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Founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY & H. S. OLCOTT  
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 Edited by ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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

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

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

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

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

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Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

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## THE THEOSOPHIST

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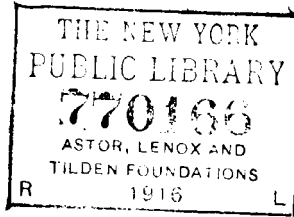
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C. JINARAJADASA, HOLDING THE BUDDHA RELICS

VOL. XXXVII

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# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A SECOND Christmas has passed in the midst of War, and has been a scene of mourning to countless families instead of a season of innocent family joy, of children's laughter, and the patter of little feet. And another New Year is dawning after Christmas, dawning red with blood instead of with the rosy glow of love, and Aurora's fingers are blood-bedabbled, and her cheeks are splashed with blood and not with blushes. Maitreya! Christ! Compassionate and tender; when will the harvest of men's lives be reaped, and the karma of broken hearts be exhausted? When this volume of THE THEOSOPHIST shall close, shall we be within sight of the closing of the War? Some Yogis here, in India, put the ending in April, but I know not whether they speak sooth, or only guess, as do others. For myself, I have heard naught of an ending, so far.

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We none of us understood, when Dr. Steiner, supported by M. M. Schuré and Lévy, made his carefully planned attack on me and tried, by the most unscrupulous misrepresentations, to eject me from the Presidency of the T. S. and put himself in my place, that his policy was the policy we have since become so familiar with as the German *par excellence*. The extraordinary mendacity had not then become familiar as peculiarly Teutonic, and the ingenuity of the tangle created was so great that even I, who knew the falsity of the statements made, was at a loss how to straighten out the twisted coil. M. Schuré was, obviously, for the time, under the spell of a subtler and more powerful intellect than his own, and saw the distorted representations as truth, in all honesty. M. Lévy was malicious, but probably thought himself justified in being so. The whole plot was intended to put a German at the head of the Theosophical organisation, and thus to influence the various countries over which that organisation spreads. Dr. Steiner would thus have had a powerful instrument for circulating German views in all civilised countries, and for colouring public opinion in favour of Germany.

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It was always a puzzle to us how he, apparently a poor man, obtained the large funds which enabled him to circulate his mendacities in many languages, and to scatter them gratis in all directions. But the world has now learnt that the subsidising of such plots has been part of the German policy for years. It would have been a great thing to have had a German President of the T. S., seated at Adyar, working for Germany through our hundreds of Lodges, a centre of danger in

India. As it is, he has had to send out his poisonous pamphlet, revealing himself as an apostle of Pan-Germanism, from Switzerland, and his influence, such as may remain to him outside Germany, receives thereby its *coup de grâce*. We have, however, heard nothing of him and his Society, since his fiasco in relation to myself, until the issue of this pamphlet.

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The pamphlet seems to have come as a great shock to M. M. Schuré and Lévy, who had been deceived by his pretensions, and who now find that he is one of the many Teuton agents who use all means, religious and political, to spread the German claim to world-domination. Naturally the War has evoked the Gallic enthusiasm in the hearts of Dr. Steiner's French followers, and he is not able to lead them astray any longer into the forwarding of Germany's plans for crushing Europe under the German heel. He had also started one or two Lodges in America, through which to aid the German propaganda there.

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Among the many signs of the awakening of Indian Womanhood, the Ladies' Association of Masulipatam has for some years been doing very valuable work. They have lately held their Anniversary, and had a prize distribution for the Lady Ampthill's Girls' School. At Gwalior, whither I went to preside over the Rajputana and Central India Federation, T. S., I found a Ladies' Association active, and had the honour of addressing it in a pleasant garden where they held their meeting. Some of them had also formed a Women's T. S. Lodge there, and I initiated eleven ladies, the charter members. The Mahārāja Scindhia—who

was looking much pulled down by his recent severe illness—is very deeply interested in girls' education, and has allowed a school to be named after his baby daughter, a very bright-looking little lady, who sat quite amiably in my lap, and clutched and cooed over H. P. Blavatsky's ring, with which she seemed much fascinated. H. H. is no mere figurehead to his State; he is an indefatigable worker, and devotes himself to the welfare of his dominions with strenuous energy. Gwalior City—three cities really—can boast of some splendid buildings, due to his guidance, and the State enjoys some of the reforms which the Congress has been vainly urging on the British Government for thirty years. One speciality of the Gwalior buildings is the beautiful pierced stonework, looking like embroidery in stone. It is interesting to see how the advanced Indian States are showing the way now-a-days to the British Government, and are proving how thoroughly "fit"—odious word—the Indians are for Home Rule. They are a standing proof of the ability of Indians to rule themselves better than the English can rule them.

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Our T. S. Convention is at Bombay this year, the first time that it has been held away from Adyar or Benares, although the Bombay Lodges urged the new move strongly in 1907. So far, the change seems to be popular, as we hear of 900 delegates already notified. There is, of course, the practical advantage that as very many of our members are Congressmen, it enables them to attend both functions, and many other associations to which different members belong—Social Reform, Temperance, Theistic, orthodox Hindū—all

have their annual meetings in the "National Week," as we call it, and the Theosophical Society thus becomes recognised as a unifying Society, an organ in the mighty body of the Motherland. Our subsidiary activities also link us with many organisations of service, and, in addition, there is the pleasure of meeting many friends, belonging to all sorts and conditions of good work.

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The T. S. Convention is the first in the field, opening with the first of my public lectures on December 25th, at 8.30 a.m. The lectures are to be on some of the great teachings of Theosophy; I. God; II. Man; III. Right and Wrong; IV. Brotherhood. Then, at 10.30, we have an E. S. meeting, and at 5.30, Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa lectures, on World Reconstruction. At 1.30, I have to attend a Congress Committee, and at 4.30 the Conference on the Home Rule question, at which an important gathering of Indian leaders takes place, and the discussion is likely to be long. Intense interest has been aroused all over the country. The General T. S. Convention is to be held on December 26th, but it will be shorter than usual, for we have no reports, of course, from Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Bulgaria, nor from Finland nor Russia, nor from martyred Belgium. Spain and America, which are at peace, have not reported, unless the letters have gone wrong, as so often happens now-a-days. On this same day also we hold the Anniversary Meeting, at 5 p.m. at which many languages usually fall into the surprised air. On the next two days, the Indian Section has its meetings, and on the 28th December, a day ever memorable for us, is



held the Anniversary meeting of the Order of the Star in the East.

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The National Congress is to be held on the 27th, 28th and 29th, and the great Pavilion built for it holds 20,000 people. It will be seen from this that a huge attendance is expected, and we have no doubt that the expectation will be realised. India is fully alive and is throbbing with repressed hope. How much of this it will be thought politic to show, one cannot guess, but for all who know, as those who compose that huge assembly will know, what is seething under the surface, the meetings will be intensely interesting. So also will be the meetings of the Muslim League on the 30th and 31st December. The President of League meetings and the General Secretary of the All-India Muslim League Council, are both enthusiastic supporters of the Home Rule movement, and are among the signatories of the invitation convening the meeting.

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I should be very glad if the class, or classes, formed in England for the study of Indian questions, would read and circulate my new book, *How India Wrought for Freedom*. It is the complete story of the National Congress taken from the official records :

It is a plain story of India's constitutional struggle for freedom, a story so pathetic in its patience, so strong in its endurance, so far-seeing in its wisdom, that it is India's justification—in any justification can be needed for asserting the right to freedom—for her demand for Home Rule.

Much good would be done by placing the book in public libraries, especially in those of towns where there is a large artisan population, and where political interest is strong. India's hopes and India's

struggles only need to be known in Great Britain to cause an overwhelming movement in her favour. The great mistake made in England, since Charles Bradlaugh's death, has been the restriction of argument and appeal to the upper and middle classes, whose husbands, brothers and sons profit by the keeping of India as a preserve for Englishmen.

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A very pleasant new departure was taken here in Adyar on December 16th, when the Arts League was inaugurated in the large Hall at Headquarters. A pretty little collection of Indian silver and ivory work was shown on a table, and two or three effective water-colours by members of the League helped the decorative side; Mrs. Cousins, who is a brilliant pianist, Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Schwarz, violinists, Mme. Petrini, a Swedish prima donna, Mr. Cousins who has a soft and sympathetic light tenor voice, provided a pleasant musical programme, and there was some exceedingly good Indian music by a Musalmān player. Some short addresses were delivered by Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, Mr. Cousins and myself, and the gathering was an enjoyable one. The League is to meet twice a month in Olcott Gardens, and there will be occasional meetings in the Headquarters' Hall. Adyar residents seem to run to music. Mr. Kirby, for several winters, was a joy to us, with his exceptionally fine playing, but Italy has kept him this year.

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Adyar is not so full as usual, nor so cosmopolitan. We have lost, of course, our German residents, and of foreigners have only Swedish, Dutch, Swiss and American. So we are much less many-sided

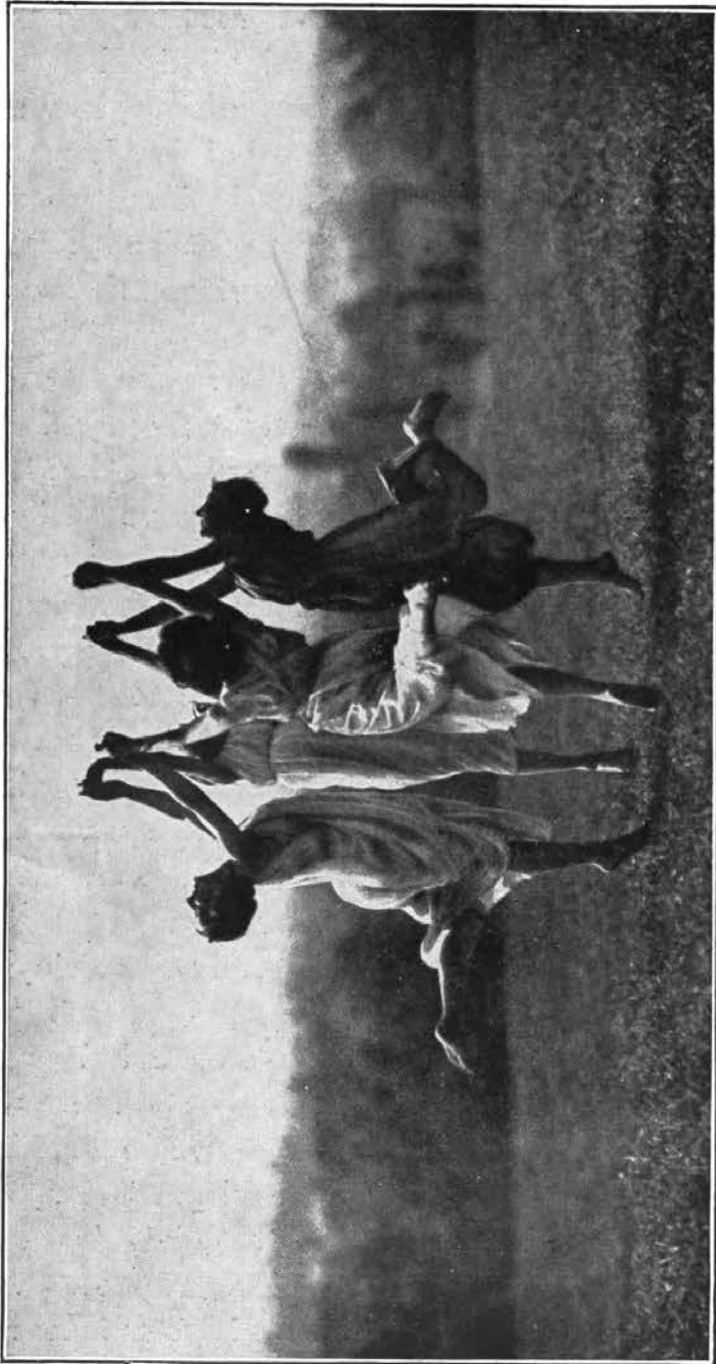
than usual. From within the United Kingdom, we have English, Scotch and Irish, but we have no Welshman.

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The news that George S. Arundale had been elected General Secretary for England and Wales came just after my Watch-Tower notes last month were printed off, so I could not send then my warm congratulations to the Section on its good fortune in securing his invaluable services. For he is one of the best workers of the Society, with his energy and initiative, and, as a centre for the work of others, his inspiring personality is priceless. A week or two ago I was in Benares, and found there the old love for him and the longing to see him come "home" again, for, naturally, there is no second Arundale available there. The heads of Madanapalle College, of the Benares Theosophical School, of the important Kāyastha Pāthashālā at Allahabad, are all "Arundale's men," and spread his spirit through staffs and students. He will have a royal welcome when he comes back to India, for England cannot always hope to keep him.

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## EURHYTHMICS

By E. AGNES R. HAIGH

THE name "Eurhythmics," by which M. Jaques-Dalcroze has chosen to describe his system of rhythmic gymnastic, is vaguely and variously interpreted by the general public. Most commonly it is understood to refer either to a particular school of physical culture with musical accompaniment, or to some special method of interpreting music by dance. Students of Eurhythmics alone realise how wide of the mark are all such conjectures—but the difficulty of correcting them in plain language remains. The misunderstanding arises in great measure from our habit of expecting a descriptive title to define that

which it represents, or of demanding that a system of education must necessarily be capable of precise definition. Eurhythmics certainly cannot be defined; it can only be partially explained in words; to be in any sense comprehended it must be seen, studied, lived. To quote from its founder: "One does not learn to ride by reading a book on horsemanship, and Eurhythmics are above all a matter of personal experience."

The ideal training of the Greek world was summed up in "music and gymnastic"—an education which, in its practical workings, no classical scholar has ever yet intelligently explained. To regard it as a hazy ideal which every teacher might, within certain limits, interpret according to his own talent or fancy, is to ignore the intellectual precision with which the Greeks always followed up their acknowledged aims: to regard it as a mere curriculum of subjects, is to mistake its method completely. In his *Republic*, which Mahaffy calls "the finest educational treatise which the world has ever seen," Plato makes it clear that reform must base itself on education, and that education has as its first object the formation of character. The acquiring of knowledge and the training of special talents are important but secondary. Of the manner of this education he finds that "it is hard to invent a better than has been discovered by the wisdom of ages—the education of gymnastic for the body, and music for the soul". Music is to harmonise the soul, giving to the young character an "unreasoning love for the good and beautiful—so that later, when reason comes, he salutes her as a friend with whom knowledge has made him long familiar". By gymnastic the body is made active and healthy, fit for physical

exercise, enduring, a controlled and efficient tool of its master, the mind. Moreover, music and gymnastic are not independent agents, any more than are body and soul separate departments. Music inspires and controls the body through rhythm, gymnastic helps to produce strength and endurance of character. Body and soul assist and reinforce one another, acting in harmonious combination. With Plato's ideals the critics have never quarrelled: it is because this "slender curriculum," so-called, has been judged to be unpractical and visionary or, at best, only fitted for a privileged class, that the principles and practice of Greek education have been ignored in modern life.

The whole question turns, of course, upon what we understand by "music and gymnastic," and what method we should employ in the teaching of them. I can myself conceive of no interpretation of music and gymnastic, which would wholly satisfy the Greek ideal, as in substance differing from that upon which the practice of Eurhythmics is founded. It should be understood, however, that the Dalcroze system is no mere revival, no attempt at re-introducing ancient forms and usages, but a free and direct application of Plato's principle in the education of the modern world. Hence it is seen that Eurhythmics is not a special study, or branch of learning, such as a University course involves, nor does it in the least attempt to replace any special study: its purposes are different. Eurhythmics is a musical training of the entire human being through movement; its method is to educate the whole personality through discipline and development. By discipline brain, nerves and muscles are to be brought into true relation, and co-ordinated with one another.



Disorder of mind or body results from lack of rhythm or balance, confusion of duties in the parts of the human organism, whereby the components deviate from their proper reaction to the requirements of life. Only by an educated control, which eliminates inhibition of excess of activity, can the true balance be preserved, in the harmonious interaction of all the faculties and parts, and that perfect health of mind and body be effected which is the foundation of all sane endeavour. So far the ends accomplished may seem to be purely hygienic, but, if we look deeper, we must recognise how wide is the gulf separating health which is an attribute from the quality of health. The just equipoise secured by education in discipline and control gives to the student a marvellous efficiency for any task either of assimilation or of expression. To quote from the words of M. Jaques-Dalcroze: "There must be created an automatic technique for all those muscular movements which do not need the help of the consciousness, so that the latter may be reserved for those forms of expression which are purely intelligent. Thanks to the co-ordination of the nerve-centres, to the formation and development of the greatest possible number of motor habits, my method assures the freest possible play to subconscious expression." By freeing thought from the multitude of minor preoccupations which usurp attention where subconscious activity is insufficiently automatic, by training out involuntary resistances of mind and body, by eliminating leakage of energy through a more perfect economy, such a discipline enables mind and will to devote their highest concentrated capacity to any given voluntary task.

From discipline we come to development. The one is an introduction to the other, although there is no actual priority in order of teaching. The two proceed side by side, each essay in free expression gaining in security and coherence as control gradually asserts itself. Eurhythmic development is essentially individual—not the less so because taught in class work—and aims at equipping the student, first to realise, then to express himself according to his own temperament and genius. The rules are few and simple, the mere alphabet of the language of rhythmic construction. No attempt is made to train according to a pattern, or to give models for the student to imitate and reproduce. Whatever is expressed must be an independent spontaneous conception, the form of its creation determined by the student's individual taste. Yet, because of long discipline in the school of control and balance, originality can never become spasmodic or unbridled. Very few, it may be, have it in them to become true creative artists, and the merit of different attempts at self-expression must necessarily vary according to the capacity and endowment of the pupil. Notwithstanding, each individual has something to communicate—something his own, and therefore new in nature, given but the means of translating himself intelligibly to the world. The true education of every human being, as M. Jaques-Dalcroze holds, is that which teaches him to realise his personality; and the expression of that personality, under disciplined control, in its reaction to the stimulus of external impression, is his life's work in whatever calling or pursuit he finds himself engaged.

Such a view of the purpose of education is as strictly in accord with the conclusions of modern

psychology as with the unconscious ideals of the Greek world—that the training of individual powers is accomplished by liberation rather than by assimilation. Specialising, a vigorous application of the mind to a single subject, or set of subjects, before the balance of natural powers is effected, may develop certain important faculties; but leaves out of reckoning the co-operation of the whole personality. The education of the powers in combination, and harmonious interaction, towards a communal goal of endeavour, releases a far richer capacity, which may be directed towards any purpose upon which choice determines. This “focusing,” so to speak, of the whole personality, can only be achieved by such co-operation of all the instinctive, as well as conscious powers, brought into trained accord under the direction of the will.

The question naturally suggests itself, why does M. Jaques-Dalcroze found his system upon a musical basis, and why should a training in rhythmic gymnastic be more valuable for character-building than physical development combined with scientific, literary, or other artistic study? M. Jaques himself gives the answer. He says: “If I base my system on music it is because music is a great psychic force, the result of human thought and expression, which, through its power to stimulate and control, can order all our vital functions. ...By music I understand what the Greeks so called; that is, the sum of our powers of feeling and thought, the ever-changing symphony of spontaneous ideas, first created, then modified, given form by imagination, ordered by rhythm, and harmonised by consciousness. This music is the character of the individual.” It is essential for the understanding of Eurhythmics to

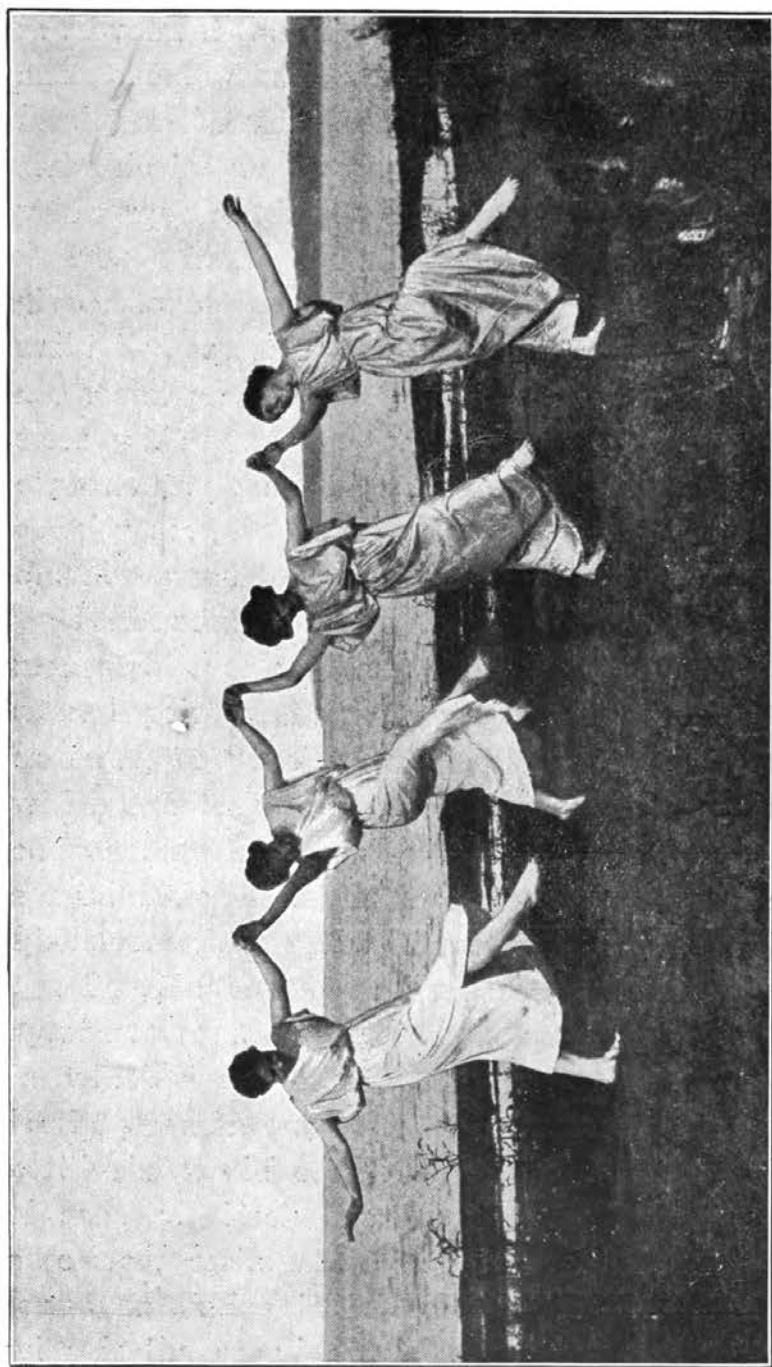
remember that by "music" its founder means "what the Greeks so called". To the modern mind the word is bound to suggest definite compositions, or schools of composition—anyhow, certain fixed forms and immutable rules. We need to remind ourselves of the Greek conception of music as a creative energy expressing itself in ordered sounds, always fluid and productive, never static and final; an inward process, or activity, (with rhythm as its dominant factor), not the outward manifestation or concrete example. Rhythmic gymnastic, in consequence, has as little to do with preordained gestures moving to fixed measures, on the one hand, as with plastic reproductions of ancient statue-groups, on the other. It is a common misconception of Eurhythmics to suppose that it models itself on ancient types, illustrating or translating their characteristic features into movement. Whatever may be true of some schools of dance-culture, Eurhythmics is above all things an independent art, finding its incentive to creation in the basic instincts and experiences of the individual. The music of Eurhythmics, which is generally improvised, never dictates the movement; it suggests an idea or impulse which finds form in spontaneous rhythmic expression, and infinite is the variety of impressions which the same musical piece can make upon the different personalities of the pupils. The very presentation itself is a motive rather than an explanation, for the rôles may be reversed, the pupil suggesting the idea in rhythmic movement for music to interpret: in other words, true rhythmic interpretation is no definite conception plastically or picturesquely reproduced, but a root perception full of meanings still

undefined, a theme containing the germs of ideas not yet comprehended in reasoned thought.

It might be supposed that the power of plastic interpretation was a gift of nature which would be found in a few only of the pupils, but this is not the case. It seems, on the contrary, that rhythmic expression is a universal instinct which needs only to be aroused and trained. The impulse towards self-expression in bodily movement exists, in a more or less rudimentary form, in every child, and leaves him only as he learns to confine expression to the more limited medium of speech. Festival and religious dances—all founded mainly on a rhythmic basis—are a prominent feature in the culture of all simple and primitive peoples, especially where the natural movement-instinct is not hampered by a conventionalised dress; and it has been noticed by anthropologists that savage races are more sensitive to subtleties of rhythm, and more accurate in the rendering of them, than are many of our trained musicians.

Of the practical workings of the Dalcroze system it is difficult to speak without seeming to attempt to reduce it to rules. Its founder is by far its most eloquent exponent, and he tells us more by what he indicates than by means of actual description. In demonstrations given by advanced pupils we see how a musical idea is first conveyed to them, perceived—not emotionally only, but with all the æsthetic faculties trained to act in concert—firmly grasped by the intellect, and then translated into free and coherent expression under the control of the will. The effect—a test of all true art—is as effortless as a bird's flight, but one may conjecture how severe is the discipline which must





precede such perfection of freedom. In the earlier stages the pupil's consciousness is more occupied with the need for energetic mental concentration, an intending of the sum of the faculties upon the task in hand, than with the movements of the body: yet an active pleasure accompanies all stages of the work because the exercises are founded upon natural instincts. By slow degrees the body becomes schooled to a precise and orderly translation of the commands which it receives, and by slow degrees the faculties learn to grasp the musical impression in a lucid unwavering concept. "The independence of the different parts of the body becomes so complete that the times of entirely different measures can be beaten concurrently—movements of the head marking a  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, of the left arm a  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, of the right arm a  $\frac{4}{4}$  time, of the feet a  $\frac{5}{4}$  time, all simultaneously." By exercises such as these can the power of mental detachment and intensive concentration be cultivated to an extraordinary degree, while corresponding bodily movements, serving as a free outlet, react most healthfully upon the nervous system, and exclude the danger of exhaustion. Moreover, the infinite variety of the exercises, which are hardly ever repeated in the same form, and the study of antagonistic movements, "of the balance of contraction in one limb against relaxation in another," protect effectively against strain or over-fatigue of individual muscles or nerves.

To take another illustration; the pupil expresses a rhythm<sup>1</sup> (or rhythms) with the body while mentally attending to another which is being played, and

<sup>1</sup> A rhythm is well described by Mr. P. B. Ingham as "a regularly recurring series of accented sounds, unaccented sounds, and rests, expressed in rhythmic gymnastics by movements and inhibitions of movement."



prepares, at the word of command, to take up and realise in movement the new theme, again listening to a third, and so on. Such an exercise insensibly trains the faculty of abstraction and of rapid accurate memorising, and this by no tedious distasteful process, but by a voluntary effort both interesting and congenial.

Or again, a long and complicated rhythm may be given, to be doubled, trebled, halved, or otherwise multiplied or subdivided—perhaps even reversed, so that mathematical problems of varying difficulty frequently arise which must be worked out by the pupil in bodily experience. Similarly, exercises in syncopation and counterpoint, from the simplest to the most abstruse, must be translated into visible form.

The accurate performance of complicated bodily movements, of which these are examples, requires a mental poise and sureness, a power of grasping the essential, of “seeing whole,” if one may so express it, which are looked upon usually as a rare and special endowment. In developing such qualities as these, by a systematic and calculated process, Eurhythmics is, as I believe, unique among educational methods.

Speaking from some personal experience of rhythmic gymnastic training I may mention one or two impressions in which I find other students also concur. The first is the spontaneous pleasure of the exercises as a more positive state of feeling than that induced by other forms of activity. Each exercise, which consists of an idea perceived, assimilated, and translated into expression, forms an entire individual achievement, and brings with it the peculiar satisfaction which only a sense of fulfilment, independent of external aid, can confer. Secondly, the complete relief which Eurhythmics gives

from tension of mind or body. Fatigue and nervous strain, resulting from the excessive use of certain nerve or muscle-groups, cannot survive the surrender, for the time being, of all the faculties to an absorbing and congenial task. The recreative value of rhythmic gymnastic exercises, wherein body and mind recuperate themselves almost as in sleep, bears out the statement of Dr. E. Jolowicz<sup>1</sup> that "the experience of these feelings" (induced by certain rhythms) "stimulates the metabolism of sensation, and results in an increase of vitality." And thirdly, the feeling of self-reliance, of resourcefulness, which results from the training. The personality, educated to react in the method proper to its nature to every stimulus of external impression, tends to acquire a confidence in its ability to deal with the difficulties of daily experience, since the whole modus of the teaching is to refer each problem which the work presents to the pupil's own powers for its solution.

The question of ethics should find some place in a general survey of Eurhythmic development. The modern world does not look to secular education for results of permanent ethical value, outside of the specific virtues of diligence, application, and so forth; these are to be achieved through "influence," or the inculcating of definite moral ideas. The best of Greek thinkers, on the other hand, valued a training in music and gymnastic above all things for its ethical results. On what did they base this expectation? The question is a large one, and it is not possible to do more than suggest certain ideas for consideration. In Greek belief moral excellence was united with, and indicated by, the beauty of physical excellence. Where there was a

<sup>1</sup> Resident physician and lecturer in Psycho-physics at the Dalcroze College, Helleran, Dresden.

pervading harmony there could be no excess, no training of certain faculties at the expense of others, no throwing the judgment and resultant action out of perspective. Hence the Greek "good man" was the *kalos k'agathos* the man whose outward comeliness bore witness to his inner integrity—a "proper" man. In this respect, also, is the founder of Eurhythmics inspired by the ideals of the Greek thinkers. Training in rhythmic gymnastic is the most complete education in harmonious well-being that one can imagine; and there is no surer security for well-doing than a consistent state of well-being. The quickness of decision, self-reliance, and clearness of vision which the exercises produce go far to eliminate the bias of disorderly thinking, of irrational impulse, which, more often than deliberate evil intention, lead to ill-regulated conduct.<sup>1</sup> "Probably, owing to the permeation of the whole mental life with rhythmic values, the effect of the exercises is so far-reaching that even areas apparently quite unconnected with the faculties involved are indirectly influenced." Following up this suggestion we may conjecture how the human system would involuntarily correct error or excess in itself in obedience to its own law of balance and harmony.

Of Eurhythmics as an art, of its musical possibilities, of the incentive it gives to sculptor and painter in the exploration of new ideas and fresh effects, of its heightening of the natural human instinct for beauty and for joy I have said nothing. On this side of the subject each observer and student must receive his own impressions and form his own conclusions.

E. Agnes R. Haigh

<sup>1</sup> From a translation of Prof. Jolowicz.

## POVERTY AND PATRIOTISM

By THE REV. CANON BARNETT

*(President of Toynbee Hall, and Author of  
"Practicable Socialism," etc.)*

THE poor pay the taxes and fight the battles of the country. The heaviest burden always falls on their shoulders and in old times they have willingly paid and willingly fought because of their patriotism. They were proud of being Britons, quite certain of British superiority to all foreigners, and very fond of the country into which they had put the work of their hands and the thought of their heads.

The Industrial Revolution which changed the condition of the poor has also gradually changed their mind. The invention of machinery and the introduction of the modern business methods which have led to such a vast increase of wealth drove the poor to crowd into the towns and gave another direction to their thoughts. Much has been written about the consequent loss of health and happiness among workers who left the hand loom and the country cottage industry to live in crowded alleys around giant factories. But conditions which affect people's bodies also affect their minds, and thus it comes to pass that the basis of the old patriotism

has been shifted. British workmen, who have become familiar with the ways of trade—its sharp practices—the oppression of the weak by the strong and the poor physique which follows long hours and habits of drink, are no longer so proud of being Britons. They are not quite certain that they can say, “Britons never shall be slaves.” They may not like foreigners any better than their fathers liked them but pride has now become jealousy. They dislike foreigners as competitors who undersell their labour and outwit them by superior knowledge, but they have not the proud consciousness their fathers had of a courage, or a love of freedom or a care for justice which proved them to be “sprung of Earth’s first blood, by titles manifold”. They have no clear hope of an England which, forged out of memories, would draw them on to willing sacrifice. They have little vision of a country where the people, sitting in the shelter of their own homes, united to their neighbours by the bonds of peace and goodwill, and set on doing justice to all men, would command the respect of the world.

The poor by their poverty are shut out from much of the knowledge on which patriotism depends, as they are prevented by their separation from the land from putting their labour into the earth and from making homes they might love. People’s hearts are where their treasure is. Workmen who have put their labour into the earth and waited for its fruits, householders who with years of care have dug their gardens and furnished their houses, have their hearts involved in the care and future of their country. The poor who occupy rooms in the long rows of houses which with monotonous uniformity form the streets of our towns,

where house is so like to house that the owner can recognise his home only by its number, where the stay is so short that decoration seems waste, are never called to spend their time or their labour on house making. They, as birds of passage, have little sense of ownership and no heart's treasure in the country. How can they whose home is squalid flooring, and without any character of its own, be moved by the thought of "Home Sweet Home"—how can they be patriots?

Poverty therefore, we may conclude, largely prevents patriotism. Workmen feel Class to be a greater bond than Country, and stretch out hands of fellowship to foreign workmen that together they may assist their rights against Capital. Young people say, "What is there for which we should fight, we could live as easily in other countries, and all we have we can carry in our pockets." It may be possible, as I already said, to excite jealousy of foreigners by suggestions that they undersell our labour and to raise passions by talking of their evil designs, but the patriotism so excited is not the patriotism which makes a country great. Bad thoughts do not make good deeds, and suspicion is a bad thought. Vain, therefore, is it to attempt to revive the old noble feeling by increasing suspicion of foreigners, or by flag-waving and shouting. Patriots like those of Italy, just made familiar to us in Mr. Trevelyan's *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, faced foreign host, waved their banners and shouted together, but it was not the banners and the shoutings which made them patriots. They had a vision of Italy, and the thoughts of their country's call moved them to action. It is not enough to put "Union Jacks" in the

schools, or to exhibit maps with English greatness painted red, the poor must have a vision of England and realise their treasure in the country.

The teaching of patriotism to the captives of poverty is no light matter. There is no royal road by which poverty may be abolished, and the problem is how to awaken in the people whose homes must be in dull streets, and whose labour must begin early and go on late, that love of country which will give them a higher self-consciousness. Patriotism, it must be remembered, is not only a national asset which owners of property are concerned to develop for their own protection, it is much more important for the dignity and the consciousness of duty with which it inspires individuals. The patriot is not just the high-spirited boy ready to take fire at any insult to his country or to fight to extend her supremacy, he is the man who feels himself a member of a noble company and concerned to carry forward through the ages a great inheritance to higher issues. How are the poor, while they remain poor, to be given this grace and power of patriotism? How, that is, are they to be given a conception of their country which will inspire them to be its defenders? How are they to be brought to feel that the country is their own?

There seems to be only one solution to every social problem. The poor must be educated and the education must be something more than that which makes them "good scholars" or even good craftsmen. They must be taught to think and to judge for themselves what "deeds have made the Empire," what is the true ground of the nation's greatness. They must be taught to discover in history what their fathers really

won—not just the territory or the wealth—but the qualities of character which have become their inheritance. A man's winnings in life are not to be found in what he has, but in what he is; a man's worth is truly counted not by his possessions, but by his character. Britain's greatest winning, it may perhaps be said, is confidence in liberty. Britons early own for themselves the right of self-government, and when her battles are forgotten and her wealth dissipated it will for ever be remembered that Britain by a mighty sacrifice of treasure gave freedom to the slaves and trusted the government of the Colonies to the free votes of the people. If then by the study of history the children in the schools learn how this confidence in liberty has been won it will not be long before a vision rises of a country where liberty has even a more perfect work, where the people have not only the right to vote, but are equipped with the means—the health and the knowledge to vote wisely, where every one will be able to enjoy the things worth enjoying, when there shall be no more an infant of days nor an old man that hath not filled his days, when they always shall build houses and inhabit them, when the voice of weeping shall be no more heard nor the voice of crying, when none shall hurt or destroy one another.

Patriotism for modern people, as for the Jews, must be fed by visions. Before the poor have visions of a country to be loved, to be defended, and to be worked for, they must have knowledge as to what constitutes greatness. Before they can have this knowledge they must have longer time at school and more opportunities of learning the call of their country. The first things to do, so that the poor may become patriotic, are to raise



the age at which children leave school and to enforce attendance at Continuation Schools up to the age of seventeen.

But knowledge of their country's greatness is not the only need of the poor. They must have in it their own treasure. It is a happy sign of the times that garden suburbs are growing up round our towns, where home-makers can put their labour into their gardens and learn to love their homes. But for the majority of the poor their days must still be spent in close streets where the flowers will not grow. How are they to be given a sense that their country depends on them and that they depend on the country? The pension system has already done something to make them feel that their work is not forgotten, and when, further, workers are insured against unemployment, that sense will be deepened. The country is showing greater care for the people, it is passing out of the stage when it was thought sufficient to leave every one to himself and punish defaulters. The State recognises other duties than that of being a hangman. The greater difficulty is how to lead the poor to put their own treasure—their own work and thought—into the country. It is impossible that the town dwellers can hold land which they might work, it is impossible even that they can have a home which they might love, the only suggestion is that they should use more fully their right to vote. When they feel that it is they who make the Government which can make the city healthy or unhealthy—which can settle the education of their children—which can prevent or develop poverty—which can secure or hinder recreation, when they realise that it is they, by their votes and by their talk,

who make the city, they will have in the city the interest which makers have in their own creations, and so they will become patriotic—proud of its health—its cleanliness—its grandeur. They may be poor, but the city being their own, they will have the ennobling sense of membership in a great society, and there will be good reason why they will defend it against all enemies, whether the enemies arise at home or from abroad, whether they threaten to destroy what has been established or to prevent progress towards a greater greatness.

The Rev. Canon Barnett

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## THEOSOPHY AND THE ARTS

By JAMES H. COUSINS

FROM the earliest times of which we have record or hint, it has been a habit of the human consciousness to formulate within itself some conception of the universe of which it found itself a part, and of its own relationship thereto. Such conception it has also been a habit of the human consciousness to throw into expression, for the purpose of exchange, confirmation or correction. The very urge to formulation within, drives also to formulation without, where the impact of multiplicity annuls the possibility of the finite in conception becoming the infinite in presentation. Thus the impression and its expression, with their mutual reaction thrown backward and forward—making perpetual modification in one another, yet both being the dual operation of Hermes, the Celestial thief—“robbing Peter to pay Paul,” and Paul in turn to pay Peter—are figured in the twin serpents, mutually destroying yet nourishing one another. We observe also the operation of the Divine Messenger, bearing tidings from the shadowy hinterlands of the Spirit to the soul of humanity; and bearing them also from soul to soul in search of the hidden unity.

For these reasons, amongst others, is Hermes the Guardian Divinity of the seers on the one hand, and of the artists on the other; and the immortal foe of those who would withhold from Religion and

Philosophy the comradeship of Beauty, or deny to the Arts the fecundation and inspiration of the soul.

Between Religion and Philosophy in its essence—that is, Theosophy—and the Arts, there is, therefore, not only a historical coincidence in time, but an inevitable co-operation, which, being essential, integral, discloses itself in related laws and activities in Theosophy itself, in its human channels and exponents, and in their expression in the Arts.

Thus, in the interactions of human activity, the first contact is between surfaces. Our existence on the physical level of the universe is possible only through our physical instruments, and their subtle affinities. Our peripheral nerves inform us only of the peripheral universe. A step further, and we have fallen through the physical and sensible to the conceptual. We apprehend behind and beneath the superficial, something untouchable. We admire (or not, as the case may be,) the round face of the girl of Rouen, or the almond eyes of the East; but we cannot put the *shape* of either in a bottle in a laboratory.

To what we may turn the *body of appearance*, and the body of *form*, which, mark, are both immobile in nature, we have to add the *body of desire*; the spring of all activity, the secret of evil—and of good. Lacking the movement of desire (or feeling, or emotion) to and from the objects of desire, form would be formless, appearance would dwell in the unapparent. Desire is the urge in the artist towards creation, towards the abysses of imperfection that for ever open between conception and execution: it is the link between Divine and human.

Because desire, that flung them in the deep,  
Called God too from his sleep,

as the seer-poet, AÆ. puts it.

Deeper still, we apprehend the basis in which these three "bodies" inhere, the *body of thought*—the source of vitality, the centre that is parent of circumference. "I think, therefore I am," said the philosopher. Mr. Chesterton having popularised the journalistic pastime of head swallowing tail, it was inevitable that some one should set the old philosopher right by declaring, "I am, therefore I think." Both are right: it is in the nature of *Amness* to preserve itself by thinking: cease thinking, and you cease existing. It is also in the nature of thought to seek after existence, amness; and this it does by way of desire, into form and appearance. Observe, that these bodies of desire and thought are mobile in nature.

To these telescoped "bodies," or functions, of the human consciousness (speaking only of its general and normal operations,) we may relate the great "Square Deific" of the Arts. The superficial function of life has its counterpart in painting, which conveys to us explicitly only the *appearance* of things, and only implicitly whatever else the looker behind the eye is capable of seeing. For a portrait we go past the door of the poet; but later he will come into his kingdom. So also we pass the door of the painter for a representation of *form*: he cannot put his brush round a corner: he holds us for ever in the front of things, pillories us in the gaze of nature: it is the sculptor who takes us behind things. Still, while the sculptor will make us move as a planet around the magnetic centre of his

masterpiece—thus adding to inanimate form the ironical power of making apparently intelligent beings turn on their own axes—his art, and the art of the painter are as immobile as the form and appearance which they portray.

But neither of these arts takes us to the heart or mind of things. All that they give us of emotion or thought is reflected from the other arts. To express feeling, we need movement; a sensitive medium that will resonate to the increased vibration of the moment, and return to quiescence. The statement that “music is the language of the emotions” is true, even to the extent of the addendum that it is a universal speech. But it must be borne in mind that the “language” will vary according to race and habitat: the music of Europe, and the music of India, are equally the expression of emotion; but there is more of a difference than eighty degrees of longitude and forty of latitude between them: there is all the difference between the throwing of an emotion into expression with a view to its expansion and intensification, and the enunciation of an emotion with a view to transmuting it to its octave or its overtones, and so finding escape from it.

To express thought, we have to go further still. A drawing, a figure, a tone may serve to carry a rudimentary meaning across the great gulf that ahamkāra has put between soul and soul. But the advance of consciousness through the physical and lower mental degrees has caused a collateral subtilisation of speech, which has drawn into it the qualities of painting, sculpture and music, and in its highest expression—poetry—has become an epitome of the arts, both intuitively, and

also consciously, in such work as that of Stephane Mallarme, who tries to make every stanza convey an image, a thought, a sentiment, and a philosophical symbol.

Thus the vehicle for the expression of conscious thought is found in the literary arts: and our evaluation of the four fundamental arts will depend on our estimate of the value of the thought-function as contrasted with the feeling-function, or of the qualities of form and appearance. The result will be temperamental; but apart from this, there are clear limitations, such as the impossibility of teaching, say, the law of *Karma* on a piano.

Yet, observe that here we come across a vivid patch on the warp and woof of conscious life that discloses the to-and-fro flying of the shuttle. It is the arts that in presentation are immobile that compel mobility in the beholder. We cannot see a picture by fixing the eye on one spot. We may see that spot with amazing clearness; but the spot on the inner eye will have no relation to mental vision if unrelated to the rest of the picture. You know little of the agony in Hero's eyes, in Leighton's picture, if you have not looked long at her clenched hands. So, too, with sculpture. The will-o'-the-wisp of Beauty gleams from a thousand angles of invitation. The propped chin of Rodin's *Thinker* gives intensity: the bent back puts weight into the thought. Every inch of our orbit finds a new revelation of form; and when we have performed its revolution, and called upon the multitude of voices to speak one synthetic word in the mind, we have the consciousness of an incompleteness that might be made complete if we could enjoy the privilege of the birds of

the Pantheon of Paris, and look at the sculpture from above as well as sideways.

On the other hand, it is the mobile Arts—music, whose life is an instant's articulate football between silence and silence: literature, with its scant garment for some thought, that it has made of pieces torn from the robes of a thousand flying images—it is these arts that impose immobility and single-pointedness of mind on the hearer. An invitation to an impromptu waltz would find little favour in a person who was under the thrall of a Schumann Concerto; and, however highly we may esteem the simple and obvious in the literature of a moral code, it is beyond possibility that, in creative literature, he who runs, either physically or mentally, may read.

So far we have considered the relationship of the nature of humanity to its expression in the arts, and have seen that the exercise of thought finds its articulation in the literary arts. It is necessary (not by way of discovery save in so far as the obvious may be in danger of secreting itself too close to one's eye) to remark that any coherent presentation of truth, such as Theosophy, finds its proper vehicle of expression in literature, and in that presentation conforms with the quaternary of qualities: appearance in its separate teachings; form, in their balanced totality; desire, in their practical outcome in altruistic effort; thought, in the final ratification of the purified reason.

If, however, we shoulder ourselves through the obvious, and enquire which of the phases of literature is that in which we shall find the qualities raised to their highest potency, and therefore calculated to form the most worthy and effective vehicle of



expression, we shall hardly be likely to accept the answer, Poetry, straightway and finally. The first objection of the Theosophist will be the several pages of the book-index of the British Museum which stand under the caption "Besant, Annie;" with perhaps a subtle and malignant thrust at the present pages here set out in prose. The first objection of the lover of Poetry will be the appalling notion of joining in unholy matrimony two members of the family of human consciousness whom some deity of a new Olympus has decreed to be for ever kept asunder, aided and abetted in their divorce by the young men who review books for the London newspapers, and give a line's *coûp de grace* (with little of grace) to any would-be poet who betrays the fact that he or she has an intelligent theory of life and death.

I do not purpose here to endeavour to make a case for the burning of our Theosophical libraries, or for being myself burnt at the stake of the new literary inquisition. But I cannot resist the temptation in passing to remark that it might be more than fitting if some closer union were established between the eldest of the creeds, the Divine Wisdom, and the eldest of the Arts, Poetry, even in the matter of propaganda. For what is the Universe but God's exposition of His nature? and what is Poetry but the first Upaniṣhaṭ, and the nearest to His secret? When the spirit of God "brooded" on the face of the waters, then was the first act of consciousness, and the primal poem. Then came utterance. "God said," and the Cosmic music sounded. Afterwards came the fashioning of the terrestrial sculpture, and the clothing of the form in the painter's pigments. Thus the art of

the Genesis was likewise the order of the genesis of the Arts.

Such use of poetry would be no untried innovation, but simply a reversion to the method of the Vedas, and the Psalms of David, not to mention the rhymed legal codes and tribal histories of ancient Ireland. The poetical method was, indeed, the prevailing one of the ancient world; as it is still the method of the unsophisticated, in word and gesture, when the operation of the lower mind is intensified by the nobler emotions, and lifted by increased vibration towards the higher degrees of the nature. It was also the natural way to true memory. It was when humanity began to forget, and had to externalise its memory in written records, that the Poet stepped from his place at the side of the King, to make way during succeeding centuries for the everwidening system of mental anarchy known as education.

To-day, under the imposition of European ideals over practically the entire globe, we are eating the Dead-Sea-fruit of intellectual stagnation, which is the natural fruition of thought unfertilised by the spirit—thought devoid of poetry, with its equally sinister companion, poetry devoid of thought, both crying out for what each alone can give the other, yet both condemned to an arid celibacy through the blindness of mere worldly seership, and the folly of the worldly wise. In another article I shall consider some appearances of Theosophical truth in English Poetry, with a view to finding a clue as to how Poetry may the better serve Theosophy, and Theosophy give a new impulse and illumination to Poetry.

James H. Cousins

## HUMAYUN TO ZOBEIDA

(FROM THE URDU)

By SAROJINI NAIDU

YOU flaunt your beauty in the rose, your glory in the  
dawn,  
Your sweetness in the nightingale, your whiteness in  
the swan.

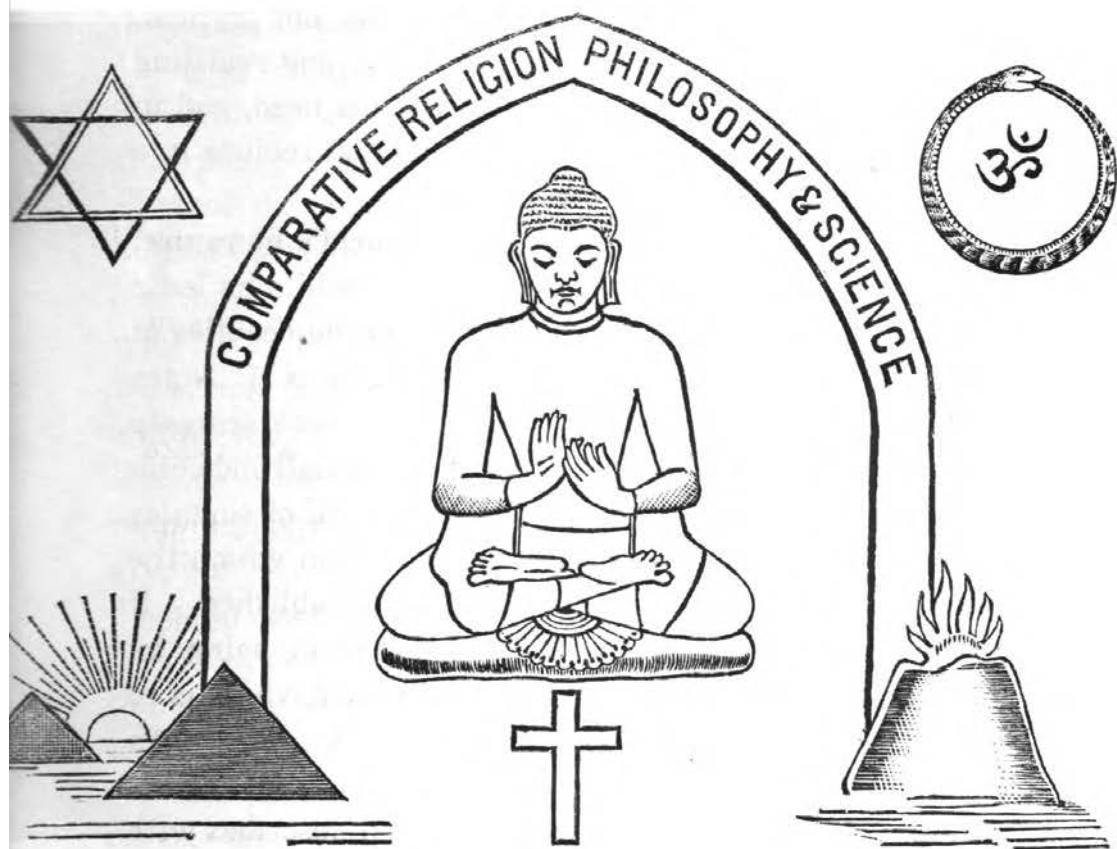
You haunt my waking like a dream, my slumber like  
a moon,  
Pervade me like a musky scent, possess me like a tune.

Yet, when I crave of you, my sweet, one tender  
moment's grace,  
You cry, "I sit behind the veil, I cannot show my face."

Shall any foolish veil divide my longing from my bliss?  
Shall any fragile curtain hide your beauty from my kiss?

What war is this of THEE and ME? Give o'er the  
wanton strife,  
You are the heart within my heart, the life within my  
life.

[Sarojini Naidu is the famous poetess of India of whom Edmund Gosse wrote: "She springs from the very soil of India; her spirit, although it employs the English language as its vehicle, has no other tie with the West. It addresses itself to the exposition of emotions which are tropical and primitive, and in this respect if the poems of Sarojini Naidu be carefully and delicately studied they will be found as luminous in lighting up the dark places of the East as any contribution of savant or historian." We take this poem from *The Golden Threshold*, published by William Heinemann, London.—ED.]



## A JAPANESE MYSTIC

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

**L**ITTLE is known of the early life of Kamo Chomei. He was an accomplished poet and musician, and at the instigation of the retired Emperor Go Toba he was appointed to a post in the Department of Japanese Poetry. For generations members of his family had acted as wardens to the shrine of Kamo in Yamashiro, and not content with his position in the Chamber of

Poesy, he petitioned that he might become superior guardian of the Kamo shrine on the death of his father. For some reason or other his request was not granted. Chomei felt the disappointment keenly, and realising the futility of worldly favours, shaved his head, and in his thirtieth year led the life of a Buddhist recluse in a mountain but a few miles from Kyoto.

Japanese literature, perhaps the world's literature, is the richer for Chomei's choice, for while he led a solitary, but far from lonely, life amid the beauties of Nature, he wrote in 1212 his famous *Hojoki*<sup>1</sup> ("Notes from a Ten Feet Square Hut"). His little book scarcely contains more than thirty pages. It is as small and compact as his simple dwelling, but it is a work of singular charm, an autobiographical fragment upon which the literary reputation of Chomei is firmly established. It is excellent in style, and is very far from being an imitation of the classical Chinese manner which is so prominent in much of Japanese literature. More than that, it reflects the character of Chomei, his love of Nature, his devotion to Buddhism, and describes with rare charm his manner of life. He has been called the Japanese Thoreau, but the comparison is rather unfortunate. Both withdrew from the world, both loved Nature and described her moods lovingly and vividly. With Thoreau his withdrawal to the peace of the woods was merely a brief experiment, while with Chomei he was driven to seek solitude, driven to find beauty because the wind of the world was too strong for him. Thoreau was often petulant, and still more often didactic in his seclusion. Chomei on the

<sup>1</sup> Translated by F. Victor Dickins. Published by Messrs. Gowans and Gray in their "International Library."

other hand was a gentler soul, too wrapped up in his own happiness to desire to instruct others in the way they should go.

The twelfth century in Japan was a period of great misfortune, and under the circumstances it is not surprising to find that it yielded a number of recluses. Chomei did not retire from the world simply because he had failed to obtain a certain appointment. He was confronted with a series of appalling disasters against which he was not strong enough to stand. But before we accuse him of running away from difficulties which a more robust man would have faced bravely, we must inquire what those difficulties were and also what manner of man Chomei was. He has given us a most graphic account of the time when Nature became "red in tooth and claw" and revealed a degree of "frightfulness" which even the Teutonic mind, by binding science to hatred, would be powerless to invent.

Chomei was familiar with Kyoto, or "City-Royal," as he calls the then capital of Japan. He saw there palaces and mansions glorious in design and colour. He doubtless met the nobility of the day and saw everywhere signs of lavish wealth. A less thoughtful pilgrim would have been content with the splendour, but not so Chomei. He saw the worm in the wood, the halting step that comes to the proudest *daimyo*, the lines that mar the fairest woman's cheek. He saw change and decay everywhere. To him antiquity was a vain boast and permanence an idle dream. Kyoto, splendid to-day, would be a ruin to-morrow, and not all the human love and ambition could make it otherwise.

He writes :

Of the flowing river, the flood ever changeth, on the still pool the foam gathering, vanishing, stayeth not. Such too is the lot of men and of the dwellings of men in this world of ours. . . Dweller and dwelling are rivals in impermanence, both are fleeting as the dew-drop that hangs on the petals of the morning-glory. If the dew vanish the flower may stay, but only to wither under the day's sun ; the petal may fade while the dew delayeth, but only to perish ere the evening.

Chomei was destined to see his words fulfilled in a manner he had not anticipated. In 1177 a great fire broke out in Kyoto. The conflagration was accompanied by a violent storm, and the flames stretched out in the shape of a gigantic fan.

The air was filled with clouds of dust, which reflected the blaze, so that the whole neighbourhood was steeped in a glow of fire. . . Amid such horrors who could retain a steady mind? Some, choked by the smoke, fell to the ground ; others in their bewilderment ran straight into the flames trying to save their property, and were burnt to death . . . A full third of the city was destroyed. Thousands of persons perished, horses and cattle beyond count. How foolish are all the purposes of men—they build their houses, spending their treasure and wasting their energies, in a city exposed to such perils !

Three years later Kyoto was devastated by a terrible hurricane. Chomei describes it as “ a true hell-blast ”. Still worse was the famine that followed in 1181. “ To till the land in Spring was vain, in Summer to plant was foolishness, in Autumn there was no reaping, in Winter nothing to store.” Famine was followed by plague. The dead were strewn upon the roads and under the walls of the city, and there was none to carry them away. Woodcutters demolished their own dwelling for firewood, hoping to sell it for a trifle in the market. Some poor men and women were in such dire poverty that they ravaged Buddhist

temples, broke wooden images of the Buddha, sacred vessels and ornaments, and used them as firewood. Chomei, who on this occasion certainly fails to show the compassion of his master, remarks: "That one should be born into such a world of dross and evil as to witness so sinful a deed, which I, alas, did!" Chomei would have done well to remember that there were times when the Buddha brushed the strict letter of the law aside in order that he might show his mercy in full forgiveness.

Chomei does not spare our feelings in describing the effects of that terrible plague. He writes :

There was a sort of rivalry in death among those men or women who could not bear to be separated. What food one of such a pair procured by begging would be reserved to keep the other alive, while the first one was content to die. Both sexes displayed this tender self-sacrifice. With parents and children it was almost the rule for the parent to die first. And there were cases in which infants were found lying by the corpses of their dead parents and trying to suck the parent's breast.

Yet another calamity fell upon stricken Kyoto, for in 1185 a great earthquake occurred.

Hills were shattered and dammed up the rivers, the sea toppled over and flooded the shore lands, the earth gaped and water roared up through the rents, cliffs were cleft and the fragments rolled down into the valley, boats sculled along the beach were tossed inland upon the bore, horses on the roads lost the ground beneath their hoofs ; all round the capital, it is hardly necessary to add, in various places not a single building was left entire, house or temple, tower or chapel [mortuary shrine] ; some were rent and cracked, others were thrown down ; the dust rose into the air like volumes of smoke. The roar of the quaking earth mingled with the crash of falling buildings was like thunder.

Chomei naïvely remarks of this earthquake, "It was not an ordinary one," and, thoroughly experienced in Nature's most angry moods, he was of the opinion



“that of all dreadful things an earthquake is the most dreadful”. He writes:

The son of a *samurai*, six or seven years of age only, had built himself a little play-hut under a shed against a wall, in which he was amusing himself, when suddenly the wall collapsed and buried him flat and shapeless under its ruins, his eyes protruding an inch from their orbits. It was sad beyond words to see his parents embracing his dead body and hear their unrestrained cries of distress. Piteous indeed it was to see even a *samurai*, stricken down with grief for his son thus miserably perished, forgetting his dignity in the extremity of his grief.

Can we wonder that Chomei, who had experienced fire, hurricane, plague, famine, and earthquake, should have decided to withdraw from the world? He had not only witnessed these terrible disasters, but he lived at a time when civil war between the Minamoto and the Taira unsettled the country, at a time when “nephews beheaded uncles, sons fathers, brothers banished brothers, and nobles rebelled against the Emperors, sent them into exile, deposed them, and with the help of mercenary bands kept the land in a continuous welter of civil war.” Now Chomei, who was a genuine mystic, hungered after “an abiding happiness,” and this he could hardly be expected to find in turbulent City-Royal. He had lived for many years in the house of his parental grandmother. On her death he had no ties. He was free to answer a call that had sounded in his heart so long. He sought peace, not turmoil; happiness, not sorrow. Full of the impermanence of this life, he sought the path where the Buddha had trod; he craved that absolute tranquillity which can alone be found in Nirvāṇa.

Chomei left Kyoto and journeyed to Mount Ohara. Here he built “a house to suit my own ideas, one-tenth

of the size of my former home." He frankly admits that "it was hardly a house at all". It contained only one room, and resembled a shed for vehicles. During a storm it was scarcely safe, the swollen river threatened to wash it away, and to crown these disadvantages it was "handy for thieves". His dwelling was neither well built or well situated, and the reader with no taste for an ascetic life will be inclined to think, with a tolerant smile, that Chomei had not arranged matters very well, and might with advantage have remained in the house of his parental grandmother. As a matter of fact Chomei remained on Mount Ohara until he had reached his sixtieth year.

Whether thieves broke in and stole his few belongings, or whether a storm finally carried away his frail dwelling is not recorded. Chomei writes: "When the sixtieth year of my life, now vanishing as a dewdrop, approached, anew I made me an abode, a sort of last leap as it were, just as a traveller might run himself up a shelter for a single night, or a decrepit silkworm weave its last cocoon." If Chomei himself described his previous abode as "hardly a house at all," who shall describe his final dwelling? The Japanese love of little things amounts to genius. Their miniature gardens, spacious landscapes seen through a telescope at the wrong end; their sword-guards replete with every conceivable design; their tobacco-toggles reflecting history and myth, all are small but exquisitely beautiful. Chomei, bent in figure by this time, wanted not so much a house as a kind of outer shell for his protection. His last hut was only ten

feet square and seven feet high. It was built with remarkable forethought. He writes :

As I had no fancy for any particular place I did not fasten it to the ground. I prepared a foundation, and on it raised a framework which I roofed over with thatch, cramping the parts with crooks so that I might remove it easily if ever a whim took me to dislike the locality. The labour of removing, how slight it would be!—a couple of carts would suffice to carry the whole of the materials, and the expense of their hire would be that of the whole building.

It is at this point that the *Hojoki* becomes most interesting. Chomei writes :

Now since I hid me in the recesses of Mount Hino the manner of my abode is this : To the south juts out a movable sun-screen with a matting of split bamboos, bound together parallel-wise. Westwards-looking is a small shrine with a Buddhist shelf and a picture of Amida so placed that the space between the eyebrows shines in the rays of the setting sun.

This last reference is of importance, for Amida (Samskr̥t, *Amitābha*) was originally symbolical of boundless light. That Chomei should have placed the sacred picture in the way he did was, in itself, an act of profound reverence. The sunshine of this world fell, as it were, upon Boundless Light, upon the holy spot on the deity's forehead that was emblematical of wisdom. Before Chomei's shrine stood figures of Fugen and Fudo. Fugen, usually seated on the right hand of the Buddha (in the Japanese Shaka Muni), is the divine patron of those who practise a certain kind of ecstatic meditation known as *Hokke-zammai*. There is some confusion as to the origin and attributes of Fudo. Hearn is probably wrong in associating the deity with Buddha. We may trace a close resemblance between Fudo and the Brāhmiṇical God Siva, so finely described in one of Sir Alfred Lyall's poems :

I am the God of the sensuous fire  
 That moulds all Nature in forms divine ;  
 The symbols of death and of man's desire,  
 The springs of change in the world, are mine ;  
 The organs of birth and the circlet of bones,  
 And the light loves carved on the temple stones.

It was a strange image to have in so peaceful a dwelling, a deity wreathed in tongues of flame, bearing in one hand a sword, and in the other a coil of rope. The fire and sword suggested the power of punishment, while the rope symbolised that which bound the passions and desires. Chomei writes with great self-sufficiency: "I do not need to trouble myself about the strict observance of the commandments, for living as I do in complete solitude, how should I be tempted to break them?" It is more than probable that he discovered the foolishness of this observation, for the power of evil is often most potent when the unsuspecting soul is exulting in its moral strength. It is recorded of a certain Buddhist priest that he yielded to the beauty of a woman while he was actually reading one of the sūtras.

Kenko, another Japanese recluse, in his *Tsuredzuregusa* ("Fugitive Notes"), writes: "There is no greater pleasure than alone, by the light of a lamp, to open a book and make the men of the unseen world our companions." Chomei was evidently of this opinion too, for in the modest hut were "three or four black leather boxes containing collections of Japanese poetry, books on music, and such works as *Wojoyoshii* [Book on Buddhist Paradise]". In addition he had a musical instrument called a *so*, which was a combination of a harp and a lute. Bracken and straw served him as a couch, while in cold weather his brazier

consumed faggots. He made a miniature reservoir from which ran a bamboo pipe, while his garden was entirely devoted to medicinal herbs.

Chomei's mountain hut must have been charmingly situated. In one direction he looked out upon a thickly wooded valley. To the west there was an open space, "not unfitted for philosophic meditation," suggesting, it would seem, that thoughts are apt to get entangled in a wooded district, even if one merely looks upon it from a distance! He writes:

In the Spring I can gaze upon the festoons of the wistaria, fine to see as purple clouds. When the west wind grows fragrant with its scent the note of the *hototogisu*<sup>1</sup> is heard as if to guide me towards the Shide hill [a hill crossed by souls on their way to Paradise or Hell]; in Autumn the shrill song of the cicada fills my ears; . . . in Winter I watch the snow-drifts pile and vanish, and am led to reflect upon the ever waxing and waning of the world's sinfulness.

In the morning, when tired of reciting prayers, reading the Scriptures, or playing the *so*, he would wander down to a river and watch the boats and the silvery waves. In the evening the rustle of laurel leaves reminded him of a Chinese girl, famous for her skill on the lute. In a more ecstatic mood the wind in the pine trees, the murmur of distant water, suggested celestial joys.

Chomei was not always alone. Sometimes he went out with the hill-ward's boy. "He is 16 and I am 60, yet we enjoy each other's company despite the difference in years." They gathered wild fruit, and sometimes they brought back with them from the paddy-fields rice-tufts, which served as a kind of coarse matting. Sometimes, according to the season of the year, they picked cherry blossom, maple leaves, or

<sup>1</sup> See my *Myths and Legends of Japan*, page 278.

ferns. "Some of these treasures," Chomei tells us, "I humbly present to Amida, and some I keep for presents." There were times when the moon shining through his window moved him deeply, when the mournful cries of the monkeys brought tears to his eyes. The gleam of fireflies reminded him of Maki fishing-boats with their jewel-like lanterns reflected on the water. The call of a copper pheasant made him wonder if it were his mother crying out to him, while "the tameness of the deer that roam under the peak tells me how far removed I am from the world of men."

Chomei never regretted having adopted the life of a recluse. Occasionally he heard of the doings in City-Royal, of great men, and men of no consequence who had passed away, and of many houses that had been burnt to the ground. He found his hut better than a palace. It was enough that it contained his shrine, a bed to sleep on at night and a mat for the day.

A man who knows himself and also the world he lives in has nothing to ask for, no society to long for; he aims only at a quiet life and makes his happiness in freedom from annoyance.

He was content to hide his nakedness in wistaria cloth and hempen fabric, content to eat the simplest fare, his own servant and his own master in all things. He writes:

All the joy of my existence is concentrated around the pillow which giveth me nightly rest, all the hope of my days I find in the beauties of Nature that ever please my eyes.

Only when the aged Chomei chanced to go to City-Royal did he feel a passing shame on account of

his beggarly appearance. In his own hut he knew no shame or fear but "the fullest joy". He does not attempt to describe what that pleasure is, for writing on the life of a recluse he wisely observes, "only those who do choose it can know its joys."

Sometimes the going down of the moon suggested to Chomei that he too was declining, not behind the edge of a hill, but behind the veil that divides mortality from immortality.

"Ere long," he writes, rather wistfully, "I must face the three realms of darkness. What deeds in the past shall I have to plead for there? What the Buddha has taught to men is this—Thou shalt not cleave to any of the things of this world. So t'is a sin even to grow fond of this straw-thatched cabin, and to find happiness in this life of peace is a hindrance to salvation." Had those quite happy years been a failure after all? Had he preserved his own material happiness to lose his own soul? He asked those old questions which we all ask in some form and at some time. Power, wealth, fame, had never attracted him, but what of his love for the wind in the pine trees, of the song of the birds, of the dancing river waves and all the beauties of Nature that meant so much to him? "What answer could my soul give?" he writes. "None, I could but move my tongue mechanically, and twice or thrice repeat involuntarily the Buddha's Holy Name. I could do no more." Who shall say whether Chomei attained Nirvāṇa or not? It would seem that to the last he clung to the beauties of Nature, to the light of sun and moon and stars rather than to the Light of Amida-Buddha. His last words were :

Alas! the moonlight  
Behind the hill is hidden  
In gloom and darkness.  
Oh, could her radiance ever  
My longing eyes rejoice!

Perhaps for a little while Chomei touched with spirit hands the falling snow, the cherry blossom, the red maple leaves: perhaps for a little while he wandered wistfully among the familiar, requiring no dwelling however small, watching the rising and setting of the moon with the old sweet rapture. While in human form *Namu, Amida Butsu!* ("Hail! Omnipotent Buddha!") was often on his lips and in his heart and soul. Such a cry is not uttered in vain, and I like to believe that long before he gave me the treasure of his words he had found a greater Peace than the peace of a recluse, a greater Light than the light of the moon, and a greater Beauty than the beauty of cherry blossom.

F. Hadland Davis

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## THE CURVES OF LIFE

By PROFESSOR G. S. AGASHE, M.A., M.Sc.

WE are told that we are at the dawn of a new era. The prominent characteristic of that new era is to be co-operation, brotherhood ; brotherhood, which is based upon the fundamental unity of the essence of all things, however diverse their forms may be. It is, therefore, but natural that all intellectual activity in these days should gravitate more and more towards this idea of Unity. Physics and chemistry are tending more and more to prove that all the varieties of physical matter are but modifications of one and the same substratum. Physiologists are seeing more and more clearly the oneness of all life, while scientists of Professor J. C. Bose's heredity and temperament have gone a step further and have proved that what we call matter, and what we call life, are fundamentally one. All this is more or less familiar to most people nowadays. But very few people, I am afraid, will be prepared for the news that exactly the same thing is being done in the realm of art. Science, they understand, is based upon observation and measurement ; and so they do not think it strange if it happens to prove the Unity of all the things it deals with. But art they consider to be somehow different. It is generally believed that art is a thing that transcends or, at any rate, eludes measurement, that we cannot deduce any general laws in art as

we do in science, and that individual idiosyncracies are the essence of art. But a perusal of *The Curves of Life*, by Mr. T. A. Cook<sup>1</sup> will show them that that view is not quite correct, at least as far as beauty of form is concerned.

Mr. Cook has examined many beautiful forms of natural and artistic origin, and has arrived at two principles of universal application. One of them is a number, a mathematical constant. The other is a geometrical figure, the logarithmic or equiangular spiral. His volume can be fitly described as an exhaustive treatise on these two universal principles; and the number of examples of their application which he has collected within its covers is really amazing.

It appears that this constant is also a solution of a very old difficulty. In geometry, a straight line is said to be divided in extreme and mean ratio, when the whole is to the greater segment as the greater segment is to the less. How to demonstrate this is shown in the thirtieth proposition of the sixth book of Euclid. This ratio is obviously a fixed definite number. It seems that up to this time it had not been possible to express this ratio arithmetically with any degree of accuracy. Fibonacci, an Italian mathematician of the thirteenth century, came near to it in an infinite series which he discovered, *viz.* :

$1+2=3, 2+3=5, 3+5=8, \dots$  giving 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, etc.

Here the extreme and mean ratio is not realised quite accurately. For example: we have here 13 divided into two parts 5 and 8; and if we write the proportion  $5:8::8:13$ , and take the product of the extremes  $5 \times 13=65$ , and the product of the means

<sup>1</sup> *The Curves of Life*, by T. A. Cook, M.A., F.S.A. (Constable & Co., Ltd., 1914.)

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$8 \times 8 = 64$ , we find that the two products are not quite equal, as they should be if the two ratios are quite equal. Here the difference between the two products is to the extent of 1 in 64. As we go higher in the series it will be found to become smaller and smaller and to reach zero as the limit. At the same time the ratio itself will come nearer and nearer a certain limiting value. That limiting value is the arithmetical expression of the ratio in question. The value has now been found to be

$$\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2} = +1.618033988750\dots\dots\dots$$

$$-0.618033988750\dots\dots\dots$$

or approximately  $+1.618$  or  $-0.618$ . Let us restrict ourselves to the positive value in our considerations.

If we now re-write the Fibonacci series in a new way in the light of this number that we have obtained, we have to put that as our second term, and get the other terms by successive additions as before. We thus get the series

$$1, 1.618, 2.618, 4.236, 6.854\dots\dots\dots$$

Now it is to be noted that we get exactly the same result if we try to write down a geometrical progression with unity as the first term, and  $1.618$  as the common ratio. Here, then, is a number with an extraordinary property. Mr. Cook and his mathematical friend, who found out this number for him, suggest that this number should be called  $\phi$  (Phi). They do so for two reasons; first, because it is the initial letter of the name of Phidias, the great Greek Master, in whose work it has been so constantly used, and secondly, because it has a phonetic resemblance to another very important mathematical constant  $\pi$  (Pi).

The division of a straight line in extreme and mean ratio was accorded great importance in the Middle

Ages. It was honoured with names like *sectio aurea* and *sectio divina*. Why it was so considered in those days is not clear; but that they were right in doing so there is now very little doubt, as Mr. Cook has shown us in this volume.

He has examined a number of pictures and statues by some of the great masters, and finds the  $\phi$  ratio constantly used by them, not only in the delineation of individual figures, but also in the disposition of the several figures in a group. He finds that in the famous Boticelli Venus the distances of the various parts of the body from the crown of the head to be quite accurately expressible by "Phi" and its powers. Exactly the same is the case with the male figure in many pictures. Mr. Cook shows that the ideal male figure will have the following dimensions; total height 68 inches (5 ft. 8 in.); the distance from the sole of the foot to the navel 42 inches; that from the navel to the crown of the head 26 inches; that between the crown of the head and the chest 16 inches; and that from the chest to the navel 10 inches. Now if we divide all these numbers by 10, *i.e.*, make ten inches the unit of our measurement, we get five numbers that form the first five terms of our revised Fibonacci series (see above). These numbers are evidently the different powers of "Phi" from "Phi" raised to zero to "Phi" raised to the fourth power. Mr. Cook can trace the conscious or unconscious use made of this ratio in the grouping of the many figures in Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture "The Last Supper," and also in the general plan of Turner's "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus". So much for the present about the mathematical constant "Phi", the first of the two universal principles of which we spoke

in the introduction. Now let us turn our attention to the second.

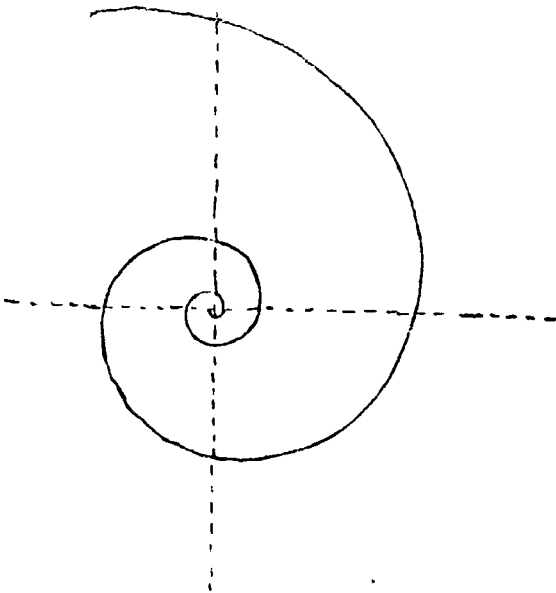
Any one with even very limited powers of observation knows how great a part curves play in the production of beauty both in nature and in art. Of all the curves that we meet with the spiral is undoubtedly the most fascinating. Its charm lies in the fact that it traverses the same region again and again but always at a different level. If we are asked to draw the curve for the Evolution of mankind we shall have to draw a spiral; because we know that history repeats itself, but always on a different plane. The spiral has cast its spell on many a refined soul. The late Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace talked of "That most beautiful of curves, the spiral". The great Ruskin described it as "Eloquent with endless symbolism".

Now there are various kinds of spirals, first of all we have the plane spiral as in the case of a watch-spring. If one pulls out the inner end of a plane spiral one gets the conical spiral; the commonest example of this is the screw-thread spiral. Both of these have one definite end; the other end is indefinite, because the spiral can be extended to infinity. The third variety of the spiral, *viz.*, the cylindrical one, illustrated by a dumb-bell spring, differs from both these in being without even one definite end; it can be produced to infinity both ways.

Mr. Cook has quoted numerous examples of the spiral formation (of all the three types described just now) in each of the three kingdoms of nature, from nebula to man. He has given illustrations of spiral formation in whirlwinds, water-spouts, crystals; in the stems of twiners and the tendrils of climbers, in many vascular cells, and in many legumes; (of both upright and flat spiral formation) in many shells, in the horns

of many animals, the wings of birds and insects, and intestines of certain animals and birds; and finally in many human organs like the umbilical cord, cystic duct, sweat ducts, and some bones.

It is evident that each of the three types of the spiral will exhibit an infinite variety in size and shape according to the dimensions of the elements of the curve in question, and it is pertinent to inquire whether any particular shape of the spiral is more frequently to be met with in nature than any other. Let us consider the plane spiral. Of all the innumerable varieties of the plane spiral Mr. Cook finds the logarithmic or equiangular spiral to be Nature's greatest favourite. The following is an example of the same.



It is called the equiangular spiral because the radius vector makes always the same angle with the curve. As it serves as a graphical table of logarithms, it is also called the logarithmic spiral, (See Clifford's *The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences*, ch. IV, §9).

Everybody knows that Newton explained the planetary motions by postulating the force of gravitation, which is proportional to the reacting masses, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. But it is not generally known that Newton also showed that had the force of attraction varied inversely as the cube of the distance (instead of as the square) the planets would revolve not in ellipses, as they do, but in logarithmic or equiangular spirals. We have already seen that according to Mr. Cook's observations the logarithmic spiral is of such frequent occurrence in the organic world. In this connection Mr. Cook quotes Professor Goodsir who put these two things together and suggested that as the law of the square is the law of attraction, so the law of the cube should be regarded as the law of production, and that the logarithmic spiral should be looked upon as the manifestation of the law which is at work in the increase and growth of organic bodies. Mr. Cook further points out that even in the inorganic world we have to distinguish between two kinds of bodies; fully formed bodies like the planets, which revolve in elliptical orbits and thus exhibit the working of the law of inverse squares alone, and growing bodies like the nebulæ, which are most probably solar systems in the making, and the vast majority of which show an equiangular spiral structure, thus indicating the working of the law of inverse cubes, which, according to Professor Goodsir, is probably the law of growth.

Any one, who has some knowledge of botany, may know that in phyllotaxis (the arrangement of leaves on the stem) botanists talk of a "genetic spiral," which is an imaginary spiral line drawn on the surface of a stem, so as to pass in the shortest way successively through the point of insertion of every leaf. Starting

from any particular leaf it is found that after a certain number of leaves has been passed over, one comes by a leaf which is exactly over the first. In the meanwhile the spiral has made a certain number of turns round the stem; this length of the spiral is called a cycle. Now if we imagine vertical planes passing through each leaf-base, it is obvious that there will be as many of them as there are leaves intervening between any two successive leaves in the same vertical row. These planes are inclined at equal angles. This angular divergence is expressed by a fraction (of a circle) having for its numerator the number of turns of the spiral in a cycle, and for its denominator the number of the vertical planes. The most common divergences are the following:  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$ ,  $\frac{2}{5}$ ,  $\frac{3}{8}$ ,  $\frac{5}{13}$ ,  $\frac{8}{21}$ ,  $\frac{13}{34}$ , etc. The reader has probably noticed that the numbers occurring here are our old friends of the original Fibonacci series; but the fractions are ratios not of successive but of alternate terms (except in the first case). This is rather a remarkable coincidence. The rationale of it is this. These complicated arrangements of leaves are of use to the plant. The leaves perform their function best in sunlight; so they have a tendency to be arranged in such a way as will give them maximum exposure. It has been calculated by Professor Wiesner that the ideal angle of divergence is roughly  $137^{\circ}\frac{1}{2}$

or more accurately  $\frac{360^{\circ}}{2\phi}$ ; *i.e.*, the fraction  $\frac{1}{2\phi}$  expresses

the ideal divergence. It is obvious that the series of

fractions given above reaches  $\frac{1}{2\phi}$  in the limit. This is

another curious fact emphasising the importance of the

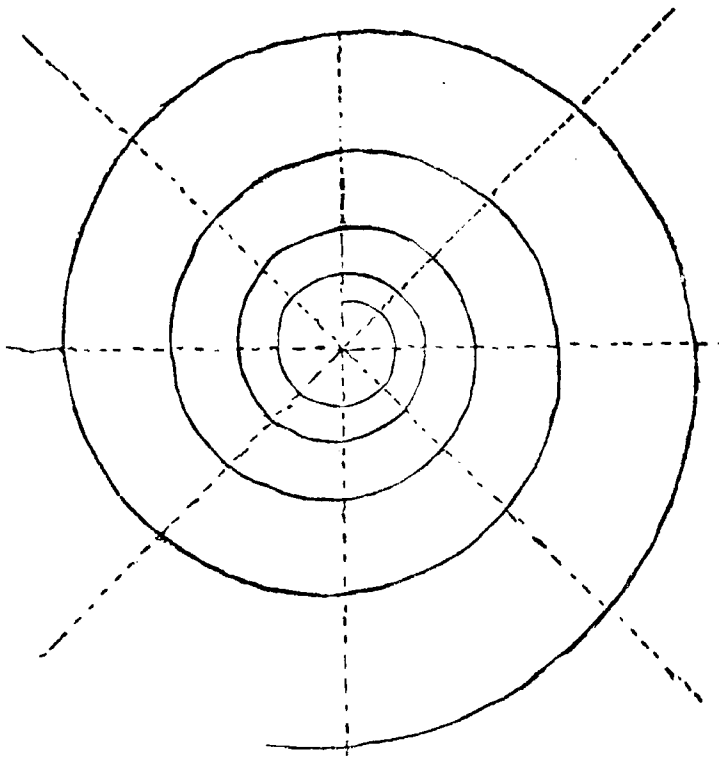


number in nature. More recently Mr. A. H. Church, of Oxford, has shown that if, instead of regarding the genetic spiral as a helix round a cylinder, as we have done in the above discussion, we regard it as projected on a plane surface, we get logarithmic spirals alone as the curves of uniform growth in plants.

Chemists have a method of arranging the elements into a kind of Table known as Mendeleeff's Table. The great value of this tabular arrangement lies in the fact that it brings out very clearly similarities and divergences in the behaviour of the elements. The late Dr. Johnstone Stoney (the author of the term "electron") showed that the elements could also be arranged on a spiral without any loss of suggestiveness, and that the spiral obtained was a logarithmic spiral.

So much for the spiral in nature. Now about the spiral in art. Mr. Cook shows from old relics that the beauty of the spiral must have attracted the attention of mankind even in its infancy. The Greeks, probably the most æsthetic people that ever lived, used it very frequently in their architecture. In the Middle Ages, spiral columns and staircases came into use. The most famous of such staircases is the one in the Château at Blois, which is attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. It is described in great detail by Mr. Cook, who also discusses the question as to whether it was or was not designed by Leonardo. In fact, it was Mr. Cook's great interest in this magnificent piece of architecture, that was the origin of his twenty years' work on spirals. When the late Charles Stewart, F.R.S., was shown a photograph of the central column of this staircase, he recognized the identity of the curves on the central column with those on the shell of *Voluta vespertilio*. It was this observation of Stewart's, which started Mr. Cook on his research.

The mathematical reader may object that this is all rather vague; because there can be an infinite number of shapes for the logarithmic spiral from a straight line to a circle according to the angle which the radius vector makes with the curve. He may want to know which of all these is the most favoured of nature and the most beautiful. Mr. Cook is ready with an answer. We have seen the importance of "Phi", we know the value of the logarithmic spiral. Put the two things together, and you get the most beautiful of the spirals. In this the radii vectors,



when separated by equal angles are in the proportion of "Phi," and the sum of the distances between two successive curves of the spiral is equal to the distance along the same radius to the succeeding curve. This spiral has not been invented by Mr. Cook for the purpose of

replying to the mathematical objector; but he has found it constantly used by that greatest of sculptors, Phidias, in his work. Mr. Cook, therefore, proposes to call this the Phidias spiral.

Mr. Cook probably knows nothing about the ultimate physical atom of the Occultist, and of course he makes no mention of it. But I may here take the opportunity of suggesting that the spiral of each of the ten wires that constitute the ultimate physical atom may possibly have something to do with the constant "Phi".

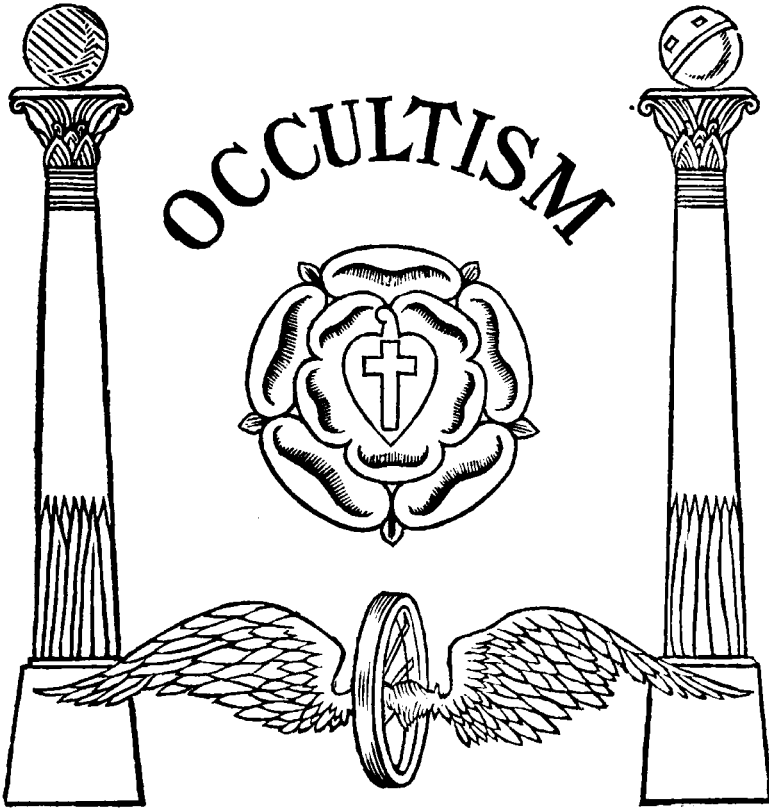
The conclusion from all this is that both beauty and growth are "visibly expressed to us in terms of the same fundamental principles".

Is then all beauty and all organic growth reducible to a mathematical formula? No, answers Mr. Cook. In the first place, "the logarithmic spiral can never be reached in nature, for nature is finite while the logarithmic spiral is infinite." It is only the nearest mathematical expression we can use for the relation of form to growth. But there is something more than the mere mathematical statement, some variation, some inflection, which is Life in the one case and Beauty in the other.

As Ruskin puts it, "All beautiful lines are drawn under mathematical laws originally transgressed." These transgressions of the law are as much an essence of beauty in nature or in art as the law itself. And it is in these that the hand of the Master is seen.

Professor G. S. Agashe

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## THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

**T**HERE is a saying of the ancient Greeks that “Wonders are many and nothing is more wonderful than man”; and this thought has been worked out in many a philosophy to reveal to man that the highest elements of manhood are of the nature of God, while the dearest elements of the Godhead are of the nature of man. The study of man becomes a spiritual exercise if we seek in man the God; it little

matters of what nature are man's activities that we watch, for man is the shadow while God is the light, and in all men's deeds, good and evil, a World Soul strives for Self-Realisation.

Now men are of many types, and for the present purpose of the study of what makes mysticism, let us group them into three natural divisions, according to their temperaments as they react to the environment round them. There is first the "practical" type; his characteristic is that his reaction to thing or event is according to its *use*. He does not care for abstract truth; when an object or idea is before him, "Of what use is it?" is his first question. He trains himself to know things by their uses. The second type is the "scientific," whose reaction is to the *form* of the thing or event. What is its nature, what is its cause, how did it happen, what can I know from it?—these are the natural questions that first arise in individuals of this type. They desire truth first, and then deduce its use in terms of conduct. The third type is the "mystic," and his reaction is by *feeling*, and the use or value of a thing is seen only after it has passed through the crucible of the feelings. To him the highest criterion is "I feel; therefore I am; therefore I know."

Though men are of these three main types—practical, scientific, and mystical—no one man is of one type alone, without traces of the other two temperaments. But what characterises a man will be one predominant quality, and the two other qualities will be as modifications brought into the fundamental type which he represents. Mystics need not necessarily be unscientific nor unpractical, nor are "practical" people

necessarily without mysticism. But in the main the life of mysticism is a life of the feelings, and the message of mysticism consists of the values discovered to life as life has been transmuted by the feelings.

The first, if not the chief characteristic, that distinguishes the mystic is that the outer world is continually transmuting itself into an inner world of feeling; he lives for that inner world, and his values to life in the outer world are derived from it. He is therefore extremely individualistic, for he knows of one sole authority, which is the growing life of his own inner world, and not another's. Though he is the youngest of the mystics in the company of the oldest, yet is he in a fashion among equals; and when he gives his own message he is *primus inter pares*. Utmost humility and confident self-assertion exist side by side in his character; for such is the mystery of the feelings, that while they may know nothing, from the standpoint of reason, they may know the All, from the standpoint of the Spirit.

We must, as we survey mysticism, distinguish the mystic from the pious man. Both may be "religious," and equally devoted to a creed or ritual; but the latter relies on the authority of church or ceremony in a way it is not in a mystic's temperament to do. The mystic is always a thorn in the side of an established church, because he will be guided by authority only so far as it suits him. While the pious man is ready to bend his will to the will of a superior, the mystic asserts it. In all ways then mystics are fundamentally individualists, though at the heart of

true mysticism is an individualism that enwraps the whole world in one unifying embrace.

So universal is the mystic life, so all-inclusive of life's processes, that it is not easy to say what exactly constitutes mysticism; let us try first to establish by analysis the modes of mysticism that are to be found among men, hoping to come to a synthesis after an examination of the many facts before us.

There are six main types of Mysticism, as follows :

1. The Mysticism of Grace
2. The Mysticism of Love
3. Pantheistic Mysticism
4. Nature Mysticism
5. Sacramental Mysticism
6. The Mysticism of Modern Theosophy

In the study of each type we shall observe four principal elements : (1) the theme, (2) the method, (3) the obstacle, and (4) the ideal.

It should be noted that any one type of mysticism is not limited to a particular religion or creed; mysticism is a life of the Spirit that cannot be held within the boundaries of the religions. It is like a mighty river that cuts out channels for itself according to its need; there may be only one channel of the mystic stream in a religion, or there may be several. And mysticism may also exist where there is no religion at all.

Of a necessity, in our study of mysticism, it will be impossible to trace a particular type of mysticism as it manifests itself everywhere; the examples taken are only illustrative of mystic modes. Keeping in mind then our limited survey, let us pass on to examine one by one the types of mysticism.

## THE MYSTICISM OF GRACE

*The Theme.*—This is the thought that a gulf exists between the nature of man and the nature of God, which can only be bridged by Grace from God. Man is proclaimed as born with a predilection to sin; he is innately weak to resist temptation, and he is bound to fall. So naturally in *The Imitation of Christ* we have these words:

There is no order so holy, no place so secret, as that there be not temptations or adversities in it.

There is no man that is altogether free from temptation whilst he liveth on earth: for the root thereof is in ourselves, who are born with inclination to evil.

When one temptation or tribulation goeth away, another cometh; and we shall ever have something to suffer, because we are fallen from the state of our felicity.

Man must always therefore be full of contrition, for “there is no health in us”; he must confess his sins to his Maker. Repentance is the pre-requisite for the receiving of Grace. The thought of sin looms large in the estimate of man; we must acknowledge our sinfulness before Divine Grace can be ours. Thus in the Christian hymn we have all the elements of this type of mysticism:

But vain all outward sign of grief,  
And vain the form of prayer,  
Unless the heart implore relief,  
And penitence be there.

In sorrow true then let us pray  
To our offended God,  
From us to turn His wrath away  
And stay th’ uplifted rod.

O righteous Judge, O Father, deign  
To spare us in our need;  
Thou givest time to turn again,  
Give grace to turn indeed.



Sometimes, in this mysticism, so powerful is the thought of the grandeur and omnipotence of God, that it takes the strange garb of fear. "The Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" becomes inspiring and not depressing. To some the thought is repellent, because they do not understand; it is not indeed any fear at all, but an indescribable awe which stills all thought while the soul gazes at the Godhead before its vision. To one used to the soft yellow light of an ordinary electric lamp, the colourless light of an electric arc-lamp is blinding and cold as steel; yet it is a fuller light in every way. But it is light of an order that our eyes are not accustomed to. Similarly it is with the vision of the Godhead along this path of mysticism; that vision begets wisdom, though the first effect on a nature not used to it is the sense of fear and awe.

It is one form of the "Fear of the Lord" that we have in the great vision of Divinity that Shri Krishna shows to Arjuna in the eleventh chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, when the Lord shows Himself as

Time who kills, Time who brings all to doom,  
The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither to consume;  
and Arjuna sees all the mighty hosts of heaven gazing  
at the Godhead in awe.

These see Thee, and revere  
In sudden-stricken fear;  
Yea! the Worlds,—seeing Thee with form stupendous,  
With faces manifold,  
With eyes which all behold,  
Unnumbered eyes, vast arms, members tremendous,  
Flanks, lit with sun and star,  
Feet planted near and far,  
Tushes of terror, mouths wrathful and tender;—  
The Three wide Worlds before Thee  
Adore, as I adore Thee,  
Quake, as I quake, to witness so much splendour!

In the cult of Shaivism something of this same mysticism appears in the imagery of Shiva the Destroyer, the frequenter of burning grounds, the supreme Ascetic, wreathed with the skulls of men ; and in all that is best in Kāli the Mother we have similarly commingled the two thoughts of terror and tenderness, of splendour that begets fear and of motherhood that gives boons.

*The Method.*—The means of bridging the gulf between God and man is Prayer. Though in his inmost heart man knows God will forgive, is perfectly sure that God's grace will be his, yet that mere conviction is not sufficient. The act of magic that spans the gulf is prayer ; without the *act* of prayer the miracle will not happen. Hence in this type of mysticism the emphasis laid on prayer, and man's unworthiness is laid stress upon in order that the virtue of humility may be born in him to make his act of magic by prayer certain of success.

*The Obstacle.*—The devil that tempts man away from the spiritual life is, in this type of mysticism, self-reliance. The thought that we are not so sinful after all, that we can to some extent go our road unaided, that man made in the image of his Maker cannot be in any danger of damnation by a loving God, is the direst of heresies. Such a thought corrodes the soul, weakens the character ; self-confidence is the great illusion that wraps man in the folds of sinfulness. So proclaims this type of mysticism.

Specially noteworthy too is how in this path the acquisition of knowledge is discouraged, for there can be only one knowledge worth the seeking, the knowledge of the grace of God. Arts and sciences are apt

more to lead astray than to guide: "Cease therefore from an inordinate desire of knowledge, for therein is much distraction and deceit."<sup>1</sup> Similarly too there is no message but of distraction in song and dance, and in the theatre; God's face is not to be seen along those ways of temptation. "Endeavour therefore to withdraw thy heart from the love of visible things, and to turn thyself to the invisible."<sup>2</sup>

*The Ideal.*—He who is the true mystic of this type is the man of Righteousness. Neither wisdom nor compassion nor devotion are his ideals, but to be righteous, which is to feel within the heart a continuous battle between good and evil, and the attempt to express the victory won for God in being a pattern to men to lead them to Him. The prophets of Judaism clearly are mystics of this type; when they turned their inner realisation to bring changes in the life of their nation they became practical mystics of extraordinary ability.

### THE MYSTICISM OF LOVE

*The Theme.*—The overflowing love of God towards man is the theme in this type of mysticism. The never-ending wonder is that God is so full of love for His creature; if only man would recognise how greatly he is sought by God, then man's salvation is not the work of time but of an instant. The mystic therefore never wearies of dreaming of the open arms that God ever holds out towards him, in spite of his sinfulness and repeated failures. To know his own weaknesses—they are not sins so much as blemishes on the garment

<sup>1</sup> *The Imitation of Christ*

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

he must wear before God—and yet to feel God will accept him as he is, this is both bliss and pain, both heaven and hell. In the following hymn we have clearly some of the characteristics of this type:

O Love, Who formedst me to wear  
 The image of Thy Godhead here ;  
 Who soughtest me with tender care  
 Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;  
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who lovedst me for aye,  
 Who for my soul dost ever plead ;  
 O Love, Who did that ransom pay  
 Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;  
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

It will be seen that in such a type of mysticism as this, the Godhead becomes intensely personal, at times almost verging on the nature of a human beloved. In Christianity a hymn such as this above has as its inspiration not God the Almighty but Jesus the Lover of the soul. In the following from St. John of the Cross we have an attempt to describe the rapture produced as the Godhead is loved by many a mystic of this type :

O sweetest love of God, too little known ; he who has found Thee is at rest ; let everything be changed, O God, that we may rest in Thee. Everywhere with Thee, O my God, everywhere all things with Thee ; as I wish, O my Love, all for Thee, nothing for me—nothing for me, everything for Thee. All sweetness and delight for Thee, none for me—all bitterness and trouble for me, none for Thee. O my God, how sweet to me Thy presence, who art the supreme God ! I will draw near to Thee in Silence, and will uncover Thy feet, that it may please Thee to unite me to Thyself, making my Soul Thy bride ; I will rejoice in nothing till I am in thine arms. O Lord, I beseech Thee, leave me not for a moment, because I know not the value of my own Soul.

It is this phase of mysticism that is so very pronounced in the Vaishnava cult of Hinduism, where

Shri Krishna becomes the Divine Lover in search of His mate, the human soul. With prayer and song His love for man is hymned ; it is the intense Personality of Divinity that works the miracle of the soul's salvation.

Wherever exists this mysticism of love, we shall frequently find the object of devotion in the aspect of Woman. The Virgin Mary in Christianity, Kāli the Mother in Hinduism, Isis in Egypt, and Pallas Athene in Greece, bring the thought of God nearer to some hearts than any male presentation of the Godhead. Why this is so is a mystery of the soul that can be understood only by those on this particular mystic path ; we can only state here that one of the most beautiful as well as powerful forms of Love Mysticism is that which sees the All-Love as Mother and Friend or Goddess and Beloved.

*The Method.*—The magic of this mystic path is performed through Adoration. To pour one's heart and soul in streams of love and offering to the feet of our God, to the knees of our Goddess, is the sole heart's desire ; and in the act of magic the soul's consciousness wakes to know mystery after mystery of the Divine Nature. It is not prayer ; there is no thought of receiving, none of asking. The bud asks nothing of the sun's light ; it opens and adores and shows its beauty. Yet is there intense effort ; the adoration is not a negativity, but a positive outpouring of the soul.

*The Obstacle.*—While on the path of the mysticism of grace, man's unworthiness to receive Divine Grace is insisted upon, it is exactly contrary on this path. God so loves man that for man even in his greatest sinning to imagine that God would veil His Face is a blasphemy. What matters our sin and our failure if

God loves us in spite of both? It is the sense of shame, of diffidence, of timidity before the thought of God, that is the obstacle to realisation. Belief in our unworthiness, and doubt in the perfection of His tender love so that our sinning would erect a barrier between us and Him, is the illusion that surrounds the soul on this path of mysticism.

*The Ideal.*—Naturally on this path the ideal is the devotee, who is the Bhakta, the saint. He shall not be judged by God by the wisdom of his mind, nor by the strength of his practical ability; he stands or falls by the nature of his devotion alone. To grow in wisdom or understanding, or in power to guide men, mean little to his imagination; life grows only as he rises from one intensity of adoration to another. It goes without saying that the more saintly becomes the soul treading this path the more full of wisdom he is, and the greater is the power in him to inspire men and their actions; but the typical saint does not aim at either; his aspiration is to pour out greater and greater love to the Object of his devotion.

One variant of this Love Mysticism proclaims as the ideal an actual union between the Godhead and the soul, so that the twain are one. In Christianity this mystic phase has developed from the teaching of Christ in the Gospel of Saint John, where again and again He tells us of the mystic unity between Him and those that have found Him. "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you." Such an ideal of union is blasphemous to some Christians, and of course heretical from the standpoint of orthodox Christianity. Yet such a staunch pillar of orthodoxy as Saint Augustine proclaims it as a

part of the Christian doctrine, when he makes a distinction between the two forms of faith, the "belief on Christ" and the "faith in Christ". The former is the mental process, the inevitable acceptance by the mind of the facts before it of His nature; even the demons believed "on Christ". But what is the other form of faith, *in Him, in Christum?* It is: *Credendo amare, credendo diligere, credendo in eum ire, ejus membris incorporari*: *By faith to love Him, by faith to be devoted to Him, by faith to enter into Him, to be incorporated into His members.*<sup>2</sup>

This type of mysticism has profoundly influenced Christianity, though mystics following this path have been mostly regarded as unbalanced, if not indeed as heretical. The mysticism of grace, involving as it often does a church as intermediary, has felt itself jeopardised by the mysticism of love. What part need churches and priests and sacraments play in a mystic life such as Ruysbroeck describes in these words?

When we rise above ourselves, and in our ascent to God are made so simple that the love which embraces us is occupied only with itself, then we are transformed and die in God to ourselves and to all separate individuality. . . In this embrace and essential unity with God all devout and inward spirits are one with God by living immersion and melting away into Him; they are by grace one and the same thing with Him, because the same essence is in both . . . Wherefore in this simple and intent contemplation we are one life and one spirit with God . . . In this highest stage the soul is united to God without means; it sinks into the vast darkness of the Godhead.

The thought of complete union with Divinity is so prominent in all Hindu thought that naturally this phase of the mysticism of love is well known in

<sup>1</sup> *Milleloquium Veritatis.*

<sup>2</sup> *Members* here mean the parts of His very Body.

India. The *Bhagavad Gītā* has the teaching as its essence :

Place thy mind in Me, in Me fix thy reason ; then with no incertitude thou shalt abide in Me hereafter.

They who worship Me with devotion, they are in Me, and I also am in them.

And since the appearance of Shri Krishna, this thought of mystic union with Him has been as the song of angels in the land, inspiring high and low alike, now driving to waywardness and frenzy the unbalanced worshipper, now raising to supremest acts of renunciation and blessing those who have more strength of character to grasp the Reality. Supremely dear is this mystic path to humanity, since along this road there is always One as the goal, who Himself journeys with the pilgrim to the end.

C. Jinarājādāsa

*(To be continued)*

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## SPIRIT-LIFE AND SPIRIT-ACTIVITY

By JOHN PAGE HOPPS

[The Rev. J. Page Hopps is one of the best-known exponents of Spiritualism, and at this time when such numbers of people are eagerly seeking evidence of continued consciousness after death his views are bound to be interesting to our readers, though Theosophy differs from him in differentiating between the quality of the agencies producing the phenomena, and applies the title "spirit" only to the purely spiritual intelligence.—Ed.]

**I**S the testimony of all the ages to the reality of spirit-life and spirit-activity mere moonshine or impudent fraud? The Bible consists of books or fragments of books written without collusion during, say, one thousand years; and every bit of it is coloured or saturated with the fact of spirit-life and spirit-activity. Is all *that* moonshine or fraud?

That testimony has never ceased. When the Book of the Revelation was written and the Bible was made up, the testimony went on all the same. The early Christians knew all about it, and right away on to the present day every church has had its witnesses: and far beyond the churches, every class and kind, of sinners and saints, has supplied witnesses to the fact, whether acceptable or regretted, that there are unseen people who, at times, and under certain conditions, manifest themselves on the visible plane.

Is it all to go for nothing? Where there have been and are such continuous emissions of smoke, is it possible that there has never been any fire?

The negative view, however, is a quite natural one. Our five senses are our normal limits. We are, in fact, five-sense creatures, and therefore quite reasonably live, move and have our being under the five-sense conditions. Whether we have lived before, or shall live again elsewhere, it is quite obvious that, for all the present purposes of our mundane existence, the five senses describe our educational, disciplinary and practical field. It is therefore not to be wondered at that "ghost stories" should be mistrusted, and that, where fraud is not imputed, illusion or indigestion is assumed.

Still further, it is quite naturally supposed that ignorance and the unscientific mental atmosphere of days gone by are sufficient to account for the old happenings or imaginings. But, strange to say, it is precisely modern science which, while dissipating many old superstitions, is rapidly supplying the best of all bases for belief in a future life and in "ghosts," by introducing and making familiar to us the fact of the infinite subtilty of matter.

So much so is this the case that, with the help of this same modern science, it is perfectly easy to build up the conception of a bodily personality, or the body of a person, which shall be both invisible and intangible, and which shall be possessed of the power to pass through what we usually call solid substances. The spirit-world, in fact, has been made scientifically conceivable.

Still further, we are being made familiar with the remarkable fact that the mightiest forces lie beyond the

region of the solids: in fact, that as we recede from the solids we get further into the realm of the forces. The subtile and the ethereal can go where the solids cannot go, and do what the solids cannot do. The ethereal is the omnipotent.

The mysterious little thrills that travel through hundreds and thousands of miles, and convey messages without connecting wires, practically uninterrupted by mountain masses or stormy seas, are an astounding instance of what the finest vibrations can do. Is it, then, so very difficult to postulate a personality built up of similar vibrations, and possessed of similar powers?

Multitudes who "do not believe in spirits" are fully convinced of the fact of thought-transference or suggestion. But that is on a line with the Marconi telegraphy, and carries us very close to spirit-activity. What is it that, in thought-transference or suggestion, passes from brain to brain, without connecting vehicles of any kind? Surely that must be correlated with telegraphy through space on the one hand, and with spirit-activity on the other; and the last is as rational, as conceivable, and as scientific as the first.

It is often objected that what is called spirit-activity is too fitful, too uncertain, too vague, to be reliable; that experiments cannot be repeated and that results cannot be ensured. That may be so, but what else ought we to expect, at all events at this stage? For how short a time has there been any noticeable care to experiment! how few have cared to investigate! how seldom has anyone seemed to be able to treat the subject seriously! and how little we know of the subtile laws of that etheric world in which the unseen people,

if there are any, dwell! We need to be extremely patient, careful and modest, both in our experiments and in our conclusions.

Another point. We have, one way and another, taken for granted that the unseen people are all intensely serious, and that they are all either gravely saintly and placid, or horribly wicked and miserable. We have imagined two places,—a be-jewelled Heaven and a be-devilled Hell—in which all the spirit-people dwell: and, as one-half are all saintly and placid and the other half are all wicked and miserable, we have been unable to believe in the modern experiences of Spiritualists who tell us that the unseen people can be just as frivolous or insipid, just as silly or stupid, just as mischievous or pompous, as some of the inhabitants of Great Britain: and nothing is more common than to hear it said that it is degrading to believe that spirits “come back” to talk through tables, or rap out ridiculous messages, or call themselves Shakespeare and talk bosh.

Well, it is quite natural for people to say that: but many things are quite natural that are quite wrong; and this may be one of them.

If there is a life beyond the present one, the likeliest thing about it is this,—that the man or woman who passes over to that life begins on the other side as he or she left off here, simply minus the physical instrument we call the body. The selfhood will be unchanged, with all its ruling loves and longings, its tendencies and habits, its capacities and tastes. This is the real meaning of that ancient saying, “Where the tree falls, there it will lie,” or of that grave saying, “He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he who

is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still"; and we might add, "he who is a fool, let him be a fool still,"—until he is taken in hand by wise teachers, and made wise.

It is quite probable that the first surprise of the life beyond is the discovery that there is no such Heaven or Hell as most Christians believe in, but that a new plane of existence has been reached, with a personality to match it, from which plane the spirit can work for the benefit of others, or play the fool as easily as before, only with fresh instruments and other powers. That is all.

Now as to experiments and experiences,—a tremendous field. In connection with these, the names of Sir William Crookes and Alfred Russell Wallace are specially prominent, and not without reason.

They are in the very first rank as accomplished, patient and honest investigators. Sir William Crookes' book *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, is still on sale and is still fully acknowledged by him. It records experiments conducted for years in his own house and under stringent test conditions. He began by writing "Hitherto I have seen nothing to convince me of the truth of the 'spiritual' theory"; and he ended by saying, of a crucial test, "I am happy to say that I have at last obtained the 'absolute proof'."

Here is a very brief summary of the results of his experiments, set forth by himself and for which he vouches, with the remark, "My readers will remember that, with the exception of cases specially mentioned, the occurrences have taken place *in my own house*, in the light, and with only private friends present besides the medium."

1. *The movement of heavy bodies with contact, but without mechanical exertion.* "This varies in degree from a quivering or vibration of the room and its contents to the actual rising into the air of a heavy body when the hand is placed on it." (That I have repeatedly seen.)

2. *The phenomena of percussive and other allied sounds,* sometimes heard several rooms off, merely with the placing of a hand on any substance: heard in a living tree, on a sheet of glass, on a tambourine, on a stretched iron wire, on the roof of a cab; heard when the medium's hands and feet were held. (That I also proved when alone with the medium, in my own study). These sounds indicate intelligence, and reply to questions, and "lead to the belief that it does not emanate from any person present."

3. *The alteration of the weight of bodies.*

4. *Movements of heavy substances when at a distance from the medium.* "The instances in which heavy bodies, such as tables, chairs, sofas, etc., have been moved, when the medium has not been touching them, are very numerous." "On three successive evenings a small table moved slowly across the room, under conditions which I had specially pre-arranged." (We must remember this was written by one of the ablest and most careful experimenters in the world).

5. *The rising of tables and chairs off the ground, without contact with any person.*

6. *The levitation of human beings.* On one occasion a lady, who knelt on a chair of which the four feet were visible, was lifted from the floor, suspended for about ten seconds, and then slowly descended. "There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr. Home's

rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons, and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrence of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs.”

7. *Movement of various small articles without contact with any person.*

8. *Luminous appearances*, (this required a darkened room). “Under the strictest test conditions, I have seen a solid self-luminous body, the size and nearly the shape of a turkey’s egg, float noiselessly about the room, at one time higher than any one present could reach standing on tiptoe, and then gently descend to the floor. It was visible for more than ten minutes, and before it faded away it struck the table three times with a sound like that of a hard solid body. During this time the medium was lying back, apparently insensible, in an easy chair.” (This all occurred in my own experience also, in my study, when alone with the medium; the door being locked, and the hands and feet of the medium perfectly controlled by my hands and feet. The glowing object flew about the room, high up, like a bird, rapped loudly on the table, hit my shoulders and fussed about my face).

9. *The appearance of hands, either self-luminous or visible by ordinary light.* “A beautifully formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table and gave me a flower. This occurred in the light of my own room, whilst I was holding the medium’s hands and feet.”

10. *Direct writing.*

11. *Phantom forms and faces.*

12. *Special instances which seem to point to the agency of exterior intelligence, and miscellaneous occurrences of a complex character.* •

Hundreds of thousands of persons in all parts of the world are continuously testifying to similar experiences.

“And what of it?” it is sometimes said. This question, however, can never be asked in real earnest, for, as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace says, in his important work *On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, “It substitutes a definite, real, and practical conviction, for a vague, theoretical and unsatisfying faith. It furnishes actual knowledge on a matter of vital importance to all men, as to which the wisest men and most advanced thinkers have held that no knowledge was attainable.”

John Page Hopps



## LETTERS TO A GERMAN GIRL

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

I am writing this letter on the verandah of the "Ramsauhof". Now and again I look at the great company of snow-clad mountains, for I cannot keep my eyes off them for long. Their wonder and glory are a great delight to me. Perhaps they are some of the old Gods gathered together with white and shining mantles spread about them, Gods that can commune with the blue sky, whisper to the moon and throw about her silver head a necklace of stars. In their divine ecstasy they are willing to sit still for a very long time. If you laugh at my pagan fancies, you must not forget that you, O German Fairy, are partly responsible for them, for you belong to a time when the world was younger, more joyous, than it is now.

Fanny has come in to lay the cloth on "our table". Cumbered with more than her share of human flesh, she rolls across the verandah like a ship in a storm. She has either asthma or a Jew's harp in her inside. I rapturously called her attention to the mountains, but all she said was "Yah! Yah!" Fanny has a weight on her mind, but it has nothing whatever to do with snow-clad mountains.

That little grey bird with red on her wings has just flown to her nest. I see extended beaks, almost wide enough to swallow the roof, and hear such

clamorous twitterings. Two peasants are yodelling to each other in the valley. If laughing water tumbling down the hillside wanted to make love to the more sedate pools, it would sing like that. The cows ring their bells as they amble along the fields, and the corn, no longer green, has a golden sheen in it.

I keep on thinking, Rapunzel, that you will come in presently with your face very rosy with the sunshine and your blue eyes full of laughter. But you will not come. Only a few hours ago I saw you leaning out of a railway carriage window, kissing your hand and waving your handkerchief. How I hated that train bearing you away, hated the lines refracting the heat in gossamer-like clouds. My eyes were fixed on yours from the last handshake to the last glimpse of you. Then I wanted magic eyes that would see round the bend and follow you all the way to Dresden. Something was tearing at my heart-strings. Something was being drawn from me more precious than life itself. I felt a great loneliness. It was not till that moment of parting that I realised what you had been to me and what you will be to me always.

There is one great consolation: something very sweet to look forward to. In September you are to come and stay with us for three months. I cannot help trembling at the very thought of it, for something wonderful will happen then. What you have perhaps dreamed of, guessed at, will become a reality. If love is anything to you, and I know it is your very existence, then you shall have all I am capable of giving. We have had delightful days in Austria together. In England, when the right time comes, we shall perhaps know greater joys. Your coming seems much too good

to be true. And yet you must come, you must come, Rapunzel, for I am going to plunge my hands deep into the Kingdom of Happiness, and give it all to you.

Already, like an unwise mortal, I have made my plans. There is a little hill with groups of pine trees upon it that turn red when the sun goes down. There, Rapunzel, I have a fancy that we shall learn together what love means. If it is not on that little hill, then it shall be somewhere out of doors, somewhere where the wind blows gently and is full of the scent of flowers. Are not these things better than a stuffy suburban room?

It is getting too dark to write more. To-morrow you will be in Dresden, and the month after next. . . . Good-night, Rapunzel. I miss you so. I would give much to look into your dear eyes for a long time, then if I found something I want to find more than I can say—something you will find writ large in mine—I should put my arms round you and kiss you for the first time. If I did not find it, Rapunzel, I should wait. I should go on waiting just as long as those mountains are prepared to wait for joys I know nothing of. Good-night, Rapunzel. Sleep well.

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MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

We have just received a letter from your Mother telling us that you are not coming to England because your grandparents do not like the thought of your good parent being left alone without you. Can you wonder very much that I want to *strafe* your grandparents? Your Mother tells us that you are very disappointed.

You cannot be more disappointed than I am. Anticipation has been building and building, and now the edifice has come crashing to the ground. I shall have to content myself with letters. You will find, if you care to look, much between the lines. That is the kind of letter I want to write to you.

When I heard that you were not coming, Wisdom said, "How wise!" and Love, "How cruel!" I do not doubt the wisdom of your staying away any more than I doubt the cruelty of your absence. It was not wise of Helen of Troy to inspire so much love and sacrifice. I have a fancy that wisdom of a certain kind belongs rather to mothers than to their daughters, that love has something of glad folly in it all the time. If Cupid were not a child, love would be a very poor adventure.

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MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

We are leaving Ramsau to-day. The peasants go on saying "*Gruss Gott*" with the same placidity of expression, the sun goes on shining, and the mountains this morning look like gigantic tents encamped in the blue sky. All is so beautiful, so still.

I went out alone this morning. I looked at the impress your body made when you lay full length in the grass and flowers. I wish you were still lying on your back and singing to yourself. I wish you were dancing along the path with dewdrops clinging to your fair hair and dancing too. If only I could see you with impish humour in your eyes, or better still that look which made my cheeks burn and in a moment flashed forth all that my heart desired.

That last morning, Rapunzel, was a kind of love pilgrimage. Presently I sat not far from the Scheichenspitz where you and I had sat together, and where you rested your head on my shoulder. I shall never forget that morning, Rapunzel. We were lying so close together on the moss-covered rock. I felt the movement of your hands, and that touch, so spontaneous, so intimate, conjured up all sorts of delightful fancies. But it was much more than the touch of your hands, and I like to believe that your whole being was thrilled, even as mine was. I like to believe that my thoughts were your thoughts then . . . . . I have crossed this out, for I find I was writing on the lines what I meant to suggest between them!

I do not know how Germans woo their women, but I rather think, if one may judge by some of your writers, that they are not exactly subtle in their love-making, that they come forward boldly and arrogantly, and take almost by force the women they love. That is not my way, Rapunzel, and if you think me cold and cautious, it is but a cloak to hide my feeling. At present I have been compelled to love you in thought rather than in action. . . . . And so, Rapunzel, I go on building up my love for you, in the hope that some day, when not a little sorrow has made it clean and strong, it will be found worthy of your acceptance. If my wish, through force of circumstance, is never fulfilled, at least remember these happy days, and know that you gave me something that is so radiantly happy that it needs must endure always.

O these last hours in Ramsau! The woods, the paths, the long winding road from Kulm, the little stream where you quenched your thirst, all remind me

of you. Lean over the verandah and say good-bye to it all. Hold out your arms to the mountains and breathe in the scent of fir trees. Dear little Imp, fill my Austrian pipe for me, because then, without your noticing it, I can watch your pretty hands. Now sing once more, and while you're singing by the rickety piano, and while dear old Fräulein Kramer is listening with not a little love for you in her tear-filled eyes, I will look through the window and see the candle-light reflected on your face. Then I would creep away. I would climb down the mountains for the last time to the town where the emerald river flows. That shall be my last Austrian memory of you, singing with the candle-light reflected on your face.

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MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

We are in England again. There is little to tell you in regard to the journey. I saw the sun rise at sea, or rather I saw a little of the splendour, for while I was watching the sunlight dancing on the calm water I was interrupted by an agitated little man with eyes like boiled shrimps. He told me that he was the manager of a boot shop, and persisted in pouring forth his troubles into ears that were not, I am afraid, very sympathetic. At last he went away, but not before the sun had performed his miracle and left another prosaic day to fashion its destiny. God punish all people who want to tell their life history to strangers when the sun is just rising over the rim of the sea!

At last a letter has arrived from you. I have been waiting for it with great impatience. I attributed the

delay to illness, and now you tell me that you did not write sooner because you were busy jam-making! jam-making! And here have I been waiting and waiting, and loving you most desperately all the time.

I have been remarkably energetic since my return, and now do more work in a week than I used to do in a month. I get up early and go out of doors. I find, Rapunzel, that I did not leave you behind in Ramsau, but that I brought you with me in my heart. My love for you is growing. Of that I am quite sure. You have filled my being with your radiant presence so that there is no more loneliness. How can I have a single regret when you are with me all the time? And yet I have one regret, one fear. I sometimes wonder if this miracle of love that needs no marriage vow will be suddenly snatched from me. I sometimes wonder if it is a kind of joy intended for Gods and not mortals.

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MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

For weeks I have been more sad than I can tell you. England has declared War against Germany, the Germany that gave the world Goethe and Schiller and Heine, the country that gave me you, more precious than all their genius. There was no other honourable course open to England, and though my love for you can never diminish, I cannot help telling you that your country has thrust this terrible War upon Europe. That your own soldiers should be guilty of the awful atrocities perpetrated against the Belgians, and particularly against Belgian women, makes my heart ache and my blood boil. I like to think that the German people,

the civilian classes, do not necessarily reflect the filthy abominations of Prussian militarism. Right or wrong I must believe that. German hate is terrible. I had it recently explained to me by a German friend, and I thought I was looking into a Chinese hell where revenge and blood-guiltiness were marked in thousands of distended eyes that leered up at me. I am not forgetting the cause of that hate. I am not forgetting that England in the past has been largely responsible for it. There is fault on both sides. There always is, but the pity of it is that Germany went war-mad before the fault could be rectified without a single gun being fired.

It is unspeakably sad to think that after nearly two thousand years after the coming of Christ the most advanced nations should be at war. The trouble is that we are too German, too British, too French, too Russian, that our nationality is over-emphasised, and until it is swallowed up in a kind of universal brotherhood, we shall go on fighting each other. There is only one Kingdom that matters, and that is the Kingdom of God.

Forgive this little sermon, Rapunzel, but you have made my love for you part of my love for other people. It is bigger, wider, more tolerant than it used to be. It takes in all the world and has made race hatred absolutely impossible. Centered in you is all the sweetness of womanhood, and because of these things I believe that a time will come when Germany's "will to power" will be changed into the will to love. To-day we have fallen away from Christ and His teaching, and have set up in His place, as much in England as in Germany, the gods of greed and worldly power. Christ



still walks upon the sea with unfaltering step. He is in the trenches, holding a soldier soul in His arms. He is standing by the side of roaring guns, walking softly through a field hospital, the Father of us all and the King of Kings. The great armies do not see Him because hate is in their eyes. When Love enters they shall see Him in all His Glory, and then and only then will the hell of battle give place to the heaven of lasting peace. The very name of enemy will depart for ever and the joyous cry of brother be upon the glad lips of us all.

And now, Rapunzel, if you have read so far, let us go out together. I want you to see what astronomers call the Southern Cross. To me it is much more like a big silver kite which some infant soul is flying through the sky. When we have seen these things, draw close and help me to forget the horrors of war.

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DEAR ONE,

I am now a soldier, fighting in what I believe to be a righteous cause, not against the German people, but against their enemy as well as ours—Prussian militarism that has cut off the breasts of women, held children aloft on the point of the bayonet, and perpetrated a thousand horrors in the name of war. I who have dreamed of brotherhood, I who would shrink from killing an insect, have become a soldier! For three nights sleep would not come. Doubts assailed me. I asked myself a thousand times if I were justified in fighting against your countrymen. I made excuses for myself. I tried to shuffle out as medically unfit for

such a project. Gradually the way grew clear. I heard you calling. I saw you smile. You understood the agony through which I was passing, and in a moment I grew strong. I would fight for you. I would crush those very forces that mocked womanhood, those forces whose banner was lust and not love. I would do these things for you.

I am still in training, and have been moved about from one part of the country to the other. I am eager to go to the front. I wear your photo under my shirt. Many times I look at it, and many times I kiss the smiling face. I shall send this letter through a friend of mine. I hope you will get it all right. I don't suppose there is another soldier in the whole of the British Army who is in love with a German girl, or if there is then she is not a little bit like my Rapunzel. Give me both your dear hands. I want you to promise that you will come to me out there. I look into your eyes and know that you will come.

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O MY DEAR, DEAR LOVE,

I am out at the front. I cannot tell you of my sufferings, of all the horrors of this awful war. They are not to be written about. The bravery of our men is just splendid, their self-sacrifice something which England can never know to the full. One little Cockney fellow, who used to be dressed in a frock-coat and sell ribbons and lace, has the heart of a hero after all. He dragged in three men under heavy fire to a place of safety. Poor fellow, he's gone now.

*Later.* I write by the fire of burning houses. A moment ago a comrade by my side was blown to pieces. I never knew a body could be blown to pieces like that. I have a shrapnel wound in my right hand, and I can hardly force my pen across the paper.

Last night it seemed that you came to me. You were dressed in black, and I knew that one of your brothers had been killed. You bent over me and kissed me. I held out my arms. I whispered your name. Nothing matters now, dearest. We are travelling to a new shore, Rapunzel, to a port in the Kingdom of Eternity where for the last time we shall unload the harvest of our love.

So happy, so happy, Rapunzel. The Ramsau days crowd upon me. I can see something more than the fire and smoke of battle. There is a Light fairer than the light of sun or moon. I hear your voice above the thunder-roar of warfare. You are yodelling, slowly, very slowly, just as you used to do, only I hear no echo now. I shall never finish this letter, dearest one, and perhaps you will never read it. Fire seems to be rushing through my veins. The snow-clad mountains are rosy in the dawn. Great cloud-banners unfurl over them. You come with masses of gentian in your arms. They are not so blue as your dear eyes. I take your face between my hands. I caress your hair. I see blood. The world rocks. I feel your hair blown against my face. Lift me up, Rapunzel. This is Death. This is Love. Rapunzel. . . . .

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## THE "BUDDHA RELICS"

**I**N a mound near Peshawar, in north-west India, there was found in 1909 one of the eight portions of the "ashes of the Buddha" famous in Buddhist tradition. This portion consists of three tiny pieces of bone, placed in a cavity made in a rock crystal about three inches long by two inches broad. The rock crystal was placed in a bronze casket bearing inscriptions, giving the names of the Greek artificer of the casket and the donors. As the name of the Buddhist Emperor Kanishka occurs in the inscription, the date of the making of the casket is fixed as the latter part of the first century after Christ.

When the authenticity of the relics was established, the Government of India handed them over for custody to the Buddhists of the Indian Empire, represented by the Burmese. The original bronze casket remains at the Peshawar Museum; the Government gave a gold receptacle to hold the rock crystal, with a suitable inscription recording the gift. The Burmese Buddhists gave the gold casket, decorated with rubies, which Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa holds in his hands in our illustration. A model of the original bronze casket is held in his hand by the Burman Buddha Relics Trustee, who is on Mr. Jinarājadāsa's left.

During Mr. Jinarājadāsa's visit to Burma in October last, one of our devoted members Mr. C. G. S. Pillai,

an Indian Buddhist and one of the Trustees of the Buddha Relics, arranged with a fellow-trustee to open the safe where the relics are now kept at Mandalay, pending the construction of their final resting place on Mandalay Hill. As a Buddhist, Mr. Jinarājādāsa was allowed to hold them, and to be photographed surrounded by his Theosophical friends and co-workers, as a memento of his visit to Burma to speak the message of Theosophy to the Burmese.

The ceremony of the gift of the Relics by the Viceroy of India to the Buddhist delegation from Burma took place at Calcutta on March 19, 1910. Mrs. Besant was present on the occasion, and has thus described what she saw in *THE THEOSOPHIST*, April, 1910.

To the ordinary eyes it was merely a brilliant gathering ; high officials of State, the Representative of earth's mightiest Empire, the Envoys of an ancient land, the committal of a relic of the Founder of a great Religion to His modern followers, a number of gaily dressed ladies and gold-laced officers. But to the inner eye it was the vision of a perfect life, a humanity flowering into the splendour of a Divine Man, the tenderness of an all-embracing compassion, of an utter renunciation ; wave after wave of wondrous magnetism swept through the room, and all faded before the deathless radiance of a Life that once wore this dead fragment, which still rayed out the exquisite hues of its Owner's aura. A scene never to be forgotten, a fragment of heaven flung down into earth. And the actors therein all unconscious of the Presences in their midst !

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### “THE THIRTY DAYS”

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE THEOSOPHIST”

In his remarks on my story *The Thirty Days*, your reviewer is good enough to say that I have evidently studied Theosophical literature. That is, of course, true. A novelist who proposes to deal, however superficially, with a subject in fiction must necessarily make himself acquainted with it. Among other works, I read very carefully a manual on *The Astral Plane* by C. W. Leadbeater and a small volume entitled *In the Next World* by A. P. Sinnett. The perusal of these two books left me in a considerable difficulty regarding the Theosophical conception of the astral plane, for they appeared to be, on an exceedingly important point, not merely inconsistent, but in direct contradiction to each other. I quote a passage from each.

Mr. Leadbeater says (p. 17): “Although the poverty of physical language forces us to speak of these sub-planes as higher and lower, we must not fall into the mistake of thinking of them (or indeed of the greater planes of which they are only subdivisions) as separate localities in space—as lying above one another like the shelves of a book-case, or outside one another like the coats of an onion. It must be understood that the matter of each plane or sub-plane interpenetrates that of the plane or sub-plane below it.” He goes on to elaborate this view very carefully.

Mr. Sinnett says (p. 10): “A part of the great sphere is actually immersed or submerged beneath the solid crust of the earth. . . Two sub-planes of the astral are thus

underground—the first and the second, numbering the series from below upward. The third lies just above the surface of the earth.”

He does not state the position of the remaining sub-planes, but he names them in ascending succession, and the inference from the foregoing is clearly that they also are piled one above the other. Indeed, the system of “concentric spheres” which he describes is precisely that of the coats of an onion, which Mr. Leadbeater is at pains expressly to exclude.

There, you will admit, was a quandary for the artless but conscientious student. I applied to Theosophists in England for elucidation of the puzzle, but could get no satisfactory answer. It appeared, indeed, that though, to be sure, I had not “paid my money,” I was called upon to “take my choice”. I had to plunge. I plunged accordingly, boldly and completely, for Mr. Leadbeater ; partly because I understod—whether rightly or wrongly I do not know—that he is the higher authority on Theosophical matters, and partly because his system seemed to me (if I may venture to say so) the more sensible and the more calculated to appeal to rational minds.

When I began this letter I did not intend to do more than point out the apparent discrepancy I have alluded to ; but, having got so far, and since I am an exotic, who may not have an opportunity to communicate with you again, perhaps you will bear with me while I explain why I felt it would be easier to make Mr. Leadbeater’s, rather than Mr. Sinnett’s, conception acceptable to the intelligence of my readers. It was because it is not inconsistent with conditions of life with which they are acquainted. They know that, however deep they may bore in the crust of the earth, however high they may soar above it, they will still be in the physical universe, that they cannot possibly get out of it by moving in space. So it would, I knew, be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to make them feel the reality of a condition of things in which a change in the state of being could be effected by a change in location.

On the other hand, it can be shown that even physical life is partitioned into fairly definite tiers in a figurative sense, which, though all occupying the same region of space,

may not inaptly be called planes of existence. One may instance the criminal, the practical, the intellectual, the mystical. Each has its own atmosphere and its own population, and each individual composing the latter may be said to be strongly and perfectly conscious only of his fellows on his particular plane. An intellectual man, for example, addresses himself to his intellectual peers. When he is thinking or writing, he has them, and them only, in his mind; the world besides scarcely exists for him. The huge errors, the crude theories, of the masses below him do not trouble him: all his faculties are directed to the adjustment of delicate differences with some one or more of his fellows on the plane of intellect. If ever he tries the experiment of "writing down" to those on lower levels, it is almost inevitably a failure, because he finds himself unable to express himself in language, or to use channels of thought, comprehensible on any plane but his own. Reciprocally, the teeming millions below are supremely uninterested in anything the thinkers can tell them. Similar remarks could be applied to the other divisions of the physical plane that I have instanced. Thus a man may find himself among people of the same race as himself, of the same social position as himself, and yet know that he is not of their "world".

I don't know if this theory of physical sub-planes has any Theosophical authority, but at any rate there appeared to me to be so much substance in it, that I could hope to make intelligible to the general reader the conception of interpenetrating planes and sub-planes, as set forth in Mr. Leadbeater's manual.

May I append a note in conclusion, which may save some confusion, since THE THEOSOPHIST has an international circulation, that the title of *The Thirty Days* in the U. S. A. is *The Brocklebank Riddle*?

HUBERT WALES

*The Long House, Hindhead, Surrey, England*

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## PRINCIPLE OR PUBLIC OPINION?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

While agreeing with many admirable points in Mrs. Kellner's interesting article "Our Attitude towards Physical Life" published in last month's THEOSOPHIST, I must voice the protest that will arise in many readers against her conclusion that the ideals of an individual must be abandoned just now if they happen to be in advance of those of the nation to whom that individual belongs. We are wise enough to recognise that many are evolving through the present fighting, but that does not necessitate its being the path of further evolution for all. We can admire without copying or participating. Despite the glamour that is thrown over the the horrors of war, thinkers look to its very "frightfulness" to teach people that war is wrong, that it must never occur again, but be superseded by methods of arbitration, as duelling has been superseded by Courts of Law. Many of the slain and wounded soldiers and their womenfolk of all nations have already had this truth burned into their souls. It cannot be possible that numbers of us have not already learnt this self-same lesson in past lives, and it shows itself in our instinctive and reasoned belief that it is wrong to kill our fellow-creatures. For us to renounce that conviction, that experience, which has been transmuted into a principle, a precious possession of our souls, would be a sin against knowledge.

In times of peace we do not ask the idealist to accept the standard of the average person. Why should he or she do so in times of war, when, more than ever, the ideal must be clung to, as the thought-form of the masses creates so much stronger a temptation to let go hold of the Vision and the advanced practice? Our "national code," forsooth, upholds killing animals for food. According to Mrs. Kellner's argument our vegetarian Theosophists have been wrong all this time; they should "as members of a nation have been prepared to submit to the code appropriate to, and accepted by, the State at large." A practice founded on conviction of its truth must remain the same in peace and war. I can imagine H. P. B. scarfing

this new attitude on the part of some Theosophists of bowing to "public opinion," a pernicious doctrine already seen in all its baseness in our politicians who put "party before principle."

Now we are sophistically asked to put Nationality before principle, and we must renounce our ideals for fear that "though we might be good individuals, we should be bad Englishmen." Is Nationality then a virtue above Virtue, Idealism and Righteousness? The nation is not an extraneous "thing-in-itself," it is in no sense homogeneous, and one cannot be a good individual and a bad unit of the nation.

As in the body one atom may act differently from the mass around it in order to get rid of a disease (a point our author overlooks), so while the average units of a country act in one way it is still the duty of the further evolved units to pursue their course unstamped by any obsession (even if it be of a higher than ordinary nature) which takes possession of the general public. Such was the teaching and practice which produced the Buddha, the Christ, the martyrs of all causes, the Tolstois, and some people in all the combatant nations who for conscience's sake refuse to take part in war.

They would all be denounced to-day as "unpatriotic," people having conveniently forgotten that we are told "seek ye first the *Kingdom of God* (not of England, Germany, or any other kingdom) and all these things will be added unto you."

For the super-man to descend to the ideas of the man is the same as for the man to revert to the tiger stage—to use Mrs. Kellner's figure of speech; no one upholds the latter but she argues in favour of the former. The whole mistake arises from a dualistic standpoint similar to that commented upon by Mrs. Besant, *i.e.*, the separation of the individual and the State. We see in Germany the dire result of putting State morality above a higher private morality. Are we Theosophists to follow suit?

Philosophy, experience and common sense prove that we can all truly exclaim with the French King "L'Etat, c'est moi"! As each one acts up to the best individual standard, he or she is forming the best national standard. Everything reverts to the subjective, each unit is the centre of its own universe and shines by its own interior light. Thus our

platform and philosophy is broad enough to appreciate all stages of knowledge and idealism, and while admiring the average man who responds to a higher ideal of self-sacrifice than his usual one, we also admire and support equally the man who refuses to kill or make war because he is living up to a still higher ideal, and who thereby sacrifices popularity and risks denunciation and possibly death (in conscriptionist countries). It takes as much courage to live above public opinion as to face the enemy in the trenches or a life of bereavement.

Granted even that England's code of honour be higher than that of its enemies, there is much need for it to reach a still higher code, and for that Vision its advanced individuals, amongst whom are many Theosophists, must stand firm, neither changing nor lowering the flag of their convictions and ideals. To ring a change on Mrs. Kellner's epigram, it is better to strive even half-heartedly for one's own ideal than to lower one's ideal to suit shifty public opinion.

“Better is one's own duty, though destitute of merits, than the well-executed duty of another. He who doeth the duty laid down by his own nature incurreth not sin.” (*Bhagavad Gītā*)

In whatsoever way it may manifest, the only sure foundation of the evolution of one's self, of the unfoldment of the Higher Self, of true service to one's nation, humanity and the Great Ones, is summed up by the poet who said :

To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

MARGARET E. COUSINS

## REVIEWS

*The Devil's Mistress*, by J. W. Brodie-Innes. (W. Rider & Son, London. Price 6s. net.)

This story might serve as an illustration of the old adage "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," for the transformation of the heroine from a spirited and well-educated young wife of a dour and dirty Scotch farmer into the blood-thirsty and melodramatic witch-mistress of the Devil is easily traceable to the absence of any work or interests suitable to her vivid temperament. The ennui of Mistress Isabel Goudie's life galled her; she was not evil of nature, but she longed for a fuller, larger, more adventurous life, and for romance and love, and she yielded at once when Sathanas appeared on the scene and promised her all her heart's desires—if she would renounce her Reformed Kirk baptism! The comparative merit of Catholic and Presbyterian baptism is one of the pivots on which the plot turns, and it strikes a 20th century reader as a quaint competition in credal superstitions. The greater portion of the book is devoted to a description of the magical deeds and death-dealing arts and crafts of the witches of the 17th century. Many of the powers possessed by "the coven" can be easily understood in the light of Theosophy, such as the intimate connection between sickness and sin; the power of the moon in magic; the division and simultaneous activities of the various bodies so that the witch-heroine was seen of all in Kirk and was later able to remember the sermon, though at the very same hour another part of her was carousing and hunting with the "Dark Master". He teaches her caustically enough that "the part of ye that would take ye to Kirk has naught to do with love and joy," and again, "if only ye can imagine yourself to be in any place, a part of ye is there, and if ye imagine strongly enough ye may be seen there."

The presentment of the Devil with a Scotch accent comes as rather a shock to one's idea of the conventional Mephistopheles of "Faust" and Grand Opera, but it is no surprise to find that the author comes under his spell and succeeds more in interesting his readers in this "Lord of unbalanced force" than in repelling them from him and all his works. The recantation of Mistress Goudie is distinctly unconvincing, and the process of her subsequent conversion to saintliness, and voluntary martyrdom at the stake in expiation of her sins, is but sketched in a vague way; yet all through the story one can trace the key-note of the character as action—indifferent, bad, good—combined with a love of power which, originally selfish in character, became transmuted to altruistic self-sacrifice.

The story suffers from being derivative, its inspiration coming from "Dracula,"—to whose author it is dedicated, but whose powerfully uncanny atmosphere it nowhere reproduces—and its sources (historical or imaginary) being Scottish legal records, constantly quoted. The blend of imagination and documentary evidence is not satisfactory and leaves the reader somewhat disappointed at the lack of sensational effect produced. Nevertheless the author shows much knowledge of magical practices with an undercurrent of deep philosophical knowledge, and his book adds another to the rapidly growing library of occult novels which are widening the consciousness and interest of the reading public.

M. E. C.

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*The Next Steps in Educational Progress*, edited by Dr. L. Haden Guest. (The T. P. S., London.)

These papers by educational experts, containing their convictions as to the next stage of progress in the various departments with which they are associated, were read at a Conference at the London University in June 1914, which was opened by Mrs. Besant. Then, with tragic irony, came the world's master-stroke in education, the European War; and the aim of the essayists—the care and training of the rising generation—which they set forth with that unspoken hopelessness that characterised all altruistic effort before Armageddon, was suddenly set by sheer necessity right in the

front of future reform. Dr. Guest looks for a great reconstruction after the War, beginning with the children. To begin with them will not only affect the future, but also the present, for any intelligent attempt to meet fully the needs of children must be shared in by their elders. Dr. Guest points out the omission of any definite attempt to deal with the emotional growth and development of children, or to apply Art to education. We would add that a further field awaits attention, namely, the teaching of the child's relation to the universe in some way that would lay the foundations for a philosophical view of life: unbridled sectarian religious instruction is a greater menace to the future of the race than empty stomachs: it is one of the root causes of the War itself.

J. H. C.

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*A New Suggestive Treatment (Without Hypnotism)*, by J. Stenson Hooker, M.D. (C. W. Daniel & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

This is a very sensible little book and should be useful to those who are interested in mental science. The point of view of the author seems well-balanced. Some sort of "mind cure" it is necessary that qualified medical men should adopt, he tells us. For the diseases which have no physical cause, but are obviously due to psychic disturbances of some kind, are on the increase, and these are not curable by the use of drugs. Great care must be taken, however, in the building up of a really workable method of treatment; those in use at present are very often ineffective—mere waste of energy—or, when potent, positively dangerous. He points out the reason why this is so and recommends what he describes as auto-hetero-suggestion as a safe method by which the healer and the patient may co-operate in restoring the health of the latter. The book is written in simple, non-technical language suited to the general reader.

A. de L.

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*Dreams*, by George A. B. Dewar. (Elkin Mathews, London, 1915.)

This is a curious little book of three stories; two of them very short, the third a little longer, but all no more than a

suggestion ; perhaps an attempt to catch the atmosphere of an orderly dream. Not an unsuccessful attempt, for the author has imagined that faint pleasantness sometimes experienced when it is possible to direct one's dream fancies a little. Indeed the book claims for itself an atmosphere, and though perhaps in parts it is rather a musty atmosphere, the trend of the stories conveys that impression of dream which it is their object to impart. Of the stories themselves it is unnecessary to say anything. Two of them are furnished with a happy moral, and one—"The charm 'for ever'" is illustrative of a moment's artistic inspiration translated into action by an otherwise uncreative character. The style of the book improves in the last two tales. The first is marred by rather an involved mode of utterance and by expressions unfortunately cynical, such as the implied insincerity in the mourning of heirs. Again, a sentence such as the following indicates a lack of consideration—"They remained to the end of his life sharply cut in stone on the tablets of memory." This surely is a burnt offering of redundancy to the author's cult of atmosphere. The book does not attempt to be instructive on the theory of dreams, or their causes and interpretations, but offers readable entertainment for a spare half hour.

I. ST. C. S.

*The Battle of the Lord*, by the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London, 1915. Price 3s. net.)

This is an admirable collection of recruiting sermons and contains the very essence of the spirit which animates, or ought to animate, our troops in this great War. In this casual age, however, we think it probable that the large majority of men now enrolled under the colours have no very clear conception of the material causes, still less the spiritual causes for which they are fighting. Could some organised effort be made, some illuminating force, such as this book of stirring addresses, be brought to bear on them, how much more gladly and with how much less fear would they go out to meet whatever fate was in store for them.

There are twelve sermons here, each of them on its own subject appealing to the instincts of patriotism and

unselfishness which have kept England without Conscription for so long. The appeal is directed primarily to those of military age who are in a position to enlist, and to those also who are debarred from active service by age or circumstance, that they should act energetically as recruiting sergeants, stimulating the youth of the country to offer themselves for the good of their land. We could wish this book in the hands of every young man who could fight but won't.

The main, emphasised point running through the whole book is the immanence of the Divine Spirit, in all and permeating all. We cannot do better than reproduce two verses quoted from Mrs. Cheque's book *Litanies* :

Though I am deathless, I am not immune to pain ;  
 And every evil that is done upon earth, hurts Me ;  
 Every shot that is fired, passes through Me ;  
 The wound of every man wounded, is My wound ;  
 Every cruelty that is perpetrated, is perpetrated upon Me ;

Whatever is stolen is stolen from Me ;  
 All the blood that is shed is My blood ;  
 When the earth is defiled with slaughter,  
 My garden is laid waste,  
 Man, O Man, have mercy upon Me !

As the writer points out, this will be unintelligible to the Deist who believes only in the Extra-Cosmic God Whom he blames because He does not stop the war. Nevertheless to those of us who accept God in all created things, these lines bear a true significance and a conception of what War is to the Deity.

I. St. C. S.

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*Man: The Problem of the Ages*, by "Homo". (Francis Griffiths, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Books such as the one before us are to be welcomed because they have the intermediate points of view which are read and accepted by people who shun those systems of modern thought which are labelled with new names. You may yearn to seek the true and the beautiful, yet if you are conventional and the people round you are conventional, you might not care to be disgraced by studying Theosophy, Socialism, etc., but to be found reading a book called: *Man: The Problem of the Ages* is commendable and shows you are serious-minded. Therefore we are thankful that these



intermediate points of view, undisgraced by a revolutionary uniform, can penetrate unchallenged into many a home and heart, bringing with them light and inspiration. Some are good—sincere and well thought out—others are colourless and unoriginal. It is to the former category that we consign the present work, wherein we find much that corresponds with Theosophical teaching. The author distinguishes between the true immortal Spirit and his lower physical reflection, but as usual misses the link known to Theosophists as the ego. The term “ego,” he applies to the Spiritual Man. He preaches the theory of evolution, and if it were not for a strong Christian bias, which claims that the Lord Jesus is the Ideal Man born only “once in the history of the world,” and that “His personality, His life, and His teaching are altogether unique,” we would thoroughly endorse the following passage, which is full of inspiration, and entirely in accord with our own thought :

What matters, though in Jesus only we behold the full-grown Man whilst we are still in God’s nursery, and have not yet attained unto the stature of true Manhood? *Somehow we feel that this unique personality, this kingly personage is the elder Brother of our common humanity—the prophecy of our becoming.* Nay, more, that that perfect life, of which Jesus was the highest and noblest expression, is the goal towards which we are slowly but surely moving.

The great conception is the central figure in what we may term the *new consciousness*. A great spiritual awakening, indeed; that marks the dawn of a new era—the era of Universal Brotherhood.

D. M. C.

*Life: Presented in Three Stages of Progress*, by Annie Pitt. (Messrs. L. N. Fowler & Co. Price . . .)

“Life” is a title which leaves the writer plenty of scope, and “Aziel,” the true author of the book, avails himself of his opportunity by racing up and down the scale of human experience with the aid of a large vocabulary and a very oratorical style. The effect produced is a little chaotic. It is not a book for the man of trained intellect; yet it has a value which more than justifies its existence. On the full current of the author’s enthusiastic belief in immortality and the ultimate goodness and beauty of life the reader is carried away also, and he is filled with hope and confidence. There are many persons to whom such an experience would mean

the opening of the door into a new existence. Let us hope that the book will fall into their hands.

A. de L.

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*Nerve Control*, by H. Ernest Hunt. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London, 1915. Price 1s. net.)

An excellent little book very clearly and well written. Dealing with nervous troubles, which of recent years have been so enormously on the increase, its concisely-stated method of cure should be welcomed by all sufferers from the disorder. The lines of work laid down are of the New-Thought variety, positive suggestions being made to the subjective or subconscious mind, this, as the author explains, is more in accordance with Biblical teaching than the negative assertions favoured by Christian science. "Overcome evil with good" is the foundation on which the book is laid, and the acceptance of the positive suggestion would certainly appear to be the easier method of eradicating nervous and kindred troubles.

The earlier chapters treat of suggestion as the cause and cure of nervous ills and go on to emphasise the importance of maintaining an equable state of mind at all times as an accessory to the suggestions. Two chapters are devoted to platform work of all kinds, artistic and otherwise, and many valuable hints are given to those who do not feel themselves quite at home when appearing in public.

The author makes what may perhaps be called a lapse from strict probity in one point connected with the effectiveness of suggestion. He states it is not necessary to believe in mind cure, but that if the method is followed out faithfully the result will be effective. This, as Thompson J. Hudson points out, is not strictly justified, as following that faith is the *sine qua non* of mental healing, which we think is generally agreed; the attitude above alluded to obtains the faith but by rather a back door means, and one not highly to be commended. It is not out of place to remember that Christ never resorted to the subterfuge but always insisted upon the requisite faith in his subject.

As a guide to the healing of nerves, however, the book offers a valuable contribution to existing literature and we wish it every success.

I. ST. C. S.

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*The Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life*, by Eleanor Kirk. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

This is a very useful handy book which any layman can easily understand. It is concise, simple, and devoid of astrological technicalities which many a time scare away an ordinary reader. It is divided into four parts according to the triplicity of Fire, Earth, Air and Water. Each triplicity gives a short description and characteristics of its component signs, the personal appearance of the individual born under those signs, the companions and friends best suited to possess, the faults, defects and diseases commonly found, the best mode of growth and development of the individual and the education and training of children born under them, with a summary of character reading of persons born upon the cusp of each sign.

These readings apply to the average man of the world, and not so much to one who has taken evolution in his own hand. However, the knowledge of the stars has its value in its application to daily life. There is no such thing as chance in natural and spiritual law. Neither signs nor planets have the slightest power over spiritual man or woman, Spirit being absolute over matter. Stars may influence us, but God rules the stars. When man recognises God in himself he can be dominated no longer by anything apart from God.

Speaking about diseases the author says: "All these ailments, and every other known to man, can be entirely dominated, for ever cast out, by those who realise that mind is the Master, and body the servant of mind."

This is a good book as a general guide to the understanding of different temperaments, according to the triplicities, which might enable one how best to counteract disharmonies between individuals, especially in relation to marriage, and other domestic infelicities.

This book should certainly be in the hands of all those who have the guidance and education of children under their care, because the hints and suggestions given under the heading, "Government of children," are very valuable and practical.

J. R. A.

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*Le Museon, Revue d'Etudes Orientales*, 3rd Series. Vol. I. (Cambridge University Press, 1915.)

All members of the Theosophical Society whose interests lie with the second of its objects must be aware of that precious Belgian journal of orientalist research, founded in 1881 by the brilliant and many-sided Catholic scholar and Orientalist Ch. de Harlez, and the title of which heads this notice. The long and peaceable career of ever increasing importance of this periodical was rudely interrupted by the German invasion of Belgium and the attendant destruction of Louvain, for it was in the latter place that the journal was printed and edited, and the Louvain University furnished it regularly with its abundant matter of scholarly value. Alas, the Louvain University—nay, even Louvain itself—exists no more. In the destruction of the town there also perished half a volume of the *Museon*, ready for despatch, and containing articles and research work of fine quality.

Cambridge has welcomed the learned refugees from Louvain and has furnished those who survived and safely escaped with a place to reconcentrate the famous Louvain tradition until better times at—we hope!—a not far distant date. One of the consequences of this noble hospitality, together with the energy of the Belgian scholars, is the reappearance of the *Museon*, at Cambridge, rejuvenated and not a whit the worse for its tragic adventures. A stout number of 130 pages, extremely well printed, constitutes the first issue of the new, third, series, and offers us a feast of learning. *Le Museon* is an academical magazine of a type always bringing much matter of interest for the cultured but non-specialist reader interested in the study of comparative religion. In it L. de la Vallee Poussin regularly publishes his illuminating studies on Buddhist origins and teachings. In the present number Paul

Oltramare studies the most interesting problem of absolute existence, *tathatā*, and the ultra-phenomenal, *lokottara*, important for any enquirer into Buddhist doctrine. Reynold A. Nicholson presents an interesting note on a Moslem Philosophy of Religion. Other articles, notes and book reviews complete an excellent number. The journal is published indiscriminately in the chief modern languages, but French predominates as a rule on the whole. The price of the journal is 21 shillings net annually. We gladly seize the occasion to warmly recommend such amateurs as can afford it, to support the publication, even as a mere sign of sympathy, until its rebirth is fully established.

J. v. M.

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### BOOK NOTICES

*The Sacred Names of God*, by Leonard Bosman. (The Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Rd., Clapton, London, N. E. Price 1s. 6d.). This is an important addition to the "Esoteric Studies" of this author, containing both erudition and interpretation of a high quality. *Ten Tamil Saints*, by M. S. Purnalingam Pillai, B. A. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price As. 12.) An account of the lives of saints who exercised profound influence on the religion and culture of the Tamil people. It is based on traditional stories as well as on the researches of modern Tamil scholars. *India's Untouchable Saints*, by K. V. Ramaswami, B. A. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price As. 6.) A pathetic recital of the lives of saints who were born in the "outcaste" classes of India in the Middle Ages. It provides an incentive to those who are working for the upliftment of these "untouchable" people, who are denied social recognition, decent livelihood, and even religion. *Divine Service of the Lord's Supper*. According to S. Saporion Scholasticus, arranged by Bishop Vernon Herford, B.A. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 6d.) An arrangement of the Liturgy of S. Saporion to be used in any Christian Church as a step towards Christian Unity. A ritual of deep mystical import and undoubted occult power.

