a scene as fair and peaceful as the eye could wish to rest upon. England cannot boast of snowy peaks or rushing torrents, but for rich and gracious beauty her landscape cannot be excelled. And it has a certain intimate and home-like aspect, with its buttercup-flecked fields and its many-hued hedgerows, that distinguishes it from other lands.

Bidston Priory, a delightful house surrounded by beautiful grounds, is the residence of Mr. Joseph Bibby, a Theosophist of many years standing; it is near Birkenhead, Liverpool's twin-city, the Mersey rolling between the two towns. Mr. and Mrs. Bibby had invited the Theosophists of the neighborhood to a garden party, and there was a large gathering, which was first fed intellectually with an address from myself, and then physically with tea and innumerable cakes. A little later we betook ourselves to Liverpool, crossing the river by steamer, for a lecture presided over by Sir Benjamin Johnson, and listened to by a large audience. I spoke on 'The Masters and the Way to Them,' and it was interesting to note how the audience gradually changed from cool attention to warm enthusiasm—warmer than a Liverpool audience is wont to show. The next day we were in London once more, but not for long, since we leave on the 29th for Scotland.

\* \* \*

Four functions, however, interpose between us and the journey north. To-night—the 26th May—I am to speak at the Fabian Society on "England and India." On the 28th there is a meeting of the Round Table at Headquarters, and on the 29th I am to attend the opening of the International Club for Psychical Research, of which I have been made an Honorary Life Member, and, later, the annual dinner of the Women Writers' Club. To-morrow there is an engagement of a lighter character, the Trooping of the Color on the birthday of H. M. the King, for which we have been fortunate enough to receive tickets; as the King, the Queen and the Royal Family are to be present, the spectacle will be an imposing one.

\* \* \*

Our nineteenth National Society has just been formed, Belgium having grown strong enough to stand on its own feet. Belgium is the last fragment of the 'European Section' of the past; nation after nation has organised itself within its own borders, until the 'European' had

become the 'British' Section *plus* a large family of national daughter Sections. Belgium long remained attached to Britain, and after North Britain organised itself separately, it still clung to England and Wales. Now it has launched itself in its own ship, and we all give it God-speed. Spain, Ireland, Poland, Austria, the Balkan States, Turkey and Greece still remain unsectionalised. Poland would have organised many months ago, had it not been for the lack of some one knowing Polish at Headquarters, and the consequent arising of some confusion.

\* \* \*

London streets are crowded with motor vehicles, horsed carriages being comparatively rare. Even in Hyde Park motors predominate, though there are still to be seen some of the splendid horses for which London is famous. The air is full of the preparations for the Coronation, and we are fortunate enough to have had given to us some seats in Whitehall, a splendid position for seeing the procession. King George appears to be very popular among his people, and the highest hopes are expressed for his reign; the Queen also is winning love by her warm sympathy and gentle ways. The Empire is certainly fortunate in its Monarchs—Victoria, Edward VII. and George V. Rarely indeed is such a succession to be found in history.

\* \* \*

A very interesting article appeared in the London *Daily Express* on the discovery by Dr. W. J. Kilner, a London physician, of a method of rendering visible the human aura. He has written a book, now in the press, entitled, *The Human Atmosphere, or the Aura made visible by the aid of Chemical Screens*. The representative of the *Daily Express* was shown a series of experiments by Dr. Felkin, who is much interested in Dr. Kilner's discovery. He says:

The apparatus, if apparatus it can be termed, consists of a number of what are technically termed 'spectauranine' glass screens, each about four inches in length by an inch and a

half in breadth. These screens are made each of two plates of very thin glass, between which, hermetically sealed in, is a wonderful fluid that Dr. Kilner has discovered.

The screens vary in color. Some are red, others blue, varying in depth of color to suit the eyes of the investigator.

The subject was a well-made woman of medium height, and apparently in the best of health. Dr. Felkin first of all told her exactly the nature of the experiments he was about to make. Then, having instructed the *Express* representative to look steadily at the daylight through one of the spectauranine screens, and set the patient standing upright with legs together and hands on hips, about a foot away from a dead, dark background, facing the only window in the room, he proceeded to draw a dark blind half-way down this window. Then from below he drew up a blind of dark serge until it overlapped the upper blind sufficiently to allow light so dim to filter into the room that only the white form of the subject's body could be discerned in the gloom.

"Now turn round," Dr. Felkin said to the *Express* representative, "and tell me what you see, or if you see anything at all, for there are perhaps four or five people out of every hundred who, through some inherent defect in the eyesight, are physically unable to perceive the 'aura'."

For some moments, perhaps a quarter of a minute, the only object that could be made out in the darkness was the subject's form and its outline. Then gradually, as the eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, a sort of double mist or halo, the one within the other and the inner one denser than the outer, became more and more distinctly visible.

The outlines of this mist exactly followed the curves and the contour of the subject's body. The color of the outer aura seemed to be a blue-grey; that of the inner aura was darker—also, apparently, the inner aura was denser. In the triangular space formed by the sides of the body and the angle of the arms, as the subject remained with her hands resting lightly on her hips, the halo could be seen most clearly.

Presently, acting upon Dr. Felkin's instructions, the subject raised and extended first one arm, then the other. Then she joined her hands at the back of her neck. And always the mist of aura followed, as though it were itself an outline of some sort of shadow of the limbs.

Presumably the liquid between the screens lessens the refrangibility of the vibrations of the aura colors, and so renders them visible. The protruding part of the etheric double and the health aura must be the parts shown. It will be interesting to learn the further development of the method.





## HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

(Concluded from p. 366)

### THE MIRACLES

**I**F it may be said without irreverence, one finds oneself wondering whether this time the Supreme Teacher will work miracles. Last time He did so; as Shri Kṛṣṇa He did so, but the Lord Buddha worked none.

In considering the accounts that have come down to us of the miracles of the Christ in Judæa, two things especially strike one. *Firstly*, the connexion that He invariably made between suffering and sin. For example, after He had cured the man who had had an infirmity for thirty-eight years, and was lying at the Pool of Bethesda in the hope of a cure, He said to him; "Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee" (*John*, v. 14). (There is nothing whatever to show that this was a bad man.)

Before the great twin-doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma were known to us, how did we account for this connexion? What rational belief in it was possible? The difficulty can be *evaded* in various ways: by a mere general declaration that as we are all miserable sinners we all deserve all possible evils—little babies, with souls fresh-created by God, included; and by deferring the promised suffering to the next world in our ideas. The objections to the first theory are many and glaring; we all know them well. The objection to the second is, that the Christ was quite apparently speaking of *this* world to the sufferers whom He healed. He was evidently doing so also in the following passage:

There were present at that season some that told him of the Galilæans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. And Jesus answering said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galilæans were sinners above all the Galilæans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jernsalem? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish (*Luke*, xiii. 1—5).

*Secondly*, His constant insistence on the need of that much misunderstood quality, *Faith*, in order to receive and benefit by 'the virtue that went out of Him' to effect a cure; or if not its actual necessity, at least He claimed it as an assistance which the sufferer ought to give. He said to two blind men: "Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you." The question was seemingly put either to strengthen and maintain the two men in the right mental attitude, or to show onlookers that faith was needed if their cure was to be wrought: for of the faith of the men themselves there could be no doubt, seeing they had been following Him, crying: "Thou son of David, have mercy on us" (*Mat.* ix. 27—30).

That cure was not merely a *reward* of faith is made all the clearer by a passage in the *Acts of the Apostles*

where we read of the man at Lystra, "impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked," and that S. Paul "steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving" (clairvoyantly, we may presume) "that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked" (*Acts*, xiv. 8—10).

Sometimes the faith was required by Jesus of the person who made the petition for another; in these cases, the sufferer was at least passive, capable of neither faith nor unfaith at the moment. Such cases were those of the centurion's servant (*Luke*, vii. 2—10), the nobleman's child who lay dying (*John*, iv. 46—53), the daughter of Jairus (*Mat.* ix. 18—26; *Mark*, v. 22—43; *Luke*, viii. 41—56) and of people possessed (*Mat.* xv. 22—28; xvii. 14—18; *Mark*, ix. 17—27). Faith was seemingly demanded, in order to avoid an unnecessary expenditure of the occult force employed. In one case there are two circumstances which lead us to infer this: firstly, the person is taken apart, away from all possible opposition made by the minds of the crowd (this was done in several instances); secondly, the miracle is only half-wrought at first, showing that the Christ was using only just so much force as was necessary to effect His purpose.

He took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when he had spit on his eyes, and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw aught. And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking. After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly (*Mark*, viii. 22—25).

To a woman who came to Him seeking her daughter's cure, and who refused to be put off by the question with which He tried her, He said, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." (*Mat.* xv. 28). To a man who came similarly for his son, He said: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth" (*Mark*, ix. 23). And He told His disciples

that if they had faith but as a grain of mustard seed, nothing should be impossible to them, while His constant reproach even to them was "O ye of little faith!" (*Mat.* vi. 30; viii. 26; xiv. 31; xvi. 8; *Luke*, xii. 28).

If love be the greatest thing, as S. Paul said it was, (1 *Cor.* xiii.) surely faith is the strongest: or perhaps, love being the root of all good, it is love manifesting as strength. It is hard to acquire, for it has to be sought in the depths of our being; it is "deep calling unto deep." There are degrees of trust, and it may be well or ill bestowed; but faith makes no mistake, and it cannot be shaken: even the one to whom it is given could not destroy it. Outward seemings cannot affect it; they may bewilder and cloud the mind for a time, but below the troubled surface the faith remains inviolate. It is the house founded on a rock; the storms may beat on it and the floods may come, but they pass and it remains. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," declared Job in his afflictions (*Job*, xiii. 51). Said the Christ:

There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me (*Luke*, xviii. 1—5). Again: Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves, for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him? And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not; the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth (*Ibid.* xi. 5—8).

These parables He spake "to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint;" the unjust judge and the unkind friend are chosen as types of God, evidently to make more striking His praise of that quality which

will take no denial, the perseverance which can only grow out of faith.

#### THE BREAKING OF TRADITIONS

The old order changeth, giving place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.<sup>1</sup>

The old is the enemy of the new—not the new of the old, for the new builds on the old.

A custom will often persist after the reason for it has passed and the spirit which inspired it has departed. We are always mistaking shadow for reality, the changeable covering of a thing for its vital essence. Everywhere and always tradition is being confused with the living commandments: in the East, it may be, through some forms which conservatism takes; in the West, by unspirituality—dogmatism and materialism even in matters of religion. But no form has any value except as a witness of the indwelling Spirit: the Scriptures of all the world are only precious because they witness to 'Christ,' under whatever name Christ be called in them. "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me. And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life" (*John*, v. 39, 40). Constant repetition tends besides to grow mechanical, and then it deadens the understanding. And so, for many reasons, a new impulse of life is sure to break down some conventions. When the impulse is a tremendous one, much of the old order is bound to go, however good it may have been in its time and place.

Many passages could be quoted from the *New Testament* to show that when a form seems to be directly attacked, it is only in order to make room for a new and better spirit to manifest.

Let us take the vision of S. Peter. He saw in a trance heaven opened, and as it were a great sheet knit

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<sup>1</sup> Tennyson, *The Passing of Arthur*.

at the four corners and let down to earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air; and a voice gave him the very uninviting command: "Kill, and eat." "Not so, Lord," replied Peter: "for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean." And the voice answered: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." The sequel of the story shows that what was being controverted had no reference to rules about clean diet. For while Peter doubted in himself what this vision should mean, men came to him from Cornelius, a centurion of the Italian band: and the Spirit bade him go with them. He went, and found Cornelius and many people with him, who were earnestly desirous to hear him preach. Then Peter—a rigorous upholder of Jewish traditions, who had not thought it well that the Gospel should be preached to the Gentiles—said to them: "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath shewed me that *I should not call any man common or unclean.*" And again: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons. But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him" (*Acts, x. passim*).

This story shows us how to interpret rightly that saying attributed to the Christ:

There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man. *If any man have ears to hear, let him hear* (*Mark, vii. 14—16*. See also *Mat. xv. 10, 11*).

The saying follows on some of the ceaseless carping and cavilling of the Scribes and Pharisees. "How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?" (*Mark, ii. 16*). "Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not?" (*Ibid. ii. 18*). "Why do they on the sabbath day that which is not



lawful?" (*Ibid.* ii. 24) and on this occasion: "Why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread" (*Mat.* xv. 2). Afterwards the disciples came and said to him: "Knowest thou that the Pharisees were offended, after they heard this saying?" And Jesus answered: "Let them alone; they be blind leaders of the blind." Then Peter prayed Him: "Declare unto us this parable." "Are ye also yet without understanding?" asked the Master. "From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; all these things come from within, and defile the man" (*Ibid.* xv. *passim*).

And it came to pass, as Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with him and his disciples. And when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto his disciples, Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners? But when Jesus heard that, he saith unto them: They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice (*Mat.* ix. 10—13). At that time Jesus went on the Sabbath day through the corn; and his disciples were an hungered, and began to pluck the ears of corn, and to eat; [the Pharisees took exception to their action, and Jesus reminded them how David on one occasion ate the shewbread in the house of God for the same reason, and concluded:] "But if ye had known what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless. For the Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day" (*Ibid.* xii. 1—8). And He said: The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath (*Mark.* ii. 27).

This rebuke to the Pharisees gives us one ground of His condemnation of their standards—the *uncharitableness* which inevitably follows from judging everything by outward appearances. "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment" (*John.* vii. 24), He bade them on one occasion; and again He said, "Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man" (*Ibid.* viii. 15). "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the

prophets" (*Mat.* vii. 12). S. Paul taught the same: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law" (*Romans*, xiii. 10).

One of the Scribes—after listening to Christ reasoning with the Scribes and the Pharisees and the Sadducees who were seeking to "catch him in his words" (*Mark*, xii. 13) and "entangle him in his talk," (*Mat.* xxii. 15)—perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him:

Which is the first commandment of all? And Jesus answered him. The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these. And the Scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth; for there is one God; and there is none other but he; and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly (*i.e.*, discriminatingly), he said unto him: Thou art not far from the kingdom of God (*Mark*, xii. 28—34).

How little, I think, do most of us realise what we have been told about superstition, the evil and the danger of it! "This nightmare of superstition," as we may now read<sup>1</sup> that a Master has called it, is made up of customs, habits and prejudices which appear so natural, so unobjectionable and pleasant to their victims. In this region it is eminently true that we can all see the mote in our brother's eye and are most unwilling to consider the beam in our own (*Mat.* vii. 1—5).

We have grown up in these things, and countless associations have made them dear to us. But the Master classifies superstition as a *sin against love*, one of the three sins which do the most harm in the world. If we examine the source of all the uncharity of these Pharisees of the olden time, we see that it is indeed

<sup>1</sup> Aloyone, *At the Feet of the Master*.

superstition. And whence, save from superstition, sprang the persecutions, the heretic-hunts, the witch-burnings, the countless and nameless cruelties of the Inquisition, which drenched in blood and covered with infamy the annals of the Christian Church, all committed in the name of Him 'whose Name is Compassion'? The other ground of the Christ's condemnation is *hypocrisy*, which so often—consciously or unconsciously—accompanies an exaggerated regard for outward forms and observances. For as "we all fall short," it is better to do so openly and honestly at least, than to put our extremest care into preserving a spotless outward appearance, which not only blinds others, but, what is worse, blinds ourselves to the shortcomings that exist underneath.

Ye fools, did not he that made that which is without make that which is within also? But rather give alms of such things as ye have, and behold, all things are clean unto you. But woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone (*Luke*, xi. 40—42). "Well hath Esaias prophesied of you hypocrites, as it is written: This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men (*Mark*, vii. 6, 7). Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition (*Ibid.* vii. 9). Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition (*Mat.* xv. 6).

Hypocrisy was the one sin that brought denunciation down upon the offenders, in words that fall like fire from heaven.

Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our

fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord (*Mat. xxiii. passim*).

These last words set us thinking of the awful and far-reaching consequences that must ensue from rising up against Him who is the 'Refuge of the World.' To those who have done this, nothing is left under which they can shelter; no plea is of any avail for them; for "this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light" (*John, iii. 19*).

After the body the Christ was using had been murdered, the greatest of the Apostles carried on the war against the confounding of substance and shadow, and—human nature being everywhere the same—had to wage it inside the young Church, where the confusion did not delay to appear.

In his *Epistle to the Romans*, Paul wrote, referring to existing differences of opinion as to what was lawful food, and which days should be kept holy:

Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand. He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? Every one of us shall give account of himself to God. Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. I know, and am persuaded by

the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself; but to him that esteemeth any thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean. But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died. Let not then your good be evil spoken of; for the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Is a man then justified in omitting to do anything to which his *conscience* prompts him? "God forbid," as S. Paul was wont to write in answer to such questions. How did he speak on the same occasion?

One man esteemeth one day above another; another man esteemeth every day alike. *Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind* [that is, make up his own mind for himself and then act accordingly]. Hast thou faith? have it *to thyself before God* [neither caring for the opinions of others nor yet seeking to impose your own on them]. Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth [who does only what his own conscience approves]. And he that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin (*Romans*, xiv).

Elsewhere he declares: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend" (*1 Corinthians*, viii. 13).

The chapter quoted above, and many other portions of S. Paul's Epistles, are instructive as showing how he ruled and directed the early Church. He forced no man's conscience, and strove to bend none to his will: his sole authority was the wisdom and knowledge which gave him the power to teach. His blame fell only in cases where it is clear to all who read that the conscience of his hearers must have echoed it. What he did constantly was to bring them back to 'first principles,' to the essentials, clearing away the mists that so often rise in the mind. This characteristic of keeping hold in an argument of what in it *really matters* runs also all through the Christ's teaching and words, as we have them recorded in the Gospels. But instead of agreeing with Him when they knew He was right, as we may suppose the Church did with S. Paul, the Pharisees showed

bad faith. Over and over again He met their subtle coil of specious words with a simple question, by answering which they judged themselves out of their own mouths; and then "they were filled with madness, and went out and took counsel together how they might destroy him" (*Mat.* vii. 14; *Mark*, iii. 6; *Luke*, vi. 11). Their ingenious tempting of Him was like bringing tawdry scraps of tinsel out of a dusty closet and placing them in the full sunshine; the sorry, tarnished stuff showed worthless in the benignant light, and they slunk off snarling and cursed the sun.

#### COUNTING THE COST

There is a 'dark saying' of the Christ which has a bearing on the foregoing subject. All truths are true at different levels; and I am considering now the most easily discovered meaning in the saying:

If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple. For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth not whether he be able to meet him? So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple (*Luke*, xiv. 26—33).

The father and mother, etc., may be taken to signify *everything* that has to do with what we may call the *form-side* of our existence: our country, race, outward form of faith, customs, caste—all the things in the world around us to which we are so much attached: while one's own life is the whole life of the personality, all that makes up our separate life, as against the One Life which we share with all; it includes both the life of the physical body, and all *personal* will and desires. It might be well if we gave a little of our time to thinking over this matter, each for himself. The inner way of discipleship, the sacrifices of the Path, the stripping away



of all which the natural man holds dear, are always the same; but there are times when outer sacrifices in the world are required to the utmost from everyone who would fain follow a divine Teacher. It is in this sense that we might take now that warning of the Christ, that He comes to send not peace, but a sword.

If we reflect a little, we see it must be so. Hardest of all to give up, for those who are real lovers of their religion, are its rites and observances and doctrines: for these are entwined with all that is best in them, and with their perception of truth; but Christ chose parents and wife and child to typify the things He meant, and to show how close and how rightly dear they are to us. Our presentation of the eternal truth is *limited*, after all, however beautiful it may be, and however satisfying to us. It is a sacred vessel which was filled by the Masters of the Wisdom: it may not be able to contain a further outpouring from the same inexhaustible source. The Christ said:

Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved (*Mat. ix. 17*).

Next in order of importance to this sacrifice, comes another, which may likewise be required of us, and to which also the Christ referred.

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it (*Mat. x. 34—39*). I am come to send fire on the earth, (*Luke, xii. 49*). Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division; for from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three (*Ibid. xii. 51—52*).

A great Teacher wants only one thing: people whom He can teach. Readiness to learn is therefore the only thing we can bring to Him. The good Martha 'cumbered with much serving' did not give Him this; therefore He told her that her sister Mary, who simply sat at His feet, had chosen the better part (*Luke*, x. 38—42). He said once also: "I have a meat ye wot not of . . . my meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work" (*John*, iv. 32, 34).

To come and learn sounds very simple: and it *is* simple, but it implies the possession of several qualities in those who come, three of which appear to me to be the principal ones.

*Courage* first of all, as we have seen. We read in *S. John* that:

Nevertheless among the chief rulers also many believed on him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue. For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God (*John*, xii. 42—43).

But the promise of the Christ stands thus, at the close of an exhortation to courage:

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows. Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven (*Mat.* x. 28—33).

So courage is required; courage first of all not to mind the world's opinions: "There shall come in the last day scoffers saying, Where is the promise of his coming?" (*Peter*, iii. 3, 4) and scoffers too when He is come. Courage also to face material sacrifices and possibly dangers, the 'higher carelessness' in very truth. Read the charge He gave to His disciples when He sent them forth:

Freely ye have received, freely give. Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. But beware of men; for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues; and ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved (*Mat. x. passim*). They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service (*John, xvi. 2*).

There are many ways of killing; slander kills, and it is a favorite modern way. "The children of this world are wise in their generation," and know how to select the means which suit their purpose best. At the last Coming of the Lord, they needed the brute strength of the mob on their side: "The chief Priests and Scribes sought how they might kill him; for they feared the people" (*Luke, xxii. 2*). "Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people" (*Mat. xxvi. 5*). They bided their time and they succeeded. Later on, when a more respectable weapon was needed against the Apostles, we read how they

Stirred up the devout and honorable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts (*Acts, xiii. 50*).

S. Paul wrote of the Apostles: "I think that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake" (*1 Cor. iv. 9, 10*). And to Timothy he wrote: "Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" (*2 Tim. ii. 3*). All cannot be Apostles. His Apostles and disciples the Christ will choose, who 'knows what is in men'. But all who will can be His followers. And it is not enough that the leaders should be faithful; that the officers of an

army do their duty is neither reason nor excuse for the private soldiers to fail in theirs. Our leaders indeed have faith, who are leading into battle a host which is as yet untried. What shall we prove ourselves? Heroes, strong men, weaklings, deserters, traitors? Let us accustom ourselves to the idea of hardness and stress, so that we be prepared for them when they come.

The next thing is a certain degree of *Understanding*. "I am come to give *life* to the world," said the Christ. One of our superstitions of to-day is to rate much too highly intellectual novelties; the great truths are neither new nor old, but eternal. We are so anxious for new teachings; while the great Ones have the ineffable patience to repeat again and again the same things to stiff-necked and foolish men. If a Christian gets offended when it is pointed out that the Buddha gave the same ethical precepts as the Christ, he merely shows that he is deluded by this modern superstition. It is literally true that only by living the life can we know of the doctrine (*John*, vii. 17). To all the rest of the world religious truths will ever seem stale and commonplace. But to live we must have life; and that is what the great Teachers bring. We should try to grasp firmly this fact. Many well-meaning, devout people preach the truths of religion, but their words do not much affect their hearers because they do not *live*, the speakers being as yet hardly alive. The flower of their soul has not opened: "When the rose is open," said Shri Rāmakṛṣṇa, "the bees come of themselves."<sup>1</sup> When the Supreme Teacher comes, He floods the world with life.

We must understand, too, that more than religious zeal is needed: to say "Lord, Lord," to a former Manifestation of a great Being will not ensure our feeling attracted to Him when He comes again. Zeal may be tainted by bigotry, fanaticism and all uncharitableness, and where

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<sup>1</sup> Max Müller, *The Life and Sayings of Rāmakṛṣṇa*.

there is hatred and a desire to persecute, the 'will of the Father' is not being done (*Mat.* vii. 21).

*Sincerity* is the third thing, the quality which unifies a man's nature, so that he cannot deny in his life what he confesses in his mind or his heart; *singleness*, it is also called in the Scriptures (*Mat.* vi. 22). This means that we must cultivate now the qualities which go to make a disciple, for we must have them, to a small degree at least, if we are to recognise the Lord of Truth and Compassion.

First of all, we must fulfil well the duties of our respective positions, "not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord" (*Romans*, xii. 11). We must practise some self-discipline, for even S. Paul wrote (taking the Greek games as simile):

So run that he may obtain (the prize); and every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway (*1 Corinthians*, ix. 24—27).

We must try to take things at their real value, not at their surface value; the troubles of life, for example:

We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us (*Romans*, v. 3—5).

See how closely this agrees with the recent teaching of our own Master:

The Master teaches that it does not matter in the least what happens to a man from the outside; sorrows, troubles, sicknesses, losses—all these must be as nothing to him, and must not be allowed to affect the calmness of his mind. They are the result of past actions, and when they come you must bear them cheerfully, remembering that all evil is transitory, and that your duty is to remain always joyous and serene.<sup>1</sup>

We must tread this steep road out of the dark valley of the shadow of death, in order to reach the pure

<sup>1</sup> *Alcyone: At the Feet of the Master*, p. 41.

air of the high sunlit plateau, whence only the real climbing begins, the ascent of the holy mountain.

But S. Paul expected more than these ordinary virtues from the members of the Church, those who had definitely taken the yoke of Christ on their necks (*Mat.* xi. 29, 30); they must give up the sense of *personal rights* and *separate interests*. The conditions of the world were such that self-defence within proper limits was necessary, and S. Paul did not hesitate to claim his rights of Roman citizenship; but among themselves they were to live under a different law. He once reproved the Church at Corinth for backsliding in this respect in the following words:

I speak to your shame. Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you? no, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren? But brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers. Now therefore there is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law one with another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded? Nay, ye do wrong, and defraud, and that your brethren (1 *Corinthians*, vi. 5—8).

Only when all this is accomplished can we hope to enter upon the further stages, in which the knowledge is given that can never be entrusted save to the purified and strong; stages beautifully indicated in some of Christ's last words to the Eleven:

Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth. But I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known to you (*John*, xv. 15).

If we would be servants, we must do all things as bounden duty. So the Christ taught:

Which of you, having a servant ploughing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he is come from the field, Go and sit down to meat? And will not rather say to him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink. Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are



commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do (*Luke*, xvii. 7—10).

The most perfect exposition in the Christian Scriptures of what is required of those who would serve and follow the Christ, is that given in the Sermon on the Mount :

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you (*Mat.* v. 3—12).

### III

What of those who hear doubtfully or incredulously the Message of the New Advent? The wise course for them is to wait quietly and see what comes of it. Time, which tries all things, will prove this also. If it be true, neither unbelief nor violence will make it less true; if it be false, its untruth will shortly be manifest. The Theosophical Society cannot manufacture a Christ! One can only point out to those who, while they cannot accept the message, are willing to consider it in a philosophic and truth-loving spirit, that there have been many great religious Teachers in the world; that these Teachers always had disciples, who learnt from Them and gave the various Scriptures to the world; that since there were great Teachers and disciples in the olden time, it is quite unreasonable to suppose that there cannot be such nowadays. Two thousand years have witnessed to the truth and beauty of the Christian Scriptures; the future will show the value of what is, and shortly will be, taking place in our own time.

The proclamation made by the Theosophical Society must come from one of three things: fraud, delusion, or truth.

*Fraud* is not likely, as anyone who reflects for a few moments will admit. Its only purpose could be to make dupes; and there is plenty of evidence to show that a much less colossal hoax will effect that. Let it be noted too that this would be a double-edged as well as an excessive piece of charlatany. For it was not Madame Blavatsky who spoke this message, knowing she would die ere the time for the fulfilment of the prophecy came, leaving her followers to be swept down by the torrent of ridicule that the failure of their hopes would bring on them. Her work cannot be rightly judged and appreciated, it is impossible to see how strong and true it is, except by connecting it with all the work that has followed it, seeing how great a superstructure is being raised on those adamantine foundations; but the time was not ripe for the message to proceed from her. The message is spoken now, when the fulness of the time has come. Fraud is an unproven and a gratuitous charge, and it is improbable; and an empty accusation of fraud does very little credit to those who put it forward.

*Delusion* is more possible. Many mistaken visionaries and zealots have made extraordinary announcements. We may grant that the leaders of the Theosophical Society may be deluded; but it must also be granted that those who think so may themselves mistake. So the latter cannot do better than remember the sage advice of the aged and learned Gamaliel, when Paul and Barnabas were brought before the council of the Jews:

Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men. For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody; to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves; who was slain; and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered, and brought to nought. After this man rose up Judas of Galilee in the days of the taxing, and drew away much people after him;

he also perished; and all, even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed. And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. (*Acts*, v. 35—39).

*Truth.* And if it be true? "But why should this Society have been chosen as bearer of the message?" it may be objected. "Why not the Christian Church, or why not some people who are great as the world counts greatness, to whom it might be more inclined to listen?" One can best answer this question by another: Why not the Rabbis last time, of whom many must have been good and learned men? or why not the dignitaries of Imperial Rome?

It may further be said that the Society was founded simply and solely in order to fulfil a special mission. It resembles very closely the early Church, which consisted of little scattered groups of quite obscure and ordinary people, and had a few great Apostles who spent their time travelling, writing, speaking. The Church may be said not to have dated only from the Death or Resurrection of Christ, but to have begun with the precursors, with John the Baptist and his disciples, two of whom at least became the disciples of Jesus (*John*, i. 35—42).

Two things are certain: If in the near future a Teacher arises, the value of His teaching is the only thing by which His greatness can be judged; and all should be ready to listen to Him, even those who cannot believe that He is the Christ, the *Boḍhisattva*. That this much reverence at least should be paid to a Teacher, Christ Himself enjoined, for He said of the men of His time: "The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here" (*Mat.* xii. 42).

MARGHERITA RUSPOLI

## THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS

IT cannot be otherwise than full of interest and significance to Theosophists to note and feel the life in the air, the expectation in the mind, the general air of attention, and waiting for what is going to happen, astir in the world to-day. For long one has been looking over the valley, seeing the clusters of creeds, formulas, formlessness, vague half-beliefs and no-beliefs, by which the immediate past has been distinguished, and the inevitable question has arisen: "Can these bones live"? Already the shaking has begun; "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe on these slain, that they may live;" already has the fiat gone forth.

Everywhere is this new life apparent. Not only in the minds but in the hearts of men there is an awakening, a re-vitalising, a sense and feeling of spring. It is almost as if the long-buried, yet ever youthful Dionysos, with his thyrsus, were once more threading his wondrous way, unseen, through the cold old world, with the God's glorious mission: "To give life—more life, wherever Thy footsteps tread." With this general awakening, come dangers many and various. Always it must be so; for wherever there is beauty, there is also (here on earth) pain and sorrow, the anguish of rapture, the rapture of anguish. But what of that? Safety, security, immunity from peril? Those states are for sleepy dullards, not for live people. It is "more life and fuller that we want." Let this be our prayer—nay, for long it has already been the prayer of those whose petition has been heard: "Lord, teach us that we may pray aright;" and already the response comes as to what shall be our attitude. *Our* particular response, as Theosophists, to this new and wonderful outbreathing? Surely an increase of expansiveness of response, of harmony

with the inner happenings in our outward lives. We must learn to be more inclusive, less condemnatory. Not so much tolerance (which is at best a passive virtue; and in all renaissances, the active virtues should flourish; passivity is for "the winter of our discontent") as "beyond-tolerance," which means that our hearts will burn with the Divine fire to all that lives and breathes: no need of tolerance to those who have, even for one fleeting moment, realised "the Beatitude at the Heart of Things." We must love, because we live—we *live* because we love. That is all the difference between life and death; "we know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren." We shall find in every-day life what a step has been made, what glorious and invincible ground gained, if we can so much as begin truly to love the apparently unlovable: not to *tolerate*, but to *love*, those who are outwardly dull, uninteresting, slow, ordinary, "deadly" sort of people. The very dust blossoms round our feet, as we turn these first pages in the Book of Love. We begin to see that there is no such thing as an "ordinary" person, and that nobody is dull. It is only that some are born into this world more heavily swathed, more tightly bandaged, in deeper disguise, than others. Ours is to be the privilege of unveiler, discoverer, beholder of the God in man, the free Divinity in the halting cripple. This is one of our functions, in the world to-day, as Theosophists. "Comfort ye my people, saith our God."

S. N.

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Love divine, through all things flowing, thou through us  
dost ever flow—

Little channels, larger growing as we learn to love and  
know,

As we learn the joy of giving, finding as the days go by  
Love is life, the only living; when we love no more, we  
die.

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR

## SCARLYN

NIGHT, like a reaper, gleaned the last few swathes  
Of Day's gold-glowing cornfields in the west,  
Ere Scarlyn and his love, deep-set in thought,  
Wandered into the elfin autumn woods.  
Summer, so loth to go, had left a day  
Behind, to be remembered by: and noon  
Had drowsy been with heat and insects' hum.  
But now the nightfall also brought to mind  
The leaf-fall, and a tang of winter air  
Moved o'er the earth, and touched his lover's cheek.

She shuddered in herself—not outwardly,  
Because it was a thought that made her sad—  
And walked with head down-dropping, eyes a-blind  
To that they looked on. Neither she nor he  
Had spoken, yet each knew a doubt had lived.  
Through the pulsating stillness of the dark,  
An owl's hoot rang and echoed in the trees;  
The forest's listening ears had waited long  
For the night's messenger to ease the strain  
Of watching. At the call, there was relief,  
And Pamela found words: "At every fall  
There's sadness. Though we say good-bye to friends,  
We have them near us always and are glad.  
But something in the showers of golden leaves  
Envelops me in grief. Are we like leaves,  
The glory of a month? Do we live on  
Only in those who love us? Are our thoughts  
Alone eternal? When our winter comes  
And then our deeper sleep, is that the end?  
Ah yes! this beating heart, these eyes, that read  
In yours the weather of our love, these arms  
That know you as the olive knows the vine,

These lips, your flower, that you so softly touch  
 Lest the caress should immolate the bloom—  
 All these must change, do change before our eyes;  
 But if our dreams—" As voices by a gust  
 Of wind are borne beyond the reach of ears,  
 So her full heart's outflowing over-filled  
 Her trembling lips, and took away her words.

Scarlyn spoke not, but with his father-arms  
 Soothed her, as she herself would soothe her child.  
 The midnight deep, the mystic brooding mist,  
 The watching eyes of worlds innumerable,  
 Small, subtle scents that strayed among the trees  
 Swathed them in mystery.

At length he spoke:

"Beloved, how shall I, who am so small,  
 Say what the meaning is or what the end,  
 Or if there either be? I only know  
 What feels, and how. I ask: Who knows the way?  
 What leads us to the feet of the sublime?  
 The lovelight in a mother's eyes, a moth's  
 Glad noiseless passage 'neath the evening trees,  
 A moonset in a passing purple night,  
 A sleeping child, sea breezes felt inland,  
 Red lips that frame themselves to share a kiss,  
 The contour of the bosom of the downs,  
 A dimpled arm, a rainbow in the pearls  
 Of dew-decked gossamer, the scent of woods  
 In winter, rippling wind on ripened corn—  
 All these and countless more do mystify  
 Us, strike some chord within us out of sight  
 Of all our senses. At the sound the gates  
 Close on the world and world's, and lo!  
 We lose ourselves to what we call the real,  
 Only to find us in the ecstasy  
 Of timeless, spaceless Change. Ah joy!  
 To soar above the head of thought; beyond  
 The realms of day and night; to float adown

Invisible skies into the far unknown ;  
To drift back through this life to childhood's days,  
To times when speech is not, but vision is ;  
Through months of antenatal mystery  
Into a mother's heart ; and farther still  
Into a dream a girl-child often has  
Of motherhood ; back to the race itself ;  
Through all its phases as through all our own ;  
Back to the earth, through all the earth's existence ;  
Through all the seen and unseen depths of sky,  
Into the Infinite, the spirit's spirit,  
The Ever-Ever-Was-And-Ever-Is.

Judgment knows beauty when it is, but souls  
Have prescience of it where it is not yet.  
Reason with heavy feet will find in time  
Still places where souls live, but when it does,  
They will have winged away to other homes,  
Fleeing from scrutiny, like waking dreams  
From dawn. For who can speak to any soul  
Except it be through beauty or through silence ?  
Walk circumspectly. Day is wrapped about  
With night, and all we know is still no more  
Than all we say is all of that we feel.  
The past is Now, Now is eternity.  
Our soul-life is in it, and when we live it  
We are in it too. What the past aspired  
To be, we are ; and what we yearn towards  
We shall approach, but never, never touch.  
The promise is eternal : else we should  
Attain to our ideals and thereby fail.

Feel with the breadth of spaces of the sky,  
Feel with the calm of love when passion wanes,  
Feel with the fallen leaf, the driven sand,  
The thrush's morning song, the shepherd's star.  
Infinite truth is what the far blue means,  
But every thought or flower or child or world  
Has somewhat of it. We are surely great



By what we are and feel, not know and do ;  
The greater we, the more that we have gleaned  
Of the eternal. We have need to watch.  
The mystery is here, is everywhere  
Is now, is always.  
The wind croons through the pines, the stream  
Talks to itself incessantly. Perhaps  
If we close ears, the songs of violets  
Or motions of the worlds will sound in us.  
Is the earth dumb because we do not hear  
Its voice? Do thoughts have neither tone nor form?  
When we lie down among the purple thyme  
And love its perfume, love it for itself,  
Are we not richer for it? And the thyme?  
Is it not gladder for our sympathy?  
The poet sees each blossom's heart and knows  
Which has been loved, as easily as we  
See love in eyes: for every noble thought  
Makes some hillside the brighter by a bloom,  
And every sunset lives in someone's soul.  
Be still and listen. Not in what we say  
Will the soul enter, but in what we leave  
Unspoken. Just as children in a crowd  
Feel lonely, so the soul shuns talking tongues  
And dwells on lips that kiss but utter not.  
Children remember. They have still the key  
To the gates of being, and often wander lone  
And fearless where we should not dare to tread.  
So much in sympathy do they become  
With their surroundings that, when they come home,  
We can discern (without a question asked)  
By motions that they make, by looks, by moods,  
Whether they have been romping by the sea,  
Or picking cowslips; watching butterflies,  
Or roaming in the outer infinite.  
Man needs the greater tenderness of woman,  
Woman the greater mind of man, and both

The insight of a little thoughtless child,  
For each should be man, woman, child in one.  
We are not old by moments that we live;  
Rather by those we live not. When we live,  
The universe is ours. Fetters of time,  
Of space, of thought, of earth, fall off from us,  
And we are great. The moments are eternal,  
And we eternal too. But otherwhen  
We are too conscious of ourselves to be  
In harmony with others and with all.  
Moments there are of chords sustained by grief,  
By body-pain, heart-aches for those of kin  
Who have no kinship with our inner thought,  
For those who can forget and not forgive,  
For those who seek and find not, for each child  
That yearns for someone who will understand;  
For women who are mothers in their hearts  
But have no children, and for all the rest  
Whose tears have made the sea so salt and sad.  
'Tis then we do not live. 'Tis then we think  
Of fleeting years, of promise unfulfilled.  
But even so, we are not wholly old,  
Though the world call us old, for are we not  
Children for ever in our mothers' hearts?  
Some blossoms open only to the sun,  
And others to the stars; but let our souls  
Be open day and night to all that is.  
Each field, each blade of grass, each drop of dew  
Is something's world, and worthy of our love:  
Every day is great in great or small;  
Every night is mother of a child  
Whose father is an aspiration, yearned  
In the blue silence of the starry dark—  
A dream that wakes from worlds we have forgotten  
To this we live in: 'tis a pilgrim thing  
That stays but all too short a breath with us,  
(Just while the lantern of the morning star

Melts to the dawn), and then fares on to lives  
We think and long for.

Somewhere in the vast  
Unending march of immemorial sleep  
That we call Time, we wake to be and smile,  
To struggle and be sad, ere we, like flowers,  
Fade 'neath the touch of gentle-handed death,  
And rest again in the deep infinite,  
Watching a farther planet. Somewhere too,  
In this eternal Now—nay more, in these  
Few aches 'twixt sleep and sleep, or e'en  
Perchance 'twixt sleep and waking, we conceive  
Each for himself a land that is, but is not—  
That is, because he sees it; that is not,  
Because no other soul has all his eyes.  
Conceive we beautifully."

Night was still.

Silence was pregnant with a thought divine.  
She found his hand, and seeking for his soul  
Felt with her eyes for his through all the dark  
Of days and lives and worlds invisible.  
But only silence spoke.

PHILIP OYLER

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It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking,  
can be said to begin. The fraction of life can be increased  
in value not so much by increasing your numerator as by  
lessening your denominator. Unity itself divided by zero will  
give infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero; then thou  
hast the world under thy feet.

—CARLYLE

## GOD AND MAN

THE popular orthodox theory of God is philosophically an impossibility. Let us see how it arose. To do this we must trace its origin, and that leads us to examine the beliefs of that remarkable race, the Hebrews. In the early part of their history we find the Jews as an insignificant but turbulent tribe, not unlike the Bedouin Arabs of to-day, worshipping a special tribal deity of their own, whom they called Yahweh or Jehovah. He was evidently one of the great elementals left over from Atlantis, of whom we read in *The Secret Doctrine*. At this stage they made no secret at all of the fact that he *was* a tribal deity—one among many other similar deities, of whom he was passionately jealous, over whom he was constantly vaunting a very doubtful superiority. He rejoiced in the victories of his people, and often enjoined upon them the practice of horrible cruelties upon the vanquished. He was very easily offended or made angry, and when this happened he turned upon his own people with astonishing vindictiveness, and treated them with the same barbarity which he habitually meted out to their enemies.

When a large portion of this unquiet race was transplanted to Babylonia, a certain number of them came thus into contact with one of the great civilised nations of antiquity, and had for the first time a glimpse of a rational philosophical religion. This introduced to them the idea of the Absolute, Who pervades all things because He is all things, because there is nothing that is not He. They accepted the doctrine with avidity, but with characteristic conceit appropriated the Absolute to themselves, and claimed that He was their tribal deity—that Jehovah was only another name for Parabrahm!

Thus it came about that they seem to have attributed to him quite irreconcilable qualities. He was omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, eternal and loving, yet he was also cruel, treacherous, angry and jealous. They were not philosophers; these inconsistencies did not trouble them.

Christianity arose among the Jews, and its Founder took the body of one who was a Jew by birth. He Himself preached the far higher doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, but His apostles, being Jews, could not shake themselves free from ancestral prepossessions, and so most regrettably and unnecessarily they brought on into Christianity the inextricable confusions of their original faith. Thus to this day the Christian Church reads Sunday after Sunday the same old ridiculous statement that God is jealous, even though at the very same service it acclaims Him as God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God. But the worshippers never think of the incongruity, and assent quite contentedly to all these bewildering inconsistencies. The Theosophist, trying to understand and use his reason, can never accept such an account of the Deity as this.

The truth is that, if we accept the idea of a God at all, there are three, and only three, possibilities of fundamental belief as to His attitude towards us.

1. *Indifference.* We may suppose that, having created us, or allowed us to evolve (details are unimportant) he has no further interest in us, and thus we are left to the working of blind chance or the law of averages. On this theory, so far as we are concerned, God practically does not exist.

2. *Hostility.* The theory that he is an inherently evil and malicious being, who will do harm to us if not bought off or propitiated. It is to be observed here that the *method* of propitiation is absolutely immaterial; whether it is by self-torture, by the offering of slaughtered animals or men, or (most awful of all) by the

alleged crucifixion of his own son, matters not a jot. The so-called deity from whose action man has to be saved, who requires to be *bought off* from indulging in the slaughter or endless torture in which he delights, is fundamentally a fiend.

3. *Benevolence.* The theory that His desire is for our happiness and advancement—that in some form or other (once more, details are unimportant) He has a universal plan of which our progress is an integral part. This necessarily involves the further conception that all evil is temporary, since it comes only from ignorance of the scheme of things, and will right itself as soon as man's will brings itself into harmony with the divine will.

Under one or other of these heads all religious thought *must* range itself. It is useless to palter with the truth; it is cowardly to fear to face it. It behoves every man then to clear his mind of cant and prejudice, and see whether his fundamental belief is in *no* God, in a fiend, or in an all-wise director.

If he has chosen (as the Theosophist has) this last alternative—if he holds in the very depths of his being the certainty of the Fatherhood of God—there follows inevitably from that the utter certainty of the Brotherhood of Man—not of a chosen people, not of a pious pocketful of predestinated Pharisees, but of every living creature—a brotherhood wide as the sea, all-embracing as the sky, extensive as life itself, because all life is God's life. God *is* life—life and love. Read it in your scripture, and try to have the grace and the heart to understand what it means: "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. He that loveth not knoweth not God. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love our brethren."

HERMANOS



### THE IMPORT OF THE SIMPLEST EXPERIENCE

**T**HERE is no assertion that commands a reader acceptance at first sight than that, in order to arrive at truth, we must take nothing for granted. At the same time, it is also plain to every common-sense man that the most reliable teacher—a teacher that inexorably wears down every obstruction to our progress towards the truth—is experience. If, therefore, it is true that the knowledge of truth must imply freedom from every fallacious preconception, and that the ultimate goal of experience is the threshold of truth, experience must demonstrate itself as the most powerful and utterly invincible fighter of every

prejudice that may blind us to the import of any verity put forward by those who already have arrived at the goal of human endeavor, who already voice the truth. The object of my paper is to give an instance that this is indeed so. I shall put forward the simplest verity thinkable, and then show that this verity is indeed also borne in on our consciousness by the very simplest experience that enters into our daily life.

Now, which is the simplest verity thinkable? Clearly, its import must be such that it could not possibly be further simplified. It must have the character of the very first utterance of intelligence; it must be the very alpha of self-knowledge. It cannot deal with sensuous material found ready to hand: in fact, material of every kind must be, so far, conspicuous only by its absence. For so there would be *presupposed* an objectivity of some kind, while the simplest verity cannot yet have the character of a description of, or predication about, what is simply taken for granted. The simplest verity must take nothing for granted; and truth is in no case simply descriptive of given facts, but rather their very In-itself grasped by intelligence. Since, then, the truth cannot be derived from premises taken blindly for granted—for the simple reason that our knowledge has in this case for its background the darkness of the assumed premises and thus must needs amount only to a kind of mirroring of our narrow-mindedness—the simplest verity must have for its premise emphatically only the living fact of intelligence's own self; and that, too, only in that form which this primary fact assumes at the very outset of its self-utterance: of the Word as it is in its very beginning. And so we realise that the simplest verity can be only the import of the very first act of thought, so far as thought is emphatically taken to stand for an immaculate self-conception of intelligence, for a purely spontaneous self-actualisation on the latter's part—a sense which philosophy designates by the term "speculative" or "pure" thought.



I have developed the just-indicated track of thought more circumstantially in a book I have published recently. (*A Holiday with a Hegelian*. See our Reviews of last month. SUB-EDITOR.) Here I must confine myself to the bare statement that the simplest verity amounts to this: that pure Being and nothing are a purely nominal distinction, or rather moments of that living, and hence spontaneously restless; unity, which is primarily the very being of intelligence—that alone is, as said above, legitimately presupposed at the outset of the *Science of Logic*—as Hegel calls that thinking self-realisation which concerns itself solely with the knowledge of absolute Truth, with the nature of God as He is in His very essence. So far as speculative thought—this very nature of God—gives birth only to its simplest actuality in the realm of absolute Truth, the still purely abstract nature of the distinction, without which there cannot possibly be even the very first act of thought (seeing that activity implies distinction) assumes the connotation of *Becoming*. For this is clearly that restless and yet undivided unity of pure Being and nothing which Intelligence—Divine Mind—proves itself to be at the very outset of its self-realising activity.

As said, we must begin true self-knowledge by the very being of intelligence. But since intelligence is thus to begin its very first act, its being stands in the beginning for *pure* Being. We are not yet justified in predicating anything about the nature of this Being, just because the knowledge of what it is exactly is still supposedly to be realised through its own self-revelation in the series of its own acts of speculative thought. In short, every definition of what intelligence (God's Being) *is*, must be a matter of its own self-defining in the course of speculation and pure thinking, and for that reason all we are justified in saying about the Being of Intelligence in the very beginning of this its self-defining task is—nothing. Pure Being is thus emphatically another word for nothing, but a nothing that has not the sense of annihilated

Being of Intelligence, but rather only that of a prelude to its self-articulation; of that nothing that is the beginning of all Wisdom. We must grasp pure Being and nothing in the light of the first immaculate self-conception of God's own Being as the principle of spontaneous activity in the realm of speculative thought—a realm called Theosophically the *buddhic* plane. And a moment of reflexion shows that the restlessly undivided unity of this very first self-discernment of God's Being is articulated in *Becoming*. That which becomes is *not* yet, for so it would not be a *Becoming*. Yet it *is*, for the very notion *Becoming* implies Being or negates pure nothing—it *is* a Being in *Becoming*, *not* a being having *Becoming* at its back. In short, there is here just *Becoming* pure and simple; the self-arising and self-annulling distinguishment of pure Being and nothing.

Thus there is here yet no question of the *Becoming* applied to a thing, but simply of the simplest verity that the notion of *Becoming* crops up in the very first act of thought, and hence is to be found in the simplest mind. This is precisely why even the most rudimentary intelligence is so inveterately wedded to the conception of a Creator of all that is, that this conception has been declared to distinguish man from beasts. And although this conception does not yet grasp the notion of *Becoming* in its purity, but only in its application to the world, it still bears witness to the nature of intelligence in its simplest self-discernment. The exact *modus operandi* that constitutes the creation of the world from nothing, or the solution of the problems arising in this connexion—whether one has not, perhaps, to assume some primordial stuff and subsequent shaping of this stuff—all this forms the object of the speculative thought in its self-exposition, and has here no business to divert our attention from the import of the simplest verity that pure Being and nothing are not two radically different contents, but truly an undivided unity termed *Becoming*.

Intelligence itself proceeds at once to underline this verity. It is wrong to tear Being and nothing apart from one another, just because they are inseparably united in their very distinguishment. This is only a self-annulling self-discerning—a discerning that no sooner has arisen than it has vanished. Being does not go over into nothing; it is gone over! Becoming is not a visible change of a given presupposed state of Being into pure nothing. That Being which enters into the simplest act of thought is just nothing. And similarly as to the sought-for change from nothing into Being. What there is from the very first is in truth the Becoming itself: and, if one insists on retaining the distinction implied in the Becoming—yet implied in such wise that the distinction is indistinguishably the Becoming itself—one must restate it in terms of Becoming. Thus we get, firstly, the notion of Being gone over into nothing—*Ceasing-to-be* or Decease; secondly, the notion of nothing gone over (*not* going over!) into Being—*Coming-to-be* or Origin. And since *Coming-to-be* and *Ceasing-to-be* are express restatements of Being and nothing in their simplest truth, as moments of Becoming, they are obviously one and the same eternal Becoming analysed into its nominally distinct sides. Hence they, too, remain in undivided unity, neither having any element of its own that would fit its distinction as against the other. Their distinguishedness is precisely just as nominal as that of pure Being and nothing. But so far as it is one and the same Becoming that thus discerns itself, it is now the Becoming itself that now also directly annuls itself: *Coming-to-be* is directly a *Ceasing-to-be* and *vice-versâ*, and seeing that they are one and the same Becoming, their direct equilibrium or the collapse of their vacuous distinguishedness means the collapse of the Becoming itself. Becoming is also eternally annulled; it only seems at first sight that all that is has a beginning; in truth there is also no beginning. Becoming must be viewed and corrected from

the standpoint of a higher verity; from the standpoint of a Being that only seems to be a Becoming, yet truly is become, truly has Becoming at its back, not in time, but in its own eternal *Presence*. This is clearly the name for that Being which, whilst having Becoming at its back and thus being apparently a result, is yet in truth the first time from which beginning is made, and it is in the notion of this Being, as a *Presence*, that Intelligence reaches properly the conclusion of its first act in its self-revealing activity.

It is not surprising that the import of the first act of thought is as a rule misunderstood, if not flatly denied. Speculative thinking is a matter of conscious self-realisation of intelligence, and its first condition is, therefore, that he who wishes to practise it be already intelligently self-conscious. That is to say, the ego must be already capable of viewing everything, and in the first place its own very self, *sub specie aeternitatis*. In Theosophical parlance, the ego must not identify itself wholly still only with the mental body, but rather with the principle functioning through the latter, with that principle of spontaneous activity which actualises itself in pure thought, and through pure thought identifies the ego with God who is Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit alone. Those in whom self-realisation has not yet reached this, its form in God's own Essence, look for God still outside their own self, and even though this outside has already the character of an inner objectivity—that objectivity which goes by the name of higher planes—they still fail to reach the sense of perfect at-one-ment which can be reached only and solely through speculative thought. The consequence is that they seek the *criterium* of truth in that sphere with which they are most familiar—the sphere of experience, ordinary or occult; and so the import of the simplest verity presents itself to them only too easily in the light of a palpable absurdity. Is it not plain that it is not one and the same thing whether I have a hundred dollars

or not? Is it not plain that to be and not to be are different things? So run the hasty objections of the philosophically unformed consciousness, when confronted with the simplest verity that Being and nothing are only nominally distinguished, that in truth they are an undivided unity. Grant that experience must bear witness to truth, and what becomes of this verity? In such words may we summarise all objections in this respect.

Certainly, let us grant—as grant we must—that experience is corrective in the long run of every fallacy that may creep into our views and keep us in subjection to the long train of blunders it engenders in its inferences: just because experience is a hand-maid of the truth, just because it is through experience that truth forces itself to recognition, the simplest verity, so far from clashing with experience, with this the truth's very own phenomenology, must by anticipation be verifiable by it. But then, as it is the simplest verity that is to be demonstrated phenomenologically, we must equally confine ourselves to the lesson taught by the very simplest experience. If the import of the simplest verity is repudiated in the name of experience, the repudiation can acquire some semblance of plausibility—it can never become utterly cogent—only from the standpoint of an experience involving already more than what can be legitimately included in the simplest experience. And the very endeavor to demonstrate the simplest verity in such an inadequate and indeed self-defeating way can only be due to the fact that the would-be demonstrator—or rather repudiator—is himself incapable of analysing his most familiar experiences and penetrating to their simplest expression. To do this is the second main object of my paper.

Since the ego is to be taken as making its simplest experience, it must be grasped in a state of perfect adaptability to what it finds before itself. It is itself still empty of definite content, or so far as it is credited with content, it can become aware of it only through its

relationship to an object. For the object now is not the first act of intelligence in the realm of pure thought, but in the realm of its phenomenological display. Experience aims at grasping what things, and generally objectivity of every kind, are in truth; and hence the ego has from the very first an object before itself, without, however, having the slightest idea of what this object is, beyond the fact that it *is* there before it. Its attitude towards the object is first of all sense-consciousness pure and simple. It is not meant to hazard at once a definition of what appeals to its senses, because it is just only on the point of gaining the necessary experience for such defining: it is, so far, only making the simplest experience and so has nothing to fall back upon. Or so far as it is already also familiar with higher stages of experience—as is our own case—it is meant to forget all that it already knows and fancy itself as it were awakening from a fit of mental blankness.

He who had the experience of a fainting fit and recalls the transitory stage of his self-recovery, will know that what consciousness has in such a case before itself is to it nothing in particular—at best only a *This* covering anything and everything. When the fully awakened consciousness—we who are analysing the simplest experience—tries to reduce itself to this its rudimentary stage, it must let go every particular feature that distinguishes a *This* from a *That*, simply because it must drop its right to comparison, which belongs to a richer stage of its experience. But even though it does not yet take consciously notice of the shape and mutual arrangement of objects before it—and much less of their purpose and name—it cannot overlook or drop the two basic elements of all objectivity, space and time. So far as there are objects before it, there is for it also a here and now, and as it is still unable to discern objects in their individual features, the *This* has for it only the meaning of the here and now. Everything is to it here and now; this is the full length of its defining capacity.

Of course, it is not the sense-consciousness that thus estimates its capacity, but we who try to give ourselves a clear account of the simplest experience in the light of our memory of it, or on purely rational grounds. We must, then, take the object apart from any result, or our experience of it, no matter how familiar to us, and thus can speak of it only in terms of the two basic elements, 'phenomenal' objectivity—basic elements which demonstrate themselves so precisely in the law of a falling body, because this law, too, does not as yet concern physical properties of bodies, as is known experimentally and comes to be understood in a detailed philosophy of nature. And in order, therefore, to grasp exactly the nature of the object of pure sense-consciousness, we must deal with the 'This or 'That in terms of the now and here.

The object is now, and now it is, say, noon. Very well, let us follow Hegel's advice and write it down. For the truth, as he rightly says, cannot lose anything by being written down, but must remain true for ever. But behold, when we take up the written statement of that now, it is indisputably false: now it is evening, *not* noon! Nevertheless, whether noon or evening, the now *is* always. And thus it is obvious that the now is an undivided restless unity of a temporal Being and non-Being: it *is*, yet it *has* been, hence also is *not*, and this its *not*, is yet its *is*. In short, the now is an existential *Becoming*.

If we take the This as a here, there crops up at once the question: which here? This tree here? or this house here? or this bit of paper here? to sense-consciousness everything is a "This here." A distinction between this here and that over yonder, between right and left, before and behind, implies already comparison, and hence is still out of the question. And just because the This may *be* anything and everything, the here stands for *nothing* in particular. In this case, now, the here happens to be a tree; but turn round, or rather be turned

round, or let it be the case of another sense-consciousness (and notice that what applies to one sense-consciousness applies generally to any other) and what there is here now before consciousness is a house. True, you may refrain from being turned round, but sense-consciousness cannot maintain itself in a state of inertia, for then it would be dead. The principle of life, the phenomenological display of intelligent self-activity which already manifests in the Now Becoming, will turn it round and shift its ground, and the tree here will *cease to be a tree and come to be a house, a flower, and indifferently a being in general, and nothing in particular.*

In short, then, sense-consciousness knows yet no distinction between Being and nothing. It is quite indifferent to it; it does not fix itself to this particular here and cannot arrest the flow of time at this particular now. The This that is here and now before it gets altered, becomes something that from the standpoint of the previous here and now was not, or whose being here and now annuls what previously was here and now, yet the here and now persists in spite of and all through its flux. Sense-consciousness finds thus in its simplest experience a demonstration of the import of the simplest verity. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

FRANCIS SHDLAK

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No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one has not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved. When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge.

—WILLIAM JAMES



## VITAL FORCE

**W**HAT is Vital Force? Western Science is not yet prepared to give an answer. For the most part, Western scientists deny that there is such a thing. They recognise physical and chemical force, and they believe that 'vital force' is but another form of these which science has not yet mastered. Dr. Kleinschrod, however, has given in his *Eigengesetzlichkeit des Lebens* (*Inherent Law of Life*) what he considers proof of the fact that there is such a thing as vital force; and in his *Erhaltung der Lebenskraft* (*Conservation of Vital Force*), he has sought to show how it is conserved, and how it may be strengthened or weakened. He says: "Vital force is the natural principle of animate nature or life, and is synonymous with the *essential* activity of life or of animate nature, while force is the natural principle of inanimate nature or of the so-called lifeless world, and is synonymous with the *essential* activity of lifeless nature or of a lifeless natural structure." He restricts the term 'force' to what is commonly called the inanimate world, and the term 'vital force' to the animate world.

Let us turn to *The Secret Doctrine*. Madame Blavatsky writes: "All the 'Forces' of the Scientists have their origin in the Vital Principle, the One Life collectively of our Solar System—that 'Life' being a portion, or rather one of the *aspects*, of the One Universal Life."<sup>1</sup> "Vaishvanara is, in another sense, the living magnetic fire that pervades the manifested Solar System. It is the most objective (though to us the reverse) and ever present aspect of the One Life, for it is the Vital Principle."<sup>2</sup> Further, she tells us that this "Spiritual One Life," "this universal Vital Principle" is "independent of *our* matter"

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<sup>1</sup> *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 647.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 325.

and manifests "as atomic energy only on *our* plane of consciousness," and she adds: "It is that which, individualised in the human cycle, is transmitted from father to son."<sup>1</sup> Thus we learn that what Dr. Kleinschrod calls 'force' and what he calls 'vital force' are both of them to be traced to the Vital Principle as regards their origin, and that the Vital Principle is independent of *our* matter and manifests as atomic energy only on *our* plane of consciousness.

What, then, is the nature of the characteristic differences which are shown by Dr. Kleinschrod to exist between 'force' and 'vital force'? The answer appears to be indicated by Madame Blavatsky in the following passage: "We know and speak of 'life-atoms,' and of 'sleeping-atoms,' because we regard these two forms of energy—the kinetic and the potential—as produced by one and the same force, or the One Life, and regard the latter as the source and mover of all."<sup>2</sup> In a foot-note, commenting on a passage from 'the Transmigration of Life-atoms,'<sup>3</sup> she tells us that the Life-Principle "is omnipresent, though on this plane of manifestation often in a dormant state, as in stone." Further, she tells us: "The definition which states that when this indestructible force is disconnected with one set of molecules it becomes immediately attracted by others, does not imply that it abandons entirely the first set (because the atoms themselves would then disappear), but only that it transfers its *vis viva*, or living power—the energy of motion, to another set. But because it manifests itself in the next set as what is called kinetic energy, it does not follow that the first set is deprived of it altogether; for it is still in it, as potential energy or life latent."

Thus we learn that the atomic energy has two forms, the kinetic and the potential, and that a set of molecules (or a

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 710.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 710.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted from *Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 585.

structure) may be considered as possessed of potential energy which serves to hold it together (or serves to prevent the atoms themselves from disappearing) and of kinetic energy (or living power or energy of motion) which can be disconnected from the set of molecules, without destroying the actual form itself. This is one of the facts which has to be borne in mind if we would understand the distinction which Dr. Kleinschrod has shown to exist between animate and inanimate nature, or between so-called "living" structures and so-called "dead or lifeless" structures.

Let us turn again to the statement about 'life-atoms' and 'sleeping-atoms' and carefully consider what H. P. B. says. Life-atoms and sleeping-atoms, or kinetic energy and potential energy, are "produced by one and the same force, or the one Life," and "the latter" (the one force or the one Life) is "the source and mover of all," she tells us. The same idea is found in Dr. Kleinschrod's books, but under a different name, for he speaks of this one force or of this one Life as "spatially un-ordered living force," and he conceives the evolution of matter and of life (as we find them to-day) to have proceeded in such a way that, *first*, by the *active* natural principle of force some of the "spatially un-ordered living force" was transformed into "spatially ordered potential force," and *secondly* by the *active* natural principle of vital force some of the "spatially ordered potential force" was transformed into "spatially ordered living force." The result of the first of these *activities* is the lifeless world and lifeless matter, and the result of the second is the living world or life, and living matter or protoplasm. The *essential* activity of the lifeless world is the *active* conversion of kinetic energy into potential energy; the *essential* activity of life is the *active* conversion of potential energy into kinetic energy.

Why, one may ask, cannot living un-ordered force manifest as living ordered force directly, without the

intermediate potential stage or so-called lifeless world? The answer is given by H. P. B., who, telling us that *prāṇa* (*Jīva*) pervades the whole living body of man, adds "but alone, without having an atom to act upon, it would be quiescent—dead; it would be in *Laya*, or, as Mr. Crookes has it, 'locked in protyle.' It is the action of *Fohat* upon a compound or even upon a simple body that produces life."<sup>1</sup>

A few examples, culled from Dr. Kleinschrod's works, will make clear what is meant by 'force' or the 'essential activity of a lifeless natural structure,' and by 'vital force' or 'the essential activity of a living natural structure'. Take the case of a billiard-ball. It lies on the table motionless. This means that the *mechanical principle* is active as a force of conservation, in the sense that its activity maintains the state of equilibrium of the ball on the table. If now I hit the ball, I impart a force to it and thereby disturb its equilibrium. It moves, and the *mechanical principle* is now active as formative force and in this condition living force or kinetic energy appears. When equilibrium is again reached, and the ball lies motionless and inert, the kinetic energy has disappeared, because the constructive activity has now become a preservative activity. The ball cannot move itself, and we call this the dead centre of mechanical movement.

Take another case—that of the chemical reaction between an acid and an alkali. The acid attacks the alkali, disturbing its equilibrium, and at once there is internal movement; it splits up into its chemical constituents, and there is kinetic energy, which at once becomes transformed into potential energy, and thus new substances or new states of equilibrium appear. The important point is that the equilibrium must first be disturbed. These examples show what is meant by the essential activity of a lifeless structure. The essential activity of living organisms differs

<sup>1</sup> *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 573.

from this. An amoeba can alter its form of itself, and so can living muscle, or a plant, without energy being supplied to it from without. Living organisms, by their principle of vital force, can actively set free kinetic energy from their own substance without any direct supply of energy from without; a lifeless structure cannot do this, because its formation and conservation are in accordance with the *mechanical or passive principle*, whereas the formation and conservation of living structures or of protoplasm are in accordance with the *anti-mechanical or active or vital principle*. "When a body dies, it passes into the same polarity as its male energy, and repels therefore the active agent, which, losing hold of the whole, fastens on the parts or molecules, this action being called chemical. Vishnu, the Preserver, transforms himself into Rudra-Shiva, the Destroyer—a correlation seemingly unknown to Science."<sup>1</sup> "It has only changed its state from activity to passivity, and has become latent, owing to the too morbid state of the tissues, on which it has hold no longer. Once the *rigor mortis* is absolute, the Liquor Vitæ will re-awaken into action, and will begin its work on the atoms *chemically*. Brahmā-Vishnu, the Creator and Preserver of Life, will have transformed himself into Shiva the Destroyer."<sup>2</sup> Or in Dr. Kleinschrod's phraseology, the vital or active principle of nature has given place to the mechanical or passive principle of nature; the important point to remember is that in both cases there is *activity*, but in the living it is that of the active principle, and in the lifeless it is that of the passive principle. "Gross ponderable matter is the body, the shell, of matter or substance, the female passive principle; and this Fohatic force is the second principle, *prāṇa*—the male and the active."<sup>3</sup> "It is the action of Fohat upon a compound or even upon a simple body that produces life,"<sup>4</sup>; or in Dr. Kleinschrod's

<sup>1</sup> *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 573.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* i. 587.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* i. 572.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* i. 578.

phraseology, it is the vital principle which, overcoming the mechanical principle, is characteristic of life. "Electro-positive and electro-negative forces"<sup>1</sup> is another form of phraseology.

In *The Book of the Dead* we read: "I cross the heavens; I am the two Lions. I am Ra, I am Aam, I eat my heir." H. P. B. explains in a foot-note that this is "an image expressing the succession of divine functions, the transmutation of one form into another, or the correlation of forces. Aam is the electro-positive force, devouring all others, as Saturn devoured his progeny."<sup>2</sup>

*Vital* activity proceeds always in accordance with the electro-positive force or active principle of nature; *chemical* activity proceeds always in accordance with the electro-negative force or *passive* principle of nature. An instructive example of this chemical activity is the so-called radio-activity of nature. In radium and other radio-active substances, kinetic energy is being actively transformed into potential energy, in accordance with the passive principle of nature, which seeks to form states of equilibrium; and the products of this radio-activity are therefore states of equilibrium. The whole process is in accordance with the law of equilibrium or of inertia in the lifeless world, which seeks ever to form states of equilibrium and to maintain these. It is the very reverse of the essential activity met with in living plants and animals and in man. In the living as in the lifeless we meet with kinetic and potential energy; but in the living, the potential energy is being converted into ordered living force or kinetic energy. Every activity in life has, as its object, the overcoming of states of equilibrium, in accordance with the principle of vital activity; every activity in lifeless nature has, as its object, the formation and preservation of states of equilibrium, in accordance with the principle of chemical or mechanical activity.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* i. 736.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* i. 737.

“There is a Vital Principle” writes H. P. B. “without which no molecular combinations could ever have resulted in a living organism, least of all in the so-called ‘inorganic’ matter of our plane of consciousness.”<sup>1</sup> It is of *dual* nature—positive and negative—hence the positive and negative principles in the world of forms, the positive principle resulting in living, and the negative in lifeless or inorganic organisms or forms.

We might define vital force as the activity of the *positive* aspect of the *dual* principle of Life, in contradistinction to physical or mechanical or chemical force, which is the activity of the *negative* aspect; the one is that which is proper to the evolution of living organisms and protoplasm, the other to that of lifeless organisms and the inorganic world.

The practical side of this knowledge is far-reaching and important, because this *dual* life-principle is forced to act either in its *positive* aspect or else in its *negative* aspect, according to the conditions in which it finds itself. Man cannot alter the eternal, unchangeable Law of Evolution which the Logos has impressed on His universe; but, by knowledge, he can co-operate consciously in the mighty work of the Logos, he can seek to provide the conditions needed for the activity of the positive aspect of the dual principle in the organic world, and can seek to avoid the conditions which would obstruct this activity. To do this, is to work with the evolutionary forces in life.

The general belief held by Western physiologists that there is only chemical force in animate as well as in inanimate nature has led to many erroneous conclusions and much mistaken practice, some of which has been pointed out and explained by Dr. Kleinschrod. His work is a step in the right direction, and calls to mind H. P. B.’s words: “Chemistry and Physiology are the two great magicians of the future, which are destined

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<sup>1</sup> *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 661.

to open the eyes of mankind to great physical truths.”<sup>1</sup> He has but touched the fringe of the subject, but even this little of physiological truth, which he has been privileged to give to the world, throws new light on most of the controversial social questions which are exercising the minds of nations and of individuals, and to some of these we may now turn our attention.

There is the food-reform question; what is a food? what is a poison? what is nutrition? is alcohol a food or a poison? and so on. In the answer to all these physiological questions, there are according to Dr. Kleinschrod always *two* factors to be considered—the protoplasm or living matter, and the individual’s vitality or vital force. Does the force in the substance taken as a food, or as a drug, act on the body according to the mechanical or chemical law of the lifeless world, *or* does the vital force in the body act on these substances according to the law of life? If the former occurs, the substance has physiologically a poisonous effect, is a poison to that body, because protoplasm is broken down or degenerates or loses life by activities which proceed in accordance with the passive principle. If the latter occurs, then the substance is not a poison to that body, because the vital force of the body has vivified that substance by activities which proceed in accordance with the active principle, and has thus transformed their potential energy into ordered living force within its own protoplasm. Working along these lines, Dr. Kleinschrod finds that the views of the food-reformers who recommend the avoidance of meat, eggs, alcohol, tea and coffee are physiologically correct, but that the vegetarian dietary should not be too rich in nitrogenous substances and spices or condiments.

Passing on to experiments on animals, it is obvious that all vivisectional and inoculation experiments proceed in accordance with the passive principle, for they all involve the cutting into or pricking the living body,

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<sup>1</sup> *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 281.



and therefore the exposure of the living substance to the laws of the lifeless world. The vaccines and serums which are inoculated all work in accordance with the passive principle, and thus cause degenerative changes in the protoplasm. Many drugs used in medicine, and all hypnotics and narcotics, act upon the living body in accordance with the passive principle; so too do the forces which are set in motion by hypnotism. All such activity weakens the vital force, and such weakened vital force is inherited by the offspring, and sooner or later brings about the physical degeneration of man and of the race. On the other hand, activities in accordance with the active principle bring about the improvement and strengthening of the vital force, and this strengthened vital force is inherited by the offspring. By improvement is meant the higher development of life.

What, according to Dr. Kleinschrod's work, are the laws of development? He finds that all of them belong to what is known generally as hygiene. The conditions necessary for the healthy activity and growth of body and mind must be supplied. But this subject is beyond the scope of this paper, the object of which is only to show what is vital force, and how "Viṣṇu, the Preserver, transforms himself into Rudra-Shiva, the Destroyer—a correlation seemingly unknown to Science."<sup>1</sup> Through Dr. Kleinschrod's work, this correlation is now becoming known to Western Science and the knowledge thus gained will gradually permeate it and, acting like the unseen leaven, will slowly but steadily lighten the mass of materialism in which physiology still finds itself engulfed. Medicine will largely profit by it, and gradually a naturalistic system for the prevention and the treatment of disease will replace the drug system now practised. In Germany this system is already growing up.

But let it never be forgotten that though the essential activity of lifeless nature is the conversion of kinetic

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<sup>1</sup> *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 573.

into potential énergy, and the essential activity of living nature is the conversion of potential into kinetic energy, yet these forms of kinetic and potential energy differ from one another. Evolution begins and ends with kinetic energy, but at every stage in the mighty unfoldment of consciousness this energy is enriched in capacities, in qualities.

This has been beautifully expressed in a letter from a Master which is published in Mr. Sinnett's first book *The Occult World*, (pp. 108-11), and it shows the great possibilities open to the man who works with the inherent law of life or of energy impressed by the Logos on His Universe.

The illustrations there given by the Master are most suggestive, and running through them we seem to trace two threads of the mystery of life and its evolution—one which seems to show that all destruction, whether by mind or by body, is contrary to the law of life, and a second thread which seems to show that the accumulation of potential energy and its transformation from the lowest (the least evolved form) into the highest (the spiritual form) is the law of life. In the Master's words "nature consciously prefers that matter should be indestructible under organic rather than inorganic forms." "She works slowly but incessantly towards the realisation of this object—the evolution of conscious life out of inert material."<sup>1</sup> The eastern science of Rāja Yoga is designed to bring about this result consciously, and it would almost seem as if the knowledge of the law of life, (the fringe of which has now become the common property of Western Science through the work of Dr. Kleinschrod) may serve to form the bridge over which the eastern system of Rāja Yoga may find its way into Western Science and into general Western practice. Then, indeed, will the feet of many be turned towards the Path and the eyes of many to the true Goal of life.

LOUISE APPEL, B. Sc.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Occult World*, p. 110.

## BACTRIA

### THE ROMANCE OF A FORGOTTEN EMPIRE

**F**AR away on the Eastern borderland of the Persian Empire lay the great province of Bakhtri, a fair and fertile country, watered by the mighty Oxus, and set like an emerald in the bare wastes of the sand-deserts of Central Asia. At some remote period, beyond the ken of mortal memory, the Iranian tribes, breaking off from the Aryans who were streaming into the Punjab, descended, seizing the great natural hill-forts and turning them into citadels, and subjugating the Scythian nomads who had held the country before them. In the centre of their land they founded the great city of Balkh, "Bāhadhi the beautiful, the city of streaming banners," as it is called in the old Zend books; and here in due time came Zarathushtra Spitama, to preach the gospel of Ahura Mazda at the court of King Gushtasp.

The proud knights of Bactria were the flower of the Persian army. Inured to fighting by incessant campaigns against the Turki nomads from beyond the Jaxartes, they did not share in the fatal degeneracy which seems to have paralysed the Empire when Alexander descended upon it. At the call of Bessus, the Iranians took the field against the hated intruder, and only after a stern struggle did the land of Zoroaster submit to the conqueror. Alexander, after settling at Balkh and other towns colonies of veterans, passed, never to return, on his way to India. After Alexander's death the old love of liberty revived in Bactria. The Greeks, who had intermarried freely with their Iranian fellow-citizens, refused to acknowledge Seleucid rule. In 250 B. C. Diodotus of Bactria raised the standard of revolt, and Bactria became an independent Græco-Iranian state; and when, a

quarter of a century later, Antiochus III invaded the land the Bactrian cavalry rode confidently out to contest with the picked horsemen of Syria the ford of the Arius.

Antiochus fought his way, indeed, to the walls of Balkh, but after a siege unparalleled in the history of the ancient world he was glad to retire, claiming the alliance of Euthydemus of Bactria, and giving his daughter Laodicé in marriage to the young Demetrius, heir to the Bactrian throne, whose gallantry and ability had won the Seleucid's heart. And so Bactria had won her right to freedom, and the splendid coins, struck at the mint at Balkh during these years, testify to the national pride in her hour of triumph. Encouraged by his success, Euthydemus crossed the Hindu-Kush and entered India, where the anarchy following the death of Asoka rendered the Punjab an easy prey. Very soon a great southern Kingdom, with a capital at Sagala (Sialkot), arose in the north-west of India, rivalling the glories of the elder capital on the Oxus. But the end was nearer than was expected: the incessant fighting had drained the life-blood of the gallant little Empire, and about 160 B. C. the Turki hordes, who had gradually been gathering on the Jaxartes, swooped down upon the fertile plains they had coveted so long. The Græco-Iranian population fell back before their advance, till the barbarians held all the country north of the Hindu-Kush.

This concentration of the scattered Bactrian population seems to have had, if anything, a good rather than a damping effect. One result was momentous. The Greeks came into contact with the missionaries of Buddhism, and very largely adopted it as their religion. One of the most beautiful of philosophic romances, the "Questions of Milinda" represents Nāgasena with his band of bhikkhus, "their yellow robes shining like lamps in the evening, among the marble pillars of the palaces," going to expound "the Doctrine of Nirvāṇa and the Law" before the great Yavana Monarch. And certainly we should be grateful for the meeting which produced one of the clearest,

simplest, and most delightful expositions of the Dhamma. We feel, in the keen sword-play of question and answer, and the grace and rhythm of the Pāli dialogue, something of the attic wit of Plato himself.

Menander—Milinda, the soldier-saint of Bactrian history—is unfortunately only too little known to us. We get glimpses here and there, as the veil is rent aside for a brief moment, only to close again at once. Pushing into the heart of the sacred Middle Land itself, his cavalry scouts attacked the Indian detachment of one hundred strong, guarding the sacred horse of Puṣhyamiṭra Suṅga Rajah, who was performing the *Ashva Medha*. The Ionian was worsted by the Rajput in this brief encounter; but the great conqueror pushed on, till at last he appeared at the gates of Pātalipuṭra itself.

But the end was near. Menander, gallant Greek as he was, had treated personal considerations as a little thing compared to fame. Feeling the hand of death approaching, he assumed the yellow robe, and leaving the soldiers who had loved him and fought for him so often and so well, he betook himself to meditation. Tradition says he died an Arhat, but this may be an affectionate exaggeration of his followers. However, he passed away in camp, as he had lived, and so great was the army's love for their leader that they divided his ashes, and buried them under great *stupas* in their native lands, even as the followers of the Lord Buddha had done before.

After the death of Menander, Greek rule flickers to extinction like a dying light. The Saka monarchs quietly succeeded to the throne vacated by the gallant little race, and the Bactrian Greeks disappear from the page of history for ever.

Did the Greek occupation leave no effect upon India? This is a disputed point. While it is undeniable that the Brahmanical reaction of the third century A. D., with its splendid poets and dramatists and builders, was purely national, we cannot but think that Greek influence may have contributed

something towards that great renaissance. We see in the Gandhāra sculptures the touch of the Hellenic chisel, and it was "Agesilaos, a Yavana" who made for King Kanishka the great gold casket for the ashes of the Lord Buddha, discovered lately near Peshawar. For one who likes to leave the beaten tracks of history, and to investigate its half-forgotten by-ways, this little fragment of the story of Greater Greece is not without appeal.

H. G. R.

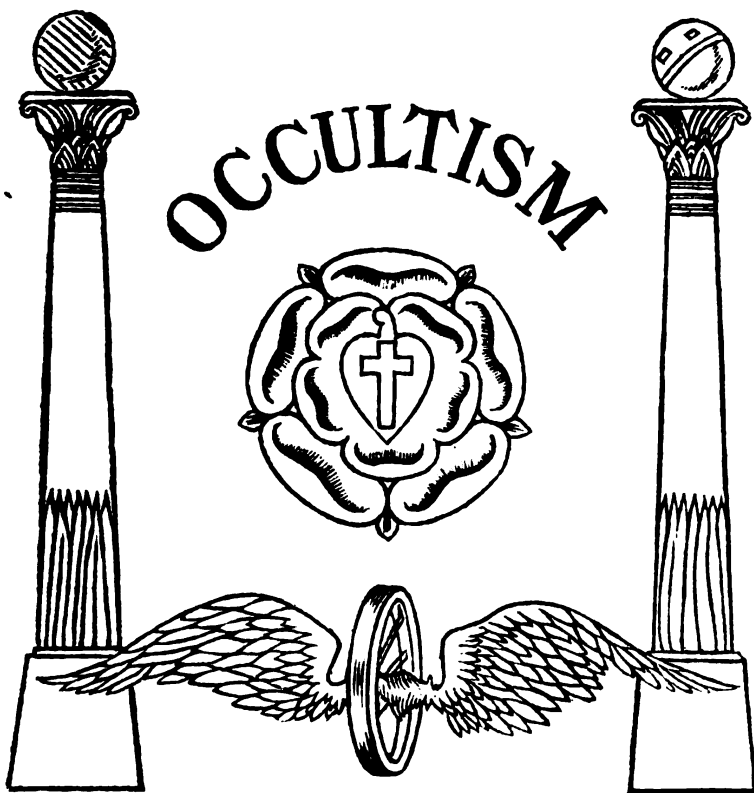
[The writer of this article, Mr. H. G. Rawlinson, is an expert in Bactrian lore, and won the Hare Prize at the University of Cambridge in 1909. The prize essay has since been published by *The Times of India*, Bombay, and can be obtained at our Office. We hope that this short article will arouse an interest in the fascinating subject with which the prize essay so ably deals.—SUB-EDITOR.]

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Hand in hand with angels through the world we go;  
 Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know.  
 Tenderer voices cheer us than we deaf will own;  
 Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels; some are out of sight,  
 Leading us, unknowing, into paths of light;  
 Some soft hands are covered from our mortal grasp  
 Soul to soul to hold us with a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels ever let us go,  
 Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow;  
 One electric love-chord, thrilling all with fire,  
 Soar we through the ages, higher, ever higher.



### SOUND, COLOR AND FORM

**T**HERE are many people who realise that sound always generates color—that every note which is played or sung has overtones which produce the effect of light when seen by an eye even slightly clairvoyant. Not every one, however, knows that sounds also build form just as thoughts do. Yet this is nevertheless the case. It was long ago shown that sound gives rise to form on the physical plane by singing a certain note into a tube across the end of which was stretched a membrane upon which fine sand or lycopodium powder had been cast.

In this way it was proved that each sound threw the sand into a certain definite shape, and that the same note

always produced the same shape. It is not, however, with forms caused in this way that we are dealing just now, but with those built up in etheric, astral and mental matter, which persist and continue in vigorous action long after the sound itself has died away, so far as physical ears are concerned.

Let us take, for example, the hidden side of the performance of a piece of music—say the playing of a voluntary upon a church organ. This has its effect upon the physical plane upon those of the worshippers who have an ear for music—who have educated themselves to understand and to appreciate it. But many people who do not understand it and have no technical knowledge of the subject are yet conscious of a very decided effect which it produces upon them. The clairvoyant student is in no way surprised at this, for he sees that each piece of music as it is performed upon the organ builds up gradually an enormous edifice in etheric, astral and mental matter, extending away above the organ and far through the roof of the church like a kind of castellated mountain-range, all composed of glorious flashing colors coruscating and blazing in a most marvellous manner, like the aurora borealis in the arctic regions. The nature of this differs very much in the case of different composers. An overture by Wagner makes always a magnificent whole with splendid splashes of vivid color, as though he built with mountains of flame for stones; one of Bach's fugues builds up a mighty ordered form, bold yet precise, rugged but symmetrical, with parallel rivulets of silver or gold or ruby running through it, marking the successive appearances of the *motif*; one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* makes a lovely airy erection—a sort of castle of filigree work in frosted silver.

In the book called *Thought-Forms* will be found three illustrations in color, in which we have endeavored to depict the forms built by pieces of music by Mendelssohn,



Gounod and Wagner respectively, and I would refer the reader to these, for this is one of the cases in which it is quite impossible to imagine the appearance of the form without actually seeing it or some representation of it. It may some day be possible to issue a book containing studies of a number of such forms, for the purpose of careful examination and comparison. It is evident that the study of such sound-forms would be a science in itself, and one of surpassing interest.

These forms, created by the performers of the music, must not be confounded with the magnificent thought-form which the composer himself made as the expression of his own music on the higher planes. This is a production worthy of the great mind from which it emanated, and often persists for many years, even over centuries if the composer is so far understood and appreciated that his original conception is strengthened by the thoughts of his admirers. In the same manner, though with wide difference of type, magnificent erections are constructed on higher planes by a great poet's idea of his epic, or a great writer's idea of the subject which he means to put before his readers—such for example, as Wagner's immortal trilogy of *The Ring*, Dante's grand representation of purgatory and paradise, and Ruskin's conception of what art ought to be and of what he desired to make it.

The forms made by the performance of the music persist for a considerable space of time, varying from one hour to three or four, and all the time they are sending out radiations of vibrations which assuredly influence for good every soul within a radius of from a quarter to half a mile. Not that the soul necessarily knows it, nor that the influence is at all equal in all cases. The sensitive person is greatly uplifted, while the dull and pre-occupied man is but little affected. Still, however unconsciously, each person must be a little the better for coming under such an influence. Naturally the undulations

extend much farther than the distance named, but beyond that they grow rapidly weaker, and in a great city they are soon drowned in the rush of swirling currents which fills the astral world in such places. In the quiet country amidst the fields and the trees the edifice lasts proportionately much longer, and its influence has a wider area. Sometimes in such a case those who can may see crowds of beautiful nature-spirits admiring the splendid forms built by the music, and bathing with delight in the waves of influence which they send forth. It is surely a beautiful thought that every organist who does his work well and throws his whole soul into what he plays, is thus doing far more good than he knows, and helping many whom perhaps he never saw and never will know in this life.

Another point which is interesting in this connexion is the difference in the edifices built by the same music when rendered upon different instruments—as, for example, the difference in appearance of the form built by a certain piece when played upon a church organ and the same piece executed by an orchestra or by a violin quartette, or played on a piano. In these cases the form is identical if the music be equally well rendered, but the whole texture is different, and naturally in the case of the violin quartette the size of the form is far less, because the volume of sound is so much less. The form built by the piano is often somewhat larger than that of the violins, but is not so accurate in detail, and its proportions are less perfect. Again, a very decided difference in texture is visible between the effect of a violin solo and the same solo played upon the flute.

Surrounding and blending with these forms, although perfectly distinct from them, are the forms of thought and feeling produced by human beings under the influence of the music. The size and vividness of these depend upon the appreciativeness of the audience and the extent to which they are affected. Sometimes the form built by the

sublime conception of the master of harmony stands alone in its beauty, unattended and unnoticed, because such mental faculties as the congregation may possess are entirely absorbed in millinery or the calculations of the money-market; while on the other hand the chain of simple forms built by the force of some well-known hymn may in some cases be almost hidden by great blue clouds of devotional feeling evoked from the hearts of the singers.

Another factor which determines the appearance of the edifice constructed by a piece of music is the quality of the performance. The thought-form left hanging over a church after the performance of the Hallelujah Chorus infallibly and distinctly shows, for example, if the bass solo has been flat, or if any of the parts have been noticeably weaker than the others, as in either case there is an obvious failure in the symmetry and clearness of the form. Naturally there are types of music whose forms are anything but lovely, though even these have their interest as objects of study. The curious broken shapes which surround an academy for young ladies at the pupils' practising hour are at least remarkable and instructive, if not beautiful; and the chains thrown out in lasso-like loops and curves by the child who is industriously playing scales or arpeggios are by no means without their charm, when there are no broken or missing links.

A song with a chorus constructs a form in which a number of beads are strung at equal distances upon a silver thread of melody, the size of the beads of course depending upon the strength of the chorus, just as the luminosity and beauty of the connecting thread depend upon the voice and expression of the solo singer, while the form into which the thread is plaited depends upon the character of the melody. Of great interest also are the variations in metallic texture produced by the different qualities of the voice—the difference between the soprano and the tenor,

the alto and the bass, and again the difference between a boy's voice and a woman's. Very beautiful also is the intertwining of these four threads (differing in color and in texture) in the singing of a glee or a part-song, or their ordered and yet constantly varied march side by side in the singing of a hymn.

A processional hymn builds a series of rectangular forms drawn with mathematical precision, following one another in definite order like the links of some mighty chain—or still more (unpoetical though it sounds) like the carriages of some huge train belonging to the astral world. Very striking also is the difference in ecclesiastical music between the broken though glittering fragments of the Anglican chant, and the splendid glowing uniformity of the Gregorian tone. Not unlike the latter is the effect produced by the monotonous chanting of Samskr̥t verses by paṇḍits in India.

It may be asked here how far the feeling of the musician himself affects the form which is built by his efforts. His feelings do not strictly speaking affect the musical structure at all. If the delicacy and brilliancy of his execution remain the same, it makes no difference to that musical form whether he himself feels happy or miserable, whether his musings are grave or gay. His emotions naturally produce vibrant forms in astral matter, just as do those of his audience, but these merely surround the great shape built by the music, and in no way interfere with it. His comprehension of the music, and the skill of his rendering of it, show themselves in the edifice which he constructs. A poor and merely mechanical performance erects a structure which, though it may be accurate in form, is deficient in color and luminosity—a form which, as compared with the work of a real musician, gives a curious impression of being constructed of cheap materials. To obtain really grand results the performer must forget all about himself, must lose himself utterly in the music as only a genius may dare to do.

The powerful and inspiring effect produced by military music is readily comprehensible to the clairvoyant who is able to see the long stream of rhythmically vibrating forms which is left behind by the band as it marches along at the head of the column. Not only does the regular beat of these vibrations tend to strengthen those of the astral bodies of the soldiers, thus training them to move more strongly and in unison, but the very forms which are created themselves radiate strength and courage and martial ardour, so that a body of men which before seemed to be hopelessly disorganised by fatigue may in this way be pulled together again and endowed with a very considerable accession of strength.

It is instructive to watch the mechanism of this change. A man who is utterly exhausted has to a great extent lost the power of co-ordination; the central will can no longer hold together and govern as it should the different parts of the body; every physical cell is complaining—raising its own separate cry of pain and remonstrance; and the effect upon all the vehicles, etheric, astral and mental, is that a vast number of small separate vortices are set up, each vibrating at its own rate, so that all the bodies are losing their cohesion and their power to do their work, to bear their part in the life of the man. Carried to its ultimate extreme this would mean death, but short of that it means utter disorganisation and the loss of the power to make the muscles obey the will. When upon the astral body in this condition there comes the impact of a succession of steady and powerful vibrations, that impact supplies for the time the place of the will-force which has so sorely slackened. The bodies are once more brought into synchronous vibration and are held so by the sweep of the music, thus giving the will-power an opportunity to recover itself and take again the command which it had so nearly abandoned.

So marked and powerful are the vibrations of good military music that a sensation of positive pleasure is

produced in those who move in obedience to them, just as effective dance music arouses the desire for synchronous movement in all who hear it. The type of the instruments employed in military bands is also of a nature which adds greatly to this effect, the strength and sharpness of the vibration being obviously of far greater importance for those purposes than its delicacy or its power to express the finer emotions.

It is not only the ordered arrangement of sound which we call music which produces definite form. Every sound in nature has its effect, and in some cases these effects are of the most remarkable character. The majestic roll of a thunder-storm creates usually a vast flowing band of color, while the deafening crash often calls into temporary existence an arrangement of irregular radiations from a centre, suggestive of an exploded bomb; or sometimes a huge irregular sphere with great spikes projecting from it in all directions. The never-ceasing beating of the sea upon the land fringes all earth's coasts with an eternal canopy of wavy yet parallel lines of lovely changing color, rising into tremendous mountain ranges when the sea is lashed by a storm. The rustling of the wind among the leaves of the forest covers it with a beautiful iridescent network, ever rising and falling with gentle wave-like movement, like the passing of the wind across a field of wheat.

Sometimes this hovering cloud is pierced by curving lines and loops of light, representing the song of the birds, like fragments of a silver chain cast forth and ringing melodiously in the air. Of these there is an almost infinite variety, from the beautiful golden globes produced by the notes of the campanero to the amorphous and coarsely-colored mass which is the result of the scream of a parrot or of a macaw. The roar of the lion may be seen as well as heard by those whose eyes are opened; indeed, it is by no means impossible that some of the wild creatures possess this much of clairvoyance, and that the terrifying effect which is alleged to be produced by this

sound may be largely owing to the radiations poured forth from the form to which it gives birth.

In more domestic life similar effects are observed; the purring cat surrounds himself with concentric rosy cloud-films which expand constantly outward until they dissipate, shedding an influence of drowsy contentment and well-being which tends to reproduce itself in the human beings about him. The barking dog, on the other hand, shoots forth well defined sharp-pointed projectiles which strike with a severe shock upon the astral bodies of those in his neighborhood; and this is the reason of the extreme nervous irritation which this constantly repeated sound often produces in sensitive persons. The sharp spiteful yap of the terrier discharges a series of forms not unlike the modern rifle bullet, which pierce the astral body in various directions, and seriously disturb its economy; while the deep bay of a bloodhound throws off beads like ostrich-eggs or footballs which are slower in motion and far less calculated to injure. Some of these vibrations pierce like sword-thrusts, while some are duller and heavier, like the blows of a club, and they vary greatly in strength, but all are evil in their action upon the mental and astral bodies.

The color of these projectiles is usually some shade of red or brown, varying with the emotion of the animal and the key in which his voice is pitched. It is instructive to contrast with these the blunt-ended clumsy projectiles produced by the lowing of a cow—forms which have often somewhat the appearance of logs of wood or fragments of a tree-trunk. A flock of sheep frequently surrounds itself with a many-pointed yet amorphous cloud of sound which is by no means unlike the physical dust-cloud which it raises as it moves along. The cooing of a pair of doves throws off a constant succession of graceful curved forms like the letter S reversed.

The tones of the human voice also produce their results—results which often endure long after the sounds

have died away. An angry ejaculation throws itself forth like a scarlet spear, and many a woman surrounds herself with an intricate network of hard brown-grey metallic lines by the stream of silly meaningless chatter which she ceaselessly babbles forth. Such a network permits the passage of vibration only at its own low level; it is an almost perfect barrier against the impact of any of the higher and more beautiful thoughts and feelings. A glimpse of the astral body of a garrulous person is thus a striking object-lesson to the student of occultism, and it teaches him the virtue of speaking only when it is necessary, or when he has something pleasant and useful to say.

Another instructive comparison is that between the forms produced by different kinds of laughter. The happy laughter of a child bubbles forth in rosy curves, making a kind of scalloped balloon shape—an epicycloid of mirth. The ceaseless guffaw of the empty-minded causes an explosive effect in an irregular mass, usually brown or dirty green in color—according to the predominant tint of the aura from which it emanates. The sneering laugh throws out a shapeless projectile of a dull red color, usually flecked with brownish green and bristling with thorny looking points. The constantly repeated cachinnations of the self-conscious create a very unpleasant result, surrounding them with what in appearance and color resembles the surface of a pool of boiling mud. The nervous giggles of a school-girl often involve her in an unpleasant seaweed-like tangle of lines of brown and dull yellow, while the jolly-hearted kindly laugh of genuine amusement usually billows out in rounded forms of gold and green. The consequences flowing from the bad habit of whistling are usually decidedly unpleasant. If it be soft and really musical it produces an effect not unlike that of a small flute, but sharper and more metallic; but the ordinary tuneless horror of the London street-boy sends out a series of small and piercing projectiles of dirty brown.



An enormous number of artificial noises (most of them transcendently hideous) are constantly being produced all about us, for our so-called civilisation is surely the noisiest one with which earth has ever yet been cursed. These also have their unseen side, though it is rarely one which is pleasant to contemplate. The strident screech of a railway engine makes a far more penetrating and far more powerful projectile than even the barking of a dog; indeed, it is surpassed in horror only by the scream of the steam siren which is sometimes employed to call together the hands at a factory, or by the report of heavy artillery at close quarters. The railway whistle blows forth a veritable sword, with the added disintegrating power of a serious electrical shock, and its effect upon the astral body which is unfortunate enough to be within its reach is quite comparable to that of a sword-thrust upon the physical body. Fortunately for us astral matter possesses many of the properties of a fluid, so that the wound heals after a few minutes have passed; but the effect of the shock upon the astral organism disappears by no means so readily.

The flight through the landscape of a train which is not screaming is not wholly unbeautiful, for the heavy parallel lines which are drawn by the sound of its onward rush are as it were embroidered by the intermittent spheres or ovals caused by the puffing of the engine: so that a train seen in the distance crossing the landscape leaves behind it a temporary appearance of a strip of Brobdingnagian ribbon with a scalloped edging.

The discharge of one of the great modern cannons is an explosion of sound just as surely as of gunpowder, and the tremendous radiation of impacts which it throws out to the radius of half-a-mile or so is calculated to have a very serious effect upon astral currents and astral bodies. The rattle of rifle or pistol fire throws out a sheaf of smaller needles; and it is abundantly clear that all loud, sharp or sudden sounds should, as far as possible, be avoided by anyone who wishes to keep his astral and

mental vehicles in good order. This is one among the many reasons which make the life of the busy city one to be avoided by the occult student, for its perpetual roar means the ceaseless beating of disintegrating vibrations upon each of his vehicles, and this is, of course, quite apart from the even more serious play of sordid passions and emotions which make dwelling in a main street like living beside an open sewer.

No one who watches the effect of these repeated sound-forms upon the sensitive astral body can doubt that there must follow from them a serious permanent result which cannot fail to be to some extent communicated to the physical nerves. So serious and so certain is this, that I believe that if it were possible to obtain accurate statistics on such a point, we should find the length of life much shorter and the percentage of nervous breakdown and insanity appreciably higher among the inhabitants of a street paved with granite, than among those who have the advantage of asphalt. The value and even the necessity of quiet is by no means sufficiently appreciated in our modern life. Specially do we ignore the disastrous effect upon the plastic astral and mental bodies of children of all this ceaseless unnecessary noise; yet that is largely responsible for evils of many kinds and for weaknesses which show themselves with fatal effect in later life.

There is a yet higher point of view from which all the sounds of nature blend themselves into one mighty tone—that which the Chinese authors have called the KUNG: and this also has its form—an inexpressible compound or synthesis of all forms, vast and changeful as the sea, and yet through it all upholding an average level, just as the sea does, all-penetrating yet all-embracing, the note which represents our earth in the music of the spheres—the form which is our petal when the solar system is regarded from that plane where it is seen all spread out like a lotus.

C. W. LEADBEATER

## RENDS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

### THE LIVES OF ORION

#### XII

**A** GAIN Orion returns to Poseidonis in the year 13671 B. C., as the daughter of Alastor, who was then the King of one of the Tlavatli races. She was an exceedingly beautiful child, and captivated all who saw her. The parentage, however, was not a favorable one, for Alastor was stern, severe and stupid, and did not understand his children; and her mother, Eta, though soft and yielding, was unwise and frequently untruthful.

As has already been said in the thirteenth life of Alcyone, Orion was much influenced by Ursa, a brother a year older than herself, who tyrannised over her and made her "fetch and carry" for him all through their childhood; but she admired and loved him, and therefore she rather liked it. She was herself a wild and impetuous little creature, rebelling against all authority, but he was much more so; and though she would not listen to anyone else, she obeyed him with touching fidelity. As they grew older his relations with her were not purely fraternal, and when she was sixteen this was discovered, and there was a great scandal. The pig-headed old King seemed entirely without tact and sympathy, and had not even the sense to arrange the matter quietly within the bosom of the family, as he might easily have done; he wanted to make a great show of impartiality, so he made the whole affair public, and ordered the execution of his daughter and the banishment of his son. The son, though a selfish person, did not intend to allow his sister to be put to death, or his own will to be crossed; he bribed

the jailers, contrived his sister's escape from the prison, and they fled together, hiding themselves in the forests on the borders of the country. Of course there was a great hue and cry after them, but they managed to elude pursuit, and diverted it into another direction by leading people to suppose that they had absconded by sea.

Ursa built a log cabin, and they lived quite an idyllic life all alone in the woods, very happy on the whole, though with occasional quarrels. Orion sometimes missed the adulation to which she had been accustomed at the court of her father, but love and the delights of freedom satisfied her fairly well, at any rate in the first intoxication of them. Soon her first child Sirius was born, a fine strong boy, and at once this new sensation of motherhood dominated her life to the exclusion of all other thoughts. The father was also interested in the child, though less keenly so. There was a custom in the country that the eldest son of the King should always have the symbol of a snake tattooed in red around his waist, but this was reserved for those who were in the direct line of succession to the throne. Orion's husband naturally had this symbol, and he himself impressed the same mark upon his infant son, as a sign that he was the heir to the kingdom, even though born unnoticed in the depths of the forest, far away from the pomp of the court.

A year later a little girl, Vega, was born, and the mother was happier than ever. She and her two babies made a very pretty picture as she played with them and bathed them in the stream which flowed past their hut. She was so absorbed in them that she but rarely regretted the excitement of the court life which she had abandoned; but she often made plans for the future as to the way in which her boy was to come into his birthright and be recognised as the heir to the throne. Her brother, now that the novelty of the forest life was passing, began

to tire of her, and to think that he had bought her love at too great a cost. Quarrels grew more frequent, and he often revolved in his mind plans for resuming his position as prince. At length he deserted his wife and made his way round to a port, at which he pretended to have arrived by sea. He thus returned to the capital and announced himself to his father, the King, who welcomed and forgave him. He denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of his sister, and she was commonly supposed to have perished in attempting to escape from prison. The King soon arranged a marriage for his son, and the latter consented, although he did not entirely forget the lovely sister whom he had deserted in the forest, and whom he would have very much preferred to his new common-place wife, if he could have had her without sacrificing his position.

Meantime Orion was naturally in a condition of great indignation and misery. As to the merely material side of life she had little difficulty, for she could gather wild fruits, dig for roots and manage the traps in which her brother had been accustomed to snare the smaller creatures of the forest. She had no clothing for herself or her children except such as she could make of plaited palm-leaves and from the dried skins of the small animals and birds; but as the climate was warm this did well enough. Knowing the obstinacy of her father, she was well aware that during his lifetime she could never show herself at court, and was afraid that even if she should try to live among the peasants in a remote part of the kingdom, she might be detected and sent back to execution. At the same time she was fully determined that somehow or other her boy should have his rights and eventually inherit the kingdom. She spent many days in thinking over the matter in all its aspects, and finally decided that at any rate until the children were much older she could do no better than stay where she was. She hoped also that her brother might either relent and return to her, or make some arrangement

by which she could be received and acknowledged, at least after the old King's death.

Here in the forest she remained for years, the children growing up healthy and happy, looking like little Greek statues in their beauty and gracefulness. It presently occurred to her that if her plans that her children should one day take their rightful place in the world were to come to anything, it was absolutely necessary that they should be to some extent accustomed to intercourse with their fellow-men. So she put on what remained of the garments in which she had originally left home, and made her way to a village at a considerable distance. She stayed there a few days, playing the part of a poor woman on a journey, and then returned to her sylvan hut. She repeated this experiment at intervals during the next few years, always avoiding suspicion as far as possible, and never going twice to the same village. In this way she procured, by the sale of furs, some old cloth out of which she made garments for the children, although they assumed them only when they visited the outer world. A very strong affection existed between mother and son, and also between the brother and sister. The mother dearly loved Vega also, but the son seemed to occupy the very centre of her heart, and he in turn idolised her. Living so much alone together amid such favorable surroundings, they all became keenly sympathetic, and were often able to understand one another without speaking, and to send telepathic messages to one another at a distance.

As the young man grew up his mother told him the story of his royal birth, and they planned together that they would reappear in the capital and claim recognition when the old King died. Before that happened, however, Orion fell ill and died. When on her death-bed she made her son solemnly promise that he would go to his father and announce himself as the heir to the

throne. The young people mourned deeply the departure of their mother. They buried her body under the floor of the hut and then abandoned it forever, as they could not bear to live where every tree and stone reminded them perpetually of their loss. They made their way gradually to the capital, the young man taking the most affectionate care of his sister. He found some employment there, and intended to bide his time until the old King had died, but the tattooed snake round his waist betrayed him. After various dramatic scenes he obtained recognition as the heir, and in due course succeeded to the throne. His sister Vega married Capella, one of the great lords of the country, and life on the whole went well with her. For Orion this incarnation showed marked improvement; great power of love was manifested, and a heavy trial was well borne, the love triumphing over ambition and desire for ease and display.

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#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- ALASTOR : ... *King. Wife : Eta. Son : Ursa. Daughter : Orion.*
- ORION : ... *Husband : Ursa. Son : Sirius. Daughter : Vega.*
- SIRIUS : ... *Wife : Alcyone.*
- VEGA : ... *Husband : Capella.*

NOTE.—The list of the remaining *Dramatis Personæ* will be found in the thirteenth life of Alcyone, Vol. XXXI, page 1590.

#### XIII

Orion took part this time in a famous gathering of our group of egos, being born in 12090 B. C. in a family belonging to the governing class in Peru. She was red-bronze in color, with fine dark eyes, and grew up to be very beautiful and a picture of graceful health. Her father, Vesta, was a capable man, full of enthusiasm for his work and of keen intuition as to what should be

done and, in broad outline, the best way of doing it. The mother, Mira, who co-operated in such work, as was usual among the governing classes, had more head for detail. She had less of the grand sweeping intuition, but more of practical sense. Though always busily occupied, they looked after their children thoroughly well, and made them very happy. All children were regarded in ancient Peru as the children of the State, and their education was in the hands, not of the parents, but of the priests of the sun. That system of education was far more practical than ours of the present day, the first object being to turn out good, useful and capable citizens who thoroughly understood everything that they would be likely to have to do in ordinary every-day life.

Orion had an elder brother, Bellatrix, who was a capable and practical boy; he seemed to do a good deal of the work of looking after his two younger sisters, Orion and Achilles, inventing games for them and working them very hard in those games. They moved quite in the highest society, for Siwa, the son of the Inca Mars, was often to be seen among their playmates. The family had many ramifications, and the children were well supplied with cousins whom they constantly met—Sirius, Hector, Demeter, Aldebaran and Helios being among them. Boys and girls studied and worked and played together, much more than at the present day. Little Orion seemed to know the value of her beauty, and put on airs among the crowd of her juvenile suitors. Sirius, five years older than she was, was greatly devoted to the small flirt, who sometimes seemed to love him dearly and was sometimes distinctly coquettish and took queer fits of contrariness. Sirius was painfully shy, and was at his best only when alone with her.

Once when she was about ten years old he had an opportunity of doing her a service which even when she grew up she never forgot. When they were rambling together



along the margin of a river, an alligator suddenly rose from the water and made a rush for the child. She sprang back with a shriek, but lost her footing, and could not possibly have escaped the alligator but for the sudden leap of Sirius. Fortunately he had in his hand a heavy hedge-stake which he had sharpened laboriously at both ends, in order to make holes in the sand for her, and just as the great jaws were about to close upon the girl, he reached there in time to thrust his arm between them, so that the tremendous force of the bite drove the points of the stake (which he was holding perpendicularly) firmly into the beast's jaws, and held the mouth open. Sirius was able to withdraw his arm, without any injury beyond a few gashes, and to drag the frightened girl up the bank into safety. Orion was very brave about it, and tore strips from her frock to bind up the boy's wounds. The children were unable to recover the stake, which they much regretted, as wood was rare in that country.

A curious point was that under certain conditions these two were able to have visions in common. When Orion was a little girl of seven or eight years, and Sirius was twelve, they were one day sitting hand in hand near the river, when suddenly a sort of dream came over them in which they both lost sight of their surroundings and found themselves on the banks of a much smaller river amid magnificent forest-scenery, such as they had not seen in Peru and could therefore hardly have imagined. Here they were living quite a different life—in fact, the life of the last incarnation, though of course they did not know that. This vision seemed to them to last a long time, though in reality it occupied only a few minutes. They compared notes on awakening, and discovered that even to the minutest detail they had both seen the same thing. Experimenting another day, they found that at almost any time when they could sit quiet, alone and hand in hand, they could pass into this dream-state and live through day after day of

that strange sylvan life. They took great delight in this and practised it at frequent intervals. When the boy grew older he saw more dimly, and gradually the power faded away from them both, though she retained it much longer than he. The possession of this curious secret made a very strong bond between them.

Aldebaran was nearer her own age and was also a great favorite. She was clever at music, and at times very fond of it, and was taught to play some of the curious musical instruments of the period—a kind of harmonium of great power, in which the notes were pillars or cylinders of shining metal, the ends of which were pressed like the keys of a type-writer, thus setting in vibration tongues of metal. She played two kinds of lyre (one of seven and one of fourteen wires), which were held in the lap, and also a large hanging harp of wide range. She could likewise play the three-stringed lyre which was carried in processions and was used very effectively along with the golden trumpets of the Sun. She was taught to paint a little, but did not seem to be specially interested in that work. Life was always gay and happy; the climate was splendid and the children lived, learned, played and even slept practically always in the open air.

The parents were on most friendly terms with Mercury, Uranus and Selene, and there was constant intercourse between the families. Mercury, in particular, often noticed Orion, took her on his knee and told her stories and taught her maxims connected with the worship of Ynty, the Spirit of the Sun. There was also a kind aunt, Rigel, whom Orion loved deeply.

The marriage customs were rather peculiar, for all weddings took place once a year only, on one stated day. Then the Governor summoned before him all those who during the past twelve months had reached a marriageable age, and those who wished chose their partners, or had them arranged for them by their parents. When this

was all settled, one big ceremony united them and there were no more weddings until the same day next year. One curious result of this remarkable arrangement was that astrologically quite a large proportion of the births in the country took place under the same sign.

Sirius and Orion certainly loved one another. Sirius felt protectively towards Orion, yet had also a reverential awe of her, as the channel through which, as he thought, their wonderful double dreams came, and he was too shy and self-distrustful to venture to suggest marriage. Still, if he had been at hand when Orion reached the proper age, there is little doubt that somehow they would have arrived at an understanding; but Sirius was sent away at the age of twenty-one to take charge of a distant district; and though, in his case, absence made the heart grow fonder, the same effect does not appear to have been produced upon the young lady. When she reached the required age, Aldebaran pressed his suit very strongly and, as the parents on both sides favored the match, Orion accepted him. She was undoubtedly just as happy in every way as she could have been with Sirius, but he never quite recovered from the disappointment, though he strove loyally to acquiesce in her decision.

A marriage was arranged for him some years later with Spica, and he did his best to fulfil his duties faithfully, but his first love always maintained a supreme place in his heart. Of course the families were entirely friendly, and Sirius kept his feelings locked up in his own breast. Orion's husband was not engaged directly in carrying on the machinery of government, but assisted in a kind of scientific investigation department. The enquiries did not seem to be pursued with an abstract idea of acquiring knowledge of nature, but always for some immediate practical end—the discovery of some new and superior fertilizer for the land, some better method of hardening or annealing metals, some novel and beautiful dye or some specially efficient medicine or ointment. The husband had a close

friendship with two clever fellow-students, one of whom was Aries, and they devoted a great deal of time to experiments of all sorts. Aldebaran invented a method of making some particularly concentrated type of artificial fuel which was a great success, and also discovered that a brilliant light could be obtained by burning a gas which was given off in the process—the earliest instance we have seen of the use of a gas as an illuminant.

In the course of these researches he contrived to blow himself up rather badly, and was confined to his bed for a long time, but Aries was something of a doctor and Orion was a patient and careful nurse. Between them they managed to bring him through, so that he pluckily resumed his studies and eventually mastered the difficulties. Later on he had as assistant a particularly keen and daring young student, Taurus, to whom he became much attached. Castor and Pollux were also young students much interested in these matters, though neither of them seemed definitely to take up science as his line of life. Vega when young was the bosom friend of one of Orion's sons, and was therefore much at the house.

Orion had a long and useful life—very fully occupied, as were all those of the higher classes in Peru—not exempt from the usual joys and sorrows, but on the whole quite fairly happy. One or two prominent incidents may be mentioned. Orion was solemnly presented to Mars, the Inca, by Siwa his son, and the ceremony produced a lasting impression upon her, for the Inca was regarded with great awe as well as great affection, as the living representative of the power of the Sun-Spirit. He was a man of dignified presence and great force of character, indomitable in will and irresistible in strength, yet full of benignity. The young *débutante* was most powerfully affected, and fell on her face before the majesty of his mien, which was *not* part of the programme of the ceremony; but the Inca himself raised her from the ground and spoke kindly and reassuringly to her.

Once she undertook a long journey to the outlying districts of the empire with her husband, who was sent to examine and report upon some new discoveries of mineral wealth there. They were absent more than a year, during which time she left her children in the care of her younger sister, Achilles, who in the meantime had married Demeter, a most charming and able young man. Orion suffered much over the loss of her eldest son Theseus, who became a soldier and was killed when in command of an expedition against some of the barbarian tribes. Herakles was a close friend of one of her daughters, and was much admired and loved by the family, and also by that of Sirius, who himself was specially charmed by her.

Most people under Peruvian conditions lived to old age, and Orion was already seventy-seven when she was called to the death-bed of Sirius. There was a touching farewell between these two who for so long had loved one another so dearly, and once more, in that final hour, as she sat beside his bed and clasped his hand, the mystic vision of their childhood came back to them. They saw once more that strange yet familiar forest with its lonely, yet delightful life, and after that something that had never come to them before—a glimpse of a much earlier scene when they two had stood together before a venerated teacher and vowed to devote their lives to helping one another in the reparation of a great wrong. She herself passed away peacefully eight years later, and just as she was leaving the body she saw Sirius waiting for her—not as the old man of whom she had recently taken leave, but in the form of the boy whom long ago she had loved so well.

Considerable progress was made in this life, as there was a great advance in patience, gentleness and the capability of affection.

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NOTE.—The full list of *Dramatis Personæ* will be found in the fifteenth life of Alcyone, Vol. XXXII, page 92.

## XIV

Orion appeared this time in 9686 B. C. as a podgy little brown baby in Middle China. Her father was some sort of mandarin or governor of a town; he was much respected and indeed rather feared by his fellow-townsmen. The mother was somewhat subdued—an anxious, earnest soul—but looked well and even fussily after the child. They seem at this period to have made a great point of education in this country; it began in babyhood, and there appeared to be no limit but that of physical endurance to the amount that was crammed into the unfortunate infants. They taught the poor little Orion to recite verbose and wearisome poems which were absolutely meaningless to her, but she gained compensation by reading the most impossible fairy tales, in which she took great delight. The work imposed would have crushed a European child of that tender age, but this moon-faced atom survived and even thrived upon it.

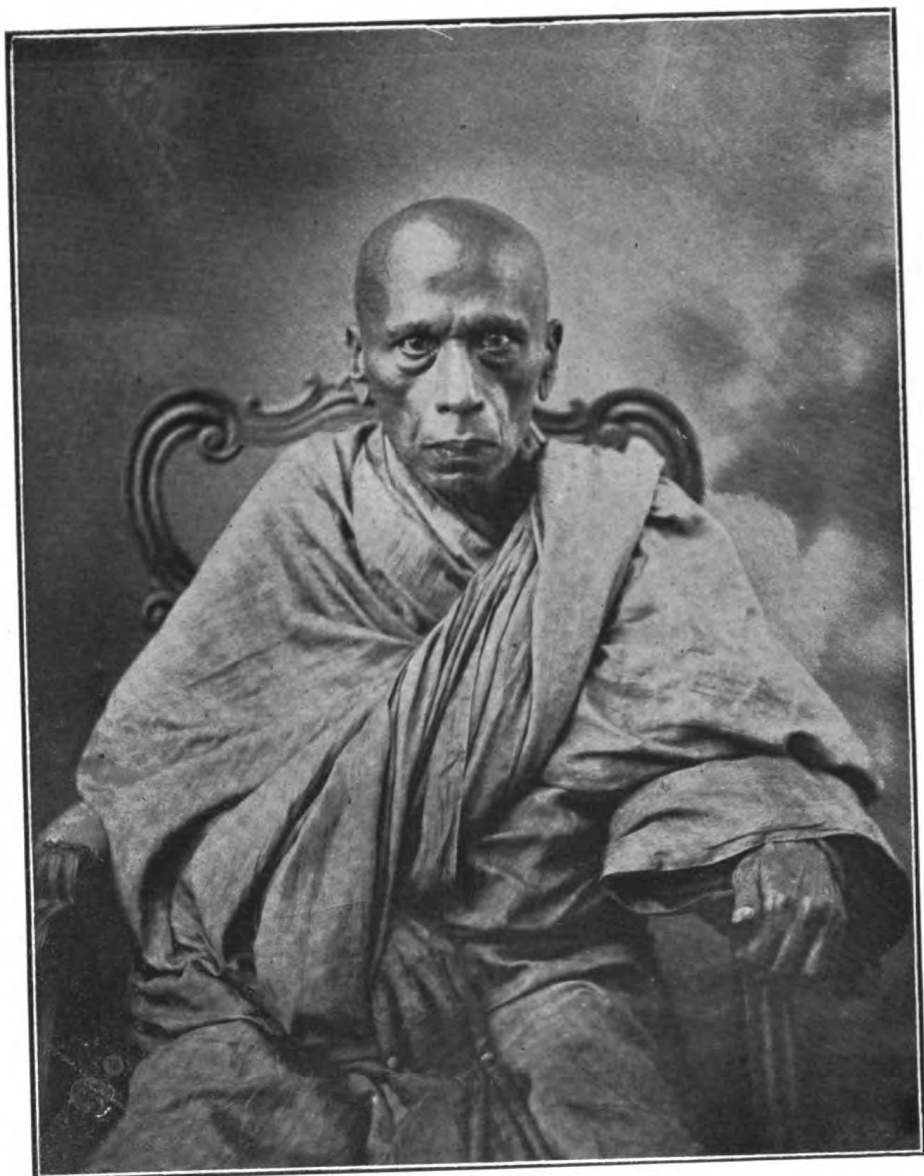
There seemed to be very little play, but certain physical exercises were prescribed. The father was carelessly affectionate, the mother rather anxiously so, and the child returned the feeling in rather a tepid sort of way, which was apparently all that propriety permitted. The solemn-looking mite was really capable of a much more vivid love and, for want of an outlet for it, had always a hollow unsatisfied feeling that her life was somehow incomplete. Soon the outlet was found. She made friends with a neighbor's child, Theseus, who was two years older than herself. Her love and admiration for this little friend soon blossomed out into positive adoration, so that she stole across secretly in the night, to sleep at the door of the girl she loved. This friendship seems the most important factor in that short life, for at the early age of thirteen Orion fell into the river and was drowned—nothing so practical as swimming having been included among her manifold accomplishments.

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 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORION :           ... *Girl Friend* : Theseus.

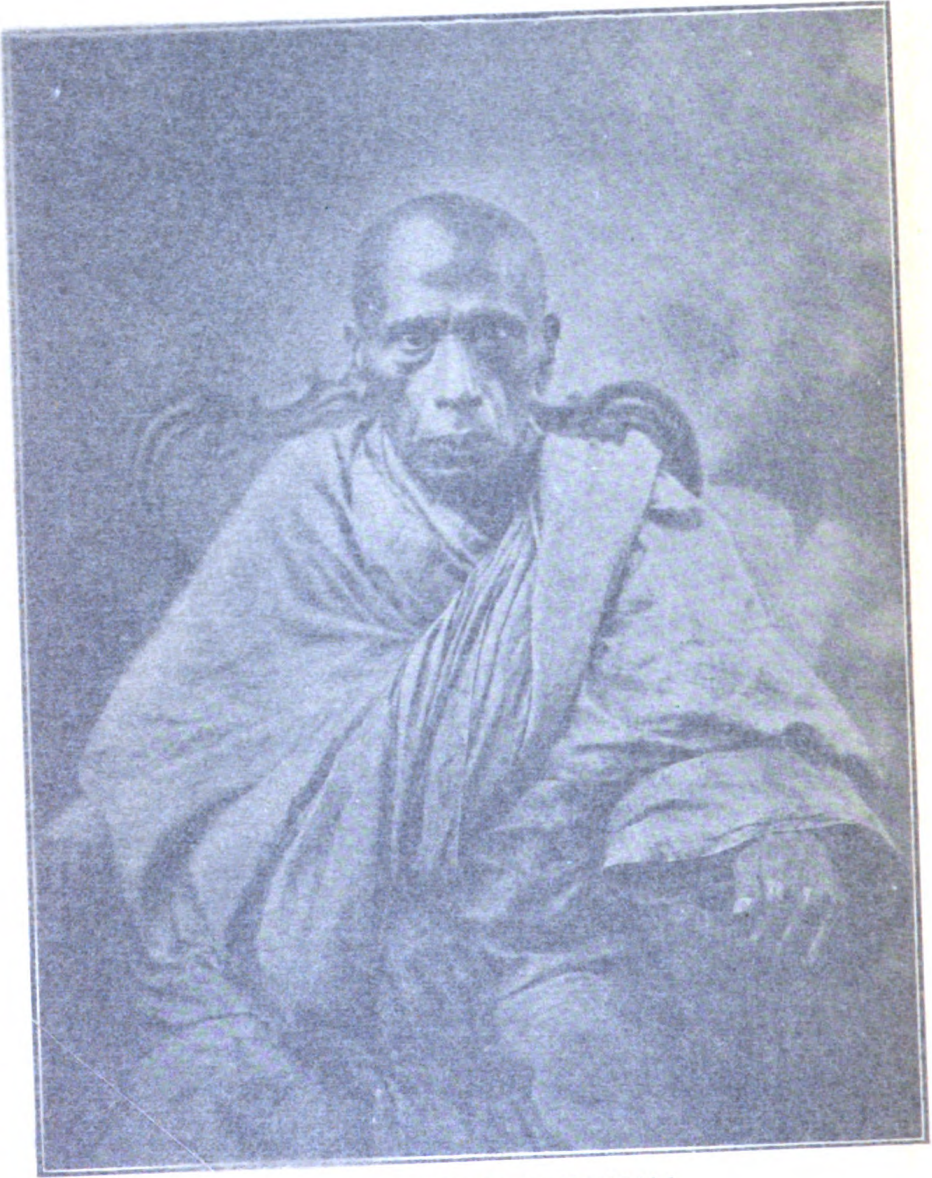
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THE HIGH PRIEST SUMANGALA.







THE HIGH PRIEST SUMANGALA.

## THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

### THE HIGH PRIEST SUMAṄGALA

**T**HE High Priest Sumaṅgala was beyond all doubt one of the most distinguished men who ever joined the Theosophical Society, and yet I suppose a large number of its members in Europe, America and Australia, have never even heard or thought of him. So widely apart even now, after thirty-five years of Theosophical Brotherhood, are the actual interests of members in different parts of the world! The main reason for this lack of knowledge was that the great Buddhist Abbot was a Theosophist rather in the wider sense of that term than in the somewhat narrower connotation which it ordinarily bears. He was a man of vast erudition, but he had made no study of Theosophical literature; he was first and foremost a great Buddhist leader, practically the Head of the Southern Church of Buddhism, and his connexion with our Society was most of all through our President-Founder, and by virtue of a special regulation which then existed, permitting branches of the Society whose members were all of the same religion to work under the name of the Society for that special religion.

The High Priest was never a Theosophist in the sense of reading Theosophical books, of delivering Theosophical lectures or of studying the mechanism of rings and rounds and planetary chains; yet he was for many years one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents of our Society, and Chairman of the Buddhist Monks' Theosophical Association. Assuredly, therefore, he has earned the right to a place in our list of Theosophical Worthies, although the whole great organisation which our President-Founder set up in the Island of Ceylon was devoted to work for Buddhism, and not for

Theosophy in the sense in which we understand it to-day. Yet no one could be more Theosophical in life than was this religious Potentate of the East—a man at once shrewd and simple, saintly yet statesmanlike, and never failing in gentleness and kindness.

The date of his birth carries us back in thought to a period which it is difficult for us in modern days to realise. He was born in the reign of King George IV, and he has passed away under a Monarch of the same name; yet how utterly different are the conditions of life! Sumaṅgala was born on January 20th 1827, at the village of Hikkaduwa. He was the fourth son of Don Johannes de Silva Abeyewera-Gunawardana—a name which perhaps requires a little explanation. When the Portuguese subdued the Island of Ceylon, one of the methods which they adopted to soothe the feelings of the people was to sell them patents of Portuguese nobility, entitling them to use a Portuguese family name, and the coveted prefix "Don." I believe that they sold the privilege at a fairly high rate; but when the Dutch conquered the island, *they* made the title very much cheaper, since it was one which meant nothing to them. Thus it happens that in Ceylon we find quite a number of Portuguese names and titles among the inhabitants, though of late years this absurdity has been given up by many, largely in deference to the remonstrances made by Colonel Olcott.

Sumaṅgala seems to have been a precocious child, and his parents saw at a very early age what the trend of his life was likely to be. When he was only five years old he was already dedicated to the monastery, and at the age of twelve he was admitted to the Order as a *Samanera*, or novice, and it is recorded that in his studies he already surpassed even those who were far older than he. He placed himself under the tuition of a Samskr̥t Paṇḍit̥, a Brahman from India, and made astonishingly rapid progress. At the age of twenty-two he went up

to Kandy, the ancient capital of the island, and there received the full ordination of a monk at the hands of the Chief High Priest. It is said that he astonished his examiners by the profundity of his scholarship, the wide range of his reading, and the ease with which he handled both Samskr̥ṭ and Pāli.

After his ordination he returned to his native village of Hikkaduwa, where he was at once appointed as tutor to the monks. There he spent twelve years, at the end of which he was transferred to a higher appointment at Galle, where he passed the next six years as priest in charge of the temple, but always continuing his work as tutor. He seems to have had a special genius for languages, and furthermore to have had the faculty of teaching himself from books with remarkably little external assistance. In this way he learned Elu, the classical language of Ceylon; in this way also he acquired a working knowledge of English and French which enabled him to read them without difficulty, though his conversation in them was never fluent.

After he had been six years at Galle, he was elected High Priest of the Sripada—the temple of the Holy Foot-Print on the mountain of Adam's Peak. A few years later he was also made High Priest of the District of Galle, and was at the same time appointed as Examiner-in-Chief of the candidates for ordination in Ceylon. In 1873 he moved to Kotahena in Colombo, and shortly afterwards to Maligakanda, where he founded the Viḍyodaya College for monks, of which he was Principal during the rest of his life.

He was a voluminous writer, although his works are for the most part unknown in the West, except to those who are themselves scholars in the languages which he used so well. He was especially a friend of Professor Max Müller, Professor Rhys Davids, Professor Lanman of Harvard, Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Monier Williams, as

well as of all those who held the Governorship of Ceylon during his tenure of office.

His first touch with Theosophy was in the year 1880, when Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott first visited the island. From that time onward there existed always a strong friendship between him and our President-Founder; and although once or twice it was clouded by the incessant intrigues of those who were hostile to Buddhism, the clouds were invariably cleared away as soon as the friends were able to meet again upon the physical plane. It was the High Priest who speeded the Colonel on his way on his great mission to Japan in 1889, and he was the first to welcome him on his return. It was at that time that the Colonel obtained the assent of the leaders, both of the Southern and the Northern Church of Buddhism, to the platform of fourteen great principles which he drew up as containing the fundamentals of the Buddhist religion; and in this way he brought together the followers of the Greater and the Lesser Vehicles—a piece of work whose importance and far-reaching effect has, I think, been but little understood by our Western brothers. It was the High Priest Sumāngala who received me into the Buddhist communion in the year 1884, and I always found him wise, friendly and helpful during the years when I was working for Buddhism in Ceylon.

Gentle and courteous as he always was, he was by no means without the saving grace of humor. Presiding as he did over the principal Buddhist temple in Colombo, it continually fell to his lot to be visited by casual passengers who were spending a few hours on shore at that Clapham Junction of the East. Some of these people were no doubt really interested in the great Oriental religion, and glad to have an opportunity of seeing its most learned living exponent; but there were many others whose knowledge of religious matters was very slight, and therefore their attitude was often captious and fault-finding. I have even known

of worthy men who tried to convert the High Priest, and asked him whether it was really true that he did not believe in Jesus! It is recorded that one passenger arrived who remonstrated with him for accepting teachings so foolish as those given in the Buddhist books, and instanced a passage which he had unearthed from somewhere in which it was stated that the Lord Buddha, when asked how the earth was supported, explained that it rested upon water, that the water in turn rested upon air, and the air upon empty space.

"See what a ridiculous thing that is to say," said the passenger, "and how much better even a school-boy is instructed now, in these days of modern science!"

"It is certainly a pity that the Lord Buddha had not the advantage of the knowledge of modern science," Sumaṅgala replied; "but we who are His followers wish to learn all that your wonderful modern science can teach us. Tell me, therefore, according to your present knowledge, if you could bore a hole straight down from here clear through the earth, what would you find when you came out at the other side?"

The passenger considered for a while and answered: "You would come out in the Pacific Ocean."

"Then," said Sumaṅgala, "suppose you passed on through the ocean, to what would you come next?"

"You would come out into the air," replied the passenger.

"And if you still carried on your straight line through the air?" queried the High Priest.

"Then," said the passenger, "you would come out into space beyond the earth's atmosphere."

"Then, after all," remarked Sumaṅgala, "it would seem that the teachings of your modern science do not differ very greatly in this respect from those of the Lord Buddha two thousand five hundred years ago!"

When last I saw the High Priest, some six years ago, he was already showing the signs of advancing age, but was quite active, and as keen in mind as ever. Indeed, there seems no reason why he might not have become a centenarian, but for an unfortunate accident. Rising one morning in the dark (as he always did) he somehow missed a step while coming down a short staircase and fell, fracturing his hip-bone. Doctors were immediately summoned, and all that was possible was done for him, but the shock was too much for the aged body, and he passed away from it nine days afterwards, on April 30th in the present year.

The ceremony of his cremation seems to have been a remarkable one, the crowds which appeared to do him honor being said to be the largest ever seen in the streets of Colombo. The leaders of all three sects of Buddhist monks were present on the occasion, and all spoke in high praise of the deceased prelate, agreeing that Buddhism had suffered no such loss as his departure for many centuries. The ceremony was enormously prolonged, for almost everyone in that mighty crowd had some little offering to throw upon the funeral pyre—bundles of joss-sticks, pieces of sandal-wood, cubes of camphor or little bottles of perfumery and essential oils. Showers of coins were also cast upon the pyre, and even the poorest of his people were anxious to do something to testify their respect and love for the great leader who had passed away.

The portrait that we give of the late High Priest is the last one taken, and the best available; but it by no means does justice to his appearance when in his prime. His great age shows itself in the sunken cheeks and the cavernous appearance of the eye-sockets; but the shape of the head still remains to testify to the power of the brain which directed the activities of the Southern Church so long and so wisely.

His pupil Nanissera succeeds him as Principal of the Vidyaodaya College, but it is not yet known into whose



hands will be committed his other offices; it is probable that they will be divided, since it seems that there is no one so decidedly pre-eminent as to be likely to inherit them all. The loss to Buddhism is serious on the physical plane, but for his sake and in his memory his pupils will make every effort to carry on his work, and it may well be that his deep love for the great Order which he adorned will bring him back at no distant date to labor for it again.

C. W. L.

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Ananda, suppressing his tears, said to the Blessed One: "Who shall teach us when thou art gone?"

And the Blessed One replied: "I am not the first Buddha who came upon earth, nor shall I be the last. In due time another Buddha will arise in the world, a Holy One, a supremely enlightened One, endowed with wisdom in conduct, auspicious, knowing the universe, an incomparable Leader of men, a Master of angels and mortals. He will reveal to you the same eternal truths which I have taught you. He will preach His religion, glorious at its origin, glorious at the climax, and glorious at the goal, in the spirit and in the letter. He will proclaim a religious life, wholly perfect and pure, such as I now proclaim. His disciples will number many thousand, while mine number many hundred."

Ananda said: "How shall we know Him?"

The Blessed One replied: "He will be known as Maitreya, which means 'he whose name is kindness'."

## SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE CRITICISM OF THEOSOPHY

EVERY civilisation possesses a stock of common quotations, freely bandied about and universally understood. The strange thing about them is, that while they are usually more or less correctly ascribed to their authors, cases in which the quoter has really read them in the original are very rare indeed. There is a quotation, generally ascribed to Schopenhauer, describing the three stages through which any new thought has to pass upon its presentment to the world. First, it is said, the new truth is simply but absolutely ignored. In the second stage, the world shouts in unison: "It is a lie." But in the third stage the new truth has forced its way so far to the front, that a kind and hospitable public exclaims: "That's what we have always said." The process described is one which has real existence, but it should never be forgotten that it repeats itself in smaller and larger circles and that its working is one of wheels within wheels, or rather, in its onward march, of wheels around wheels.

Without claiming that Theosophy has as yet touched any really vast proportion of humanity, we may yet say that it has long since shifted its position with regard to the relatively numerous body of people whom it has contacted. Among those there is a growing number who have changed silence into attack, or to use a more neutral and agreeable term, into criticism; and as a result we meet an ever-increasing literature about and against Theosophy, proceeding from critics outside our own immediate ranks. These productions constitute an excellent dynamograph, measuring our influence on the outside world. The authority and position of their writers,

the greater or lesser superficiality of their contents and, lastly, their neutrality or enmity, the invective contained in them or the serenity of their tone, reveal in their totality with great exactitude the place we hold in the contemporary world of life and letters. When all is said and done, we have frankly to admit that we have not as yet what our French friends call *une bonne presse*. On the other hand, it must be admitted that nowadays it is far less rare than it used to be to meet with discussions on Theosophy by men of intelligence and learning, often even specialists in some branch of study and famed authorities in the domain of their respective researches.

But on the whole we are still in the second stage of progress, and the general verdict of the outer public is very often: not true. If we say that the quality of the criticism levelled against Theosophy is on the whole rising, it should not be understood to mean that no more silly and misleading attacks appear from time to time; only that the number of fair, square and reasonable criticisms is increasing.

Our critics are drawn from the most various ranks. Some are Catholic or Protestant priests and missionaries, some are votaries of the great faiths, many are Orientalists; there are spiritualists, materialists and psychical researchers, and some are politicians. Mostly the discussions containing such criticisms are serious in tone, but at other times they are funny in the extreme; and sometimes they are so entirely based on the most glaring misconceptions and lack of knowledge on the subject as to create a sense of bewildered amazement in the Theosophically expert reader.

Several years ago I read a pompous little book on '*Sinful Spiritualism tested by God's Word.*' Theosophy, too, came in for a fair share of reproof, on the basis of the testimony of a Catholic missionary. To my astonishment I read that the Theosophical Society had been founded by 'a certain Colonel Olkoff' and that it propagated the

doctrine of the seven principles, of which the fourth was—the coccyx! These days are past, however, and will not, in all probability, return.<sup>1</sup> But a higher kind of misunderstanding has taken the place of the lower one. The facts are often enough correctly quoted—though also often hopelessly jumbled—but, alas! intentions, meanings, and above all the actual guiding and pervading spirit is still sadly mistaken and not assimilated at all.

Nowadays we are often judged by people of repute, and sometimes we are half glad to hear that so-and-so, an honest and learned man, has spoken about us. We fear not for Theosophy, for we know too much of its sublimity in what is essential in its make-up. But oh, what a disillusion, as often as not, when we read the actual remarks! what paucity of knowledge, what poverty of insight they betray, and above all what lack of sympathy in treatment!

A few years ago, when living in my own country, the tidings went round that a much respected M. P. and Professor at the Leyden University had referred to Theosophy in one of the debates of the Second Chamber. That was interesting; he was a broad-minded, common-sense man. Here something might be expected. I looked up the speech. The debate turned round the problem whether denominational Universities, kept up by religious bodies, should be allowed side by side with the neutral and undenominational State Universities. To my disgust I found that the whole reference to Theosophy was to this effect: 'But what if the followers of Blavatsky and her gang were to apply, what would you do?' And a similar crude point of view has not yet been transcended by others in a like position. Is not, for instance, Maurice Barrès, Member of the French Academy and Member for

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<sup>1</sup>This statement has proved too optimistic. Since writing these lines it has come to my knowledge that a recent issue of a Christian paper contained a statement to the effect that Theosophy teaches the possibility of the reincarnation of human beings in the bodies of eagles, etc. Evidently, then, we may still expect similar absurdities for some time to come from Christian or theological critics.

Paris of the *Chambre des Députés*, responsible for the following tirade, launched against Theosophy in the French Parliament in mid-January of this present year, during the course of a debate on anti-clerical policy?

“Listen to what the priest, parson and doctor of the country say to you about this campaign; they are all at one in affirming, in stating, that the ground lost to Christianity is not gained for a civilisation of rationalism, but for paganism in its lowest forms: that is, for magic, sorcery, *the Theosophical aberrations*, the quackery of the spiritualists and the superstitions of hypnotism. I know teachers who practise table-turning!”

How much does this distinguished author really know of these Theosophical ‘aberrations’? one is moved to exclaim.

Happily we find also numerous critics who show at least that they have made some endeavor to study the subject they condemn, and who try to strengthen their condemnations with suitable arguments. From the former manner of criticism nothing can be learned, from the latter many things.

The first great lesson which a careful perusal of the better class of discussions imparts is that of the absolute futility of controversial matter as testimony concerning the real nature of any spiritual, religious or philosophic movement. The second is that of the very relative value of historical research, based on written documents, concerning those religions which have disappeared from the world and cannot any longer be studied in the live minds of existing people.

If we analyse current Theosophical controversies we find that they present an extraordinary medley of elements. There is nearly always a strong bias at the outset; not a desire to understand, but a desire to refute. Nearly always the writer is an outsider, who possesses mere book-knowledge of Theosophy (and even that mostly

to a scanty extent), who has never shared the Theosophical spirit, who has never breathed the Theosophical atmosphere. Renan has once spoken a word touching a great truth. He said that in order to be able to judge a religion rightly, it is necessary to have believed in it, but no longer to believe in it. So it is for those who want to judge Theosophy. If one has not been at one with the spirit of the movement, if one has never realised in oneself the whole gamut of hopes, expectations, beliefs and moods which a complete 'faith' in Theosophy entails, one has remained ignorant of the practical and living side of the movement, which is the only clue towards a true interpretation of the theoretical and doctrinal side. Furthermore, one remains similarly a stranger to the deeper and most essential problems of the system. Therefore, no doubt, we have found the most profound and most valuable criticisms as yet encountered of some aspects of Theosophy in one of Mr. Fawcett's works, the writer having 'passed through' Theosophy in his earlier days; while Eduard von Hartmann, for example, who at the time may have possessed a wider knowledge on general philosophy, could only produce a very feeble and superficial contribution to the problem.

For in some way a living spiritual movement presents two interdependent and seemingly contradictory aspects or poles: teaching and practice. They are related somewhat as body and soul. To study the one without the other leads to confusion and failure. Now the doctrinal part only finds its way into print very readily, while the practical part is greatly neglected as an object of study by the adherents, and seen under false perspective by outsiders. It is for this reason that I have a grudge against the early Christians, who did not realise the need of statistics, archives and domestic history. Perhaps largely owing to this lack of historical sense, we now have our hundreds of sects; we have had hair-splitting councils, and (produced by the same cause) even a large percentage of the religious

persecutions throughout the ages. It may be added that, with the grand exception of Colonel Olcott and his *Old Diary Leaves*, modern Theosophy is also a sinner in this respect.

Coming back now to the value of controversial literature as a source of knowledge concerning a spiritual or religious movement, the first point then is that the aim of controversy is persuasion and not truth—as Coleridge said of eloquence. Together with this aim, in causal or dependent relation to it, go attack and defence, with their host of isolated instances, hasty generalisations, personal remarks, lime-lighted or obscured incidents, friendship and hate, preconceptions of all sorts, making the whole discussion the contrary of a lofty, serene and deep meditation: turgid, feverish, rhetorical instead of clear, dispassionate, dignified and rigorously correct in statement. I have read many such Theosophical controversies, and one and all brought me into an atmosphere which has nothing whatever to do with the atmosphere I breathe when I calmly ponder over Theosophy by and in itself, when I try to realise however small a fragment of divine wisdom—when, in short, I try to realise Theosophy. How then could controversy do anything else than lead me on to a false track, than enmesh me in innumerable side-issues instead of directing me towards the heart of the thing for which I look?

Another curious point has to be noted. I have read many attacks on and criticisms of Theosophy written in the last twenty years in different languages. But I have not yet read a single one which did not make me think: "Is that all? I could write a much stronger one myself." Having seen Theosophy in various countries, having studied the literature and the growth of the Society, having mixed with a great number of Theosophical leaders and students, I found that my Theosophical knowledge was after all greater than that of the critics, and that I could admit to myself that

on the whole *their* problems had been mine in the past, and had been satisfactorily transcended, but that my *present-day* problems are of greater intensity and much greater difficulty than these of our friends the critics. Nay, they seemed not even to *suspect* the existence of the more important and vital difficulties, simply because their knowledge of Theosophy was not great enough to enable them to descend to any great depth in their criticism. To take a plain example. How easy and simple to say: "Masters do not exist." But how infinitely more difficult to find an answer to the question: "If the Masters exist, who and what are They? How to measure Them? How to reconcile or to understand all that is said about Them? How to give Them intelligently a place in the world-scheme? How to find values for Them in the midst of our other mental values of life?"

So, for instance, the London *Star* published quite recently a fairly amusing skit on Alcyone, 'the human serial,' calling him 'the recurring decimal of humanity' and making fun of the whole idea of reincarnation as revealed by the story of his previous lives. The article, about a column long, was no worse than a clever skit or cartoon in *Punch*. It stands to reason that its philosophical value was about equal to that of a *Punch* article: *nihil*. Besides, there was no indication that the parody given *might* be that of a serious fact or law of nature, and its flippant levity was clearly based on the preconception that Theosophists, Alcyone included, are but a band of clowns and fools. Carlyle has spoken of the "forty million Englishmen, mostly fools," yet I suppose that, if he had written a history of England, he would have discussed quite seriously those who on individual examination would prove to be detachable from the foolish mass. This differentiation between mass-appearance and individual appearance is above all necessary in fair and profound treatment of religious movements, for the followers are the mass who are unessential. The leaders are



the few, but they strike the essential note. So would any study of Theosophy be ridiculous without an adequate study of H. P. B.'s writings, yet in comparing the foot-notes of numerous critics we find they scarcely get beyond Mrs. Besant's *Ancient Wisdom*, if they do not stop short still earlier at some 'short introduction' or other. A Professor in Comparative Religion, Dr. Chantepie de la Saussaye, even quoted at length from Pierre Loti's *Les Indes sous les Anglais* and seemed to regard him as quite an authority!

A very pertinent observation on this point is excellently put by Alfred Meebold in his *Indien*.

As early as 1895 L. Austine Waddell had written in his *Buddhism of Tibet* (p. 129).

"Nor do the Lamas know anything about those spiritual mediums—the Mahāṭmas (*Koot Hoomi*)—which the Theosophists place in Tibet, and give an important place in Lamāist mysticism."

In his later volume on *Lhasa and its Mysteries*, first published in 1905, he adds (third edition, p. 409).

"Regarding the so-called "Mahāṭmas" it was important to elicit the fact that this Cardinal, one of the most learned and profound scholars in Tibet, was, like the other learned Lamas I have interrogated on the subject, entirely ignorant of any such beings."

We hope that Waddell has not forgotten in his enquiries to translate the Samskr̥t term Mahāṭma into its Tibetan equivalent bdag-nyid-chen-po, for Samskr̥t is of course not understood in Tibet. The Tibetan term, however, is perfectly well known and occurs frequently in literature. But, as Meebold remarks correctly (p. 54):

"This kind of conclusion shows such a complete misunderstanding of the whole question that a thick volume would be necessary to explain it at length. For Europeans to whom all this is foreign, I would only say that they will only be able to understand what an Indian calls a

Mahātma, when they have familiarised themselves with the theory of evolution of the Hindūs. Then they will also see why it seems so curious to the Indian that one can doubt the existence of these beings, and why even the smallest self-exhibition or the making himself 'conspicuous' already excludes the genuineness of a Mahātma. And also why one can neither enquire after Him nor visit Him, but finds Him quite spontaneously if one only follows the right way. That is the path of inner evolution, of purely ethical striving."

And so all controversial literature about Theosophy bristles with misunderstandings at the outset, misunderstandings, it must be added, which are only natural in view of (and have been much encouraged by) the happily decreasing looseness of statement and 'methodless method'—as Mr. Kingsland has it—in Theosophical literature; specially in the writings of the Blavatskyan period, and still often repeated in the propagandic literature of the *dei minores* of our movement.<sup>1</sup>

If we apply the above phenomenon to the study of religions in general we shall readily see that it is not from controversy that we can expect to winnow trustworthy testimony concerning old faiths. If I find that from controversial matter Theosophical doctrine in our own times cannot really be learned, nor Theosophical personages known, then I shall certainly be right if I do not trust what early Christianity has to say about Simon Magus and Helen. In his valuable work on the Gnosis Mr. Mead divides his sources according to those proceeding from foes and friends, but precisely the fact that such a division is possible makes these sources tainted. We may even go a step further. I defy any student to get a true and full conception of what modern Theosophy is as a reality if he only reads Theosophical books. Close and

<sup>1</sup> I remember the case of a young enthusiast who felt called upon to write propagandic articles on Theosophy in a socialist daily paper. Dealing with the Masters in a fairly correct traditional way he enumerated as instances: Buddha, Jesus, Muhammad, Kant and Schopenhauer!

long association with simple and more brilliant adherents of the system is indispensable for a full understanding. Half the Theosophic doctrine is unwritten, and will remain unwritten; nay, *must* remain so. And exactly the same holds good for any religion. In the evolution of history as a science these considerations are beginning to be acutely felt, and to depend solely upon texts and documents is universally felt to be a method at once insufficient and haphazard. Dr. Steiner once wittily said to me that he regarded this kind of religious history as poetry, not as science. In short a living contact with the atmosphere and, in older movements, also with tradition is absolutely necessary and vital. The outside critic ignores that inner side—not now in the narrower technical sense of ‘esoteric teaching’!—and therefore his contributions to the subject are incomplete, distorted and misleading.

The whole of the foregoing argument covers also the second of the two conclusions I have stated above—that extinct religions can never be known in their essence by the mere study of their documentary relics. The results of such a study must always remain partial, external. The soul of a religion, once it has died, can be as little found in its corpse as the soul of a man can be known from his dead body.

It is interesting to watch our religious historians, our theologians and Orientalists at work. Research, learning, patience they show to a fabulous degree. Their ingenuity knows no bounds, but to what avail? Their work becomes more and more a most wonderful acrobatic *bravura*. Theory is piled on theory, and dazzling combinations of the most slender structures are erected into seemingly imposing systems. Our Christian theologians do not know how to twist brains and learning any further, and Buddhist scholars follow suit. The inextricable confusion arrived at by Christian modernists is colossal, and I think sometimes that it is a great pity that some of these acute brains and

learned intellects do not study a religion in the making and present in our very midst, instead of turning to the hoary past, just twenty or twenty-five centuries too late.

For let us not mistake. It seems that Theosophy is *almost* turning into a religion, has become already an embryo capable of life. Personally I regret it, holding as I do (contrary to the opinion of many of the most representative workers and leaders in our movement) that religion is something to be escaped from, a social opium-draught, the enemy of understanding and the friend of happiness. And I conceive that wisdom is the quest for the strong and manly soul, even though happiness may perish in the search for it. But as it is no use to blink at facts, I am strongly convinced that, unless a Great One comes, as has been predicted, and creates a movement which will produce the next great World-Faith for the future, then Theosophy will become that World-Faith.

If the latter be true, then there is a great value to Theosophy in persistent criticism from outside and inside. According to a sane old theological rule, the function of heresy in the scheme of things is to furnish the incentive to better definition of dogma, and Theosophy has as yet much to learn in the direction of method, terminology, definition and general statement. So we see that all external criticism is rather to be welcomed than to be spurned, and it is even to be hoped that it will become more and more direct, terse, and expert. Also it should become more and more neutral and, above all, friendly—an adjective which surely does not demand further explanation. It should become rather judgment than condemnation, and should aim rather at the solution of problems than the fight for convictions. But who could perform such tasks better than those who belong to our own ranks? Every great spiritual movement must have its theologians as well as its revealers; apologists, exegetists, critics, dogmatists and so forth. Happy the religion which in its inception possesses wise, tolerant,

broadminded, learned, able and far-seeing theologians! The inspirers may have many more faults and imperfections, whims, peculiarities, conceits, fancies and abnormalities than the scribes, for they are the geniuses who partake of a higher world, mediators between life and form.

But if the 'hearers,' who are wholly of the world, forget that world and, losing themselves in egotistic rapture or endeavor, ignore the business side of life's working in matter, then they forget their shorthand, and centuries of research leave scholars wrangling over irreconcilable texts; they forget to note down an *iota*, and Christendom splits in twain. Present-day civilisation has progressed so far that, instrumentally, a new religion or revelation can at its birth be fixed better than ever before. Let our criticism evolve to a point worthy of the opportunity, and lift its level from its present lowly place to high perfection. Abu Bakr gave us in his way an example of the same sentiment many hundreds of years ago, in fixing the text of the Koran. For other points and in most religions the work has up till now only been laboriously achieved, mostly in turmoil and strife, through centuries and centuries. Only, we want many Abu Bakrs who sift, arrange and collect, but leave things intact as they are. What we do not want is Othmans who collect something only to destroy the rest.

Therefore there is a grand side to criticism if well understood, a grand service to be rendered by it in consciously working for the better definition of doctrine, the chiselling, filing, polishing of teaching and tradition, the recording of suggestion and implication, the solution of contradiction, the correction of faulty expression, the improvement of method, the correction of mistake, the elimination of the unessential or untrue. What is demanded for such work is knowledge, understanding, love, loyalty, courage, honesty and above all frankness from below, and also understanding and tolerance, sympathetic co-operation and loving encouragement from above. But let not that

sort of work be monopolised by or pass into the hands of the enemy, of the outsider, of the partisan, of the shallow-minded. That would result in the creation of another *mâyâvic* veil hanging between revelation and ourselves, of a heavy tradition to be pierced through between us and the truth we seek.

If such be our immediate future, then certainly there will be no ill in passing to that most dangerous third stage of our position in the world. 'Only strong legs can bear wealth' runs the proverb; and for truth-seekers it is a terribly perilous position to be hailed on all sides by glad voices exclaiming: Ye have the truth. Crystallisation sets in immediately, and the weight of a fixed and unyielding tradition settles round them like a paralysing armor. May sound, strong, profound self-criticism have acted before then with surging, potent, chaotic power—the expression of sheer vitality itself. May life travail and boil and seethe on all sides and ferment our Theosophical plethora through and through so as to shape and re-shape, perfect and purify, render it serene and limpid, dignified, complete, consistent, strong, straight and true—and *then* let the world come and recognise in the Theosophical inspiration and wisdom, as well as in its vestures—the world-scheme, the doctrine and the Society—nothing but truth, lofty and noble truth. Then there will be no danger.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

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For lo! the days are hastening on  
 By prophet bards foretold  
 When with the ever-circling years  
 Comes round the Age of Gold;  
 When peace shall over all the earth  
 Its ancient splendor fling,  
 And the whole world give back the song  
 Which now the Angels sing.

—E. H. SEARS

## WHITE LOTUS DAY ADDRESS<sup>1</sup>

**T**WO years have passed, friends, since you and I met on this same anniversary, and much has come and gone since then, and much our strength has grown. On these festivals we look backwards to the past and forwards to the future, as well as around us in the present.

First of all, our love must spring backwards for twenty years to greet in homage the great Founder of the Theosophical Society. It was she who asked that this day might be kept in memory, and all the world over, from furthest East to furthest West that memory is kept in the Society to which she gave her life. Very early this morning, ere yet, perchance, some of your eyes were opened to the day, in the India that she loved, the Motherland of her Master, in that land hearts rose in glad memory of the Russian woman who brought the light of the East back to the East that had forgotten. All over that land during the hours of to-day thousands of the poor have blessed her, as in her name they have been fed, men, women and children, in the many, many cities where our Branches live. As the sun has travelled his ancient path, the same memory has sprung up over the earth, and it has reached her own land, and here, in the land of her passing away, we are gathered again; and from here across the Atlantic the memory will spring, and in the far West, in America, after we have gone once more to sleep, grateful tongues will be speaking of her labor, loving hearts will be recalling her work—so great that work and splendid, growing more splendid as year after year passes; each year we realise more and

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<sup>1</sup> Delivered by the President at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society in London, on May 8th, 1911.

more the greatness of the message and also the aptness of the time in which the message was spoken.

Although in the early days she was as a voice crying in the wilderness, now the ideas that then she voiced in solitude come ringing back from country after country, from land after land. Many a truth that when she spoke it seemed strange and new, has now become familiar all over the civilised world. Doctrines that then were met with laughter are now accepted almost as commonplaces. And these great teachings, silent in the West so long, are now being spoken, and their truth is being voiced by many entirely outside the borders of the Theosophical Society, who scarcely realise that they are speaking Theosophical truth. And more and more in the future that will be true, more and more Theosophy will spread beyond the pale of the Society. The mission of the Theosophical Society is less to gather members within its circle than to spread abroad the ideas which bring light and peace to a sorrowful world. And so first of all in our memory and reverence and gratitude, let us acclaim the name of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; homage, love and honor to her, messenger of the Masters, and bringer of light to men.

Next in order, as is fitting, we call to mind the brave and gallant heart that stood beside her for so many years, and carried on the work when she had passed away. For we cannot think of her without thinking also of Henry Steele Olcott, her first colleague in the arduous work, disciple of the same great Master; old friends, ancient colleagues, working in our modern world once more. But while she is again in physical body amongst us, having taken the sex which ever seems the most suitable for her—for “the brother that we know as H. P. B.” was ill-fitted with the woman’s body, and it seems more natural that again that great soul should be clad in the warrior-form of the man, more suitable to his life and to his work—H. S. Olcott is not yet back amongst us, though eager, more than eager to come. Sometimes it almost seems as though his patience



were giving out, but a body has not yet been found ready for his indwelling. He hopes, and we hope, that it will not be long before that gallant worker is again amongst us in the flesh. But even now he is with us in the higher bodies, especially at the Adyar that he loves so well, where he is continually found, eagerly trying to suggest ideas to members on the work ever so close to his heart. In the old days we would good-humoredly laugh at him and tell him that his heart was in bricks and mortar; but he is a little inclined, I think, in these latter days, to laugh at his successor, and to say that if he built much the successor is building more, and that there is no right on her side to make fun of the predecessor who did so much of architect's and builder's work; for that work has been taken up with such increased vigor since he went away that his own building is being overshadowed by that which is now being done—perhaps in preparation for his return.

When we think of these two, our Founders, we must join in our backward thinking all those good workers and loyal souls who have built upon the foundation which the two Founders laid—so many in every land who have passed onwards, so many who lived and wrought, and who are hoping to come back again to work once more. Some have already come; others we still await. And to those who have passed to the other side (some going onwards into the heaven-world, and there building up new faculties and new strength for work in the future, and others who remain upon the threshold eager to cross it again for life and work on this our earth) to all of those—whether in the intermediate or the further world, or whether they have returned to earth already—to every one of them to-day we send loving greeting, cordial good-will and joyful congratulations; for we know that whether they are on the other side or here, their hearts are always in the same work, their thoughts are always strengthening this Society—one body truly, in whatever world they may be dwelling; to them all—great, as the world counts

greatness, or small, as the world may count smallness; to us all are of one body, to us all are laborers in one Cause.

Having glanced backwards, let us now come onwards to the present, and see how fair the work of these, our predecessors, has made the way for us. When I was speaking to you on this same anniversary in 1909, you may remember that I said to you then that in the year that was to follow, in 1910, the Society would go forward more rapidly than it had gone before, that the work would spread more rapidly than before it had spread, that new life would come pouring into the veins of this great body, and new strength would mark the work. And in 1911 you are able to judge, sooner than I thought you could, how true were these words—which were no prophecy of mine, but only what elsewhere I had been told.

Scarcely, as you know, had that marked year begun, when a great step forward was taken for all of us, when one of our number passed through the high portal of Initiation. And when a new Initiate passes over that threshold, it is never for himself alone that he crosses it, for all are helped by the passage. For in this work all the world is one. No one can rise, can step forward, without the whole of the race being lifted a little towards the light; and it is the joy and the privilege of our work that we know what many do not realise, that this bond of brotherhood is so close, so real, that when one member of the body rises, the whole body rises with him one step nearer to the goal. To us, members of the Society, it must ever be matter of special joy when, out of the heart of the Society, any are found worthy to tread that Path which leads ultimately to the life of the Saviors of men. Because for this was the Society founded and the ancient Path reopened; for this the Masters made the way plain that all who would might tread. Not since the Mysteries of the elder days were withdrawn from public sight (because there were no pupils willing to be taught, and

none who were ready to go forward) never since that day—sadder for the world than the world knew—never since then has the ancient Path been open in the face of the world.

I do not mean that the Path was closed. That Path is never closed; but only one here and one there by strong endeavor, by long seeking, by wearisome perseverance and patience could find that open Path. Think how it was for H. P. B. when the Russian girl set her face to the Path that in many lives had been trodden, to find the Master whom for ages that great soul had known. See how the body had to wander from land to land, from continent to continent, seeking, searching, striving everywhere to find where the Feet of the Master might be reached. But now the way is open, open at least to knowledge. It is for each to gain for himself the power to tread that open Way; for only when the Society was founded, again was publicly made known to the West the existence of that ancient narrow Path, and only now again, since the Society was builded, is it possible to say, as was said in the older days: "Seek out the Teachers and attend, for the Path is narrow, even as the edge of a razor."

Nothing can be gladder for us, who are members of the Society, than when one finds that Path, goes through the Portal, and begins to tread the Path of Holiness which closes in Masterhood, though afterwards the Master passes into superhuman regions, stretching onwards and upwards to the mighty Hierarchy in whose hands lie the training and the governing and the teaching of the world. Some such Initiates the Society has within it. Some of its members have again found that ancient narrow way; and it is good for all that so it should be. For while in all the great Faiths of the world the theory is held that such a Path exists, and that certain qualifications are needed for its entering and its treading, the belief has gradually weakened, and become

a mere belief, and not a realisation; and sometimes it seems as if nothing made these people more angry with us than when we proclaim that the Path may be trodden now as much as in the older days, that all the same great possibilities are ours as were realised by others far back in ancient times. That constant witness is part of the value of the Society to the world, that men are doing now what in the past they did, and that there is nothing which in the past was possible for men that is not possible to-day, inasmuch as the same Divine Life is at the heart of each, and the same opportunities therefore are open before every individual.

So 1910 was a joyful year, for then we were allowed to say that another had entered the Stream, the Stream which is crossed only when Masterhood is gained. Others in the Society had done it, but the time had not then come to let the fact be known. Since the beginning of last year each can judge for himself whether in the Society there has not been new light and new strength, new heart and new hope. It is not only that the increase in numbers has been so great, though that is so; it is far more that men and women have grown more devoted, have realised more the greatness of their calling, have thrown themselves more heart and soul into the work for the future, have seen more clearly what is to be done, and something of the way to do it.

Our General Secretary spoke of the younger ones who had come since last I was among you, and said that truly they were not really young. In the days that lie before us that is a point that each one should try to realise, especially those amongst you who have been for many years laboring for the Society. In the Society length of service in one particular incarnation is of the smallest possible account. They are not young amongst us, although perchance they only entered the Society yesterday, if behind them they have a past of service.

To those who come amongst us and show by earnestness and devotion, and by whole-hearted self-surrender, that they are old in the Masters' service, to those apparently young ones should go out warm welcome from the elders, and none should ever feel that so-and-so is a "new-comer," for age is measured by life and power of service, and not by the date that may be written on the diploma. More than ever now is it necessary that all should realise that, for you must remember that those who are young to-day, boys and girls, youths and maidens, young men and women, it is on them that the greatest burden of the coming work will fall, and because it is so, because none is born by chance but all by law, because karma decides when one or another shall take again a physical body, it is well for you all to realise and understand that in the coming days, when more workers will be wanted, many will come amongst us, apparently new, who are really old in the Masters' service. For those amongst us who are now quite old will scarcely in this body see the coming of the Lord; and if they come swiftly back through the gateway of birth, even then they will be so young that they will be but boys and girls when His Feet again tread the earth in blessing. On them will fall much of the burden of the later work, to take up the powers that He will send forth, to cultivate the seed that He will sow; and many an earnest worker will be wanted, passing out of the body new, swiftly to return in order to take up the burden of the labor which will come when that great Life has done Its work, and leaves it to be carried on by those brave enough and strong enough to serve.

But during these comparatively few years that lie before us ere He whom Easterns call the Lord Maitreya and whom here in the West they call the Christ, again comes amongst us in His manifest form, there will be many coming into the Society who have known Him in the older days, who have loved and served Him, and who come in to prepare the path for His treading, to make

the way straight for His Feet. So at all the younger amongst us we should look with hope, giving them all opportunity to show what they may have in them, giving them all opportunity for fresh initiative and new departures, realising that things are so guided from behind the veil that those who have done the work in the past are brought forward to take it up again in the near future; and that we are in the right to look round and see whether those who are to be His workers will be coming amongst us, to welcome every sort of capacity, to rejoice at every manifestation of power, and, above all things, to encourage and never to discourage those who may be young in body, but old in wisdom and in service.

There are many departments that have to be filled in the great work that now lies before us, and all cannot work in the same way. I often notice that people are apt to pick out some definite kind of work and say: "That is what I want to be in;" and if they see another person who is doing some useful work on a special line, then nothing will content them but that they should also go and do that work on that line; not realising that it is the *gaps* that need filling and not the places already filled which need to be doubly filled. I would suggest to you who really desire to work in the Masters' way, that you should rather seek to find the vacant places than try to duplicate those which are already filled. If you find a number of people chosen for some particular kind of work, and you are not one, do not say: "Why was not I chosen for that?" but rather, recognising that *they* are chosen for that, look out for something else needing to be done, in order that the whole work may be made complete.

There is a tendency amongst all, if, for instance, I myself perhaps might choose thirty or forty people for some distinctive work, for every one around those people to say: "Why was not I chosen?" Now obviously those who are thus chosen have the peculiar faculties for that specific

work. There are dozens of other pieces of useful work for which others in turn will be chosen, but the tendency is to rush into a particular thing and grumble if you do not find yourself in it, which is very hampering for the general work. If you look back to those whose memories we recalled to-day you will find that their value has generally been that they were ready to take up the work exactly where they found an empty space, and did not choose the thing they wanted to do, but the thing that needed to be done. That is the spirit we want in our Society now. Soon we shall find ourselves in the very midst of the great work which comes only once in some few thousand years. The preparation for that work should always be clear to every one of you, as it is clear to the Masters above us, and to some of Their disciples whom They choose for the work of organisation. Hence the importance, if you really want to serve the Lord Maitreya, of being willing to take up any work pointed out to you as necessary in this great preparation—willing to take it up whole-heartedly, whether it seems to you large or small, prominent or obscure; for sometimes the work that seems obscure, like the inner part of some machine, is vital to the working of that machine, and it is not always the great fly-wheel which is most important, but perhaps some little hidden spring, without which the great wheel would not be able to perform its revolution.

The truth is that, for us, that work is great which is the Masters' work. It does not matter what it is; if it is Theirs, it is good to do. To realise that and feel it and make all life consist in the doing of Their Will, to understand that we have to seek for that Will and find it, and not expect to have it peal out to us from heaven—that is the important thing. Half your training lies in hearing a signal when given, and answering a call which other ears do not hear. To be always ready, always on the alert, that is the quality which makes people useful in days like these; but never try to force a thing before the strength

is sent into it that is to be utilised in carrying out that work. Life is your training-ground, not books, not spoken words, not visible teachers, but the teachings of life that you have to learn to understand; for life is like a great hieroglyphic and you have to learn to read it. Until you can do so you are of small use in the particular work to be done. And so circumstances are often very useful things, and your special capacities are indications of what you ought to do when an opportunity comes in your way; and the whole-heartedly and thoroughly grasped opportunity shows capacity for further employment.

Thus on this day we look to the future, we study the present, whilst commemorating the past, and I who am standing in the centre, as must needs be as President of this great Society, seeing what goes on in all parts of our world, I am able to say to you that all is very well with the movement, and that the forward progress in every direction is becoming more and more irresistible. But remember that we have to pay the price for that. If we are going swiftly there must be the wind generated by the swiftness of the advance. If you are in a motor-car, according to the speed of your going is the contrary wind. That wind is caused by the rapidity of your movement, and you cannot have the one without the other. So, when you see opposition outside, when you see attack, when you are assailed, when evil is spoken instead of good, then those ancient words of the Christ should ring in your ears: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Notice, when opposition comes, and you will see that the Society does not suffer. Look at the result of attack, and you will see the Society is not hindered. Only our own weak hearts take alarm sometimes, and only through our own weakness can any evil come to this great work.

Prepare yourselves, then, not for peaceful times but for times of movement more and more rapid, with more and more opposition. Is it not well that the



opposition should come now, so that it may break itself against us, and shall be the less, perhaps, to break against Him when He is manifesting in the world? So I often think, when I see difficulties arise, that perhaps every difficulty that we meet bravely, every obstacle that we overcome with courage and with strength, means one difficulty less and one obstacle less in the path that those blessed Feet shall tread. Looking back two thousand years, and seeing how brief was then His stay, seeing how the opposition broke upon Him, and how that fair Life was driven from the body when only three brief years had passed since He manifested among the Jews—when I think of that, I wonder whether, with a Society like ours, we cannot make a rampart round Him which shall make it possible for Him to remain longer with us when next He comes to bless the world.

How light the burden, how small the sacrifice, if on us can fall some of the blows that otherwise would have fallen on Him, and if on this Society which is His herald to the world, and His messenger to the nations, if on it some of the opposition may exhaust itself, and leave Him somewhat more of peace around Him in which He may do His work and speak His message! So to us the world is full of gladness, full of joy at the knowledge which is ours, and the certainty of His coming. It is a good time to be born in, a good karma which has placed us in the world just now. As many of us have many times been in similar positions—for none of you would have come into the Society at all unless in the past you had some touch with Those whom now we reverence as the Masters of Wisdom—you should make your hearts joyful as well as strong, knowing that what has been done in the past will be better done to-day, and that all the experience which in the past we have gathered may be used in the guidance of our work in the present.

It matters little that most of you will not remember how in the past you have labored and worked in

this same great and high cause. Your brains may not remember, but your ego knows. In the waking consciousness you may not be aware of it, but in the super-consciousness that knowledge resides. The proof that the memory is there, the proof that the consciousness is awake on higher planes, is that you have come into the movement before you knew, and once again are gathering for the coming of Him whom in the past you have served and loved. You could not be here if it were not so. For law is law, and none comes into such a movement at such a time in the world's history, unless in the past he has won the right to come into it, and by past well-doing has merited present privilege. So again I repeat the words: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Rather take those other words He spoke: "Lift up your heads, for your salvation draweth nigh." If you look, everywhere you will see that the world is becoming expectant. If you will listen to the preachers of the Faiths, you will find the same thing is beginning to ring through their words as well. We may see a little more clearly, a little more surely understand, have a little more consciousness of the greatness of the time; but all over the world the note is ringing of the coming of the King, and already in the East His star has arisen, which the wise men see, and by which they guide their steps.

ANNIE BESANT

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Waiting the word of the Master, watching the Hidden Light;  
Listening to catch His orders in the very midst of the fight;  
Seeing His slightest signal across the heads of the throng;  
Hearing His faintest whisper above earth's loudest song.



## QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

### REVIEWS

*Christ and Buddha*, by !C. Jinarājadāsa. (pp. 91. The Rajput Press, Chicago. Price: cloth 50c. ; leather 75c.)

This tiny little volume is a gem. Its only fault is that there is not more of it. Though the author is well known to the Theosophical Society both in Italy and America as a lecturer, this seems to be the first book that he has put forth, and it certainly awakes within us that gratitude which is said to be principally a lively sense of favors to come, for one who can write like this unquestionably ought to go on writing. The booklet consists of eight separate stories, originally written for the Children's Department of *The Theosophic Messenger*; stories, yes, but they are all true stories—all except one, which is a legend of times so old that none may now say what of it is truth, and what is symbol. Stories for children, yet told so gracefully, so delicately that adults have much to learn from them.

First comes the narration which gives its title to the book—which tells of the two Mighty Brothers of long ago, and of the work which each undertook to do for the helping of the world. Then the tale of the school-boy Chatta, and the encounter with the Lord Buddha which shaped his future. In this account and in the next one called "Agadé" we cross the series of lives which are appearing in our pages, for Alcyone's twenty-ninth life was with the Lord Buddha, and Orion's twenty-second was at Agadé. Next comes the well-known story of "Good King Wenceslas," which we would suggest might well be lengthened in a second edition, as his life contains many picturesque incidents besides that related in the carol. Then we have "The Baby White Elephant," which is a translation culled from the vast storehouse of the Jataka tales, which tell of the

previous lives of the Lord Buḍḍha. The sixth tale is unique, for it is the story of the individualisation of a soul, told by the man who individualised it. The seventh is a beautiful relation of an episode in the work of a young member of the band of invisible helpers, and the eighth is a recital of wonderful pathos and power, explaining the innermost feelings of one who in boyhood was called upon to leave all for the Master's sake.

A dainty, marvellous little booklet; so much in so small a compass. The cover gives us the symbols of the two Great Ones whose names appear upon it; on the side the cross and the wheel of the Law; on the back the cross and the svastika. Assuredly every member should possess this; rarely in so tiny a parcel are such strangely lovely fabrics to be found.

C. W. L.

*The Other-World*, by Harold B. Shephard, M.A. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 1s. net.)

A very useful little book, provocative of thought; its thesis is that the 'other-world'—a world unknowable to the senses but known to direct consciousness, or by reasoning—is necessary to the existence of 'this-world,' the world knowable by senses.

This is worked out by an appeal to natural phenomena, a cell, a tree, a spider. There are many things said with which the reader may not agree, but the central idea is true, and the way of putting it suggestive.

A. B.

*An Adventure*, by Elizabeth Morison and Frances Lamont. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The record of the experience of the writers, while visiting the Petit Trianon, Versailles. The experiences are related exactly as they occurred, by each of the ladies, one account mentioning people not mentioned in the other, and there is nothing to suggest illusion. The ladies walked from the Versailles Palace, and entered a secluded path, saw some deserted farm-buildings, spoke to some men they met, were stopped by a man running, who told them they must not go along a particular path, and so on, all in exact and minute detail. One saw and described a lady, whom it turned out later that the other did not see. There was a feeling of depression and dreariness. The day was August 10th, 1901. Miss Lamont

visited the place again six months later, January, 1902, and found it much as before. On the two ladies going again on July 4th and 9th, 1904, everything was entirely different, no trace existing of the paths along which they had walked in 1901, and no one whom they questioned recognising their descriptions.

All this seemed so extremely odd that they entered on a careful research, and accumulated a mass of evidence proving that they had seen the place as it was in the time of Louis XVI. and not as it is to-day. Having recounted the evidence, the ladies answer a number of questions which had reached them from people interested in their remarkable adventure, and finally Miss Morison, under the title 'A Reverie,' gives an explanatory theory. She suggests that they may have come into touch with the mind of Queen Marie Antoinette, on the sad 10th of August, 1792, as she sat in the miserable hole of refuge in the chamber of the Legislative Assembly, during the long hot day and dreary evening, from perhaps 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. She may well have dreamily recalled the Trianon she loved, and the experiences of the last few days there, and Miss Morison thinks that she and her friend may have contacted that vivid picture. It seems more likely that the pictures left by the events themselves in the astral atmosphere may have impressed these admittedly sensitive ladies, and thus have imposed upon them the actual surroundings of the past, blotting out the present.

A. B.

*The Dweller on the Threshold*, by Robert Hichens. (Methuen & Co., London. Colonial Library. Paper, price Re. 1-12.)

The number of occult stories published nowadays is amazing. Most of them are based on some elementary fact of modern psychical research—hypnotism, premonition, telepathy, dreams, even clairvoyance. Now and then emerges a story out-of-the-way in its features, and founded on some obscure fact of an unexplored region. Such an obscure fact is the transfer of personality in the yet unclassified region of duplex and multiplex personality; and on such a theme Robert Hichens in this book tries to shed some light. In the rather dogmatic explanations circling round the subliminal self some great occult truths are being lost sight of by the modern psychic researcher; for example, conscious or unconscious possession, forcible or otherwise, resulting in a kind of obsession,

as in the Chichester of the story, or at quite a higher level in the sublimer inspiration of H. P. Blavatsky's type. The story before us will be to a modern psychologist somewhat of a poser, and perhaps in the usual fashion it will be put aside as a splendid feat of imaginative speculation on the part of a clever novel-writer.

We need not go into the details of the plot, as our notice can be but brief. Two Anglican clergymen, the one a Rector, the other his curate, are the heroes; the former, a big man of strong will and great force of character, domineering but not religiously self-controlled; the other a small youth of pure and noble nature, but a weakling in character, full of child-like faith and innocence, believing in his superior, the Rector, who was to him a man among men. The Rector's love of the marvellous, and his earnest wish to gain some knowledge of the world beyond, prompt him to hold nightly séances with the weak-willed curate, with the secret desire of putting him into a trance. The curate is afraid of touching the hidden and in consequence has to be tempted by the pretence that the séances are for his benefit, for the strengthening of his will-power. Thus they began tapping the invisible and hidden—the bold Rector with a lie on his lips and false in his motive, the curate pure in heart, believing in his superior and in himself. The eventual result of many a nocturnal sitting was a transfer of personality—the graphic and splendid description whereof we must leave the reader to peruse for himself. The story reminds us of two other friends “Tautriadelta” and “Karl Haffman,” who consciously and voluntarily transferred personality, as described by the former in *Borderland*, Vol. III, pp. 143—144. The problem has its scientific interest, and we wish for some more light upon it.

As to the story itself, it is well-conceived, well-planned and well-written. Its characters are genuinely real, and great artistic insight is shown in their portrayal; those of Evelyn Malling and Dr. Stepton, two cool-headed scientific researchers, are as good as the Rector's and the curate's. It is so naturally and graphically told that but little imagination is required to produce about us the atmosphere that surrounds Dr. Stepton when he sits in the dark listening to the great confession of Chichester, the curate. The title adds one more to our list of *Dwellers on the Threshold*, on which interesting subject we would

refer our readers to pp. 127—132 of Mrs. Besant's excellent book *An Introduction to Yoga*. Our last word on the novel is one of thanks to the gifted writer for providing an hour's most interesting reading.

B. P. W.

*The Unexplored Self; an Introduction to Christian Doctrine for Teachers and Students*, by G. R. Montgomery. (pp. 249. Putnam, New York and London. Price 5s.)

This book is distinctly disappointing. The name suggests something interesting and scientific, and the announcement on the back is quite hopeful:

"Christian faith, to be effective, must be a matter of immediate apprehension, not a series of metaphysical theories, nor a collection of proof-texts. The certainty of such a faith is found in personal experience."

But unfortunately the book does not live up to this brilliant beginning. The author's style is fresh and breezy, but he is often painfully crude; and he constantly exhibits the most extraordinary ignorance. For example, he states (quite rightly) that man is capable of infinite improvement; but then he goes on to say that this view is the distinct contribution of Christianity, and that no system of philosophy has ever brought forward a contribution to compare with it—evidently entirely unaware that such progress is the fundamental doctrine of all the great religions. He states (and we cannot but suppose that he really believes it, incredible though it seems) that the idea of the descent of divinity into matter is a great factor in which Christianity is different from other systems (p. 48). He says that "Modern Paganism" (whatever that may be) finds happiness in forgetting suffering (p. 24). It is at least clear that he cannot be including in his definition Buddhism, which gives sorrow the first place in the Four Noble Truths. He quotes Christ's answer with regard to the man who was born blind, yet he does not see that it implies reincarnation. He puts before us the incredible concept of a God who suffers, who feels grieved and frustrated when men will not enter into his purpose.

Crude and unsatisfactory as all this is, the author's position is nevertheless in many ways far in advance of old-fashioned orthodoxy. He evidently holds to the certainty of final good, for he insists that "the lost sheep could never cease

to belong to the shepherd, the wayward son could never cease to be a son of his father." He gives up entirely the theory of ransom or atonement—the repulsive idea of being "washed in the blood of the Lamb." He maintains (without any obvious warrant) that "the personality of Christ is unique in history"; but at least he recognises that "Christ taught men to find God in themselves," and that "the highest thing in experience is the love and service which made the character of the Christ." He knows that the central idea of his religion is self-sacrifice, and that "sin is the dominance of selfishness;" and he sounds a true note when he says: "So far as the action of men is concerned, conduct which forwards the purpose of existence is good, is righteous, and conduct which thwarts it is evil, is unrighteous" (p. 209). He makes a good point, too, when he distinguishes between a *doubting* and a *questioning* frame of mind, saying that doubt is built on unfaith, whereas an insistent desire to understand more fully is quite consistent with strong faith.

C. W. L.

*Abnormal Psychology*, by Dr. Isador H. Coriat. (pp. xii, 329; William Rider & Son, London. Price 5s.)

This is not a book for the general reader, and because of its value one cannot but wish that it had been so written as to be adapted for a wider circulation. In its present form it is both useful and interesting to the psychologist, the physiologist, and above all the medical man, but it is so full of obscure and newly-invented technical terms as to be distinctly unattractive to the layman. And that is a pity, because it touches upon subjects about which it would be advantageous for the average layman to know more than he does. It is an attempt to set forth the latest discoveries of medical science on hysteria, neurasthenia and multiple personalities, and it brings together a mass of information which is otherwise practically inaccessible to most people, as it is hidden in medical publications in various languages and in psychological journals of a highly specialised character, issued in different parts of the world.

One emerges from its perusal with the conviction that medical science has recently made considerable advances, and is on the threshold of making others even greater—might make them almost at once if it would only cast aside its



materialism. Dr. Coriat has evidently made a deep study of his subject—is probably making it his life-work; and it would be difficult to find one more useful to present-day humanity. But he has apparently started with a prejudice against all theories which involve the non-material, and this seems to have prevented him from reading the evidence on that side of his subject. Otherwise he could hardly make such obviously inaccurate statements as that crystal-gazing is a sign of mental disintegration, and that nothing can be reproduced as a crystal vision which has not been already a part of personal experience (p. 36); that there can be no mental process without previous brain process (p. 69); or that dreams are merely waking experiences which appear during sleep (p. 120). Nor would he speak of Frederick Myers' theory of the subliminal self as "poetical, though most unpractical" (p. 9). The failure of telepathic experiments in a particular case to influence automatic writing is supposed to prove that there never can be a supernormal interpretation for such writing—that it is always the reproduction of past experiences. What then of the hundreds of cases of automatic writing in languages unknown to the scribe? Expressions such as these are regrettable, for they tend to disgust the well-informed student. The author also several times refers without reprobation to the most horrible vivisection experiments, as for example on pp. 97 and 180.

Having mentioned the points upon which we feel compelled to differ from our author, let us turn to the pleasanter task of noting those upon which we can heartily congratulate him. Of these by far the most important is his theory of mental dissociation, or "splitting of the mind," as he calls it. By this he means that the memory of certain experiences and their results may become entirely detached from the normal waking consciousness of a man, and that *when so detached it can act automatically*—surely a significant and noteworthy discovery from the scientific standpoint, though we have been writing about these things in Theosophy for many a year under the name of reacting thought-forms or artificial elementals. Dr. Coriat shows that these entities play a part in many kinds of abnormal mental phenomena, from ordinary absent-mindedness up to hysteria, obsession and multiple personality. He is quite right in saying that many cases of these three last-named affections need no further explanation than the reaction of the patient's

own thought-forms (he calls them "dissociated emotional and mental complexes," but names, even the most formidable, matter little), but he is going too far when he supposes that *all* cases can thus be accounted for. There are still "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of" even in this extended scheme of philosophy.

Not only has medical science discovered the powerful reaction of certain classes of thought-forms, but it has also learnt how to deal with them. The doctors have realised that if these thought and emotion-forms can be brought back into the general current of the man's thought and emotion—if (as we should put it) the fragments torn away from the astral and mental bodies can be restored to them—they will cease to be sources of evil, and will take their place among ordinary memories. We should add to this that any entity which had seized upon them would in this way be forced to withdraw, but Dr. Coriat does not of course go as far as that. To cure diseases in which these "dissociated complexes" are involved, one must first discover their nature, and as the patient himself is usually ignorant of them, this presents difficulties, which the doctors overcome in various ingenious ways. Our author suggests eight methods: (1) Hypnotism, under which the lost memory may be recovered. (2) The production of a state of abstraction, in which illuminative ideas sometimes flash into the mind. (3) Crystal-gazing, in which the forgotten scenes sometimes reappear. (4) Automatic writing, by which revelations are sometimes made. (5) Testing the patient as to the length of time occupied in certain mental reactions, on a plan which is highly interesting, but too long to explain here. (6) Tests as to galvanic reaction in connexion with various ideas. (7) Tests as to the change in the rate of the beating of the heart when certain words are mentioned. (8) The analysis of the patient's dreams.

Roundabout methods all of them; that is admitted; but when the doctor is not clairvoyant, what else is he to do? Surely the ingenuity and perseverance displayed in the evolving of all these ideas merit high praise. Surely also it is a step in advance to find hypnotism, crystal-gazing and automatic writing recognised as methods of obtaining information, even though it be only information as to the condition of the patient.

Another interesting point is that sometimes the patient is aware of the original cause of his trouble, but does not like to tell it or to think of it, because it involved him in some ridiculous or disgraceful position. In this case the thought of secrecy segregates the thought or feeling, and many of the undesirable phenomena of the dissociated complex may take place; but it is found that instant relief can be obtained by a *full confession*—by talking out all the details and learning to look upon the event in a reasonable way, and to take it in as part of life's experience instead of shutting it off, and so creating a danger. This is interesting as explaining the longing which often seizes upon one who has committed a crime to confess it, even when it is manifestly to his interest not to do so.

I should distinctly recommend this as a book for the libraries of all our larger Lodges, and I should commend it to the perusal of the many medical men in our ranks. For the general reader (unless he remembers his Greek fairly well) it is frankly much too learned.

C. W. L.

*The World of Dreams*, by Havelock Ellis. (pp. xii, 288. Constable, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

All books written from the materialistic standpoint upon subjects such as this are necessarily utterly unsatisfactory to the Theosophical reader. They are so pathetically incomplete, they struggle so strenuously to find a labored, complicated and impossible explanation for the simplest and most obvious facts, that one would be sorry for the writers if they were not always so thoroughly satisfied with their theories. This book, however, is better than most, because from the beginning it recognises its own limitations. The author tells us in his preface: "This book is not the outcome of experiment, or of any deliberate concentration of thought on dreaming. I have simply noted down dream-experiences—most often in myself, less often in immediate friends... Such a method certainly tends towards the exclusion of peculiar and exceptional dreams... I do not wish it to be understood that I question the existence of telepathic and other abnormal dream-experiences. That is not the case... Thus my contribution to the psychology of dreaming is simple and unpretentious; it deals only with the fundamental elements of the subject."

Limiting himself thus rigorously to the ordinary chaotic brain-dream, he proceeds to explain it along the usual lines as compounded always from elements which have passed before the dreamer in waking life, even though that dreamer may often have entirely forgotten those elements in his every-day consciousness. He writes well and clearly, and now and then he makes a shrewd deduction which comes very near the truth, in spite of the insufficiency of his premises. He remarks: "The psychic frontier of the sleeping state is more extended than that of the normal waking state, but the focus of sleeping consciousness is more contracted than that of waking consciousness" (p. 67). We might express the same idea by saying that the astral world holds wider possibilities than the physical, but that the astral body of the average man is as yet less developed than the physical. Again, he tells us that: "Reasoning is only the crudest and most elementary form of intellectual operation, and the finer forms of thinking involve much more than logic" (p. 70), with which any one who has had experience of the higher planes will heartily agree.

On the other hand, he naturally propounds many theories with which our own researches do not permit us to agree; as, for example, that prophetic dreams are based upon a failure of memory, the dreamer having really seen the person or the scene before, but forgotten it; or else that the subsequent recognition is a delusion due to the emotional preparation (p. 93); though even here he adds, with characteristic fairness: "That there are other prophetic dreams, less easy to account for, I am ready to admit." He recognises "the magnified emotional impulses" of dream-life, which we explain by the fact that the astral plane is the very home of emotion. He is probably right in his opinion that "There is no profounder emotional excitement than that which arises from a disturbed stomach" (p. 108); indeed, he seems to attribute all dreams of murder (which are rather common in his experience) to "visceral disturbance" or "cœnæsthetic disturbance"—which appears to be the modern representative of the stomach-ache of our school-days! He recognises that dreams of flying are numerous, and especially vivid and convincing; and he naïvely remarks: "People who dabble in the occult have been so impressed by such dreams that they have sometimes believed that these flights represented a real excursion of the astral body" (p. 131).

He seems to think also that from these dreams of flying are derived many religious ideas, such as those of angels, of rising *upwards* to heaven, and of the ascension of the Christ. He evidently imagines that Mary Magdalene was dreaming when "she supposed Him to be the gardener", and S. Peter when he thought he saw his Master walking on the water. In the same way he feels that dreams about dead people have originated the belief in survival after death. "The repercussion of this kind of dream through unmeasured ages cannot fail to have told at last on the traditions of the race" (p. 211). Yet I cannot but think that deep down in his heart our author feels more than he puts in his book; for on his last page he says: "Dreams are true while they last. Can we, at the best, say more of life? I have cultivated, so far as I care to, my garden of dreams, and it scarcely seems to me that it is a large garden. Yet every path of it, I sometimes think, might lead at last to the heart of the universe."

C. W. L.

*Death, its Causes and Phenomena*, by Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader. (pp. xi, 552. William Rider & Son, London. Price 8s. 6d.)

A curious book, bound in funereal black, yet with a little gold butterfly on the cover, as a significant hint of relief. One wonders, after reading it carefully, exactly why the authors wrote it, and to what sort of public they expect it to appeal. It may be described as a sort of encyclopædia of information about death, and yet from the Theosophical point of view its account of the process is singularly unsatisfactory. There seems little in the work either to praise or to blame; one can only describe it as a compendium of curious knowledge. It begins by discussing the signs which are supposed to make it certain that death has taken place, and decides that none of them are reliable except putrefaction. It devotes chapters to trance and catalepsy, to premature burial, the discussion of burial, cremation and embalming, to the real cause of death (which nobody seems to know), and to old age. Then it diverges into a historical section which recounts some of the various theories about immortality, and then it plunges into happenings at the moment of death, visions of the dying, apparitions of the dying, clairvoyant or spirit descriptions of death, and a subsection rather strangely called "The Testimony of Science," which includes a little of the evidence for spiritualism, apparitions

and haunted houses. It quotes some of Baraduc's accounts of his attempts to photograph the etheric double, and devotes nine pages (to us the most interesting of the book) to the description of Dr. Duncan MacDougall's experiment of weighing patients at the moment of death. The result of six experiments goes to show that at the moment of dissolution there is a distinct, though very small, loss of substance, which cannot be accounted for by the known channels of loss. It appears to have amounted to an ounce and a half in several cases, but in one to have been less than this. Dr. MacDougall regards this as experimental demonstration that some ethereal substance undoubtedly leaves the physical body at death; so we seem here to be approaching definite proof of the existence of the etheric double, just at the very time when Dr. Kilner has invented an apparatus of chemical screens by means of which he claims to be able to make both it and the health-aura visible to ordinary physical sight. Surely it would be of interest to try many more such experiments.

With some of the remarks made by our authors we cordially agree, as for example, that "current materialistic theories cannot explain trance" (p. 47); the suggestion that mediumistic trance may be hypnotism by the dead (p. 48); and the statement that "burial is an extremely unhygienic and unwholesome custom" (p. 77). Noteworthy also are the two theories as to what death really is which are propounded by our two authors. Mr. Carrington says: "Death is the inability of the life-force to raise to the requisite rate of vibration the nervous tissue upon which it acts—its manifestation being thus rendered impossible;" while Mr. Meader's opinion is that death is nothing more than an unfortunate habit to which the human race has become addicted, though he admits that the habit is now so universal and well-established that it is difficult to overcome it! The whole book leaves one suspended, as it were; it gives the impression of never "getting anywhere." But it is perhaps a sign of the times that such a book on such a subject should be put before the public. It may do good by awakening the curiosity of the general reader, and by showing him how unsatisfactory and inconclusive are the generally-accepted theories.

C. W. L.

*Natural Christianity*, by the Dean of Ripon. (pp. xiv, 195. Harper & Brothers, London and New York. Price 2s. 6d.)

This little book is of great value to the student of contemporary religious thought, because it shows with a certain degree of authority the advancement which has been made by the conservative official section of the Church. The Theosophist is sometimes surprised and delighted to read in a newspaper a report of a sermon by some Christian preacher in which brilliantly liberal thought is expressed, or a quite Theosophical attitude adopted; but on closer examination it usually emerges that the preacher who has taken so advanced a view belongs to one of the numerous dissenting sects, and more often than not the news comes from America, the home of freedom of thought; and so we feel he speaks for himself as an individual rather than for official Christianity. Here we have a book which cannot be put aside on any such grounds as that, for it is contributed to an important series of books—Harper's *Library of Living Thought*—by one who holds a high position in the English Church, and it may therefore safely be taken as expressing views which are not unacceptable to its highest authorities, moderate and conservative as those must always necessarily be. This being so, then—taking this neat little volume as representative of the official attitude of the great Church of England—let us see exactly how far we have really come upon the road to the Eternal Verities which underlie all religions.

We shall find that we have come quite a long way. The Dean is still hampered by the quaint delusion that Christianity is, if no longer the only belief worth calling a religion, at any rate the crown and jewel of all religions; and also he sometimes permits himself to use expressions which are unworthy of him—expressions the curious narrowness of which is not upon the same level of thought as the rest of his book. For example, he remarks: "There can be ultimately but one moral standard—that which is furnished to us by the Cross of Christ" (p. 15). Sometimes he displays an ignorance which in such a man can only be characterised as amazing; as when he actually writes: "The Mosaic law is distinguished from all other laws by the stress it lays upon brotherly kindness, and the care for the poor, the widow, the slave, the stranger" (p. 53). He *means* to be good and condescending towards us, but oh, dear me! he knows so little about us. Note the following passage:

The present writer is by no means disposed to undervalue the germs of moral or spiritual truth to be found in non-Christian systems; he would treat them as the product of the divine Word or Spirit which is the light of every man, and would think of those who believe in them as being, in some rudimentary degree, in the condition of the Old Testament characters, varying from that of Micah in the Book of Judges to that of the noblest of the Psalmists; but he would ask with confidence whether the same amount of spiritual truth could be found in any short passage of the Koran or the Vedas, or the books of the Buddhists or the Chinese, as is to be found in the first chapter of Genesis. (pp. 42-43).

Evidently he cannot have read the Bhagavad-Gītā, the Upanishads, the Dhammapada!

But these are only a few small blots in a good book, so let us turn from them to the pleasanter part of the critic's task—the appreciation of that with which we can whole-heartedly agree.

The whole contention of his book is that Christianity has got out of touch with every-day life, that it has become far too much a matter of forms and ceremonies, of attendance at public worship and obedience to the clergy, whereas it should be the living of a life in the spirit of its Master. He opposes strongly the idea of the salvation of a few elect souls, and insists that "Christ is the light that lighteth every man" and that "every one who longs for righteousness ought to be welcomed into the band of those who are building up the Kingdom" (p. 7). "The whole human race," he says, "is one great brotherhood with a common purpose, of which it becomes more and more conscious" (p. 95). And what he means by Christ's lighting every man we may see from the following sentence:

In speaking of Christ we are speaking of the central power of human life, the inspirer of good in all men everywhere, of the ruler's justice, of the lawyer's precision, of the scientist's zeal for the truth of fact, of the artist's love of beauty, of the tradesman's or the inventor's services to his fellows, as well as of the philanthropist's or the preacher's love for the well-being of those around him (p. 172).

That distinctly recalls to us a passage we all know well:

Of rulers I am the sceptre; of those that seek victory I am statesmanship; the knowledge of knowers am I. Whatsoever is glorious, good, beautiful and mighty, understand thou that to go forth from a fragment of My splendor.—*Bhagavad-Gītā*, x. 38—41.

In yet another place, on page 152, the Dean identifies God with all that is good in mankind, and he explains that salvation is *not* for the future, but is a present condition of being safe and sound (p. 155), for "the coming of Christ is a continuous coming" (p. 61).



His attitude towards the bible is distinctly refreshing, when we remember the nonsense that used to be talked in our youth. For example:

We must not limit our views by a literal adherence to the reports of men and times which knew nothing of the uniformity of nature and the constancy of law (p. 39). Such statements could only be made by one writing in an age when the truer astronomical facts were unknown (p. 178).

He explains that the story of the Fall is of the character of a myth (p. 162), and speaks of "the hyperbolic language which Christ uses for the purposes of emphasis" (p. 157). He disposes of the question of alleged miracles without difficulty:

The witnesses were predisposed to expect wonders in their religious leaders; Oriental hyperbole must be allowed its part; and the reports must have passed through several hands before they reached their present form (p. 74).

Also he remarks that in Asia the mental constitution of men was far less scientific than in Europe, and significantly adds that practically no miracles happened in the latter continent! He reminds us that the laws of nature were less fully understood in those days, and even asks whether it is irreverent to suppose that Christ Himself did not know the difference between death and a swoon (p. 72). "Nothing," he says emphatically, "can withdraw itself from criticism. But criticism does not imply denial, nor need inquiry lead to negation" (*preface*).

We are quite with him when he complains:

When men speak of beginning with facts, they are apt to speak of external facts only. But we must take in *all* the facts. The inner life of man is as much a fact as are the facts of optics or of some great battle" (p. 7).

In several cases it seems as though Theosophical knowledge would be of great help to him. For example, he altogether undervalues the Creeds because he does not understand them. He quotes with apparent approval a sentence from Harnack complaining that the Creeds contain no reference to the preaching of Christ, nor to the idea that He saves the poor, the sick and the sinner. Such criticism shows entire ignorance of the real meaning of these magnificent formulæ, and it will be a great pity if, because of such miscomprehension, the Church should ever allow these splendid statements of eternal truth to lapse into desuetude. In the same way the Dean (on p. 142) shows a lamentable misconception of the reasons for the existence of the priesthood. No sensible

man would assert that no blessing can attend any sacraments administered by others, but it is nevertheless true that a particular *kind* of blessing *does* belong exclusively to the ministrations of those who have been duly ordained.

He explains away the old ideas of atonement, the blood of Christ and eternal punishment in the way with which we are now familiar. On the last-mentioned dogma he remarks ingeniously that it is the fire which is eternal, not the continuance of the person in it; but I think there I prefer the more scientific explanation given thirty years ago by Samuel Cox in *Salvator Mundi*. This is another point in connexion with which the study of Theosophy would help our very reverend author.

But putting aside all minor objections, this little book is a good book, and we welcome it as a sign of the times. All Lodges which have Christian members should possess a copy.

C. W. L.

*Hints to Young Students of Occultism*, by L. W. Rogers. (pp. 162. The Theosophical Book Co., Ridgewood, New Jersey, U. S. A. Third Edition. Price 50c.)

This is a very valuable little manual for beginners in Theosophical study. If every member of our Society would live according to its directions, we should indeed have a united and powerful body. It calls our attention to the importance of attention, of persistent and regular effort, of self-reliance, of thinking for oneself, of being positive and not negative, of immediate action, of giving out what is received, of tolerance, purity, truthfulness, fearlessness, of conquering common delusions.

It warns us also to guard against various faults, and by no means to develop psychic powers unless we can get them in the right way. It will be seen that the author touches upon a wide range of subjects; he treats them all clearly, practically, sympathetically, and the book is one which we can unhesitatingly recommend to our members.

C. W. L.

*The Unfolding of Personality as the chief aim in Education*, by H. Thiselton Mark. (pp. 224. T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s.)

The object of this book is said by its author to be: "To study in the light of modern psychology the characteristic endowments of human nature, the native tendencies and powers which, as they are called into activity by the challenge of

outward conditions, determine to a large extent the course of the unfolding of personality: and to present incidentally a view of education which has the unfolding of personality as its central aim" (p. 218).

The reviewer had hoped great things of this book; but he has to confess to a feeling of disappointment, for it is dry, involved and verbose. Perhaps it was unreasonable to expect it to contain practical hints on education. But once or twice, when for the moment he forgets his psychology, the author makes a remark which inspires the thought that he could give such hints if he would; as for example, when he says: "It is no case of teacher's way *versus* scholar's way. It must be a case of the boy's new way *versus* the boy's old way" (p. 107). And again, when he explains that the teacher ought "to have the confidence of the fellows, because he was once a fellow himself" (p. 109). But unfortunately such gems are rare.

C. W. L.

*Lessons in Living*, by Elizabeth Towne. (pp. 185. Published by the Authoress. Price \$1.)

This is one of the ordinary books of what is called *The New-Thought School*. The principles which it tries to inculcate are on the whole good, but unfortunately their effect is often neutralised by excessive vulgarity of expression. There must be a public for books of this sort, but they are assuredly not addressed to people of refinement or culture. An attempt is made to state what the authoress calls the "Seven Principles of Creation," with their respective colors, but this does not correspond to any real facts in nature. She gives us "Twelve planks of the New-Thought platform," which seem good, though some are confused; at any rate they are a great improvement on the ten commandments of orthodoxy. The price of one dollar seems ridiculously high for so small a book. I notice an attack on Theosophy in the final chapter, but the authoress so obviously knows nothing of our teaching that her opinion merits no serious consideration.

C. W. L.

*The Domain of Belief*, by Henry John Coke. (pp. 311. Macmillan & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d.)

The object of this book is stated by the author to be "to confront the assumptions of materialism" (p. 77) and "to

promote and strengthen religious faith" (p. 153). Mr. Coke is a man of wide reading and a close reasoner; and one cannot but sympathise with him in his indignation against what he calls "the palpable sophistry, the flagrant speciousness of materialism" (p. 281). One feels that he is too good a man to be wasting his time amidst all this cloud of verbiage, and one wishes earnestly that he could find it possible to accept the light which Theosophy pours upon all these problems which to him seem so insoluble.

One hesitates to attempt to epitomise such a book, lest one should do the author injustice. He takes up the consideration of three great questions: (1) Is man a responsible being, with any freedom of will? (2) Is man immortal? (3) Is there a Supreme Being? His conclusion is that all these problems lie absolutely beyond the pale of Realism, and in "the domain of belief." He says: "Self-evident proof of God we have none" (p. 297). "The existence of God cannot be proved by reason. In order to justify belief we must take leave of our senses" (p. 153). "The question of personal continuance is a purely speculative one. We know nothing, and to judge by the past and present, we never shall know anything, to guide us one way or the other" (p. 127). But he proceeds to point out (what seems to be often forgotten) that if none of these things can be proved, neither can they be disproved; they are in "the domain of belief," and therefore no one has a right to dogmatise about them, or to ridicule another for accepting them. Sometimes he puts his agnosticism in a form with which we can heartily agree, even though we go so much farther than he does: "If unbelief be mistrust of arrogant positivism, if it be impartial doubt, open-minded receptivity and tolerance of all sincere opinions—save intolerance—let us too adopt it" (p. 280).

It is evident that he *wishes* to believe—that in spite of all the arguments he *does* believe in the existence of God, though apparently he holds that He is not omnipotent, but that His power is limited by conditions the nature and extent of which are wholly unknown to us (p. 161). He is not far from the discovery of the law of karma, for he says: "It is the very constancy of the law of causation, it is the very fact of its certainty, which the fatalist brands with the name of necessity, that guarantees the reward of our efforts. If evil inevitably causes evil, so will proportional efforts to mitigate it necessarily meet with proportional success" (p. 29). He has little sympathy

with pessimism, for he remarks that Schopenhauer "churned his ontological explanation of existence out of his own cantankerous liver" (p. 184). He asks, "What if dead matter be a misnomer?" (p. 87); but he is of opinion that "we can never know what the atom is, or indeed whether there is any such thing" (p. 79). How long will it be before those, of whose position Mr. Coke is so polished an exponent, are able to realise that all these problems which seem to them insoluble have long ago been solved; that all these things which they regard as unknowable can be known, observed and studied precisely as are the phenomena of the physical plane, by any one who will take the trouble to acquire the higher clairvoyant faculties?

C. W. L.

*The Two Religions of Israel*, by Dr. T. K. Cheyne. (pp. xii, 428. A. & C. Black, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

This is emphatically a book for the specialist, and not in the least for the general reader. Its connexion with Theosophy is of the slightest, though we may contrive to include it under the head of the study of comparative religion. It can be read with profit only by those who are interested in Old Testament history, and have a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew language. The writer displays deep erudition, and in most cases he seems to prove, or at any rate to show as highly probable, the contentions which he brings forward. He occupies himself much with the relation of Israel and Judah to various North Arabian powers, evidently taking as referring to these latter many texts which have hitherto been interpreted in connexion with Assyria and Egypt. He holds that the Israelites (and other tribes in the neighborhood) worshipped originally a kind of compound deity or heavenly company, of which Yahveh and Yerahmeel were the principal members. Some attached themselves chiefly to one of these deities, and others to the other, and presently there came to be much opposition between the two factions. The Old Testament was compiled almost entirely in the interests of the Yahvists, and Yerahmeel is only occasionally mentioned under the name of Baal.

Discussions such as these must be left to those who have made a special study of them; but two points of some interest to the outsider emerge from the reading of this book. First, how far even a weighty and recognised authority like Dr. Cheyne has departed from the old position of Christianity. He admits at once that Moses is in no sense a historical

character, that the plagues of Egypt are entirely mythical, and that the land of Canaan promised to the early Israelites is a supernatural Paradise, and not an earthly country. He doubts much whether Elijah can have any historical basis; he does not say that the story of Saul is wholly imaginative, but if he *did* exist, his realm was not in Canaan, but in northern Arabia (p. 118); he "for the moment assumes the historicity of Samuel" (p. 110), and he compares the early prophets with the medicine-men of Greenland and Labrador (p. 111).

The second point that astonishes the reader is the extraordinarily wide variations between different translations of the same text. It really almost seems as though, when properly manipulated, any passage can be made to mean anything. I will give a few examples, taken at hazard, of the way in which the old texts are altered. In the speech of Obadiah "by fifty in a cave" is corrected into "men of Ramsheh in Raamah." "Because they have ripped up the women with child," becomes "because they took by force the cities of Gilead." Instead of "because they sold the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes" we have "because they seek priests in Kashram and prophets in Arabia." "Which are named chief of the nations" is transformed into "that have conquered Ashtar of the Gileadites." In place of "that invent to themselves instruments of music, like David" we have "they have subdued to themselves all Asshur." In some cases the traditions of our childhood receive a severe shock. It is discovered, for example, that Elijah was fed not by *ravens* but by *Arabians*, which sounds somehow like a bad pun, though one must admit that it is much more probable; and the quite proverbial and picturesque "that he may run that readeth it" turns out to bear the utterly prosaic signification "that Arabia may be broken."

Quite possibly all these emendations may be improvements; but what has become of the old theory of verbal inspiration? I have long held a heretical theory that the people who were really inspired were King James's translators, for they have at least given us a magnificent volume of stately and poetical English, which has moulded our language for centuries, even though it becomes more and more apparent that the original Hebrew very often does not justify the sublimity of meaning which they read into it.

C. W. L.

*The Healing Christ*, by the Rev. E. F. E. Wigram. With a foreword by the Bishop of Lahore. (pp. xiv, 154. James Nesbit & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Many times have Christian missionaries been confronted with the well-known quotation from their own scripture in which it is stated that if they believe they shall possess the power of healing the sick and of casting out devils; many times also have they feebly attempted to explain it away. Mr. Wigram is of opinion that it ought not to be necessary to explain it away—that if Christians were united, if they possessed the faith and earnest enthusiasm of the apostles, they could still perform these marvels. Not as a regular, everyday occurrence; he quite rightly holds that what a man can do to cure himself he ought to do. "We are not to expect to be kept well by a miracle if we neglect to put in practice the very best hygienic laws we can discover" (p. 58). But he thinks that in some cases, where God wills it (as we should say, where karma permits it) the miraculous cures of the first century might be repeated in the twentieth. We agree; the laws of nature have not been changed, and there are at the present day many instances of abnormal cures; so we wish our Christian friends all success in their effort to follow in this as in all other respects in the footsteps of their great Master.

C. W. L.

*The Ever-coming Kingdom of God*, by Bernhard Duhm. (pp. 86. Adam & Charles Black, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This is the translation into English, by Dr. Archibald Duff of Bradford, of an address delivered by the Professor of Old Testament Theology at the University of Basle, and it is said to be practically a summary of the conclusions reached in his larger work *The Theology of the Prophets*.

The author takes boldly in hand the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and putting aside all attempts to force them to mean various things which they obviously could not have meant, tries to deduce their real attitude of mind, to find out what they actually expected. He easily shows that they had no thought of a life after death, but that all their prophecies were concerned with the near future and with the material present. The book of Daniel, he says, announced that the rule of God would begin in four years! The general tenor of the prophecies

was the destruction of all the enemies of the Jews, and the establishment in Jerusalem of a kingdom which should rule over the whole earth. The idea of individual immortality was introduced at a late period by the Pharisees, and was opposed by the official party.

Jesus, according to our author, took up this hope, but stripped it of its apocalyptic form, though He also probably believed that the end of the world would be seen by the generation actually living around Him. He transferred the centre of religion out from the historical people of Israel into the inner soul of every man. Dr. Duhm thinks that Jesus would not have held to the form of expectation which included a Last Judgment and a physical Kingdom, if He could have seen the earth as we see it. He still held the geography of His time, which thought of a material heaven beyond the sky, and a world of the dead beneath our feet. But the author holds that we must translate those ideas into the terminology of modern thought. He compares the Christian ideas with Indian philosophy, of course to the disadvantage of the latter; but with all this, his booklet is on the whole a hopeful one, and here and there we find passages which we can heartily endorse. For example :

Religion is not, as it once was, the great river of life carrying all the mighty waters, united in one, down to the mighty ocean. Every man now is thinking of himself, and the highest aim of each is to win for himself a sure little corner in the other world (p. 7).

The desire for one's own salvation is not the first and weightiest concern; the demand for a transformation of the world is the first thing—Thy Kingdom come (p. 11).

C. W. L.

*Divine Transcendence*, by the Rev. J. R. Illingworth, D.D. (pp. xvi, 255. Macmillan & Co., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

This book is written to present proofs of the great fact announced thousands of years ago in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*: "Having pervaded this whole universe with one fragment of Myself, I remain" (x. 42). Twelve years ago, it seems, Dr. Illingworth wrote a book on "Divine Immanence" (the omnipresence of God), and now he thinks it well to emphasise Divine Transcendence (or the supremacy of God), not as in opposition to immanence, but in addition to it. So far we are thoroughly and heartily with him, for this is precisely the difference between Theosophy and Pantheism. But then unfortunately he spoils the whole thing by a definition which shows him to be infinitely far from a true grasp of the splendor of the Divine Plan; for he says :



The Christian conception of the divine immanence in man is the extreme opposite of the Vedāntic identification of the inmost self with God (p. 17).

The creed of the Church is utterly and wholly incompatible with any approach to the notion that Jesus Christ revealed the latent divinity of man, in the sense that He exhibited in Himself what men potentially are, and may therefore in actuality become (p. 74).

Perhaps after that we need hardly feel surprised at the ignorance which allows him to remark that "the doctrines of the Trinity and of Incarnation differentiate the Christian from all other religions" (p. 115)!

This book is largely a defence of the authority of the Church and the reality of its episcopate and its sacraments—all points upon which what he says is substantially true. As usual, he does not understand the Creeds, and so rather apologises for them. He speaks of various scriptural terms as obviously symbolical; such as 'descended into hell,' 'ascended into heaven,' 'eternal fire' and others. Though the coloring of his book is strongly Christian, he sees so much of the truth in certain ways that one cannot but hope that some day he will come to comprehend the infinite glory of the stupendous Divine Reality.

C. W. L.

*Truth in Religion*, by Dugald Macfadyen. (pp. xiii, 303. Macmillan & Co., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

This book professes to be written to set in relation to one another two movements which threaten to divide Christian thought in England; but we may as well say frankly at once that it is of no value to the Theosophical student. When a man writes:

It is impossible to show what is meant by the Love of a Father-God, or to deal adequately with the consciousness of sin in man, except through the historical redemption wrought in Jesus Christ (p. 20). The claim for Jesus Christ is that all the categories of religion reach their final and perfect fulfilment in Him (p. 30).

we see exactly where he stands, and we waste no further time over him. In one place he remarks: "When the Buddha comes to know Jesus Christ he finds his ideal fulfilled in Christianity" (p. 31). To make a statement like that, and then to call one's book *Truth*, is distinctly comical.

Yet he is not entirely without signs of grace. He speaks of Buddhism and Hindūism not altogether unsympathetically, though he utterly fails to understand either. He admits: "There is no form of faith or practice of religion in any part

of the world from which English Christianity has not something to learn" (p. 33). He mentions New Thought, too, with a kind of modified approval. The best passage in the book is on page 143, where the author says that

Jesus Christ saw that it was possible for man to enter into relations like His own—to be son-like towards the Father, brother-like towards all mankind, God-like in his voluntary acceptance and use of the order of the universe; and He knew that, as man entered into such relations, there would grow out of them a type of consciousness which would reproduce in other circumstances, times and relations, His own.

If he had devoted his book to elaborating those ideas, how much more interesting and useful it would have been!

C. W. L.

*Non-Church-Going, Its Reasons and Remedies.* A symposium, edited with introduction, by W. Forbes Gray. (pp. 223. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh. Price 3s. 6d.)

The book which labors under this curious and clumsy name is by no less than fourteen authors, and its object is to gather opinions from representative men of diverse schools of thought as to the reason for the failure of the various Christian denominations to draw to their public services a larger proportion of the population. Their outlook deals exclusively with England and Scotland, and they all agree as to the fact that fully four-fifths of the inhabitants of a land which is alleged to be Christian never enter the doors of any place of public worship. In fact, one contributor quotes a remark from Mr. Chesterton, that the great mistake is to regard Great Britain as a Christian country, instead of as a heathen country where there happen to be some few Christians. There is a general agreement also that the remedy for this state of affairs, which seems to them so terrible, is to be found in the infusion of fresh life into the Church and its services, though there is naturally some difference of opinion as to exactly how this should be done. The majority feel that the Church has lost touch with the daily life of the people, and is talking unpractically and up in the air about matters which are not of immediate interest. A very pertinent example is given, when it is said that the working man found parsons preaching with frantic earnestness as to how much or how little of certain abstruse dogmas should be taught to the children in the public elementary schools. At that very time he knew that there were thousands of children forced into these schools in a state of positive starvation; yet he heard

no sermon demanding that they should be fed, or insisting on the plain human justice of not forcing on unnourished brains tasks beyond their power. So naturally it all seemed unreal to him—such tremendous earnestness about subtle and shadowy doctrines, such stony-hearted indifference to plain human needs (p. 90).

When the doctrines are not shadowy, they are sometimes revolting, as when a preacher said: "There is no more damnable doctrine than the universal Fatherhood of God" (p. 141). All these factors may have their part in keeping people away from church, but probably Mr. Herbert Stead has hit the mark when he writes:

Probably no Englishman now believes that if he does not go to church in this life he will certainly go to hell in the next. So the men who a generation ago went to church to avoid going later to a destination still more disagreeable now consider themselves excused from putting in an appearance at either place. They spend Sunday as they please.

But after all, when the Christ explained the grounds upon which at the final Judgment men would be admitted to the Kingdom or excluded from it, He said not a single word about attendance at church, nor even about faith in Himself; the questions which He asks are much simpler than all that: "Did you feed the hungry, did you give drink to the thirsty, did you clothe the naked, did you help the stranger, did you visit those who were sick and in prison? If you did, you are blessed of My Father."

C. W. L.

*The Graces of Interior Prayer.* A Treatise on Mystical Theology. By R. P. Aug. Poulain, S. J., translated by Leonora L. Yorke Smith. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.)

Mysticism is of no one religion, for the experiences of mystics are fundamentally the same in all religions, so the non-Catholic reader should not be repelled by the formidable list of approvals, from H. H. the Pope downwards. The book is an admirable one—a thoroughly scientific treatise, based on observation and study, and full of the most valuable analyses and descriptions of the various stages through which the mystic passes as he climbs the steep ascent which is crowned by union with God. It is a book for the student and the observer more than for the devotee; it is the devotee who is studied, and study chills the ardour of feeling on which the mystic must rely for his upward soaring; but even the devotee,

in quiet hours of thought, may find many a useful hint and warning in these pages, for his path conceals many a pitfall, and he should add knowledge to emotion, if he would walk in safety.

Our author opens with a definition—a praiseworthy beginning, where most are vague and misty. Mystic states are those “supernatural acts or states which our own industry is powerless to produce, *even in a low degree, even momentarily.*” Prayer and other religious acts are not mystical, for they depend on the human will; mystic states are the direct gift of God. The mystic region resembles the space above the atmosphere; in the atmosphere birds can move at will according to their strength, but into the regions beyond they cannot penetrate, their wings are useless. “This upper region, where the wing no longer has any power, is a figure of the mystic state.” In that state the soul lies in the hand of God, as a bird with folded wings. Moreover such states contain “a *knowledge* of a kind that our own effort and our own exertions could never succeed in producing.” After describing very carefully the third and fourth degrees of ordinary prayer, the author passes on to “General Ideas about the Mystic Union,” and describes the “various kinds of mystical graces,” the four stages of union, culminating in the “spiritual marriage,” or the deifying union, the highest state attainable on earth. These are then taken up one by one, after the twelve characteristics of the mystic union have been described. The signs of each state, its difficulties, its dangers, the illusions which mimic it, are all carefully detailed, and quotations from the experiences of saints illustrate each. This forms Part III of the work, and is profoundly interesting and useful. The non-Catholic reader can readily profit by it by separating the clothing from the ideas.

Part IV deals with Revelations and Visions, and in this the value of the scientific method comes out with special clearness. The errors into which the seer may fall are pointed out, and the dangers are contrasted with “the security of the mystic union.”

Part V relates the trials to which contemplatives are subjected, and Part VI takes up and discusses various supplementary questions.

To sum up: a most valuable book, worthy of close study.

A. B.

*Mystics and Saints of Islām*, by Claud Field. (Francis Grif-fiths, London).

It is well for Theosophists, who claim that the basis of all religions is one, to read books like this. It will help to show how spiritual experiences are the same, though exoteric rites and ceremonies differ. We know too little of the mystical aspects of Islām, and should welcome any aid to understanding a religion which has such a strong hold on its adherents even in these days, when materialism has led so many astray.

The writer claims (and supports his claim by good proofs) that Sufism started from the days of Muhammad himself, and that Muhammad, like Cromwell, was "a practical mystic." We learn that two centuries after Muhammad, Babek in Persia taught the transmigration of souls, and we are all familiar with the famous saying of Jalaluddin which is so often quoted to show that the Sufis understood both evolution and transmigra-tion, but too often we do not realise that the doctrines of union with God and the immanence of God in his Universe are the common heritage of Islām as well as of other religions. Persian Theosophy has proclaimed that "the human soul is a spark of the Divine Essence gone astray in this transitory world, but destined to return finally to God" (p. 166) though Arabian Sufis will not go so far. No wonder the orthodox Ulema stamped such opinions as heretical; but they have worked like leaven to raise the mystical element in Muhammadanism, and to loosen the bonds of dogma. In his introductory chapter on pantheistic Sufism Mr. Field has dealt at some length with the dangers as well as the fruits of mysticism. A few sentences will illustrate his attitude.

And yet it is precisely this ceaseless striving, this irresistible impulse after something higher, this unquenchable thirst for the fountain head of knowledge, which constitutes the highest and noblest side of humanity, and is the most indubitable pledge of its spiritual future. The net results of these strivings has been an endless series of self-delusions, and yet humanity takes on a grander aspect in them than in all its other manifold efforts and successes. The history of this spiritual wrestling, this hopeless and yet never relaxed struggle against the im-possible, forms the noblest aspect of the history of mankind.

The story of fifteen of these noble souls is told in this book. The chapters are strangely unequal; some deal merely with anecdotes illustrating the attitude of the saints to God and the world, others are essays expounding the teachings of the Mystics at some length. It may be that the material has

differed so much in character that the treatment necessarily had to be varied. The lives of Alhazzali, Fariduddin and Jalaluddin are especially interesting as showing the doctrines they taught. Christians will be glad to note the reverence with which Jesus is treated by the last-named writer.

When the fresh breath of Jesus shall touch the heart's core,  
It will live, it will breathe, it will blossom once more.  
From Him (Jesus) comes healing; never let Him go.  
In each human spirit is a Christ concealed.

The doctrine that the soul is freed from the body while asleep is to be found in his writings. Students of Professor James' valuable book *Varieties of Religious Experience* will find much in this small volume to supplement his statements as to the reality of conversion and the state of ecstasy which can be attained by meditation.

We cannot expect everything to be expounded in a book of two hundred pages, but we are justified in expressing a hope that the writer will continue his researches in this, to English readers, almost unexplored country, and will let us know more at length the teachings of mystical Islām.

K. B.

*Antiquities of Central and South-eastern Missouri*, by Gerald Fowke. (Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.)

This Bulletin, issued by the Smithsonian Institute, is a valuable one for the ethnologist, though for the general reader it is too precise in detail to be very interesting. It records the work of excavating the burial mounds found in the Missouri District. The graves apparently belonged to the Siouian Indians, though there is some doubt as to this. At any rate the people had not reached any high degree of culture; their pottery was coarse in quality, their weapons belonged to the stone age, and their skulls are of a low type. One point of interest is that there were apparently various modes of disposing of the dead, before the final interment took place. In some cases the bones are charred, in others it is evident that the flesh had been removed before the bones were buried, while in others the body was apparently buried intact. The difficulty of excavating hard ground with such primitive tools as antlers and flints may have had some influence in determining the method employed. In a scientific treatise, I suppose, we ought not to expect too many theories which cannot be well supported, but one would like to know how a skull with a gold

plug in its tooth came to be buried in an old Indian fort. One would also like to know more about some curious copper plates which were discovered while ploughing. These are fully illustrated, and are apparently of Mexican workmanship, yet nothing has been indicated of their probable date or why they were found so far from their place of origin, in a part of the country inhabited by people so backward in civilisation.

K. B.

*Christ's Social Remedies*, by H. E. Montgomery. (pp. 433. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 6s.)

This is an endeavor to solve some of the present-day social and industrial problems by going directly back to the teachings attributed to Christ, and seeing how far they apply to them. The book is divided into twelve chapters, the headings of which will give a good idea of its scope:

(1) Responsibility of Citizenship, (2) Was Christ an Anarchist? (3) Was Christ a Socialist? (4) The Kingdom of God, (5) Non-Resistance, (6) Marriage and Divorce, (7) Crime and the Criminal, (8) Wealth, (9) Labor, (10) Sunday Observance, (11) International Controversies, (12) Social Reconstruction.

On the whole, the author's suggestions on these various topics are usually quite in harmony with Theosophical ideas. He shows sound common-sense in dealing with his subjects, though his Christianity naturally leads him to get some of them a little out of focus, as is shown by his inclusion in such a list as this of so trifling a matter as Sunday observance. One bad slip he makes, when he exhibits the usual astounding ignorance of the Christian by observing that: "Since the days of Constantine, Christianity has been the professed religion of all civilised nations" (p. 13)! He is quite uncompromising as to the indissolubility of marriage, and he brings a tremendous indictment against socialism in the shape of a most damning series of extracts from socialist writers and speakers. After reading those, one is not surprised to hear that "Christianity and socialism are to each other as fire and water" (p. 112). "Anarchy and Christianity are inherently incompatible, irreconcilable and antagonistic" (p. 28). He tells us that the four corner-stones of the Kingdom of Heaven are (1) The Fatherhood of God, (2) The Brotherhood of Man, (3) Childlikeness of Spirit, and (4) Serviceableness. There again I think that Theosophists will agree with him.

C. W. L.

*The Book of Ceremonial Magic*, by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 15s.)

*The Pictorial Key to the Tarot*, by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 5s.)

*A Pack of 78 Tarot Cards with Key*, by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 8s.)

*The Tarot of the Bohemians*, by Papus. Second edition, with a preface by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 6s.)

*Lumen de Lumine, or a new Magical Light*, by Thomas Vaughan. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Arthur Edward Waite. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 5s.)

Never having had occasion before to study any of this author's previous works, we commenced the perusal of these books with a certain amount of expectation. Frankly, we have been seriously disappointed. At the outset the language is really not English, or, if we take it as English, is so twisted, labored, pedantic, unnatural and obscure that even if divine wisdom were conveyed through it, mere weariness of the spirit would be provoked.

*The Book of Ceremonial Magic* is a reprint of a privately printed book which appeared in 1898 under the title: *The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts*. An additional preface and conclusion have been added. We are impressed by the utter futility and ineptitude of the whole subject. Any sane student has only to read this book in order at once to lose all respect for the whole block of imbecile lore, contained though it be in a costly *édition de luxe*. We are also impressed by the curiously vacillating attitude of the writer. In the preface he describes the subject-matter as containing 'nauseating follies' which are 'impossible to follow,' yet in other places he calls these practices dangerous, diabolical, blasphemous and iniquitous—thus apparently conceding their reality. The verbose and lengthy declamations against all this *occultisterie* seem to indicate that the author does not believe that this nonsense is real, but the imperturbable seriousness of treatment and the constant cries of woe and condemnation belie such an assumption. It is strange that the writer does not enter at all into the essential problem, and discuss whether evocation is possible, and whether these spirits (be they higher or lower, good or bad) exist and can be communicated with, for it is here that the whole crux lies. On



page x he says that he approaches the subject from the bibliographical and critical standpoint; we have found strangely little bibliography, and about as much criticism. We also notice that the numerous illustrations are not explained, and that the book is without an index. Had the author left out all his semi-learning and heavy lucubrations, and simply produced a slender volume recording rites, invocations and signs; had he made a careful bibliographical list of editions and a good index of names, titles and processes; had he worked out a concordance of subjects and printed it all in a simple way, then he would have rendered some real service to real students. Though we regard this book as a failure, nevertheless it may serve one useful purpose: it is a sure antidote against all foolish attraction for empty quasi-sorcery.

*The Pictorial Key to the Tarot* is a weary one. The part dealing with the "Tarot in History" is interesting, however, and is calculated to bring home to us the conviction that before Mr. Waite there was no clear notion, right appreciation or correct understanding of the Tarot. We also note in the part on "Bibliography" the interesting fact that most of the thirty previous writers on the Tarot—before the appearance of Mr. Waite—were either knaves or fools, and did not know their subject!

The cards accompanying the *Key* are new ones and have some merit; they were designed, under Mr. Waite's instructions, by Miss Pamela Coleman Smith.

*The Tarot of the Bohemians* is a reprint, and its only distinctive feature is an introduction by Mr. Waite.

*Lumen de Lumine, or a New Magical Light*, is a reprint of one of Thomas Vaughan's alchemical works. The editor states that the booklet had existed thus far only in its first edition, which is rare and costly. This new edition is not text-critical, as the editor had only the interests of mystical students in view. The Latin quotations have been translated, and as a result an interesting little document for the study of post-mediæval alchemical mysticism has been made available for students of such matters. We welcome the volume heartily, as it puts in our hands a rare document from the pen of a representative and renowned alchemical philosopher.

J. v. M.

*The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche*, by Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. With an introduction by T. M. Kettle, M.P. (Fisher Unwin, London. Price 8s. 6d.)

We might call this an emotional or sentimental biography of the remarkable man whose life it tells, in contradistinction to a really psychological one. A clear insight into the nature of the moods, so different at times and so passionate always, the subtle and constant play of which we see so perpetually manifested in ever-varying coruscations or gloomy shades, is of necessity a prerequisite to an understanding of the perhaps really simple but seemingly complex character with which we deal. But this is a task of such difficulty that the author has evidently not attempted it. This would have given us a psychological key to Nietzsche's character; instead of it, we find the mere recording of these moods, not their explanation, still less their analysis. Oscar Wilde once said that all crimes take place in the brain, and later on he amplified the statement by saying that all conduct does so. This being true, we have always to return to a man's brain in order to understand him fully. The outer conduct and history are the pictures on the screen. The mechanism and the working of these projections can be found only in the magic-lantern itself. Thus there is still room for other biographies in which daring authors will venture a step further *sub limine*. For instance, we feel there are lacunæ in the story of Nietzsche's conversion from Wagnerism to anti-Wagnerism. First we have an enthusiastic Wagnerian, then a trivial incident (p. 117) and after that the ever-growing anti-Wagnerian fury. It is somewhat similar, though of course on a higher plane, to Marie Corelli's tale in *Wormwood*: an extraordinarily noble and lofty young man, then an equally extraordinarily debased and depraved one, and both causally connected by one single glass of absinthe.

Nevertheless the whole book is the outcome of careful, painstaking and serious labor. It is interesting from beginning to end, well written (on the whole), well translated and attractive. The picture of Nietzsche painted in it is, though not explicitly based on a thesis to that effect, that of a pathological case, and consequently the story is a deeply pathetic one. On the whole we find Nietzsche as a lonely, suffering, super-sensitive invalid, who foremost of all evokes pity. On the other hand his aspect as a strong, unflinching, adamant character is more implied than indicated, and the

whole narrative is pervaded by a restless sense of neurotics, feverishness and intense self-consciousness, all of which should surely enter into the composition of the picture, yet, in our opinion, in modified proportions. For the rest, the book is faithful to its title; it is a biography only, and not a discourse on Nietzsche's philosophy. We regard the volume as deserving a hearty welcome, but as one which by no means renders superfluous other biographies of the great man, either extant or yet to be written.

Some expressions and words may be noted which might have been translated otherwise (*durchfliegen*=traverse, p. 287; *muffisme*=snout-ism, p. 148; *aspect*, p. 142; *city*, p. 104) but they are few. There are also some misprints in the German quotations. As to the introduction, we do not like it. It is non-genius speaking too loudly and in too presumptuous a manner about genius, even though in this case the complementary insanity *might* be argued to be present.

J. v. M.

*Catalogus van de Boekerij. Afdeeling: Theosofie. (Nederlandsche Afdeeling der Theosofische Vereeniging, Amsterdam. 1911.)*

This is a valuable contribution to the bibliography of Theosophy, the best production of the kind thus far existing to our knowledge. It is the catalogue of the Library of the Dutch Section of our Society, containing only the division Theosophy, yet including a thousand different volumes. Dr. Denier van der Gon, the zealous Librarian, is the Editor, but he states that 'most of the work for this catalogue was performed by some one who thinks it unnecessary that his name should be mentioned.' A systematic syllabus of subjects opens the little work. From the bibliographical point of view this forms almost the most valuable part of the booklet. The subject is divided into eight principal divisions, and these in turn into some thirty-three secondary ones. Some of these are again subdivided. This division is not abstractly theoretical, but arranged from a practical and workable point of view. Several miscellaneous collections and periodicals are analysed in their most important contents. A very interesting division is No. VII, Opinions on Theosophy and the Society by non-members, together with answers to them. This section alone contains forty-five titles. A complete alphabetical register of all authors' names and titles of anonymous books is added. We recommend

this catalogue strongly to all lovers of Theosophical bibliography. It may be ordered from the Dutch Headquarters, Amsteldijk, 76, Amsterdam, Holland.

J. v. M.

*A Dictionary of Oriental Quotations (Arabic and Persian)*, by Claud Field, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd., London, 1911. Price 7s. 6d.)

In 'Sonnenschein's Reference Series,' eleven useful volumes of quotations (English, Classical, French, Italian, etc.,) have already been included, and now a new volume has been added under the above title. The book has some good qualities, and some real defects. The compiler is quite right in saying in his preface that he presents 'specimens from the still hitherto largely unworked mines of the Orient.' The lack of predecessors in, and the enormous extent of, the field to be exploited necessitate that a first attempt to gather a representative collection should be a merely preliminary one. But conceding all this, the collection as it is presented to the public is too fragmentary and too disproportionate. We calculate that the book must contain some 1,650 quotations, reckoning five per page on 330 pages. If we turn to the index of authors, which gives only one page number, even if the same author has been mentioned more than once on it, we find some 1,250 quotations indicated. Of these, *ten* writers alone are responsible for no less than 1,030 entries, or over two-thirds of the whole book. This lacks proportion. Of these ten writers again *eight* are Persians, with 880 entries, and only *two* are Arabs, with 150 entries. The Persian quotations cover 140 entries from the *Anwar-i-Suheili*, which is the translation of a Samskr̥t work, the *Panchaṣantra*, and ought not to have been allotted such a big place, not being original. Omar Khayyam, now spread amongst the English public in hundreds of different editions, furnishes eighty entries, five per cent of the whole work; too much again for a work so exceedingly well known. Sadi furnishes the record number of 300 quotations; again disproportionate, as it would mean that Sadi alone represents one third of quotable Persian literature. Hafiz furnishes 85; Jalaluddin Rumi 150; Jami 40 and the *Divan-i-Shams-i-Tabriz* 90 entries. The classification of the 'Index of Authors' is curious, for the quotations from the *Divan-i-Shams-i-Tabriz*, being written by Jalaluddin Rumi, should have been entered under his name and not under the title of the book. It is just as odd that Sadi's *Gulistan*

should figure under a separate head in this index, instead of being subjoined under its author's name, whereas the quotations from the *Bostan* and the *Pandnama* are given under the name. So we find the *Koran* mentioned in the index instead of its author's name Muhammad. In how far Persian (2) and Arabic Proverbs (18) can be reckoned as quotations is a debatable question, but anyhow we welcome their inclusion. The compiler might have quoted more from Abū Ubaida and al Hatim, who made special collections of them, but their names do not figure in the index. The two Arabic authors who furnish the 150 entries mentioned above are the *Koran* (100) and Hariri (50). We seek in vain for such famous names as those of the Persian Enwerī, and of the Arabic al Fārābī and al Halady amongst many others. Some stars of the first magnitude are inadequately represented: Firdausi (2), Nizami (8) and the great Ghazzali (only 2). The remainder of the quotations are distributed over some 75 names with from one to ten quotations each, totalling some 170 in all.

With reference to the choice made, it is fairly good, but we would have preferred a greater number of small and pregnant sayings (if they are to be found at all) in preference to the many six to twelve-lined verses and prose paragraphs included in the book.

We prefer the Arabic proverb "Whoever says 'I' falls into trouble," or "Love is the water of life; receive it in thy heart and soul" to many a quotation from even Omar Khayyam or many a section from Jalaluddin. The dictionary of classical quotations in the same series offers in this respect a favorable contrast to the present work. It must, however, be understood, as indeed we said before, that we fully realise the difficulties of a first attempt, and so are quite prepared to give a warm welcome to the volume, whose success, we hope, will be such as to enable the editor to improve it substantially on all the above counts in many a subsequent issue. As usual in the series, the original is given together with the translation of each quotation, in a romanised transcription printed in very clear and legible type. The translations are all taken from the works of well-known translators, and not specially made by the editor. We should think it an improvement if the title dropped the word Oriental and only retained the words Persian and Arabic. It should be mentioned that an excellent and topical index of some fifteen pages closes the book and enhances its practical value.

J. v. M.

*La Fraternité enseignée par Marc-Aurèle. Choix de maximes recueillies par E. D.(uboc). (Paris. Librairie de l'Art Indépendant, 1911. Price fr. 1.50.)*

A dainty little book with charming contents is a correct description of the above opusculé. It is written by a Theosophist in a Theosophical spirit, and published by him in pursuance of the first object of our Society: to form a nucleus of the Brotherhood of humanity. It consists of a well chosen series of extracts from the writings of Marcus Aurelius on the subject of fraternity and gathers together a beautiful collection of over sixty quotations, arranged under the headings: (1) All men are brothers; (2) On abuse suffered; (3) On tolerance towards others; (4) On the forgiving and loving of enemies; (5) Towards unity. A sixth chapter is specially devoted to 'Theosophical Thoughts' and gives some twenty-five appropriate quotations in which Marcus Aurelius shows himself akin to modern Theosophical conceptions. A well-written introduction opens the work and gains for it a sympathetic hearing at the outset. Our literature specially devoted to the first object of the Society is as yet very scanty, and we welcome this little book as a valuable addition to it. There is still room for much more of this kind of work. Enough has been said to show that we wish it success and many readers.

J. v. M.

*Geïllustreerd Handboek van Insulinde*, by D. van Hinloopen Labberton. Amsterdam. (Uitgevers-Maatschappij "Vivat." 1910. Price fl. 1.90.)

This "Illustrated Handbook of Insulinidia" (the Dutch East Indies) is from the pen of our energetic Batavian member, Mr. van Hinloopen Labberton. The sub-title of the work runs: 'A synthetic catalogue of the economic state of the Dutch East-Indian archipelago, compiled and edited from data furnished by experts and the government departments.' A list of collaborators mentions some seventy names of first-class specialists in various branches of knowledge and of holders of high government or private positions. It should not be concluded from the title that the book is one on a merely economical subject in the narrower sense. On the contrary, it is a encyclopædic handbook on all possible subjects connected with this part of the Far East. The chapters are well written, replete with information and nearly all of them intensely interesting. The chapters on 'Geological structure' (by Dr. R. D. M. Verbeek), and on 'The native races

and languages' (by Prof. Dr. J. H. C. Kern) are models of compact, clear and instructive presentations of difficult subjects, both brimful of facts. The section on 'Western scientific and humanitarian work for the East' too, is specially interesting. The author's standpoint throughout the work is thoroughly sympathetic and individual and refreshingly humane. One has before one the mature conclusions of one who is thoroughly familiar with his subject, who has seen with his own eyes and thought for himself. From the standpoint of our readers it is a pity that the book is in Dutch; therefore also we can devote only a short notice to it. The book is profusely and well illustrated, two excellent maps accompany it, and a peculiarly well arranged index enhances its practical use. We should like to see this work—the most comprehensive and up-to-date on its subject existing at present—at no distant date in English dress also. Both subject and treatment would gain it a large public.

J. v. M.

*Christianity and the New Idealism*, by Professor Rudolf Eucken. pp. 163. (Harper & Brothers, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The fact that the volume under review was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1908, lifts it at once above the general level of books. It contains the deep thoughts of a great thinker on some of the most important problems of the day, and is full of suggestive hints and ideas.

The first three essays contain the substance of lectures delivered in Jena in 1906, while a fourth was added in the third edition to define more clearly the attitude of the writer towards ecclesiastical Christianity. In a short review it is impossible to do more than indicate the line of thought followed. Professor Eucken bases religion on the facts of spiritual life, and argues that these facts can clearly be distinguished from the natural life of man, and are independent of the accessories which often hide their real value. No religion is valid unless founded on these facts. He maintains that the inner life is based on facts of a superhuman order, and that the most violent attacks fail to shake her, and only tend to show where her true strength lies. 'It is essential to religion that the higher power in our midst should be not merely an influence, but a living Presence, and that our relationship to this Presence should be . . . one in which our whole nature is involved.' Such is his basis of thought, and then he shows that in the

past religions have altered the nature of man, have drawn into close relationship the human and the divine, and that while the outer presentation of the eternal has varied according to different epochs, the underlying life-process is the same in essence.

He acknowledges that the impulse which founds a new religion comes but rarely, but also shows how, without religion, there is a most distinct loss of the unifying spirit which relates man to the cosmic forces around him. His analysis of the relation of history to religion shows the value of the historical method, while at the same time it does not ignore the fact that by the historical method a certain immediacy in religious presentation is lost. He looks on the spiritual life as a primal fundamental fact, "a unifying power unique in kind, capable of refashioning in its own way the whole circle of existence." One other suggestive thought we may quote in this connexion "Even the past is still in the making." We cannot always agree with his estimate of the value of other religions, but we can fully recognise the great mission of Christianity in accentuating the fusion between the divine and the human. In spite of appearances, he is not hopeless that real Christianity will emerge triumphant from the struggles it is now experiencing owing to the expansion in the human consciousness of its power over nature, and its comprehension of her laws, but he recognises that if she is to become a living force, it must be because from the "unfathomable depths of Christianity" a new freshness of life must well to suit the changing conditions of the age. Very suggestive is his analysis of the causes which may shake men out of spiritual laziness. (i) The intolerable ineptitude of the philistine's life; (ii) Some violent social catastrophe; (iii) The advent of forceful magnetic personalities—or perhaps all three at once.

This is a book which every student of western religious questions should read—especially those who still labor under the impression that the whole of European thought is working along materialistic lines. It is a most valuable contribution to the study of religious problems, and the student of Theosophy will find much that is useful to him in meeting the objections of those who have drifted away from the influence of any religion.

K. B.



## THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

*The Adyar Bulletin*, Adyar, June, 1911, contains an article by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater on the practical question of "Food," in which he once more forcibly condemns flesh-eating. There is a capital little story by Mademoiselle Aimée Blech illustrating the nature of true brotherhood, and an interesting note by Mr. Ransom on "Some Electrical Analogies."

*Theosophy in India*, Benares, May, 1911, offers as its principal dish a capital article by Mr. W. H. Kirby, based upon a pamphlet recently issued for the use of the new members of the Italian Section. Professor Adhikari's lecture on the "Ethics of Theosophy" is continued.

*The C. H. C. Magazine*, Benares, June, 1911, contains a kindly farewell message to Principal Arundale on his departure for Europe, and a praiseworthy appeal to young Brahmans to give some of their spare time to teaching boys of lower caste. There are also two admirable notes of advice, one to Indian students in England, another on education by E. Gilbert, in which attention is drawn to the scandalous overtaxing of Indian boys by irrationally long hours of study.

*The Vāhan*, London, May, 1911, gives a preliminary list of the President's engagements during her visit to England. Its principal feature is the second part of Mrs. Ruspoli's admirable paper upon "The Lessons to be learnt at Adyar." Among the "Correspondence" are some criticisms of it which, by their lack of comprehension of elementary Theosophical ideas, show how great was the necessity for such an article.

*The Lotus Journal*, London, May, 1911, commences with a description of the Shwé Dagōn—the great Golden Pagoda of Rangoon—written by Aleyone. It is accompanied by a colored illustration, in which the difficulty of getting an artistic photograph of that wonderful fane seems to have been successfully solved. The colors, however, are not sufficiently brilliant, and the dome is by no means golden enough. Indeed it is probably impossible to reproduce the splendid glitter of the

original, unless one adopted the mediæval plan of actually introducing gold leaf.

*Bulletin Théosophique*, Paris, May, 1911, has for its principal feature a most interesting letter from the French General Secretary giving his experiences and impressions in India.

*Theosophia*, Amsterdam, May, 1911, contains instalments of "Old Diary Leaves" and "The Science of Peace," a translation of "The Magic of the Christian Church," and an article on the ever-new subject of Karma from the editor.

*Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana*, Genova, May, 1911. The principal feature is the report of the tenth Convention of the Italian Section. Then follows a translation from Mr. Long's article on "Man and Food." The most interesting papers are a note upon a waking vision by Mr. Kirby, and another for the White Lotus Day by Signorina Guerrier, in which she throws quite a new light upon the marriage of our respected Founder to General Nicéphore Blavatsky, and also gives an interesting account of Madame Blavatsky's meeting with Prince Golitzyn, a Mason of high degree, which seems to have been not without its influence in introducing her to the life that lay before her. Along with this issue are bound a very fine portrait of Mrs. Besant, taken from Alcyone's *Adyar Album*, and also a colored illustration of the Shwé Dagōn Pagoda, which was intended to accompany an article written by him in the *Bollettino* for April.

*The Theosophic Messenger*, Chicago, April, 1911, offers us the first instalment of "The Legend of the Holy Grail," which should prove of interest. Its principal features are an article on "The Mighty Æther" by Mr. C. Jinarājāḍāsa, and a reprint of Mrs. Ruspoli's "Lessons to be learnt at Adyar."

*Theosophy in Australasia*, Sydney, May, 1911, also gives the second instalment of Mrs. Ruspoli's article on Adyar, and an excellent essay upon "The Present Stupendous Position."

*Theosophy in New Zealand*, Auckland, May, 1911, concludes three important articles: Donna Margherita Ruspoli's on "The Lessons to be learnt at Adyar," Mr. Newton's "Limitations and Defects of the Intellect" and "A Scripture of Yoga."

[NOTE.—In consequence of the arrival at the last moment of our President's "White Lotus Day Address" we have been compelled to curtail greatly our notices of Theosophical Magazines, and to omit altogether "Academical Magazines" and "Theosophy in Many Lands."—ACTING EDITOR.]