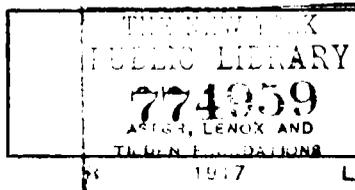


# The Herald of the Star

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As "The Herald of the Star" includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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# The Battle Cry.

*Follow You! follow You! follow You!  
Aye! to the nethermost Hell.  
Stand by You, bleed for You, die for You:  
All for the Leader is well!*

*Fight for You! they who once fought for You  
Fight for their Hero anew;  
Feeble the service they wrought for You,  
Yet it was all they could do.*

*But though we fling out our all for You,  
(How should Your people do less?)  
Proud in the struggle to fall for You,  
Eager in tumult and stress:*

*Still shall the ages claim toll of You,  
Still the ungrudging hearts weep,  
While the earth's orphaned take dole of You.  
Never You slumber nor sleep!*

*Wait for You! watch for You! hark for You!  
We that have served You before,  
We that went down to death's dark for You,  
Die for the Leader once more!*

*Strive for You! bear for You! ache for You!  
(Till the Great Silence come down!).  
What though the loving hearts break for You?  
Wounds are the gems in Your Crown.*

*Father, to babes that have clung to You!  
Mother, to children who need;  
Men by their life blood have sung to You,  
Fashioned Your bidding to deed.*

*Follow You! we that would follow You,  
Star in our Midnight of Loss,  
Strong though the lifetimes long spent for You  
Welcome the death on Your Cross!*

E. CHRISTINE LAUDER.

---

# La Compagnie des Serviteurs.

*Nous sommes une Compagnie  
Aux cœurs tout pleins d'ardente foi;  
Pour qui tout ce qui signifie  
Maître, c'est Toi.*

*Nous attendons dans l'espérance,  
Les yeux levés, parlant tout bas;  
Nous écoutons, dans le silence  
Venir Ton pas.*

*De très loin, du tréfond des âges,  
Il résonne, ce pas divin,  
Qui traça le chemin aux sages,  
Que suit le saint.*

*Sur les routes de Galilée  
Il laissa, la dernière fois,  
Sa marque lente et désolée,  
Traînant la Croix;*

*Puis la Croix embrassa le monde  
—Croix latine, au pied inégal—  
D'où l'Esprit glorieusement fonde  
Notre Idéal.*

*Cette fois-ci, de par les rues,  
Vers Toi, Seigneur de Compassion,  
Venons-nous, foules accourues,  
Les nations!*

*A genoux, bordant Ton passage,  
Faunes et noirs et blancs, vont-ils  
Sauver l'Univers du naufrage,  
En ces périls.*

*Comprendront-ils enfin leur âme?  
Ecouteront ils ce qu'en eux  
Dit la voix en des mots de flamme,  
La voix des dieux?*

*Nous que l'Ordre devant Toi range,  
Prêts à l'opprobre comme au sang,  
Les yeux au ciel, aux pieds la fange,  
Serrons les rangs!*

*Nous sommes une Compagnie  
Dispersée ici, là, d'aucuns;  
Mais en Toi chacun communie  
Et tous font un.*

MARGUERITE COPPIN.



By G. S. ARUNDALE.

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

**I**N August, 1914, when the War broke out, I sent a letter to all the members of our Order in which I endeavoured to lay stress on the fact that we must look upon the whole of this upheaval as, in some way or other, a preparation for the coming of the World Teacher. Since that letter was written almost eighteen months have elapsed, and in some ways we seem no nearer the end. From the standpoint of the ordinary man in the street things sometimes look as if they were going from bad to worse, as if *might* were, somehow, going to prevail over *right*. I quite understand this position, and am continually wondering how the public is able to keep as confident and cheerful as it certainly does. On the other hand, a friend of mine told me a day or two ago she had no heart to wish people a "pleasant Christmas and a happy New Year," because, under the circumstances, Christmas could not possibly be pleasant, nor did there seem much prospect of the New Year being a happy one. Many people, probably, would express similar feelings, and wonder what is the meaning of all this trouble. Watching the soldiers

pass along the streets, seeing the signs of mourning among the passers-by, feeling the general spirit of unrest, anxiety, uncertainty—I both marvel at the wonderful way in which people, somehow or other, are able to make the best of circumstances, and rejoice that there should be so many signs of the truth that in the immediate future a Great World Teacher may be expected to come among us.

When our Order was founded in 1910, the idea of a World War was unthinkable, and, indeed, in 1911, Lord Haldane's mission to Berlin seemed to lay the foundation of a durable peace between Great Britain and Germany. On the whole the political horizon seemed to clear, and knowing, as we all did, that great changes must inevitably take place if the World Teacher were to receive a real welcome, one could not but wonder how men's lives would so be shaken that many of the old superstitions and conventions would drop from them as outworn garments. The war has changed everything. No more convincing messenger of the Great World Teacher could have come among us than this present conflict. Everything is being

changed under our very eyes. The whole of our polity is even now undergoing extraordinary modifications, and while there may be many earnestly and eagerly hoping for peace, there are still more who look upon this changing world as offering one of the greatest of opportunities for the reconstruction of society on a more brotherly basis. I acknowledge to the full the sadness and the misery and the hopelessness which have come into so many lives. I know well how great a depression external conditions exercise from time to time even upon the most confident. This cannot but be so, because many of the old ideals which have hitherto sufficed are now known to be outworn, and men and women are looking everywhere for new ideals towards which to strive. Between the outworn ideals of the past and the dim, unrealised ideals of the future we have a present doubt; and the fact that we are able to go on at all, when so much that has hitherto supported us seems now to fail, is a complete testimony, in my opinion, to the existence of God in each of us, of God becoming Self-conscious. The God within us bridges the gulf, and will carry us safely through the darkness into a light more beautiful than the world has yet known. We all feel the darkness or we should not value the light, but members of the Order of the Star in the East and of the Theosophical Society ought to be able to stand a little more confidently in the midst of the ruins of an outgrown world. Long before the war we knew of the coming of a Great World Teacher, and pledged ourselves to prepare the way for His coming. We are not the less certain of His coming because the war seems to have shattered so much—on the other hand, assurance has become doubly sure.

\* \* \*

Those of us who work among our fellow men are continually realising how the truths we know are finding an ever-increasing welcome. Continually is the question being asked: "After the war—what?" We have an answer to that question, and we say that as the war has brought to the world so great and unforeseen a trial, so must there come an equally

great, and well-nigh unimaginable, peace. Can conditions return to almost what they were before the war? No. Nothing can be almost what it was before; nothing can be anything like what it was before, because so many have suffered and struggled as they have never suffered and struggled before, and no suffering or struggle can ever be in vain. We have been plunged into a raging turmoil, but the greater the storm the more intense the succeeding peace. I do not, for a moment, underrate the anxiety which burdens us all, nor can I feel aught but sympathy with those who, tossed hither and thither by the storm and the conflict, sometimes half wonder whether indeed the truths for which the Order of the Star in the East and the Theosophical Society stand can be within any measurable realisation. But we must never forget that we live as much in the future as in the present, or in the past. Now, even in the present, our lives are dedicated to the future, for while most of those surrounding us may know but little what the future will bring forth, *we*, at least, know ourselves as messengers of His Coming, and must sound the note of His Impending Presence above the clashing noise of human quarrel.

Remember that the New Year is one year nearer to His coming. We have passed through a year of sorrow and trouble. There may be another year of tribulation in store for the world. But you and I know that one year less separates us from Him, and you and I know that, being so much the nearer to Him, we ought to be able to echo more clearly the sounds of His message, and make them more audible in our various fields of work. Another year of suffering may be in store for us, I know not. But of this I feel sure, that every year that passes imprints upon the world, with increasing clearness, the details of His great Plan for man. We shall see, as the months roll by, how those who are engaged in social, religious, and political reconstruction will gradually become more certain of their ground. We shall gradually see how many antagonisms, hitherto thought to be irreconcilable, will merge into harmony under the shadow of

His approaching peace. We shall begin to see signs of the ceasing of class hatreds, religious differences, party animosities, international suspicions, racial antagonism; and wherever we see such signs, we have proofs of the approach of the World's greatest Teacher.

We are privileged to be able to see behind the signs their causes. We know that beneath all the efforts towards co-operation is to be found the guidance of the coming Lord. Actual membership of our Order may, or may not, increase. The actual number of people who specifically believe in the coming of a great World Teacher may be but little increased. But all who are able to watch this changing world of ours cannot but be profoundly impressed by the fact that the spirit of the Christ is abroad, and however little our politicians, or social workers, or religious reformers, may be able to recognise under Whose direction they work, the work is none the less being done, and thus is the world being prepared for the coming of its Elder Brother. I urge you,

therefore, to look for the signs of His Coming in all that is taking place under our eyes to-day. The more you look the more will you value your membership of the Order, whose truths are the keys to the modern situation. The present may sometimes tend to overwhelm us, but we, at least, can draw upon the certainty of a glorious future, and as, day by day; we approach nearer that future, the certainty should become all the more compelling and the anxiety of the present less keen.

It is with joy and happiness, therefore, that I enter upon the New Year, for as He approaches more closely, the nearer are we to that time of peace, whose glory shall be an ample recompense for the severity of the discipline through which we have had to pass. Let our joy in the near homecoming of the Father give us courage to stand confidently as messengers from the future to the present, a present which, without a hope of coming peace and rest, would seem too terrible and hard to bear.

G. S. ARUNDALE.

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## In the Forest.

*Here, in the secret places of the earth,  
Upon the mountains, 'mid the forest tall,  
There is the whisper of the wondrous Birth  
Of Him who loves us all.*

*Ah! men may lie,—but never will the trees;  
The mountains speak,—no falsehood need  
we fear;  
The blessed words are wafted on the breeze:—  
“He draweth near!”*

*All Nature listens. Ay, with quickening breath  
All creatures wait the glorious coming Day:  
Ah! God, and shall not I, before my death,  
Help to prepare His way?*

*How many myriads do not hear the call!  
How many myriads still stand listless by!  
How few there are to speak unto them all!  
O why not I?*

*Who, who would think of self, and idle stand,  
That for the Lord of Love himself might give?  
The work is waiting now, on every hand:  
Is it not good to live?*

F. G. P.

# The Great Awakening

## I. Prophecy and the Spiritual Unrest.

By IRVING S. COOPER.

CIVILISATION has foresworn prophecy. In ancient days the prophet was honoured and took his place before the thrones of Kings, but in modern times prophetic visions of the future are met with smiling disbelief. Nevertheless the fascination of prophecy still remains, for it is difficult if not impossible to stifle an instinct nurtured through centuries of belief, and, with all the culture of our critical faculty, we listen, even though we smile, when one among us tries to forecast the future. Did we not read, with interest, Tolstoi's vision of the Great War?

The possibility, however, of scientifically anticipating the future by carefully studying the trend of the ideals, ideas, and the social and material accomplishments of civilisation, has frequently been claimed, and now and again clever thinkers, after elaborately weighing the tendencies of their time, have confidently sketched a picture of the future. Almost invariably that sketch was inaccurate, for civilisation, instead of obediently following the lines so thoughtfully laid down for her, persisted in turning unexpectedly down an unsuspected by-path leading to an undreamt-of goal. Such failures are discouraging, but may it not be that the mistakes of scientific forecasting are due, not to a faulty principle of reasoning—for no doubt the immediate future does arise from the tendencies of to-day—but to misjudgment in the selection of those tendencies which actually play an active part in the moulding of the future?

An analysis of the various efforts which have been made from time to time to anticipate the future, indicates clearly the profound influence of the temperament of the prophet over the tone of his prophecies; for the pictures of the future, which have

been held up for inspection, are either gloomy or radiant, despairing or hopeful, according to the pessimistic or optimistic bias of the one selecting the tendencies.

Those with a bias towards pessimism have indeed much wherewith to paint a dismal picture of the future, for the established order of this generation has become decidedly materialistic, pleasure-seeking and irreligious. The widespread indifference to the orthodox forms of religious interpretation is the despair of those who love the ancient teachings, and though to many, who exemplify the modern culture, the rejection of tradition and dogma is a sign of progress towards enlightenment, yet to others we seem to be heading for the whirlpool which engulfed the might of Rome—a maelstrom of selfishness, self-indulgence and spiritual indifference, over which broods the darkening twilight of religion. The existing evils are continually growing more intense, and there appears little reason to suppose that they will disappear in the days to come. Everywhere around us the appalling contrasts of civilisation leap hissing in our face—dehumanising poverty and predatory wealth, the slum and the palace, the toiler and the parasite. We hear the sobs of weary children, the sighs of hopeless women, the curses of angry men. The blind hatred of the established order, like the “rumble of a distant drum,” is a menace which has been heard but not heeded. Everywhere in politics and in business we are confronted by shameless dishonesty, fathomless selfishness and greed, unbelievable corruption, and, what is worse, the cynical acceptance of corruption as the order of the day. Everywhere we see social injustice and social apathy, the taint of sensuality and vice, the blinding vision of hearts grown callous to suffering. It is to

be expected that these terrible conditions of modern life should profoundly affect the imagination, and hence in our libraries are many books which warn us, as did the prophets of old, to take heed ere it be too late.

Those of an optimistic bias look at civilisation more cheerfully and point to many things which suggest the dawning of a better day. The increased number of schools and the spread of general education, the growth of charitable and philanthropic organisations and the wholesome feeling of responsibility for the welfare of others, the founding of neighbourhood and settlement houses, the establishment of schools of civics wherein young men and women may learn the science of social betterment, the remarkable development of the Young Men's Christian Association and kindred social clubs, the endowment of institutions of scientific research for the benefit of the people, the wave of opposition to all war, once the Great War is over, which has arisen from the realisation of the imperative need for a world-wide peace, even the popularity of a universal language—all these and many other similar tendencies form the flecks of gold wherewith those optimistically inclined brighten their pictures of the future.

On one point both optimist and pessimist agree. They are both convinced that the old order is changing, although they disagree as to the direction of the change; for it is evident that the ideals of other days are fast losing their power to awaken enthusiasm and inspiration.

Nowhere is this more strongly marked than in religion. The spirit and moral earnestness of the old-time Faith have fled from many of the ancient sanctuaries, taking with them the willingness to lead the life and perform the practices prescribed in the ancient formulas. When this state of affairs is first brought to our attention, we turn to each other in surprise and ask, "What has happened to the Churches?" Nothing has happened to them—that is probably the root of the trouble—the religion they teach is the same, or nearly the same, as that which stirred our forefathers to profound en-

thusiasm, for then the Churches led and the people followed. Now the strong current of a quickening evolution has swept the most responsive of humanity past the slower moving and more conservative Churches—the people lead and the Churches follow, hence their slackening power.

"There can be no doubt," says Professor Chamberlain of Clarke University, "of the existence to-day of a widespread dissatisfaction with the Church, its teachings, its attitudes, its methods, its ideas and its ideals."\* What more can be said!

Is it true, as some have carelessly remarked, that the golf course, the motor car and the theatre are to take the place of the sermon and the prayer meeting? We cannot but notice that the indifference to the old beliefs and the apathy which chills the rallying call of their remaining exponents have spread like an infection through all levels of society. Congregations are dwindling except when held by some stimulating speaker, many ministers are becoming discouraged and even doubtful of their own teachings, the quality of divinity students is not what it was, and church buildings are being closed or almost deserted because of the changed attitude of the people. There seems to be no way to check permanently this from-the-church-movement. Revivals, like a flash of powder, diffuse only a temporary warmth. Those Churches with many social gatherings, entertainments, picnics, stereopticon and moving-picture displays, musicals and lectures, clubs and restaurants, build up large congregations, but not, it should be noted, because of the attractiveness of the religious teachings themselves, but because of the social appeal.

While it is true that thoughtful people are no longer willing to assent to creeds and dogmas they do not understand, yet this apparently is but one of the many causes of the decrease in church membership, for it may be noticed that even those Churches without creeds do not flourish as they should. The explanation of the wide-

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\* The Church, the People and the Age.

spread change in the attitude towards religion lies deeper, for many people do not even *feel* the need for the teachings as given in the Churches.

The growing indifference to the old doctrines does not mean, however, that satisfying substitutes have been found. On the contrary, mankind is troubled by a spiritual restlessness which is as significant as it is universal. Not confined to one race or religion, it has spread over all the world, in India as in America, on the Continent as in England. Humanity is seeking, like an orphan, for something to comfort it. Though Science has done its best, the people are weary of materialism, and, careless of the scorn of superior intellects, are not content with a collection of chilly laws and mathematical theories, but yearn for a purposeful, living Universe, in which the warmth of Love is felt. In many ways we are still but children, and the mother-seeking instinct has proved too strong for us. Like little ones with tin swords and showy breastplates, we started forth bravely to conquer the world, but now that the hour of make-believe is nearly over, our thoughts are turning to the Soul of Things and we are not quite so sure that our useful little minds can tell us all we wish to know.

A spiritual unrest has seized upon us because philosophy, offspring of intellect, has proved powerless to comfort and inspire, and we are tired of argument and dialectic. Science, too, although it has discovered how things take place, is unable to explain why, and so many of our deepest questions remain unanswered. The creative fire in the Shrine of Art burns low, and in the dusk many of our finer dreams cannot take form and colour. Religion, as now taught, seems too much either a set of outgrown formulas or a frenzy of unbalanced emotion, and deep within has left us untouched and forlorn.

We hunger for something which will satisfy both heart and mind and open again that secret chamber in which dwell Inspiration and Enthusiasm, twin offspring of the Spirit. For some reason we

feel like men grown sophisticated and old before their time, and instinctively we yearn for the joy in life which youth or youthful thoughts alone can give. Dimly we realise that what we need are new ideals, so strong and compelling, and yet so near and winning, that we shall gladly relinquish all and follow them, even unto the appointed end. But how and where may such ideals be found?

If there could only be an awakening of the religious sense, a stirring of dynamic spirituality, so powerful and widespread that like a conflagration it would leap from heart to heart, then indeed the joyousness in life might again be felt, and the ideals we seek be found. Is there any possibility of such an awakening? Can the old form of religion be revived, or is there a hope that the spirit of Religion may be re-born again in a new and lovelier form?

On the surface, the tendencies of civilisation point emphatically in other directions, for irreligion seems to be the promise of the future. But may there not be a possibility that these *surface* indications are misleading, since so many failures have been made by those who have attempted scientifically to forecast the future? Probably the very cause of their lack of success was that they took into consideration only those tendencies which were already visible on the surface of civilisation, and either did not notice or ignored as unimportant those deep-running hopes, dreams, aspirations and speculations, which constitute the mental undercurrents of the race.

After mature consideration, our appreciation of the immense power of the mental and spiritual undercurrents in civilisation will deepen, and we shall realise, if we have not before, that in them lies the whole promise of the future. Indeed, if we grasp the full meaning of what may be termed the Principle of Undercurrents, we shall be able to read the secret code telling of the mighty plans for the future, and therefore able to foretell the ideals and possible achievements of the generations yet to come.

IRVING S. COOPER.

(The second article of this series will be entitled "The Principle of Undercurrents.")

# The New Spirit in the Churches

How it is at work in America

By EDITH B. ALLEN.

**T**HAT the past quarter of a century has been a time of great awakening and progress, few seem any longer to doubt. That the Church should share in that awakening and have much to contribute to progress is not surprising. Yet some seem unaware of the great readjustment to a new conception of the "Christian Social Order" that is taking place within the Church, and which seems destined to mould the thought and work of the Church for years to come.

"What great idea has the Christian Church which will serve as a religious lever and fulcrum for the engineering task of the present generation?" asks Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch in his book "Christianizing the Social Order." "What great faith has it which will inspire the religious minds of our modern world in the regeneration of society? The chief purpose of the Christian Church in the past has been the salvation of individuals. But the most pressing task of the present is not individualistic. Our business is to make over an antiquated and immoral economic system; to get rid of laws, customs, maxims, and philosophies inherited from an evil and despotic past; to create just and brotherly relations between great groups and classes of society and thus to lay a social foundation on which modern men individually can live and work in a fashion that will not outrage all the better elements in them. Our in-

herited Christian faith dealt with individuals; our present task deals with society. . . . The business before us is concerned with re-fashioning this present world, making this earth clean and sweet and habitable."

Twenty-five years ago there were in the Church but few men who saw clearly and distinctly, with prophetic vision, that the Church had a duty to perform in the new social reconstruction that was upon the nation. To-day the clergy of the Church in America have become permeated with the new social interest. New phrases have sprung up to express this new social consciousness. A new and valuable literature is being created to supply the need for teaching material and to express this new spirit to the world. The serious study of social problems has become a common thing in ministerial clubs and conferences. Adult Bible classes, study groups, men's clubs, social unions, Chautauquas, all are finding their inspiration and the faith that drives them on, in what they term and interpret as the Social Gospel of Jesus,—in what they believe Him to have taught of the Kingdom of God on earth.

In 1908, the denominations began adopting formal declarations defining their attitude to social problems. Near the close of that year the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was organised at Philadelphia, representing and uniting thirty-three Protestant denominations. One of the first results of its

formation was the organisation of a Commission on the Church and Social Service, made up of about 125 of the leading social workers of the nation, who represent distinctively the view-point of the Churches. This has co-ordinated the work of the various denominations and is a significant step towards realising the fundamental unity of Christendom. In our cities, those who were labouring to apply the Gospel to the whole of life, found that it must reach out and transform the surroundings as well as the people ; that if it was to be effective in individual life, it must also reach the social, industrial and political conditions which were so largely affecting life. The Federal Council sought for some form of definite expression of its attitude toward this problem, and in 1912 at its meeting in Chicago, Illinois adopted what was termed "The Social Creed," as follows :—

To us it seems that the Churches must stand—  
For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

For the protection of the family, by the single standard of purity, uniform divorce laws, proper regulation of marriage, and proper housing.

For the fullest possible development for every child, especially by the provision of proper education and recreation.

For the abolition of child labour.

For such regulations of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

For the abatement and prevention of poverty.

For the protection of the individual and society from the social, economic and moral waste of the liquor traffic.

For the conservation of health.

For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational diseases and mortality.

For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, for safeguarding this right against encroachments of every kind, and for the protection of workers from the hardships of enforced unemployment.

For suitable provision for the old age of the workers, and for those incapacitated by injury.

For the right of employees and employers alike to organise, and for adequate means of conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes.

For a release from employment one day in seven.

For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labour to the lowest practicable

point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.

For a living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.

For a new emphasis on the application of Christian principles to the acquisition and use of property, and for the most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised.

This new spirit in the Churches recognises the age in which we are living as, pre-eminently, an industrial age, and it feels that the Churches must interpret the Gospel in terms of industrial relationships and economic values, if it is to be understood and appreciated by the men of this age. It recognises the sins of the age as in part industrial and commercial, and feels that the Church has a Gospel of industrial peace to offer. It recognises the legislation of the age as industrial, and feels that the Gospel has a law for the Church to apply to these problems.

Under pressure of this awakening, the Churches sought to come into sympathetic touch with organised Labour. An exchange of delegates between the Ministerial Association and some of the Labour groups was effected, and now clergymen of various denominations are attending the meetings of Union Labour with more or less regularity, thus coming closely into touch with the aims and aspirations of the great industrial working class. Under the advice of the Federal Council of the Churches of America) thousands of Churches have set aside the Sunday before Labour Day as Labour Sunday ; in 1910, the American Federation of Labour cordially indorsed this idea and advised its members to attend such services in a body.

"Religious denominations are like a group of composite personalities." Each denomination organises its work as best fits that organisation, the Methodist Federation for Social Service, the Baptist Department of Social Service, the Congregational Social Service Commission, the Presbyterian Bureau of Social Service, these and other Departments all are expressions, and developments of the effort to work out the Social Creed.

A few brief outlines may serve to illustrate how these Departments are working. The purpose of the Congregational Social Service Commission is to serve the causes of Industry, Country Life, Social Service, Organised Charity, and Men's Work. The Episcopal denomination gives the list of different kinds of Social Service work in which an industrial community should be engaged :—

- 1.—City-planning.
- 2.—Housing reform.
- 3.—Provision of recreational facilities.
- 4.—Educational reform.
- 5.—Improvement and cheapening of transport.
- 6.—Suppression of vice, crime and intemperance.
- 7.—Prevention of industrial diseases and accidents and compensation therefor.
- 8.—Abolition of child labour.
- 9.—Regulation of woman labour.
- 10.—Promotion of efficiency of civic administration.

And from the Methodist denomination comes the suggestion that all the organisations of the Church should assume some definite tasks in Social Service ; that the Sunday-school should concern itself with child welfare, the Epworth League with the general conditions of life for young people, the Ladies' Aid Society with the general needs of the girls and women of the community, while the Brotherhood should engage its men in civic action for community welfare. Thus, by various plans and suggestions does the Social Service movement in the Churches seek to show : " that the way of the true Christian leads not to separatism, not to fleeing from an evil world, but a grappling with and reformation of it."

This new spirit is not confined to the cities. It has spread to the rural communities as well. For years the country church has struggled to maintain its vitality amid the changing conditions that confronted it. Many rural districts found themselves with two or three churches, representing as many denominations, and each with only a handful of members to struggle on as best they might with the

problem of its support. Earnest men and women commenced to work at the problem. An article in *The Survey* sums up their findings :—

Three things must mark the progress of the Church :—

It must be a community church, with sectarianism buried.

It must present and practice the Gospel of Jesus and really vitalise men, building them into a living brotherhood.

It must serve the community in progressive, vital community-building as one institution among many others working toward a common end.

Of course, the programmes of the Churches in their effort to embody this spirit are as varied as the communities in which the efforts are made. Perhaps a concrete example of a plan worked out in northern Illinois may serve to make it clearer.

For the purpose of establishing a Community Clearing-House and unifying all interests and activities, a Community Council was organised under the leadership of the Methodist pastor. This council is composed of one representative from each of the thirty-five organised groups in the town, including churches, ladies' aid societies, organised Sunday-school classes, young people's societies, fraternities, clubs, lodges, the Farmers' Grain Company, and the commercial club.

The chief function of this committee of thirty-five is advisory. It meets, looks over the field, decides upon recommendations that should be made, and then refers the matter to the organisation in the community which naturally should carry out the suggestion. If no agency exists for any particular purpose, the council itself undertakes to accomplish the work in hand. The aim of the council is to study the conditions in the village and surrounding country relating to education, recreation, agriculture, Church work, morality, transportation, civics, or anything else that constitutes a community interest.

During the short period of its existence the council has taken in hand the matter of feeding tramps, the regulation of out-of-town solicitors for charitable aid, the cleaning up of the village, and the beautification of door-yards, the safeguarding of the village milk supply and other matters. It headed a popular movement to put the school park in condition for summer sports by volunteer labour, conducted a Chautauqua, the first held in the village, and took over the management of the community fair and corn show, which had been developed by one of the Village Churches.

In this and many kindred ways, suggested by the need, is the effort being made

to meet all the needs of all the community. It is perhaps inevitable that out of the spread and growth of this spirit and of this newer ideal of the Church should spring some interesting and rather striking developments. One such of considerable interest is the United Peoples' Church of Pittsburgh. Its pastor, Rev. W. A. Prosser, in an article published in the *Christian Socialist*, describes it. It is an attempt, he says,

To answer the voice of the growing multitude crying in the wilderness—*Show us the way*. It is an organised effort to plead the cause of the widow, defend the orphan and deliver the exploited. It is intended to be a shelter for revolutionary souls, a forum for the expression of their protest against the injustice and the perversion of the Gospel of the Master Workman, the Nazarene, and an opportunity to propagate unitedly the social message of Jesus, which means in an age of congested population, machine manufacture and socialised production—Socialism. It is an independent, non-sectarian, religious Socialist institution, purely democratic in principle, polity and operation.

This Church maintains a Sunday-school, interpreting its Bible study "in the light of present-day conditions and the Socialist philosophy." Its mid-week meeting is not a prayer-meeting, he states, but a "Social Science Class."

Another strong man, well loved and honoured by his associates, who saw best to express his Christian faith in terms of Socialism, was the late Bishop Spaulding, of the Episcopal Church, Bishop of Utah. He says:

A man cannot be a Christian unless he is convinced that human rights come before property rights; and he cannot qualify for the Christian Ministry unless he is resolved to persuade other men to help put them there. I got that far a good many years ago, but my present belief that the Socialist programme is the only way to put human rights ahead of property rights, came later.

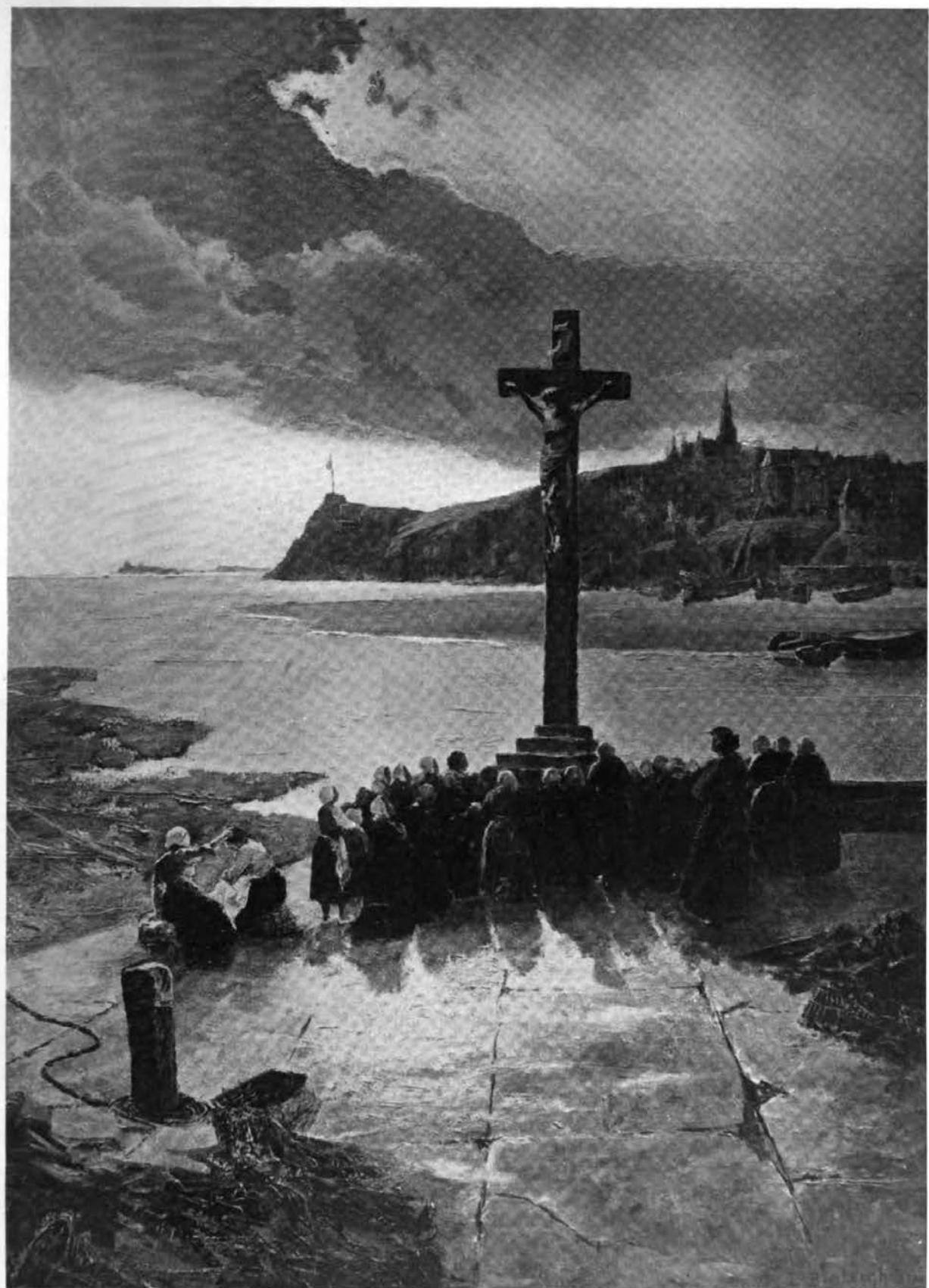
One of the expressions of the Church's broader vision is the Open Forum. It is called by William Horton Foster, "A school for the theory and practice of democracy." He tells us that "If one-half of the world knew what the other half thought, the world would be transformed. Hardly any appreciable fraction knows what any other fraction of the world is thinking about, its points of view, its

ideals, and, what is more important, its prejudices. . . . We cannot realise what the rest are thinking until they tell us. Nor can that telling be illuminating unless it comes under the inspiration of a common search for a common truth. . . . Churches have come to realise that in the Open Forum there is an opportunity for this common search for the truth. The Open Forum idea, therefore, is that of a place where all the men and women of a community or group can come together and talk over any subject in mutual tolerance and good will, seeking to find a common ground upon which all can stand. It is not an attempt at uplift. . . . It is a getting together of all classes for mutual help and comfort—the church-ed and the un-church-ed, the rich and the poor, the employer and the employee, all having one common motive, arriving at the truth by the merging of truths. The idea, therefore, is that of a gospel of reconciliation between class and class. It shows to the church-hater the real strength and kindness of the Church, and it reveals to the Church the immense moral and spiritual values that lie just outside its doors."

So large is the subject, so varied its expression, so limitless perhaps its possibilities, that it is hard to give in an article compiled as this one, an adequate idea of this New Spirit in the Churches. I can but sum it all up in the words of Prof. Rauschenbusch:—"The possibilities are so vast, so splendid, so far-reaching, so contradictory of all historical precedents, that my hope may be doomed to failure. The American Churches may write one more chapter in the long biography of the disappointed Christ, which our sons will read with shame and our enemies with scorn. But for the present the East is aflame with the day of Jehovah, and a thousand voices are calling. If failure comes, may it find our sword broken at the hilt."

EDITH B. ALLEN.

(Much of the data for this article is copied from "A Year Book of The Church and Social Service in the United States," by Harry F. Ward, Secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, and arranged to suit the purpose of this article.)



THE LIGHT ABOVE.

From a painting by L. Burleigh Bruhl.



# The Religions of Rich and Poor in Russia

By DANIEL GORODETZKY.

[The writer of this article is a distinguished Russian publicist, who has recently been on a visit of some months to London.]

**D**URING my stay in England I have noticed that the interest manifested with regard to my country, on the part of representatives of various professions, expresses itself in three types of question. One enquirer will wish to be informed as to the military affairs of Russia; another demands particulars of its internal politics; while the third asks about its religious life. It is to the latter class of enquirer that the notes which follow are addressed.

The average Englishman's knowledge of Russia is, let me say frankly at the outset, very superficial. One thing, however, the English know, of which they have been made acquainted by our great writers, and that is that the Russian people—I mean by that term the Russian peasantry—is essentially religious. But further than that English acquaintance with Russia usually does not go. And so those who have questioned me have expressed great astonishment when I have told them that between the upper classes and the people there is complete contrast. Still greater was the wonder when I added that the Russian people, though utterly indifferent in its attitude towards things political, has always been rich in seekers after truth who have not hesitated to push the matter to its final issue and to give up their lives for the sake of their religious beliefs. Cultured Russia, on the other hand—or, more exactly, that class known as the *intelligentzia*—though ready to suffer persecution and even to die for its opinions political, is very quick to abdicate its dissenting or reformist religious beliefs, in the rare cases where it has any.

Whence this significant dissimilarity? First it has to be recognised that the Russian upper classes, contrary to what largely obtains in England, are, generally speaking, indifferent to things religious. Of course, representatives of the bureaucracy, and also of the nobility, attend public worship, brilliant in their uniforms and gold lace, and their crosses and badges of honour, but it is common knowledge that this is done mainly from official motives, or (as they put it themselves) “to show a good example to the people,” rather than from any real belief or religious feeling at heart.

Professional men in this respect are franker and more honest. “We have nothing in common with the official religion,” they will tell you, “and so we have neither wish nor need to attend the official services.” Are then the educated among you entirely irreligious? the English reader may ask in astonishment, perhaps even with indignation. By no means. But theirs is another religion, a private religion, some system of particular positivism or ethics, but in any case having nothing in common with the religion of the State. Good or evil, this alienation is a fact which has to be reckoned with in speaking of religion in Russia.

Besides, this rupture between the Russian *intelligentzia* and the Russian Church is no new thing: it is a historic fact which has its causes. Its best explanation has been given by Professor P. Milioukouff (now member of the Douma and leader of the Cadet Party), who also, in order to be the better understood, draws a comparison between the state of

things in this country and his own. The passage in which he deals with the matter is to be found in a book entitled "Essays on the History of Russian Culture," in the second part, concerning "The Church and the School: Religion, Creation, Education," a work of great historical interest based on deep erudition, he says:

"The Englishman, whose national sentiment ever rose in indignation against the one Church of the Middle Ages, was able to reject that authority without much resistance on the part of the English clergy. . . . Having renounced the Pope, he, after a short time, turned his back also on the King as Head of the Church, being determined to win his own salvation in his own way. At every new turn and progress of his thought, he was careful also to patch up conscientiously, in accordance with the newest pattern, the casket in which were enshrined his religious ideas. That is why religion, changed a dozen times in its forms and its content, has nevertheless retained down to our own day its authority over the representatives of the British people. And that also is why the Englishman is able to this day to reconcile the latest acquisitions of reason and of science with his religious belief. . . . In view of that," our historian concludes, "it is not difficult to understand why the educated Englishman still loves his religion. . . ."

With the educated Russian it is different. "It is well known," says Professor Milioukoff, "that the civilised Russian, in most cases, regards his religion with complete indifference. And he is often scolded for doing so. Yet it is not he who is to blame, but history." By which he means that the Russian Church, in the first centuries of its existence, was too weak in numbers to undertake the task that was accomplished by the Western Church. Its weakness also made it impossible for it to gain an influence through the schools, which, contrary to what has happened in the West, in Russia became from the beginning the instrument not of the Church but of the State.

And here is how our historian finally sums up the matter:

"The difference between the processes through which Western Europe on the one hand and Russia on the other have broken with the Church is best explained by the differing influence of their respective forms of religion. Anglican religious belief gave life and development to English thought, developed itself through it, and itself grew up with it. French religious opinion, on the contrary, did all it could to prevent the unfolding of the spirit of scientific and philosophical enquiry in contemporary thought: and hence the Frenchman's hostility to religion. As to the Russian Church, she was not strong enough either for the one or the other. She neither excited freedom of thought, nor persecuted it. And to that is due the fact that educated sentiment in Russia towards religion has remained what history made it.

That is to say, a sentiment of profound indifference, indifference towards the Church on religious matters, a sceptical spirit which has steadily grown among the upper classes, under the influence of French philosophy and literature.

The Russian people, on the other hand, the great masses of which have lived for centuries in servitude, has had neither time, opportunity, nor the wish to follow the cultured class into their nihilistic views on religion. On the contrary, suffering, ignorant, it has found in religion its one consolation.

There is one thing affirmed again and again in Russian literature, and that is the separation between the privileged class and the people, a separation which makes them strangers to each other and incapable of mutual understanding. And this separation, already otherwise deep enough is further augmented by the divisive influence of their differing attitude towards religion.

Having given this much of historical explanation, we are in a position to reply now to the question which we set out at first to examine. The answer is a clear one. The reason that the Russian, of the people seeking after religious truth, is always ready to die for his belief, is that to him his religion is his life, whereas for the

intellectual fighter of the *intelligentsia* class his religion is but a political *credo*. And even in the rare instances in which one of the latter has initiated some form of religious belief, it has not had very deep lodgment in his heart.

The above conclusion might be illustrated by many well-attested facts both from history and in modern life. We will confine ourselves to a few of the most characteristic.

Let us begin with the people. The reproach has often been made against Peter the Great, that the over hasty and despotic reforms carried out by him in transforming the Church into a bureaucratic institution were one of the main causes which led to the first breach between the Church and the people. As a matter of historical fact, the religious rupture took place before Peter the Great's time, in the reign of his father, the Czar Alexis, when the Patriarch Nikon ordained the famous revision of the Scriptures. Although he was in every sense right to take such a step, as the Russian holy books abounded in errors, yet the bulk of the people, attached to the old versions and convinced of their irreproachability, refused to follow the Patriarch and broke with the Church. And thus there began for the *staroobriadzi*—"the men of the ancient rites or dogmas"—a long martyrdom. Associating with the old versions certain details of ritual such as the making of the sign of the Cross with two fingers, they preferred to flee to the forests and suffer persecution rather than accept the new forms. And when in the reign of the Czarina Sophia (sister of Peter the Great, and dethroned by him) severer measures were taken against the religious rebels, their devotion took on an extreme form which ended in a real religious epidemic. The more fanatical spirits began to spread abroad that the latter days of the world were at hand, and that it was better to die a martyr for religion's sake, since die one soon must, better to die a saint than wait to die a sinner.

These fanatics propagated their ideas by force of actual example, proposing as a fitting mode of self-slaughter the stake ;

and so successful was their propaganda that in numbers of places the people formed companies to immolate themselves together, which they did with fanatical joy. It is estimated that between 1665 and 1695 not less than twenty thousand members of the sect of the *Staroobriadzi* met their death in this manner. Cases were even known where as many as 2,000 to 2,500 persons perished thus together.

Like every epidemic called forth by governmental persecution, this was not of long duration. In the period which followed, the idea came to birth among the *Staroobriadzi* that, instead of taking one's life, it was better to quit a society in which there was no longer a true Church nor the true faith, and then began the flight of thousands of families to the forests where in time there sprang up large communities of a semi-monastical character. The forests of the distant North, and along the banks of the Volga, became scattered over with these religious colonies. When the local colonies became aware of their existence, they intervened either to levy a substantial tax in return for allowing them to practise their faith, or to destroy them. On such occasions always the more influential of the sect were thrown into prison, tried and condemned to death. Their dispersed flocks after a time re-assembled in another forest and founded a colony anew. In such conditions the sect carried on some sort of an existence until the more liberal reign of Alexander II., when persecution, though it did not cease, was much diminished. Not until our own days, in 1905, did the *Staroobriadzi* at last receive freedom to confess the faith in the way they held right.

It may be said that this sect—by the way, be it mentioned, very numerous and very rich—came into being through misunderstanding and ignorance, and that its enormous development is due to the policy of persecution. If so, so much the better. If the Russian people is capable of giving its life and of suffering all kinds of persecution, and ready to live for two hundred years in the woods just on account of the changing of words in Holy Scripture, in a text translated from the Greek, that

proves the sincerity and depth of its religious belief, and how much it is bound up with their very existence.

From all this a logical conclusion may be drawn. If the Russian people is able to bear such suffering for purely formal differences with the dominant Church, what force of courage and resistance, may we not imagine, will it not display when really fundamental questions are at stake? And we do not speak merely of past ages, of historical times; the same is true of the Russian people of our own day. Perhaps because the State Church (with its insufficient clergy) does not entirely satisfy the people, the search after "the true faith" has never ceased. So, when anywhere a new sect arises, there is no way to stop its diffusion. Neither ecclesiastical measures nor police persecution are of avail, and it is by no means rare that one single propagandist is able to attract towards a new form of religion, right out of the Church, whole villages. Should he be tried and banished to Siberia forthwith his work is taken up by his relations or his friends. And far from being checked, the movement he initiated grows and spreads in other places.

The founders of these evangelistic sects being for the most part simple peasants, the erudition as to Biblical texts they display in their discussions with the missionaries is astonishing. Equally astonishing, too, is their consistency in action. Do they come to their conclusion that *ikons* (images of the saints) are contrary to Holy Writ ("Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image"), forthwith they cast them out, heedless alike of the tears of their family and the threats of their fellow-villagers. Should they become persuaded that a man should not own wealth, forthwith they give theirs away; and if the conviction takes possession of them that a life of comfort and ease leads to forgetfulness of God, straightway they take up that of the wanderer. And these wandering enthusiasts are just those who sow new religious ideas throughout the length and breadth of Russia.

Knowing something of the *régime* that obtains in Russia, it is easy to imagine

that these propagandists are not always allowed to carry on at will their calling, or to accomplish what they believe to be their mission. Too often they end their career in prison or in Siberian exile. Some of these fine types of religious believers are portrayed by Dostoievsky in his "House of Death." Those looked upon as especially dangerous are dealt with still more rigorously, and incarcerated in far-away monasteries in which they are submitted to disciplinary measures of the grimmest kind, deprived of all contact with the outer world, and subjected to ecclesiastical attempts to persuade them back within the orthodox fold. Vain endeavours! The writer Prougavin cites in his books instances of such, who, after twenty, thirty, or even forty years in prison, have still maintained their beliefs, preferring death rather than to yield to those whom they hold to be "foes to the truth."

Numerous instances here, too, might be adduced, but we will mention only two of the most typical, given by Prougavin.

In his work on "Religious Dissenters" he tells of a certain Pushkin, who from 1866 to 1882—that is, for sixteen years—was confined in the prison of the famous monastery at Solovki (on an island in the White Sea), despite medical opinion that he was more madman than prophet. Born in the Perm district in the time of the serfs as a peasant on Count Stroganoff's estate, he, in 1853, purchased his freedom and became his former owner's steward. A man of transparent honesty, and of keen intelligence, he was throughout the neighbourhood held in high esteem by all save the priests, who saw in him a propagandist of dangerous views. Though he made no attempt to found a sect, and in no wise assumed the *role* of a prophet, Pushkin took every opportunity of declaring that the Holy Scriptures could not be properly understood, since Christians are too divided, too alienated one from another. His favourite idea was the possibility of re-union of the Churches, which he set forth in an allegorical picture entitled "The Vision of Religion Triumphant"—a picture which cost him his liberty. Sent off—it would appear through the insistence

and the intrigues of the local clergy—to Solovki, he was placed there in solitary confinement. Outside the dwellers in the monastery and the prison staff, only one single man was able afterwards to gain a sight of this “dangerous prisoner,” who, for his religious views, had been condemned, without trial, to the life of a convict. That man was the Englishman Dickson, who has described his meeting with Pushkin in his book “Free Russia.” He tried, too, to have the prisoner’s lot improved, but in vain. And here is what Pushkin himself wrote after many years of atrocious treatment:—

“They try to persuade me to go to the church and renounce my ideas, promising that if I do so I shall at once be set free. But can I? I have staked all: my fortune, my family’s happiness, and my own life—can I then go back on my beliefs? I must be justified by the future. . . . If I am deceived, if the truth is not what it seems to me to be, then let the prison of Solovki be my tomb.”

Pushkin was not set free till 1882. And here is the other instance, again cited by Prougavin.

In the register of 1885 of the Souzdal monastery (in the Vladimir district), where was also a notorious prison for heretics, there occurs the name of the peasant Shubin, imprisoned as a member of the *Starobriadzi* and for having blasphemed against Holy Church and the Sacrament. At that date he was 88 years of age, and had been in prison already for forty-three years. Steadfastly, however, he continued in the confession of his beliefs, renouncing nothing, as appears from an entry by a monk against his name: “No way of bringing this man to repentance.”

Passing now to the religious movement among the privileged classes, we see quite another state of things. If we give here but two or three instances, it is not for brevity’s sake, it is because there are not more to give, the martyrology of the privileged classes (if it can so be called) being of the most limited dimensions.

In the time of Alexander I. there began a movement towards religious reform in

Russian society. At the outset all was in its favour, for not only was the Emperor himself sympathetically inclined to evangelistic ideas, but his Minister of Education and Religion, Prince Colovin, was a pietist and a mystic. It was then that there was established, through the initiative of the London Bible Society, the Russian Bible Society, under the auspices of the Emperor and his Minister. At the same time, also, began the publication of the “Zion Journal,” edited by Labzin, member of the Bible Society, an evangelist and mystic in his beliefs. The Movement, under the stimulus of the exalted approval it enjoyed, soon spread to such an extent that Government officials, high and low, took active part in it. The famous propagandist Madame Tatarinoff (*née* Baroness Cruedener) then started in her salon a series of talks on religious themes, which were attended by personages of the highest rank. Gradually these meetings took on a more and more mystical character, Madame Tatarinoff was hailed as a prophetess, and as leader in the ecstatic dances, transferred from the rites of the Khlisti sect. Ultimately the Movement, which at one stage had seemed so vast and important, showed itself to be a mere passing fashion, and finally a contagion. When under the influence of the notorious reactionary, General Vitraktckieff, the Emperor withdrew his patronage, the whole thing melted away, the few vestiges which remained being completely obliterated in the rigorous reign of Nicholas I. Madame Tatarinoff was deported to the Kachin nunnery in the Twer district, and her friends and most intimate associates in the Movement—all officials of high rank—met with a similar fate. At last, in 1847, she consented to sign a formal undertaking to submit to the Discipline of the Church and to renounce her former errors. Only on this condition was she allowed in 1848 to settle in Moscow, but forbidden to enter St. Petersburg.

Not less typical, though of another kind, is the brief history of a movement nearer to our own times, 1874 to 1884. In 1874, there came to St. Petersburg, at the in-

visitation of a Russian lady of high rank,\* the English religious propagandist, Lord Redstock. In great request in society drawing rooms, he made these an arena for religious discussions, and very soon there formed around him an intimate group of partisans. Of these the most talented and zealous was a retired Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Col. V. A. Pachkoff, and after him the followers of the new religious reformist movement were dubbed "pachkovzi." Lord Redstock, having accomplished his mission, departed, but Pachkoff remained, and carried on an active propaganda not only by word of mouth, but also with the pen, publishing a number of pamphlets of a moral and religious character. To this end he even founded a special society, much facilitating thereby the afflux of proselytes to the new cult. But in the conditions obtaining in Russia these activities could not long endure, and in 1878 Pachkoff was forced to leave St. Petersburg. He was not, however, completely banished from the country, but confined to one of his estates in the interior of Russia. This, from the viewpoint of Church interests, was a mistake, for Pachkoff, deprived of his drawing-room audiences, transferred his propaganda to his peasantry, and being well versed in Holy Writ he met with immediate success. Proselytes were soon numerous, and these in their turn converted others. In short, the movement began to lay hold of the people. Having in 1883 got permission, through some highly placed friends, to return to St. Petersburg, Pachkoff not only established once more his society, but went still further, and in 1884 managed to obtain sanction for the holding of a Congress of Dissenters, a thing which until then had not been even dreamt of. Under such circumstances it could hardly be expected that the matter would be suffered to proceed without event, and surely enough, at the last moment, just as the delegates from the various sects were pouring into St. Petersburg, the Government withdrew

its sanction. The Congress was forbidden, the society dissolved, and the delegates sent back from the capital. With the end of Pachkoff's society came also the end of the Movement in the *beau monde* of St. Petersburg. Started as a fashion, like a fashion it passed away leaving not the slightest trace. Among the people, on the other hand, it continued to spread widely, and in the villages of the interior the sects of the *pachkovi* still exists.

Thorough as is his knowledge of Russian religious movements, Mr. Prougavin has been able to record only one single sect among the *intelligentzia* which struck root to any depth. This was the sect founded about 1850 in the Ural region, under the name of "Diesnoie Bratstvo" (The Right-hand Brotherhood), by the artillery Captain Iljin. The sect appears to have been taken very seriously by the Government, and looked upon as a real danger to religion. Accordingly, measures of especial rigour were taken against its leaders. Taken first to St. Petersburg and placed in the famous fortress of Petropavlovsk, they were afterwards deported to the monastery prisons, although the time of the great liberal reforms was already beginning. Those most closely associated with Captain Iljin in his religious projects were Boudrin, an official in the Mines Administration Department, another official named Protopoff, and Sub-Lieutenant Laletin of the Forestry Corps, and also the wives of Boudrin and Laletin. Iljin paid for his beliefs with twenty years in the Solovki gaol, Laletin with ten years in the prison of the Sviajsk Monastery, while Boudrin died in confinement. Despite the serious character of this sect, in this instance also the removal of its chiefs brought about its complete dissolution; contrary to the effect produced upon religious movements among the people, in the cases to which, as we have seen, persecution ever served to bring fresh vigour and wider extension.

Which once more proves how superficial are religious beliefs in the cultured classes in Russia, and their depth and steadfastness in the humble world of the common people.

DANIEL GORODETZKY.

\* According to the well-known writer Liesoff, in his interesting article "A Heresy in High Life."





Captain FRANK J. PRIMAVESI.

# Prison Reform in America

A Lecture by CAPT. FRANK J. PRIMAVESI.

Superintendent of the City Workhouse, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

*[Practically all thinking people nowadays are agreed as to the necessity of the reform of our prison system. It is generally admitted to be one of the essential conditions of a purer and more humane civilisation. Here, as in many other directions, it is sometimes instructive to listen to the first-hand experience of the man who has done things. The attention of our readers is therefore directed to the following synopsis of a lecture given at Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, on October 19th last, by Capt. Primavesi, to the Krotona Lodge of the Theosophical Society. The smaller photographs, which accompany this article, were taken by Mrs. Primavesi.]*

I WANT to say something regarding the prison work, as it is conducted in most prisons under the new reform wave that is sweeping over the country. A few days ago I attended the Convention of the American Prison Association in Oakland, Cal. It is surprising how the work of reform is progressing. We seem to be getting away from the idea of punishment. The idea of punishment has been tried for the last several hundred years and it has not brought reform.

The system under which this punishment idea has been conducted has been one of "graft," to use a colloquialism—whether in city, county, or state, it has been graft purely and simply. The prisons have always been utilised for graft. But we seem to be getting away from that, although several men connected with this work are still favouring the contract system or road-building. The first of these is graft. As to the road-building, the State

gets the benefit, but what about the prisoner? Where does the reform come in? Does it fit him to take up the battle of life better than before his incarceration, to give him a pick and shovel and make him work on the road? No. So we have to find a more intelligent way of getting to this problem. And there are a good many other things to be considered, especially the handling of prisoners by the proper people.

In the United States 40 per cent. of our prisoners revert back to crime; and, besides that, we have quite a population that are in prison for life. In Japan only about 7 per cent. revert back to crime. Why that difference? Education! The Japanese educate their prisoners and teach them a trade, or something that will benefit them when they are released. In Japan no man can be the head of a prison, or have anything to do with it, unless he has studied criminology and penology for a certain number of years. In the United

States the man who controls a certain number of votes is often made the head of a prison; in the majority of cases he is utterly unfit for such work.

Another subject for consideration is the present system of punishment by the courts. Jones and Smith go out on a certain night to have a good time. They violate some city ordinance and are arrested. Next morning, in the Police Court, the judge, who wishes to get through with his work as quickly as possible, listens to the evidence of the police officer only. They have been guilty of a misdemeanour, and he says \$25, or whatever the case may warrant. Smith puts down \$25 and goes back into Society and considers the incident closed. Jones has not the \$25 and must go to the work-house. He works it out at 50 cents a day, or whatever amount the circumstances may call for. Meanwhile his family must suffer, for the city has taken the breadwinner away from them and the mouths he fed must go hungry. Besides, when he comes out he is branded as an ex-convict. The other fellow did the same thing, but he is not so branded because he happened to have the cash. So you see, we still keep up what is equivalent to a "debtors' prison."

These institutions are also a burden on the taxpayer, and often a heavy burden, as few are self-supporting. For instance, I know an institution which costs the taxpayers \$3,000,000 per year, and it accomplishes nothing in the line of reforming the individuals sent there. In this institution quarry work is the only occupation furnished. You can imagine how that tends to reform a man! There are, in this place, civil engineers, physicians, professional men of all kinds, even professors and preachers. When they go there they are given a pickaxe, a drill, or some other stone-breaking instrument. Imagine how such a man feels toward Society, and how much this sort of work benefits him after he gets out!

Another serious matter is the constant hounding of the prisoner after he is released. The detective or patrolman spots him the moment he appears on the street.

He goes to the employer and informs him that the man in his employ has just come out of prison. The employer discharges him, of course. He thinks it his duty toward the other employees. The unfortunate man is out of work again. Probably within the week he is back in prison, really the safest place for the poor, hunted brother. We should have Bills introduced into our State Legislatures making it an offence to tell anyone that a fellow man has served a term in prison.

Now, what can anyone who wishes to help do to aid in reform work here? There is a great deal of good work that can be done, without going inside the prison and telling the warden how to run it. Stand outside the prison walls and extend the hand of fellowship to the prisoner when he is released, and find out something about him. Then help him in the best way you know.

Moreover, as a business proposition, we can make these institutions self-sustaining, and not only that, but even make them pay a revenue and be an assistance to the taxpayer, instead of a burden. Yes, it can and will be done. The Municipal farm furnishes the solution, I think. And, in connection with the farm, various industries should be established, that the prisoner may receive an industrial training. Everything that is needed and used on this farm by the prisoners should be manufactured or raised there. But we should not compete in the open market with these prison-made goods; everything should be exclusively for State use. Then, in connection with all this, we should have the Compensation Law.

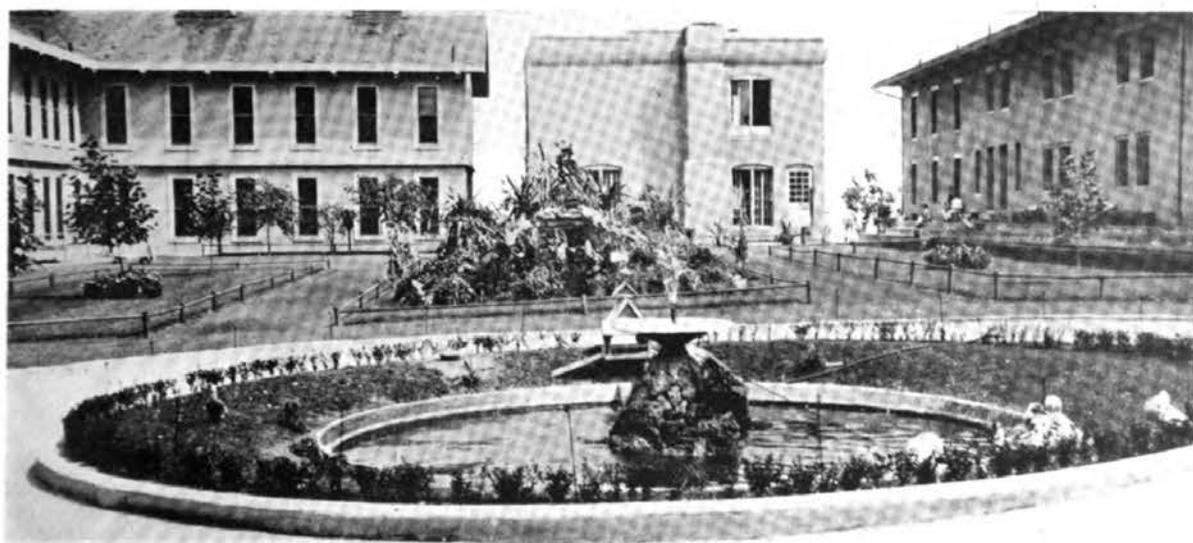
When the judge says, "I send you to prison for one year," he virtually says, "I sentence your wife and your children to starve, suffer and freeze for one year, while I put you into a comfortable place, into a warm cell where you can sleep comfortably, have plenty of clothes and plenty of good, plain food. Your wife and children must suffer for a year, because that is our system." Friends, let's change the system!

The idea of the farm has taken firm hold in many States, and we have some



### I.—THE RESIDENCE AND ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

The Offices are to the right and the prisoners' Visiting Room to the left. The latter is concealed by the mulberry trees. The upper floor consists of the Guards' Kitchen, Dining Room and Dormitory.



### II.—THE WOMEN'S BUILDING.

The cells in this building have white enamelled beds, and each cell has a little white table with a curtain round it to conceal the trinkets, letters, etc., of the occupant. The building in the centre is the Engine House. That on the right is the old Cell House. Up to the year 1850 it was used as a Monastery. The Fountain and Grotto were constructed at Capt. Primavese's own expense.



### III.—THE PRISON GARDEN AND STABLE.

In the background is the Mississippi River. Only trusted prisoners are permitted to do garden work. They work without a guard, and they never try to escape.



### IV.—INTERIOR OF CELL IN THE OLD CELL-HOUSE.

This Cell-House is preferred by all prisoners, as the cells are large and airy. Capt. Primavesi had the old windows taken out and replaced by French windows which permit of better ventilation. Everything possible is done to make the surroundings of the prisoners clean and comfortable. Capt. Primavesi was also responsible for providing sheets, pillow cases, pyjamas, night gowns and underwear to the inmates. Before his time they had none of these things.

actually started and doing good work. But you will find that, in time, even the farm does not fill the need entirely. First, however, let us have the farms and make them a success, because in Missouri you have to "show them."

Those of you who have read Mrs. Besant's little pamphlet, *Social Problems and How Theosophy Solves Them*, will understand this greater idea better,—that is the Colony idea. Instead of sending a man to this farm for a year or more, and leaving his family outside, we should take care of them, either by paying the prisoner a wage that will enable him to support his family or by helping them in some other way. But even that is not enough. If we could have a colony consisting of a little town with cottages, stores, places of amusement, etc., we would be much nearer to the solution of our problem. Make the prisoners work on the farm during the day, and let them go home at night, and let the children go to school. The wives of those prisoners are very often to blame for a man's getting into prison. Now, if we could teach those women good housekeeping, teach them a pure and good family life, teach them to economize while the man works in our colony, we should be rendering a very valuable service. We should pay the man the same wages that he would earn outside; compel him to buy his food and clothing in the institution where everything is manufactured and raised. There would be a store, a bank, amusements, etc., and a credit system. The surplus money which the family did not need could be deposited in the bank.

Pessimists say you cannot do this because the man will run away if you leave him out at night. Don't believe them! If a man has his family with him he won't run away. In our present system the man will run to reach those he loves, and can you blame him? This has been proved in Kansas City, Missouri. There they have allowed the men who have families to go home Saturday night, and

they came back Monday morning, and all have made good.

We are coming to the idea of getting hold of the young, and we Theosophists know that the egos that enter a particular family are generally of about the same moral status as the parents. We must get hold of them while they are young. Mrs. Besant's idea of getting hold of the whole family, while we have the man, is a most practical one. It is easier to form the child right, early, than to reform him later. I have a case in mind, a so-called incorrigible boy. He had been in the Penitentiary and other Institutions (penal), but always, the moment he was released, he committed some other crime. At last the judge asked a "big brother," in charge of an institution for just such boys, "Won't you take this boy and see what you can do?" He took him home to his colony and studied him a few weeks. He said the boy had so much surplus energy that he did not know what to do with it. So he was put to breaking in mules and horses, and it just suited him. He was a wild boy and it was rugged work. Besides, he was taught music at night. To-day he is the superintendent of the entire stables and the leader of the Institution band. He is a fine-looking chap. That, my friends, is real reform work. The manager found the channel for the boy's energies and, with the interest in music, made a different lad of him. He will never go back to the life that he led before.

It is what we might call the "human touch" that is needed in dealing with this type of man. It is the individual that we have got to study. It is up to the wardens to study the man and take an interest in him as an individual. Let each prisoner pick the work he likes to do. Simply forcing him to do certain work is very disagreeable and won't reform anybody. So let us hope that this Colony plan will be a success, and I should like Missouri to be the State that will show the world that the thing can be done.

*[On the conclusion of the Lecture, a number of questions were asked by members of the audience. We print these, with Capt. Primavesi's replies, as they help to bring out several important points in connection with this most interesting subject.]*

Q.—I would like to know how far Judge Lindsey's work has succeeded?

A.—It seems to be succeeding, as the politicians are fighting him so hard. But I am personally not in favour of the juvenile courts as conducted to-day. We have them right there in the court house and connect them with the police, and that is not the proper way, I think. Judge Lindsey is like Osborne, he is experimenting.

Q.—Do you happen to know whether there are any European prison systems patterned after the Japanese system that you spoke of?

A.—Oh, yes, in Switzerland they have it, and in the Philippines they are trying it. There is an island devoted to it there. The prisoners have their families with them and live just as they would in any other part of the world. They can purchase anything they need and live the community life. I think there are only two Government prisons there.

Q.—What do you deem to be the real principle that would actuate a true statesman in devising a proper law? Would he first feel that he had to separate the lesser criminal from the more hardened offenders, and then, having separated him, to educate him in the comprehension of his duty as a man?

A.—Yes, especially the young man, the first offender. He should be separated from the rest of them. We need the intermediate prison and then, after the man shows adaptability for certain work, he ought to be put into a little colony and allowed to work with others of his class. I do not know what a jurist would think of it, because the cry is that we have to separate the criminal from the rest of the world, etc. But I always feel for the first offender, and I think we ought to have laws that would forbid the mixing of all classes of offenders. It is a shame. We conduct our institutions for the reform of criminals in a criminal way, just as we conduct most of our institutions for the cure of the insane in an insane way.

Q.—Suppose you had a number of colonies in grades, etc.?

A.—Yes, we would distribute them. Some in the workhouse, the mildly insane in another place and then a home for convalescents, all on the farm. Then I would also locate on the farm, space permitting, of course, the Infirmary, often called the "Old Folks Home," or the "Poor House." We would then divide the work. The prisoner could do the work he was best fitted for. The first offender could be used in the industries. Lack of industrial training is usually the cause of his being in prison. I would not let him mix at all with the others. Give them the sheep or the horses or the cows or whatever it might be, or put them in charge of the trees, the nursery garden, the vegetables; any way to find work for them where they do not mix with the others. The second or third term man, of course, would be given the hard work. The infirm could do a good deal of work with the chickens or in the household. The insane are best suited for work in the garden; they like it and are usually successful at it.

Q.—Would not all that you have suggested be an inducement to one out of work to become a first offender?

A.—If a young man has to go to prison to learn a trade let us send him to prison if he cannot get it any other way. It is better than to let him run on the streets. We need not call them prisons; call them universities of a better life.

Q.—Would it not be a matter for the industrial authorities to take up?

A.—We ought to interest the Government. I have just ordered some of the little pamphlets of Mrs. Besant's that I spoke of and intend to send them to the different Governors of States. If we mean to build our roads let us use released prisoners. Put such a man to work a year or two until he can find something else. After he has re-established himself in the outside world for a few months, he can secure work. When he is asked, "Where have you worked last?" He can say, "I have been working on the roads." You would be surprised to see how this kind of thing helps a man even to look decent when he goes out of prison. When

I took charge of the prison where I am, I started the plan of letting the prison officials sell clothing to the discharged prisoners, if they will agree to pay for it by work. The Mayor gave me a few hundred dollars to invest in clothing, and now the prisoner can remain fifteen days and work out the price of the clothes, and this man can safely be used outside the prison. They get one good suit of clothes, a pair of shoes, a hat, a shirt and socks. You would be surprised to see those fellows when they go out,—how proud they are of those clothes! It is a great asset when they go out to hunt for work. They are not ashamed to stand up and say, "I want a job." A man like this can say, "I just came to town from the country." If the man is in rags, he could never get a job. We have kept tab on these men, and over 50 per cent. of them have made good. Some have returned, but stayed out much longer than before. Previously they came back within a week or two. The first man we tried stayed out a year-and-a-half. He wanted another suit of clothes. When I told him he could not have one because he had come back again, he began to cry. You have to be very careful even there. I find that thoroughly disreputable characters do not wear the clothes. Such a man saves the suit to sell; goes out and soaks it for \$2 or so and buys drink.

*Q.*—What percentage of the crimes that send men to your place are attributable to drink?

*A.*—80 per cent. Well, I think probably 85 per cent. we can trace to drink, and to the results of drinking by the parents. Some to the separation of families. Some young boys drift into crime because the father and mother are separated and they don't know where they belong; no one to care for them. They fall in with the "gang" and get to stealing, etc. Another one of the most serious causes is the question of social diseases. 85 per cent. of the male and about 90 per cent. of the female prisoners are infected. Then there is the drug habit; we have a great deal to do with that. It is better now since the Harrison

Act went into effect. It has been proven to me that it is not necessary to take a man off the drug habit gradually. All the cocaine, morphine, etc., that we have in my Institution is locked up in my desk, and that has not been opened in two years. The moment a man is given to understand that he is not going to get a bit of the drug, not a bit of it, he will do anything to scare us into giving it to him, try to commit suicide, scratch himself with glass. We tell him just to scratch a little deeper. He will bump his head against the wall so softly that it will not break a doll's head. In the hospitals they give it to them because they make so much noise and the other people cannot stand it. We have a place in the basement where we put them, and they may make all the noise they please without disturbing anybody. When they are released from the hospital, they go right back to the drug habit. Our men gain ten to twenty pounds in weight in a month. One man gained sixty pounds while he was with us. It is all nonsense that they cannot be taken right off the drug. Medical men say they cannot get along without it, but I know better because we have tested it. The craving is a terrific thing. Some will shave off dynamite and swallow that. It gives them the "kick," as they call it. Relatives of the prisoners will send it in, in clothing, but ours do not get it because I have everything steamed. They will put it into bananas or apples or books. At first we had a "visiting cage," enclosed by one screen of wire. But I found that the prisoners crowded up close to the wire and the visitors gave them a "shot" from the other side, so now we have two wire screens several inches apart.

*Q.*—What is the object in not bringing the convict into competition with the outsider?

*A.*—The Labour Unions claim it is not fair. What we should like would be that these Labour Unions should give us a foreman and teach these men a trade, and then give them a card when they go out.

*Q.*—But there is no moral reason for it? I read something of the effect of a law in

one of the States a few years ago forbidding the labour in prisons.

A.—I don't know about that ; but in other States it has been tried very successfully. They have tried making everything that the State uses.

Q.—I was connecting your idea with your object of making a prison self-supporting. There is no good reason why a prison should be a burden upon the taxpayer. At the same time, if it conflicts with outside labour, there would be a loss.

A.—We appropriate annually to supply our Institutions with food, etc., probably \$4,000,000. Much of this can be raised or manufactured on the municipal farm. And other supplies, such as mattresses, beds and such things can be made in prison for the State, City or County use. We can raise all the milk, butter, eggs and vegetables that are used, and we do not compete with outside labour. At the same time, it should be arranged that the Institution pay the municipal farm for what they get. Then at the end of the year I think you will see that there will be a profit. Of course, it is utterly impossible for even two or three thousand acres to furnish everything the Institution uses. I do not know whether, in the Swiss system, they compete with outside labour.

Q.—It seems to me, on the other hand, it would be a kind of pitiful result. Whenever I hear of these prison reforms I think of the many men who are trying hard to make a living and do not find work. But let them commit some crime

and be arrested, then they have all these advantages. It is almost putting a premium on committing crime.

A.—There is always this, that no man likes restraint. No matter how happy they may be in prison, they always remember that they are in prison. They cannot go where they please. The loss of liberty is the severest punishment. A man who cannot find work is generally a man who has no trade, and he has to take what he can get. If we teach him a trade, he will probably not come back again. Whereas, if he has no trade he will come back, beg or steal. There is always a shortage of farm labourers in this country. If we have a man with us for a year, he will probably have learned to like farm work and would not be willing to live in the slums any more. But the farmer has to do something more for his help than he is doing now ; for example, put up a few little cottages on his farm. It would pay him to do so. The man must have his family with him. If he goes to the farmer only during the harvest season, he has to leave his family. In Germany the prisons are all supervised by the Government. In that country they use the labour to manufacture stuff for the Government, so there is no competition with outside labour. There is a good deal of competition here in our country ; for instance, shoes are largely made in prison. Then they are turned over to a shoe house and stamped by them and sent out as their product.

# Personal Experiences of Supernormal Phenomena

By W. H. EVANS.

IT is astonishing what a number of wonderful happenings are regarded by many people as among the common things of life. There are to-day many who talk of spirits and their intervention in the affairs of life as the most natural things in the world. They are people who have so often had "strange experiences," that these have lost the charm of novelty, and are fitted into their scheme of things in the most nonchalant manner possible. Tables that walk, mysterious lights that flash out of the unknown, strange vagaries of articles that defy locked doors; these things are talked about and discussed, not as impossible, but as indubitable realities which have to be accounted for. The thinking man realises that Psychical Research Societies are not founded and supported to investigate spurious phenomena, but to discover the why and wherefore of the many perplexing happenings which fall into the category of the "supernormal."

Such phenomena fall roughly into two classes: physical and mental. There are many sub-divisions, but this classification covers the whole ground. Physical phenomena consist of movements of objects with and without contact, lights, the playing of musical instruments without a visible player, materialisations, the passing of matter through matter, etc. Mental phenomena consist *inter alia* of clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, trance speaking, automatic writing and inspirational utterances. It will thus be seen that the variety is great.

As I have frequently witnessed some of these mysterious happenings—fortunately in the presence of non-professional "sen-

sitives," who consequently had nothing to gain by simulation, and who were also keenly interested in these matters and desirous of having the fullest possible proof of the genuineness of the phenomena—the experiences I record are of value, in that I can vouch for each of them.

I shall confine myself to those incidents which have taken place at *séances* at which I have been present. The experiments have in no instance taken place at the residence of the sensitive; moreover, the sensitives themselves have been anxious to fall in with any arrangement suggested, and have afforded every possible means of testing the genuineness of the happenings. There has been an entire absence of apparatus, and in no case has the sensitive been remunerated.

## INCREASING AND DECREASING WEIGHT OF ARTICLES.

One of the earliest experiments I tried took place in my brother's house. We would place our hands on a chair and get it to move, not by pressure, but by placing our hands flat on the back (not grasping it) and drawing them backward, the chair following just as a needle will follow a magnet. In this manner it would follow our hands right down to the floor, and on our requesting the weight of the chair to be increased, it would immediately become so heavy that considerable force would have to be exerted to restore it to its normal position. It would also on request become so light that it was like lifting a feather to raise it. We often discussed this alternative increase and decrease of weight, but even to-day the *modus operandi* of the phenomenon appears to be unknown.

In the foregoing experiment, the reader will notice that the weight of the chair either increased or decreased on request. Naturally the question will arise, who was requested? But I will leave this question for the present and will narrate further experiences—when perchance the question of the intelligence addressed will emerge from obscurity.

#### MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS.

These luminous phenomena—a record of which the reader will find in the New Testament—are not so common as the foregoing; but they are still so common that there are doubtless hundreds, if not thousands, of people who have witnessed them.

The *séance*—one of many at which I have sat with the same sensitive—occurred one Sunday evening, some five years ago, and was an impromptu one.

We were about fourteen sitters, assembled in the house of a mutual friend. The *séance* took place in the kitchen, which was really too small to hold all comfortably. Consequently, if the sensitive had moved about, she would have been detected instantly. It is necessary to sit in darkness to see these lights at their best.

After some desultory conversation and singing, lights of a bluish tint were observable floating about the room—advancing and retreating, rising and falling, in such a way that had the sensitive been carrying them she must certainly have stumbled over the feet of the sitters.

A curious request was then made. The entranced sensitive, speaking in the voice of a child, asked us to sing, "Twinkle, twinkle little star," adding "I will twinkle a little star for you." We acceded to the request, and, as we sang, a small but brilliant light came out of the fire-place and rose slowly up towards the ceiling. As it passed upward it was reflected in the mirror over the mantelpiece. It twinkled as though it were really a star shining, and afforded great interest and pleasure to the beholders.

On another occasion, in another part of the country, and with another sensitive, I beheld some luminous phenomena of a

very wonderful kind. His *séances*, which I attended once a week regularly for a period of three months, were characterised by the anxiety of the sensitive to afford every possible means of testing the phenomena. He would never sit unless thoroughly secured. A record of the *séances* was kept and signed every week by the sitters.

The lights shown at these *séances* were large and brilliant, and when, by request, they came close to one, it was possible to gaze steadily at them, although they were so bright. There was a softness and beauty about them which was very striking. Some of them were peculiar, because they resembled a human brain, brilliantly illuminated; indeed, words fail accurately to describe them, and yet I remember we took it all as a matter of course; there was no excitement, but just a calm observation of an interesting phenomenon.

#### THE HAT WHICH DEFIED A CLOSED DOOR.

At a *séance* held with the first sensitive, the phenomenon of the passage of matter through matter took place. This occurred in the same room as before, but not on the same evening. Having had experience of these phenomena, and knowing what to expect, I was careful to note the conditions. It happened that I was one of the last to enter the house, and in the passage I took off my hat—a soft cloth one—and stuffed it into the pocket of my overcoat, which I rolled up and put on the stairs. I watched at the door of the room till all was ready for the *séance*, when I took my place next but one to the sensitive. The reason why I watched at the door was that a particular phenomenon had been promised if conditions were favourable.

The door being closed, a chair was placed against it, upon which one of the sitters sat. No lights were seen, but after sitting for about half-an-hour, during which exhibitions of clairvoyance were given, the lamp was extinguished and we awaited developments. Presently one of the sitters said:

"Thank you." On being asked what it was, he said:

"It feels like a hat."

At the close of the *séance*, I found it was my hat which had been mysteriously brought in. I immediately went to look at my coat, which was just as I had left it. On questioning the sitter who had received the hat, we were persistent in determining if possible the degree of force with which it fell. His statement—which I have no reason to doubt—was that it gently brushed his face. I have sat on other occasions with the same sensitive when walking-sticks and many other articles have mysteriously been brought into the room, and as there was nothing for the sensitive to gain, and we were always alert to see that everything was genuine, there is no reason for supposing that the phenomena were in any way simulated.

#### THE PUZZLE COAT.

The following remarkable phenomenon took place on more than one occasion with the same sensitive. After firmly securing him to his seat, so that it was impossible for him to move, the lights were extinguished and developments awaited. Presently the entranced sensitive called for a light. An electric torch being turned on, it was observed that *the sensitive's coat was turned inside-out under the ropes*. On more than one occasion I examined the ropes, and endeavoured to slip them over the sensitive's hands, but in every instance I found the fastenings intact, and convinced myself that it was impossible to slip the ropes over the hands of the sensitive.

Many other phenomena took place. Thus, sometimes the sitters would have their boots removed by some mysterious agency which never took the trouble to unlace them. Articles would be carried about the room. At one *séance* of which I took notes for my own use, the sensitive was tied with cotton. The delicacy of this test will be apparent. If the cotton had been found broken, we should have regarded all the phenomena as doubtful. At this *séance* articles such as bells and a "teddy bear" were carried about the room. We were requested to stretch our legs out as far as we could, and as the room

was small the feet of the sitters would meet. Yet the articles continued to travel around the room, and we were requested to note their velocity, which we did by listening to their rush through the air. At the close of the *séance* I examined the fastenings, but not a break was to be found in the cotton.

On another evening I held both the sensitive's hands in my own, while toy bells were moved around my head several times and gently tapped against my glasses. It was very wonderful, but I am afraid we all took it as though it were a common experience of everyday life, so soon does one become accustomed to the marvels of the *séance* room.

On one occasion, which I shall never forget, we were sitting quietly, when a luminous cloud came out into the circle, and the patter of feet was heard. Round the circle the footsteps went, and although nothing was seen but the luminous cloud, the sense of a presence there was so palpable and real that every sitter remarked on it. Those ghostly footfalls were distinct, while the occasional touches felt by the sitters gave them an impressive reality. The footfalls were said to have been produced by a little girl, known to some of the sitters, who had died some time before.

#### THE GHOSTLY HARPIST.

Many years ago I attended some *séances* held in the house of my brother. Engaged in investigating these phenomena, we were desirous of obtaining some tangible evidence of their reality. Many raps were heard at these sittings, but their main feature was the playing of an auto-harp. This always took place in the cabinet, and as the sensitive was not secured we were not sure that the phenomenon was genuine. But one night the harp was thrust out of the cabinet and placed on a chair. The sensitive then came out, and sat down close to it, *with his hands resting on his knees*. I was fortunately so close to both the harp and the medium that both were within easy reach of my hand. The light was good. Presently faint notes were heard; then in the midst of an awed

silence the tune, "Hollingside" was distinctly and accurately played. Both harp and medium were in sight of us all. Every sitter recognised the tune, and I am positive that no one touched the harp; yet it played. It was one of the best evidences I ever had of the genuineness of these phenomena and of an intelligence operating to produce them.

Many other experiences I have had during an investigation extending over twenty years, but the foregoing are examples of the outstanding features of the phenomena witnessed.

#### WHAT DO THESE PHENOMENA MEAN?

These facts are remarkable for many things. The reader will have noticed the phrase, "on request." Who was requested to do certain things? Is it the medium? Or is it, as millions of people believe, the spirits who are producing the phenomena? And by spirits I mean people who once lived on earth but who are now living in a spirit-world.

The request is addressed to the controlling entity, and here I must emphasise what I have continually observed, and that is that the entity—whoever it be—which controls or influences the medium, in every case that I have met with, exhibits distinctive characteristics—so that, if a sensitive has a number of "controls," as they are termed, one can always tell by the particular mannerisms revealed who is the spirit entity controlling. These mannerisms are constant, and this is a very important fact. Even though it be considered as evidence only of a number of "secondary personalities," the constancy of the characteristics of these personalities is very striking.

But when the mannerisms exhibited coincide exactly with those of some friend one has known, and these mannerisms are always constant through many different sensitives, the theory of secondary personality is considerably weakened. And in the multitude of theories which have been formulated to account for these things, there is none which really meets the facts of the case but the spiritualistic hypothesis. No theory of telepathy—

which, as Professor Hyslop has pointed out, is really not a theory but a name for certain facts—or of the operation of a sub-conscious self, will account for all.

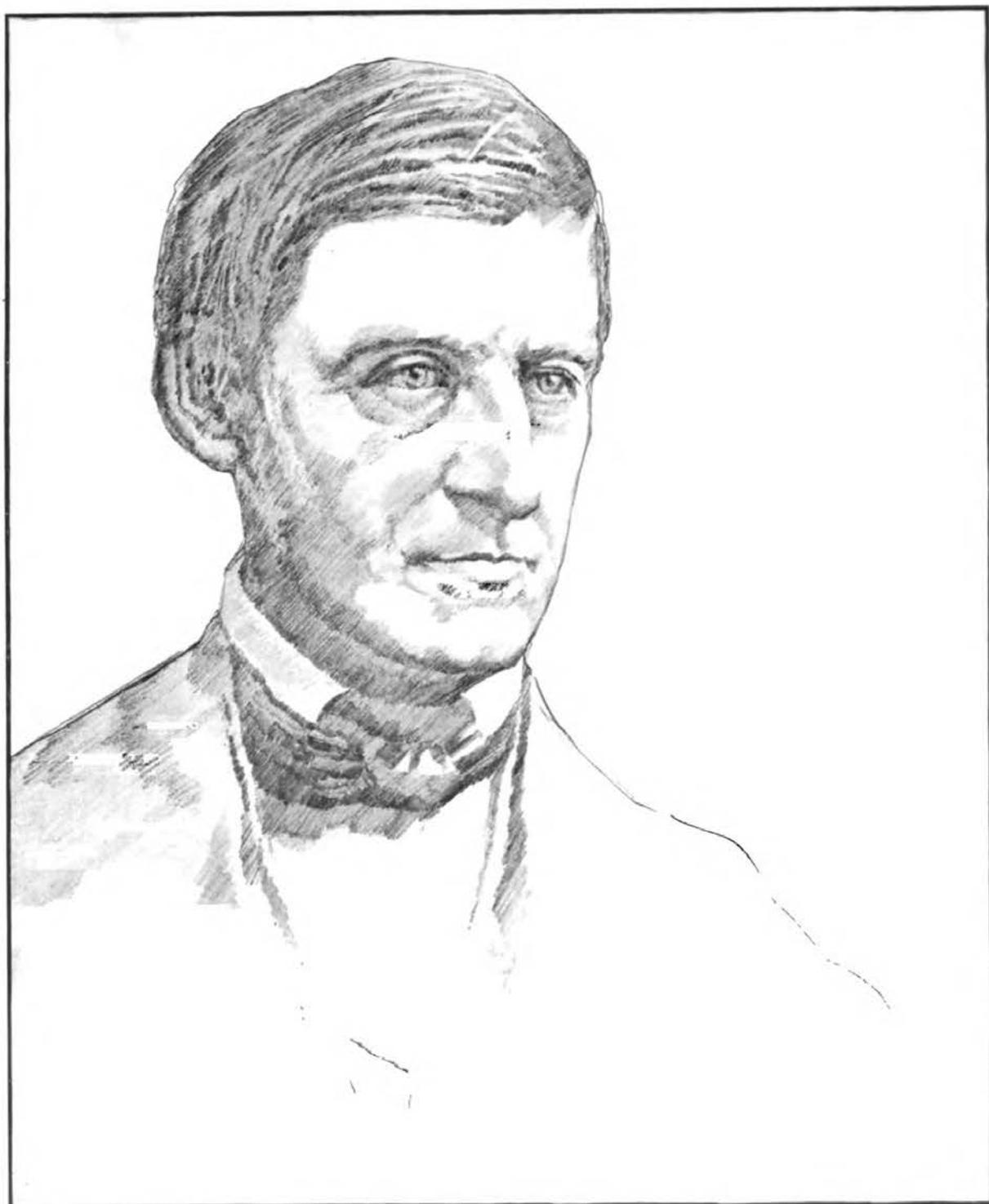
For instance, even granting that the sensitive in the last experience could normally play the auto-harp, it is unreasonable to suppose that his sub-conscious self played it. Such a theory would imply that his sub-conscious self possessed a knowledge of subtle psychic forces and how to manipulate them. There is no evidence to prove that our sub-consciousness has this knowledge. It may be said that the fact proves it. But no, the fact proves only that there was an intelligence which had some knowledge of music, however slight, and which was able to apply that knowledge so as to play a tune which was recognisable; it implies also that that intelligence had a knowledge of psychic forces and chemical and other physical laws beyond the ken of our most profound and astute scientists.

We may say that the force used to increase and decrease the weight of an article is magnetic, odic, electric or odyllic—but that is no explanation. It is not the power used which constitutes the problem, but the directive intelligence involved in the production of the phenomena. The mode of motion is not the intelligence. It is around this problem that interest in psychical research matters is centred today.

The significance of the problem is obvious. Its influence upon the world cannot fail to be noticed by all who are interested in these obscure questions. That wonderful powers lie hidden in our being is evident; that there is a marvellous relationship between man and subtler realms of life is also certain. And it is the work of psychic researchers to clear the way and to help humanity to a realisation of those wonderful powers latent in mankind. Apart from a purely scientific interest, these phenomena have an ethical and philosophical significance which cannot be ignored. And the sooner religious thinkers take cognisance of them, the better will it be for the theology of the future.

W. H. EVANS.





RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By Louis Thomson.

This pencil drawing was made from a photograph of Emerson in middle age,  
lent by some personal friends of the great writer.

# Emerson : A Voice from the East

By MARY WINCHESTER ABBOTT.

**E**MERSON was a Puritan prophet and priest of the nineteenth century. When a young man, talking to young men, he says : " We mark with light in the memory the few interviews we have had in the dreary years of routine and of sin, with souls that made our souls wiser ; that spoke what we thought ; that told us what we knew ; that gave us leave to be what we inly were. Discharge to men the priestly office, and present or absent you shall be followed with their love as by an angel."

This was the secret of Emerson's power. He discharged to men the " priestly office." It is curious to notice how he has been compared to the great religious Teachers of the world. There is so much in his philosophy that is akin to the Oriental, and especially to the Hindu attitude of mind, that he has been called by a cultured Hindu, " the best of the Brahmans." This same writer says :

" As often as I study his features in the imperfect photograph which I possess, the idea of *Nirvana* as taught by the great Sakya Muni suffuses my soul. There is that hushed, ineffable, self-contained calmness over his countenance, so familiar to us who have studied the expression of Gautama's image in every posture. In Japan, China, Burmah, Ceylon, Nepaul,

Thibet, Buddha has the same mysterious calmness. The Egyptians prefigured it in the awful face of the Sphinx. It is *Nirvana* made flesh and visible. It is the " peace past understanding " which lights up the face of every true child of God.

" Where the blue Narbuddha, so still, so deep and pure, flows through the high, milk-white walls of the marble hills near Jubbulpur, in the natural alcoves of the virgin rocks there are devotional inscriptions in Sanskrit. I wish Emerson had composed his essays on Nature there. The azure dome above, the azure floor beneath, the pure white hills around, without a blade of grass, the mysterious calmness and coolness, the hum of the wild bees, the cooing of the wild doves, remind one of the spirit, depth, sweetness, pureness, and stillness of Emerson's genius. Amidst this ceaseless, sleepless din and clash of Western materialism, this heat of restless energy, the character of Emerson shines upon India serene as the evening star. He seems to some of us to have been a geographical mistake. He ought to have been born in India."

Turning from these words to Christianity and the West, we find a like testimony to Emerson's character in the words of the Methodist Bishop, Father Taylor, who said that Emerson was the " most like Christ " of any man he had ever known.

Emerson was a great friend of Father Taylor and helped him to found the Seamen's Mission in Boston. So bigoted was the sectarianism of the time that some associates of the good Bishop asked him if Emerson, being a Unitarian, would not go to hell! Father Taylor genially replied that as to that he couldn't say; but of one thing he was certain, that if Emerson went there, he "would change the atmosphere and emigration would begin to set that way."

Such testimony from such opposite sources would seem to indicate that whatever form Emerson's work may have taken, his real mission in life was that of the Teacher, the Priest, the Prophet. That he himself recognised this as his mission is unmistakeable: "If there be power in good intention, in fidelity and in toil, the north wind shall be purer, the stars in heaven shall glow with a kindlier beam that I have lived. I am primarily engaged to myself to be a public servant of the gods, to demonstrate to all men that there is intelligence and good-will at the heart of things, and ever higher and yet higher leadings." Such was his conception of his own life-work.

To criticise Emerson as a philosopher or a literary man is futile and beside the mark. That was not his *dharma*, and he knew it. It is not a "good story," but a fact that Emerson's method of writing was to jot down ideas on slips of paper, as they came to him. These were carefully pigeon-holed in his desk, and when he wanted to write an essay, he would spread them out on the floor and fit them together much like a block puzzle. Perhaps that is why almost any sentence in one of his essays could just as well be in some other—hardly a philosophical or a literary trait. But it is quite in harmony with Emerson's genius. The seer or the prophet is so full of his one great message that whatever his subject, the real words he has to speak drop from his lips like the pearls and diamonds in the fairy-tale.

Emerson's message was the message of the Orient. He was a Voice from the East, though not recognised as such in his own time. His inspiration, as far as books go,

was the *Gita*, the *Vedas*, the *Upanishads*. He writes thus to a friend:—

In the sleep of the great heats, there was nothing for me but to read the *Vedas*, the Bible of the tropics, which I find I come back upon every three or four years. It is sublime as heat and night and a breathless ocean. It contains every religious sentiment, all the grand ethics which visit in turn each noble and poetic mind.

It is of no use to put away the book; if I trust myself in the woods or in a boat upon the pond, nature makes a Brahmin of me presently; eternal necessity, eternal compensation, unfathomable power, unbroken silence,—this is her creed. Peace, she saith to me, and purity and absolute abandonment—these penances expiate all sin and bring you to the beatitude of the Eight Gods.

Emerson was in truth a *yogi*, a *rishi*, a seer: one who had the God-vision within his own soul. He was also prophet and priest, to carry the message of that vision to others. Appreciative Hindus have said, "There are hundreds of Emersons in India," and this is undoubtedly true. The atmosphere of India is favourable to Emersons. In the America of his time, he was an anomaly. Born in 1803, he lived at a period when America was just beginning to be a nation, and when all the various elements in her make-up were in crude juxtaposition rather than assimilation. His mission in America was a great one. He had a marvellous influence over the youth of his century, and he himself said that his message was especially to them. He prepared the way for that great influx of Eastern thought, which under various forms has swept over the country in the last generation. Amidst the Puritan rigidity of thought and feeling, he taught the great truth that has never been forgotten in the East, that God is a Realisation, not a creed. He boldly asserted that we have only to look into our own soul, and the soul of Nature, to see God simply and directly and without shadow of doubt.

"Oh, my brother, God exists. There is guidance for each one of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word." Is not this the essence of Mysticism in all ages? It is the ever new, "new thought," that as Emerson himself said, is only the oldest thought retold: old as the *Vedas*,

old as the soul of man and the heart of God. The sign of the great Teachers, he said, has always been that they speak *from within*. Ordinary men and men of talent speak from without. The genius and the seer speak always from within. They have seen God, if only in one transcendent vision, and they speak that which they *know*. The Greatest never lose this vision. They are always in this Oneness; the Yoga of the Hindus, the Nirvana of the Buddhists, the Ecstasy of the Saints. They speak, not of themselves, but that which it is given them to speak.

Emerson's method is always that of the seer and the prophet. He never argues, but speaks directly to the soul as one having divine authority. His appeal is: Look in thy heart and see that I speak truth, and if thou seest it not, purify thyself by living in accordance with truth, and so shalt thou become able to see the vision. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." And the people heard him gladly, for his clarion note, "Be true, be true to thyself and all things are yours," wakes an echo in every soul. "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." It is the bugle-call of courage that makes something within leap in response, like a quivering hope.

To youth especially his call came with electric force, for to youth ideals in their naked simplicity have a freshness and vividness unclouded by any real consciousness of the struggle they involve. This is both the strength and the weakness of youth. Is it also the strength and the weakness of Emerson?

In the writer's experience, during several years in which he was "guide, philosopher, and friend," it never occurred to me to wonder what the *man*, Emerson, was like. Through all those years he was simply a voice, a spirit, an impersonal inspiration. This was, no doubt, because there is so little of the emotional element in his work. And we have the testimony of those who knew him best, that the same was true in his life. They never felt that they could come at all close to him personally; there

was in him always a certain benign aloofness. His writings express himself. They are impersonal because he was impersonal. They lack the emotional element because he lacked it. His stimulus is intellectual, or intellectual-spiritual; the words "intellect" and "spirit" he often uses interchangeably. He was a transparent vehicle for the white light of truth, but slightly broken into the rainbow colours of human experience; or, rather let us say, truth was reflected through his intellect in a clear, soft, but cool, golden light. There was no red in the gold; it was not molten. He was not a child of fire, but of air.

Emerson's religion, like himself, is impersonal. His "thus saith the Lord," is a thus saith Nature, the Great-All, in which we live and move and have our being; the All-Fair, the Over-Soul, the Unknowable, Ever-present Spirit of the Universe. His God is an impersonal God, his temple is a temple not made with hands, his art, his music are untouched by man, and he the priest is a voice through which the Universal Spirit speaks, directing the soul of man to the Truth within itself.

Emerson's nature is that of the mystic who would have his soul alone with God. Yet as the monks of the mediæval ages and the *rishis* of India felt called upon at times to forsake the solitude and the ecstasy of the saint to champion the truth in the world, so Emerson felt the duties of practical life with a rock-like intensity, characteristic of New England. With his Puritan ancestry and training, for he came from a long line of Puritan preachers, he could hardly be otherwise; and we cannot know Emerson if we leave out the Puritan leaven. He was a combination of the Mystic and the Puritan. He defined Transcendentalism, which he said was simply Idealism on New England ground, as an "excess of faith." One might define Puritanism, in its development in New England, as an excess of works. The combination we should expect to result in a serenely poised character like Emerson's.

Unimaginative people who read *Nature* for the first time thought that the author had gone mad. But Emerson never went

mad, not even with the divine madness which he admired in Hafiz and others. He possessed "balance" in a remarkable degree. He had the true Yankee belief in common-sense, and he saw both sides of a question with wonderful fairness. He was an idealist and a radical, yet he could state the position of the practical man and the conservative more powerfully than they could themselves. He did not believe in waving what he called "the flag of negation." Though he withdrew from even the Unitarian church because he could not accept all their creed, he was quite "willing to be called a Christian," just as he was "willing to be called a Platonist," and just as he would undoubtedly have been willing to be called a Hindu. He was more than cosmopolitan, he was universal, yet he was thoroughly American. He shrank from the crudeness and philistinism of much in the America of his time, yet he believed in her as the country of the future with an intense and loyal patriotism. He was naturally an aristocrat and a scholar, yet he went to town-meetings regularly and was a "good neighbour" and greatly beloved by his own towns-people.

The historic town of Concord, where Emerson lived most of his life, is a typical New England village. He and Hawthorne lived nearly opposite each other, and I remember as a child, thinking how characteristic of the authors the two places were. Hawthorne's dwelling was under the brow of a hill, overshadowed by heavy pine trees, giving a sense of mystery, gloom and fascination, like the subtle psychology of his novels. Emerson's home was a big, cheerful-looking white house with green blinds, in the midst of open fields, with the sun shining all around it. It seemed to stand for simplicity itself, and freedom, and openness.

The combination of Mystic and Puritan is not as unnatural as it may seem at first. The Puritan was an Idealist on the point of duty. The Mystic retired from the world to *see* the will of God through rapt communion, prayer and ecstasy. The Puritan went into the world to *do* the will of God in public and private affairs. Sometimes

the former forgot action in vision; too often the latter lost the vision in action. But both thought a great deal about God, and both united in the repression of the personal emotions. Intellectual mysticism has always been allied to negative asceticism in the belief that the more perfectly the soul is freed from the bondage of human emotions, the more open it is to the influx of the divine spirit.

I have said "intellectual mysticism" and "negative asceticism" advisedly; for the highest mysticism transcends the emotions by including them, and the highest asceticism is a positive, not a negative thing. The original meaning of the word asceticism is exercise, or discipline, and the Hindu definition of an ascetic is "one who has attained God-consciousness." But this conception has been chiefly developed in the East. In general, asceticism has come to mean negation, and mysticism to imply seclusion from the world. Puritanism was negatively ascetic in the development of the idea that duty is opposed to spontaneous pleasure. It is still hard for a New England child, born and bred, to get away from the idea that if anything is pleasant without effort, it is wrong, or at least not the highest good. How could it be otherwise when the heart of man is "desperately wicked!"

The naturalness of Emerson's religion and the sweetness of his character saved him from any such extreme. His gentle and beautiful nature saw beauty in everything, and though he objected to science as the destroyer of mystery and poetry, as the man who carries watch and compass no longer knows the sun-dial and the stars; yet in his joyful perception of the unity of moral and physical laws, he was directly in line with the tendency of modern science to exalt the natural, normal life. He believed in the normal life. Theoretically he was not an ascetic, yet practically he was. His asceticism was natural, if we may use the phrase. Laughter jarred on him, and grief was "blasphemy," yet he had "the rarest and sweetest of smiles, and the truest and tenderest of hearts."

The philosophical genius, Bronson

Alcott, who went by the name of the "Concord Philosopher," was one of Emerson's few intimate friends. His daughter, Louisa Alcott, beloved by all children for her book, "Little Women," gives a delightful account of Emerson's way of helping. The family of the transcendental philosopher often had hard work to make ends meet, and after one of Emerson's frequent visits, they would often find a five dollar bill lying around, under a book on the table, in a work-basket or some other odd corner, as if it had dropped there by accident. If anyone tried to say anything to him about it, however, he would immediately freeze up as if in entire ignorance of the whole matter.

His sweetness of temper seems to have been imperturbable. On a trip to California which he took with some friends, a young girl of the party remarked naively, "How can Mr. Emerson be so agreeable all the time without getting tired?" An older member of the party, commenting on this, says that Emerson lived like a man who really believed in immortality. He gave always the sense of unlimited leisure, as if he lived in eternity.

He was very simple in his living. He had two meals a day. "He was never hungry, but was always ready for food." The only positive statement that we have about his tastes is that he always had pie for breakfast and was very fond of it. This may seem trivial, but imagine Carlyle eating plum-pudding for breakfast with impunity! Would he not have been a different man? The connection between food and character does not need discussion. The Brahmins were the most intense believers in it, and Emerson was a Brahmin. We may note that New England pie has a dignity of its own. There is nothing like it on this side of the water. A New England Thanksgiving without pie would be like an English Christmas without plum-pudding. Emerson was very fond of tracing philosophical symbols in the commonest things, and we can imagine him philosophising on pie, half-humorously, in something like the following fashion: "There is somewhat

philosophical in pie. It combines sweet, fruit and butter, the food of the gods, with the gift of the goddess Ceres to man. I feel for it an affinity. Shall I not take that which suits my nature, even though my neighbours over the water consider bacon and marmalade a more noble diet? Let them have their tastes, I will have mine. Many are the gifts of the gods." The hero, said Emerson, loves temperance "for its elegancy, not for its austerity. A great man scarcely knows how he dines, how he dresses; but without railing or precision, his living is natural and poetic."

This was most characteristic of himself. His asceticism was natural to him, and therefore sweet and harmonious. He simply believed that the greatest joys are intellectual or spiritual, when freed from disturbing emotions, the soul communes in solitude with its God. If the lesser joys of the affections contributed to this development of the soul, they were to be gratefully and joyfully received; if not he could do without them. We feel that he could have been perfectly happy alone in the world, at least that he thinks he could; for here again we feel that he sometimes confuses the thought of the intellect with the consciousness of the spirit.

Yet at times this gentle stoic shows a wonderful appreciation of the affections of life. His sorrow at the death of his "darling boy," Waldo, has a heart-rending sadness, the more pathetic for its resignation; and his words on friendship are some of the truest and most beautiful ever written. He cannot praise it too highly.

A friend is the hope of the heart. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

Yet he always comes back to himself.

Though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods.

One cannot help wondering why it did not enter into Emerson's philosophy to

conceive of at least one friend who might keep pace with him in the growth of the soul, and so continue to be a "god" to him. But one's philosophy is necessarily coloured by one's experience, and we feel in Emerson's writings that he had never found the friend of his ideal, who could climb the heights with him. He says :

Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men, we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands.

Yet it was a fundamental belief of Emerson's that there is no past or future, all is present. If God can be realised anywhere, he can be realised here and now. "Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in the future, must be a great soul now." May we not then say that he who would have a great friend in the future, *may* have that great friend now! There are those who would say from experience that this can be. It is interesting to turn from the impersonal atmosphere of Emerson to the throbbing pages of such a writer as Browning, who is more Eastern in feeling and understanding than any other modern English writer. The difference that strikes one instantly and with overwhelming force in these two geniuses, is that Browning had known this ideal friendship and Emerson had not. How far Emerson's experience made his philosophy, and how far his nature made his experience, it would be hard to say. It may be necessary to believe in some things to give them a chance to come true. Browning had a great belief in the high passion of love which is worship, where heart and spirit are fused in one divinely living whole. He would have understood the saying of Hafiz: "Not the dervish or the monk, but the lover has in his heart the spirit which makes the ascetic and the saint." Emerson was a great admirer of Hafiz, but with Emerson, a true Puritan in this respect,

the relation between the head and the heart never seems quite normal. As one writer has said, "Anything which must be felt with a glow in the breast in order to be understood, was to him dead-letter. Art, music, love, was a name to him." Poetry meant more because he could more easily project philosophy into it.

To use Hindu terms, Emerson was a *Jnana Yogi*. The Puritan in him made him a *Karmi* also. But he was not a *Bhakta*; he was not a devotee. He would hardly have understood the ecstasy of love for God. Intellectually he apprehended it, but actually it was not known to him. Philosophically he makes Love the essence of all things. But it is a curiously cool, calm, impersonal, soul-love alone. He did not conceive that heart and spirit must be united in one centre, that human and divine are both in the nature of man, because they are both in the nature of God; that "God is perfectly divine and perfectly human." He was afraid of his own heart, because he did not realise that God has a heart as well as a soul, and that the idea of Incarnation is the great symbol of the Love that is most divine in becoming human.

From those who knew Emerson personally we gather that both his manner and his personal appearance gave the same impression of a lack of intense feeling. Only in his voice was there a suggestion of it. Nathaniel P. Willis writes: "It is a voice with shoulders in it, which Emerson had not," and he compares it to "a heavy and vase-like blossom of a magnolia with fragrance enough to perfume a whole wilderness, caught in a branch of aspen," so foreign was it "to his visible and natural body." Lowell also speaks of the marvellous beauty of Emerson's voice which no one who had ever heard could forget. What wonderful latent possibilities are suggested in that voice! Did it indicate capacities for feeling which were never developed? Although the art and music of man meant little to him, he had an intense appreciation of beauty in nature. The music of birds and waters and winds, the colour and form of the sky, clouds,

trees, all living things were to him a source of endless joy. And there are passages in his essay on "Love" and elsewhere, which indicate that he at one time knew the "magic power of the passion that rebuilds the world for youth":—

Be our experience in particular what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light; the morning and the night varied enchantments. The remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows.

These words give us a glimpse of Emerson that surprises us, as does also this little lyric, one of the few poems of Emerson, beautiful in form as well as thought:

Thine eyes still shined for me,  
Though far I roved the land and sea;  
As I behold yon evening star,  
That yet beholds not me.

This morn I climbed the misty hill,  
And roamed the pastures through,  
How danced thy form before my face  
Amid the deep-eyed dew.

When the red-bird spread his sable wing  
And showed his side of flame,  
When the rose-bud ripened to the rose,  
In both I read thy name.

Thine eyes still shined for me,  
Though far I roved the land and sea;  
As I behold yon evening star,  
Which yet beholds not me.

This has the lyric quality of simple feeling, and like the few other of Emerson's poems that have the same pure simplicity, it was written to the wife of his youth, who died of consumption after only a year and a half of very great harmony and happiness. Again, we wonder how far Emerson's experience affected his philosophy, and draw the veil of the impersonal, as he did, over his buried dream:

But this dream of love, though beatific, is only one scene in our play. In the processes of the soul from within outward, it enlarges its circles ever. Thus even love must become more impersonal every day. There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man, and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again, its overarching vault bright with galaxies of immutable lights, and the warm loves and fears that swept over us as clouds must lose

their finite character and blend with God to attain their own perfection.

Thus he sets his mind to control his heart. The one unchangeable reality to him is his own soul. In the strength of that he is willing to face the universe if need be alone, proudly above the affections as above other goods of fortune. "The soul gives itself alone, original and pure, to the Lonely, Original and Pure." It is the old Stoic doctrine on New England ground. There is a clear bracing element in it that is the best of tonics for some troubles. To youth especially whose sorrows are often due to surface emotions, it is refreshing as a dash of cold water. A retreat into the intellectual realm of simple ideals is both healing and inspiring.

But does it meet all the needs of those in the battle of life? That is the test of a philosophy; does it meet human needs? "Priests should study passion, else how come to help of man in passionate extremes," says Browning. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and it is the touch of nature that gives understanding and sympathy. One cannot "see life clearly and see it whole" from the mountain-top alone, any more than in the thick of the battle. It is only he who has refused neither the bitter nor the sweet, who has been in the heat of the battle yet kept his eyes unblinded, who can see life as it really is and be the truest friend. Emerson saw what he saw with wonderful clearness, but he saw only the good. He was like a hermit shutting himself off by the walls of his soul from the world of men and women. He shunned the deeper emotions of life lest they cloud his vision; but if the vision was thus kept clear, it was also narrowed. He misses the evil but he also misses an intensity of good. In leaving the tares he leaves much of the wheat. He failed to see how closely good and evil are often bound together, and so in many crises of life he would have been as helpless as a child.

Browning believed in the growth of the soul through evil and through good. He understood actually what Emerson ex-

pressed intellectually in his poem, "Brahma," the true meaning of "beyond good and evil." Emerson believed that,

Nature's love doth much excel  
To the souls that never fell.

Souls that had fallen would find much kindness and pity in Emerson but little real sympathy. He tells us that when a boy, an old doctor who came to their house felt all over his head and then tersely remarked, "H'm, if you are good, it's no thanks to you." And Julia Ward Howe speaks of Emerson as "clad in his wonderful temperament like a seraph's golden armour." To him the good angel was always stronger than the bad. He could not understand that the bad angel could have power.

To the storm-tossed in the terrible sorrows of life he must at times seem cold. Yet to all there come times when we feel that we are making our life too complex, when we wish to leave the dust of the battle and wash our eyes clear in the morning dew. Then nature and children, youth with its illimitable hope and Emerson with his ineffable calm rest us. With him we see the battle from afar off in its broadly simple outlines, and though we feel that he does not understand the fierceness of the struggle, yet he does see with prophetic clearness the principles on which it must be waged to ensure success, and in the strength of this vision we go back refreshed.

Emerson was born in America because his mission was there. He was the Prophet of the New Age, But for his own happiness we can echo the thought that he should have been born in India. He was, as we have said, by nature a *Jnana Yogi*, by conviction a *Karmi*, but he was not a *Bhakta*. He drew his inspiration from the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads*. "The *Vedas* are the religious interpretation of Nature. The *Upanishads* are the concentrated religion of the Soul." God in Nature and the Soul; these are his two great thoughts. What he did not understand was the third great *Yoga* that is necessary for the perfect whole, the *Yoga of Bhakti* or personal devotion. He knew the soul of God, but not the heart

of God, His Divinity but not in its fullest sense His Humanity. He says that God is greater than the personal, not realising that He is also greater than the impersonal, that He must transcend and include both to be the very God. God is to him the All-Fair, the All-Wise, the All-Good, but He is not the Great Friend, the Father, the Mother, the Beloved—in each daily beat of the heart as in each throb of the soul. Had he lived in India the impersonal voice might have become the personal touch also. He might have not only gloried in the great vision of the manifold forms of the Eternal One, but might also have understood the greater beauty and sweeter meaning of Arjuna's prayer:—

Guru of Gurus,  
Let me once more behold  
The form I loved of old,

I praise and serve and seek Thee asking grace,  
As father to a son,  
As friend to friend as one  
Who loveth to his lover, turn Thy face.

The Persians say: "*Jemâl*, the grace, the sweetness, the beauty of God is greater than *Jelâl*, the glory, the majesty, the power of God."

Emerson was not of those greatest who can feed both the heart and the soul. Perhaps that is only for the Avatars of the ages. But to one who can give us one draught of crystal water from the spring, we render homage with gratitude, even though it be not the perfect Elixir.

In the consciousness of the debt we owe to Emerson, all criticism vanishes. He has discharged to us the priestly office and our love doth follow him.

He was a Voice crying in the wilderness of a new world, a voice from the East, to prepare the way for the greater light that was to dawn. From the shores of the Atlantic his voice went beyond the Alleghanies and the Rockies to the Land of Sunshine and the blue Pacific, where the light of Eastern thought is more fully felt than in any other part of the New World. He was in truth a great forerunner. Though unconscious of its fullest meaning he saw the Light in the East. He was one of the Wise Men who followed the Star.

MARY WINCHESTER ABBOTT.

# Some Methods of Mental Service

By F. EVERY-CLAYTON.

*[This little article reminds us how much more extended are the possibilities of bringing help and comfort to others, than we are accustomed to imagine, through the agency of concentrated Thought—one of the great truths of the future, the rudiments of which the world is already beginning to learn.]*

**I**N these strenuous days, when we are all more or less anxious to be of use, in one way or another, a few words on the subject of Mental Service may be helpful to those who are unable, through force of circumstances, to give more than a minimum of material help (or in some cases none at all), and who have not yet realised how much good work can be accomplished by each and all of us on the mental plane.

To begin with, every sincere prayer, desire or mental effort for the good of others has a fundamental unity. It is inspired and guided by the Cosmic Wisdom, and although the working and manifestation of this Wisdom may be widely diverse (according to the individual channels through which it operates), yet the Power manifesting through all is one and the same.

Let us first take the prayer of the Christian. What is it? A fervent request to the Heavenly Father on behalf of the persons concerned, with faith in His power and willingness to grant the petition. In this prayer the mind is naturally concentrated on the need and its remedy, and this attitude, coupled with a firm belief in the efficacy of the prayer, opens a channel through which the Divine Power can flow. "And He did not many mighty works there, because of their unbelief." (Matt. xiii., 58.) Also, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." (James v., 15.) What is the inference? That *faith* is the channel

through which His "mighty works" can be done, and the sick saved. Not only the sick in body, but the sick in mind and the sick in morals, which latter are, perhaps, more in need of our prayers than all the rest.

For those who understand something of the power of thought, or to whom the idea of helpful thinking appeals, it may be well to draw attention to the fact that in all their sincere and unselfish efforts, the process described above is essentially the same. The intense desire for service aids, like prayer, in concentrating the attention, and the forces of the mind being thus focussed on the desired object, a "thought-form" is generated which is a potent factor in effectuating the results aimed at. That the Power behind the prayer, the desire and the thought, is one and the same, few of those who have begun to understand the great Unity underlying all things will care to dispute.

Thus a sincere desire to help, together with concentration, and faith in the power of thought, will often effect great results, even though the helper may be quite unaware of the actual process carried out, or of the manner in which the hidden forces operate.

Much also can be accomplished on these lines during sleep, and it is recommended to all would-be helpers to fix their minds on this good work the last thing at night.

Let us consider yet another method. Anyone with a lively imagination knows

how real some of his mental images appear. If he persists in calling up the same image time after time, it will become clearer and more substantial with each succeeding effort. It may be difficult for many people to believe that these images often have more *real* existence than the material objects of the physical plane, which latter actually is, to the mental world, as the shadow to the substance.

Taking it for granted then, that this fact is recognised, let us consider a concrete example. You cannot, for instance, think of the sufferings of the wounded on the battle-field without experiencing considerable distress at your inability to give them relief. Picture yourself on some lonely plain, bending over a poor wounded soldier, left, perhaps, to die before aid can come. What a rush of tenderness and compassion comes over you! How gently do you lift the poor aching head, while you feel in some mysterious way that you have the power to soothe and bless! And if death seems inevitable, how you long to ease the transit from the mangled body and to open the sad eyes to that glorious light which you know is awaiting them. Do you feel one faint thrill as you read this? Then you have touched the Great Reality, and have proved within yourself the power to accomplish what you desire.

Rest assured that such imaginings are no vain sentimentalism, but a beautiful reality, and that your every sincere and unselfish effort carries comfort and blessing to some lonely and afflicted heart.

And although he whose pains you have eased may not know whence comes the sweet sense of calm and peace, he will (if he be religious) bless his God for it, or (if otherwise minded) breathe his thanks to some unknown Cause. In that blessing and that gratitude are you not abundantly rewarded?

Again, in cases where in order to be of service your actual presence may not be either necessary or feasible, a strong mental image of the desired conditions will not be without its result. The sick and feeble can be imagined as well and strong, the timorous and faint-hearted as valiant and courageous, even the treacherous and cruel as noble and humane. One might multiply examples indefinitely, but such hints as are here given will suffice for those who, with minds open to suggestions for service, and hearts aflame with the desire to help, have hitherto been unable to realise how much they can do, in these times of suffering and stress, to lighten the burden of another, and so "fulfil the Law of Christ."

F. EVERY-CLAYTON.

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## The Star.

### I.

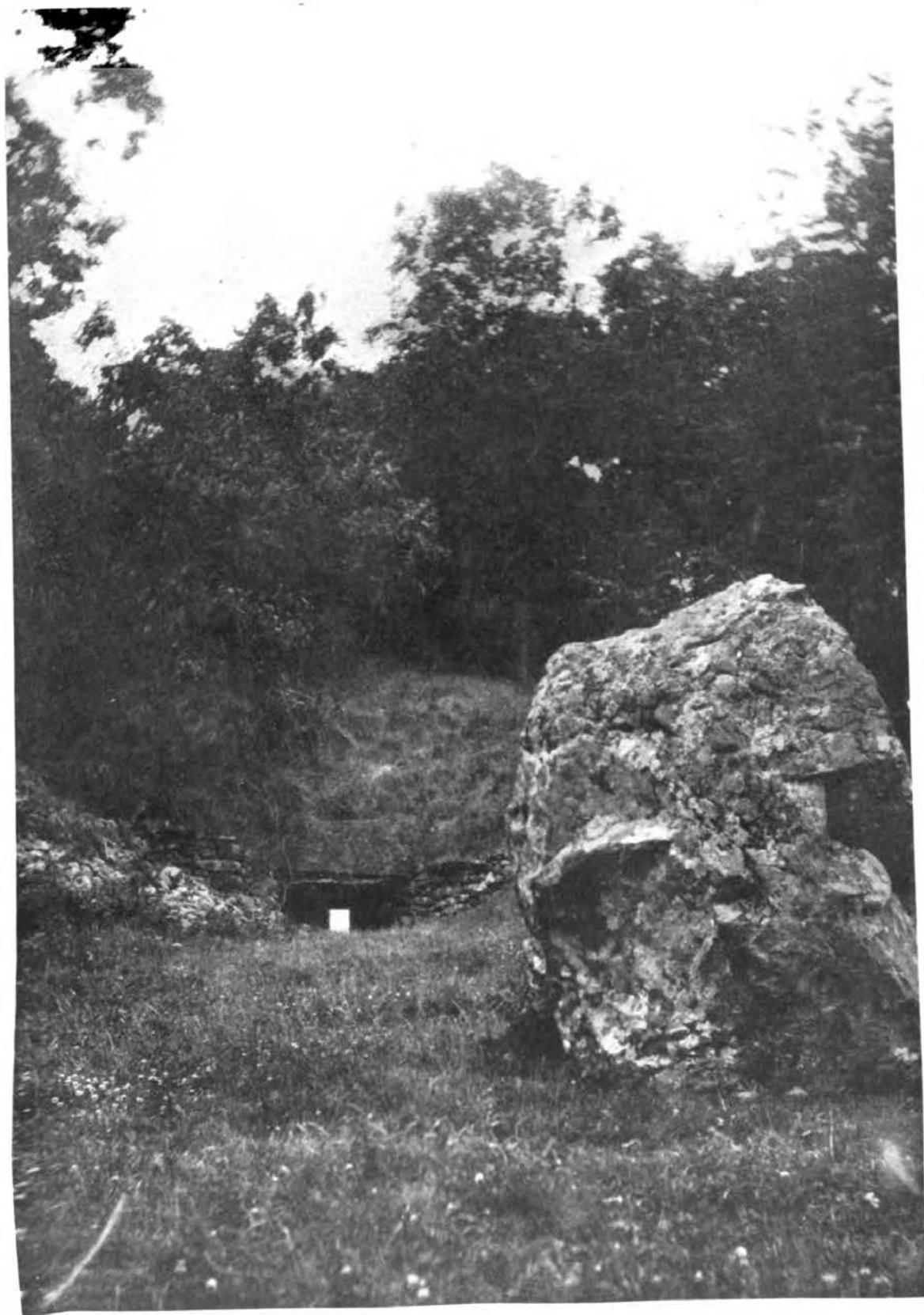
*Perchance the Star, that led the kingly  
band,  
Across the midnight, like a meteor, blazed,—  
A sign on which no other eyes had gazed,  
A torch new-lit by God's creating Hand!  
Perchance, some star-like seraph, from his  
place  
Withdrawn awhile, became that guiding  
Light,  
Leaning far down from his celestial height  
To flash the message into time and space!*

### II.

*Yet most I love to dream, that Star might be  
A world that with some fellow-folk was  
thronged;  
A world that to the Manger-Throne belonged,  
By earlier right, and gentler destiny.  
So, made th' ambassador of Love Divine,  
'Twould leave the safe track and the orbit  
slow,  
And, like a wingèd flame, before us go  
Until we, too, had gained the promised  
Shrine.*

G. M. HORT.





VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE.  
The photograph shows one of the largest of the stones in the great circle.  
It is taken looking almost N.E.

# New Grange

By Lieut. GERALD H. BARRY.

*[New Grange, in Ireland, is of interest to students of Occultism as one of a small number of specially magnetised spiritual centres, scattered throughout the world, which, we are told, are to be used in connection with the work of the coming World-Teacher. Lieut. Barry gives a brief description of the place, as it now is.]*

**A**BOUT six miles west of Drogheda, and thence for three miles along the northern bank of the River Boyne towards Slane, are to be found the remains of a series of great mounds. These mounds are built of small loose stones, no mortar being used in their construction. They vary very much in size. The three largest are at Douth, New Grange, and Knouth.

The mound at New Grange appears to have been surrounded by a great circle of standing stones. Twelve of these stones can still be traced, but of these twelve the four near the entrance to the mound are the most conspicuous.

There is some doubt as to the exact number of stones originally placed in this huge circle, which is about 350 yards in circumference. The distance between the stones which now remain is 30 feet. Where some have been removed for modern building operations the distance between those remaining is a multiple of 30 feet. This would give about 35 stones in the original circle, but the local tradition is that there were never more than 32 stones.

The mound is now covered with trees, shrubs and grass, and has a cup-shaped depression on the top.

It is about 44 feet high and is placed on top of a small hill, from which the mounds at Douth and Knouth as well as the hill of Tara can be seen. These mounds are known technically as "incised tumuli," because the temples or caves found in nearly all of them are constructed of stones, some of which are incised or carved in a special way.

Below the entrance to the underground temple at New Grange there is one of these beautifully carved stones. It is one of a series of long stones placed in an inner circle round the mound. This inner circle, about 280 feet in diameter, supports the outer layer of loose stones forming the mound, and bends slightly inwards to mark the entrance.

The entrance to the temple is almost level with the ground, and so a certain amount of excavation was necessary before the carved stone beneath the doorway was laid bare. The entrance is composed of three stones. The two supporting ones lean slightly towards each other, and

across these lies the third, thus making a low portal about 4 feet 6 inches high. A large flat stone, which was evidently used to close this doorway now lies flat on the ground.

The entrance passage is straight and about 3 feet wide. The side stones which support the roof are from 5 feet to 8 feet high. It is, therefore, just possible to walk along this passage by bending the head.

At about 14 feet from the entrance the side stones lean towards each other across the passage, thus forming a triangle with the loose paving stones. To advance here it is necessary to go on hands and knees for about 6 feet. This seems to have been specially arranged for in construction of the passage. Having crawled painfully through this part of the entrance passage, one is able to stand upright and to advance between great pillar stones to the next portal.

The height of the passage now rapidly increases till, 43 feet from the entrance, the roof is about 8 feet from the ground. Here it abruptly falls again to 4 feet 10 inches. Having passed this point, however, it rapidly rises again by course upon course of overlapping stones till it merges into the roof of the central chamber. This chamber is situated 62 feet from the entrance and has three recesses of very unequal size.

The recess on the northern side is 9 feet deep, while those on the east and west have a depth of about 7 feet and 3 feet respectively. From the inner end of the entrance passage to the back of the northern recess is 18 feet, while across the chamber from the back of the eastern recess to the back of the western is 21 feet.

The main central chamber is roughly hexagonal and has a domed roof made of overlapping stones, the top being closed in by one large stone. This roof is about 20 feet high in the centre.

The three recesses opening out of the central chamber, together with the entrance passage, which leads away in a south-easterly direction, give the whole underground temple a cruciform shape.

In each recess there is a large rough stone basin about 2 feet in diameter and perhaps 18 inches high. These basins, made of some kind of granite, are slightly concave on the inside and slightly convex on the outside. One of them is much better shaped than the others. It stood in the eastern recess on top of another basin, till someone put it in the central chamber. There used to be a central stone 5 feet or 6 feet long and shaped like a pyramid in the centre of the temple, but it has been moved away and the finest of the basins now takes its place.

Round the central chamber are placed twelve huge pillar stones, many of which are incised. These stones do not support the roof. Twelve similar stones in the central chamber of the Douth mound do, however, support the roofing stones. At New Grange most of the visible carving is on these twelve stones and is in the form of spirals, triangles and lozenges.

Carved stones have been found where other uncarved stones had fallen down, while some carved stones have been found in different parts of the mound as the result of excavations.

These facts would lead one to suppose that this temple and many others of its kind were built by a race who lived on earth much later than those who did the carving on the stones. The race who built the temples may have gathered together all the large stones they could find and used them together with uncarved stones in their buildings. When a stone had much carving on it they put it in an important position, but many of the best examples of incised stones are found hidden away in the depths of the building and covered up. In any case, many of the stones could never have been carved in their present positions in the mound.

Many of the great Irish Kings are supposed to have been cremated and their ashes placed in the stone urns found in the New Grange and similar mounds.

The mound at Douth resembles that at New Grange, but is not as perfect an example, while that at Knouth has still to be excavated.

GERALD H. BARRY.



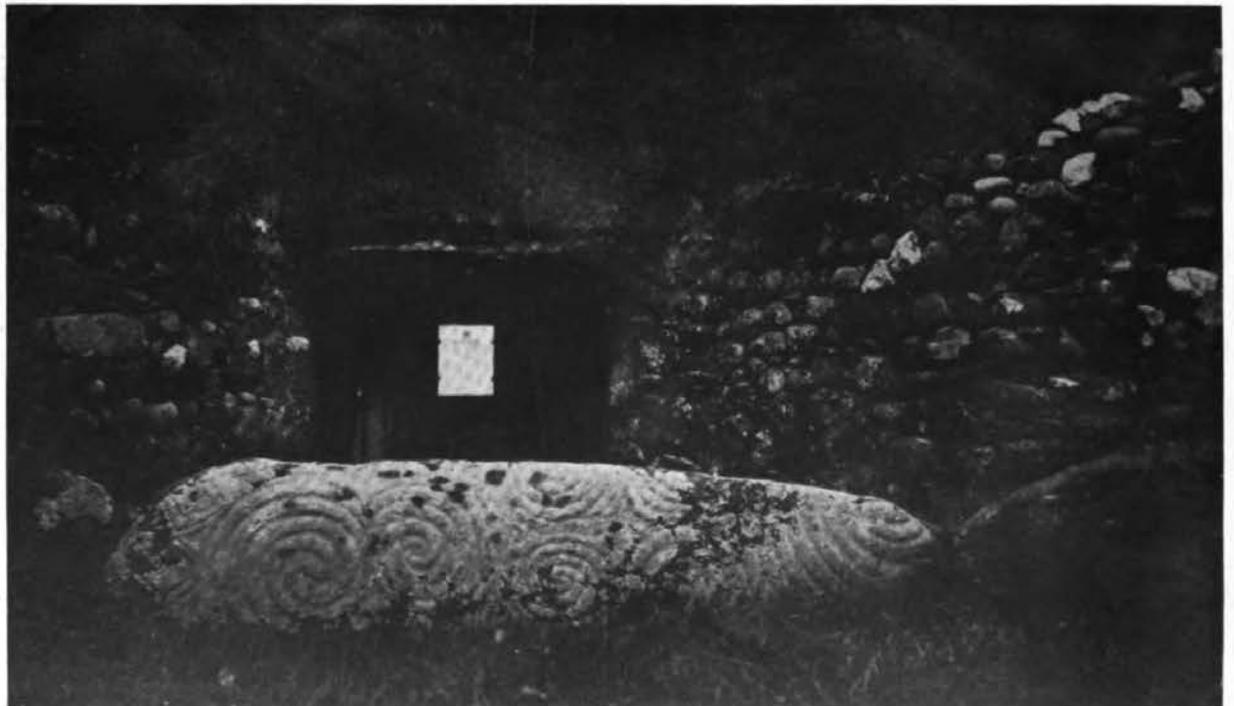
View of mound at New Grange showing three standing stones on right of entrance and one on left. This photograph was taken from the South of the mound looking North.



View of three of the largest standing stones in outer circle round the mound at New Grange. It is taken looking almost S.W.



This photograph shows entrance to Temple at New Grange and incised stone in front of doorway.  
This stone is one of the inner circle.



Another view of entrance to the Temple at New Grange. The photograph shows incised stone below the doorway. This stone is below the ground level and has been excavated.

# Education from the Universal Standpoint

By PHILIP OYLER.

**T**HE greatest influences for good on any child are those of noble people and of the open air. The best schools in the world are the schools of the woods and of simple homes, and the best teachers are young-hearted, healthy, happy parents. And no educational system, however long considered and thought out, however well managed, can hope to compare with those. In fact, when men and women insist on living nearer to nature ; when they insist on getting health for themselves and on giving it (as the only worthy heritage) to their children ; when they insist on fulfilling, each for self, the daily needs, and on becoming self-reliant in spiritual as well as in practical things, then parents will really be educated and there will be no need of schools and colleges. Every one will be a graduate of the universe, not of a university, and will have learned, rather than been taught, those things which are essential in life ; will have learned them in the only great ways that men can ever learn—by experience, by freedom, by simplicity, by love. We must remember that simplicity is a means to power as well as a source of joy. Has there ever been a World-Teacher who has availed Himself of the comforts of the civilisation which prevailed at the time ? Has He not always drawn directly from Nature ? And has He not always drawn His analogies from Nature, too ? Because, forsooth, the truth strikes in fuller force and clearness there than through the misty atmosphere of a town. And I believe that if each one of us spent a few weeks, or one week even, of each year in the heart of the country, doing for himself all that his daily needs required, watching the birds and the flowers, the

dawns and the skies, watching carefully, too, the feelings that came to him—I do believe that he would learn how to live a fuller life, how to be happy, how to perfect himself gradually. And I do not doubt that, when the advantages of town and country have been weighed in the balance with all sincerity, each will eventually arrive at the same conclusion, and, though he may feel too old or tired to return to the earth himself, he will try to get his children there.

Of course it will be objected at once that such an education is not possible in any great town, or city, and that, if it were possible, it would afford no equipment for the complex life in large communities. That is true—to some extent. It is true that such an education is not possible in any town or city, but it is untrue that such an education would afford no equipment for city life. It could not help doing so. Everyone who has learned the simple, essential things of life will always find a place in the world—even in any town whatever. The basis of life is the same—it is still a matter of food and clothes and shelter—and must be the same for the city as for the country. The difference is only superficial. It is a difference of manners, of dress, of speech, of work, of morals. Stripped of these, townsman and countryman meet upon the bed-rock of human needs and human feelings and know each in himself and in the other their relation to the savage and to the Masters. Starvation will soon show to both the point of view of the savage, and love will bring to both vistas of eternity, dreams within dreams, and silences more pregnant and compelling than all the words that man shall ever utter.

However that may be, it is obvious that

an ideal form of education is quite impossible in cities ; but that is no reason for ignoring it. The cities must change, not the ideal. And the cities will change. Here and there all the world over man has raised from time to time great civilisations which have endured for a few generations perhaps, and have then passed away. And why? Because they have lost sight of the essentials of life and put faith in local and temporal things that cannot last ; because, in fact, they have builded up around themselves such rows of houses, such walls of convention and towers of laws that the truth shines upon them as dimly as the starlight through the smoke pall that hangs over the city. But man will have the truth, for he thirsts for it and lives by it. Civilisations may here and there prevent him from it for a space of a few generations, so that he does but exist, knowing neither health nor joy. But a hundred years are only as a sigh to the eternity of which we all have measure, and soon or late he will hear above the noise of the city the call of the wild, calling faintly at first, then more and more insistently till one day he can withstand it no longer and goes forth to seek the heritage that he or his ancestors have abandoned.

Nor does he need to look long. Whether or not he has sought in books by day or by the aid of a lamp at night, whether he has given any heed except to the transient fashions of the street, he will now go forth and find. Deep within him there has always been an undying love of the earth, and no sooner is he beyond the outskirts of the city than he is caught up in a rush of emotions. The world-old rune of the wind in the trees, the scent of the good sweet soil, the wonder of space and of freedom, the flight of birds, the passage of clouds, the beauty, the mystery everywhere ravish him away from the man that he was in the city to the self that he is indeed, and convince him that he has a light in himself by which he may see and know and live. The capital thinks that it rules the country. Only when the capital goes to the hilltop does it gain some vision and note the limits of itself and feel in terms of infinite spaces.

And that is exactly what happens. One by one the townsmen return to the land, and live, live. There is no need to take fire and sword and destroy the crowded houses. Wind, rain, sun, frosts, plants, animals will come and work in their own ways and in their good time will raze the buildings and make the city's site a place of greenness and sweetness again. That is not a dream. That is a fact of which there are proofs in all parts of the world. And what has been true of past civilisations will be true of all others. Were it not so, man would work himself steadily farther from the truth and in time cease to exist on the earth at all.

But we are taking a side path and must return to the main road. We said that an ideal form of education—schools of the woods and of simple homes—was impossible for large civilised communities ; but this is the goal of which we must always keep sight and towards which we must always be striving. Moreover, the best schools will bear this in mind, will offer to children freedom of action in continually increasing degree, so that they may become self-disciplined, large-minded, generous-hearted ; will see that they get more and more freedom of the open air, so that they may keep in touch with nature and the great unseen (by the eyes) forces of the universe and gradually become as the simple children of the soil, who do not need to search for health and truth and happiness, because they were born with them and have never lost them. And the best schools will encourage the frequent presence of parents, so that there may be a firm bond between children and their parents, and so that the ideal of the school may find sympathy and support in the home, and the days at school and at home be equally happy.

It is terribly true that the sins of ancestors are visited upon their children, and that in consequence health is very rarely an heritage at birth ; but there is such wonderful recuperative power in all forms of life, that even children of most degenerate parents, if allowed communion with the wind and the flowers and the brooks, and if fed upon love as well as on

good material food, would speedily grow strong enough to suppress all tendencies of inherited disease and then strong enough to combat successfully any other disease that might assail them. And when children have great health, they will have happiness and know truth and want to make themselves self-reliant, for health is a power which cannot well be over-estimated, in that without it life cannot show us its possibilities, for it cannot be joyful.

There is a complaint from many teachers that the children forget in the holidays what they have learned in the term, and that parents are often so stupid or incompetent that the less they see of their children the better for the children. Now, if this is true (and alas! it undoubtedly is to a large extent) it is for the schools to alter things. They must cease to teach subjects which are not shown, and cannot be shown, to have any relation to life's needs. (If the subjects taught were useful in life they would not be forgotten, because they would frequently be used.) And they must not discourage the attendance of incompetent parents, but must educate them, too.

Later, of course, when simple faith, simple diet and simple dress are not merely matters of discussion, but are in common practice, there will be no necessity to educate the parents, because they will have learned as children the essentials of life, but until that is so, the education of parents and children must be carried on simultaneously.

We do not suggest that education should ever be finished, for we ought all to continue to educate ourselves up to the time of our death and after, but instruction will cease to be necessary and learning will take its place.

And there is all the difference in the world between these two. Leave children alone in the open air, and they will learn the lessons of life by feeling them—far, far better than they could ever be taught them. It is idle for us adults to imagine that, because we are older than our children we are wiser than they, for if we have been brought up in any orthodox system whatever, we

are certain to have less of the truth, much less, than our smallest children, because we shall have been taught things that are only of local and temporal importance.

We are in a position to teach (and that by example and suggestion) only if we have learned to translate what the wind says in the trees, what the waves tell to the shore, what the heart knows but can never utter. We may have learned a number of foreign tongues, but what does that avail us, if we cannot commune in the universal language, the language of feeling? We may have learned the theories of harmony and composition, yet what do we know compared with those who can hear the songs of flowers and the music of the stars? We may have read and loved the poems of all ages, but what is that, if we cannot read the poems that people are? We may have studied anatomy, botany, chemistry; we may have searched the earth for rare drugs and precious herbs, but how does that benefit us when in our study and search we ignore the healing power of cold water and fresh air, and busy ourselves so much that we have no time for rolling naked in the dew of morning fields or paddling up brooks or crumbling the earth in our hands or watching for the dawn or sleeping in the woods? What is the value of travelling all over the world, when, if only we lived simply and developed our spiritual powers, we could remain bodily in one place and travel not only to any place on this earth but to any other planet, too, and gleam from the infinite fields of the Light? Oh, we adults must remember this, that the mind and the eyes are for observation, but that it is the spirit which discovers and commands, discovers the truth and commands matter. And we must remember that our children, though born of the body, receive at birth a light, which is the light that lighteth every man coming into the world, and which proceeds from the great Light; and we must remember that our children will naturally work with the spirit and live by it, if we will but allow them to do so.

PHILIP OYLER.

# Notes and Comments

[The pages under this heading are reserved for matters of interest to members of the Order of the Star in the East.]

## REPORTS FROM SCOTLAND, COSTA RICA, AND INDIA.

### SCOTLAND. Dec. 2nd, 1915.

In Edinburgh and Glasgow monthly Propaganda Meetings are held, and the members' meetings, of a devotional character, at which the War Meditation is used, take place fortnightly. In Dundee the meetings are less frequent, and the members are devoting themselves more to ameliorative work for the needs created by the war. Such work is, of course, also being done by many of our members in Edinburgh and Glasgow, but usually under the auspices of other organisations. Attention is being given to the organisation of the other centres where less regular work has been done, and to the formation of new centres, both in the Eastern and Western districts.

In the period since our last report I

have been a good deal occupied in trying to deliver the message of the Order through other societies, and have addressed a considerable number of meetings mainly under the auspices of I. L. P. Branches and Co-operative Guilds—as our effort to arrange meetings through the Church Literary Societies and Y.M.C.A.'s has not met with much success as yet. I think it probable that war conditions have had some effect in preventing our getting much response from Church Societies, as I understand many of them have given up or greatly reduced their regular meetings for lectures.

JAMES A. ALLAN,  
National Representative.

### COSTA RICA. Nov. 11th, 1915.

In this Division of our Order, enthusiasm does not decline, and I doubt not that the number of its members will continue to grow.

The last report announces the affiliation of 168 members, of which—

the Republic of Costa Rica has	155
the Republic of Salvador ...	8
the Republic of Colombia ...	2
the Republic of Panama ...	2
the Republic of Nicaragua ...	1

The present membership reaches a total of 184, of which

Costa Rica has ... ..	165
Salvador... ..	9
Colombia ... ..	2
Panama ... ..	2
Nicaragua ... ..	6

The Organising Secretary named for the Republic of Salvador has transferred his residence to Costa Rica, and I have appointed in his place Mr. Mariano Castro Gonzalez, a zealous member of our Order.

The penury resulting from the European War is felt here very acutely and specially

amongst those connected with public instruction. As a consequence the small subsidy formerly granted to sustain the Fine Arts School under my direction has been suppressed, and I now maintain the School without remuneration. I have been compelled, therefore, to procure other sources of income and to employ in my new occupation many hours of the day, previously at my disposal.

This, of course, does not in any manner affect my desire to serve our cherished ideals with even greater energy.

The collection of subscriptions to the review, the *Herald of the Star*, becomes increasingly difficult, in spite of which I hope that the number of subscriptions for the coming year will be no less than the current one.

This difficulty depends, of course, on the lack of funds only and not on lack of good will.

TOMÁS POVEDANO,  
National Representative.

## INDIA.

**D**R. ROCKE writes from Adyar that Brodie Castle, the large house which was recently taken by the Order of the Star as its headquarters, has been bought up by the Government, together with an adjacent property. The consequent impossibility of coming into permanent occupation, after the two years' lease has run out, has rendered the headquarters valueless to the Order and, at the request of the latter, therefore, the Government has agreed to take over the property at once. This will be a disappointment to our Indian colleagues, to whom we send our sympathy on their hard luck.

Another matter on which Dr. Rocke writes is one to which we would draw the attention of Star members in general. It seems that the Star work at the Adyar headquarters is badly understaffed; and the rapid increase of membership in the Indian Section is making this more and more felt. There is an urgent need for one, if not two workers to go out from Europe and lend a hand. If two are secured, then, Dr. Rocke writes, "each could spend half the hot season in the hills, a wise precaution for permanent workers." There are many branches of work to be seen to: the monthly news-sheet, *Brothers of the Star*; the Servants of the Star, of whom

there were 863 members in October last; the District Groups; vernacular work; propaganda work and literature; while there is a vast amount of work, waiting to be done, among Indian women as well as among the student population.

"A more promising field of labour," in Dr. Rocke's words, "could hardly be conceived. Amongst these naturally religious and devotional peoples the simple message of the Coming finds ready acceptance. But much depends on the efficiency, wise organisation and gentle guidance of the headquarter's office here. A stimulating loving kindness with a genuine feeling of brotherliness are essentials in a worker."

Do any of our members feel inclined to take this opportunity? It is one not lightly to be put aside.

Dr. Rocke concludes with a word or two about the headquarters' workers. "Miss Janau's faithful, skilled and most efficient six months' work I must put on record. Rare is it to find such a worker, and sad it was to let her go. Miss Bell's health has prevented her working since last April, but we look forward to her return about April, 1916. Mrs. Kerr is now doing valuable work as Headquarters' Secretary, and Mr. Aria as Accountant and Treasurer, as well as Manager of the *Herald of the Star*."

## A MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

*The Young Age* is a young magazine, having only come to birth in the Spring of 1915. Its experienced Editors, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whyte, have provided a stimulating Christmas number, which contains, amongst other items, an article on "Courage," by Mrs. Besant, a Christmas talk to children by Mrs. Grenside, an inspiring article by Mrs. Whyte on "Brotherhood," and stories by Evelyn Caspersz and George Colmore. Perhaps, however, the feature of the number is a fairy-tale, "Eleanor and the Fairies," written by Doris M. Dawes and illustrated by Bessie Fyfe, both aged sixteen. The story is charmingly written and the draw-

ings, one of which is reproduced in colour, show surprising promise. Star members, who have not already done so, should make the acquaintance of the *Young Age*; and they will help the magazine, to their own profit, by subscribing to it for the coming year. The subscription is 2s. 6d. per annum, and the magazine appears quarterly. Its purpose is to be the organ of Young People's Movements generally; and amongst these is, of course, the Order of the Servants of the Star. We are glad to see that the Editors speak openly, whenever occasion offers, of the near coming of a Great Teacher.

## AN INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN OF THE ORDER.

There is a growing need for some kind of international organ which shall be devoted exclusively to Order affairs, in which questions relating to its work shall be asked and answered, and news of the Order from all parts of the world collected and published.

In its early days the *Herald of the Star* more or less fulfilled, for a while, the function of such an organ. But, since its enlargement, the *Herald* has become more and more a magazine for the outside world; and this I believe to be its true office. We obviously need a magazine, like the *Herald*, to bring our message to the notice of the world in general; and it is clear that, in the delivery of that message, it must invest itself, as completely as possible, with the kind of qualities which the ordinary reader demands in a magazine.

In so far, however, as it does this, it will inevitably become less suited to be the organ of the internal life of the Order. The outside world is not interested in questions of propaganda and organisation. The names and personalities, which mean much for members of the Order, mean nothing to it. Questions, which members of the Order might be extremely anxious to have answered, would be either meaningless or disconcerting to the outside reader. The consequence is that, as the *Herald* develops along its present lines, it becomes more and more difficult, from the editorial point of view, to introduce into it specifically "Order" material.

Of late a compromise has been attempted by relegating all matter connected with the internal life of the Order to the section entitled "Notes and Comments." But, from many points of view, this is unsatisfactory. It is insufficient, for one thing; it takes up much-needed space; and it makes the whole question of the supplying of Order news dependent upon the "make up" of the magazine. Moreover, much which might be written about is omitted for the reason

indicated above, namely, that the *Herald* is intended primarily for the outside world.

For all these reasons, therefore, something else is needed; and there is an additional reason for the need at the present time, and one to which I would draw the attention of members.

For the past few years the various national Sections of the Order have been engaged, for the most part, in organising their own separate lives. This was clearly their first duty, and Reports show that it has been done well. But we have come to the time when a further effort is needed; and that is, to begin to unify all these separate limbs into a single living body. The day will come, as we all realise, when the Order of the Star in the East, throughout the whole world, will be welded into one by its allegiance to a common centre. The Great Teacher, when He comes, will wield His Order as a whole; and it will then be—or should be, if it is ready—a single instrument attuned to His service, upon which the currents of His life will play.

It is the duty of the Order to begin preparing itself for this unified life even now, and, with this in view, to find out every means available of drawing its various component parts more closely together. And one obvious way of doing this is to have some organ, common to all the Sections, which shall serve as a link of inter-communion.

At present we have nothing of the kind, so far as the internal life of our organisation is concerned. Attempts have, I believe, been made in America and on the Continent of Europe to promote some kind of mutual exchange of news between neighbouring Sections. But it would obviously be a great boon to all, if there were some accredited central organ, which should gather in, and supply to all the Sections alike, the news of the movement.

That being the case, I propose to make an appeal to all the Sections of the Order to

enable the Headquarters to start a small International Bulletin, to be edited from the General Secretary's office, and to commence, if possible, in March next. The sum of money needed for the printing and distribution of such a Bulletin would be, roughly, £30 a quarter, or £120 a year. In view of the fact that we have now thirty-six Sections and a membership of about twenty thousand, it ought not to be difficult to raise the necessary funds. If a large number of members were to promise even small sums (*e.g.*, a shilling or two), the plan would become possible.

This, therefore, is what I would ask of many members as possible to do. A printed slip is inserted at the end of this number of the *Herald*, containing a guarantee to contribute a certain sum of money to the support of an International Star Bulletin. Members, who wish to contribute, are asked to fill in this slip, mentioning the sum which they are willing to give, and to forward it to the National Representative of the Section to which they belong. The National Representatives will then collect the money and will each send on the contributions of their Section to me in a lump sum. If sufficient funds reach me before February 15th to justify making a start in March, the first number of the Bulletin will be sent out about the middle of that month.

It is proposed to charge one shilling per annum (postage free) for the Bulletin, and these subscriptions, like the others, will be paid by members, who wish to take it in, to the National Representatives of their respective Sections, who will forward them to the General Secretary's office in a lump sum, together with the names and addresses of subscribers.

Would-be subscribers are, however, asked not to send in their subscription to the Bulletin immediately, but to wait until a definite announcement appears in the *Herald* as to the starting of the Bulletin in March. It is hoped to be able to make such an announcement in the February *Herald*; if not, in the March number. As soon as the matter is definitely settled, subscriptions should be sent in at once. National Representatives, whose

Sections are at some distance from England may get their first number of the Bulletin a little late; but they can save some of the delay by telegraphing their first order to the General Secretary. If they do that, the first batch of copies will then be sent, in one parcel, to the National Representative's address, and he or she will undertake the distribution. Copies of the second number of the Bulletin will, however, be sent direct to the individual subscribers, since the detailed orders from the National Representatives, together with the subscriptions, should then have arrived.

As to the Contents of the proposed Bulletin, I think that it should contain (1) news as to the work and progress of the several Sections; (2) statistics of membership of each Section quarter by quarter; (3) all notices of appointments and of any changes in the official *personnel* of the Order; (4) questions and answers on points affecting the principles, work, or organisation of the Order; (5) correspondence; (6) any notices addressed to the Order as a whole; (7) information and suggestion as to possible lines of work.

I think also that it should contain (8) short articles on the ideals of the Order and their practical application; (9) Personalalia; and (10) a quarterly record of the activities of the Protector of the Order. The last item, I feel, would be welcomed by members in every part of the world.

The above suggestions as to Contents represent, of course, only a sketch. The Bulletin, like all similar periodicals, will develop and define itself as it goes along.

In order to make such a publication a success, and to keep it supplied with the necessary material, it is, of course, necessary that the officers of every Section should give it their active co-operation. News will have to be supplied with unfailing regularity, and special arrangements made to organise the supply. I do not, however, propose to speak of these things here, as a letter is being sent out from the General Secretary's office to each National Representative, stating what will be wanted.

But to the members of the Order in general I do make an earnest appeal to do

what they can to secure the realisation of the project. We need a connecting link, of this kind, between our many widely scattered Sections, and its existence would be a definite first step towards that unification of the Order which must, in some degree, be brought about before the coming of the Master. It would be a most encouraging thing if members, in all parts of the world, would fill in the appended guarantee form, no matter how small may

be the sum which they promise, and so give their individual assistance to the founding of the Bulletin:—far more encouraging, in my view, than if the Bulletin were to be supported merely by the large donations of a few wealthy persons; although I need hardly add that these, too, would be welcome.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,  
General Secretary.

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#### MEMORANDA.

This being the first number of a new volume, I should like to call the attention of readers to a few points which they should remember.

First as to the *Herald of the Star*:—

(1.) All subscriptions to the *Herald* should be sent to the Business Manager, *Herald of the Star* Office, 1, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C. They should *not* be sent to the General Secretary, to any of the national officers of the Order, or to the Editorial Department of the *Herald*.

(2.) Articles, poems, etc., for the *Herald* should be addressed to the Sub-Editor, 16, Tavistock Square, London, W.C., and should be accompanied, in every case, by a stamped and addressed envelope, in case of return.

(3.) All writers, sending articles to the *Herald* for the first time, should state whether they wish to be paid for their contributions or not.

(4.) The *Herald* has a certain number of free copies to dispose of every month. Applications for these should be addressed to the Sub-Editor.

Next, as to the Order of the Star in the East:—

(1.) All applications for membership in the Order should be addressed to the National Representative of the country in which the applicant is residing. A complete list of the names and addresses of National Representatives will be found on the inside of the cover of the *Herald*.

(2.) National Representatives are appointed by the Head of the Order alone. But all other officers, including Organising Secretaries, are appointed by the National Representatives, who have full powers in this respect. No reference need be made to the Head of the Order for the approval or sanction of such appointments.

(3.) The General Secretary's office has to deal only with the National Representatives of the various Sections, and has nothing to do either with the *Herald* or with the internal organisation of any Section. Applications for membership should not, therefore, be sent to the General Secretary, as all such applications are sectional matters.

(4.) Persons requiring literature in connection with the Order should communicate with the National Representative of their country.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,  
General Secretary.

# The Herald of the Star

VOL. V. No. 2.

February 11th, 1916.

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As "The Herald of the Star" includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

This Magazine may be obtained through any of the Officers of the Order of the Star in the East mentioned on page 3 of the cover. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 15 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 1½d. extra).

United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per annum. (Post free).  
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All remittances should be addressed to the Business Manager and no money orders sent without accompanying letter of notification.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should be notified at once to the Business Manager, who cannot provide gratis copies to replace those which go astray through carelessness on the part of subscribers who fail to send their change of address. Great care is taken in despatching the magazines, and copies lost in the post will not be replaced.

## The Seeker's Crown

*There is a clue that threads the maze of being,  
A hidden clue, but some day to be found ;  
There is an utmost star beyond our seeing  
In depths of space that some day we shall sound.  
There is a mystic pulse, unheard, repeating  
From age to age the heart-throb of the spheres :  
We strive, and shall at last discern its beating,  
Interpreting the rune of countless years.*

*There is a yoke of anguish men are wearing,  
To lighten which we strive, nor strive in vain,  
From prouder aims and sunlit paths forbearing  
To peer into the mystery of pain.  
With weapons forged and proved by toil unceasing  
We fend the ills of Man's mortality,  
His might from immemorial bonds releasing,  
Set wings upon his feet and bid him fly.*

*One riddle still unread rebukes our learning,  
—So near and yet so far the Seeker's goal !—  
The tragedy of Man's unsated yearning,  
The destiny of Man's unfathomed soul.  
Homage to him who Nature's lips unsealeth,  
Who conquers pain shall compass great renown,  
But he whose torch the way of life revealeth  
Unchallenged wears the Master Seeker's crown.*

CHARLES J. WHITBY.



By G. S. ARUNDALE.

[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]

**I**N these difficult times weak-minded people are constantly obstructing all propaganda by crying despairingly that no one will listen to the message we have to give—no one has any inclination to think of ought save the immediate concerns of daily life. I quite agree that we are face to face with a very great crisis, and that often the atmosphere surrounding us is charged with depression and anxiety. But one of our principal duties as members of the Order of the Star in the East is to remember that our message should be of sufficient intensity to dominate, at least for us, existing conditions. For the time we may sink beneath the troubles that surround us, but we cannot be hopelessly submerged. We know that a great World Teacher is soon to come amongst us, and that knowledge saves us from being overwhelmed. I know many members of our Order who certainly would have succumbed if it were not for the final certainty their membership has given them. I think that we are immensely privileged in having so sublime a knowledge at so critical a period, and I desire to urge every member to do his utmost to spread the truths we

possess in such a way as may make them helpful to people whose struggle is so much harder than our own. Let us, once and for all, get rid of the paralyzing idea that all we can do at present is to keep quiet and to do privately what little propaganda is possible. On the other hand, I urge the utmost publicity everywhere, and on all suitable occasions. In this war we have, what to us is a living proof, of assertions made long before the war was thought possible. To all thinkers it was evident that something had to happen to awaken the public to the need for changes in all departments of life. The public is slowly awakening, and we have a unique opportunity of pressing forward knowledge which the world very definitely needs.

If people tell us that there is so little to be done, let us realise that such a suggestion means an absence of courage to face a situation rather more difficult than situations ordinarily are. When the nation's attention is concentrated in a particular direction it is always more difficult to draw its attention elsewhere. But our task is not as difficult as that. Our business is to point the moral of the war, and to all that the war has involved. It is our

business to tell the public, whether the public accepts the information or not, that the war is a preparation for the coming of a Great Teacher. We have to tell the public that the coming of a great World Teacher means many changes in our social, political, and religious environment. We have to tell the public that the efforts now being made to investigate these various environments are signs that the world is being made ready for the teaching that the great World Teacher will give when He comes. Truth must, in the long run, prevail. We know that He is coming, and even though we may not be able to bring forward proof which will satisfy others, we can, at least, make the statement of the truth, and it will find its own way into the hearts of those who are ready for it. It is, of course, our business to give such proof as we can, but in the last resort the truth proves itself, and if we cannot convince intellectually, we can but trust to the essential truth in each one of us to recognise its own nature in such truths as come from outside.

Let us be clear as to the terms in which we translate this Coming, so that people generally may see what it means in relation to the various problems now before us. It means that there are three great truths which must never be lost sight of when we are considering how to improve the situation in which we find ourselves. First, the truth of Brotherhood. Second, the truth of Justice. Third, the truth of Evolution.

The great truth of Brotherhood does not mean equality, but rather, identity of spirit. It means that we are a great family, divided according to the age of our respective souls into various departments of duty. It means that there are elder brothers and younger brothers. It means that men have different powers and, therefore, different measures of duties should be demanded from them. The Law of Justice means that as we sow, so must we reap. It means that we are responsible for our actions, and this, at least to my mind, involves the law of re-incarnation or re-birth. This truth of Justice, understood far more sensibly than it is at

present, would change the whole of our attitude towards many problems with which, at present, we hardly know how to deal—for example, the problem of the criminal, the problem as to the relative dignity of various occupations, etc. The third Truth, that of Evolution, means that we are all growing towards the same Goal, that we all spring from the same Source, that the growth of the one is determined by the growth of all the rest, that none can grow at the expense of, but only in co-operation with, the rest of the world. How these three great truths are to be worked out is a matter for the individual. It seems sometimes almost hopeless to gain a sympathetic hearing for them, but we members of the Order of the Star in the East should know no sense of lasting despondency, because we ought to know that these three great Truths, and doubtless many others, will be spoken by the great World Teacher, and that to Him, at least, the whole world must at least attend.

I venture to think that the lasting nature of His influence, in some small measure, at least, depends upon the rough, labouring work we are able to do now. As Mrs. Besant has sometimes told us, we have the great privilege of drawing to ourselves some of that bitterness, or indifference, or contempt, which otherwise would have stood between the world and its Teacher. We can, at least, at the present time, familiarise our surroundings with the existence of these great truths, and it does not very much matter whether they are, for the time being, accepted or rejected. Let the world *know* what the truths are, let the world *know* of the near coming of the Great World Teacher, and the more it scoffs now, the less will it scoff later on. We need not bother about results. I confess I have no sympathy with those who suggest that it is no use doing anything because there are no results. We have to learn not to depend entirely on such results as *we* are able to see, or upon the *kind* of result that we should like to see. Every force has its result—visible or invisible—and I, for one, am not going to be deterred from spreading such truths as I know, by the fact that the results are

not going to be of the kind I hoped for or expect. Personally, I can see but little value, either in the Theosophical Society or in the Order of the Star in the East, if these two movements cannot give a lead to the world in the time of its sorest need. The world may appear to pay little attention to what we say, but I hold that the truth never falls on barren soil. It may have no particular effect in one direction. It will then seek some other dwelling place and will there grow, and flourish, and spread.

Let this be a time of great personal and collective activity. In some ways it is a sad world we live in just now. But for the strong, and for those who have the enthusiasm of conviction, it is a fine world to live in because there is so much to do, so many to help, so much breaking down of old forms and need for the consideration of new. Do not be afraid to be visionary or idealistic. The world may not yet be ready to grasp your visions or your ideals, but its realities must, inevitably, be better for the ideals and visions you have sent forth. There is work for all temperaments, for all modes of thought, for all types of capacity. The world needs everything it can get, if it is, in these days of breaking down, to have materials from which to build a comparatively lasting structure. Some of us may dig for the foundations; some may build the foundations themselves; some may contribute solidity, others beauty, others proportion, others grandeur. Some may contribute work that no one sees, others work that all the world may view. All of us may do something to make the building a more accurate reflection of the great divine realities, and, therefore, a more worthy abiding place for the Great Teacher when He comes. But I say to you it is not well that you should fail to grasp the opportunities that now lie to your hands. Do not fear that the noise of the building operations can drown the sound of the voice of truth. It is not the sound that matters, but, rather, the voice of Him who directs the sound.

See, therefore, that you do all you can to help in constructing the new world in

which all of us have to live. Truths were never more appreciated than they are at the present moment, and all the anxiety, and depression, and doubt, are as calls to those who know to spread their knowledge usefully abroad. To *us* is entrusted a certain portion of the knowledge. We must not hoard it up for the future, but invest it in the present, and it shall return to us in the form of a great happiness that we were able, in difficult times, to serve a great Leader before His actual physical presence stirred us to devotion. Many people will be found to do things when under the all-compelling influence of His actual presence in our midst. He cannot always be physically present with us, and I believe that He counts among His most faithful followers those who strive to devote their lives to Him with almost the same intensity in His absence as when He shall walk the world with physical feet.

The question is as to what should be done in the outer world. In the first place, every Section should do all it can to secure a dignified Headquarters—a home. From that home should emanate a continuous stream of activity on all planes and in all directions. We need students, we need meditation, we need the results of these two—action. We need workers at Headquarters who are not easily depressed by outside circumstances, who stand loyally by their chief, whoever he may be, who are willing to work steadily, day after day, without seeing results. We need lecturers, willing to go anywhere and to lecture to however small an audience, and to be satisfied with the giving of the lecture, without wondering how many people seem to have been interested or how many have joined as a result of the lecture. People sometimes say to the more prominent lecturers in our movement: “It is useless for *you* to waste your time in going to such and such a place; there are so few people there, and they are not much interested!” *Our* business is to spread the knowledge anywhere we can, and not to worry as to the number of people who may have met together to listen to us. It may well be that the Lord is looking to us for His future disciples; and if, during

many years of work, we have been privileged to open the road to *one* such, our work will not have been in vain.

Then we need thinkers who are continually striving to find little channels into the outside world through which our knowledge may be poured. We need members always on the alert to study existing conditions, and to find out how our truths should be presented with the best chance of acceptance in the varying conditions among which we live. We want people who are happy in doing, day after day, what is often regarded as the less valuable part of our work—the addressing of envelopes, the placing of literature wherever it will find readers, selling of literature, etc. In a word, we need people who are habitually cheerful, and who can put their whole souls into the work. They may have worldly occupations, but they must glow with enthusiasm when, the worldly occupation being finished for the day, they are at last free definitely to devote themselves to the Master's service. We need centres all over the country, whether the centre be composed of one or of many individuals. We want little bright lights to be everywhere, and we must remember that the brightness of the light depends upon enthusiasm and not upon numbers. We want people who are continually thinking out new ways of helping, and of calling attention to our truths. We need initiative in our members, and willingness to shoulder responsibilities. We need people who are not over-influenced by what

people say. Whenever anyone of us has taken a step in the direction of the Master's world, there are always innumerable friends in the world he is leaving to animadvert on the rashness of his action. One of the great tests that all members of forward movements have to undergo is that of being able to stand alone in the strength of their principles, without the external support of approving friends. The great Teacher needs us individually, in our loneliness, as much as He needs us in the midst of our surroundings.

If the whole world turns against us, are we still able to keep moving towards our goal with the support of the only friend who never, at any time, fails us—the great principles of our being? The Masters Themselves occasionally withdraw from Their most loved disciples in order that these disciples may look into themselves and see how far they take their stand upon the bedrock of their own inner divinity. Each one of us has such a divinity upon which to stand, and the best workers, and the most trusted disciples, are those who combine in themselves, both the power of leadership, and the power of working happily and strenuously even when there are none to follow.

So let us go forward with energy and confidence, and let the world see that the principles we hold give us the qualities of courage, endurance, steadfastness, and a cheerful confidence which no rebuff can shake.

G. S. ARUNDALE.

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*You must challenge life. If it is public opinion, then challenge it, if you have a message to give which goes contrary to its pronouncements of right and wrong; if it is a duty to be done and the world opposes, then challenge the world. Sometimes the love and goodwill of those that are dearest to you may stand in your path; then challenge it, if Reality calls you. Only, be certain that it is Reality you seek, and not some subtle form of self. Challenge that doubt itself and carve your way to Reality.*

C. JINARAJADASA.

# Why a Great World Teacher ?

By C. W. LEADBEATER.

*[An address given at Concordia Hall, Sydney, on Sunday, May 23rd, 1915, to the Order of the Star in the East and visitors. This is the second of the promised lectures of Mr. Leadbeater, the publication of which in the HERALD we were able to announce a short time ago. In our next issue we hope to print the first of a series of four lectures on the birth of a new Sub-Race, which are likely to be of the utmost interest to all who know and appreciate the writings of this great occultist and teacher.]*

ON this occasion I understand that we have with us some friends who are not members of our organisation; therefore it would be inappropriate for us to speak of the inner things, as we should do otherwise. It would be better, perhaps, to devote ourselves to some consideration of our reasons for expecting a Great World-Teacher, and for expecting Him now more than at any other time.

To-day the whole Christian world is celebrating the festival of Pentecost—the day when, according to the old story, the Holy Ghost was poured out upon the Apostles of our Lord. You who have studied Theosophy know that there is an inner interpretation for the whole of that great narrative. As the Fathers of the Church have said—Clement and Origen and others—all these things are symbols of the inner life of man, and so that outpouring of the Divine Spirit, that becoming One with the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, has a special meaning in the Path of Initiation. However that may be, on

this day all over the world the celebration of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit is taking place. May He therefore be outpoured upon us, may we be inspired and blessed by Him, so that that which took place so long ago in Palestine may be repeated in similar fashion in thousands upon thousands of congregations to-day.

The Second Coming of the Christ is looked for by all his followers. They take, most of them, what we should consider a somewhat narrow view of that Coming. They say that Christ came once to redeem the world, and that He will come once again to judge the world, and that will be the end of it. Now, that belief is founded upon certain texts in the Holy Scripture; but people often forget in these days that that Holy Scripture was not written in English, and that if the Christ spoke to His people it was certainly not in the English language that He spoke to them. If you will go back to the *original* Scripture—go back to the Greek of those Gospels—you will see that what was said does not in any way justify the idea that the Second Coming of the Christ will mean the end of

the world or its destruction. The words written there say that, when He shall come, there will be an end of *that dispensation*, the end of an age, of a certain period—quite a different idea.

All the Christian Church theoretically holds the expectation of this Coming of the Christ in the clouds of Heaven, which shall mean the destruction of all that we know ; but there are only a very few people here and there who are living as if they expected anything of the sort. A vast majority of the men and women of our day—Christian though they may be—do not practically expect anything of that sort at all. Why not ? Because the whole idea as put in that form is contrary to science, contrary to all that we know. It would mean an absolutely miraculous and unheard-of intervention, and no such thing seems possible to the scientific man, because we know that Nature works through orderly processes and by law.

If you ask scientific men what will be the end of this world, they will tell you that in millions of years, perhaps, the sun will lose its heat, perhaps the world will gradually become congealed, and life will slowly fade away from it because it will be too cold to support it any longer. They will tell you that perhaps the rotation of the earth may gradually grow slower, that we may reach a point when the rotation shall synchronise with the revolution, and a day shall be as long as a year is now. They say these things must come, but only in the process of millions of years, and the idea that some intervention may break up the whole thing in the meantime is not in unison with any of their ideas.

In Theosophy we should tell you that perhaps there is as little fear of one of these results as of the other. Everything that has a beginning has an end, and since the solar system had a beginning, some time—when its God shall see fit—it shall also pass away, but not by any sudden convulsion, nor will it be the mere result of the working out of uncontrolled forces. When He chooses to withdraw His life from it, it will cease to be ; but since all evolution is slow, since obviously we are only in the middle of the process of

evolution, I think we have good reason to expect that the solar system and the worlds which belong to it will go on through our time and a great deal longer.

If you will go to the real meaning of those words which are used in your sacred Scripture, you will find that the idea suggested is that at the end of this age, this dispensation, the Christ will come again, and then, you are told, there will be a new Heaven and a new earth, and things will be altogether changed. You hear sometimes of a millenium, of a thousand years when the Christ shall reign upon the earth. The Jews expected a physical Messiah, a man who would come and lead their armies against the world and make them a great military nation ; and so they interpreted these prophecies to mean that some great Jewish Saviour would arise and rule the world. It would be just as correct an interpretation merely to suppose that there would be great happiness and bliss during that period. But if you take the idea that it is only the end of a particular dispensation or age, you at once find that it corresponds to a number of similar ideas. Great philosophers quite unconnected with Christianity have held the opinion that various ages occur in history—that various cycles of thought and evolution arise and sink again. If you look back into history you will see, for example, that there have been many great civilisations, each of which in turn has dominated large parts of the world, and you will see that each of these civilisations has had its own religion.

We are all brought up in the theory that there is only *one* religion ; though there are also a few heathen superstitions which do not count. Of course, that is a narrow and parochial point of view, and when you come to talk to the men who profess those other religions you begin to realise that there may be another side to that story. For there are men professing those great Faiths who are in every way as far developed in intellect and metaphysical capacity, and assuredly in holiness of life, as any of our Christian friends ; and there can be no reason why only one of those religions should be true and all the rest

false. If you once begin to study those earlier religions, as we who are Theosophists have done, you will find that the idea of cycles of progress does not arise fortuitously. You will find that there is a definite series of such cycles, that each great civilisation is to a large extent the expression of some central idea, and that that idea is generally enshrined in its religious belief.

Take, for example, the first great religion of the Aryan Race, the Hindu religion, and you will find that that has a prominent central idea. The central thought of that religion is Duty; the insistence that every man is born under certain conditions in a certain place, that place being determined by his own previous behaviour in other existences. Being born in that place, he finds certain duties marked out for him; and upon his thoroughly loyal performance of those duties depends his further advancement. Truly that is not the only teaching of that great religion. You will find it laying immense stress upon the Immanence of God—upon the fact that the Power of God is in everything, and that there is nothing which is not He. A further thought follows—the idea of the solidarity of men and the brotherhood of humanity. So you find it putting forth both those doctrines strongly.

Another of those great religions was that of Egypt, now entirely dead as a religion, though its teachings survive in another form. If you will study what is left of it, you will find that its central idea was what we should now call science—the idea of a perfect knowledge of the possibilities and powers of the physical plane, and that it was through that mastery of natural forces that the Egyptian religion built up its system, and encouraged its people to advance to the knowledge of the Hidden Light, which was their great central mystery—the Hidden Light which means the God within every human being.

Then you come to the great Zoroastrian religion. They call it fire or sun worship, but anyone who really studies it will see that its central idea is Purity. Every

Parsi up to the present day when he wakes in the morning is directed to turn his first thought to the making of a vow—to vow himself for that day to purity in thought, purity in speech, and purity in action. They take the sun or the fire as the symbol of purity, and that was the great idea which they wished to impress upon people. That evidently was their lesson for the world at large.

Then, when we come to later times you will find that the great central idea of the religion which they taught in Greece was the idea of Beauty, the beauty which is divine. Once more, because the divine dwelt in every man, therefore it was the duty of every man, as far as may be, to make the best of himself, his surroundings and everything belonging to him. Beauty was to them the expression of the divine power. That which was unbeautiful, they said, was dishonouring to the Deity. The outer religion as held by the common people both in Greece and in Rome was a great deal more like folklore stories than religion; but the real religion of Greece was the philosophy of Pythagoras, Aristotle and Plato—all names to which the whole world bows down to-day.

In the great Empire of Rome the central idea was Law, the duty of the man towards the community as a whole. Those Romans were wonderful people for law and order. Look at their very language; look at the rules and regulations which fetter you if you try to speak in that grand tongue, and you will see something of the great Roman idea—you will understand how they were able so thoroughly to impress their law and rule upon that part of the world which they conquered.

Another expression of that law is the religion of the Lord Buddha in the East. There they talk to you of the great necessity of understanding the laws which govern the world, and of adapting your life to them. His central idea was the preaching of Wisdom. All the failures and troubles of life come from ignorance; teach man to know, to understand the world in which he lives, and its laws and life will be easy and simple for him; which is eternally true.

Then come to Christianity. It also has its lesson to teach ; it emphasises, perhaps more than the others, the Individuality of the man. It speaks much of the man saving his soul, as it puts it ; the expression is a bad and clumsy one, but the idea is that each man has an individual line to work out, and it shows that the way to work that out is by service and by self-sacrifice. Remember, "He that is greatest among you, let him be as he that serveth."

Every one of those is a great and necessary idea ; yet if we take one of these, and live by that alone, we run a serious risk of developing a distorted view of life. They are like the pieces of a great mosaic—they need to be put together before you can see the grandeur of the full effect. Each of them has its lesson to teach ; each of them is a veritable outpouring of the truth, and each of the Great Teachers who came to found one of those religions came forth from the same great Central Power which governs the whole of the evolution of the world.

When that conception comes to your mind, you begin to see that it is not a question of one religion and a quantity of superstitions—of one revelation and all the rest imagination ; we see that all the rest have been revelations, each in their time—that the God who has spoken in these later days through Christianity is, after all, the same God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by other prophets, as is well said in the first verse of the Epistle to the Hebrews. We see, too, that each came where and when it was especially needed, and you will find that that idea of its being specially needed comes prominently forward in various religions. That belongs rather to a later part of our subject ; that is one of our reasons for expecting the coming now—that the need of such Coming is so great.

But the first idea that one wants to realise is that there is not a Coming, a Teaching once for all, but a succession of Teachers ; and if there has been such a succession in the past, if for each great age there has been a Great Teacher, then obviously Another may come now, Another

Who will put before us some fresh presentation of the mighty truth, Who will teach us how to weld into one all the contradictory ideas of the present day. You can see well enough how much necessity there is for that. We know the truth well enough ; we do not know how to apply it. We have been told that Love and Brotherhood should be the chief rules of life ; but look at the world as it is now—you do not see love and brotherhood ruling it. The Lord Buddha Himself said, 2,500 years ago, "Hatred never ceases by hatred ; hatred ceases only by love," and you know how strongly the Christ Himself preached that His disciples should love one another, that they should be one in Him even as He was One with the Father. So it is not that we do not *know*, but that we do not understand how to apply our knowledge.

We all know, for example, that co-operation should somehow be substituted for competition, and that in many ways everything would be much better if that could be done. We know that the selfishness which rules in so many directions in the world is all wrong ; we ought to be able to substitute altruism for it ; but we do not know how to adapt our beliefs to our practical life. It may well be that if a Great Teacher would come and tell us that, there might be a great change. The world is widely now coming to the belief that there ought to be a minimum of comfort, at any rate, for every human being, and that any social system which fails to provide that is failing as a civilisation. Our present civilisation is not doing it. Once more, it is not that we do not know ; it is that we cannot manage to bring our religious beliefs into harmony with our daily lives. If there be a Teacher Who will come and show us how that could be done, there is a great opening for immense improvement.

Remember that all these great religions are alike expecting that someone should come. If you learn from the great Hindu pundits and teachers, they will tell you that this is the Kali Yuga, "The dark age," a period only of transition. They expect the Kalki Avatara, and when He comes all this will be greatly improved.

The Buddhist will tell you that there is another Great Teacher to come, Whose teaching (so the Lord Buddha said) will supersede His and be far more widely accepted than His had ever been.

Even among the Muhammadans you will find the wide expectation of a great Prophet Who is to come and regenerate everything, the Imam Mahdi. You will remember, perhaps, some of you, how twenty or thirty years ago there was a vast Muhammadan outbreak in Africa under a person who called himself the Mahdi. He took this title because all the Muhammadan world was expecting a Great Teacher and Leader, and so the fanatic of Central Africa, taking that title, persuaded many thousands to follow him. He was not the Great Teacher, but the fact that it was worth his while to take that title shows what the feeling is.

So in Zoroastrianism—one of their greatest Teachers is to come back and reform the world.

Then in South America, among the Red Indians, Quetzalcoatl, the Great White Teacher Who shall come from over the sea, is looked for.

As I have said, Christianity expects His Coming. I am old enough to remember how, in the middle of last century, there was a great outburst of expectation of the immediate Coming of the Christ. One or two preachers took the matter up—a certain Dr. Cumming and others—and preached the immediate arrival of the Christ. They were wrong in expecting it just then, but the eagerness with which people listened, and the number of followers they gathered round them, showed how ready people were for the idea that some Great One should come. Even now there are those who are called the Adventists; and I believe the Irvingites also are expecting the near coming. There is a wide expectation all over the world that the Great One is near; and there are other societies, besides this Order of the Star in the East, which are trying to prepare the way for the Coming of a Lord Whom they expect at no distant date.

You may say that all this expectation does not prove anything. No; but to a student who understands, it is a most significant sign. Remember that there are greater beings than men in the world. There are Great Beings standing far higher in evolution Who know about these things, and They know well when the time approaches for a Great One to come. Their thought-forms are spread about the world, and it is the reaction of those thoughts that causes the widespread expectation. Coming events cast their shadows before, truly; because Those who know are already thinking about it, and that influences *our* thought, even though we may know nothing about Those higher Beings who set that thought in motion.

Why should we expect this Coming just now? That is one of the reasons—because of the widespread expectation. Another reason is that each new race has always a new religion, and a new race is arising here and now before your eyes. That is a matter not for Theosophical belief only, but for consideration by those who study the signs of the times—ethnologists and others. The American Bureau of Ethnology, for example, has published various accounts of the new race of Americans. That great country has been populated by people from practically all the older countries; but they tell us that the children who are being born now differ from any of those older races—differ in the measurements of the head, the average shape of it, and other details. Just as what we call the Celtic Race—the Romance peoples, the French, the Italians, the Spaniards—differ from the Anglo-Saxon Race, so does this new sub-race differ from all the others, quite as much as those vary from one another. That is a matter not beyond your observation, because that new sub-race is arising among you in Australia as well as in America. You may see here evidence of a new type arising. I was myself much struck by it when I landed in the northern part of your Continent a year ago. I met children in the streets who did not look like English children, like French children, or like the children of any race I knew. They were

clearly showing a new and a different type. It is a type of keen intellect and of strong will, a distinctly powerful type. Your country here is a comparatively new one, as America is comparatively new : it is in these new countries that the new type is arising.

Is this new type to be the only one all through the world's history without its special teacher? Hardly. Each hitherto has had its own special variety of religious teaching. It is not at least probable that in this case the new religious teaching might come also? Surely we need it. We have a mighty civilisation round us now, but we have also a vast amount of misery and suffering. There is unrest everywhere ; it is not only this terrible war (an awful thing which one would not for one moment want to minimise) ; but remember that, before that came, we had industrial wars taking place everywhere, which caused in the aggregate an incalculable amount of suffering and loss. We find those industrial troubles in all countries ; everywhere difficulties arising, attempts being made to patch things up which broke down in a few months or a few years. We see the system of our civilisation breaking down before our eyes. If civilisation means anything, it means the wellbeing of all its people ; it means that we should be in a better condition and not a worse one than the members of savage tribes. The amount of preventable misery which exists in all the great races of the world is something appalling. Our civilisation is not doing for us that which we have a right to expect, and it is not because we do not know ; it is because we do not apply what we do know.

Along with this we find new developments of all sorts taking place—the most unexpected new developments. Take science, for instance : those of you who have studied anything of modern science know that the old theories have been revolutionised within the last few years, and that now the few points which they told us they were absolutely certain about are in a condition of flux. The old conception of atoms and molecules is quite dead now. Such fundamental changes have taken

place that we may well be on the eve of an entirely new cycle of scientific knowledge.

When you look at art, the old canons on which we elder people were all brought up are all going. We find all sorts of new ideas. In many cases they are not satisfactory, at present, all these strange ideas of the Futurist and the Cubist. We find it in music ; the newer music is coming to the forefront, and as yet it certainly is not what it presently will be. It has all sorts of new wonderful capacities, but it is evident that as yet it has not settled down. In all sorts of directions we see old fundamental ideas being thrown aside. It may be that in the very realm of mechanics itself, of which you think yourselves so certain, ideas may turn up any moment which will entirely revolutionise it. You think that impossible ; well, the future will show. It is a time when all is in flux, when the old is no longer satisfactory.

All that being so, it is a time when a new Teacher is sorely needed. In the ancient Hindu Scripture the Lord is represented as saying, " When evil triumphs in the world, then I come to teach the truth." If that be so, surely now is the time when He might well come and explain. We do not want *new* truths, but we do want the inspiration to use the old truths. There is a mighty desire to help abroad. You find all sorts of people in all sorts of directions with their panaceas for the improvement of the world. They are giving up their strength and their very lives in the endeavour to better the conditions of the world, but so far the success has not been great. There are plenty of people who are full of enthusiasm, who are ready to help, but who do not know how. They, too, will welcome One Who *does* know how, One Who can teach them, One Who will lead them. There will be plenty to follow when the Great Teacher shall come.

We in the Theosophical Society have studied these things, and some of us in the course of our study have been led to the Feet of the Great Ones Who are in charge of the world's evolution. That is the one great fact that you must try to understand and grasp : that the world is not rolling onwards as a concourse of fortuitous

atoms, not a mere chaos going blindly by chance wherever it will. Little as you may think it, the world is being guided, is being directed. There is a Great Spiritual King of the World Who directs its evolution, and He has Those Who stand around Him and work His Will, and They are the central force from which all the teaching comes forth. It is They Who send out first that Teacher and then this, and often the same Teacher over and over again in different forms, in different births or incarnations. The whole scheme of the world's evolution, slow as it is, is utterly sure. It is not a mere chance; it is a definite plan. If you can once get that idea into your mind, then you understand that the coming forth of a Great Teacher is a thing which happens periodically in the world's history. It is about time now that another should come, and those of us who have come into touch with the Great Ones behind, whose privilege it has been to be taught by Them, know because we have seen for ourselves Who this Great Teacher is Who is to come. We know from Him, from His own word, that He will come soon—that as soon as the world can be prepared for Him, He will come forth.

This terrible war which convulses the world is one of the necessary steps in the process of preparation. If it could have been done otherwise, that indeed would have been infinitely better; but it had to be, it seems, and surely at the end of it all there will arise a nobler humanity, a purified humanity, which will be prepared to take wider views, to try altruistic experiments in a way that has never been possible yet.

So our fundamental reason, which stands at the back of all these others, is that many of us *know and have seen* this Great Teacher Who is to come, and have it on His own word that He will come. Of course, that assertion of ours is not conclusive to others who have not seen Him. They say, "You may have dreamed: you have been deceived." Well, we do our duty in telling that which we know; whether people accept our message or not is, after all, their affair, not ours. We do what we must when we put our knowledge at the

disposal of all those who are interested in the subject. Even supposing we are wrong, supposing that the Great One should postpone His coming, even then have we done harm in calling upon people to prepare themselves to make the way ready for Him, in calling them to develop the virtues of steadfastness, gentleness and devotion, in calling upon them to make their lives fit to receive Him when He does come, and to get the world into a state fit to receive Him? Surely we have done good, and not evil. So we call upon those who are interested to come forward and join us in this work, to try to prepare themselves and, so far as may be, to try to prepare others also for the Advent of the Great One, so that when He comes He shall find the world more ready to listen to Him than it was two thousand years ago in Palestine; so that His teaching shall be more widely spread, so that in every town and every village there shall be a nucleus of those ready for Him; so that all will be in order for His work; so that we may (if we may say it with all reverence) save Him trouble, prepare for Him an instrument that He can use. We can "prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths straight." That seems to us a great and noble idea. All those who feel it to be so should join with us in the work. The more we have who are preparing themselves, the greater is the probability that the preparation will be well and nobly done. Remember, He waits till the world is ready; make it ready sooner, and He will come sooner. A time when brotherhood and love shall reign is in front of us. You may think this Utopian, but it is not so. It is within reach, but whether it will come sooner or later depends largely upon the earnest work of those who are looking for it, of those who believe in His coming, and are anxious to smooth the way. So I say, join us if you will, you who are desirous at least of doing what you can, and when He shall come you will reap the reward of your exertion, in that He will find you instruments ready to His hand, men whom He can use in the glorious work which He is coming to do.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

# The Relics of the Buddha

By C. JINARAJADASA.

**W**HEN the Lord Buddha passed away "into Parinirvana" in 478 B.C., His earthly body was cremated at Kusinârâ, on the borders of Nepal. After the fire was extinguished there remained of the body only some tiny pieces of bone. These were divided into eight equal portions and given to eight groups of the Lord's followers, whose names are given in the Buddhist scriptures. Over each portion was erected a "stupa," or commemorative mound.

One of these portions found a final resting place in the first century A.D. in a great monastery and stupa built by the Buddhist Emperor Kanishka, and two Chinese travellers, Fa-hien of the fourth century and Hionun Thsang of the sixth, have left on record their visit to this shrine of the relics. The city near which was the great monastery is called by the second traveller, "Purushapura." Kanishka is known as a great conqueror, and, on his conversion to Buddhism, became a great patron of Buddhism; and, like Asoka, he called a Buddhist Council, the third great Council of Buddhism. On coins and inscriptions the records of Kanishka are to be found; it is during his reign that Græco-Buddhist sculpture flourished, giving us the exquisite images in the Lahore and Calcutta Museums.

As late as 1030 A.D., the Mohammedan historian Alberuni mentions the great stupa of Kanishka; it was pulled down in 1001 A.D. by the Mohammedan conqueror Ghazni, and soon even the memory of what was the city of Purushapura was lost.

In 1902, the French archæologist Foucher proved beyond a doubt that Purushapura is the modern Peshawar, and he actually located the mounds which are the remains of the ancient monastery and stupa. Seven years later, the Indian Archæological Department excavated the mounds, and located the original stupa. Into this they dug, and, in the centre of it, they found a stone mortuary chamber. Within the chamber was a bronze casket of peculiar shape, round, with three bronze figures on the lid. The lid pulls off as in a powder-box, or as in a Burmese betel nut carrier. (A model in plaster of Paris of this casket is shown in the photograph, where it is held in the hand by the Burman who stands on the left of Mr. Jinarajadasa.) The casket bears two inscriptions, one as follows, mentioning the dwellers of the monastery: "Homage of the teachers of the Sarvâstivâdin Sect." The second inscription gives the name of the Greek artificer who made the casket, probably under orders from the king, as follows: "Agisalaos, head engineer in the Vihâra of Kanishka, in the Sugârâma of Mahâsena."

Inside the casket lay a transparent rock crystal, about three-and-a-half inches long by two-and-a-half broad. A hole had been made in the crystal two inches deep and an inch-and-a-half wide. The hole was covered and sealed, with a seal-mark probably of the king. In the cavity in the crystal lay three tiny pieces of bone, the largest not more than one-half inch in length. These three tiny pieces are the "Buddha Relics."



C. JINARAJADASA.

Photo. : Ahuja, Rangoon.

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GROUP TAKEN AT MANDALAY, SHOWING MR. JINARAJADASA HOLDING THE CASKET CONTAINING THE RELICS OF THE BUDDHA.

The Government of India took charge of the relics, and decided to present them for custody to the Buddhists of the Indian Empire represented by the Burmese. The bronze casket was kept at the Peshawar Museum ; the Government donated a gold cup with a suitable inscription recording the gift to hold the crystal ; and the Burmans brought with them a shrine in the shape of a little stand and a dome-like top, all made of gold and studded with rubies. The formal gift of the relics to the Burmese people took place in the presence of the Viceroy of India, at Calcutta, on March 19th, 1910.

The relics, in the new gold casket, are now at Mandalay at the Arakan Pagoda Temple. This is not their final resting place. A splendid shrine for them is being constructed by the Buddhists on Mandalay Hill, not quite on the top of the hill, but about three-fourths of the way to the top. A winding road of several thousand steps, all under cover, lead from the plain to the shrine. All this has been constructed by public contributions, and, when complete, will form a most strikingly beautiful place of pilgrimage for Buddhists, and a unique place worthy of the visit of all tourists who come to Burma.

It is noteworthy that for nearly a half a century there has been at the top of Mandalay Hill a striking statue with a history. It is a standing figure, said to be of the Bodhisattva Maitreya ; the figure is about sixty feet high, carved in wood, and heavily gilt. The Bodhisattva has a most unusual gesture, with right arm and hand pointing straight out in front of him, as if commanding. Tradition has it that the last king but one of Burma, King Mindon Min, dreamt that a log would come floating down the river, and that he should construct out of it, with the aid of a particular craftsman, a figure with the gesture described, and that he should then place it on Mandalay Hill. It is a most striking figure, and certainly not intended for the Lord Buddha, who is always represented sitting in meditation cross-legged, or reclining on His side, or standing with His hand expounding, but never commanding.

In October, 1915, the Burma Section of the Theosophical Society held its annual Convention, and I was invited to preside. One of our devoted Mandalay members, Mr. C. G. S. Pillai, an Indian Burmese, who is one of the Trustees in charge of the relics, arranged with a fellow-trustee to have them shown to the visiting Theosophists. We all went to the Arakan Pagoda, and in the shrine room of the temple there stood in a corner an iron safe, with a huge iron chain round it. In the presence of the military sentinel, who is on guard night and day, the safe was unlocked, and the gold casket taken out and taken to a preaching hall near the shrine. There the casket was opened, and the rock crystal shown ; the relics can be seen through the crystal as three tiny pieces of bone. As I am a Buddhist I was allowed, with the consent of the trustees, to hold the casket in my hand, while we were all photographed by one of our party, in remembrance of our gathering on such a unique occasion. It is characteristic of Theosophical gatherings all the world over that they are often quite international ; in the present group there are Indians, Burmans, English, American, Dutch, and Jews, while the photographer was a follower of Zoroaster. Whatever our nationalities and religions, we were all united, as members of the Order of the Star in the East, in our reverence of the great World Teacher of Humanity, the Lord Gautama Buddha. We could not but hope that some day the Great Teacher, whose way we are preparing, would visit this sacred spot and add His powerful magnetism to what already exists with the relics, for the helping of the thousands that flock now to Mandalay to be inspired by the life and teachings of the Lord Buddha.

When the " Buddha Relics," as the Burmese now call them, were presented at Calcutta to the delegation sent from Burma to receive them, almost by an accident Mrs. Besant was present on the historic occasion. What she then saw she has been put on record in these words, in *The Theosophist*, April, 1910 :—

"To the ordinary eyes it was merely a brilliant gathering—high officials of State, the Representatives 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 Presence in their midst!"

Each that comes to the Relics is impressed according to his own temperament and gifts; the pious Burman feels a rapture of devotion, the sceptical and inquisitive tourist nothing; the President of the Theosophical Society, endowed with clairvoyant gifts, sees once again the ancient colours of the aura of the Lord Buddha—blue, yellow, rose, white, saffron, and "iridescent," and the wonderful magnetism that still lingers round these relics of the last earthly house of the First Fruits of our Humanity. I can put on

record as of my experience only a little—little for the world, but a mighty thing for me. It was not a vision of any eye, material or immaterial, but a vision in the heart.

And I stood before Him, and there was on His face such a smile as none has smiled before Him nor since. It was a smile of intense and radiant welcome and friendliness and love—the joyous smile of a mother to a child, of a strong elder brother proudly welcoming a younger, of an adored master to a beloved pupil. Imagine the play of sunlight through a wood as the leaves move to a breeze, and blend with each ray a greeting of joyous welcome, that was at the same time full of strength and benediction. That was His smile, serenely joyous, lifting a load, and giving assurance of triumph. He knew my past, and my future, and the burden of the present; and with His smile He gave a promise of final Victory.

This was the message that once more came to me from Him, as I stood before those three tiny fragments of the Body at Whose feet I fell in worship long ago.

C. JINARAJADASA.

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*When the burning ceremonies were over, Dēvaputra said to the multitudes that were assembled round the pyre:*

*"Behold, O brethren, the earthly remains of the Blessed One have been dissolved, but the truth which he has taught us lives in our minds and cleanses us from all sin.*

*"Let us, then, go out into the world, as compassionate and merciful as our great master, and preach to all living beings the four noble truths and the eightfold path of righteousness, so that all mankind may attain to a final salvation, taking refuge in the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha."*

*And when the Blessed One entered into Nirvāna, and the Mallas had burned the body with such ceremonies as would indicate that he was the great King of Kings, ambassadors came from all the empires that at the time had embraced his doctrine, to claim a share of the relics; and the relics were divided into eight parts, and eight dāgobas were erected for their preservation. One dāgoba was erected by the Mallas, and seven others by the seven Kings of those countries, the people of which had taken refuge in the Buddha.*

*The Gospel of Buddha,*

PAUL CARUS.

# The Great Awakening

## II. The Principle of Undercurrents.

By IRVING S. COOPER.

*[In the first paper of this series Mr. Cooper wrote of the growing unrest, and particularly of the spiritual unrest, of our times. Man is hungering for something, to-day, which will satisfy both heart and mind and open again the secret chamber in which dwell Inspiration and Enthusiasm. He needs new ideals. But how and where are such ideals to be found? On the surface, irreligion would seem to be the promise of the future. But, the writer holds, the truer indications as to the future are to be found, not on the surface of modern life, but in those deeper undercurrents—those profounder hopes, dreams, aspirations and speculations—which reveal the true soul of the race.]*

**I**N Southern California are to be found dry river beds, between whose willow-fringed banks half-a-mile apart are seen great wastes of sand, pebbles and rounded boulders, strewn in ridges by the rush of winter torrents. Usually the only water visible is a sinuous stream lying near one of the banks; all else seems dry and unrefreshed. Yet if a hole be dug in a low-lying level of sand, the hollow speedily becomes filled with water in which a very faint current is perceptible. Then we realise that beneath the surface of the sun-baked sand an unseen river is flowing to the ocean—an undercurrent of great power and volume.

Civilisation resembles that dry river bed, the broad, glaring reaches of which stretch round us on every side. Usually we consider ourselves well acquainted with what may be called the landscape of civilisation, because of experience, travel and reading; but few have any adequate realisation of the numerous undercurrents of strange thoughts and stranger aspirations which are trickling through the minds of men.

What is a mental undercurrent? It is that stream of speculations, hopes, intuitions and fancies, which now and then we permit ourselves to dwell upon in thought, wondering if they are true, perhaps hoping that they are. We seldom speak of them to others, fearing that they will either ridicule or misunderstand us. In fact, although oftentimes we do not wholly believe them ourselves, we feel strangely drawn to these unusual ideas. Occasionally we happen upon a book dealing with some phase of these undercurrents. We read it and are interested, for it rings true, but still we are unwilling to make public our interest. We may even go so far as to begin to live the ideals which attract us, but usually we do so without taking others into our confidence. Often we believe ourselves to be alone in our thinking, and it is with a sense of surprise that we stumble occasionally upon other persons whose thoughts have been running in similar channels. Then, for the first time, it may occur to us that our carefully concealed thoughts are but part of a great network of ideals and aspirations, flowing through millions of minds.

Like strange eddies rising to the surface of a dark pool from unknown depths, these currents of thought surge up from the unplumbed levels of the subconscious mind of the race, bringing with them new hopes, new aspirations, new powers of achievement. Mankind as a whole resembles a single individual so closely in its emotional, mental and spiritual characteristics and growth, that one cannot help but wonder at times whether we are not but cells in some vaster living body, and that history is but the story of the evolution of some titanic Intelligence. If the cells and the blood corpuscles in our own physical bodies were only historians, we might well imagine that their version of our development from infancy to maturity would resemble in many ways the history of civilisation.

These half-sensed ideals, which ceaselessly interweave beneath the surface of civilisation, can tell us more of the future than all the weighty volumes of the most learned of men. So obscure are they, that their existence and character can be determined only by conversing with hundreds of people whose confidence has been won. It is not until an undercurrent has become fairly powerful and widespread that external evidence of its existence, such as special magazines, books, lectures and organisations, may be found.

Historians recognise the almost resistless power of mental undercurrents to alter the contours of civilisation, but they are also aware of the immense difficulty of their study. Obscure, unvoiced, guarded and cherished as personal ideals, they elude the keenest of observers unless he possesses deep sympathy and a trace of intuition. This is one reason why recorded history is ever incomplete—it cannot grasp and fix these elusive ideals at their birthing. Later, of course, when they have become somewhat objectified, they may be analysed, described and given their place in recorded history. As a record of achievement, history is interesting, but if it could only trace for us those obscure motives, delicate dreams, and hidden causes, which later ripen into

achievement, its fascination would be complete.

A successful explorer of the undercurrents in civilisation must be intuitive and sympathetic, tolerant and unprejudiced, else he cannot find his way into that guarded and elusive realm in men's thoughts where later achievements are foreshadowed as intangible ideals. A lover of the obvious and a devotee of the established order, and especially one who is bent upon converting the world to his own particular interpretation of things, will not only fail to understand, but even to find the undercurrents. There is always a dash of the spiritual adventurer in him who succeeds in tapping these deeper levels of the race consciousness.

All great world movements at their inception were undercurrents, feeble and unhonoured. The lowly origin and obscure development of Christianity during the first few centuries of its growth illustrate this excellently. The menace of this despised undercurrent to the established order of the Empire did not occur to the Roman leaders until the new religion had grown too strong to be crushed. Later, when Christianity emerged to become part of the recognised order of things, it conquered the Empire. In the realm of science, another example of an undercurrent is found in the early struggles and final triumph of the doctrine of evolution. At first denounced and feared, it was not until the adherents of this truth grew in numbers and conviction and forced the idea of evolution to the surface, that men reluctantly acknowledged the belief in evolution as a swift-running tendency in civilisation. Those who formerly cried out against evolution as an enemy of Christianity, later taught it from their pulpits as the greatest of truths. The story of the growth of an undercurrent is really the history of the struggle of a truth for recognition.

Mrs. Besant has said somewhere that whenever a truth is introduced to the world, it must pass through four stages, regardless how great and important it may be, before it is recognised by humanity as a truth. While a truth or a movement is an

obscure undercurrent, only silence greets it, the leaders of the race do not endorse it, the newspapers and magazines make scant reference to it. Yet this very obscurity is in its favour, as it is left to permeate unchallenged the minds of men. This is the stage of silent contempt.

When, however, having grown stronger by winning adherents, it nears the surface, ridicule is heaped upon the truth, and we laugh merrily at its absurdity, remarking to one another, as we do so, that the world is becoming madder every day. It was thus that "common-sense" people laughed at the claims of Galileo, the electrical toys of Franklin, the "monkeys" of Darwin, and the idiocy of the first men who attempted to fly. This is the stage of biting ridicule of which we are all guilty, for to-day we are smiling at statements which the next generation will know to be important truths.

As the undercurrent begins to break through the surface and we read of it more frequently at our breakfast tables, the cloud of ridicule soon darkens into a storm of opposition. It angers us that such rubbish could be believed by any one who is not utterly a fool. We are emphatic in our declarations that this nonsense must be crushed out. Such teachings will undermine religion, corrupt society and injure our children. We are apt, during this third stage of active opposition, to write pugnacious letters to the newspapers, pound the table when engaged in heated arguments, and feel rather virtuous when we have kept our language within bounds. "Preposterous" is our favourite adjective at this period.

A little time goes by, we become accustomed to the presence of the new ideas; the truth in them, though strange, makes its inevitable appeal; and before we realise it, the truth has become ours and our neighbour's—the undercurrent has become part of the established order. When this last stage, that of acceptance, is reached, *all* who speak approvingly of the truth, do so with an air: "We have always known this to be true!" for such is the comedy of human progress, guided, not by logic and unclouded perception, as

we like to suppose, but chiefly by prejudice and unreasoned feeling. Verily the Gods must smile at times as they witness our ardent courtship of known error and our scorn of unknown truth!

Enough has been said to allow us to sum up tersely the principle of undercurrents. *The undercurrents of thought and aspiration of one generation become the established ideals and the actual achievements of another.* From this simple principle it can be seen that the future may be successfully anticipated if we are able to tap the undercurrents of to-day—our skill in so doing being proportionate to our ability to look beneath the surface of civilisation. Our efforts will be useless if they are based upon the recognised tendencies of the established order, for the very strength and consequent publicity of these tendencies indicate that they have nearly accomplished their active mission in civilisation. Their place in the future will be passive, resembling the canvas on which an artist spreads his colours. Obviously the texture of our existing civilisation may be detected in the years to come, even as the grain of the canvas may be seen in a painting, but if we would know something of the future design of the Master Artist it is surely more important to study the mixing of the pigments than the weaving of the canvas.

A study of the rise of the materialism which so dominates modern thought is illuminating as an illustration of the principle of undercurrents. A century ago civilisation, on the surface, was saturated with the spirit and teachings of orthodox Christianity. All people, who held public respect, attended divine worship and professed to hold the tenets of some Church. One who dared to disagree with the accepted religious viewpoints was regarded almost as an infidel—a fearsome name in those days—and by many treated with frowning dislike. Most of the scientists of that time were churchmen and they accepted, in their public utterances and writings, the strongly entrenched Christian belief in the special creation by God of the world and all its creatures. Here and there, it is true, a freethinker dared

to question the validity and scientific accuracy of this position, but his revolutionary ideas were not publicly accepted by scientists, much less by others, while he himself was socially ostracised. The fear of public censure is an effective brake preventing too hasty progress.

If a careful observer had sought, one hundred years ago, to anticipate the future which would prevail a generation or so later, there is not the slightest doubt but that he would have foretold the religious conquest of the whole world. For, to all appearances, Christianity, *as then taught*, was on the increase and it was only a question of time before it would become all powerful. We know now, of course, because of being able to look back over the vista of the years, that nothing of the sort happened. On the contrary, Christianity received a severe set-back, because of the successful onslaughts of materialistic science and the consequent veering of public favour.

The important point for us to determine is whether this change in the tone of civilisation could have been foreseen a century ago had the principle of undercurrents then been understood. It seems evident that this would have been possible had it occurred to any one to ascertain the secret thoughts and speculations of the leading men of that period. We have learned since then from memoirs and other documents, that while the pioneer thinkers of a hundred years ago conformed externally to the dictates of the established order, nevertheless in their most intimate intellectual circles they guardedly expressed grave doubts as to the soundness of many of the theological interpretations, were sceptical of many things taught from the pulpits, and at times, when specially

stirred, even questioned the validity of the whole religious fabric. On the surface, civilisation was comfortably religious, but beneath, in the hidden strata of the undercurrents, it was profoundly sceptical and materialistic. This unstable condition of opinion persisted and in a score of years grew so intense as to become explosive. Finally, when Darwin came forth with his theory as to the origin of species, the pent-up undercurrents broke through the crust of civilisation with a rush and in a few years transformed the ideas of all thoughtful people. Despite the feelings of horror and dismay, of anger and bitterness, which were engendered at first by the doctrine of evolution, nevertheless we realise now, after Science and Religion have both made concessions, that mankind took a long step towards the truth when it adopted a progressive instead of a sudden order of creation.

Even as the deep-lying currents of materialism of the early nineteenth century foreshadowed the intellectual revolution which took place later, may it not be that a study of the undercurrents of to-day will enable us, not only to interpret the meaning of the social and political upheaval which is now convulsing society, but also to sense something of the spirit and foretell something of the achievements of the generations to come? We shall not succeed, however, in tapping the undercurrents if we turn to the laboratories, the lyceums and the pulpits as we do for other knowledge. The undercurrents may not be found in our recognised centres of learning. We should look for them in the dreams and yearnings of the people, in the secret places of our own hearts and minds.

IRVING S. COOPER.

*(The title of the next article of this series will be "Tapping the Undercurrents.")*

# Fiona Macleod

By M. F. HOWARD.

**T**WO ideas are suggested by the romantic name of Fiona Macleod—the Celtic revival of the “nineties” and a literary mystery which baffled the critics for some years. The chief interest of her writings is still the influence of Irish and Highland poetry and legend, wild and weird with all the beauty and wonder of mountain, lake and forest in its strange thoughts and rhythms; and also that problem of the double personality of William Sharp, which found expression in these works of an imaginary authoress.

But although the mystery has been almost forgotten, and the Celtic movement has passed through other phases, the books written in the name of Fiona Macleod have not lost their right to consideration.

There is no need to give in detail the story of her meteoric appearance in the literary world. William Sharp had been for some years an amazingly industrious, versatile and brilliant critic, editor, essayist and poet. But with all the restless activity of his intellect he had the mystical insight and “otherworldliness” of the Celt, which may perhaps have been abnormally developed by methods discovered in psychical research. He seems to have evolved a secondary consciousness, which was, perhaps, a mind-shadow of a friend's beautiful personality, but may equally well have been due to concentration on the emotional side of his own inner life.

At first the distinction within his double-self was slight, and “Pharais,” the earliest story written in the feminine or

“Fiona” mood, was described as his own work in a letter to a friend before its publication. Perhaps it was the contrast between this book and his acknowledged writings that induced him to invent a name and history for its author. But it was an instinct of reticence rather than an affectation, for the spiritual insight and experiences of the new soul awakened in him so far transcended those of William Sharp, the busy journalist, that he would not lay claim to them before the world. To one who was in the secret he wrote in explanation: “This rapt sense of oneness with nature, this cosmic ecstasy and elation, this wayfaring along the extreme verges of the common world, all this is so wrought up with the romance of life that I could not bring myself to expression by my outer self.” Thus “Fiona Macleod” was evolved, and was described as a Celtic cousin who lived a retired life in Iona and the Isles, and was absorbed in the poetry, legends and folk-lore of the Western Highlands. It was not long before William Sharp himself almost believed in her objective existence, and he certainly loved her as one may love an absent friend who has become an ideal.

Fiona Macleod's first romance was received with interest and even enthusiasm by those who were in sympathy with the Celtic revival. Her second story, “The Mountain Lovers,” is almost painfully tragic, but it has very beautiful and idyllic descriptions of Nature, and of the child Iona and her playmate, the soulless Nial of the Woods. Other novels and short stories followed in quick succession (though William Sharp was still engaged in his

literary work), and her magazine articles were collected in "Where the Forest Murmurs"—a delightful series of Nature reveries—"The Divine Adventure," "The Winged Destiny," and the "Dominion of Dreams," while her verse was published in two or three small volumes. It is no wonder that William Sharp died of over-work, still young, and left a host of unfinished or merely contemplated books, planned for both sides of his personality—the intellect and the soul.

It is clear that Fiona Macleod was to him the personification of Psyche, and her dwelling place was not the real Iona, but a fairy palace in Tir-nan-Oig, the Paradise of the Celt, which, in her own writings, is called the Land of Dream. There was in William Sharp (as in many another, whether poet, critic or mere reader) a hidden life lived in a hidden world—in a kingdom of Lyonesse, drowned by the sea of worldly use and wont, custom and convention, and all the strife and restlessness of every-day existence. All these Cornish, Irish, Breton and Welsh traditions of a submerged land have their significance, for there is a forgotten and mysterious ideal-world into which a part of the mind may enter, unconsciously in many people, but consciously in such souls as William Sharp and greater poets and artists. The writings of Fiona Macleod belong to that land which is very far off, yet nearer to the soul than the world of fact and prose in which our active minds and bodies exist. One of her most charming poems of Dream-land was composed in an evening rapture at Rome, far away from any Celtic influence, and showing clearly that this rest or flight of the soul into ecstasy was an experience independent of outward circumstances.

"There is a land of dream :  
I have trodden its golden ways :  
I have seen its amber light  
From the heart of its sun-swept days :  
I have seen its moonshine white  
On its silent waters gleam—  
Ah, the strange, sweet, lonely delight  
Of the valleys of Dream !"

In a longer poem to the same purpose there is a verse which is very

significant from the psychological point of view :

"Who hath seen that fragrant land,  
Who hath seen that unscanned West ?  
Only the listless hand  
And the unpulsing breast."

This is that mood of contemplation or "wise passiveness" described by Wordsworth in some of his finest poems, and notably in the "Tintern Abbey" :

"That serene and blessed mood  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul :  
While, with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things."

Even in a lesser degree, this silence of the soul may be, as Fiona Macleod found her Land of Dream, a source of peace, refreshment and consolation.

Sometimes she wrote of it as a time rather than a place—as a long-lost Golden Age when the world was young, and man lived so close to Nature that mythology was in the process of making, and art seemed magical and heroism divine. But Fiona Macleod was not merely an interpreter of the old Celtic legends—she also described and interpreted the inner beauty of Nature, of mountain, sea, sky, and forest, and showed the mystery and the poetry of human life even in the modern world. Her shorter stories are dreamy and symbolical, sometimes weird and fantastic, but generally slight and graceful, though they are strong enough to prove the truth of her theory that romance, beauty, mystery and symbolism are to be found here and now, not absent even from the gloomy crowded towns, and fresh and glorious as ever in the lonely places of the earth by the shore and on the hillside. Though we may not visit Iona, the sacred isle of the Gael, nor Broceliande, the forest of enchantment, there are no solitary places without some share of "natural magic," and none to which the soul may not give new associations with fine impulses, high and noble thoughts, and dreams of ideal beauty. Indeed, the seeing heart may find in every isle Iona, in

every wood Broceliande; for the poetry and charm of Celtic legend and romance is not merely due to the beauty of their "local habitation"—the greater part of the glamour has always come from the sensitive souls of the poets. "Beauty," wrote Fiona Macleod, "is the light that we call imagination—the radiance, the glow, the bloom. . . . Beauty is less a quality of things than a spiritual energy: it lies not in the things seen but in harmonious perception." She writes similarly of the old romances she loved: "It is of least moment what is in the tale: it is of moment what atmosphere of ideal beauty has remained with it out of the mind of the dreamer who shaped it, out of the love of generations for whom it had been full of perpetual sweet newness as of summer dawn. And it is of supreme moment what we ourselves bring, what every reader who would know the enchantment must bring." Of her own writing she says: "I do not seek to reproduce ancient Celtic presentments of tragic beauty and tragic fate, but do seek in Nature and in life, and in the swimming thought of timeless imagination, for the kind of beauty that the old Celtic poets discovered and uttered." Yet even among Celts in these days there are few with the insight and power she ascribes to the makers of their ancient poetry, and desires for the thinkers and writers of the future: "Intimate natural vision; a swift emotion that is sometimes a spiritual ecstasy . . . a peculiar sensitiveness to the beauty of what is remote and solitary; a rapt pleasure in what is ancient and melancholy; a visionary passion for beauty which is of the immortal things beyond the temporal beauty of what is unstable and mortal." These are not the characteristics which lead to popularity, but the Celtic revival has already brought some of them into our literature. Many of our awakenings to the beauty and wonder of life have come to us through the Celt and his legends. The Romantic movement at the end of the eighteenth century owed much to the appearance of Macpherson's "Ossian," which, whether it was a genuine translation or merely an imitation of traditional Gaelic poetry, certainly

disclosed a new world of tragic beauty to an age satiated with classical models and "correct" verse. The revival of the "Morte d'Arthur" and its influence upon the painters and poets of the mid-Victorian period was another triumph of the Celtic spirit, though it came in the fascinating disguise of mediæval chivalry. The significance of the Celtic revival of the "nineties" seems to be its recognition of the symbolism of Nature, the poetry of simple life, and the existence of other than human spheres of consciousness. The Celtic renaissance is essentially spiritual rather than æsthetic or intellectual, for the Celt is the seer and prophet of the modern world, though his dreams and visions are often fulfilled by more practical races.

It was appropriate to personify the soul of the Gael as a sad, wise woman, but Fiona Macleod was something more than a poetic fancy—she was also the symbol of the "feminist" movement, and of a gradual realisation through sympathy of the mysterious soul of womanhood, the mystic side of humanity. There is a wonderful insight in such poems as her "Rime of the Sorrows of Women," and "The Prayer of Women." Of their composition William Sharp wrote in a letter: "I have never so absolutely felt the woman-soul within me: it was as though in some subtle way the soul of Woman breathed into my brain." There were and are undeveloped possibilities in both the Celtic and the Feminist movements, and the work of Fiona Macleod attempted to realise some of these deeper and more spiritual ideas. As time went on her writings became more philosophical, passing from the spiritual romance suggested by Hawthorne and Shorthouse towards the form of Maeterlinck's essays—which William Sharp himself admired and criticised with characteristic assurance. A great ambition seems to have developed with the personality of Fiona Macleod—she was to become a prophetess, or at least a forerunner of a greater teacher, that "Woman of Iona" who haunts some of the later essays. "In the Isle of Dream (Iona) God shall yet fulfil Himself anew,"

she quotes from an ancient rune. From its very nature, the form of her message could only be symbolical and elusive, yet it is clear that an increasing purpose runs through all her work, even the slighter stories, while in the later books, "The Divine Adventure" and "The Winged Destiny," the meaning is obvious to all who have ears to hear—"that little scattered clan to whom the wild bees of the spirit come." "The Divine Adventure" is too plainly allegorical, and therefore less convincing than her more subtle parables. It is the story of a complex personality—one in whom there is the consciousness of a triple alliance between Body, Soul and Mind, which are represented as distinct persons and mere travelling companions upon the Divine adventure of Life. But their aims and their ways differ widely—the Soul loves Prayer and Hope and Peace, the Mind seeks Dream and Rest and Longing, while the troublesome, eager Body desires Laughter and Wine and Love. They separate and are miserable—the Body falls into sin and sorrow, the Mind is bewildered by problems of Fate and Justice, the Soul wanders from one to the other, helping, consoling and striving to unite them again. Her task is only accomplished at the death-bed of the Body—a strange scene, full of beautiful ideas. But this allegory is not Fiona Macleod's best work, for there are almost insuperable difficulties in dramatising psychology.

Perhaps there is less of her than of William Sharp in "The Winged Destiny, a study of the spiritual history of the Gael," but it is probably the finest of her books. It reveals a wiser and stronger soul, not free from the old graceful elusiveness and romanticism, but with a definite and noble philosophy. It is a collection of essays of unequal merit, prefaced by a beautiful little eulogy of mysticism, and concluded by an essay on Destiny. This seems to have been suggested by, and certainly challenges comparison with, Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny." Fiona Macleod's deepest convictions are to be found in this, for the "winged destiny" was the great

idea she had tried to reach and express in all her poetry and romance. Fate, or destiny, is the thought that rises in the mind spontaneously in connection with the Celtic spirit, either in literature or life. To "dree one's weird" is perhaps the only Highland phrase that the Englishman has adopted—attaching to it a dreary interpretation which is probably as superficial as his general view of the Celtic temperament. It is this fundamental instinct of the Celt—the recognition of Destiny and its influence on life and character—that Fiona Macleod analyses in the essay which seems to be the consummation of her work. She affirms that "the secret of Destiny must be sought within, in the interior life; that Destiny is but the vague term of a quality of spiritual energy, and not the designation of an immutable and inevitable force." Moreover it is a complex influence, for "There is a destiny which compels through the invisible, and a lesser one which allures from without or through recognisable things." She proceeds to describe how Destiny, like man, is of a three-fold nature, "There is in Fate, first that which we make and invite and name fatality; and above it the Destiny which calls to us as a tide calling in the night, and to which we respond as creatures that must inevitably go with that tide . . . but yet who on that tide may compel our own way, and avoid the whirlpool and attain the fortunate shores; and beyond this the Winged Destiny which leans from Eternity into Time, and whispers to the soul through symbol and intuition the inconceivable mystery of the divine silence."

It is true that Fiona Macleod, the poetess of Iona, was merely a dweller in the land of Dream, and that her story is as mythical as the old Celtic legends themselves. But in this resemblance lies the reason of her appearance and the secret of her power, for she was, as the myths are, real and true in the deeper sense of truth so profound that it can only be expressed in the form of symbol.

M. F. HOWARD.

# Ideals in Art

## I. The Expression of a National Ideal—The West Front of Wells

By HOPE REA.

*[This is the first of a series of five articles by Miss Rea. The writer is an experienced Art critic, and is the author of one or two books which have been exceedingly well reviewed.]*

**I**N the cathedral church of Wells we have a unique monument of the mind and Art of mediæval England.

Being a church of the "old foundation," that is, a Bishop's Seat from the first, and not originally monastic, it suffered but little at the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries; so, for the most part, except where the hand of time has touched it, we are able still to see in Wells a work as planned by its original builders and sculptors. Nowhere else in England has so complete an expression of our mediæval mind survived, and the attempt to recover that mental outlook and attitude is fraught with rare interest. Architecturally, Wells occupies only the second rank among English cathedrals; exquisite as is the grouping of its parts, its setting and general effect, it incontestably has not the grandeur of Durham, the dignity of Lincoln, nor the grace of Salisbury, to go no further; the crowning and peculiar glory of Wells is its sculpture. The architecture of the whole West Front is subordinated to it and is but a screen to carry an extended scheme of sculptural art, in relief, in the round, grouped compositions, and single statues, each and all enclosed in niche or canopy, delicately enriched by further artistry. The whole

is a tremendous artistic effort, carried out to a triumphant conclusion.

Much has been surmised and written in recent years about this wonderful monument, by both antiquaries and architects, and the pendulum of interpretation has swung from one extreme to another; some writers explaining every detail, identifying every figure, and giving its historical and symbolical significance, others almost rejecting any theory of unity of purpose in the work, and the idea that it embodies any definite thought scheme. In like manner the question of its authorship has been the field for very conflicting opinions. Dr. Percy Dearmer, for example, in his otherwise very carefully written guide-book, indulges frankly in what Mr. Balfour has recently so aptly termed our English "gloomy joy of self depreciation," and decides definitely that such good workmanship could not possibly have come from the hands of native artificers, the chief reason apparently for so thinking being merely the fact that it is so good! On the other hand, Messrs. Prior and Gardner, after a most exhaustive and comparative study and examination of remaining contemporary sculpture, not only in England but abroad, are convinced that it is the work entirely of a

local school of West Country craftsmen, developing their skill along the lines of native tradition, and by the light of their own genius. In this, the opinion arrived at independently by the present writer finds confirmation, and what follows is therefore based entirely upon that conclusion, that the sculpture of Wells is not to be attributed to any foreign workmen, Italian or French, but is entirely English in execution, as it is in inspiration.

Our first illustration, though perforce reduced to small proportions, allows us to obtain some idea of the character and magnitude of the design adorning the western façade.

As design, two things are at once apparent; first, the complete subordination of the architecture to the sculpture, a point which is in startling contrast to contemporary French work, where the architectural were the main features of a façade; and secondly, the glorious decorative unity in the distribution of the sculpture; true sculpture, and yet clothed around with architectural setting, which but serves to enhance the beauty of the general effect. "The west front of Wells," wrote Fuller, "is a masterpiece of art made of imagery in just proportion, so that we call them *vera et spirantia signa*. England affordeth not the like."

As regards the quantity of sculpture embraced by the design, it has been estimated to have equalled, when in a perfect state, that of the Athenian Parthenon.

Before venturing on any interpretation of this vast decorative scheme, the conditions both as regards contemporary thought and history should be recalled, as far as space allows.

The work of the western end of this cathedral, including its sculpture, belongs to the thirteenth century, and is associated with the name of Jocelyn Trotman, Bishop of the diocese, a native of the town, and consecrated in 1206.

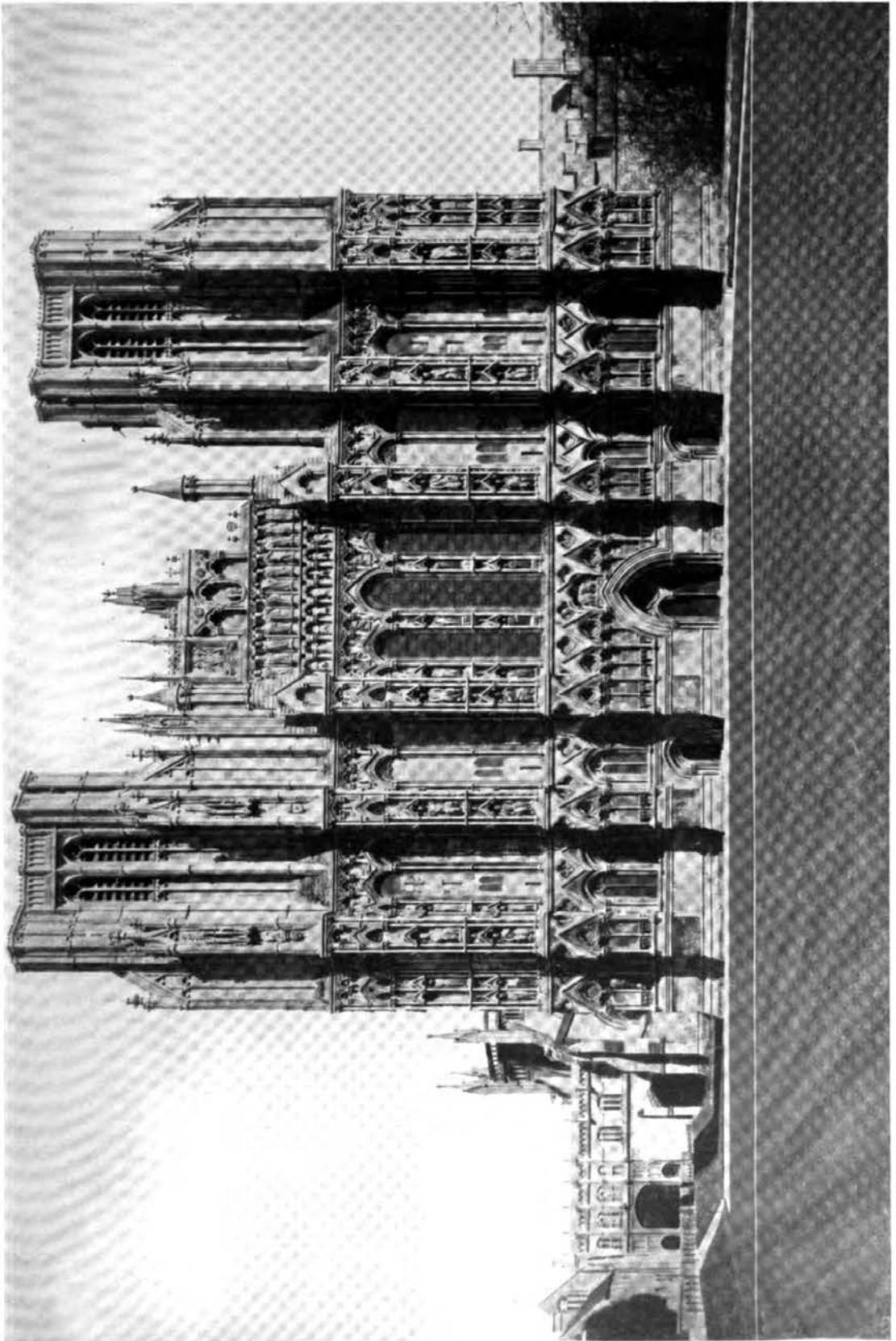
The thirteenth century was one remarkable throughout Europe, a period of great aspiration, thought and expression. We may consider that Dante's *Divine Comedy*,

belonging to its close, and the opening decades of the next century, sums up its attitude and outlook, and in wholly characteristic artistic form. Local movements, while preserving their distinctive outer mode, were no less transfused by the underlying unity of faith, for practically the whole of thinking Europe was basically of one mind. In England the local movement of these years was towards a renewed national self-realisation. From 1066, she had undergone a process analogous to "Prussianisation," at the hands of the Norman immigrants; and the fervour which is nowadays animating the various smaller nations of Europe was ours seven hundred years ago. At the period under consideration, England was succeeding in conquering her conquerors, and becoming her own self once more, but with an added life; the day of Magna Charta was approaching, and the elevation of Jocelyn Trotman, a man of English birth and patriotic bias, to a bishopric was in itself definitely an indication of the national uprising; and there is little doubt that, following a succession of foreigners, he entered upon his office fully conscious of the significance of his elevation, and also that he was welcomed in his diocese in the same spirit, and with joyous acclamation. It was thus on the swelling wave of a national enthusiasm, and in the flowing tide of the intellectual life of a great century, that the Cathedral Church of Wells rose into the form with which we are now familiar.

With all this in mind, we cannot but see in the decorative scheme of its western façade an open page of both History and Divinity, this latter carrying with it a far wider signification than than now.

In the century of Aquinas, Theology embraced the idea of all knowledge.

The first twelve years, however, of Jocelyn's episcopate were troublous. He suffered exile and the property of the See was confiscated by the king, who appropriated its income to his own use. But in 1215 Trotman was among those who withstood the king on Runnymede, and in 1218 he found himself in a position to turn his attention to the affairs of his diocese.



SHOWING THE NINE TIERS OF SCULPTURE AND THE DESIGN AS A WHOLE.  
WEST FRONT, WELLS.



FIGURES FROM RESURRECTION TIER.  
WEST FRONT, WELLS.

A mediæval bishop in England was a personage of immensely greater weight in his See than is his modern counterpart ; briefly, he had it in his power to be the leader of its civilisation. A high official in an international church, he could hardly be provincial, but, on the contrary, he could not be other than a man of travel and wide interests ; as a theologian, he was inevitably more or less in touch with the best thought of his age ; his connection with a cathedral church further placed him in the full stream of the art life of the greatest period of European art production ; the whole tradition of his order and the spirit of his time fostered the idea that as Bishop, he must be a patron and connoisseur of art, if not an actual artist himself, in some degree or department. For art above all else was the accepted and most effective medium of expression of the mind of his age.

That Jocelyn fulfilled in his own person this idea of Bishop and that in a high degree we may be assured. Hence, once firmly established in his seat, from 1218 onwards, for the following twenty years, he bent his energies and powers, native and acquired, to the task of bringing his diocese up to the accepted standard of ecclesiastical Europe, and, at the same time, determining that the fabric of his cathedral church should be a vehicle for the expression of those lofty sentiments of religion and patriotism of which he was himself animated.

The statement that Art pre-eminently expressed the mediæval mind demands some elucidation. Mediæval Art and mediæval church building were in practice almost synonymous terms, *i.e.*, the Art of the age was primarily architectural, but that in itself, apart from the practical demand for building to supply ecclesiastical requirements, was also the outcome of the mediæval habit and mode of thought, which was fundamentally architectonic in character.

The unquestioned ideal of government was hierarchical, rising upwards constructively, from base to apex, in carefully calculated gradation, as is evinced in both the ecclesiastical and feudal systems,

both inter-related, balanced, and counter-balanced as regards each other and in their individual construction ; and both alike were further consciously brought into line with the cosmic plan as then apprehended, each in its own department reflecting constructively the planetary system. Again, the tendency of the thirteenth century was to bring all learning into one carefully synthesised and symmetrical system of thought. Order, balance, symmetry, completeness, were sought for as basic necessities for all mental conceptions, and, while leaving scope for much individual divergence and excursion as to detail and method, these might not sever themselves from the fundamental unities—that way lay heresy. The *Divine Comedy* is again an interpreter, not only of the actual thought of the age, but also of its fashion. Dante's poem is as carefully constructed as it is magically conceived, and withal local in colour to its very ink and pen-strokes.

When, therefore, a Mediæval Gothic Artist began to work, he instinctively *built*, and when he set out a scheme of decoration, it was inevitably the outcome of this architectonic attitude of mind. His decoration expressed a mental conception primarily, which was in its turn a scheme, or a well-defined section of a scheme, of thought, itself related to the greater and more comprehensive scheme which embraced all things, the Sum, *i.e.*, Theology, Beatrice, Divine Philosophy, each and all by whatever name, one and the same thing. Mediæval Art and Literature interpret each other.

In Wells we have an example unique in England, in point of preservation, where we may with some hope of success attempt to decipher one such decorative scheme embodying, in characteristic mode, a section of the best thought of the day with, in addition and equally characteristically, a strong local tincture.

With these considerations in mind, and without undue insistence on the interpretation of detail, which might easily result in error, let us endeavour to read the Wells scheme of sculpture, to link the parts in their broad outlines, so as to realise what

signification the whole may possess and the proclamation that it made to the people for whom it was wrought.

It will be seen from our illustration that the sculpture is arranged, for the most part, in horizontal lines across the front, tier above tier, nine in number.

First was a row of statues, sixty-two in number, of heroic size, of which only a few remain; these, however, have led to the supposition that the series represented Founders of the Christian Faith, especially in England. Next come thirty-two reliefs of half-length figures of angels, issuing from clouds and bearing in their hands crowns or mitres or scrolls; these fill the quatre-foils of the arcading above the statues. Above them comes a second row of forty-eight quatre-foils also fitted with reliefs, representing scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Above these are two tiers of 120 single statues, standing or seated, representing notabilities for the most part of English fame, men and women, lay and ecclesiastical. Again comes a row of ninety-two reliefs, under ornate canopies, representing the Resurrection, and above these, rising up to the roof of the nave alone, three shorter tiers of single statues, the first, of the nine Orders of the Heavenly Hierarchy, above them the twelve Apostles, and to complete the series, doctrinally as well as decoratively, in three niches, the figures of Christ the Judge, flanked by the Virgin and the Fore-runner.

The idea that the first tier represents the Heralds of the Gospel to the world, and especially to England, is not, says recent criticism, *ben provato*; it is, however, indubitably *ben trovato*, and a guess hazarded entirely in harmony with the mediæval spirit generally and of the rest of this monument in particular. It must not be forgotten, too, that Wells is in sight of Glastonbury, the holy spot of England and the first native centre of the Faith in the land. The second tier, of the angels with crowns and mitres and scrolls, is, to the mind of the writer, of special and curious interest. We may read these symbols as meaning, in general terms, the heavenly reward for the life of faith and the record

of that life, but a closer examination, the writer ventures to think, reveals a reference to the whole august mediæval idea of human Society and its final goal.

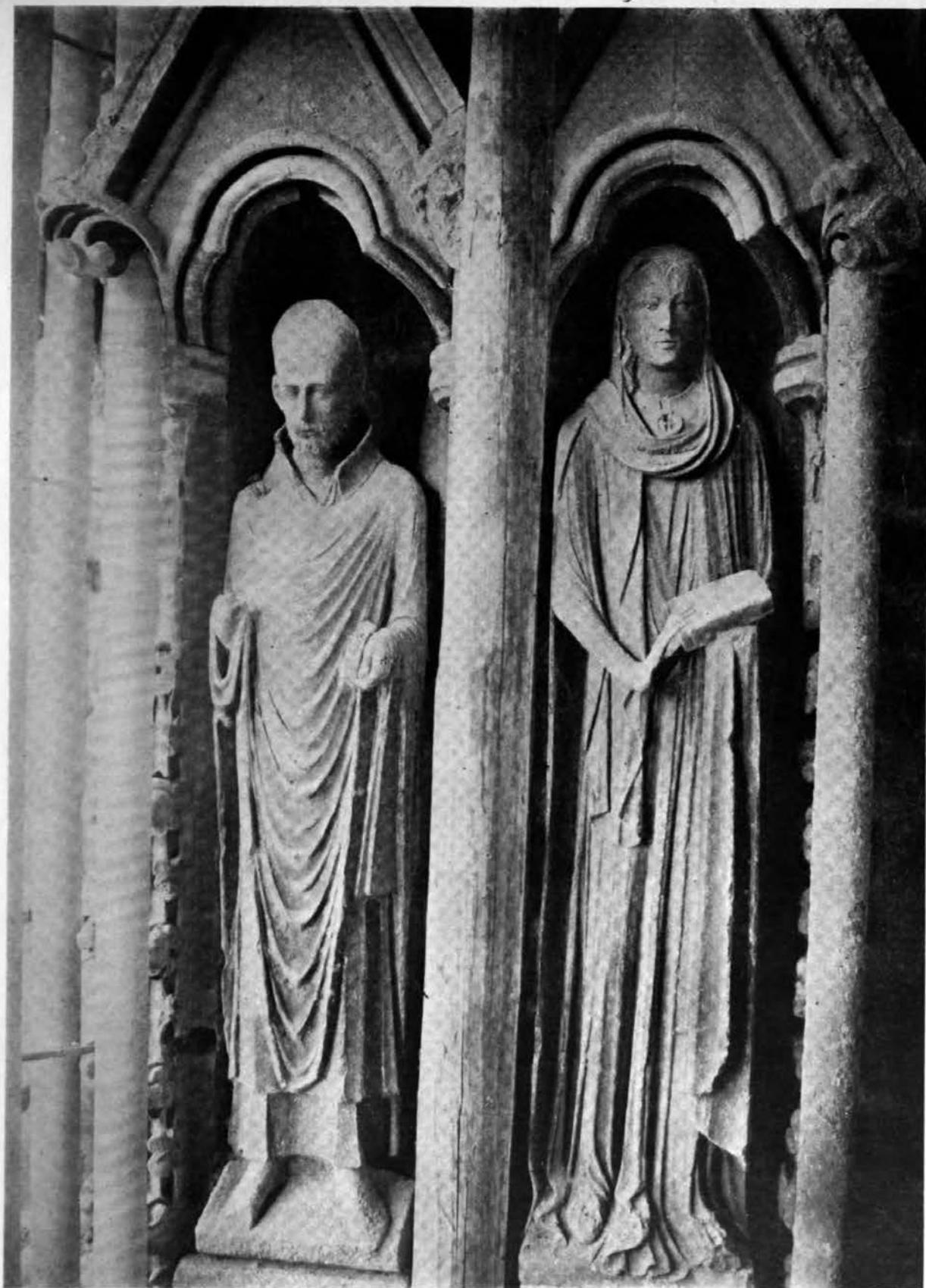
In order that mankind might reach his goal, the thirteenth century thinker held that there were two powers divinely ordained to rule and guide him—the Civil and the Ecclesiastical. The former was concerned with his outward activities, so as to secure that measure of peace to society which is needed for its own development. Thus the Civil Power promoted virtue, but arrived at that point, the second Power came into operation, in order to lead the soul on from Virtue to the further stage of Holiness, and thence still higher to the ultimate goal of human endeavour, the Beatific Vision. Monarch and Pope were the visible embodiments of these divinely appointed powers, and the obvious symbols of the two were, of the former the crown, of the latter the mitre.

We find reference to the symbolic use of these insignia in the Purgatorio 27, Ll. 139–143. At this point of the Poem, Dante, himself, symbolising the human pilgrim soul, had completed the ascent of the Mount of Purgation and was cleansed from sin. Thereupon Virgil, who had hitherto been his guide, bids him farewell in the following striking passage, his aid now having become superfluous:

“Expect no more my word nor my sign,  
Free upright, and whole is now thy will; and  
'twere a fault now not to act according to its  
promptings, wherefore I do crown and mitre  
thee, ruler over thyself.”

The man who after complete purgation has attained to perfect self-control is his own King and Pontiff, and no longer needs external compulsion.

May we not be justified in thinking that in this second tier of sculpture at Wells, there is no mere vague idea of a general heavenly reward to Bishops and Kings, but a reference to current thought on the deeper aspects of society, expressed by a generally accepted symbolism? If the first tier refers, as we may legitimately venture to suppose, to the foundation of the Christian Faith, more particularly in England, the second tier with equal prob-



AN ECCLESIASTIC AND NOBLE LADY.  
WEST FRONT, WELLS.



KING INE. THE FOUNDER OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF WELLS.  
WEST FRONT, WELLS.

ability indicates the character of that faith, its demands, its goal.

The Old and New Testaments were to the Mediæval Thinker in an especial manner books "written within and without." It is difficult to-day, without special study, to realise the wealth of allegorical and mystical meaning which was read into, and out of, those ancient records. "As a calendar for unlearned men," who, nevertheless, were called on to live the life of Faith, the forty-eight quatre-foils of the third tier were added to convey knowledge of these books, fraught before all others with divine teaching.

Next to this follow the two tiers of single statues, representing personages who had wielded one or other of the divinely appointed powers, civil or ecclesiastical, Kings, Queens, Bishops, and men of Learning, all rulers, of mind, body or soul, who had stood on the side of right Government, Religion and Learning generally, but again more particularly in the earlier pre-Norman England, the real England to Jocelyn and his West Country folk, that was now re-asserting herself and coming again into her own.

Upon these follows the tier of the Resurrection, from many points of view the most remarkable of the whole series. In this tier forty-eight canopies form a course across the whole of the front, in each of which is a group or single figure rising from stone-topped tombs. This, of course, is the final human event to be looked for, following upon the life of faith, or of unfaith, when the result is reckoned up and the judgment given. Naked each of these figures rises; mitres, tonsures, or crowns alone serve to indicate the office held by one and another soul when in life. Without any accessory sculpture, fiend or gaping mouth of Hell, each figure expresses by its own innate power the spirit in which it obeys the call to arise. The reserve of the sculptor is as marvellous as his success, so unusual is it in contemporary treatment of this subject. Joyous or sad individually these figures on the Wells West Front may be, yet each, as it still stands, is invested with a calm, human dignity; they rise to

hear sentence, as it were "gentlemen, unafraid." Some stand singly, in an ecstasy of hearing; others, with quaint, sympathetic touches, are linked with companion souls; again, others acquiescing to the word of doom wait its just execution, but with nothing in either pose or expression of either exaggeration or grimace. All, indeed, are executed to the intention in the mind of the sculptor to attain that reticent concentration which is the supreme quality of the Art. With but small increase of technical excellence these Resurrection figures would rank with the highest achievements of sculpture that exist. Even as the series stands, carved in crude lines, in ignorance of the true construction and proper proportions of the human figure, it must certainly be reckoned as one of the "most profound and spiritual representations of this subject in Art."

From the Resurrection, we are led on in the next tier to a realisation of the Celestial Powers, the nine Angelic Orders, those "Great Intelligences" who move the cosmic spheres from the central point to the circumference, and within whose influence, in her just place, lies England, an indivisible part of the universal whole. Above these, in richly designed niches, were the Judge—God manifest—with John the Baptist, symbolising the Old Covenant, and Our Lady, symbolising the New, one on either hand.

This, then, is the scheme set out by Bishop Jocelyn, with what we venture to think its general interpretation, replete with the commonly accepted wisdom of the age, and, at the same time, transfused with the special sentiment of the actual historic moment in the country's life; for what the designer emphasised is England, its new hopes, its fond remembrances, of glorious home saints and kings and nobles, though all embraced in that great Christendom, which, in his mind, was the fulfilment of the cosmic scheme.

The question as to who were the authors of this magnificent achievement in the actual stone is one that it is impossible to answer. The destruction of archives by fire, together with the mediæval habit of

reticence in these matters, combine to put the knowledge of individual artists out of our reach.

All authorities agree in attributing the thought scheme to Jocelyn the bishop, and even the decorative scheme embodying the thought may well have been in some degree also due to him ; probably it was the result of happy adjustments co-operatively agreed upon by an enthusiastic group of like-minded artists, absolutely in tune with each other. Jocelyn's brother Bishop, Hugh de Lincoln, was busy at the same time on his great cathedral church ; there are hints to be found in obscure documents that the great Elias de Derham may have been in some degree of touch with Jocelyn. Elias is one of the few artists of the day whose name has come down to us, Matthew Paris speaks of him as "that incomparable artificer," and it is within the bounds of possibility that he may have been in communication with our artist Bishop of Wells.

All points to the craftsmanship being a local development from an existing tradition, the stages of its growth can be traced from point to point on the fabric, and there are special technical characteristics of the Wells sculpture quite peculiar to itself. We may be well assured that it was to the craftsmen of the countryside that Jocelyn turned when in search for spirits answering to his own, ready, as he invoked their enthusiasm, to give form and expression to his dream of cosmic things and of England, then, under their very eyes, being born anew, and as England taking her place in the universal Plan.

Space forbids any attempt to picture what must have been the full artistic glory of this monument when in its perfected state, a glory difficult for us now to realise,

for colour was indubitably added to enhance the general effect and give emphasis to this and that point, as the occasion demanded, according to the mediæval feeling in this respect. One is, in fact, ever lost in amazement when attempting to reconstruct a picture of any great Art creation of mediæval England, and still more before a picture of England as a whole in that age, starred as it was from end to end with monuments of exuberent beauty. Wells was a very finished gem, in the degree of its excellence, but it was far from being unique in kind. It was but a rich example of what was the accepted Art of England, the efflorescence of the contemporary national life.

In times like the present a retrospective glance at our capacities in Art production in the past is not without value. The driving force of terrific circumstance is to-day transforming our national Self into a something new again. Manifestly are we to be re-born.

What may be the exact form of the new England, it is, of course, premature to conjecture. One is led to ponder often and deeply on what can be the specific word which, when spoken, will arrest the ear and be acclaimed by the heart as just that word for which we have been waiting. But when that word is spoken there will inevitably be a response in all departments of life ; a bursting of dams in all the streams of our being, national as well as individual. The story of Wells in its exquisite loveliness will be undoubtedly repeated, in manifold variety, and the pent-up Art love in England, as elsewhere, will reassert itself and again speak in native tongue, embodying the freshly realised Wisdom of the new Age.

HOPE REA.

(To be continued.)

# The Spirit of Caste in India and in Other Lands

By H. N. BOSE, B.Sc.

*[It is common in the West to condemn the Hindu Caste System rather ignorantly,—that is to say, without understanding the philosophy on which it was originally based and which still, to a certain extent, underlies it; also to imagine that we have nothing at all parallel to it in Western lands.*

*Mr. Bose endeavours, in the present article, to correct both these misapprehensions. He is by no means a fanatical adherent of the Caste System. But he feels it due to the religion of his compatriots to show that the whole idea of Caste is, on its theoretical side, far more reasonable than people are apt to suppose; and also to show that this kind of social stratification is just as dominant, under other forms, in the West.]*

**B**EFORE we pass judgment on anything, it becomes us to know exactly what that thing really is. Because persons have informed us to this or that effect, we should not for that reason fetter ourselves with such information or rely on it unreservedly without any further enquiry. Slavishly to take the views of others as the touchstone on which to test our own conclusion is worse than having no opinion at all. We cannot with any sense of fairness take such views as our own guiding principles, though they may serve as materials to work on, or help us in our effort to throw further light on the subject. In such an effort our personal attitude may always be present, and this exposition of the Hindu caste-system is not free from it.

The Hindus have always been very reticent in defending themselves from the onslaughts of foreign critics, but there is at present a daily growing note of protest against any unjust or exaggerated attacks on the part of interested and short-sighted foreigners. For it is true that even the comprehensive mind of the Western scientist and ethnologist often seems unable to reach beyond the Ural Mountains

in the East. Such thinkers hardly realise to what extent they are circumscribed by their narrow European partizanship.

It is desirable that the same liberal hearing be given to the Hindus on the subject of their social customs and manners as is accorded to their hostile critics. But it is an unhappy truth that the people of the West lend ready ears more frequently to severe criticisms of Eastern life and religion than they would to anything in their defence. But Hindus do not take these destructive critics seriously, in spite of the harm they have done in prejudicing public opinion in the West. The phrase, "Oriental hyperbole," is a proverbial expression in the West, yet the peoples of the East have no monopoly in hyperbole. When a Hindu mother is pictured as standing on the bank of the Ganges with a baby in her arms, awaiting the approach of a shark or a crocodile before throwing her baby into the river as a sacrifice—or waiting, after it has been thrown, to see what a dainty meal she has offered to those aquatic monsters, and enjoying the spectacular beauty of the occasion; when a steam-engine, labelled as the "Car of Juggernath" is offered as an

appropriate cartoon for showing its death-dealing character, after the annual return of railway accidents has been published, even the Oriental head becomes giddy at the height of such hyperbole.

The caste-system of the Hindus has been subjected to absurd criticism no less than the ideal of Suttee or the Car of Juggernath. From pulpits and platforms diatribes against it have been delivered times without number, even cinemas and public shows have been harnessed to show the horror and insidiousness of the Hindu caste-system. In one such picture, which the writer happened to see, an Englishman is made to fall in love with an Indian girl. (Though depicted as the daughter of a ferocious-looking Mahomedan, she looked more like a Hindu woman!) The Englishman marries her, and they live happily for some time, but soon something happens which enrages the ferocious Mahomedan against the Englishman. He asks his daughter to poison her husband. As caste is above everything, even love cannot save her, and she obeys her "caste people." Happily the Englishman is saved by the timely attention of his medical friend, who happens to be near him. Ultimately, he manages to forget the Indian girl and marries an English girl instead. Here is one whom he can understand, and with whom he can be happy—but the caste-ridden daughter of India was so mysterious! Here Mahomedans, who accept no caste, are shown to be under the full sway of a sinister caste which is held responsible for human murder! And yet very few of the general public would detect any absurdity in this travesty of Eastern life.

All these things have tended to create a widespread and utterly false idea, and to impress the public mind with a horrid picture of the idea of caste. Let there be no misunderstanding, however; there is no reason to offer an apology here for the existence of this undesirable institution among the Hindus. The system has its baneful influences, it is true, but it will be unjust on our part to paint it so dark, to declare it so sinister, and even inhuman, as it has been declared by some.

However, the different criticisms levelled against the caste-system by foreign critics have undoubtedly been very helpful in arousing the interest of the Hindus in reforming this ancient institution; therefore, let us consider some of them. The missionary version is that society in India is striated by many artificial divisions, the one which is higher in the social pyramid despising that which is below; that none can raise himself from a lower level to a higher one, his position being irrevocably settled by his very birth; and that all this is because the Hindus have no adequate conception of the brotherhood of mankind owing to the fact that they have not been brought under Christian influence. Another version comes from the Anglo-Indian, who is ever-ready to proclaim to the outside world that India is divided into various hostile castes and sects who would cut one another's throats if it were not for the protection of a benign Government. This fact, they assert, renders India totally unfit for self-government. There are also, of course, the multifarious views of tourists, ethnologists, anthropologists and other scientific writers who carry weight with their arguments.

The observations of a Christian Chinese student in the "American Journal of Sociology," July, 1908, may be inserted here with probable success in enlisting the confidence of readers.

"The missionaries," he writes, "generally speaking, are confined to the low parts of China's civilisation. They come into contact with the worst element of China's citizenship and morality. It has been, furthermore, their interest and habit to see the dark and gloomy side of China. The truth is that the missionary attitude in China has been largely egotistic and fault-finding, almost never wholesome criticism. When they write home they usually draw pictures of the worst things they have seen, and often give bad interpretations of good things." One cannot but fully agree with this remark after reading a wide variety of missionary publications regarding India, Japan and China. It is always a mystery that the missionary books are in so many cases

nothing more than so many catalogues of the vice and immorality of foreign lands.

An entirely different class of interpreters of the Hindu caste-system are those scientists who write treatises on ideogenical, sociological and other related subjects. In a day when all sorts of non-scientific and pseudo-scientific writers take advantage of scientific dress to hide the nakedness of their poor information and ideas, one cannot be too careful about coming to any definite conclusion after reading their writings. While this is true with regard to a great many writers, it could be safely said that even the most eminent ethnologists of Europe and America suffer from a lack of first-hand information relating to Oriental peoples. This makes them incompetent judges of Oriental races outside the range of their direct and thorough knowledge. That the methodology of ethnology is beyond general scientific reproach cannot be denied, but it is conceivable that the principles are liable to be improperly applied when backed by insufficient data, or when the range of vision is narrowed by prejudice. It is a fact that Western, especially Anglo-Saxon, ethnologists do exhibit certain limitations in attempting impartial observations on the subject of Oriental peoples. Their imagination often leads them to seek in the Oriental peoples the raw materials of social or ethical evolution, while they could in most cases find them quite near at hand. There is a real danger in thus looking at things through coloured glasses, that is in trying to pick out those cases only which will go to prove a definite assumption, and eliminating every consideration which may conflict with it. By this means any society, not very well known to the readers, could be reduced almost to social protozoa—the primitive, rudimentary social organism, from which the complicated and differentiated society of to-day might be supposed to have sprung up. How often the inability to understand the caste-system correctly has been the fault of the ethnologists can be judged easily from the mistaken ideas which even the most acute intellects among them, like Kean, for

instance, seem to share with the common people. Western people generally think that any respectable looking Hindu must necessarily be of high caste, and that the poorer classes must be of low caste. Kean falls into the same error when he uses a picture of Swami Vivekananda, of World's Fair (Chicago) fame, to show the ethnological features of a "high caste" Hindu. Whatever the expression "high caste" may mean here, Vivekananda was not of such a caste. He was not a Brahman, or even a Kshatriya. He would be regarded by the Brahmans of Bengal as a Sudra.

The ethnologists have always been quite slow to acknowledge any high moral judgment in Oriental people, as they seem to think that by so doing they might be bestowing the qualities of a more advanced social group on a less advanced one. The insularity of Anglo-Saxon races has much to do with their failure to understand peoples who have different languages and customs from their own. The writer of the Indian history in the "Historians' History of the World" makes a few very pertinent remarks on this subject. There is at the present time, he says, "a growing realisation of the importance of the Oriental branch of the great Aryan tree." In illustration of this fact, the writer says: "One finds that in the most recent German *Weltgeschichte* the history of ancient India is given almost as much space as is devoted to the entire history of ancient Greece or Rome." And this, he thinks, shows, among other things, "that the Western mind is being aroused from that standpoint of insular dogmatism on which it placed itself with such seeming security." The writer then continues: "It is a hopeful sign of the times, for it suggests that the hour is near at hand when it will be generally demanded of the historian who attempts to deal with general history that he shall look out upon the world, not with the eye of a narrow European partizanship, but with true cosmopolitanism." This is even more urgently demanded of the ethnologist.

This limitation on the part of Western scientists may call forth an independent

effort on the part of the East. It is conceivable that wider ethnological generalisations will hail from the East in the immediate future, from India, China and Japan; and when this happens the narrow, autocentric conclusions of the West must eventually give way to broader principles. A generous and first-hand study of the Oriental races is sure to yield abundant fruit. A distinguished professor of anthropology in the University of Chicago made just such a study of Japanese society, with the result that at the last Darwin centenary he delivered a stirring address in which he stated that the Americans could considerably improve their society if they were willing to "take a tip" from their brethren of the Land of the Rising Sun. His enthusiasm was that of a discoverer, for it came to him as a revelation. This one instance gives the clue to the attitude which is at fault—the usual taken-for-granted attitude of the Western ethnologists.

These preliminary remarks were needed to remove, as far as possible, from critical minds any previously derived prejudices, and to leave them open for a sympathetic consideration of further side-lights which this paper may be capable of throwing on the meaning and status of Indian caste. The different sources of information regarding caste have been enumerated, and in that connection their position, attitude and limitations have been duly pointed out. It has to be borne in mind that social and ethical processes have been passing through their different stages of growth amongst the Hindus as they have been in the West. It is apparent, however, that different nations, widely separated by countries and climes, should, under different influences and conditions, develop divergent customs and manners; but difference in formal customs does not necessarily indicate different stages of moral development. It is the *content* of these forms—the spirit hidden within these outward garbs—which is the faithful reagent in our hands to solve the question of the moral standard of a nation.

In this exposition of caste, we are not concerned with its origin and growth,

neither are we to enter into a mist of mythology to hunt for an explanation of its make-up, or delve into sociological intricacies to offer a scientific analysis. For such information the proper authorities may be consulted, like Max Muller, Dutt, Hunter, Bose and others. By the very title we have limited ourselves to a statement of the spirit of caste in India and to incidental remarks on similar phenomena in various other lands.

The four main divisions of caste in India are well known, viz., the Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas and Sudras. In olden times the Brahmans had to do only with spiritual things, the Kshatriyas with the management of the State and with war; the Vaisyas attended to the trades, industries and agriculture; while the Sudras were the labourers. But this state of things cannot be said to be existing now, for a Sudra can be a landowner, and may even have tenants belonging to higher castes, while ninety per cent. of the cooks are Brahmans, because things cooked by Brahmans can be taken by all without danger of the partakers losing their respective castes. But cooks can have no social or spiritual standing, which shows that one's caste is in no way a test of one's position in society; to be respectable one does not have to belong to any particular caste. Some persons may, indeed, show great respect to a Brahman, but this is by no means socially enforced on an individual. What constitutes caste then? To be brief, caste-distinction is mainly marked by two things which touch the social life of an individual, they are inter-dining and inter-marriage. These two things do not generally take place between two different castes, though the inter-dining part has more or less given way before the confusion and bustle of present-day life, and even inter-marriage is taking place to a slight extent. Of all the castes the Brahmans show the greatest tenacity in remaining true to their ancient socio-religious life.

Gustave le Bon, the French scholar, notices the point we have just mentioned in his writings. "Two fundamental signs," he says, "mark the conformity of castes, and separate from all others the persons

belonging to them. The first is that individuals of the same caste cannot eat except among themselves. The second is that they can only marry among themselves." So also writes Hunter: "The different castes cannot inter-marry with each other; most of them cannot eat together."

From these two practices most of the foreign critics have inferred the heartless character of the Hindu caste-system. Indeed, it would require a large amount of insight on the part of a foreigner to discover the actual feeling underlying these practices. Let us take, for instance, the case of a widow and her son. A respectable Hindu widow always takes vegetarian diet, but her son may take animal food, so they must eat apart. In fact, a widow's kitchen is altogether separate from the family kitchen for this reason. She may cook her own food or a Brahman may be employed to cook for her. If, while she were eating, her son carelessly touched her, she would stop eating at once and throw away her food—but the son would not be likely to do this because of his Hindu training.

Now, here is a picture before us which is typical as showing the inter-dining aspect of the Hindu caste-system. If we are to conclude that there is any objectionable or ungenerous feeling at the back of this particular practice, we shall be confronted with aspects of it wherein such feelings can hardly be suspected—as in the case of the mother and son. The Hindus follow the practice simply as part of their religious duty—calmly and without giving the least offence. The spirit of the Hindu caste-system is, if you will, superstition; therefore, if the system is to be attacked, it should be attacked as a superstition; the ban on inter-caste dining is *not* the outcome of any ill-feeling, nor is that on inter-marriage. These have been the custom of the Hindus for ages; it has never even entered the consciousness of the majority of them to question these practices.

Another charge which has been brought against the caste-system is that it prevents a man changing his profession. But this

statement is not based upon close observation. Hunter was nearer the truth when he wrote: "Indeed, there has been a tendency to erect every separate kind of employment or handicraft in each separate province into a distinct caste. But as a matter of practice the castes often change their occupation, and the lower ones sometimes raise themselves in the social scale." One of the main objects of the Hindu "caste-guilds" was to take advantage of the hereditary transmission of acquired characteristics and of the accumulation of experience in the perfecting of different crafts, while it left scope enough for individuals to change their profession.

Another statement which one often comes across is that it was mainly because of the caste-system that the British were enabled to conquer India; but this is hardly a serious argument, for every student of history knows that it was the *racial* heterogeneity and disunity of India which led to the final supremacy of the British in the land. Col. Seeley, in his "Expansion of England," has clearly shown this. Also we must agree with Mr. John Pollen, Hon. Secretary of the East India Association, who stated in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, January, 1909, in very emphatic terms, that it was "suicidal," to speak of England having conquered India; he asserted that "India was never conquered by the English." It was the sword of India which conquered India for England, and the cause of it was racial disunity—not disunity arising out of the caste-system.

It will be interesting to consider here a few parallel customs prevalent in other lands. As regards change of profession, the practice of Western countries is much the same as that of India, especially among the labouring classes. Charles Edward Russell, the great American Socialist leader, writes on this point: "With the destruction of opportunity—caused by the concentration of capital—the working men now almost universally find themselves in a class to which for life they are consigned." He continues: "I suppose, for instance, you know what becomes of the children of coal-miners? All go into the mines as

soon as they can work. The fourth generation is now picking slate in the accursed anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. Once a coal-miner, always a coal-miner. And now neither they nor their children have any more opportunity to escape from their caste-pit than the street-cleaners of Bombay have to escape from theirs." In India, as has previously been pointed out, a man can change his profession, but that does not mean changing the name of his caste.

Writing about England, Mr. Russell says: "The rich tradesmen or others that are raised to knighthood, or even higher, shine in their own household and to the lower orders with increased effulgence, but elsewhere their status remains the same. In the books, Sir Thomas Lipton is a baronet, but to the Brahmins of English society he is still a tradesman." The difference between the Hindu caste-system and the caste-idea prevalent in England is that a Brahman in India can be of low social standing; in England the lords are always lords; the noblemen are always above the "esquires," and they in their turn are above the proletariat. This peculiarity of the Hindu caste-system is at any rate a redeeming feature. Kipling, whose poetic mind often overcomes his narrow Anglo-Indian officialism, occasionally makes statements which are very significant. While giving a picture of the child life of Kim, an outcast orphan boy of the street, he shows first how the sons of the gilded aristocrats and of the high-caste people would freely join Kim in their juvenile games, and eventually ends with this remark: "India is the most democratic country in the world."

This will sound strange to many, but this characteristic neighbourliness, friendship and amity—as existing between the different classes of people in India—is an outstanding feature which should provide food for reflection.

The extreme cleanliness and over-nicety enjoined by the caste-system in relation to food was for centuries peculiar to the Hindus, but of recent years many Theosophists, vegetarians and others in Europe and America have adopted similar ideas to

a very large extent. This fastidiousness with respect to food is distinctly the result of an evolutionary process. Westermarck, in his book on "The Evolution of Morals," devotes several lengthy chapters to this question; and Shakespeare, who had a finer temperament than most of his contemporaries, strongly censured the Englishman's indulgence in meals of beef, which, he said, "impaired his intellectual armour." Civilised life has existed longer in India than in the West; moreover, the different stages of social evolution in India never synchronised with those of Europe, but often preceded them. The Hindus have lived so long that they have come to realise that, as there is evolution, so is there devolution, that different types of civilisation rise and fall; that, as they say, "a thousand years a forest, and a thousand years a city." The nations of Europe have only lately developed the particular type of civilisation which is their pride. We cannot, with any degree of certainty, foretell the course of its further development; but, judging by the tendencies of to-day in Europe and America; the predilection of many Westerners for vegetarian diet; the Nature food, unfired food and similar movements; the increasing dislike of obnoxious lard; the Hindu-like keenness of the olfactory nerves of many persons—considering all these, one may be justified in saying that Western people as a whole are certainly acquiring Hindu habits!

Dr. Lester F. Ward, of Brown University, who is one of the leading sociologists of America, writes, in an article entitled "Social Classes and Sociological Theories" (*The American Journal of Sociology*, March, 1908): "The castes of India are not the only castes, and it is now known that they exist in all countries that have undergone the race struggle, and that they are in all essential respects the same in all, being found in great completeness even in Polynesia." Dr. Ward then shows how the four "estates" of European history were analogous to the four great castes of India. He says: "The Brahmanic caste, or priestly order, became the First Estate—the lords spiritual, the

clergy; the Kshatriyas or warriors and ruling class took the name of the Second Estate—the lords temporal, the nobility; the Vaisyas or merchants, the brokers and business class, scarcely differ from the Commons in England—the ‘*bourgeoisie*’ of France; and the Sudras, or labourers and artisans, are clearly represented by the Fourth Estate—the modern industrials, the proletariat.”

The signs of incipient caste can be well detected in American society. Some workers along this line\* have already graded the Americans as follows:—

- (1) The “Blue Bloods”;
- (2) The New Englanders;
- (3) The born Gentile Americans;
- (4) The English and Scotch immigrants;
- (5) The Irish;
- (6) Gentile immigrants from other countries of Europe;
- (7) Dagoes;
- (8) Jews;
- (9) Mongolians;
- (10) Negroes.

That the Hindu occupational castes of the third century were no unnatural growth can be made clear by pointing out how, in America, particular groups are becoming associated with certain occupations—e.g., Chinese laundrymen, Irish domestic servants, Negro porters, Russian-Jewish second-hand dealers, Hindu palmists and fortune-tellers, etc. At the present time the leading sociologists of America are of the opinion “that the present conditions in the United States are startlingly similar to those which in India gave rise to a system of caste.”†

We now come to the worst thing which has been said of the Hindu caste-system. Hobhouse, in his “Morals in Evolution,” passes judgment on the caste-system thus: “Without attempting here to go into the Brahmanic theories of the origin and nature of caste in general, or dwelling on this occasion on the position of the Brahman, it may suffice to quote a few laws from Manu illustrating the position of the

Sudras, which tend to show the ethical analogy between the caste-system and a slave-system.” But why does he consider it sufficient to quote only a few selected laws from Manu, and the worst ones at that? For the laws of Manu show a good deal of consideration for the Sudras in all matters except in the case of their maltreating a Brahman—for which offence the laws were unjustly severe; and these are the ones which Hobhouse quotes. Moreover, have similar laws been unknown in the most modern and civilised nations of Europe? Who does not know that a South African would be hanged for a crime which when committed by an Englishman would only result in a fine? Do the Negroes in America enjoy the same rights and privileges as do the whites? If the Hindus unjustly treated the conquered Sudras, the aboriginal tribes of India, there is nothing so very startling in that. Even yet we have still to learn to deal fairly by our fellow-men. Again, Hobhouse overlooks the fact that Manu’s laws ceased to be binding on the Hindu social polity of later days in any absolute sense; they have been but partially followed in later times. Hobhouse had the fairness, however, to add: “It ought only to be subjoined that the distinction of caste was a matter of some perplexity to the moralists even of the Brahmanic age. Among the different accounts of caste given in the Mahabharatta, some roundly assert that character makes caste.”

Let us now turn to the conclusions of another authority on the subject; for instance, Westermarck, and see how they tally with Hobhouse’s rash implication that the Hindu caste-system was no better than a slave-system, with a view to discovering how far he was justified. That slavery existed in all parts of the world is evident; but even so its virulence was much less in India than in either Europe or America. There has always been, as Westermarck points out, some distinction made in enacting laws in all ages and in all countries—that is to say, some distinction between depressed classes and higher classes. Westermarck supplies us with sufficient data on the subject. He

\* See Khedar’s “History of Caste.”

† See the *American Journal of Sociology*, 1909.

writes : " The Chinese Penal Code assigns ' a slow and painful execution ' to a slave who murders or attempts to murder his master. . . . Plato advocates the infliction of as many stripes on a slave as the complainant shall order—and, in case he survived the scourging, he was to be put to death. . . . At Rome also, a slave was more heavily punished for the commission of homicide than a freeman." He then continues : " In the estimation of life a distinction was made not only between freemen and slaves, but between the different classes of freemen." Thus, " the laws of the Bretts and Scots estimated the life of the king of the Scots at a thousand cows, that of an earl's son or a thane at a hundred cows, that of a villein at sixteen cows. . . . In English laws of the Norman age the life of a villein was still only reckoned at £4." He also says that " throughout Christendom the purchase and sale of men, as property transferable from vendor to buyer, was recognised as a legal transaction of the same validity as the sale of other merchandise, land or cattle. . . . As late as the thirteenth century the master practically had the power of life and death over his slave. . . . The slave had a title to nothing but subsistence and clothes from the master—all the profits of his labour accruing to the latter. . . . A slave or a freed man was not allowed to bring a criminal charge against a freeman."

The Negro slavery which existed in the midst of a highly developed Christian civilisation in the British colonies and the United States, Westermarck thinks was " the most brutal form of slavery ever known."

In India, on the other hand, the Sudras were not slaves. Though it was their profession to serve the other castes, they chose the persons to whom they would offer their services, and claimed adequate compensation. We say that it was their profession, rather than their duty, because the Sudra was not actually bound to serve anyone if he could manage to live by any other means. At present many Sudras in India are very rich, they contribute more to the commercial classes

than do the higher castes—who usually enter Government service or take to the learned professions. But those Sudras who still contribute to the serving classes are never treated like slaves, and they were never treated so. Westermarck quotes Elphinstone, the great historian, who, in his " History of India," wrote : " Domestic slaves are treated exactly like servants except that they are more regarded as belonging to the family. I doubt if they are ever sold ; and they attract little observation, as there is nothing to distinguish them from freemen."

Do Hindu religious or ethical ideals uphold caste ? Most emphatically they do not—that is to say, they do not uphold the idea of a caste depending upon birth, but only that of a caste depending on *character*—on moral qualities. But no race lives up to its ideals ; Christ commanded : " Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Yet, if any nations in the world have violated this commandment, they are the Christian nations. It is not because the Hindus have not " an adequate sense of morality " as the missionary phrase goes, that they preserve the institution of caste ; it is a matter of practice.

In the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad, we find : " There was originally one caste." In the Mahabharata, Vriḡu says : " There is really no distinction between the different orders. All created men were at first Brahmans. Some of these, by their own conduct, degenerated and became different castes. They that became fond of indulging desires and enjoying pleasures, possessed of the attributes of severity and wrath, unmindful of the duties of piety and worship, possessing the attributes of passion (*rajas*), became Kshatriyas. Those Brahmans, again, who, without attending to the duties laid down for them, became possessed of the attributes of *satva* and *rajas*, and took to the professions of cattle-rearing and agriculture, became *Vaisyas*. Those Brahmans, again, that became fond of untruth and of injuring creatures, possessed of cupidity—who engaged in all kinds of acts for a living, fell away from

purity of behaviour and thus, wedded to the attribute of darkness (*tamas*), became Sudras."

In the same Mahabharata we find Yudhistir saying: "The man in whom truth, liberality, forgiveness, uprightness, innocence, good conduct, devotion and compassion are seen, he is a Brahman according to Smritis. . . . The man in whom these virtues are seen is a Brahman; and the man in whom these are not seen is a Sudra." In another place he says: "Listen, O Yaksha! Neither noble descent, nor study of the Vedas, nor holy learning is the cause of Brahmanhood; but virtues alone are the undoubted cause of it. . . . Teachers and pupils, in fact, all who study the scriptures, if addicted to wicked habits, are to be regarded as no better than illiterate wretches. . . . He even who has studied the four Vedas is to be regarded as a wicked wretch, a real Sudra, if his character be not good." Westermarck quotes the following from the same source: "Vrigu said, 'He in whom are seen truth, liberality, inoffensiveness, innocence, modesty, compassion and devotion is declared to be a Brahman. . . . He who is unclean, is addicted constantly to all kinds of food, performs all kinds of work, has abandoned the Vedas and is destitute of pure observances, is called a Sudra.'" Westermarck, however, omits the definitions of the other two castes: "He who pursues the duties derived from the function of protection, who studies the Vedas, and is occupied with giving and taking, is called a Kshatriya. He who quickly enters into cattle-rearing, is busy in agriculture and acquisition, who is pure and studies the Vedas, is called a Vaisya."

Without further quotations, it is clear that it was not birth alone which constituted caste; but character, conduct, mode of living. In fact, it was the whole nature of the man which classified him with one or other of the castes. If that was so, we may infer at once that caste

was changeable at that time. There are innumerable references in the Hindu scriptures and ancient writings which give examples of this changing of caste—both of raising and of lowering. The following will suffice:—

"The great-great-grandson of Manu, named Rishava, ruled over this continent (Bharata, or India). He had a hundred sons, of whom Bharata was the eldest. He succeeded to his father's throne, but of the other ninety-nine sons, eighty-one, who were very dutiful to their father, of good qualities, always performing *yagnas* and purified by Karma, became Brahmans."—(*Bhagavata*.) Evidently the other eighty-eight sons remained Kshatriyas.

"From Dhrista (another son of Manu) sprang the Dhrashta race of Kshatriyas, who attained Brahmanhood on earth."—(*Bhagavata*.)

"Two sons of Navagarishta who were Vaisyas became Brahmans."—(*Haribansa*, Section II., chapter V., verse 658.)

"Dishta's son Nabhaga, a Kshatriya, became a Vaisya by his deeds."—(*Haribansa*, Section IX., chapter II., verse 16.)

The legend of the Kshatriya king, Vishvamitra, who raised himself to Brahmanhood, is well known to everyone in India.

In conclusion, let us say that, as we have seen, the caste-system is not found exclusively in India, but exists all over the world in one form or another. If we wish to reform the system as it exists in India to-day, we should be careful not to make it more militant by placing upon it false and uncharitable constructions.

Finally, with or without caste, India has to be united. The writer believes that this unity is possible in spite of caste, and that real progress towards it can be made even if the system continues. It is undoubtedly not only possible but urgently necessary that mutual good-will should be so fostered that a theocratic union of different castes may exist in India; these castes will then be in a position to control the affairs of the country for the advancement and the good of all.

H. N. BOSE, B.Sc.

# Padre Junipero Serra

## Christ's First Messenger to California

By ADELIA H. TAFFINDER.

**T**HE name of Junipero Serra is deeply venerated in California, particularly by her native sons and daughters. In 1913, the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated throughout this fair State, honouring him as the first of all her great. He was the founder of her civilisation, as well as of the twenty-three missions which he caused to be builded along her coast line from San Diego to San Rafael, which were spiritual centres of light amid the densest darkness of barbarism.

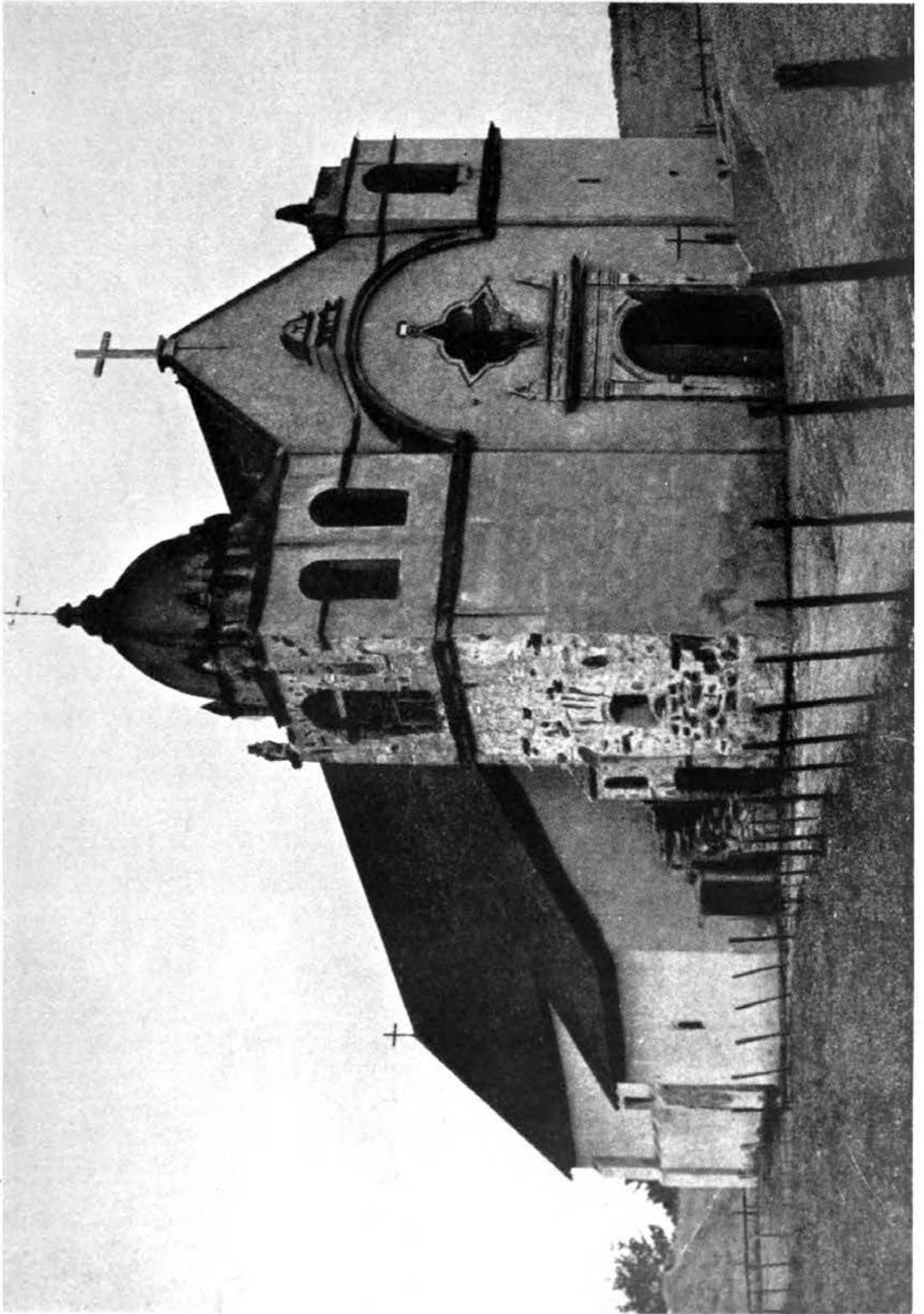
Emerson said that "an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." In the case of the missions, and, in fact, the entire Spanish *régime*, in Alta, California, Junipero Serra was the man with the lengthened shadow, for he was to be the instrument by which the Master Jesus would lead the benighted Indians from darkness into light, and, by the grace of Christianity, establish a faith in the hearts of these converts, which, in some cases, worked miracles.

Father Junipero Serra differed from the young man of the Scriptures in that he utterly renounced all to follow and serve his Master.

Miguel Jose Serra was born at Petra, on the island of Majorca, November 24th, 1713. At the age of seventeen he entered the Franciscan Order. He was appointed lector of philosophy even before his ordination to the priesthood. It was at the time of his induction into this Order that he

chose the name of "Junipero"—after an humble disciple of Saint Francis of Assisi, noted for his charity. His name caused the venerable padre at the Franciscan College of Palma to remark: "Would that I had a whole forest of such junipers." During this novitiate period he formed an intimate and lasting friendship with three young friars, Palou, Verger and Crespi.

Serra proved a brilliant scholar and received the Degree of Doctor of Theology from the University of Palma, where he accepted the Duns Scotus chair of philosophy. His success in the pulpit was phenomenal for one of his age, and yet it is recorded that in his early manhood he was even more distinguished intellectually than he was spiritually. With his indomitable will and ability, the highest paths of power in his beloved Church were open and easily accessible to him—the path to honour and fortune lay broad before him. He declined the offer to become the Court preacher and other ecclesiastical dignities, which he would have been entirely justified in accepting, and practiced those virtues which clung to him with even more perfect maturity throughout his life; heroic virtues which enabled him to undertake wonderful things. He was closely watched by sage ecclesiastics, who discerned in him the stuff of greatness from which leaders are fashioned. But his heart was not so inclined; he determined to follow the winged Ideal of his youth, which would lead him to the New World. He was a devoted follower of St. Francis, and he





PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA.



MONUMENT ON THE SPOT WHERE PADRE JUNIPERO LANDED  
ON JUNE 3RD, 1770.

HERE JUNE 3, 1770, LANDED VERY REV. FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, O.S.F.,  
WHO FOUNDED THE FOLLOWING MISSIONS: SAN DIEGO, JULY 16, 1769;  
SAN CARLOS MONTEREY, JUNE 3, 1770; SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA, JULY 14, 1771;  
SAN CARLOS SEPT. 8, 1771; SAN LUIS OBISPO, SEPT. 1, 1772; SAN FRANCISCO,  
DE LOS DOLORES, OCT. 9, 1776; SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, NOV. 1, 1776;  
SANTA CLARA, JAN. 18, 1777; SAN BUENAVENTURA, MAR. 21, 1782;  
AND DIED AUG. 28, 1784, IN SAN CARLOS MISSION, CARMELO VALLEY.  
"AS THE LORD LIVETH, EVEN WHAT MY GOD SAITH THAT WILL I DO," "I CHOSE IN THAT EXTREME  
THIS MONUMENT ERECTED BY JANE L. STANFORD, IN THE YEAR 1891,  
IN MEMORY OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, A PHILANTHROPIST SEEKING THE  
WELFARE OF THE HUMBLEST, A HERO DARING AND READY TO SACRIFICE  
HIMSELF FOR THE GOOD OF HIS FELLOW BEINGS, A FAITHFUL SERVANT  
OF HIS MASTER.

determined to go forth, conscious of his vows of Poverty and Humility, and serve unfalteringly his Order. He believed that there were hundreds of thousands of poor savages before whose feet yawned the fiery chasm of hell. To carry the gospel to these unfortunates and thus save their otherwise doomed souls became with him a passion. He would not stay to receive the empty plaudits of the civilised world and leave this noble labour to the efforts of some half-hearted priest. We are told that without regret or sorrow, but with joy and thanksgiving, he gave up all thought of fame and position in Europe, and passed from the plane of pomp and power—a silent, brown-robed, bare-footed friar, disappearing from the eyes of men into the wilderness—into the far-away and incredible depths of pagan and almost mythical America. He had chosen to contend not for the prize before his eyes, but for a prize unseen and unrealised. Few people could understand that, in giving up the splendid work he might have done so well in Europe for unknown and unseen work among the savages of America, Serra was succeeding and not failing. To these, Serra would be a man who had given up the substance to grasp at what was not even a shadow—for it was invisible—but he dared to follow his vision.

Permission had been granted him to join a party of missionaries leaving Cadiz for Mexico in 1749. The voyage occupied ninety-nine days, after which the friars were landed in Vera Cruz. From here they set out for the city of Mexico. Horses were provided for this journey of three hundred miles, but Serra begged and obtained leave to walk, as a matter of self-discipline. On this journey he permanently crippled his leg, but that meant nothing to Serra save that it gave him a chance to share in the earthly sufferings of his Master. Because of prolonged neglect to care for it properly, the wound ulcerated and became a constant source of pain, and but for the muleteer's ointment, and his own indomitable will, must have put an end to the journey from Mexico to California. Though never free from pain he accepted the affliction bravely, as a part of his cross, considering

it as a heaven-sent instrument of discipline, and throughout his thirty-five years of labour in America he never went anywhere save walking except when walking was absolutely impossible. Fray Palou, his devoted companion, said that, when the holy man lay dying at the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo, he wished to administer the last sacraments of his faith to Junipero Serra in his own room, but Serra characteristically replied that he could and would arise and walk to the church; that as long as he could possibly go there on foot, there was no good reason why his Lord should come to him at his house. He joyfully gave to his Master self-sacrifice, counting all pain as a privilege, a gift to be laid on His altar. How many noble lessons can we learn from such genuine devotees of Jesus!

This ardent disciple of St. Francis had to wait nineteen years in Mexico, working in a college, before his opportunity finally came. The long delay was a great trial to him, for he believed that, all the time he was delayed from reaching California, there were every year hundreds dying whose souls would be lost because he had not been able to bring to them the salvation of his church.

He had reached the age of fifty-six years when the order finally came which placed him as Father-President at the head of the religious work of the expedition which was to occupy Alta, California, for Spain. Under him were to be sixteen missionaries to assist in the work of converting the heathen. When the time came for him to choose whether he would go by land or water he decided on the land journey, knowing that it would necessitate the enduring of much greater hardships. Palou, his biographer, writes of him: "For him no difficulty was too great, no hardship too intense. His courage failed not in the face of dangers which would have appalled others; his sublime faith removed monuments of perplexity and inspired his loyal band."

Richman calls Serra "a new-world Francis of Assisi; post-mediæval, yet not belated for his task; beholder of visions, believer in miracles, merciless wielder of

the penitential scourge." His triumphant faith and militant spirit carried all before them.

He was the pioneer of pioneers of California, for he had entered an uncivilised country where he had to hew trees, saw lumber, and make bricks, though they were not "made without straw," as many stand to-day in a fair state of preservation as testimony of his loving service to God. He must not only hew the rough ashlar into shape for the temple, but he must hew the rough ashlar of the human material and make it into trained men, not only in the methods of labour, but also in the habit of labour itself. Then the cross of sacrifice and service became a living symbol in their lives, which were baptized in the name of Jesus. To Junipero Serra four expeditions were to be sent from Mexico to California, two by land and two by sea, in order to mitigate the risk of failure and also to secure practical knowledge of the two routes. San José was named the patron saint of the expedition. On January 9th, 1769, the San Carlos was started on her voyage, but not until confessions had been made, masses said, and the communion administered. Fray Serra made the trip from the "City of Mexico by foot, suffering greatly with his lame leg." His diary kept in his own handwriting during the trip is now in the Ayer Library in Chicago.

In obedience to the King's orders, after occupying and fortifying San Diego, Padre Serra and his helpers sailed for Monterey Bay and landed on June 3rd, 1770.

He made a shelter of branches, and, setting up a cross near an old oak tree, the bells were hung and blessed and the service of founding began. He preached loudly and fervently, exhorting the Indians to come and be saved, crying loudly like one possessed: "Come, Gentiles, come and receive the faith of Jesus Christ!" A priest reminded him that not an Indian was within sight or hearing. He was the first apostle of Jesus Christ in this great western land, his the first voice to proclaim on this balmy healing air: "Prepare ye the Way of the Lord, make His Paths straight."

Serra crossed the hills from Monterey, and, in the now famous valley of Carmel, founded the Mission dedicated to San Carlos of Spain, where his body was later to repose under the chapel and to become a holy sanctuary venerated by the State of California.

When the news reached the City of Mexico, the bells in the Cathedral rang forth merrily, as on fiesta days, and a solemn mass of thanksgiving was held, at which all the city officials and dignitaries were present. A full account of the event was printed and distributed through Spain—California's first renown, won by the Christian Cross.

Padre Crespi, the companion of Junipero Serra, gives an interesting account of how the Indians regarded the first cross which was erected in California at Monterey. One morning these holy men found the cross surrounded by arrows and little rods tipped with feathers and some fish and meat. The savage denizens of the country afterwards regarded the cross with superstition and tried to propitiate it. They said that it seemed at night almost to touch the sky, and was surrounded with rays of heavenly light. May that light surround the wearers of His star, bringing His light into dark places and preparing the world for the Great Dawn!

In the establishing of these picturesque Missions in California, Serra walked and worked daily, his dwelling was a poor hut, but always glorified by the light of the cross. Every morning at sunrise he would assemble the labourers, who were mostly Indians, and sing *Un Alabado*, or hymn, offer the holy sacrifice of the mass, and then all began the day's work. The holy man gave personal directions, and often, when weary, he would stop long enough to venerate the cross and recite his rosary, this being the only recreation he allowed himself. He showed perfect fatherly kindness to the Indians, thus winning their respect, and then he would make the sign of the cross in His name on their foreheads and accustom them to kiss the sacred emblem. Well we know that the love of Christ poured through him to all these little ones, for he was a channel, and

our veneration flows out to the chosen instruments of the Lord, regardless of creed or caste, in every clime and every age.

Serra taught these natives to salute one another by saying "*Amar a Dios*"—love to God—and his custom became so general that it was adopted by the Indians, who would thus salute the Spaniards when they met.

At all the missions the girls and women, as well as the men, had their share in the general education.

Their special occupations had been seed gathering, grinding and preparing the food; but the Mission Fathers taught them the more civilised way of doing these things. Looms were set up at many of the Missions and the wool sheared from the sheep was turned into blankets and fabrics for their own clothing. They also became skilled in the art of lace-making and drawn-work. They were taught to make a tallow-dip candle for use on the altars as well as home service. The Mission Fathers had a system of irrigation by means of ditches, traces of which may be seen to this day in the sites where stood many of the old Mission orchards.

The fruits from these gardens were the fairest and most luscious that California has ever seen, and still famous are the Mission grapes and Mission olives, which are said, however, not to compare with those raised by the holy brethren of the Church a hundred years ago.

Twenty-one Missions in all were founded. A presidio, or fort, was established for the military guardianship of the Missions. Each presidio was responsible for all the Missions and pueblos or villages under its jurisdiction. There were four jurisdictions: (1) That of San Diego, which included its Presidio, and the Missions of San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Rey de Francia; (2) The jurisdiction of Santa Barbara, which included its Presidio and the Missions of La Purisima, Santa Inez, Santa Barbara, San Fernando and the Pueblo of La Reyna de Los Angeles; (3) The jurisdiction of Monterey, which included its Presidio, the village of Branciforte, Mission of San Juan Bautista, of

San Carlos, Nuestra Senora de Soledad (Our Sorrowful Lady), San Antonio, San Miguel, and San Luis Obispo (Saint Luis the Bishop); (4) The jurisdiction of San Francisco, which consisted of its Presidio and the Mission Dolores (in fine preservation), Pueblo of San José de Guadeloupe, and the Missions of San Rafael, Santa Clara and Santa Cruz.

In 1784, Fray Junipero Serra was called upon to lay down all earthly burdens and claim his heavenly reward. He passed away on August 28th so quietly that all thought he was sleeping. He was buried, as was his expressed wish, by the side of his devoted comrade, Padre Crespi, in the sanctuary of the San Carlos Mission.

The Mission system was arrested in full stride and crushed at a single blow by the Mexican Government. The law and possessions of the Indian charges of the Mission Fathers were taken away from them. The current events of the changing world in the middle of the last century brought an incoming tide of cosmopolitan life which swept their feeble lines away. Where the sign of the cross had nurtured the idea of "Leave all and follow Me," the quest for gold, Mammon's sceptre, became dominant with the discovery of gold in California in 1848. In 1888 an attempt was made toward the preservation of the Californian Missions and the "Association for the Preservation of the Missions" was organised.

A short time afterwards, the Landmark Club was incorporated, and it collected funds and applied them in restoring some of these old landmarks, which hallow some of the finest sites on the Pacific Coast, extending from San Diego to a short distance north of San Francisco—about six hundred miles. Prof. George Wharton James says: "San Antonio appeals to me more than any other of the Missions. There is a pathetic dignity about the ruins and an unexpressed claim for sympathy in the perfect solitude of the place that is almost overpowering. . . . Oh, the infinitude of care and patience and work and love shown in this old building! Everything was well, and beautifully done; it is so evidently a work of love and pride. This builder was

architect and lover, maker of history and poet—for power, strength, beauty and tenderness are revealed on every hand. Every arch is perfect; every detail in harmony with every other; and in location and general surroundings it is ideal. . . . And all now is silent and deserted! Birds fly in and out, and sing in the towers that once sent forth sweet sounds of evening bell. Horses wander up and down the corridors where monks were wont to tell their beads, and even the monastery, consecrated by prayers, songs and the holy toil of daily labour, and the rooms in which Indian maidens and youths learned the handicrafts of the white man are now used as places of shade for the cattle that roam through the valley. Inside the ruined church all is still. There is no droning voice of drowsy padre intoning his early morning mass; no resounding note of the same padre's voice when fired with martial ardour, as soldier of the Cross, preaching to Indians whose souls have been imperilled by some recent relapse—all, all is silent!"

Fray Junipero Serra spiritualised the psychic atmosphere of uncivilised California and made it easier to-day for those

who wear the star of Christ to send forth into the mental world of the West the glad tidings of His Coming.

We need no one to remind us that "not an Indian is within sight or hearing," that is a convert, if we have the faith and zeal of Serra. With our understanding of the power of thought and the service of a clear imagination, we can see His radiant white Light shining everywhere—on the streets, in the stores, on the highways, in places of pleasure or places of sanctity, and ever in places of sorrow and despair.

The rendition of "The Mission Play" three years ago upon the hallowed grounds of the old-time Mission San Gabriel (an hour's ride from Los Angeles) marked a new epoch in dramatic history, and has made that place the objective point of many pilgrimages. It must be the opinion of all, who witness the Mission Play, that it is nobly conceived, splendidly executed, a prose poem in respect of beautiful diction, a living page of stirring history, a glowing picture of days gone by, a potent sermon of faith and hope and self-abnegation.

ADELIA H. TAFFINDER.

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## The Preparation.

. . . . "Relinque ibi munus tuum ante Altare. Vade prius reconciliari fratri tuo: et tunc veniens offeres munus tuum."

*"First with thy angry brother peace obtain,  
Ere song and glad oblation can be thine!"  
So runs the fiat of the Lips Divine  
That doth my joy in offering restrain.  
Yet not into the outer courts again  
Need I bear forth this sacrifice of mine,—  
Here, unforbidden, in the sacred Shrine,  
To wait the day of peace, it may remain.*

*And I myself before that Shrine will be,  
Full oft, some new and ungrudged gift to  
bring;  
Still leaving there, in all humility,  
Some treasured thing whereto I'd planned  
to cling.  
For, on the Day my brother turns to me,  
Rich as that boon must be my offering!*

G. M. HORT.

# Notes and Comments

*[The pages under this heading are reserved for matters of interest to members of the Order of the Star in the East.]*

## THE INTERNATIONAL STAR BULLETIN AND THE STAR PUBLISHING TRUST.

I AM glad to be able to announce that the first number of the new quarterly International Star Bulletin will appear in March next. Intending subscribers should send in their subscriptions, therefore, as early as possible, to their respective National Representatives, if they wish to be in time for the first number.

The inauguration of the Bulletin has been made possible by the setting on foot of another more far reaching plan which includes it.

It has for some time been felt that it would be a great convenience if the Star Headquarters possessed some Publishing Agency like that possessed by the Theosophical Society in the T.P.H. at Adyar. One of the first needs of an organisation like ours is to keep up a steady output of propaganda literature. But unless this output is made self-supporting and self-developing, all efforts along this line must remain more or less sporadic.

Hitherto it has been the practice for the Sections to issue their own literature, paying the cost of printing in the case of each pamphlet or leaflet, and seeking to recover the expenditure through the sales. The effect of this arrangement has been to make each piece of publication a separate venture, the money produced by the sales returning to the Section, to be spent on the next Sectional requirement, and not necessarily on further publications.

What is wanted, however, is that the Publishing and Printing sides of the work should be combined, and that all profits, or a large proportion of the profits, made on the sale of the literature, thus printed, should go to the further building up of the

Publishing business. In this way it would become possible to do much more in the way of continuous printing, and the work would be simplified by the fact of the four necessary processes, in all such ventures, being in the same hands—namely, the printing, publishing, advertising and distribution. The publication of Star literature, in a word, would become a self-contained business, quite separate from the work of the Sections. The effect of this would be to relieve the Sections of a troublesome and expensive activity and, at the same time, to increase the supply of available literature. All that the Sections would have to do, under the circumstances, would be to purchase the literature which they need, in the quantities which they require, and to recover their outlay, so far as is possible, on the sales. They would no longer have the trouble of giving special orders for printing.

The experimental inauguration of a project of this kind has recently been made possible by Mr. McLellan of Glasgow, the head of a printing firm, who is an earnest Star member, and who has already done a great deal of printing work for the English and Scottish Sections of the Order at practically cost price. It was decided to approach Mr. McLellan, through Mr. James A. Allan, the National Representative for Scotland, and ask him whether he would not undertake the publishing, as well as the printing, department of such work. And the plan received a further extension in the proposal that he should undertake the whole publishing work for the English and Scottish Sections, as well as any literature issued directly from Headquarters—with the exception, of

course, of the *Herald of the Star*, which is in other hands.

On Mr. McLellan consenting, a scheme was tentatively drafted for an Order of the Star in the East Publishing Trust, and Mr. McLellan was asked to make some suggestions as to the conditions necessary for such an undertaking.

The following is the brief memorandum which he sent in :—

1. It is proposed to form a Central Publishing Trust to cover all Star literature issued in Britain, except the *Herald of the Star*.

2. The Trust should consist of not more than two or three members—say, the two National Representatives and the General Secretary—and all literature must be submitted to them and receive their approval before publication.

3. Mr. McLellan is prepared to undertake the work of printing and publishing, including advertising and distribution—the advertising to be approved of first by the Trustees—charging the Trust actual out-of-pocket expenses and also a percentage—say, ten per cent.—to cover the cost of distribution.

4. Mr. McLellan considers that £200 would be ample to cover the venture for a start, and this only to be called upon as required ; and he anticipates that it might not even be required, except in the case of the Bulletin. The members might be asked to subscribe to a Central Fund for that amount, or a simple guarantee might do.

5. No rent would be charged the Trust by Mr. McLellan for storage of the literature. But it would be necessary for him to put up a special cabinet for the convenient stocking of the literature, costing not more than £10.

6. A complete set of account books would be kept for the Trust by Mr. McLellan, showing the income and expenditure, and bringing out a Profit and Loss on the whole business and on each individual item.

7. The Trustees would require to decide what charge, if any, is to be made against Local Centres for Literature for distribution ; and this charge might appear on all the pamphlets in future.

With regard to the membership of the Trust, it has been agreed that the three persons suggested by Mr. McLellan—viz., the National Representatives for England and Scotland and the General Secretary—should be *ex officio* members. By the general wish of the three, however, an invitation has been extended to Mr. McLellan also to become a Trustee, and he has accepted. I am very glad also to announce that the Head of the Order has consented to become the President of the Trust. So that the Trustees are now five in number.

Touching the suggested guarantee of £200, Mr. James Allan writes, in the letter in which he encloses Mr. McLellan's memorandum : " Mr. McLellan desires me to say that, if there should be any difficulty in raising the suggested Capital Fund, or guarantee, he is willing to take whatever risk may be involved in doing the work without it, on a modest scale." In another letter he writes that Mr. McLellan feels strongly " that work for the Order is not to be kept waiting for financial guarantees."

I am, however, happy to say that I have very quickly obtained a promised guarantee of £50, one-quarter of the amount, through the generosity of three members of the Order, and that I have hopes that the whole sum, suggested by Mr. McLellan, will soon be forthcoming. All subscriptions sent in to the Bulletin will, of course, go towards the filling up of the guarantee, and will be earmarked for Bulletin purposes ; also any sums which may come in, through the kindness of members, in response to my appeal of last month for help in starting our new Quarterly.

These latter sums, with the subscriptions, should go far towards rendering the Bulletin self-supporting ; and it is this consideration, together with the readiness of Mr. McLellan to take the responsibility in the matter, which enables me to announce the starting of the Bulletin in March next.

Members can still help much in bringing the initial guarantee sum up to the required total, both by sending in small donations towards the starting of the Bulletin and by subscribing their one shilling per annum to it. And this help,

I hope, as many members, as conveniently can, will try to give. Certainly, in the case of a magazine which will, in future, be the official organ of the internal life of the Order, a large proportion of the members of the Order are likely to be subscribers. And I am sure that they will be the more willing to do so, when they learn that the magazine will be issued under the direct supervision of the Head of the Order, who hopes later on to be its Editor.

The International Star Bulletin will thus be one of the undertakings of the Star Publishing Trust. Besides it, the Trust will publish books, pamphlets, and leaflets, according to its means. An opportunity is thus offered to our literary members of the Order, which has not existed before, and it is hoped that many pens will be encouraged to write.

At present the Trust is limited to Great Britain. It cannot do much for the non-

English-speaking Sections of our Order—at least, for the present—but if any of the other English-speaking Sections care to make use of it later on, as a Central Publishing House, an endeavour will be made to meet them in the matter. I should suggest, however, that the Trust should be allowed to run as an experimental venture for one year, within its limits of the British Isles, before it makes any attempt to cope with a wider area.

It is hoped—possibly, before these pages are in print—to have taken steps, with the proper legal assistance, to place the Trust on a sound business footing. More information about it will be given in *Notes and Comments* of next month. For the present I turn to the more immediate needs of the moment, and call the attention of Officers and members of the Order, in the various Sections, to certain points in connection with the forthcoming Bulletin.

#### INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN NOTICES.

1. National Representatives should take steps to collect subscriptions for the Bulletin from the members of their Sections as soon as possible, and forward these, in lump sums, to the General Secretary at 16, Tavistock Square, London, W.C., together with the names and addresses of subscribers. A subscription form is inset opposite page 96, for the convenience of intending subscribers.

2. In the case of those lists, sent by National Representatives, which reach the General Secretary before the appearance of the first issue, copies will be sent to each subscriber direct. Where, on the other hand, owing to geographical distance, there is no time for such lists to be sent in before the publication of the first number, National Representatives are asked kindly to telegraph to the General Secretary the *total number* of copies required, and these will be sent to each of them in one parcel, to be distributed by themselves to the subscribers. This arrangement, however, only holds good of the first number.

3. National Representatives are also requested to appoint a regular Correspondent

to the Bulletin, who will send in a letter about the work of the Section each quarter; such letters to arrive not later than a month before the publication of the issue for which they are intended. This cannot be done in time for the first number, but should all be arranged in time for the second number in June.

4. Members of the Order, in all the Sections (*a*) who have questions to ask about any point connected with the life, work, ideals or policy of the Order, or (*b*) who wish to write letters to the Bulletin on any of these subjects, are asked to do so with as little delay as possible.

5. Short articles also, of not more than 1,500 words, are invited. These should all bear directly upon the life and work of the Order.

6. Members, with ideas as to new lines of work, organisation, or propaganda, are asked to put these briefly into writing and to send them in.

7. Information as to evidences in contemporary thought which corroborate the belief of the Order in the near coming of a Great Teacher will also be welcome. These may be gathered from current

literature and the Press, and from the utterances of well-known individuals, or from other organisations which share the same expectation.

8. Suggestions from any quarter as to

ways in which the usefulness of the Bulletin may be increased will similarly be welcome. These, like the other things mentioned above, should be sent in direct to the General Secretary.

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### CORRESPONDENTS TO THE BULLETIN.

Members who are appointed by their National Representatives as Correspondents to the Bulletin—or National Representatives, if they decide to undertake this duty themselves—should adopt the practice of dividing their letters into well-defined headings, in order to facilitate the task of editing. It is proposed not to print these letters as they stand, but to arrange the various classes of information contained in them into separate departments. Clearness of division is therefore very desirable in the letters themselves.

A few of these classes of information may be mentioned here, though the list is necessarily not exhaustive.

1. *Statistics of Membership*.—It is hoped to be able to publish membership statistics of all the Sections, up to date, in each quarterly issue of the Bulletin. This item should never, therefore, be omitted from a Report.

2. *Activities*.—Special notice should be given, here, to activities of a new or interesting nature. With regard to the ordinary activities, such as Meetings or Public Lectures, only figures need be sent.

3. *Elements of encouragement or of*

*difficulty*.—Every Section has its own peculiar conditions, coming under each of these heads, and brief information as to both would be interesting to members of other Sections.

4. *Personalia*.—Items of interest about individual members of the Section.

5. *Official appointments or changes*.—These should always be notified.

I had at one time intended to have some model Report forms printed for the use of Correspondents, but think that the above roughly sketched suggestions should be sufficient to meet the case. A stereotyped Report Form is likely to take all the individuality out of a letter; and one thing which I look for is that Correspondents will allow their own individualities free play, both in the putting together of their letters and in the opinions which they express. Any specially striking letter, which would be spoilt by the chopping-up process, will be printed as a whole.

One last point,—and that is that letters should not be long. The Bulletin will probably contain only some sixteen pages to begin with; so that space will be strictly limited.

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### OUR INSET LEAF.

Three printed forms will be observed on the leaf opposite.

One is a subscription form for the new Bulletin, to be filled in and addressed by subscribers to their respective National Representatives.

The second is a donation form, for the use of those who wish to help towards making up the amount of the guarantee of £200 required for the Star Publishing Trust. Since the Bulletin is the item for which the guarantee is especially necessary, the donation form is made out directly for the Bulletin, and the money given

will be used for that. Any surplus amount will be used for the general purposes of the Trust. This is a direction in which help is urgently needed, so that any sums, which members can conveniently afford, will be gratefully received.

The third form is one of subscription to the *Herald*. This may perhaps be a convenience to readers who have friends who would like to become subscribers.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,  
General Secretary.  
Editor of the Bulletin.

# The Herald of the Star

VOL. V. No. 3.

March 11th, 1916.

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As "The Herald of the Star" includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

This Magazine may be obtained through any of the Officers of the Order of the Star in the East mentioned on page 3 of the cover. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 15 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 1½d. extra).

United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per annum. (Post free).  
U.S.A. and South America . . . . . \$1.50     "     "

All remittances should be addressed to the Business Manager and no money orders sent without accompanying letter of notification.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should be notified at once to the Business Manager, who cannot provide gratis copies to replace those which go astray through carelessness on the part of subscribers who fail to send their change of address. Great care is taken in despatching the magazines, and copies lost in the post will not be replaced.

## The Master

*I heard His voice thrill thro' the din of war,  
I heard His step 'mid the myriad tramp of  
men,  
And low and sweet was the whisper from afar,  
"Awake! Awake! The Master comes  
again."*

*Then I arose, and through the city wound,  
That I might seek His face and, having  
found,  
Might humbly lay my all at His dear feet.  
And first I wander'd thro' each busy street,  
Scanning the flood of those who bought and  
sold,  
Slaving their God-giv'n lives away—for  
gold.*

*And as I gazed on each successive face  
Much saw I—envy, malice, pride of race,  
Greed, avarice—all these and more beside:  
But of that Form divine for which I sigh'd  
No trace was there. At length I turned away  
And sought the face of those whom men obey  
And love to honour; there I found the great,  
The guiding hands who steer the ship of  
State,  
And thought within myself, "Most surely  
here*

*Will He be found." Again I saw but fear  
Of coming ills, and hopes unsatisfied,  
But nought of Him. Then in despair I  
cried,  
"At least with those who have confessed His  
name*

*He will make His abode"; and so I came  
Into the peaceful sanctuary, and heard  
The priests and pastors preach His Holy  
Word.*

*There much of good and righteousness I saw,  
But, clinging to the letter of the Law  
Which killeth, so they lost the Spirit's power,  
And still I saw Him not. And in that hour*

*Great bitterness lay on me, and I strode  
Out thro' the world, not caring by what road  
Or whither fared I. But my madness drew  
My wand'ring footsteps into regions new,  
The poorest quarters of the city, filled  
With human outcasts; where the conscience,  
killed*

*By vice and greed scarce lifts a feeble cry.  
There, amid scenes of loathsome misery,  
Stemming the living stream of human woe,  
One stood—not heralded with pomp and  
show,  
But clad in meanest garments, humble, meek,  
Yet full of wond'rous Love; and did He  
speak*

*E'en to the vilest of mankind, that soul  
Felt he was all in all to Him. The whole  
Of human pity dwelt in Him; and yet  
I might have passed Him by, e'en as I met,  
So quiet, so lowly was He; but my gaze  
Saw thro' the eye of spirit the soft rays  
Of that five-pointed Star which crown'd His  
brow*

*And marked the temple of the Christ. Then  
low*

*I bowed before Him; and in accents meek  
His voice fell on my ear, "Where'er the  
weak,  
The wrong'd, the oppress'd, the sinful suffer,  
there*

*Seek thou, for it is these who need My care.  
And they whom men as vile and worthless  
name*

*On My compassion wield the greatest claim."*

*O Master! Of compassion's self the Lord!  
Give us the ear to hear, the seeing eye,  
That thro' the turmoil we may catch Thy  
word,  
And 'neath the lowest forms Thy Form  
descrie.*

ERIC W. LANLEY.



By G. S. ARUNDALE.

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

**I** WONDER how far members of the Order of the Star in the East are sensible of the unique privilege to which their Karma has fortunately brought them? It is always very difficult, when living in the midst of certain accustomed surroundings, to realise that we are passing through anything out of the ordinary, and yet this particular life in the twentieth century will stand out in the light of eternity as one of the most eventful in the many hundreds of incarnations each of us has ever had upon this globe. Those who read, from time to time, the lives of Alcyone and Orion in the *Theosophist* some years ago will have noticed that, while most of the lives were ordinary, and comparatively uneventful, a few stood out, not only as supremely eventful, but as dominating the life conditions of many future incarnations. We do not always realise the relative importance of events, and we may possibly regard many circumstances as comparatively insignificant which, as a matter of fact, are turning points in our history.

If we believe in the coming of a great World-Teacher in the near future, that is to say, within the life-time of many of us,

the present life must surely be regarded as one in which our actions must, inevitably, have far-reaching effects. Add to this the fact that the Coming of the great World-Teacher has been preceded by a great World-War, and it becomes obvious, even now, that the present life must be regarded as one of those turning-points which will profoundly affect our future growth. It is not a light thing to believe in the Coming of a great World-Teacher, and to act as if no such future were before us. If we cannot modify, and intensify, our lives on the basis of the knowledge of His Coming, it will be, indeed, a long time before we shall again have the privilege of training ourselves for His service, and of one day, possibly, meeting Him face to face. If a great spiritual impulse is offered to us, and we make but little preparation for its entry, we must inevitably suffer the result of such indifference by having to wait through many incarnations of hard experience before such a spiritual impulse can safely be offered again. To turn away from the light, or even to be indifferent to it, is to wander for a long time in the darkness, for if the light of spirituality is to be

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known it must be revered by a whole life's energy. The great World-Teacher is coming to the world, and through worthy actions in the past the opportunity is offered to us humbly to aid Him in His great task of vitalising the world with new waves of Power, Wisdom, and Beauty. But let it not be forgotten that His service is a strenuous one, and that hard work and much self-denial are involved in the preparation of ourselves to become His instruments. So far as my own experience goes, the years between His Coming and the present time seem entirely insufficient, if we are to gain the necessary experience and purity to be worthy of transmitting His message to His people. I am, myself, conscious of being far from ready yet to become His servant, even in the humblest of positions. It takes time, first to strengthen the will to be the master of its bodies, and second, to be in touch with the world as it is, and with its needs. Strive as one will, the task of self-preparation is stupendous, for one feels keenly the duty of offering the very best one can.

I suppose that most of us go through our incarnations almost lazily, and in a happy-go-lucky manner, avoiding what difficulties we can, and taking what pleasures we may. And all of a sudden, in this particular life, quiet and peaceful progress is arrested, and the lesson of strenuous preparation has to be learned. I cannot help thinking that, had it not been for the present war, even the Order of the Star in the East would not have risen to the measure of its duty. The war has compelled our attention to the existing conditions in which humanity lives, to the defects of present systems, to many preventable ills, and to much that needs radical alteration if the world is to be made fit, in any measure whatever, to be the temporary dwelling place of its greatest Teacher. As a result of the war, every thoughtful individual is striving his utmost to find some solution to problems which might, otherwise, have remained in obscurity. Every single movement concerned with the welfare of the human race is feverishly putting forth its energies in the direction of solving the special

problems in which its members are interested. We are told on all sides that the world cannot be, after the war, that which it was before the war. Innumerable books have been written since the war began, offering solutions, pointing out difficulties, insisting on reforms, denouncing evils. Indeed, we cannot help knowing more or less what is wrong, and what, in the opinion of our wisest, is the best way of putting matters right.

One naturally asks what are members of the Order of the Star in the East doing? They, at least, know what the war means. They, at least, realise that it is worth while to work. They, at least, may feel confident that the time must soon come when such a peace shall brood over the world as has not been with us since the Christ came last. Each member hopes for the individual touch of the great Teacher. But does each member realise that he has most strenuously to earn the blessing for which he longs? Is he, at present, working harder than he has ever worked before? Does he strive to rise superior to his habits, to his temperament, to his prejudices? Does he understand that he must start afresh when the world is being built anew? Is each member an earnest student of the problems of life, with the solution of which the great World-Teacher will be intimately associated? Does he realise that every problem engaging the attention of present-day reformers is one to which the message of the coming Christ must inevitably apply?

We are told that coming events cast their shadows before. The shadow of the Lord may be seen in the condition of the world as it is to-day. Outworn forms being cast aside; outgrown prejudices left by the way; old antagonisms discarded. Surely it is not too much to suggest, to members of the Order of the Star in the East, that their Order means a school for the training and disciplining of such eager souls as may be willing to place on one side for this life, at least, the claims of the lower self. In ordinary times we may be allowed, perhaps, to lead ordinary lives, but in *this* life we must have within our hearts the fire of a fervent faith, to burn out for the

time being, at least, the grosser forms of selfishness, and to illumine for our surroundings the pathway to the Master's feet. Every member of the Order must pull himself together, so that the shadow of the Lord may make keen his brain, may make strong his will, may make generous his emotions, and his physical body active. Do not, just now, be satisfied with your own individual temperament, nor be content with your own present lines of growth. Remember that the great Teacher wishes you to be, to some extent, at least, all things to all men. You must, at least, be intelligent among the wise, reverent among the devoted, true to your Self among the strong and powerful. Let not the outside world find the Master's messenger entirely lacking, either in intelligence, or in de-

votion, or in will, or in the appreciation of beauty of form. You can, at least, train yourself to be actively sympathetic towards lines of growth that are not your own, and if you find in your own note an absence of some quality which ought to be there, make a special effort to direct the will in the direction required.

It is all very hard work, because the beaten path which has sufficed us for so long no longer suffices us now. The great Teacher requires a comparatively all-round development. Even for the ordinary, worldly, successful life, training is required, and how much more is it not needed for the Master's service? Be not content with yourself as you are, and think, rather, of the needs of others than your own particular line of evolution.

G. S. ARUNDALE.

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GARDEN CITY THEOSOPHICAL SCHOOL.

LETCWORTH,  
HERTS,  
16th February, 1916.

To the Editor,  
*Herald of the Star.*

DEAR SIR,

The series of articles on the Garden City Theosophical School which have appeared in your columns seem to have aroused a considerable amount of interest of a practical and helpful nature. The School now numbers 46 pupils, of whom 15 are boarders. This rapid numerical increase has made the teaching of wood-work, metalwork, weaving, and other

handicrafts a more and more pressing necessity. May I therefore make an earnest appeal to your readers to give the School some assistance towards putting the teaching of handicraft on a thoroughly sound basis. The promise of £200 a year for five years would enable me to provide fully qualified teachers and materials.

Subscriptions may be sent to Miss S. D. Pilcher, 12, Southwood Road, St. Michaels, Liverpool, who has very kindly undertaken the office of Treasurer for this special Fund.

Yours sincerely,  
ARMSTRONG-SMITH,  
*Principal.*

# Can we End the War by Thought?

By A STUDENT OF OCCULTISM.

*[The attention of readers is especially directed to this article, which urges the organised employment of a force which, properly understood and used, might end the war in a few months.]*

**T**HE fact of the enormous power of Thought, as a creative and transforming energy, hardly needs arguing nowadays. It is becoming a matter of general acceptance, and its truth is, in particular, being widely recognised in connection with all those processes whereby man endeavours to rebuild himself more in accordance with what Nature would have him be; whether the rebuilding be physical, as in the case of healing, or intellectual and spiritual, as in the purposive development of the mind and character. In all these the potency of concentrated thought is coming to be seen as the swiftest and the surest constructive agency which man has at his disposal. It is the engine by which he is enabled to co-operate with Nature; and all things are possible to it, provided that the effort be both concentrated and continuous enough.

Many movements have sprung up during recent years taking this, in one form or another, as their central idea; and to-day there is an immense literature devoted to the inculcating of this profoundly important truth. What is interesting, moreover, is the constantly growing mass of testimony, vouchsafed by those who have made practical experiments along this line, to the efficacy of this great regenerative force. Physical health, intellectual clarity

and power, moral and spiritual well-being,—all have been found, in case after case, to be the result of the simple process of “taking thought.” Man is discovering that, instead of being the helpless sport of casual influences, a mere bundle of “effects,” he can become a “cause” himself, and that he has within him the power to shape and direct his destiny. In virtue of his power of generating thought, he is learning that he can become a creator. He can make himself what he will.

The truth is really as old as the hills. “As a man thinketh, so he becomes,” has been an accepted principle of the wise in all ages. “Creatures from thought their character derive”; said the Buddha, “thought-marshalled are they, thought-made. Thought is the source either of bliss or of corruption.” And the insistence of the Christ upon “Faith,” in the doing of all mighty works, is only another expression of the same great truth; for Faith is only concentrated thought, fixed upon the attainment of a certain end and strongly assured of the successful achievement of that end. Faith, in other words, is merely positive thought in the highest degree, purged of all doubts and of what the psychologists call “inhibitions.” It stands as the formula of the true co-operation of man with Nature. Let him have Faith—*i.e.*, let him put all the forces

of his being on Nature's side, confident of the result—and every kind of miracle becomes possible ; a miracle being only the manifestation of Nature's energies in a striking or unfamiliar direction.

That this age-old truth is coming back to-day into the common consciousness of mankind is a bright and hopeful sign. For a power, once recognised, will be used ; and, once in general use, it will advance a further stage and be *organised*. The time will come, in fact, when the organisation of concentrated collective thought will be one of the recognised agencies for the uplifting of the world. Thinking in unison, towards a clearly foreseen end, will become a definite science. And, when that time comes, a new and well-nigh unlimited creative and regenerative power will be added to the armoury of mankind.

I have called it a "new" power. But in its actual operations it is by no means new. All popular movements, all cases where numbers of people are massed together in the pursuit of a common end, are instances of the unconscious organisation of collective thought. That is why ideals are the strongest force in the world. For an ideal is a focus, into which the emotion and thought-energies of thousands are gathered up, thereby creating, for the time being, an intensely living organism of thought. United by an ideal, thousands realise, while the centralising energy lasts, what it is to live a common life. The individual becomes merely a limb in a greater body, of which the ideal, in question, is the soul.

Every body of people, linked together in a common cause, knows what this greater life is. Any army knows it ; any really vigorous political or social organisation experiences it in a higher or lower degree. It has been the strength and inspiration of countless spiritual movements. The history of the world has been, from one point of view, the history of a series of energising and organising Ideas, each illustrating, for those who have eyes to see, the profound truth of the organisation of thought. When Emerson writes that "every institution is but the lengthened shadow of a great man," it is merely

this truth which he is expressing,—with the further truth added that Ideals, in order to become operative, need usually to be focussed by Nature in some commanding individual, before they can themselves become the focus for the thought of the many. Equally true would it have been to say that every institution is but the shell of a former ideal, the body built by it, in its days of organising activity, in order to be the vehicle of its abundant life.

It is on the subject of this organisation of collective thought that I wish to say a few words here, in connection with the great crisis through which the world is passing to-day.

Probably most of my readers will have already accepted, as part of their personal belief and experience, a conviction of the creative power of thought. They will also, probably, be ready to admit, as a matter of theory, the immense potency of organised, collective thought, as a means towards the bringing about of a desired end. The only step, then, which needs to be taken, in their case, is to consider the possibility of the practical application of these beliefs to an end which will surely be recognised, on all sides, as wholly desirable. We have our theory ; we are aware, in the abstract, of the existence of a great power. Can we not apply this theoretical knowledge, with practical effect, to a real, concrete problem,—namely, to the lifting of the great burden which is pressing upon the world to-day ? Quite briefly, in the words of the title of this article, *cannot the power of organised, collective thought be turned to practical use, in order to hasten the end of this terrible war ?*

From the point of view of occult science, this is a thing which can certainly be done, provided that the collective thought of a sufficient number of individuals can be organised to do it. It would be quite possible to bring the war to an end in the comparatively near future, if a large enough number of people would, in the literal sense of the words, unite together to "give their minds" to it. It is simply a question of gathering together a force, sufficient to cope with and over-master

the forces which are making for a continuance of hostilities ; in other words, a mere question of occult dynamics. Given a sufficient force of this kind, the War would end to-morrow. But under fairly normal circumstances, the super-addition of a force of this kind to the Forces already in operation on the side of Progress might certainly shorten the war by many months, possibly by years.

It is worth while, therefore, to give the matter our most earnest and practical consideration, in order to see if something cannot be done.

But first, as this is primarily a matter of practical occultism, it will be necessary to understand something of what this great war is, from the occult point of view. "Ending the war," from this standpoint, means a great deal more than simply the cessation of hostilities. It means the carrying out to a triumphant conclusion of the purpose which this war is intended to subserve for humanity. For only when that purpose is fulfilled can the struggle really be over. The present conflict, in the physical world, is merely the projection of a higher conflict in the world of the Spirit ; and in these spiritual conflicts there can be only one true end to the struggle, and that is Victory. Only when the Spirit is victorious can its battle be truly over.

What then is this great and devastating war, from this deeper point of view ?

Quite briefly, it is the struggle between two opposing Principles of life, the one of which belongs to the past and the other to the future ; and the profounder reason for the war is that the world has come to a crisis, or turning point, in its history, where the older principle has definitely to be discarded in favour of the new. A new occult cycle is beginning ; we are approaching the dawn of a New Age ; and the great war is but the precipitation, in one huge devastating death-struggle, of the conflict between the vanishing and the approaching Orders.

It is impossible to sum up, in a phrase, the complete content of two such great Principles as these, each of which has its thousand ramifications and applications.

But, perhaps, in order to make the dualism as clear as possible, I cannot do better here than quote what Mrs. Besant, a profound occultist, had to say about the inner meaning of the war in her address to the annual Convention of the Theosophical Society at Adyar in December last.

Speaking of what must be the attitude towards the present great world-struggle, of all those who realise what is really at stake, she said :—

As in the great myths of ancient days, myths which embody eternal truths, we see before us the recurring conflict which marks the parting points on the road of evolution, where a civilisation must choose between Good and Evil, and survive or perish by its choice. Hinduism speaks of Rama and Ravana ; Zoroastrianism of Ahuramazda and Ahriman ; Hebraism and Christianity of God and Satan ; Muhammadanism of Allah and Eblis. These names are symbols whereby, in every age, man has recognised the great evolutionary forces of Life, or Spirit, ever unfolding its powers, and the retarding resistance of Form, or Matter, obstructing the further growth of the embodied life, when the limit of expansion and adaptability of the form had been reached. Then is the outworn garment struck away, and the Spirit takes to himself a garment which is new. In its earlier days the form subserved evolution and for the time was good ; when it has served its purpose and obstructs evolution it becomes evil. So even militarism and autocracy were useful and therefore good in their day ; the savage needed sharp discipline that he might evolve, and militarism gave it ; the ignorant needed knowledge to guide them, and the autocracy gave it ; western civilisation had to be built up out of barbarism, and the work was done by the sceptre of iron and the sword of steel. State and Church were alike hard and unrelenting, and they built up the foundations of modern Europe.

Then came the wind of the Spirit, which is Freedom, sweeping over the countries of Europe, and the garments of mediævalism became too small for the growing Life, and cramped the development of the Nations, the resistance of the forms threatening the dwarfing and distortion of the Life, and a great breaking up of the Old was needed for the expanding of the New.

Occultism, which is the study of the Divine Mind in Nature, teaches that behind all force there is Will and that while Nature, which is Divine Matter, provides all the mechanism for activity, it is Life, which is Divine Spirit, that sets going and directs the mechanism. The Life may be embodied in animal, man, deva, angel, the Lord of a Universe—it is all the same save in degree of manifestation ; but that Life causes activity by Will, and wherever there is activity there is Will behind it. So in evolution there is

the Will to Progress, and in resistance to evolution there is the Will to Inertia, and these Wills are embodied both in men and in Super-men, who strive against each other for the mastery at the critical stages of evolution, when a civilisation is to choose between the downward grade that ends in disappearance, and the upward grade which begins a New Era. The men fight desperately, visible, on the earth; the Super-men fight in the world invisible to mortal eyes. There is ever War in Heaven as well as on earth in these struggles that decide the fate of the world for thousands of years.

We call the Super-men who fight for the victory of the Divine Will in evolution and are Themselves the embodiment of a portion of that Will—The Occult Hierarchy, the Guardians of our world. And we call the Super-men who fight against it, who would preserve the old outworn ways that have become poisonous, the Dark Forces,—in the poetical eastern nomenclature, the "Lords of the Dark Face." Both sides work through men, and through men their triumphs and defeats are wrought out, the shadow here on earth of the events above. For it is the fate of Humanity which is in the balance; it is the Judgment Day of a race.

It is because the present War is the shadow of such a struggle in the higher worlds, that no Occultist can remain neutral, but must throw every power that he possesses on one side or the other. To be a neutral is to be a traitor. Now the Central Powers in this great struggle are the pawns played by the Super-men who follow the lords of the Dark Face. They embody autocracy, militarism, the anachronistic forms which are ready to perish, for which there is no place in the coming New Age. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Not by the isolated acts of a few soldiers, mad with blood-lust and sex-lust; but by their official policy of "frightfulness," deliberately adopted and ruthlessly carried out, by a style of warfare renounced by all civilised Nations, belonging to a far-off past, a revival of cruelties long ago outgrown. By these we know them as the tools of the Super-men of the Night, and the occultists of the Darkness are fighting on their side. They have raised Hate into a National Virtue, and the Lords of Hate are with them.

We, who are servants of the White Brotherhood, who regard Love as the supreme Virtue, and who seek to enter into the Coming Age of Brotherhood and Co-operation, we can but follow the Guardians of Humanity and work for the triumph of the Allied Powers who represent Right as against Might, Humanity as against Savagery. The Theosophical Society, the Society of the Divine Wisdom, founded by Members of the White Brotherhood and their Messenger in the world, must throw itself on the side which embodies the Divine Will for evolution, the side on which are fighting the Super-men of the Day.

If by this we lose the members we had in the Central Empires, after the War is over and the

madness of it is overpast, it must be so. Better to lose our members than to lose the blessing of the Brotherhood; better to perish, faithful to the Right, than to become a fellowship of Evil.

This passage (addressed to a special audience, but of profound meaning to thousands outside that circle) expresses in clear and impressive language what the war stands for, in the eyes of the occultist. The struggle which we see down here on the physical plane is but the reflection of a mightier struggle on the plane of Ideas. The occult war is between two great motives or springs of conduct, and the opposing nations are but the outer instruments of this profounder conflict. *On the speed with which the second of the two principles succeeds in triumphing over the first depends the duration of the war.*

This, then, is the task which much confront any effort to bring to bear the power of collective thought upon the future course of the war. What is needed, quite briefly, is that a great concerted energy of thought should be thrown on to the side of the Force which is working for good. And we are given to understand that the need, at the present moment, is *urgent*.

There are, we are told, by those who know, two possible ways in which the present great conflict may end. The one is by mutual exhaustion; the other, by the rapid reinforcement of the Powers which are making for the Right. At present the issue is in the balance. If the scale can only be inclined in the right direction, there is a chance that the war may be brought to an end within the next few months. In the case of the other alternative, it might drag on for years; and this would mean a literal plunging of the Western world into chaos and the bankruptcy of our civilisation. The world would witness what it has witnessed so often before in its history, namely a long period of barbarism before the new civilisation could be established.

What, however, is hoped, in the present case, is that it may be possible to carry over, into the new civilisation which is dawning, the accumulated treasures of the old, purified of all their grosser elements by the fiery ordeal through

which we are passing. The New Age should begin with a large credit balance, derived from the past. But it can only do this if its stored-up wealth can be snatched from the fire before it is utterly destroyed. The world needs to have a large amount of energy at its disposal for the great work, which awaits it, of building up the New Order ; and it cannot attack this gigantic task, if all its vital force is to be drained away by the indefinite lengthening of the present struggle.

This—so say those who know something of the hidden side of things—is how matters stand to-day. We have reached a veritable turning point, and upon the help which humanity can give, in this crisis, to the Powers behind the scenes depends very largely the question of which of the two alternatives is to come about. Given the necessary reinforcement, the cause of Right may have triumphed within a few short months. If that help be not forthcoming, then we may have to look forward to the veritable tragedy of a world,—to an exhaustion of its spiritual energies to such a degree that there must be something like a recurrence of the Dark Ages ere it can recuperate the strength to build itself anew.

That being so, it behoves us to ask ourselves at once what we can do to throw our energies on to the side of Right. And the answer is clear:—by generating an organised spiritual force strong enough to turn the scale. It is our duty, no matter what our religious or philosophical views may be—whether we be Christians, or Buddhists, or Hindus, or Mohammedans ; or to whatever subdivision of these Faiths we may belong—to lay aside our differences, for the time being, in a gigantic common effort to aid the triumph of Good. We should band ourselves together to concentrate on the one thought of ending the war, by lending our strength to the Forces which are fighting the greater battle for Light and Progress in the higher worlds.

What does this mean, when reduced to practical terms ? It means that each one of us should set aside a certain portion of the day—a few minutes will be sufficient—

for energetic concentrated thought directed to this end. Withdrawing into quiet seclusion, we should first realise in thought, with all the intensity of which we are capable, the deeper conflict of principles which is behind this great war ; and then we should *will*, with all the strength of our nature, that the right side shall prevail, and shall prevail speedily. And, finally, we should offer up this strong purposive thought as a free gift to the Power of Good, with the silent prayer that they may use it for their high ends.

Such a practice (quite simple in its outline), if regularly performed each day by thousands throughout the world, would generate a marvellous fund of spiritual energy, which would certainly have a far-reaching and rapid effect upon the war. And it is the kind of help which we owe to those Great Ones who are the true Protagonists in the mightier struggle and are bearing its burden to-day. True it is that, when contrasted with the force in the possession of these Higher Powers, anything which ordinary persons, like ourselves, can offer individually is necessarily insignificant. But this is by no means true of the force which might be generated by organised collective thought-power over a large area. Such a force would be great, even in terms of the larger life of higher planes, and, taken all together, might well be the decisive agency in the present war.

Is it not well, therefore, to bethink ourselves whether we cannot undertake this wonderful piece of work ? To render it as effective as possible, it should be taken up wholesale by every class of man and woman. Ministers and Priests of every religious denomination should ask their people to co-operate. Leaders of thought in every progressive movement should draw in their followers to help. It is a matter which altogether transcends any barriers of creed, or opinion, or organisation, for it is a matter which concerns the vital interests of humanity at large.

Why not, then, set about it in right earnest ; first as individuals and then as propagandists of the idea ? Let us bring it

to the notice of as many of our friends as possible. Let it be popularised in the Press. Let leaflets, stating briefly what is required, be circulated broadcast. The work must be done speedily, or it will be too late. The destiny of the future is in the balance ; there is still time, if we are quick enough, to turn the scale. We have still the opportunity of employing a mighty force,—the

reality of which is being so widely recognised to-day—on a grand scale for the redemption of humanity and the salvation of the cause of Enlightenment and Progress. It is still ours, if we will, to use the mighty energies of organised collective thought for the triumph of the Right and the rapid ending of the War.

### NOTE.

[Since the above article was received, we have received, from another source, the following appeal (printed in London), which shows that the collective effort, urged in the article, is already being organised.

#### HOUSEHOLDERS' WAR LEAGUE OF THOUGHT.

Every householder in the Empire is invited to gather the inmates of his house together for a few minutes daily, for silent concentrated Thought directed to the helping of the Powers of Good, each one throwing all his thought and energy on the side of Right, so as to bring this war to a successful close as soon as possible.

Where desired, the silent five or ten minutes could open with these words :—

“ We ask that the Divine Will shall find in us clean and deep channels through which It may deign to flow.”

If hundreds of thousands, either as householders or singly, who are unable to be at the Front, would help in this practical way we should create an effective force, a thought regiment, to reinforce those who are struggling on land, sea and air for the triumph of the Right and the upward progress of humanity. If you will join, please begin at once and sign below, forwarding it to the Householders' War League of Thought, 314, Regent Street, W. (near Queen's Hall).

Name.....

Address.....

We earnestly commend this appeal to the notice of our readers and ask them to do all that they can to promote the organised efforts which it invites. Leaflets, containing the appeal, can be had in any quantity from the address given above, viz., The Householders' War League of Thought, 314, Regent Street, London, W., and we ask our readers to procure supplies of these and distribute them as widely as possible.

The article, “ Can we End the War by Thought ? ” printed in this issue of the HERALD OF THE STAR, is also being reprinted as a pamphlet and will be on sale at the price of 2d., postage free, at the same address.

The Order of the Star in the East can help actively in a work like this. Sections of the Order outside Great Britain should reprint the leaflet and article and organise the distribution of these within their own areas, substituting their own Headquarters' address for that given here. We hope that this piece of work will be set on foot at once ; and it may here be mentioned that it is one which the Protector of the Order conceives to be of urgent importance.—ED.]

# Are We Becoming Buddhists?

By EDMUND RUSSELL.

## The Esoteric Teachings of Krishna and Buddha in Relation to Modern Thought.

### I.

THE unprejudiced student of comparative religion is beginning to ask himself this question. He recoils from the conclusion. It leads him into very deep waters. We have been Buddhists for some time, and now turn to worship Vishnu. Leaving the precepts of the bronze-god-of-the-yellow-robe, we bend ear to the teachings of the eighth incarnation of the second person of the Hindu trinity—Krishna.

For many years Buddha had been part of our growth—although it is only recently that actual altars are raised in his name—but when the *Bhagavadgita* became known, the wave rose. Even those who wotted not quickened with the tide. Most-pronounced-Christians are unconsciously unfolding; speaking a language that would have been post-futurist to their parents—to themselves a short time ago.

It began with Emerson plucking from Plato and offering the apple to the world. He was the Eve of our new-thought Eden. It is said that Plato and Pythagoras milked the *Vedas*.

With Emerson it was called at first "Reformed Unitarianism"—then "Universalism"—then "Transcendentalism"—later, in the little circle of the Concord school of Philosophy, "Platonism." But time went on and when the outside world could enunciate Swedenborg and Browning, dared say Walt Whitman boldly,

discuss Zola and things Ibsene, Sir Edwin Arnold lifted the golden *pardah* with his "Light of Asia," and Madame Blavatsky pushed the door wide open. No one could have more exquisitely offered the story of Buddha in poetic form, though a work of decoration and not imagination. Every incident, almost every word faithfully rendered from the Buddhist scriptures. It did not offend. It passed for poetry, not religion. No one could strike a more direct blow than the seeress with green eyes and woolly hair. She understood all faiths, grasped all forms of aeration. She threw us a cult out of which she shaped her wisdom-doctrine while we clung to her skirts to understand it.

I am constantly asked even by well educated people if my Hindu friends are not Buddhists. Fifteen hundred years ago Buddhism faded from India. The impression of its sweetness and beauty remains a part of Neo-Brahminism. The followers of Siddartha fled to Ceylon—"The Isle of Buddha." Thence the banyan spread to Siam, China, Burma and Japan, but its roots had withered in its parent-world.

The teachings of Theosophy, however combated, gradually entered into all advanced thought. Of course, there are still those who read at noon-day by a candle, seeing not that the sun streams through the many windows of the temple of God. The first sectarian church was

the first light under a bushel. The basket became more important than the light.

People had pondered long these mysteries in heart and library, when came the "Parliament of Religions." It took down the bars and gave liberty to speech. We must particularise Chicago, though it was not, as many thought, the first. Akbar-the-Great used often to hold such at Delhi, the capital of his Mogul empire, and built a new Babel from the doctrines there pronounced. Katherine - the - Wise of Russia gathered around her board priests of all faiths with privilege to discuss without proselyting. But this was the first time our *rishis* dared to meet without the uplifted sword. Had they foreseen the consequences, the Chicago conclave would never have been.

Vivekananda was only expected to furnish the decorative climax of a mustard-coloured robe and orange turban; not to offer any spiritual high-lights. The mild Hindus ranged beside him were looked upon more in the nature of terrible examples of moral darkness, but before he had finished speaking the Swami had swatted the word "heathen" from our vocabulary. If he had told of Buddha it would have passed as epic, of Theosophy, as *ism*. But he opened the *Bhagavadgita*, and Krishna again sprang to Arjun's chariot to hold the reins and point the way to the questioning Soul.

## II.

On a tree of sweet and bitter fruit perch two birds. One eats of the fruit of the tree. The other tenderly watches. The one orange. Life within life. Spirituality vibrant with passion. Always the same. The other waxes-and-wanes with every fruit it eats. Now pale and green. Now approaching in image its loving companion. The *Individual Soul*. The *Supreme Soul*. The Supreme watches and loves, but may not speak. The Individual must taste all fruit, gain all experiences. Though the Supreme suffer and faint by its mistakes. The highest is nourished through the lowest. One of the Divine Mysteries. As it chooses well the earthy begins to shine with the sacred flame. In last attainment

it need not choose. If it touch evil it wilts, but may not die. By long experience, perhaps in many lives, it learns to choose wisely-and-well, till perfect knowledge cometh and the one that eats knows at last the secret of the one that watcheth. When in ignorance it eats of poisoned fruit, and may not longer endure in this world, they both fly to another tree. Each hath only one wing, so they must stay together, though one live at the feet of God and the other in the gutter. When the Individual attains wisdom and approaches the glory of the highest till no man can tell which-be-which, they fly beyond the Mystery and need not return. The Hindu *devote* spends all thought on this supreme moment when the two shall be one. Their perfect union is the true *Nirvana*. Buddha taught that by asceticism the two might be one even on the present tree. Krishna teaches the two *are* one. Christian-Science denies the existence of the individual mistake, claiming to teach the supreme to pick its own fruit.

It is not with the death or subjugation of the Individual that the Supreme is obtained. Every heart need not be the grave of a dead poet. The poor, nervous, discouraged, who through sorrow, or failure, or disappointment, sacrifice, asceticism, over-effort, stumble with feet bruised by karmic pebbles are not *ready* for the kingdom, however earnest, sincere, faithful, self-sacrificing they may be. Cruel, but it is only attainment that counts in spirit as in life. Not intention. Such have much to work out, or they would not be in their condition. It is only with the development of the Individual to attained-horizons that the perfect companionship with the watcher - on - the - tree may be known. Then the lower will shine as the higher, and no lower or higher be.

This is the "Over-soul" of Emerson, though the Massachusetts *yogi* gave only the philosophy and did not attempt to demonstrate attainment. Of it he tells that description does not describe.

We may only know countries by inhabiting them. "Men ask of the employments of heaven and the state of the sinner. They even dream that Jesus has left replies to

precisely these interrogatories. Never did that sublime spirit speak in their *patois*." "The only mode of obtaining an answer is to forego all low curiosity, and accepting the tide of being which floats us into the secrets of nature." This is pure Hinduism. With our revised Bibles we approach the unchanged Vedas and worship with the *élite* of elder ages. It is recorded that Buddha, being asked by an aged nun if the soul exists after death, replied: "It is not revealed." "But then does the soul not live after death?" "That also, holy lady, is not revealed." The only instance when a spiritual teacher appealed to has not attempted to give a material picture of the joys of heaven. "You will eat peaches made out of rubies." One would prefer to eat rubies made out of peaches.

"By the same fire, serene, impersonal, perfect, which burns until it shall dissolve all things into an ocean of light,—we shall see and know each other, and what spirit is of," said the Sage of Concord. To-day we add—by the same fire, serene, *personal*, perfect, we *see* and know Attainment, not philosophy—seek Religion, not religions—Personality, not persons.

"Virtue is the adherence in action to the nature of things. It consists in a perpetual substitution of being for seeming. With sublime propriety God is described as saying *I AM*." "Let us unlearn our wisdom of the world. Let us lie low in the Lord's power." "There is a soul at the centre of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the Universe." "We are diseased with the theological problems of original sin, origin of evil, predestination and the like—the soul's mumps and measles and whooping cough." "That other terror that scares us from self-trust is consistence; reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbits." "A foolish consistence is the hobgoblin of little minds. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word."

Buddha once said to his dearest disciple, Ananda, "You only see that I am Buddha, and you think it an easy thing. But do you not know that I have attained this dignity after an infinite number of Kalpas of the deepest study and most painful austerity? You are like a little boy who thinks pearls are made in a bottle because he found them there."

This self-trust and attainment-of-peace absolves from mumps or measles or whooping-cough figurative or literal. The Supreme Soul is absolutely unassailable and all-powerful when attained. Herein the great rock of Christian Science.

If Emerson had been a woman his philosophy would have developed into religion. The era of Women's Clubs demanded a female *yogi*; Mother Eddy became this *yogini*. There will be no more religions made for men.

Madame Blavatsky is often spoken of as a charlatan. The truth to those who knew her is that she is not enough of a charlatan to be consistent, and so the world could form no image of her to worship. She was universal—cosmic. Changeable as the ocean, the ocean-depths were there and she did her work well. She disturbed and aroused and made us ready for the light. Her great gift was the teaching of Karma. This she taught better than anyone else has ever done. The intolerance of intellectualism is just as unpleasant as the intolerance of wealth. She looked like Rodin's Balzac. She could not bend herself to a circle to suit people. She was one of the first prophets of the new awakening, and so one of the first martyrs.

Long before her time, in the early Emerson days, there was a woman—sweet and lovely sympathiser with all wrongs and troubles—who grasped Indian religions on their purely Indian side, even more than Emerson. It was Lydia Maria Child. "The material emblem was likewise a religious type. Worshipers of Vishnu represent it on their foreheads. Is it strange that they regard with reverence the great mystery of human birth? Were they impure thus to regard it? Or we impure that we do *not* regard it?"

Mrs. Eddy calls her church the Church of Christ, Scientist. One should build across the way the Church of Buddha, Artist. On the next corner of Krishna, Lover. Opposite, Church of Emerson, Philosopher—then we might hope for spiritual progress and attainment.

“So lovely sounds in my ears the music of the bards that have sung of the true God in all ages. Do not degrade the life and dialogues of Christ out of the circle of this charm.”

Mrs. Eddy offered a science of the un-tangling of snarled-up nerves. For this the world owes her a great debt of gratitude. She made complaining, fussing, nervousness, despondency, as old-fashioned as the “tatting” and “crocheting” that used to be the only outlet for cantankerous women. Her doctrine seems to be based on the absolute denial of the individual mistake-making-soul. She saw but one bird on the bush. We must remember that in the Hindu teachings even the Supreme has only a single wing and that the Individual is just as necessary to the Supreme as the Supreme to the Individual. They complete each other and grow *through* each other. So God created the Universe. Soul needs Body as much as Body needs Soul. Women have written a new Bible to make God say what he ought to have said, and have decided that if Madame Blavatsky were living she should not be invited to their tea-fights. It may interest some of them to know that the prayer “Our Father-Mother Which Art in Heaven” has been used in India from time immemorial.

### III.

As Egyptian designs are to be found in Parisian shop windows, labelled, “*art-nouveau*,” so the teachings of the new awakening can be traced almost word for word in the matrix of Vedic thought. Thus while Buddha, five hundred years before Christ, told his disciples “Do nothing to another that you would not have done to you”; so, a couple of thousand years before the authoress of the “Key to the Scriptures,” Shankara Acharya said that if in firm conviction we repeat—“I am not a priest, not unfortunate, not a

servant, I am Being, Consciousness, Happiness, I am Shining Light. I rule all. My spirit is capable of all wisdom and power”—we shall attain to all wisdom and power.

An excellent practical gymnastic when one is disheartened, tired, and has but a moment for repose, is to lie flat, without pillow, relax, fix the mind on the above idea till the tension of trouble drops away, then rise, saying “*I AM IT*,” and go forth to conquer.

### IV.

The recorded anecdotes of Krishna are full of illustrations of such thought. Of these,—“The Snake in the Jar of Milk.” A poor woman was asked for food by two travellers. No one is ever refused in India. There was nothing in the house but some milk saved to make butter from; and though the sale of that butter was all she would have to live on for the next few days, she brought out the jar and held it to their lips. Each drank, thanked, and went on his way. When they were gone she thought she would use the little milk left to make some curds. On shaking it up she found a dead snake in the bottom of the jar. “Oh, what have I done! What horror! Those two holy men will be poisoned. It is I who have caused their death.” She rushed out of the house, but they were nowhere to be seen. The next morning the two passed in perfect health and saluted her cheerily. “You are alive?” she said. “Alive, what do you mean?” “The milk was poisoned, I found a dead snake in the jar. I thought you would be dead.” They turned pale and looked at each other. “That milk poisoned? We did not know. A snake. How terrible!—” Both fell dead at her feet. Krishnian Science!

The essence of Buddhism was self-sacrifice. When Buddha Sakayamuni was a *rishi* with matted-hair, he gave himself up every day to the fourth-ecstasy—suspended respiration. As he rested immobile under a tree, a bird descended and laid her eggs in his hair thinking him a part of the trunk. When the saint came out of his beatitude he found himself a bird’s-nest. He said—“If I move the mother will

not come back. If she cometh not the little ones die." He plunged again into his *samadhi* and did not move till the eggs were hatched and the birds could fly.

Krishna demands no suspension of bodily function or retirement from the world to attain divine-union. Of this he gives a practical illustration. A woman secretly carries on an intrigue with a lover. She thinks of her lover all the time when occupied with her most menial household duties. "Live in the world like that woman with *ME* in your heart as your lover."

## V.

Contact with the Western world does not inspire in the Hindu mind a desire to become Christian. A Brahmin once said to me, "We are Christians and more than Christians already. We keep our holy laws. Your people do not do any of the things they preach." The influence and interest of Europe in India is entirely commercial, carrying with it complete disarrangement of spiritual life. We say—"Accept our religion, but put on our corsets, buy our boots and our tinned meats."

This may be all right for Australia and Patagonia, but India was the intellectual-mother of the world.

She is now a great tomb, wherein one finds the skeletons of starved millions: crowns and jewels: fragments of mouldering brocades: cloths of gold: to tell that life was once beautiful. Wonderful illuminated manuscripts: frescoes fading from the wall: telling that life was holy. But the reverie is interrupted by the sound of hammering on a new hotel or railway station. The twin devils of cheapness and speed stalk over the land.

Vivekananda, Abhedananda, Saradananda, Narasimha Acharya, Virchand Gandhi, Dhamapala, Baba Bharati, Ramananda have made more real converts to Hinduism than all the missionaries who ever went to India put together to Christianity. These amongst the highest and most cultured, which would far out-balance, even if numbers were the same, the wretched congregations of outcasts, famine-wrecks, plague-orphan, gathered by the missionaries. Very few high-caste

Hindus have ever been converted. Some of the work may have devoted purpose. The untiring labours in field and hospital deserve all praise, though one always feels the hook beneath the humanitarianism.

## VI.

Hindu spiritual-thought can be simplified into three great divisions. All Monotheistic. The many representations of God are emanations or symbols of the same. If we think of Buddha as a watershed, and regard what went before, what followed; we have the key. Brahminism—Buddhism—Hinduism. The Vedas stretch back into untold ages. From them gradually grew the exclusive and aristocratic power of the Brahmins. The only aristocracy of learning and culture the world has ever known. Their rigid rules of formality and caste excluded the lowly and humble. For these Buddha picked his yellow robe from the fragments of funeral-pyres and preached salvation to all through renunciation and asceticism. The land of Bharat was trod for the first time by the feet of low-caste mendicant preachers wrapped in saffron.

Hymns ascended from thousands of monasteries till, Buddha himself being of royal race, kings and emperors joined in the train, and Buddhism became the court religion of India.

During this period the Brahmins were set aside, but were not idle. They occupied their time with gaining power. They became courtiers. They were the Jesuits of the primal-faith. They devoted themselves to art and literature. Wrote the epics and philosophics with which India has nourished the world.

Their hold had been weakened when the golden gates were opened to the mob. All the ceremonic splendour of ritual now employed by the Roman Catholic Church was originated by the later Buddhists. Cathedrals hewn in the solid rock, with columns, aisles and naves; processions, altars, incense, music. Even the celebration of the mass was taken from Buddha. The crowd, repressed by the severity of the elder teachings, was held by this splendour. *Buddhistic*, not of Buddha.

The entire nature of his worship had changed. Even the slightest ritual was unknown to early Buddhism. He was called, not "His Holiness," but "The Great Simplicity." He taught his disciples to take refuge in themselves. They now prayed—"I take refuge in Buddha." He begged to be forgotten. Was worshipped like a God.

Then came the turn of the Brahmins, who, during all this time, had been secretly working to get back their prestige. They gradually absorbed all that was interesting in Buddhism. Made their temples as splendid as his own. Stole the incense, the altars, flowers, added mystic dances; till they held again a poetic and artistic people in thrall. This time they did not attempt to shut the gates on the poor Sudra. Buddha had opened them too wide. This, his great work. They could never be closed again.

There was one more touch to give. They gave it in restoring the worship of Krishna. They offered the new ideas developed in their thousand years of waiting. Ideas a thousand years in advance of the teachings of Buddha. The sublime lessons of the *Bhagavadgita*. They taught the mystery of divine-attainment in this life. They gave not a saint, but a lover. An incarnation, not a prophet.

Buddhist temples were less and less frequented, then gradually deserted, and the religion faded away; though its humanising influence will always remain. A religious war unparalleled. A war without a blow. The fragments were gathered together in Ceylon. The "Isle of Buddha." Then the baskets were carried to Burma, Siam, China, Japan.

The Nirvana of Buddha did not mean annihilation—nothingness. Naught in common with the French *neant*. As it is chiefly a physical condition, obtained by continual physical exercise, it cannot be grasped by mental effort alone. Most minds slip at the first horror of the word. It is chiefly "a formula which deadens the real for us till we are strong enough to bear it." If *self*, as we understand it, is destroyed, a subtle internal form for

which we have no name is generated that more than takes its place. (Christian Scientists will understand this.) We may say that the passive *self* becomes the active *Soul*.

## VII.

The *Bhagavadgita* is the Bible of Krishna. The quintessence of all modern Hinduism. It opens with sublime dramatic effect. Two armies gather on a great plain, in family quarrel. Before the battle, Arjun (the Individual Soul) sweeps between in his chariot guided by Krishna, disguised as charioteer (the Supreme Soul). Arjun asks the question—"To fight or not to fight?" For the answer the reader must search the "Celestial Song." The wonderful chapters on duty, growth, attainment, life. The living God-in-all. No one has ever so taught before or since. Arjun stands as the personal man—the man of the world. Krishna, his over-soul or higher self. The divine had to incarnate as the servant of the lower-self, to speak. In ordinary life as we live it, it is the lower that holds the reins whilst the divine watches and suffers. This was an incarnation to give the world a lesson. Each may drive his chariot without fear if he feels Krishna and Arjun are one. There are no opposites to the awakened soul.

Now let us come to the most interesting teachings of the Gita.

The "Bondage of the Pairs of Opposites." For so we think. Our entire education consists of it. Our entire life is passed in weighing and balancing. The separation of sheep from goats. Good and bad. God and devil. Hot, cold. Black, white. Pleasure, pain. Rich, poor. We always carry our little grocery scales in our pocket. A good man! A poor woman! How narrow! How cruel! She may be wealthy in every spiritual grace. Happy in the enjoyment of all highest in life. The hard, narrow, ungenerous, are not of the Kingdom of Heaven, though they have worn out the carpet of the centre aisle. "That man worth a million!" a Russian Princess once said to me, "He *has* a million, he is worth nothing." Summer? Winter? Delight in both. The revelation of the day. The mystery of night. Which

is your favourite flower? I enjoy all beauty. Do you prefer emeralds or pearls? They have no points of comparison. The narrow soul is forever on the fence in terror of falling. The enlightened a fence-jumper. If poor always rich. If rich always happy and always well.

"Give me peace in pleasure and the treasures of the Universe shall be yours." So many have peace but not pleasure. So many pleasure but not peace. "Peace in pleasure" the ideal.

Told in more stately phrase in the *Bhagavadgita* this the gist of the teachings. Emerson thus sings in his little-understood "Brahma":—

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,  
Or if the slain think he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways,  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

"Far or forgot to me is near,  
Shadow and sunlight are the same,  
The vanished gods to me appear,  
And one to me are shame and fame.

"They reckon ill who leave me out,  
When any fly, I am the wings,  
I am the doubter and the doubt,  
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

This not the Buddhistic indifference to shadow and sunlight, far or forgot; but the appreciation of both. Until we grasp both ends of a stick we do not hold the stick. If we are the doubter and the doubt of the glorious song we are all. "Nor can you, if I am true, excite me to the least uneasiness by saying 'he acted and thou sittest still,' I see action to be good, when the need is, and sitting still also to be good."

In the exoteric sense Krishna is the incarnation of the *joie-de-vivre*; the delight Nature feels, that we all should feel but don't know how to. He is not represented as an impossible-stainless-ideal, but with blood and passions and playfellows and adventures—an incarnation—that is, a god made in man's image. "Follow the law," said the Brahmins, "and you will gain the rewards of the law." "Follow the life or the Self as it expresses itself in your heart," said Krishna, "and you will become possessed of the power of being the Self."

President Elliot, of Harvard College, complained that the ideal as given in Protestant churches is too ready-made:—"Too intellectual, too unemotional on the part of the preacher, demanding too little personal exertion on the part of the recipient of the inspiration."

Another most beautiful point. It is clearly understood that each person worships a different Krishna. The conception of God depends on the capacity of the individual. His interpretation must, of course, be that within his reach. If he try to grasp an ideal too high for present attainment—the mistake of most religious teachings—he may *pretend* he reaches it; then all balance is lost and real growth becomes impossible. This the reason for our myriads of stunted unconscious-hypocrites; who, *desiring* to do the right thing, have professed faith in ideals before really understanding them. "The Krishna of Sanatan Goswami is not the same as the Krishna of an ordinary man. *None but a Sanatan will know what a Sanatan's Krishna is,*" said the Swami of Swami Vivekananda. The Christ of elder ages himself declared: "He who sees Me everywhere and sees everything in Me, his presence I leave not, nor does he leave My presence" (*Gita* VI., 30). Krishna does not demand retirement from the world to attain holiness; nor even holiness to attain holiness. As with Emerson, he says we may live with our feet in society and our heads out of it, or in it, for that matter, if we know we are the abode of the living God. "Drinking the water of a life of seclusion and subjugation of the passions, or drinking of that pleasant beverage called Perception-of-Truth, we become free from worry or sin."

"What is the state of a man who is in the world and yet free from its attachments?"

"He is like a lotus leaf in the water, or a mud-fish in the mud. The water wetteth not the lotus leaf, the mud staineth not the glossy skin of the fish."

In India the universal custom of marriage robs religious teaching of an element which is the curse and drag of our intellectual advancement. The "old-maids" of both sexes immediately fasten

on any new craft and make it a wreck. Holy teachers who come have been accustomed to discuss with the wisest men of their countries and cannot understand the preponderance of fair auditors so in love with *Karma* when they should have been busied with *Kama*. There is a difference between knowledge and knowing. Knowledge can have no barriers, no cognizance of terms, of good or evil, rich or poor. Our early teachings make it hard to lift from our shoulders the yoke of the former; our present ideals impossible to lighten our body from the bondage of the latter. We are slaves to the doing-of-work; not masters of the living-of-life.

To the liberated soul there is no cutting the throats of chickens or goats on an altar. One is lifted at once above the need of vicarious atonement in the at-one-ment of perfect health, perfect knowledge, perfect emotion. In a trinity all are equal, but all must be there. Equally poised in wealth or poverty, success or failure, labour or repose, society or solitude. With Krishna as charioteer the Seeker-of-Truth will not fail to find the way.

What does all this lead to? To the fact that we are beginning to make for ourselves our own gods—not out of clay but out of ourselves.

It is the teachings of Krishna which Mother Eddy struggled with and which have done so much good even in limited form.

The holy Baba Bharati brought us without compromise the worship of a new god whom many find they have been worshipping a long time in every movement, every flower, in every thrill of life. We need not concern ourselves for the future. The future will take care of itself. May it always remain a mystery or life will be robbed of half its interest. It is life-to-day, not life-eternal we must grasp. Probably in the darkness waits some higher fate than we can yet conceive. The waters of the Red Sea will open and un-secret a secret of which we have never dreamed. Other measures will appear than our little balance of eternity or annihilation. There may be possibilities infinitely more desirable than either, which will require the

powers of another birth to grasp even in idea. No one has ever opened the door from the other side. It is equally crude and fanatical to dream of a *formless* Heaven. There will probably be a transfusion of all that is personal in our nature into semi-material form of higher power of expression. Our growth and needs will be more complex, so will the instrument. Nothing is more vulgar and narrow than this hatred of objectivity—of individuality. It is a mental affection to talk only of spirit. The entire revelation of God is objective. Each day a glory of miracle! Material messages? No one has ever received any other. It will be no more marvellous to possess material personality there than here. The Krishna of Sanatan is not our Krishna, nor will our attainment be the attainment of Sanatan. The more universal our growth becomes, the more personal too. Nature is above-all autocratic, and, as far as we know, absolutely pitiless; but there, again, we do not know what is on the other side of the moon.

A queen has given us the most perfect message of modern times. Carmen Sylva of Roumania, who, in former incarnations, must have been one of the *gopis* of Krishna at Brindaven, says our primal obligation is to scatter joy:—

“Joy and more joy, O my soul! That should be your word of command. It is of divine origin within reach of the poorest. He may divide his bread with another still-more-poor, who again may divide the fruit plucked from the wayside or offer to share the water in his gourd. No hand too small to give joy. No purse too light, no heart too sorrowful, to create joy. O my soul, give thyself to thyself!”

Sacrifice is failure. Joy attains. Only light gives light. Only by personal growth can we be of use to others. A stunted soul may pray but cannot do. The wise men with their spectacles are looking for the microbe of sin. Its antidote is beauty. If there are eighty thousand malevolent microbes on the surface of one dirty coin, there may be a hundred thousand microbes of blessing in spending it. Joy! Joy! *OM! KRISHNA! OM! HARI! OM!*  
EDMUND RUSSELL.

# Ideals in Art

## II. Mary the Woman

By HOPE REA.

ONE often questions what is the element in a story which decides its fate, and renders it either imperishable, or of merely ephemeral interest. Beauty alone is not the decisive factor, nor is horror, nor ugliness, nor the superlative in any one specific quality; of all these things it is indubitable that the world has forgotten far more than it remembers. It would seem that whatever else a story may contain, if it is to live, it must deal primarily with broad human realities, which are in themselves unaffected by place and time, and could be as true in essence now as a thousand years ago. In the proportion that a tale needs elucidation from the historian or the antiquary, it is removed from the Company of the Immortals.

The stories which circle round the person of the Woman Mary have all, in varying degrees, this quality of broad, elemental interest; the "Legend of the Madonna" as built up and recorded by the early Christian Church is, from start to close, among the imperishable Tales of the Race. Beautiful throughout its course, its bright particular stars are those incidents recorded in the Gospels. They are few, told with the utmost brevity, without one superfluous word, but each one tells, and together delineate an imperishable picture.

The Woman Mary, apart from any theological connotation, stands there as the perfect type and symbol of the ideal which belongs to the Christian cycle of

our Race history. What Sita is to the Eastern Aryan, Mary has been to the Western; and what Northern Europe and its colonial offspring have lost by their repudiation of the Mary element in their religious ideal is probably beyond computation. Through the elemental intensity of her womanhood, she is, to those who retain that ideal in their religious thought, not merely a figure of historical or theological significance, but the Woman symbol to illustrate and embody the whole gamut of emotional thought in which the feminine element is involved, whether experienced by man or woman. Hence the force of her appeal to the Artist, who for centuries has used her as a living word in the language of religious emotion.

The 25th of this month, popularly called Lady Day, celebrates the Annunciation to her, by the Archangel, that she is chosen to be the Mother of the Christ. It is the first incident of the Mary Story recorded by the Evangelist St. Luke. It is so idyllic in its simplicity, and, at the same time, so broadly elemental in its outline, that in the quiet, shy response of "Ecce Ancilla Domini," one almost hears, as it were, an individualised voice of the Eternal Prakriti answering to the word of the Co-Eternal Purusha.\*

The Churches justly call the Annunciation the First Joyful Mystery. Fra Angelico has probably succeeded in a

\* *Prakriti* the term in Sanscrit for primordial matter, *Purusha*, similarly, the term for the all-informing Spirit.





THE ANNUNCIATION.

Painted by  
Sandro Botticelli.

From photograph by  
Messrs. Alinari, of Florence.

supreme degree in depicting this incident, and conveying suggestion of its cosmic significance. Our first illustration is by him, the original being a fresco on the wall of the corridor leading to the Brethren's dormitory cells, in his own Convent of San Marco. There it is most appropriately placed, serving to strike a suggestive note to each man as he made his way to his own private oratory, for special silence and meditation, so that he might forthwith "recollect" himself, and assume that spiritual attitude of receptivity which was the object of his solitude—each striving to that level of unity when "Ecce Ancilla Domini" would become the expression of his own individual soul.

The Friar-Painter has succeeded marvellously in depicting the inexperienced, immature, virginal girl, as it were, "with the West in her eyes," all the future before her—a lanky, unformed figure, dressed in no particular style, modest only and neat, a simple ribbon round her hair. We might meet her even now, any day, in a djibbah, and loose cloak. Likewise her setting is of the day, that is, the Painter's. She sits under a loggia, very much resembling an angel of his own cloister, and the angel that she sees is in form not foreign to her thought made visible, "neither male nor female," but mere animated being, bearing a message, therefore winged, a "bird of God," as Dante describes the angel nature. All is there in the two simple figures, so barely told that the observer may take to himself any aspect of the symbol which he can, or wishes to appropriate, perhaps one day one part, and the next, one on a wholly different plane of meaning.

To the left of the picture, the artist allows himself to stray a little from the severely elemental, into bye-ways of the picturesque and the theological. He paints a charming piece of flowery sward, a paling, and a wood beyond, pressing up to the bounds of the enclosure. The paling suggests the theologic Virginité, the *Hortus inclusus*, Garden enclosed, emphasis to the idea being given by the forest beyond the paling; the flowery sward speaks of the Spring, the up-rising,

the time of birth and joy. These are little asides, appealing to the monk, and also to the Painter, and the Artist in Fra Giovanni keeps them properly subordinate. May-be in certain moods the more richly coloured background throws out into greater prominence the principal group. In any case, it were ungracious to quarrel with the addition of such delicate beauty, and the picture as it stands is one of the gems of Christian Art.

It is not surprising "that it was given" to Fra Giovanni to paint in such a deeply mystical manner. One incident in his life seems to give forth its abiding keynote.

On the death of the Arch-Bishop of Florence, he was invited by the Pope to succeed to the office. He, however, begged to be excused, realising that his true vocation was that of the artist. "He who practises the art of painting," he pleaded, "has need of quiet, and should live without cares and anxieties. He who would do the work of Christ, must dwell continually with Him."

When Fra Giovanni (called Angelico) was nearing the close of his career, Sandro Botticelli was born, and his work bears the impress of a new world, that of the young expanding Renaissance.

Our second illustration is by Sandro, and the development of style is at once apparent. The figure of Our Lady has, in all probability, been re-touched by another hand, with the result that it has retained the mannerism, but lost the manner of the master; it is the angel which commands our attention in this picture.

In a Florentine Gallery stands an antique, marble figure, labelled Pomona, the drapery having that marvellous wind-blown quality of which the Greek sculptor was so consummate a master. It is said that this statue, re-discovered in or near his day, fired the ambition of Botticelli, with the result that he, of all the Painters of the Renaissance, succeeded in rendering fluttering, wind-borne, and air-filled drapery, to which is largely due that airy dancing effect which is so frequently characteristic of his work. We have a fine example of this quality in the kneeling

angel. His robes are still inflated with the wind caught in the rapid motion of his descent, just at that moment arrested, as he kneels to give his message. Like Fra Angelico, Botticelli gives intense reality to the scene by the landscape showing through the open window, which is but a slightly idealised scene from the Val d'Arno, and even suggests the Tower of San Frediano, one of the gateways of Florence itself. This angel is of the type invented and frequently employed by Botticelli; he is no "uccello di Dio," but in his grave beauty is definitely boy-like. It is a favourite fancy of the writer's that Botticelli received his suggestion for this type of angel from Savonarola's dream of transforming the boys of Florence into God's white-robed messengers to collect and burn the "vanities" of the sin-convicted city. The scenes which George Elliot recalls so vividly in *Romola* had been actual chapters in the painter's own life, and it may well be that his imagination had seized upon the great Preacher's idea, made it his own, and realised it in his art.

One can trace also in this angel figure that peculiarly Florentine development of composition of line, each one, whether of figure, or wing, or drapery, being inter-related and brought, however wild and wind-blown individually, into harmonious unity with the rest.

These notes on Botticelli's technique serve to introduce the third illustration, popularly known as "The Magnificat." This picture is in itself almost a summation of all that is most characteristic of strictly Florentine Art, a reminiscence of its goldsmith's basis in the starry crown, and the finely drawn pattern work of the borders and decoration, the delicate homeliness of the landscape background, the absolutely inevitable fall of each and every line into harmonious inter-relation, the realism of the persons depicted and yet the idealism of the whole scene, raising it out of this world into the realm of ideas—Botticelli's "Magnificat" is, indeed, a *Capo lavoro*, a Masterpiece, a jewel of first water in the Florentine coronal of Art.

In this painting, unlike our last, the

Madonna dominates, the boy angels, with all the sweet gravity of their understanding gaze, are properly subordinate. Again we have Mary the Woman, wearing the crown of her womanhood, and that independently of the heavenly diadem which the celestial attendants are guiding downwards towards her bending head.

Botticelli has the poet's vision no less than Fra Angelico. The content of this great picture is not to be gauged by any passing glance, nor even by full recognition of its pictorial beauties alone; it demands complete abandonment to its magic, a losing of the sense of time in its contemplation; only so will it yield its full significance and the revelation of its heart.

Mary here is Woman individualised, Woman crowned by the consummation of her Motherhood, and, at the same time, not yet completely incoronate, since her destined kingdom has not yet been fully entered upon. Her song, the Magnificat, is no general psalm of thanksgiving for common use, it is and has been through the ages the Canticle of Woman; it is not the voice of the eternal feminine element in humanity, but that of the representative Woman, in a half-evolved human society that rings out in the Magnificat.

Mary, the daughter of her forefather David, chants a psalm of praise, for her own individual beatitude, but withal there is the memory of those others of whom she is the representative, and with that memory is an undertone of revolt and prophecy, a strange intermingling of thought, of hopes, and wonderments. Botticelli the poet and the lover has written them all in the strange, sad face, with its elusive expression, of his Madonna of the Magnificat. To those who have been baffled and pained by the problem of womanhood throughout the ages, the doctrine of reincarnation comes like a shaft of light illuminating the darkness. This realisation of the nature of things certainly adjusts the balance of conditions, as between men and women, showing that highly specialised circumstances and disciplines are necessary from life to life, changing from one to the other, so that an



THE MAGNIFICAT.

Painted by  
Sandro Botticelli.

From photograph by  
Messrs. Alinari, of Florence.



THE ANNUNCIATION OF DEATH.

Painted by  
Ambrogio Lorenzetti.

From photograph by  
Lombardi, of Siena.

ultimate perfection in the reincarnating ego may be attained. In this light, we may see reason to hope that even now the time is approaching when such acute specialisation, as has been in the past, has become no longer necessary to the evolutionary process, and the bitter note in the Canticle of Woman will cease to have the poignant appeal that it still retains.

In a little book of rare beauty, recently published anonymously, a new note is sounded, as it were that of a Dawn-Song heralding the new day which we see approaching :

"O ye children of the Kingdom ! From your forehead shines my hidden Name ! None shall be able to resist you ! Ask no rest. Let no man pity you ; for in your mouth is the Song of the Return !

"Marvel not that I should speak this hour by the mouth of the Woman, the long despised, the minister to many, the hidden one, the Sorrowful ! I have prepared her for this day. Blessed are they that shall hear her voice !

"The pale grapes have sweetened, and none have marked the change ; the seasons have come and gone, and the time of vintage is near. In her hands the cup of sorrow shall become the cup of joy. Let them that have spoken keep silence ; and they shall understand the secret by which I govern dark places, saith the Lord. To see the end from afar is to enter in, even now. Though ye remain in the desert with Me, yet shall ye taste of the milk and the honey of My Promise."

Our fourth illustration takes us outside the gospel narrative into the "Legend of the Madonna" ; in this we follow her, step by step, to the final culminating act, where the Son crowns the Mother, and she indeed enters into her kingdom,—a profound allegory of racial evolution.

The Legend tells us, with that sweet homeliness which almost throughout trans-fuses the Mary story, that after the Ascension she went home with the Disciple John, and lived at his house in Jerusalem until the age of sixty years. There, one may gather by inference, that her household became a sort of home centre towards which the Apostles turned in

thought, and actually returned, in fact, from their various missionary wanderings ; that, to the nascent Church, she seemed a visible link with the ascended Master. One could with so slight an effort of the imagination transfer the tale to the present time and place the house of the gracious ageing Lady in some quiet suburb of a modern Capital, unknown by the busy surrounding world, and yet the place of all others upon earth to the chosen self-dedicated few, who knew.

Seated in her house one day, we read, in earnest contemplation, her heart filled with the image of her Son, again an unexpected entrance of the angel Messenger. Gabriel comes from Paradise, bearing in his hand a celestial glittering palm branch. Again the heavenly message was one of supreme joy ; within three days, he told her, she would be released from earth, and rejoin her Son in Paradise. She begged for two boons to complete her joy, one that at her last earthly moment she "might not see Satan," and the other that before her passing, she might once more see her sons the Apostles. Gabriel is empowered to grant both prayers. Miraculously the Twelve return from their several fields of labour and hear the news. John tells his brethren not to weep, "since they who preach the resurrection must not give cause for it to be said that they fear death." On the third day, according to the word of the Angel, she dies, her soul passing directly into the arms of her attendant Son, who, with other heavenly visitants, is present by her bedside, and visible to the enlightened eyes of the Holy Twelve.

Ambrogio Lorenzetti was a Sienese Painter, one of a School of deeply devotional Art. The painting here reproduced, illustrating the Annunciation of Death, is a fine and typical example of its style. In the depth of its quiet and solemnity it tells its own tale, and as we glance from the youthful Mary in Fra Giovanni's Spring Garden to the mature grace of beautiful old age here painted by Lorenzetti, we experience in imagination something of the great billows of experience which have been traversed

between the first and the latter cry of the same elect soul: "Ecce ancilla Domini."

The little mystical book quoted from above ends thus:

"Sing a new Song, the Song of the Mother! Approach her courts with trembling. Blessed are they that can look upon Her face and live! Into Her hands have I put the nurture of all things, and little children shall bless Her!

"Freely shall She move in the sight of all, virgin and consecrate. The eyes of them that behold Her shall look upon each other in a New World. Her throne is founded from everlasting, and She hath set the Child thereon, even the Son of God!

"The voice of the Father and the Mother are one! Lay aside O My sons and My daughters, the garments of vanity and fear, the idle ways of ignorance and pleasure! Be ye Shepherds and Weavers unto Me, Lords of My Earth, and Builders together of the Heavenly

Tabernacle, the Place of My abiding."

One of the greatest needs of the present time, the Pass-key required for conscious entry into the New Day now dawning, is the power to see and read the poetry and significances of daily happenings in their modern work-a-day dress, and to feel the spiritual character of the forces which manifest themselves to-day, in train and omnibus, and country road and motor-car.

The old Painters delineated the ancient stories of the Christian Faith as both History and Allegory, in the forms of their own day. The Story and the Allegory abide, it is for us to see them, and translate them into the forms of ours. The world, with us belonging to it, swings eternally, now as then, and as it will in ages yet to come, in the divinely appointed rhythm, ours the task of recognising and attuning ourselves to the beat of the celestial measure.

HOPE REA.

(To be continued.)

*We regret that, owing to an unfortunate mistake, the name of the photographer was omitted beneath the photographs of Wells Cathedral in Miss Rea's February article. The photographer is Mr. Phillips, of Wells.—[ED.]*

## "Neither do I Condemn Thee."

"Neither do I condemn"—O gentle Voice!  
Falling with healing balm upon mine ear,  
The while I lie in darkness at His feet,  
Bending my shamed head to hide the burning tear.

"Neither do I condemn"—O heavenly Light!  
Shedding soft radiance o'er this erring soul;  
To Thee my sin lies bare, yet Thou alone  
Can'st raise me and compel the gaze that makes me whole.

"Neither do I condemn"—Belovèd Lord!  
If all the worlds were mine wherewith to bless,  
It would be yet too small a gift to prove  
The vast outpouring of my passionate thankfulness.

"Go thou and sin no more"—None but Thyself,  
Thou Perfect One, could utter words like these!  
No depth too low for Thy Compassion's reach;  
My fall has marked the measure of the Love that frees.

*So when this clay has long been turned to dust,  
And penitent souls implore thro' bitter tears,  
Shall my poor tale His wondrous Wisdom tell,  
More bright and glorious shining down the widening years.*

F. EVERY CLAYTON.

# The Great Awakening

## III. Tapping the Undercurrents

By IRVING S. COOPER.

[In his second article Mr. Cooper wrote of the existence of "Mental Undercurrents" in our modern civilisation, which, though seemingly belied by the surface characteristics of that civilisation, are nevertheless powerfully at work in the depths of contemporary life, shaping men's hopes, aspirations and ideals. The tendency of such undercurrents is to press steadily towards the surface; and the writer described the threefold process of ridicule, hostility and silent acceptance, which usually attends this emergence of these deeper streams of life and consciousness, in the judgment of the world at large. In the present paper Mr. Cooper proceeds to "tap" some of these undercurrents; that is to say, to name and define, while they are still working more or less subterraneously, some of the great hidden influences which are already moulding the thought of the future.]

**W**HAT a tangle of undercurrents underlie civilisation! Even the most intuitive observer becomes confused at times in attempting to follow their interweaving channels. Some of the thoughts and beliefs, which make up the undercurrents, seem familiar to us because expressed in accustomed phrases, a few are rich in quaint though still acceptable wording, but others are so strange and unoccidental in their outlines, that it seems as if the Orient were taking birth among us, a veritable reincarnation of Eastern souls in Western bodies.

Just as in ancient Athens and Rome the cults of Serapis and Isis and of the further East mingled with the State Mysteries, though not regarded altogether with favour, so many of our modern undercurrents are purely Oriental in their colouring and expression. It may surprise some to learn that Buddhist temples may be found in the United States, and that the number of Western Buddhists, or those inclined to that ancient Faith, is surprisingly large, considering that this is a Christian land. Several influential magazines are advocates openly of the teachings of Gautama, and perhaps one of the most widely read and loved poems is "The Light of Asia," containing the legends of

His life. Possibly this remarkable poem is so popular because it is said by Buddhists to express more perfectly than all the books of Western Orientalists combined the real inner feeling and attitude of those who follow the religion of the Good Law.

In the United States, the followers of the Vedanta, one of the six systems of Hindu philosophy, are not wholly negligible. First made popular by Swami Vivekananda at the historic World's Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893, this form of Indian teaching has exercised a considerable influence on Occidental thought. Strange as it may seem, the unexpected enthusiasm aroused at that unique Parliament by the eloquent exponents of Eastern religions so alarmed some of the Churches that they have quietly opposed any attempts since then to hold similar gatherings at other Expositions.

Emerson was the source from which arose a number of undercurrents, and it may be of interest to know that the inspiration of much of his stimulating thought was Eastern. It has been said that "the thought of Emerson was but the philosophy of the Orient filtered through a marvellous Western mind." After Emerson's death there was found among his books a worn copy of *The Bhagavad-*

*Gita*—"The Lord's Song"—a spiritual drama, embedded in one of the great Hindu Epic poems, which contains some of the rarest philosophical and religious treasures to be found in all the literature of the world.

Even Sufism, the esoteric side of the militant, concrete, dogmatic religion of Mohammad, has woven its spell around the hearts of many by the magic beauty of the quatrains of Omar, the Tentmaker. Fitzgerald's version, though telling us more of Fitzgerald than of Omar, still faintly reveals in the symbolism of the Grape and of Wine, of Love and of Roses, of Springtide and of Death, between the dark lines of poetic melancholy, a glimpse of the glory of Sufi mysticism. The translation by E. H. Whinfield is much better for our purpose though less beautiful, and when we realise that Wine to the Sufi means "knowledge of God,"\* we can read a deeper meaning, that at first seemed possible, in such quatrains as those which follow :—

"We make the wine-jar's lip our place of prayer,  
And drink in lessons of true manhood there,  
And pass our lives in taverns, if perchance  
The time mis-spent in mosques we may repair.

"What time, my cup in hand, its draughts I  
drain,  
And with rapt heart unconsciousness attain,  
Behold what wondrous miracles are wrought,  
Songs flow as water from my burning brain."

Perhaps the most unusual embodiment of the Orient is a strange form of sun-worship, which has appeared like a prismatic streak on the hurrying stream of human interests. How little we understand the mysterious workings and longings of the men and women we pass on the streets and sit beside on the cars is only realised when we actually contact some of these odd forms of religious idealism which to others are all satisfying.

The readers of the tablets of Beha Ullah, the famous prisoner of Akka, and of his illustrious son, Abdul-Beha Abbas, assemble in every city for study and inspiration. Beha Ullah is regarded by his devoted followers as no less than an

\* *Vide* Introduction by Robert Arnot, *Quatrains of Omar Khayyam*, Universal Classic Library.

Incarnation of the Spirit of God and his words have all the authority of a revealed religion. The Behais teach and live a mystical religion of love, tolerance and charity, and their hopes are beautifully expressed in the words of Beha Ullah : "That all nations should become one in faith, and all men as brothers ; that the bonds of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened ; that the diversity of religion should cease, and the differences of race be annulled." The growth of this Persian movement in the United States supports the statement sometimes made, that what we need is not so much a religion of *new* truths, as a fresh presentation of old truths. Words and phrases, once instinct with a hidden fire, after a lapse of a few centuries become crystallised and therefore powerless to awaken enthusiasm. Yet if the truths expressed in these ancient phrases but re-incarnate in new ones, they immediately regain their vitality and attractiveness. Possibly this is one of the reasons for the decline of historic Christianity—its phrases have become so familiar through long use that they fail any longer to stimulate our emotional nature to the depth.

Of all Oriental teachings none has spread more rapidly than reincarnation, with its companion idea, karma, considered by many to be the only adequate solution of the problem of destiny. These closely linked philosophical conceptions have long been regarded by millions of people, not only in the Orient, but also by thousands in Europe and America, as true interpretations of life and destiny, but only recently have they found their way into newspapers and magazines. As explanations of the inequalities of birth, environment, character and opportunities, reincarnation and karma owe their Western popularity to their inherent reasonableness and to the growth of a number of movements holding them as cardinal doctrines. Of East Indian origin, so far as the present wave of interest is concerned, they have lost much of their purely Oriental atmosphere, because so thoroughly assimilated by the Western temperament.

There are other undercurrents which owe their inspiration only indirectly to Oriental influence. Most of these may be grouped under the rather vague title of "New Thought." Now New Thought is nearly as hard to define as Socialism, because it has been interpreted so variously. As a consequence there are hundreds of independent organisations scattered throughout the country. In most of them much attention is paid to mental and other forms of healing, and in all there is a call upon the subtle forces of the Mind and of the Spirit to adjust and harmonise the conditions of the physical world. The consciousness of man is regarded as a fragment of the all-pervading divine Consciousness, and, therefore, whenever we command in terms of Spirit, the outer world of Spirit-created matter is obedient to our will. New Thought may be defined as *utilitarian mysticism*—tinged frequently, it must be confessed, with decided traces of spiritual selfishness, for all too frequently the higher forces are deliberately used to obtain personal benefits. Generally speaking, New Thought proposes through its affirmations, demands and suggestions to master destiny and obtain thereby everything which is desired by the devotee—health, wealth and happiness.

Of recent years a number of movements and philosophies have arisen, which are Eastern in teaching and tendency, though of spontaneous Western origin. Perhaps the best example of this class is Christian Science. The terms used are Christian, the reasoning adopted—what there is of it—is Western, but the emphasis laid upon the sole reality of the Divine Mind, upon the utter illusion of matter, and upon the conception that all physical forms are only images projected outwards by the mortal mind, is far more akin to the Vedanta philosophy than to historical Christianity.

But we have not mentioned yet the most bizarre and fantastic of the undercurrents, judging by the standards of the matter-of-fact world. They exist in the form of secret fraternities, brotherhoods and societies—we are not referring here to the Masonic Fraternity—which claim to be the chosen vessels for special revelations or

the repositories for darkly mysterious teachings handed down generation after generation from ancient times. Some claim kinship and even actual transmission of secret information from the Master Magicians of Atlantis, the Astrologers of Chaldæa, the Hermetic Brotherhood of Egypt, the Essenes of Judæa, the Priests of the Mysteries of Greece and Rome, the Rosicrucians of Mediæval Europe, the Incas of Peru, the Yogis of India. The more ancient the source claimed for the teachings, the more seductive they are, and when imparted under vow of secrecy safeguarded by oaths, the appeal is irresistible. The candidate is absolutely convinced that the veil of Isis has been lifted to him, and that he has been ushered into the sanctuary of priceless wisdom where few men are permitted to tread. From the calm heights of superior knowledge, he gazes down upon the dappled shallows of the world, and his days are passed in contemplation of the arcane and fascinating wisdom of the ancients. The rites and ceremonies sometimes practised, the ornamented robes and sweet incense, the symbols and the rods of power, the invoking of the planets and of other influences divine and demoniac, force us to realise that men are very much the same, regardless the age in which they live.

Spiritualism is another important undercurrent. It is ignored by many, condemned by others, and feared by some, but the good it has done in establishing the after-death persistence of consciousness may not be denied, although we may deplore the lack of scientific care with which many of the investigations have been conducted. Undoubtedly fraud has crept into the movement—intelligent spiritualists are the first to admit and decry this—but obviously such trickery does not invalidate genuine phenomena.

Undercurrents may also be found in science. The history of the influential Society for Psychical Research illustrates excellently the typical rise and development of an undercurrent. At first obscure and unnoticed, though organised by eminent people, it has slowly gained in power since its inception in 1882, and now

includes in its membership some of the most noteworthy men and women of Europe and America. It is not as yet, however, recognised by orthodox scientists, though it is exerting a remarkable influence on current opinion, and a very fair share of the reaction against materialism may be credited to the convincing nature of its discoveries.

Other scientists have supplemented these psychical discoveries by investigations into the nature of hypnotism, the value of suggestion, the phenomena of multiple personality, the causes and removal of hysteria, the function and influence of the sub-conscious mind, and though their conclusions regarding abnormal psychology are continually becoming more acceptable to modern thought, such studies are still to a large extent of the nature of undercurrents. Even the new conceptions of matter based upon the discovery of the electron and supported by the hypothesis of the ether of space, helpful as they are to the cause of religion, especially when presented by such an able writer as Sir Oliver Lodge, are not yet accepted by the majority of scientists.

Fiction, that delicate thermometer of current thought and feeling, indicates clearly the existence of numerous undercurrents. It is difficult nowadays to read a novel in which some trace does not appear of dream or vision, telepathy, apparition or ghost, mental healing, thought influence, the subtle magnetism of character, the power of the hidden side of things, changing social ideals, the testing of the Churches, the new mysticism. Formerly tabooed by publishers, the novel dealing with religious problems has suddenly become popular. Even the drama has caught the infection, and plays in which are voiced some of the undercurrents of thought and belief have been remarkably successful.\*

Christianity itself is undergoing a remarkable, though as yet almost hidden,

\* Examples of these are "The Servant in the House," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Road to Yesterday," "The Return of Peter Grimm," "The Case of Becky," "The Third Degree," "The Witching Hour."

transformation. At one time nearly crystalline in its rigidity, it has become strangely leavened by the ferment of mystical thought. On the surface this may be observed not so much by what is taught as by what is *not* taught—a matter of shifted emphasis.

In the days of the old, grim theology, great emphasis was placed upon the absolutely unique character of Christianity, the possibility of escape from damnation in only one way, the stern judgments of a watchful God easily stirred to wrath, the worthlessness of this life and the glories of the next—for the saved! The Devil was in everything which brought worldly happiness, and about the only way by which a soul could escape from his hateful snares was to follow carefully certain rules of conduct, join faithfully in the observances of the Church, and accept without questioning a certain number of theological formulas. Public opinion upheld this interpretation and Christianity was a power because through it alone salvation was possible.

Since then, because of the marvellous growth of science, the discoveries of the higher criticism, the sympathetic study of other religions, and the widening knowledge of mankind, we look at the teachings of Christianity through other eyes. There has been a decided drift away from theology, for we are learning to seek out the *spirit* of the Gospels and of the Master, forcing our way between the rocks of speculation placed in the current by the pious thinkers of mediæval times.

We are daring to claim the right to give *our* interpretation of the spiritual experiences of Jesus and His Disciples, even as the early Christians felt free to give theirs, and the result has been, not another addition to dogmatic theology, but a spiritual mysticism.

Orthodox Christianity, however, is still bound and wrapped by traditions and earlier speculations, and accordingly these new interpretations have largely been forced to take the form of undercurrents—and there are many of them. Nearly all lay stress upon the power which comes when we rightly understand the human

spirit, the "Christ within," nearly all reverence and seek to draw near to God, who, as a brooding Presence, is everywhere and in all things, not to a God, who, fashioned into the likeness of man, stands afar in space. That we may know God directly without mediator, if we but live the spiritual life, flows naturally as a consequence from these two mystical conceptions. Other marks there are of the Christian undercurrents. A greater joyousness has been brought into the religious life, and we are beginning to feel that it is never wrong to be happy—even on Sunday, the erstwhile painfully solemn day of worship—for God, who is Bliss, may be sensed every day and every moment in the glory of the sun-illuminated flowers and trees, in the breathing of the sea and the silence of the hills, in the play of animals and the laughter of children, in the kiss of lovers and the sacrifice of parents, yes, even in the very midst of the struggles, victorious or otherwise, of humanity. "In Him we live and move and have our being," is the constant thought of those who are the apostles of the new Christianity.

The social undercurrents are numerous and important. Impregnated with the spirit of practical brotherhood, they are flowing everywhere, stimulating the minds of men to dreams of a golden age and of a time when a little of the joy of heaven may seek shelter upon the earth. Altruistic, brotherly, co-operative, idealistic, seeking to serve and uplift, they form a compact network beneath the upper crust of selfishness. Curiously enough, therefore, in the midst of the most intense self-seeking the world has ever seen, there is slowly spreading a splendid spirit of brotherhood, expressed sometimes in the form of social agencies for the regeneration of mankind, and sometimes in political organisations for the destruction of the old and the reconstruction of a new structure of society. As an example of the latter Socialism probably is best known. Studied, defended and worshipped almost as a religion by millions, and by other millions

condemned, reviled and distrusted, it is one of the most powerful of the social undercurrents and must be taken into consideration in all efforts to anticipate the future.

There is another powerful undercurrent, Theosophy, which we have reserved to the last. It is difficult to classify Theosophy as either Oriental or Occidental, for in its modern form it partakes about equally of the nature of both. Furthermore, since it embodies the methods and precision of science, the idealism and spirit of religion, the reasonableness and logic of philosophy, it is unique in the world of thought. The teachings of Theosophy, as such, are unknown to most, misjudged on distorted hearsay evidence by many, and studied in their purity only by a few, nevertheless they have exerted in an extraordinary way an uplifting influence over modern thought. So widely have some of the Theosophical points of view been accepted and so completely have certain ideas, once peculiarly its own, saturated all strata of thought, that Theosophy may be described without exaggeration as the "master undercurrent." Though the societies bearing the name "Theosophical" are small numerically compared to the great fraternal, religious and scientific organisations which exist, yet the teachings themselves, like perfume of roses from a drop of attar, have spread over a vast area and have stirred the minds of millions to new beliefs, ideals and hopes. Other movements there are in Western lands whose influence seems greater, but they are local in a racial or religious sense. Theosophy, on the contrary, has penetrated everywhere, and is as well known in India as in New Zealand, in Europe as in America, while among its adherents are Christians and Hindus, Buddhists and Zoroastrians. No movement can pass the high barriers of racial and religious prejudice and become a world power, unless it contain truths so great that they are universal in their appeal. Any truths less powerful would be challenged and stopped.

IRVING S. COOPER.

*(The title of the fourth article will be "The Inevitable Renaissance.")*

# A Chat on Ancient Greek Music

With some Musical Illustrations

By J. H. FOULDS.

**T**HE art of music as we know it in the twentieth century is generally held to owe very little to the Greeks, whose generous legacy to the arts of sculpture, architecture, and epic poetry has been, and is even down to the present day of such incalculable value. Only a few fragments of ancient Greek music—and these apparently of the decadent Roman period—were known to be in existence until the excavations at Delphi in 1893 and later, when others were unearthed, notably a hymn recording the prowess of Apollo (dating from the third century B.C.), and none of these fragments can be considered as representing Greek music at its highest excellence.

Nevertheless, there are at the present day a few musicians in the very van of progress in their art, men belonging to the pioneers of the coming race, who, aspiring toward the Unknown in the illimitable sphere of music, and obeying the irresistible urge of evolution, yet pause a moment to glance backward over the history of their art, and, realising that progress is cyclic, endeavour to trace the links and correspondences between the music of the present and the future, and that of the mighty civilisations of the past.

From this point of view, then, the somewhat meagre records we do possess of the music of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans are extremely suggestive. More so still in the case of India perhaps, for nowhere has

the ancient tradition been more carefully preserved and kept alive than in that country, the seat and root of so many of our modern western art tendencies. We are concerned here, however, with the Greeks, the founders in the West of the theory of the gamut and the modes, with whom it is customary, and very natural, to commence our histories of music. But this is evidently incomplete and short-sighted. Too long have the Greeks, intelligent and artistic as they were, prevented us from seeing humanity as a whole. Before their time there existed the whole of the East, and there is much evidence in support of the view that although they were indeed the founders of music in the West, they did not originate or discover, but merely elaborated and handed on to us as it were, part of the traditions of India and Egypt. Be this as it may, the creative artists of Greece added no doubt their quota of personal invention to what they imitated from abroad, and from this period music becomes the object of increasingly clear classifications, all having for foundation the "ethos" of the different social groups in which art took rebirth and received its characteristic stamp. We shall return to this question later during a consideration of the ethnical denominations of the modes, but for the moment let us seek for any traces of Greek influence upon modern composers.

Now the example of Greek tragedy, with the reports of its all-pervading music (in many cases, as in that of *Æschylus*, com-

posed by the dramatist himself) could not fail to fire the imagination of men like Monteverde, Gluck, and Wagner, who convinced themselves that their work was amongst other things a revival of Greek tragedy. It has been said that "the Greeks made of music, philosophy." Nothing great was expected of men who were ignorant of music; women practised it assiduously—even playing the flute as did Lamia; children began their education with it, and we must not, therefore, be amazed that, in one of his comedies (*The Clouds*) Aristophanes distinguishes the scholars of different generations by the choruses they have learned at school. The authors, Aristoxenus, Euclid, Homer, Plutarch and Xenophon tell us how this classic race revered music—not only as a personal accomplishment, but as a duty towards themselves and their country; and we should certainly not forget—though we are acquainted with them by name only—the popular songs. The Greeks sang while harvesting, while grinding the barley, when crushing the corn with the hand-cylinder, when pressing the bunches of grapes, when spinning and weaving—all work founded on collective action and on the spirit of co-operation. They had among them the airs of the shoemaker, the dyer, the water-carrier, the shepherd, etc.

But the single outstanding figure in the evolution of music in Greece at this period is that of Pythagoras (*circa* B.C. 600). He is often credited with the discovery of the extremely simple mathematical proportions of the intervals of the diatonic scale, but he more probably learned them either in Egypt or India, where he is said to have sojourned many years, before he returned to Greece and gathered around him the band of pupils and followers who accepted his teachings, and lived the life he taught. He utilised some of this knowledge garnered in India or Egypt, to organise the Greek musical system, and was aided in the work by such theorists as Lasos and Terpander. The mathematical precision of harmonies or sound pulsations seems mostly to have occupied these great minds, but it is not to be believed that a nation

which produced such practical musicians as Olympus the Phrygian, who introduced the art of flute playing, and the soldier-musician Tyrtæus, was not keenly alive to the æsthetic value of the art. In Book VII. of his "Republic," Plato laughs at those musicians who limit themselves for the explanation of their art to arithmetic added to physics, and trouble not as to what is above this. To him the relationship of numbers, to which the grammar of music may be reduced, appears to be but the first stage of dialectics, that is to say, of a concatenation of ideas, ascending ever higher and higher, the last of which is that of the Good. According to him it is this idea of the Good which radiates through all the domains of life and makes its unity.

This is not the place for a dissertation upon the musical system of the Greeks, such as may be found in any book upon the subject; it will perhaps be more helpful to the reader in his understanding and enjoyment of the musical illustrations which follow, if we give a very brief glance at:—

- (a) *The Greek modes and their ethnical designations.*
- (b) *The three genera.*
- (c) *Harmony in Greek Music.*

#### (a) THE GREEK MODES AND THEIR ETHNICAL DESIGNATIONS.

In the first place it is necessary to remember that in the West at the present day almost all our music is built upon two modes, and we give them abstract names no longer recalling the idea of a living reality; they are the mode *minus* (minor) and the mode *plus* (major). But the process of abstraction and drastic simplification which has brought us to this poverty stricken state and to this dry-as-dust mathematicians' language, should not make us forget either the richness or the significant nomenclature of the past. These two modes are the points in which end by concentration, the eight modes which the Middle Ages practised and which they derived from the Greeks; and probably in a return to and a freer use of many more than our present two modes

lies part of the progress of music in the future. The writer is convinced that a "fertilisation" (to use Wagner's term) of Western by Eastern music will shortly take place, and among the technical devices worth borrowing from the East, the use of each and all of the modes according to the mood to be expressed, is perhaps the chief and the most valuable.

Now, among the Greeks the modes had ethnical designations which clearly recalled their origin: the Dorian, the Phrygian, the Lydian, the Æolian, the Ionian, and all their corresponding plagal modes; and, according to Combarieu, we should see by these appellatives that the modes had been constituted by two social groups; the Greeks of the Peloponnesus and the people of Asia Minor. To each of these modes there was attributed a particular "ethos"; that is to say, a special emotional state; and this musical ethos as it is designated in the Greek writers, principally in Plato (*Republic*) and Aristotle (*Politics*), agrees exactly for each mode with that of the nation whose name the mode bears. The Ionian and Lydian, for example, were considered as lascivious, suitable for banquets and dances; the Phrygian and Dorian were regarded as virile, energetic, and proper for the perfect citizen.

#### (b) THE THREE GENERA.

The interval of a fourth (e.g., C to G, downwards) is believed to be the earliest melodic relationship which the ear learnt to fix, and the Greeks divided this downward fourth into four notes, called a tetrachord. They also had three arrangements of the notes contained in the tetrachord, resulting in the three *genera*—enharmonic, chromatic, and diatonic. The enharmonic tetrachord was C, A flat, \*G #, G; the chromatic: C, A, A flat, G; the diatonic: C, B flat, A flat, G. This last has become the foundation of modern music, and the Greeks soon preferred it to the other genera and found a scientific basis for it. Its notes could be connected

\* This sign is used by the writer to indicate that the succeeding note is to be sharpened a quarter of a tone.

by a series of those intervals which they recognised as concordant: the fourth, its converse the fifth, and the octave. And for more than ten centuries the theory of music has been dominated, and even rather tyrannised over, by the part attributed to these two intervals.

#### (c) HARMONY IN GREEK MUSIC.

Whether the Greeks were acquainted with harmony—in the modern sense of the word—is a question that has been much discussed, and may now be regarded as settled. It is clear that they were acquainted with the phenomena on which harmony depends, viz., the effect produced by sounding certain notes together. It appears also that they made some use of harmony,—and of dissonant as well as consonant intervals,—in instrumental music. Their preference for the diatonic scale, as mentioned above, indicates a latent harmonic sense, and also that temperance, which is at the foundation of the general Greek sense of beauty. Non-harmonic music is a world of two dimensions—rhythm, and melody,—and the Greeks certainly came to rise from this "flatland" to the solid world of sound—rhythm, melody, and harmony. The first two are obviously as ancient as human consciousness itself, but with harmony, music assumes the existence of a kind of space in three dimensions, none of which can subsist without at least implying the others, and this is the world in which Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven and Wagner live.

\* \* \*

The examples which follow were not composed so as to conform slavishly with what we know of the rules followed in those ancient days. This would result in a more academic exercise, an archaic exhumation mere likely to lead to the closing of doors than the opening of them. The composer has preferred to trust his intuition,—has "dreamed into the mood,"—of Ancient Greece, and these are quotations from some of the results of such dreams; one dating from 1910, the remainder written at one sitting during the summer of 1915.

# A CHAT ON ANCIENT GREEK MUSIC

EXAMPLE I.—In the Dorian Mode, might be a Dirge for some Hero in a Greek Tragedy.  
(Played upon Harps, Flutes and Cymbals.)

SOLEMN MARCH TEMPO.

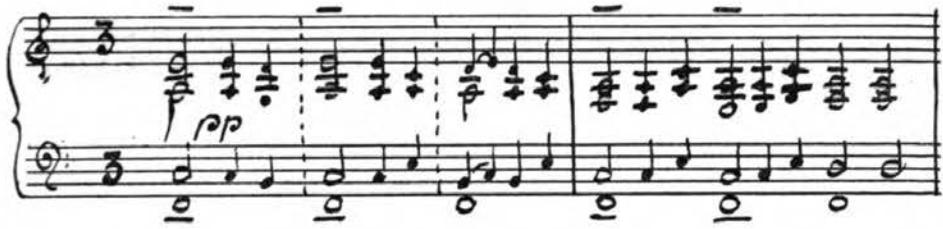
The musical score is presented in six systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The tempo is marked 'SOLEMN MARCH TEMPO.' The score includes dynamic markings such as 'cresc', 'dimin', 'p', and 'ste'. The piano accompaniment features complex chordal textures and rhythmic patterns. The vocal line is a melodic dirge. The score concludes with a final cadence marked 'ste'.

EXAMPLE II.—In the Lydian Mode, is a Processional.  
 (Played upon Low Stringed Instruments with Drums and Gong.)

NOT TOO SLOWLY.

The musical score is written in a Lydian mode and is intended for low stringed instruments with drums and gong. It consists of six systems of two staves each. The notation includes various rhythmic values, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The second system includes a 'diminu' marking. The third system includes a 'crescendo' marking. The fourth system includes a 'crescendo' marking. The fifth system includes a 'crescendo' marking. The sixth system includes a 'crescendo' marking and ends with a double bar line and a 'ste' marking.

EXAMPLE III.—In the Hypo-Lydian Mode, is a Solemn Dance.  
(Played upon Low Stringed Instruments with Harp.)



# THE HERALD OF THE STAR

EXAMPLE IV.—In the Phrygian Mode, is a Temple Chant.  
(Men's Chorus.)

NOT VERY SLOWLY.

The musical score is written in Phrygian mode and consists of seven systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The notation is handwritten and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. A handwritten note "(A Priest sings)" is present in the third system. The score ends with "etc".

EXAMPLE V.—In the Mixo-Lydian Mode, I call the Song of Argive Helen.  
(Sung by a Female Voice.)

The musical score consists of four systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal line in a treble clef and the Cithara accompaniment in a bass clef. The second system continues the vocal line and accompaniment. The third system includes the instruction "dimin" and a fermata over the vocal line. The fourth system includes the instruction "slower" and a fermata over the vocal line, followed by the instruction "ste." and a fermata over the accompaniment. The score is written in a 3/4 time signature and the Mixo-Lydian mode.

# The Reality and Cause of Progress

By G. SPILLER

(Organiser of the Universal Races Congress.)

*[Many in these days are feeling almost in despair of the world's progress, as they see civilisation lying apparently in wreckage around them. Some will be sustained, in spite of it all, by religious faith, and by an intuitive trust in a higher Providence behind the outward events of the present great world-upheaval. But what of the rest ?*

*It is for the latter that Mr. Spiller writes. Viewing the world from the standpoint of the Rationalist, and putting aside entirely the appeal to any supernatural agency, he declares his firm belief in the future progress of the race, and gives his grounds for so believing. His article should, therefore, be particularly valuable to a not inconsiderable number of readers.]*

## I.—The Reality of Progress.

**I**N view of the world war which is now raging and, like a monster Moloch, devouring legions of victims, the title of this article may be resented by some thoughtful readers. And yet it is precisely in such soul-searching times as these that we need to be reassured as to the course of human history. If progress is not an illusion, if civilisation is bound to spread and strike deeper roots, then our worst fears in moments of despondency will have lost their sting.

We shall all readily assent to Viscount Morley's dictum that "a universal law, for all times, all States, all Societies, Progress is not." Stagnation and retrogression are too plainly inscribed on the tablets of history and in contemporary life to admit any doubt of their reality. Our aim cannot be, therefore, to point to the existence of uninterrupted progress in every direction, but rather to discover reasons for believing that when we disregard particular "times, States, and Societies," the reality of progress becomes indubitable.

How is our thesis to be substantiated? Evidently not by examining facts at random; but rather by taking a bird's-eye view of the history of man in its widest sweep and scrutinising comprehensive classes of facts. It is probably because of the omission of these two precautions that chaos and uncertainty still reign in this sphere of knowledge, for where myriads of details are in question it is easy to be deceived in respect of the trend of history, and where periods and peoples are more or less arbitrarily selected, stagnation and reaction are sure to obtrude themselves and loom large. For us in this article human history embraces the story of mankind, commencing with man's emergence from apehood to the present day, and continuing to that remote future which is shrouded from even the most daring and unconventional of visionaries.

Having regard to the limitations of space, which do not permit of more than a cursory survey, we shall first mention the bare headings of the subjects to be examined, in the hope that the curious reader may himself undertake the greater part

of the formidable task of tracing the stupendous progress chronicled by time. These are :—

- 1.—Language and Transport.
- 2.—Buildings and Furniture.
- 3.—Implements and Industrial Production.
- 4.—Domestication and the Discovery of Raw Materials and Energies.
- 5.—Trade and Tribal Intercourse to Internationalism.
- 6.—Dress and Education.
- 7.—Pastimes and Inner Life.
- 8.—Nutrition and Care of Health.
- 9.—Morals and Religion.
- 10.—The Family and other Groupings.
- 11.—Science and Art.
- 12.—Law and Government.

The somewhat capricious order of the items in the above catalogue and the failure to be meticulously comprehensive need not disturb us in this purely practical investigation.

First, then, as to language. Pre-cultivated man could only boast of the few cries, calls, and signs of his fellow animals. Gradually articulate language was developed until from a ragged collection of half words we arrive at a series of tongues with a hundred thousand or more defined terms, enabling the individual to communicate with his fellows in a manner almost infinitely more effective than his earliest ancestors. The progress here recorded defies measurement and its reality will be universally conceded, we trust. A second step along the same road was the gradual creation of marvellously simple, graphic alphabets, placing human beings in a position to fix their fugitive thoughts and the evanescent sounds of their speech. Progress, however, did not cease at this stage, for the invention of printing inaugurated a further series of improvements, since it opened the treasures of accumulated information to the many, encouraged wide research, and checked the corruption of texts which was almost inevitable when each copy of a treatise had to be transcribed. Lastly. In time the telegraph brought the entire world into close and continuous communion ; the telephone supplemented the

telegraph by vocal intercourse ; and the wireless telegraphy, which has been instrumental in saving the lives of many thousands on the pathless and treacherous seas, became a fact.

He who in the face of these developments in at least one enormous field of human culture questions altogether the reality and immensity of progress must be difficult to satisfy indeed.

Or examine the problem of transport. Think of primæval man with his trackless wilds and his utter want of conveyances, and then recall the tale of invention added unto invention until we reach contemporary methods of transporting persons and goods. Consider our labyrinths of well cared for roads, our multifarious modern vehicles on land, sea, and air, and reflect in this connection on the energies employed—animals, water, wind, coal, gas, electricity, and oil. No conjecture, no romance, no dream of early man could have conceived such a colossal advance.

Or compare the caves and tree shelters of primitive man both with the commodious residences of those of our fellows to-day who are in moderately affluent circumstances, and with the giant factories and the magnificent public buildings and religious edifices of our era. Is the distance traversed here not incredibly great? And combine with this the amenities of a well-furnished home—the drawing room, the dining room, the library, the bedrooms, the kitchen, the bathroom, the offices, and other apartments—and ask yourself whether here also there is not an almost infinite advance to be registered.

Who that perceives the broad outlines rather than scattered particulars can reasonably entertain doubts of the proposition that progress in all important departments has been prodigious? Think of the primitive's chipped flint stone and of modern instruments and machinery ; of industrial production a thousand centuries ago and to-day ; of early man's self-dependence and the domestication of animals and the cultivation of plants ; of the progressive discovery of necessary

raw materials and energies; of trade which no longer recognises any boundaries save those of the globe itself; of world travel and intercourse and our hundreds of international organisations and treaties; of dress for every season and occasion; of physical, moral, intellectual, æsthetic, and vocational education from infant school to university; of pastimes of every type; of the rich inner life and its social expression and influence; of modern diet and care of health, including recreation, hygiene, sanitation, surgery, and the combating of epidemics; of morals growing from a rude concern for the family and the clan to tender and resolute devotion to mankind and solicitude and respect for life generally; of religion very nearly rid of impotent magic and gross superstition and tending to a pure ethic with a scientific background; of the primitive family groupings and the family and associational life of to-day; of paleolithic man's immeasurable ignorance compared to the illimitable empire of modern science; of the difference between, say, the pictorial and musical efforts of our remotest ancestors and those of our epoch; of private vengeance and public terrorism and modern impartial, humane, and reform-inducing law; and of democratic government (legislative, judicial, and administrative) in a civilised country to-day and the corresponding crude and frequently tyrannous forms of the earliest and earlier ages.

Seen thus in perspective, the reality of progress and the almost infinite advance

which it betokens, become transparently clear.

If, then, through countless æons man has steadily struggled upward, is it conceivable that this upward movement has a limit? Is it not rather an irresistible conclusion that the onward march will triumphantly continue; that our distant descendants will outstrip us as much as we have outpaced our remotest progenitors; and that our boldest aspirations and ideals of to-day are destined to be realised and to be replaced by even bolder aspirations and ideals? Or to express this more schematically, is it not unquestionable that with the ages (*a*) the number of material and spiritual inventions and discoveries will mightily increase as heretofore; (*b*) the equal distribution of the benefits resulting from world-wide endeavour—notably the highest degree of well-being, fellowship, refinement, and scientific thinking—will gradually be realised; (*c*) inventions and discoveries will not only be augmented at haphazard, but systematically sifted and improved until they ideally satisfy human ends; and (*d*) the historic process of internationalisation will issue in the whole of humanity becoming an organised unity? We confidently leave the answer to the reader.

Accordingly "Work, and despair not!" might well be our motto in this world war, it being understood that "progress is no automaton, spontaneous and self-propelling," and that therefore every one—man or woman—shares the responsibility for melioration, stagnation, and retrogression.

## II.—The Cause of Progress.

In the preceding portion of this article we have striven to demonstrate the reality of progress and also to show that human advance has been general and stupendous. From these conclusions we regarded ourselves as entitled to infer that the distant future will have actualised our most daring ideals and, indeed, will have replaced them by sublimer aspirations.

An empirical deduction of this nature leaves something to be desired for at least

two reasons. An uneasy feeling may creep into our minds that possibly human nature is unequal to the task of climbing the lofty table lands of refined goodness, truth, and beauty; that mankind may progress, to express this otherwise, until insipid mediocrity is reached, and there abide in perpetuity. This would be consonant with the popular doctrine that individuals differ conspicuously in capacity and that, besides, most individuals are fitted congenitally

for only a humble sphere of thought and action. And, secondly, so long as the cause of progress is veiled in obscurity, it is incumbent on us to be diffident in matters relating to the far-off future. Perhaps thousands of centuries of progress may be succeeded by ages upon ages of retrogression, these again by extensive periods of progress, and so on in rhythmic monotony subject to the unknown causative forces. These depressing doubts can be only dispelled by establishing as firmly the cause of progress as we have established its reality. This we shall now proceed to attempt.

If we ponder long enough over the distinctive or differential characteristics of man, we shall probably discover that for gratifying their principal wants members of animal species are exclusively, one may say, compelled to rely on their *own* instincts and *native* wit supplemented by the petty and expensive lessons of individual experience, and that human beings depend as exclusively for this purpose on the moral and other inventions and discoveries accumulated by their *whole kind* throughout time and space. This is most convincingly illustrated by the fact that our extraordinarily complicated and efficient mental and material tools are but insensibly produced modifications of the rude speculations and implements of primitive man, and that a civilised people of the present era is an epitome of the essential thought not only of all the ages, but of virtually all the peoples of to-day. Figure to yourself in this connection the sources, chronological and geographical, whence the English vocabulary is derived, including its relation to Sanskrit, German, Latin, and Greek; our country's civilisation wherein are incorporated or utilised the fruits of most ancient and modern civilisations; the monumental histories concerned with the human past; the representatives of all the sovereign nations assembling in prolonged conference at The Hague; and systematic planetary travel, intercourse, and organisation—to say nothing of a world war like the present, involving directly or indirectly almost every people

on the earth. On the other hand, not one species of animal out of the myriads with which we are acquainted even remotely resembles man in these two basic respects—of its members individually needing to absorb, or being capable of absorbing, the substance of the thoughts of their fellow members in every age and clime.

Such a crucial divergence must issue in a radically dissimilar form of life, and study confirms this anticipation. The individual animal, since it does not and cannot, beyond an infinitesimal extent, benefit by the thoughts and experiences of its compeers near and far, must be spiritually self-sufficing and so constituted that in favourable circumstances it can thoroughly satisfy natural requirements. Man, on the contrary, is neither a solitary nor a group being, but a species animal which depends on collective thought, can gratify its nature proportionately to the body of inventions and discoveries amassed by the whole race, and is a virtual zero, a woefully undeveloped being, a monstrosity, if cut off from infancy from the general reservoir of culture. For this reason all men live in communities, nourish their minds on the cultural heritage of the past, and, when most successful in gratifying the needs of their nature, are directly or indirectly in contact with their contemporaries generally.

Here we are face to face, then, with the cause of progress. Man is only able to realise his nature so far as he has made his own the combined thought of the race. Accordingly he seeks indefinitely to augment and put to use the existing culture; he strives to improve thereon and to remove its crudities; and he recognises and acknowledges more and more the advantages accruing from universal co-operation. That is, dependence on human thought leads *necessarily* (a) to an almost infinite growth of inventions and discoveries; (b) to an almost infinite improvement of these; (c) to a complete equalisation of advantages among persons and peoples; and (d) to humanity becoming a single organised co-operative totality.

However, is average humanity in a position to keep pace with this never-ceasing progress? Leaving aside certain highly contentious theories, we are inclined to answer the question in the affirmative. The members of any one animal or plant species differ only faintly one from another, and are all fitted for the same specific mode of life. Consequently, if the fundamental law of vegetable and animal existence applies to man, we are bound to postulate, until the contrary is proved, that since he only thrives on culture, he is able to assimilate it in unlimited quantities. When we observe that, according to official statements, the children of the Australian bushmen do as well in school as their comrades of European origin, and that hundreds of Negroes have passed through learned institutions with apparently no greater effort than their Caucasian cousins, we are confirmed in this surmise. In fact, when we inquire into the signification of material, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and vocational progress, utilising our list of cultural categories, we learn that the problem is first and foremost one of memorising and next of comprehension, both of which powers average humanity appears to have in abundance.

On the moral side it has been vehemently urged, by poets like Tennyson and by men of science like Huxley, that the tiger and beast in man will for ever preclude his reaching the heights of saintship. The assumption, however, that man possesses an intractable, ferocious nature, is purely gratuitous. Many species of animals are neither impulsive nor brutal, the tiger and the beast are only poetically the progenitors of man, and evidence needs yet to be produced that man is by nature prone to evil, especially in view of the fact that sundry tribes and peoples have been known to be pacific and gentle, and that kaleidoscopic history presents us

with countless phases evidencing man's moral adaptability. Furthermore, if we have followed educational developments and watched the upbringing of the young in homes and institutions, we do not feel, save when our sight and reason are blurred by eccentric hypotheses, that man is incapable of attaining to the ethically best. Rather does such a study indicate that the highest degree of fellowship, refinement, and sane thinking is within the reach of virtually all when the physical and cultural conditions are auspicious, and that fractiousness and selfishness are the outcome of mistaken or deficient education and of unpropitious surroundings. If we mark how divergent are men's moral conceptions because of the absence of a science of ethics; how pitifully imperfect are our educational methods; and how tragically unorganised social life is as yet, we should cease to despair of the future. We ought to remember that ours is but the matin song of civilisation.

Moreover, since man can only satisfy his nature through moral, intellectual, and æsthetic culture, and since culture tends of necessity in course of time towards the ideal, we may rightly assume that the realisation of the ideal alone wholly gratifies man's natural cravings, that he is only truly himself when obeying the behests of the ideal, and that all vice and crime are due primarily to ignorance and the uncontrolled growth of habits. Internal needs and external culture thus meet in the ideal.

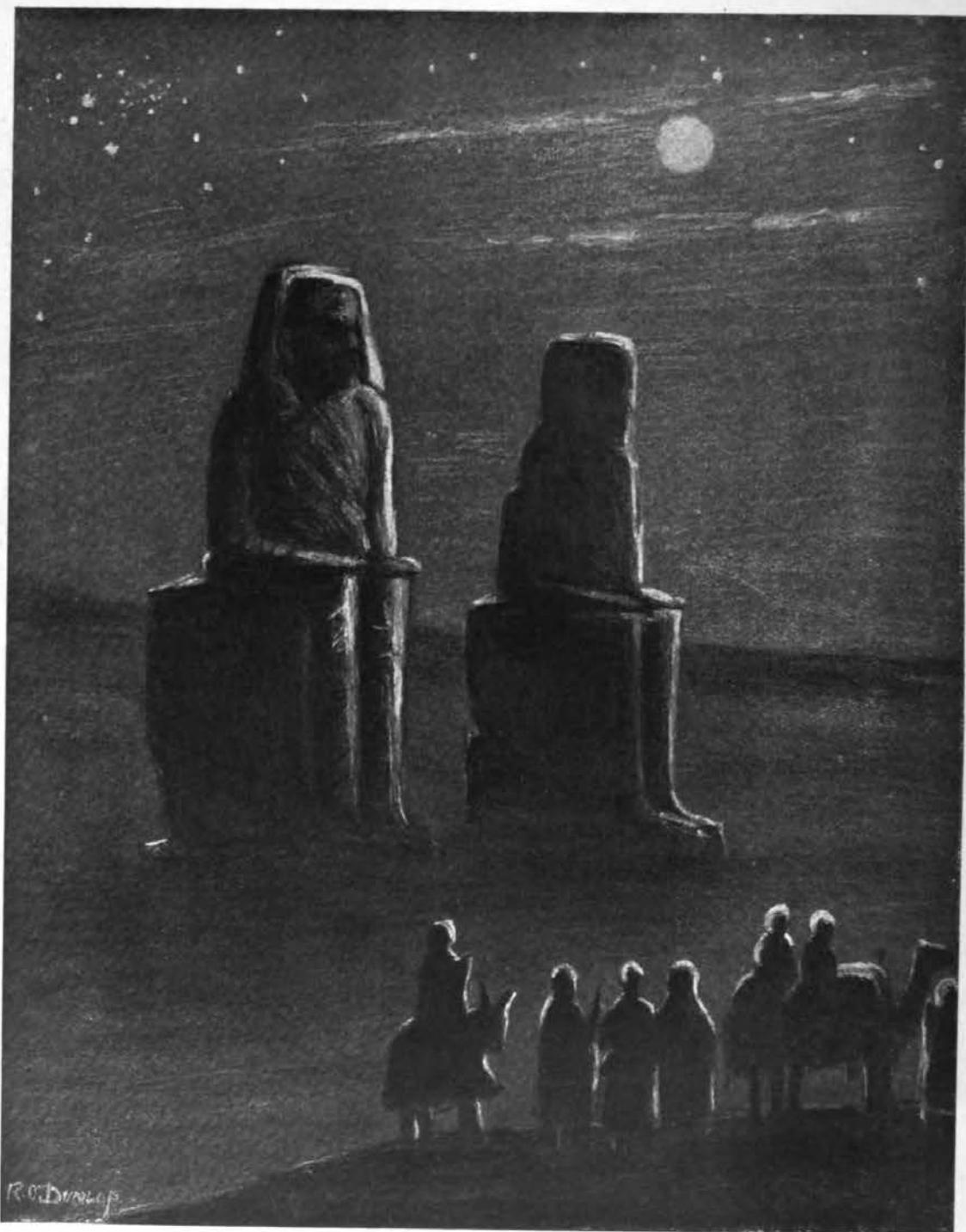
An examination of the apposite data has therefore amply vindicated our conjectural conclusion that the incalculably great progress in the past will be followed by an incalculably great progress in the future until our most cherished ideals are realised and even superseded. Bold as this suggestion may seem, it appears to be well founded.

G. SPILLER.

*ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST PICTURES*



BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.  
By Titian.  
In the National Gallery, London



THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON AT THEBES.

From a drawing by R. O. Dunlop.

# The Colossi of Memnon at Thebes

By R. O. DUNLOP.

“ Thousands of years—

“ As now with the light of evening on their heads and featureless faces, their bases wrapped in gloom—

“ All the hours before dawn or after sunset, in the clear circling of the moon and stars, or through the long, cloudless day, braving the terrific heat.” EDWARD CARPENTER.

**T**HE land of Egypt has a remarkable fascination for most of those who visit it, and the reason for this seems to lie in the pervading atmosphere of Mystery which shrouds the country, as in a veil. Everywhere, from the ancient cities of Memphis and Thebes to the Pyramids and Sphinx at Gizeh, there are innumerable traces of a great civilisation, which, even now, give forth a faint reflection of the spirit that must once have animated them.

It is with feelings something akin to wonder and awe, that the traveller gazes upon these ancient temples and monuments, which rise above the ever-shifting desert sands. Here, the tomb of a once mighty king; there, lately unearthed, some statue inscribed with hieroglyphics, all bearing the unmistakable traces of the mind of man, evolved far beyond the savage state.

Conspicuous among these relics of the past, though perhaps not so well known as the Pyramids and the Sphinx, are the Twin Statues of Amenophis III., which keep their vigil on the western slopes of the Nile, below the ruins of Thebes.

These two immense figures, towering some sixty feet above the desert, were constructed over a thousand years B.C., and, though later taken to Thebes, were originally placed before the mortuary temple erected by the king whose name they bear.

There in the sandy plain they sit upon their cubical thrones, arms resting upon knees, body and head erect, steadily gazing out into space—symbols of Eternity.

It is of little wonder that the Romans, when they conquered the country some centuries after their construction, should take these colossal images to represent a legendary hero and weave a myth around them. They were said to be

Memnon, son of Eos, the goddess of the dawn, who, having slain brave Antilochus in the Trojan war, was himself killed by Achilles in punishment.

It was also about the beginning of the Roman Empire that a remarkable phenomenon was observed in connection with one of the statues. It was noticed that a curious musical note, both sweet and plaintive, emanated from it, at the rising of the sun. This, the Romans at once proclaimed to be Memnon's greeting to his mother Eos, when she appeared at dawn, and it was further related that when Eos heard her beloved son calling to her, she shed tears of compassion upon him—and the morning dewdrops were her tears.

The curious musical note continued to be heard until the statue was restored by the Emperor Septimus Severus, some hundred years later. An explanation of the phenomenon put forward by the more materialistic historians was, that the sound was caused by the splitting off of minute particles when the warm rays of the sun suddenly shone upon it, after the cold nights. However this may be, “ The Vocal Memnon,” as it came to be called, created a great sensation, and many notable Romans journeyed long distances to see the mighty Memnon, and listen to his song of greeting to his mother Eos.

Long have these masterpieces of human workmanship brooded over the desert and many comings and goings have they witnessed—and will continue to witness—for the dry sand of the desert is a great preserver, and the work of these ancient Egyptians is lasting work, which even Time itself finds it hard to obliterate.

Certainly, no traveller who has once seen these Colossi of Memnon can go away without catching some inspiration from them, for, in the words of Edward Carpenter, from the poem inspired by these statues, they are, indeed :—

“ Like great rocks, human, colossal, part of the earth itself,  
“ Cosmic, wondrous, far-back allegories of the human soul.”

R. O. DUNLOP.

# James Allen: a Prophet of Meditation

By MURDO S. CARRUTHERS.

**A**LTHOUGH the late James Allen, of Ilfracombe, is comparatively unknown, yet to thousands of seekers after truth, he has proved a guide, philosopher, and friend. One of his works, "As a Man Thinketh," has gone into no less than eleven editions; surely proof that he has a considerable vogue. The most casual reader of any of his works cannot fail to be impressed by the simplicity, cheerfulness, and benevolence which seem to radiate from the soul of the writer. We cannot place James Allen in any exclusive category, as he teaches so much that harmonises with all the best thought of our age. Liberal Christians, Theosophists, and many other enlightened bodies of truth-seekers may claim him as an exponent of at least several of their distinctive views; but he was simply a strong, true, individual man who wrote and spoke out of the depth of his own convictions, and never held himself bound to voice the peculiar tenets of any cult. Wide knowledge of the Scriptures of the world, professedly sacred and other, coupled with intense sympathy with all human causes have rendered his works a delight to the scholar, as well as an inspiration to the less cultured aspirant for instruction in that path of wisdom which inevitably leads to power and peace. His literary style is clear and simple, and in dealing with subjects that are often vague and illusory, he used language that made his meaning easily understood. James Allen disliked publicity, and, perhaps, it is because of his disregard of the uses of advertisement that he is not so well known as he might otherwise have been. After

all, however, it is the man's message that matters, and he who runs may read in the James Allen Library the story of the spiritual life of the writer. The worship of the personality was a thing that he always guarded against, and for that reason his body was cremated and his ashes scattered to the four winds of Heaven, so that no man or woman in the future could make a place of pilgrimage of his grave, or say "the dust of James Allen lies here." His books alone are monuments to his memory, and they are being sent with the utmost speed to all the corners of the earth, and are being translated into various languages. "The Eight Pillars of Prosperity" has just been published in the Spanish tongue.

James Allen was born in Leicester on November 28th, 1864. His father was at one time a very prosperous manufacturer, but evil days overtook him when James was about fifteen years of age. Nearly everything was lost, and Allen, senior, taking what money was left, went to America to make a new home for his wife and family, but within two days of his arrival in that country he met with an accident and died in a New York hospital. His empty pocket-book and an old silver watch were returned to the family as the only things found upon him. James now found himself in his native town of Leicester, at the age of fifteen, with a mother and two younger brothers to support. He worked as many as fifteen hours a day in a factory, but never gave up his beloved books.

Mrs. Allen states that at the age of seventeen, he found his father's Shakespeare, of which he became an ardent reader. "I

read Shakespeare," he himself has said, "in the early morning, at breakfast time, in the dinner hour, and in the evening." He knew the whole of the plays by heart ultimately, and could lose himself in them when surrounded by hundreds of workmen and by the whirl and thud of machinery.

Then came Emerson's Essays, calm and radiant, revealing to him a higher realm than that of the passions with their fleeting pleasures and certain pains. "Circles," "Compensation," "The Over-Soul," and "Self Reliance" were the essays which impressed him most, particularly "Self Reliance," which showed him the importance of conduct and the worth and dignity of character. It helped him to battle successfully with a natural timidity, which put a check on initiative and originality.

Then, at the age of 24, he came across Sir Edwin Arnold's "The Light of Asia." Describing his sensations on reading it, he has said, "I could not stir from my seat till I read every word. When I did rise from the reading of this book, it was as though I had become a different man. A curtain seemed to have rolled back from the face of the Universe, and I saw the causes and meaning of things which had hitherto been dark mysteries. There was a revelation which was almost blending in its brilliance and suddenness, an exaltation which alarmed me while it transported me into a felicitous insight. The vision quickly faded, but its influence remained, the memory of it saving me in many an hour of darkness and temptation, until that calmer time of meditation and knowledge, ten years later, when it returned never again to fade from the mind." In "The Light of Asia," Sir Edwin Arnold sought, by the medium of an imaginary Buddhist votary, to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism. "More than a third of mankind owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of Thought."

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,  
And no way were of breaking from the chain,  
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,  
The soul of things fell pain.

Ye are not bound! the soul of things is sweet,  
The heart of being is celestial rest;  
Stronger than woe is will; that which was good  
Doth pass to better—best.

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brother's tears,  
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's  
woe,  
Laugh and am glad, for there is liberty!  
Ho! ye who suffer! know.

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,  
None other holds you that ye live and die,  
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss  
Its spokes of agony.

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness,  
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,  
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,  
Farther than Brahm doth dwell.

Before beginning, and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,  
Only its laws endure.

From the date of reading "The Light of Asia" began James Allen's great search for truth.

At the age of 26 came "The Bhagavad Gita." There followed the books of the Chinese sages and the Gospel of Buddha by Paul Carus, Dr. Bucke's Cosmic Conservances also had an influence on him, inasmuch as it gave a scientific explanation of what had already been revealed inwardly.

When about the age of 25, James Allen left his native town and went to London, where he was for a time a private secretary, working from 9 to 6 o'clock, and using every moment out of office hours for writing his books. He afterwards founded "The Light of Reason," and gave up his time to the work of editing the magazine, at the same time carrying on a voluminous correspondence with searchers after truth all over the world. He met Mrs. Allen, who was a sister in an East End mission at the time, when he was 29 years of age. She proved a true mate, and now carries on the work which her husband inaugurated. Leaving London, they took up residence in beautiful Ilfracombe, where the remainder of James Allen's life was spent. His first book was "From Poverty to Power," which is considered to be his best

work. It has passed into many editions, and Mrs. Allen states that tens of thousands have been sold all over the world, both authorised and pirated editions. In this book he urges the reader to strive to realise, and not merely hold as a theory, that evil is a passing phase, a self-created shadow ; that all your pains, sorrows, and misfortunes have come to you by a process of undeviating and absolutely perfect law ; have come to you because you deserve and require them, and that by first enduring, and then understanding them, you may be made stronger, wiser, nobler. He says : "When you have fully entered into this realisation, you will be in a position to mould your own circumstances, to transmute all evil into good, and to weave, with a master hand, the fabric of your destiny." Soon after the publication of "From Poverty to Power," came "All These Things Added," and then, "As a Man Thinketh." Other books followed, such as "Above Life's Turmoil," "The Mastery of Destiny," "Byways of Blessedness," "The Life Triumphant," "Out from the Heart," "Through the Gate of Good," "From Passion to Peace," "Man : King of Mind, Body, and Circumstance," and "The Eight Pillars of Prosperity." James Allen took a keen interest in many scientific subjects, delighting in astronomy, geology, and botany, and might have written on a wide range of subjects had he chosen to do so. He was often asked for articles on many questions outside his own particular work, but he refused to comply, concentrating his whole thought and effort on preaching the gospel of selflessness. After a short illness, he died on January 24th, 1912, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Six days later his remains were cremated at Leicester, and his ashes were devoutly scattered to the four winds with the following invocation, uttered audibly :—

"As these ashes of James Allen are cast to the four winds of heaven, so may the truth he taught permeate to the four corners of the earth, carrying with it joy, peace, and consolation."

Although what James Allen taught may not be new—old truth in a new setting—

yet the direct and forceful style in which he expressed his thoughts undoubtedly give him a special niche among ethical writers. His magazine, "The Light of Reason," was founded in 1902. It took hold of a large number of the thinking public at once, and its usefulness was assured. Immediately upon its publication, letters began to pour in from all parts of the kingdom, from all sorts and conditions of men and women asking for advice, for spiritual help and guidance. Later, when the magazine found its way to America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and the Far East, the correspondence became so heavy that for hours every day Mr. Allen did nothing but answer letters. In 1905 he established The Brotherhood, or School of Virtue, the central doctrine of which is the renunciation of self for the good of the world, and necessarily its corollary, the practice of divine love towards all creatures and beings. The rules of the Brotherhood are those principles of truth which the seekers after righteousness in all ages have adopted. Religions change from age to age, but the principles of divine virtue are eternally the same, and these principles are embodied in the rules of the Brotherhood. In June, 1910, "The Epoch" was started. With it is incorporated "The Light of Reason." It is edited by Mrs. Allen, and has a large and increasing sale in all parts of the world.

I have called James Allen a prophet of meditation, because meditation was one of the chief things he emphasised in his writings. He always urged that each man must learn the truth for himself. Reading books and accepting what is said as you may accept the food that is before put you, is not enough. He points out in his book, "The Mastery of Destiny," that aspiration must be united to concentration, the result being meditation. When a man intensely desires to reach and realise a higher, purer, and more radiant life than the merely worldly and pleasure-loving life, he engages in aspiration, and when he earnestly concentrates his thoughts upon the finding of that life, he practises meditation.

Without intense aspiration, there can be no meditation. The more intense the nature of a man, the more readily will he find meditation, and the more successfully will he practise it. The meditative life is a child of the East, and though both preached and practised by the Master, it is made conspicuous to-day by its absence from the habit of the great majority of religious people. The men who have had most influence in the world have been the spiritually developed men, and, therefore, spiritual development ought to be our chief aim. Spiritual development can only be obtained by meditation, which consists in bringing the mind to a focus in its search for the Divine knowledge, the Divine life; the intense dwelling in thought on Truth. The object of meditation is Divine enlightenment, the attainment of truth, and is, therefore, interwoven with practical purity and righteousness. Thus, while at first the time spent in actual meditation is short—perhaps only half-an-hour in the early morning—the knowledge gained in that half-hour of vivid aspiration and concentrated thought is embodied in practice during the whole day. In meditation, therefore, the entire life of a man is involved; and as he advances in practice he becomes more and more fitted to perform the duties of life in the circumstances in which he may be placed, for he becomes stronger, holier, calmer, and wiser.

Many people think they are meditating when they are simply indulging in reverie or a brown study. This is a fatal error. James Allen points out that reverie is a loose dreaming into which a man falls: meditation is a strong, purposeful thinking into which a man rises. Reverie is easy and pleasureable; meditation is at first difficult and irksome. Reverie thrives in indolence and luxury: meditation arises from strenuousness and discipline. Reverie is first alluring, then sensuous, and then sensual. Meditation is first forbidding, then profitable, and then peaceful. Reverie is dangerous, it undermines self-control. Meditation is protective, it establishes self-control.

Now, James Allen shows that there are

certain signs by which one can know whether he is engaging in reverie or meditation, and I think these will prove of interest. The indications of reverie are:—A desire to avoid exertion; a desire to experience the pleasure of dreaming; an increasing distaste for one's worldly duties; a desire to shirk one's worldly responsibilities; fear of consequences; a wish to get money with as little effort as possible; lack of self-control. The indications of meditation are:—Increase of both physical and mental energy; a strenuous striving after wisdom; a decrease of irksomeness in the performance of duty; a fixed determination to fulfil faithfully all worldly responsibilities; freedom from fear; indifference to riches; possession of self-control.

Of course, meditation is not possible under certain circumstances. The times, places and conditions in which James Allen considered meditation impossible are as follow:—At, or immediately after, meals; in places of pleasure; in crowded places; while walking rapidly; while lying in bed in the morning; while smoking. Here is a list of the times, places, and conditions in which meditation is difficult:—At night; in a luxuriously furnished room; while sitting on a soft, yielding seat; while wearing gay apparel; when in company; when the body is weary; if the body is given too much food.

The times, places, and conditions in which it is best to meditate are:—Very early in the morning; immediately before meals; in solitude; in the open air, or in a plainly furnished room; while sitting on a hard seat; when the body is strong and vigorous; when the body is modestly and plainly clothed. The difficulty, of course, with the beginner is how to set about the practice of meditation. He may get up in the morning to meditate, but presently his mind drifts on to one thing and another. Aspiration can often best be aroused and the mind renewed in meditation by the mental repetition of a lofty precept, a beautiful sentence, or a verse of poetry. Indeed, the mind that is ready for meditation will instinctively adopt this practice.

MURDO S. CARRUTHERS.

## Correspondence

## EMERSON AND UNITARIANISM.

To the Editor *Herald of the Star*.

DEAR SIR,

In the article on Emerson in the January number of the *Herald of the Star*, the statement is made that "he withdrew from the Unitarian Church because he could not accept all their creed." This statement has been made before in the *Herald* and ought not to pass uncontradicted. Emerson remained a devoted Unitarian to the day of his death, and was always a regular attendant at Divine Service. He had a seat in the front of the gallery in his church, and always listened with close attention to the sermon, whatever the merits of the preacher. Emerson retired from the ministry because he did not wish to continue the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The majority of the congregation were not prepared to see eye to eye with him in this matter, and without any controversy he quietly resigned with

the friendliest of feelings towards his congregation. It is utterly untrue, as a previous article represented, to say that Emerson was persecuted out from among the Unitarians. To speak of "the Unitarian creed" is an anomaly, as well speak of the creed of the Theosophical Society. Unitarians, the world over, decline to bind themselves to creeds. The difference between Unitarians and other Christians is that, on the simple basis of the Divine Unity, other Churches raise their superstructures of belief, whereas Unitarians prefer to keep their minds free. An item that may be of interest to your readers was given to me by a friend who visited Emerson's home. Mrs. Emerson showed him her husband's books and then remarked: "This was only his library, his study was out in the woods."

Yours, etc.,

JOHN BARRON.

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 Notice to Members of the Order

The first number of the Bulletin has gone to Press, and should be out within a few days of the publication of this number of the *Herald*. Star members who have not yet subscribed, and who wish to do so, are therefore urged to send in their 1/- either to their National Representatives or to the Printer and Publisher, Mr. W. McLellan, 240, Hope Street, Glasgow, N.B. The reason for this urgency is that, until the number of subscribers is approximately known, it is difficult to decide how large an edition of the first number to print.

It has already been explained in the *Herald* why members should, if possible, support the Bulletin, so that it is not necessary to recur to this matter again.

The Bulletin will in future be the official organ of the internal life of the Order, and all who wish to have fuller news of the work of the Order throughout the World than has hitherto been possible in the *Herald*, as well as other matters of

special interest to members, would do well to become subscribers.

The contents of the first number of the Bulletin include an Editorial, a Letter from Headquarters by G. S. Arundale, a Report of the Star Convention Meeting in Bombay, a Survey of Star work in many lands by the General Secretary, Suggestions for Future Work, and Correspondence.

Further information as to the Star Publishing Trust will also be found in the Bulletin.

It should be mentioned in conclusion that a slight alteration has been made in the price of the Bulletin. The annual subscription is now 1/- for the British Empire and U.S.A., and 1/2 for other countries; in both cases postage free. The slight extra charge in the case of the latter countries has been made to cover the expense of distribution.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,

*General Secretary.*

# The Herald of the Star

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As "The Herald of the Star" includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

This Magazine may be obtained through any of the Officers of the Order of the Star in the East mentioned on page 3 of the cover. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 15 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 1½d. extra).

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should be notified at once to the Business Manager, who cannot provide gratis copies to replace those which go astray through carelessness on the part of subscribers who fail to send their change of address. Great care is taken in despatching the magazines, and copies lost in the post will not be replaced.

## The Old Poet Speaks to the Young

*O eager poet-heart, crave not for peace !  
Desire not gentle happiness to quench  
Your bright and ardent flame with her soft  
kiss :*

*For struggle is the poet's breath of life,  
And sorrow is the wind beneath his wings,  
And the dark clamour of the restless storm  
Teaches him how to build within his soul  
A quiet, sacred shrine, to keep his songs  
Happy and pure amid the dust and noise  
Of the sad world and all its cruelty.*

*And yet, you say, the flowers that are most  
fair  
Grow in the sweetest soil, the calmest air ;  
The flower of poetry, too, should flourish  
there*

*Not so, for poetry has a magic power,  
And blossoms only in the spirit's bower :  
The living spirit yields the living flower.*

*To live is not to dream : it is to rise  
On tireless wings toward the calling skies,  
To fight on though the sunlight blind the eyes.*

*To suffer and to strive : to weep, to know  
All the strange things that grief alone can  
show—  
And still triumphant through the world to go.*

*Once I was 'prisoned in a narrow cage  
With men whose frozen souls were deaf and  
blind*

*To every call of beauty—in the stars,  
The winds that swept the sky, the dawn, the  
trees*

*Dancing for joy to greet the dancing spring—  
But I from that dark prison heard and saw,  
And longed with great desire for liberty :  
Yet guarded, in my spirits inmost shrine,  
A limpid well of sweet and secret song.  
Ah, what delight was in the springing  
thoughts*

*That rose from the clear waters of my soul !  
I held, throughout those long and desolate  
days,*

*A solemn, joyous, inner revelry,  
A sacred dance of beauty to the beat  
Of the gay music in my throbbing heart ! . . .  
But I arose at last in sudden strength  
And burst the bars, and fled the prison-house—  
Fled far away upon rebellious wings  
That beat across the wide and open skies  
In search of peace and joy and fellowship  
With all the lovely things of all the earth.*

*Now, after all the pain and struggle and  
storm,*

*The hot rebellion and the far, wild flight,  
My spirit is content and very still,  
And very still and silent is my heart.*

*Freedom and happiness and peace are  
mine—*

*A drowsy peace that creeps through all my  
veins*

*And blots out every pain and all desire.*

*Scarcely a ripple stirs the spell-bound sea  
Whereon my being floats ; scarcely a wind  
Blows through the silent doorways of my soul.  
Only at times some faint, mysterious wave  
Lifts a white crest, and surges to its fall ;  
Or some strange wandering air enters, and  
sighs*

*Along the slumber-held, deserted ways.  
My living, brimming fount of song lies calm  
And motionless as in a tranced dream,  
Stagnant within the depths of my still heart.  
No more of pain and longing, and no more  
Of bitter tears and dark imprisonment ;  
No more of futile struggle and despair :—  
Alas, no more of song : no more of joy . . .*

*I have won peace ; the stormy days are fled :  
But the wild poet in my soul lies dead.  
Crave not for peace ! Crave tempests, thou,  
instead !*

EVA M. MARTIN.



By G. S. ARUNDALE.

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

I WONDER how many people in the various countries of the world realise that the war which, as we are told, is one of the preparations in connection with the Coming of the great World-Teacher is, as a matter of fact, not merely a war between the countries actually fighting one another, but also a war against tyranny and the various forms of superstition wherever they exist. I think we ought to realise that our duty as members of the Order of the Star in the East is not merely to concentrate our attention on the war between the Allies and the Central Powers, but also to consider whether there is not in our respective countries tyranny, injustice, superstition and rigidity. It is probably true that in Germany a special form of class tyranny has been dominant for some time which has caused a rigidity of form entirely unable to express adequately the new spirit which the great World-Teacher will bring with Him when He comes. It may also be true that this class tyranny must be crushed; but we must not forget that no class tyranny, whether in Germany or outside, can be finally crushed by imposing upon it another class tyranny. Nor must

we forget that there is class tyranny in every country, and that though one country may be freer from this condition than another, in no country is it entirely absent. I have been much interested in reading various newspapers, both of the belligerent and of the neutral countries, and I find that even amongst certain neutral nations the disease of the world has made itself manifest.

I regard this class tyranny as the principal disease of the world at the present time, and it follows therefore inevitably that while one special country may suffer from the disease in a much more virulent form than another, every country will probably be troubled by it to a certain extent. It would not be proper for me to endeavour to point out the extent and form of this disease in countries of which I have only a superficial knowledge, but I imagine that the American, or Spanish, or Italian, or Swedish, or Indian, or Swiss readers of these pages, would be able to point out in his own particular country evidences as to the extent of the tyranny in one shape or another. I think it is incumbent on every member of the Order to be on the look out for symptoms of the

disease, wherever showing themselves, and to point out to his fellow countrymen that there is as much war going on within his own nation as perhaps there is elsewhere, though it is not so obvious, nor perhaps so overtly terrible.

Whether we are among the ranks of the fighting nations or not, we have to prepare the way in our country for the Coming of the great World-Teacher, and now is the time. If we are to believe what some of our leaders have told us, the great World-Teacher will come among us within a comparatively short time—that is to say, within a few years. Within these few years, whether they be ten, fifteen or twenty, we have to prepare the way for Him in our country, and many evils now existing must be got rid of. It is a fight between good and evil everywhere—in the individual, in the village, in the town, in the province, in the country, in the world. The European war is but one aspect of the fight. The United States has *its* aspect; Switzerland its aspect; India its aspect; China its aspect. As members of the Order, as messengers of His Coming, we must be in touch with the fight, and, indeed, in the midst of it. The Allies are said to be fighting against bureaucratic government, against military despotism, against the crushing of the weak by the powerful. But such tyranny has been going on for years and years in all the countries of the world, but it has taken this war to bring the fact home to most of us.

As I write these words I see evidences of the existence of class tyranny in my own country, England, brought into prominence, no doubt, by the great social upheaval which the war has produced, but which reformers will tell you has been in existence long before the war was even thought of. I candidly confess that I paid little attention to these evils as far as England was concerned. They hardly touched me, and as they did not touch me I did not feel myself concerned with them. This is a most fatal attitude, and my only excuse for so great a selfishness is that my attention was turned exclusively towards the class domination existing in India.

I saw there how, with the best will in the world, the class spirit, whether Indian or English, was a deadly obstacle to progress. It might be in the narrow orthodox section of the Indian community, or it might be in the narrow-minded Anglo-Indian official—the result was the same. I felt it there, for I suffered from it at the hands of both parties. But it was not till this war broke out that I realised to how large an extent we, in England, are at the mercy of class prejudices and class superstitions. Our soldiers are fighting this spirit in France, in Belgium, in Mesopotamia, in Africa, in Egypt. Those of us who remain behind must fight it at home. We are just as much soldiers as are our comrades in the trenches, and we must see to it that, if possible, they shall return to a motherland in which similar purifying influences have been at work.

We are sometimes told that we want men, more men, and still more men. Perhaps we do. But we want men, more men, and still more men, who will insist that in the future the weak shall not be at the mercy of the strong as they have been hitherto. I do not object to class dominance provided that the class is of those who are spiritually wise, but until we can achieve such a Utopia we must lay down certain principles of human brotherhood which people may only disregard at their peril. What these principles of brotherhood should be is a matter for consideration and discussion. Their application in different countries may be different, but in the long run it comes to this: that the welfare of the community depends upon the contentment and prosperity of its weakest member, just as the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link. The military spirit against which we are fighting shows itself in many forms, and it is always to be recognised by the fact that it is accompanied by absence of generosity, by contempt, by callousness, by brutality. When you see these elements you are face to face with a spirit *entirely* out of harmony with the spirit which we hope one day will brood over the world.

G. S. ARUNDALE.

# The Birth of a New Sub-Race

## I. What is meant by a New Sub-Race ?

By C. W. LEADBEATER

*[This is the first of a series of four lectures delivered some time ago in Australia, under the title " Australasia as the Home of a New Sub-Race." The more general title has been substituted here, as the lectures are of far more than local interest, the Birth of a New Sub-Race being a matter affecting the whole civilisation of our day.]*

THE theory of evolution is now generally accepted, but its method cannot be fully understood unless one also grasps the great truth of reincarnation—that there is, in fact, a double evolution, that of the soul and that of the body. I imagine that it is not by accident that so soon after Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace had brought before the world the theory of evolution, and had got it (with much of difficulty and struggle) fairly generally accepted, Madame Blavatsky explained spiritual evolution. It seems to me that it was probably part of one great plan for the world's enlightenment—that first the physical idea should be made clear, should run the gauntlet of all sorts of orthodox opposition, and eventually win its way; and then that this complementary piece of information as regards the spiritual side of evolution should be laid before the world for those who were able to accept it. Many people have taken the first as part of their mental furniture, without as yet feeling themselves able to grasp the second. Nevertheless, I think if you will study the matter care-

fully you will see that that second part also is necessary to make a coherent theory of life, and to give us any definite idea of the object of the whole scheme.

One of the facts discovered by Theosophical investigation is that human evolution proceeds by means of what we call races and sub-races. When we speak of Root-Races we mean such gigantic divisions of humanity as the Lemurian, the Atlantean and the Aryan Races; when we speak of sub-races we mean subdivisions of these, but still very large bodies of men, which in turn are divided into nations, and what we call branch races. The particular reason for our taking up this subject at this time is that what we call in Theosophy a new sub-race is now due in the world; it has already commenced in the United States of America. When I was there a dozen years ago I clearly saw that this was already beginning; and, indeed, it is by no means only a Theosophical idea, because the American Bureau of Ethnology has recognised the fact that this new race is rising in their midst, that there is coming into existence in that mighty country a

type of men which in various points differs from any race at present existing. The exact points of difference are largely in head measurements, in the proportion of the different parts of the body, and so on—in all the characteristics by which ethnologists discriminate between the different races. They are tabulating the particulars of this new and distinctly American race. Already, twelve years ago, I saw a large number of specimens of that new race in different parts of the United States.

When I landed here in Australia for the second time, a year ago, I was much struck with the fact that the new race was obviously showing itself here also. I had not expected that, because I had had no information that it was to commence simultaneously in other countries; I had supposed that it would begin in America and spread gradually over the rest of the world, as other races and sub-races have done before. But I saw at once that here were children and young people of a distinctly new type among you in Australia, and more especially in Queensland; that there were children who quite definitely were not English children, nor Scotch, nor Irish. They were clearly children of a new type; not *exactly* the American type, not identical with it, but closely resembling it—obviously the same thing, but with a variation that may well be due to the climate and surroundings generally. It became at once evident that this great venture, the beginning of a new sub-race, was not confined to America, but was taking place simultaneously in this other new country.

To a Theosophist who is studying races and sub-races that is a striking fact, a fact which shows that those among whom it is taking place have an immense and splendid opportunity, but also unquestionably a great responsibility.

Clearly it is necessary that we should understand exactly what this thing means, and what we can do, each one of us, to help along this new development. In America there are so many different races that patriotism as we have known it in the older countries of Europe is only just beginning definitely to exist. In earlier

days there was patriotism of State rather than of country, but gradually the whole people is welding itself into one mighty race, and the very fact that a new type is arising, a new body to express this new variety of soul, will tend more than anything else to bind the country into one, as by degrees the members of this new race are born. The same thing clearly ought to happen here as soon as people realise that a new and distinctly Australian race is coming to birth among them. And those who bear the stamp of this new race may be born anywhere, in any family; so that perhaps in two or three generations the whole country will consist of this new type. Perhaps not quite the whole country, but what in Europe we should call the aristocracy of the country; that is to say, the best types—those that are most characteristic of the new race—will bear these new bodies. We can hardly say yet exactly what the principal characteristics will be; but they will certainly include strong will, great intellectual development, and ready impressibility.

I shall try to explain to you exactly what in Theosophy we mean by the difference between the races, and it is only then that I shall be able clearly to convey to you all that is involved in this coming of a new race. I said to you that there was a double evolution. Remember, we hold this doctrine of reincarnation; we hold that the soul takes many bodies, first one and then another; that he takes these different bodies in order to learn certain lessons through each of them. We hold that the soul passes from one race to another in order that it may be finer, more perfectly rounded, and many have a reasonable development of all necessary characteristics; but it acquires these one by one. So it might well be that a soul be born in one race in order to develop courage, and then in another in order to cultivate his intellect. These qualities and many more must be present in the perfect man, and we find that in many cases not only one life, but several lives, may be necessary in order to drill the qualities into a man's nature. It is not a question of acquiring some exterior polish; it is a question of

building into the very nature of the man such a characteristic, say, as the power of love. It is not much that can be done in one short life to change the whole character of a man—to make (for example) a miser into a generous man. You can see at once that that would be impossible in one life, but it would be by no means impossible if he had many lives stretching before him. The soul evolves by taking different types of bodies; it takes a body and learns a certain lesson in one place; it lays aside that body, and it goes into some other part of the world altogether, and takes a new body there to learn new lessons.

But, besides that, there is the more generally recognised material evolution. We have better bodies now in many ways than men had thousands or millions of years ago. If you want to understand this past history of man at all, you must brace yourself up to face the existence of humanity for many millions of years. Orthodox talk on such subjects allows man to have lived on earth only a few thousand years, but they are gradually pushing back the date until now they are prepared to believe that high civilisation existed eight thousand years before the days of Christ, and they are inclined to agree that something preceded even that. We in Theosophy hold that there has been a much longer period than they have yet ventured to suggest. Although history seems to fail us at about that time, geologists require eras which can only be described as tremendous for their processes and they now and again disconcert the rest of the scientists with their data. We say that there is an evolution of the bodies as well as of the souls—that the bodies must grow better because the souls are advancing, and they need a better class of vehicle. Millions of years ago there were, no doubt, a great many savages in the world; there are plenty yet, as we are now finding over in Europe; but, for all that, the world is evolving. We are in many ways in advance of the older though mighty civilisations. Not in every respect; in those old days they knew some things which have since been lost, which we have not yet re-discovered. Do not have any

doubt as to that. But on the whole the general level of humanity is higher now than it was in those older days, higher than it was even in the mighty civilisations of Greece and Rome; the average level is higher; there were some individuals then quite as high in every way spiritually and morally as any individual is now, but the general level is gradually advancing.

Each of these races has its own characteristics. The great Root-Races are concerned with a development of the different bodies or vehicles of man. Nearly all that you read in books upon ethnology is the development of the Aryan race and of the great Atlantean race which preceded it; but there was another before that to which the name of Lemurian has been given. That third great Root-Race, called the Lemurian, was concerned with the development of the physical body. The Atlantean race which succeeded it was principally concerned with the development of the astral body. The great Aryan race to which we belong is concerned principally with the mental body—what you call the mind. Each of these great races predominates in the world for millions of years; but they run concurrently to this extent, that one begins before the other has finished; so that, although the Aryan race now rules nearly all the world, there are still vast numbers who clearly belong to the Atlantean race, and some few who belong to the race even before that. There are strong traces of Lemurian blood in some of the most backward savages.

In each of these Root-Races there are seven sub-races; each sub-race is quite definitely a part of its Root-Race, and it is employed in doing the work of that Root-Race, but it colours that work with its own special characteristic. Take our present Aryan race, which is concerned with the development of mentality. The fourth sub-race of that fifth Aryan race was concerned with a development of mentality, because it was a sub-race of the great fifth, but it was concerned with that mentality as it was conditioned by the astral body—that is to say, by passions and emotions; and for that reason some of the most

wonderful poetry and art in the world was produced by that race. We all of us belong to the fifth sub-race of the fifth Root-Race, and so we are emphasising the evolution of mentality; hence the wonderful progress which modern science has made in the last hundred years, the tremendous developments which have changed the world. Some of you are old enough to remember a condition of affairs which made it in reality a different world from that in which we live now. In the last hundred years the most marvellous scientific advances have taken place. That is the result of the work of this fifth Root-Race which has devoted itself especially to the cultivation of intellect, accentuated by the fact that this is its fifth sub-race.

This next sub-race which is coming is still a sub-race of the Aryan, and therefore it will still be developing mentality; but it will be developing it from the point of view (and by the aid) of the next faculty—that is, intuition. So from this new sub-race we may expect wonderful mental development, but along rather different lines. We have been devoting ourselves very successfully to analysis; most of our epoch-making discoveries have been made by analysis of the inconceivably minute. The discoveries of the future will perhaps be more along the line of synthesis; we shall begin to get wide, sweeping views that relate a number of lines of research that hitherto have been supposed to be quite separate; we shall begin to see the reason for things as a great whole. So that one may suppose that there will be wonderful discoveries linking up these different lines of research; that may be the special work of the sixth sub-race, at the dawning of which we now assist. That we may do something more than merely look on—that we may absolutely take a hand and help in that development—is the object of this little set of four lectures.

I must explain a little more in detail the question of the races which have gone before, in order that you may see the size and importance of the thing. The three great Root-Races which I mentioned—the Lemurian, the Atlantean, and the

Aryan—are the only races of which we practically can know anything now. Occult investigation has revealed a good deal about the earlier races, but they were not as yet definitely physical, so the study of them is a matter rather for psychologists than for ethnologists. Another fact to be borne in mind is, that great catastrophes take place at long intervals which considerably alter the appearance of the earth. If we go back to the period when the Lemurian race was flourishing, we shall find that the map of the world was different, that we cannot recognise any existing continents. It is a commonplace of geologists that all land has been at one time or other under water, and that all land which is now under the water (so far as we know it) bears traces of having at one time been above it. Land and water change about in the course of the world's history; so if we think of a time some millions of years ago, we need not be surprised to know that the map would be unrecognisable.

In the Lemurian period we had a rather curious arrangement; the North Pole of the earth was then land; there was a large continent there more or less star shaped, with huge peninsulas reaching down from the North Pole in various directions. Greenland is one of these which still remains—one of the points of the star. At that time none of the existing continents were in their present shape. There was a large band of land extending all across from the equator to a long way south of it. It included the land on which we stand now; it included New Zealand; it included a vast number of the Pacific Islands; so that there was a vast southern crescent-shaped continent to balance the northern star.

The Lemurian race was on the whole a black race; all the black races now have Lemurian blood in their veins. The purest remains of them now are the Andaman Islanders and those pygmies in Central Africa; the Australian aboriginals are descended from Lemurians, but have touches of other and later races. Those early Lemurians were not handsome; they could not fully straighten their elbows

and knees ; they were undeveloped absolutely ; they had very little brain ; their heads were egg-shaped mostly, the lower part big and the jaw prognathous ; in many of them instead of a forehead there was just a roll of bone and flesh, shaped like a sausage ; they were not dark brown, but a sort of blue-black ; indeed, one of the earlier sub-races had a distinct bluish tinge.

They were succeeded very gradually by the next great Root-Race—the Atlantean. In the meantime, terrestrial changes were taking place ; the great oceans became land and the land areas became great oceans. Most of the Lemurian continent was in what we now call the Pacific Ocean ; the great Atlantean continent was where now is what we call in honour of it the Atlantic Ocean. For it is because that continent was named Atlantis by its inhabitants that we now have that name Atlantic Ocean. You will find a long account of the Atlanteans in Plato's *Timaews* and *Kritias*. That is the first source of our information about them, although many investigations have been made since, and it has been found possible to trace the exact site of their continent. If you consult in any library the series of deep-sea soundings made in the Atlantic by the *Challenger* you will be able to mark out the island of which Plato speaks.

The Atlantean race was quite different from the Lemurian. Its people were, on the whole, red-yellow in colour. Its earlier sub-races were still dark and not well developed, but some of the later sub-races were magnificent specimens of manhood. The third sub-race, for example, attained a great height of power and glory. It was a race so great that Egypt, that wonderful empire of old times, was one of its colonies originally. The capital of Atlantis in those old days was known by the poetic name of "The City of the Golden Gate," because of a world-renowned golden gate that was at the entrance of its principal temple. The Emperor bore the title of "The Divine Ruler of the Golden Gate." That name still appears in religious books in China and elsewhere. These people had

advanced to a great degree of material comfort ; that City of the Golden Gate would have compared favourably with any city at present existing. The interior part within its walls contained some two million inhabitants, and if you take in the suburbs outside, it would be as big as London at the present day.

There are plenty of relics of the Atlantean race still on earth to show what manner of men they were ; though perhaps the inference would hardly be fair, because all races deteriorate physically when their prime is past. You have no remains of them now so handsome as were the best of the Atlanteans, but the Chinese, the Malays, the Tartars, and Red Indians all are clearly of Atlantean descent, and they give you some idea of the more prominent characteristics of that Root-Race. The Maoris of New Zealand are chiefly Atlantean, though there is considerable admixture of other blood in them.

For each of these races there is always a great leader called the *Manu*, who takes his people and leads them much as Moses is fabled to have done. The method of developing a new race is to take some of the best of the existing physical bodies (belonging, of course, to the old Race) and lead these people away, somehow, by some sort of segregation, so that they shall live as a community apart ; then they can be moulded into a new Race. The *Manu* of a new Root-Race mixes his living materials as carefully as a chemist mixes his drugs, and then imbues his people with the idea that they are a chosen race, and must on no account inter-marry with other races. The *Manu* of our Aryan Race took a few of the best families from the Atlantean Island some seventy thousand years ago ; he settled them first in the central plateau of Arabia, but that was not a success ; a fresh segregation had to be made from the descendants of that first selection, and the next time he took them away into Central Asia. Slowly through the centuries this race grew to be a mighty power, until it ruled over all Central Asia, from Tibet to the east coast, from Manchuria to Siam. Those were the actual

limits of the State itself, but it also exercised the rights of suzerainty over the islands from Japan to Australia, so that the inefaceable stamp of the Aryan has been set upon races so primitive as your own aboriginals and the hairy Ainus of Japan. Just as on the whole the Lemurians were blue-black and the Atlanteans red-yellow, so is the Aryan on the whole a brown-white race. Its descendants intermingled with Atlanteans in what is now British India.

You have all heard of the four castes in British India which are so sternly divided one from the other. These were originally created by this great Leader, the Manu, who brought down his Aryans into the midst of a Lemuro-Atlantean population in that peninsula of India. He was afraid that his handful of men might mix with the inhabitants through marriage, and so their distinctive characteristics, gained by so much effort, might disappear; and in order that Aryan blood might not be hopelessly lost, he created these castes and forbade them to intermarry. The Brahmans are supposed to be comparatively pure Aryans, although there had certainly been some slight inter-mixture before the edict was issued; these men, who came down from the Himalayas, were white men, and therefore the Brahman caste is even to this day a little lighter in colour than the others. Then the next great caste, the Kshattriyas, were those Aryans who had intermarried with those who had been the Rulers of India before the Aryans came in; and as these were the highest Atlanteans of the third or Toltec sub-race, their colour was red. The third caste, the Vaisyas, who were principally merchantmen, were those Aryans who had intermarried with the Turanian element, and their official colour was yellow. These colours are to this day supposed to be the signs or tokens of these castes. The lowest caste of all, the Sudras, were the non-Aryan inhabitants, and their descendants are still outside the pale of the three twice-born castes, and are regarded as much below the level of all the rest.

The second sub-race of this Aryan race

was the Arabian. I know that the Arabs are commonly put down as Semites, and are considered to be non-Aryan; as a matter of fact, there are two classes of them, which differ greatly; you may still find traces of these two classes among Arabians—the Hamyaritic of the south, and the Mostareb of the north. That second sub-race conquered all Africa, except Egypt, and a considerable slice of Asia, too; also at one time the Arabs conquered Persia and Mesopotamia, but did not hold them long. The third sub-race was the Iranian, the people who inhabited Ancient Persia and dominated Western Asia from the Mediterranean to the Pamirs and from the Sea of Aral to the Persian Gulf. The principal representatives of them to-day are quite a small community, the Parsis. They are quite distinct from the other races round them. The present inhabitants of Persia have much of that blood in them, but it is mingled with that of their Arab conquerors; a similar mixture has given us the Kurds, the Afghans, and the Biluchis.

Coming down to people we know something more about, we arrive at the fourth sub-race of the great Aryan race—an exceedingly interesting people. This subdivision was connected with the unfolding of mentality as influenced by passion and emotion; therefore we find wonderful artistic development in connection with it. This fourth sub-race moved along from Central Asia to the district which we now call the Caucasus, and established itself there for a long time, ruling Georgia, Mingrelia, Armenia, Kurdistan and Phrygia. Much later on, after holding that district as a mighty nation for thousands of years, it began to migrate into Europe in tribes.

At this period what is now the central part of Europe had only recently risen from beneath the water. For many a century all that central European plain was nothing but a vast swamp, and only by degrees was it possible for men to penetrate into those districts. The first wave of that fourth sub-race was the Pelasgian, which included the most ancient of the Greeks; the second was that of the

Albanians ; the third included the Italian races ; the fourth was that which we commonly call Celtic or Gaelic—a wonderful and artistic race which occupied France, Belgium, the British Isles, and the western part of Switzerland. A fifth wave lost itself in North Africa, leaving some trace of itself among the Kabyles, and contributing to the population of Ireland the Milesian element—the rugged-featured, bullet-headed, red-haired type. The sixth wave was the noblest of all ; it reached Ireland by way of Scandinavia long before the Milesians, and contributed to its strangely mixed population the splendid element of the Tuatha-de-Danaan—the oval-faced, blue or grey-eyed type, mostly with dark hair. But part of it remained behind in Greece, ousting or subjugating the Pelasgians, and from it sprang that glorious Greek race which has done more than all others to give art to the world. The fifth sub-race of the Aryan race also came by the Caucasus, but it settled chiefly in Daghestan and on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and later on it moved up north to the neighbourhood of Cracow in Poland, and there it seems to have rested a long time, radiating thence by degrees as its numbers increased, and the swamps became habitable. It is rather curious to note the way in which that sub-race subdivided itself ; the first outpouring from Cracow was the Slavonic, and that went in two directions, north and south ; those who went north are the Russians ; those who went the other way, the Servians and Bosnians. The second outpouring was the Lettish, a race which never got far from its centre ; it gave us the Letts, the Lithuanians, and unfortunately the Prussians. Then there was a third outpouring, which is called the

Germanic ; that gave us on the one side the people of South Germany, and on the other side the Scandinavians and the Goths. The Scandinavians fell upon Normandy and occupied it, and later, as the Normans, overran England in the north and Sicily in the south. Since then their descendants have spread over North America, Australasia, and South Africa—so far did the energy of that great Scandinavian race go ; and its end is not yet. The Goths conquered the whole of Southern Europe, and their blood runs in all the aristocratic families of France, Italy, and Spain.

After the departure from Central Asia of the fourth and fifth sub-races, the Root-Race as a whole migrated to India, as was mentioned above, and one tribe of it made the later Persian Empire.

That is only a rough outline of what has been done by each of these great sub-races ; and I have given it in order that you may have some idea of the importance of the place and work of a sub-race. This which is now beginning is the sixth ; it, in its time, will have as much influence in the world as those others have had ; probably it will have even more. Now, at the cradle of that sub-race, characteristics can be impressed upon it ; those which it is intended to display can perhaps be intensified or helped along in their development. Therefore we must realise the importance of its place and its work. This is God's will for man, this evolution, and if we can do anything to promote it and help on that work, we actually and literally are fellow-workers together with God, and that is surely the very greatest honour and privilege that can ever come to mortal man.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

*(To be continued.)*

# Shakespeare's Message To-Day

## His Contribution to the Contemporary Spiritual Movement

By HUNTLY CARTER.

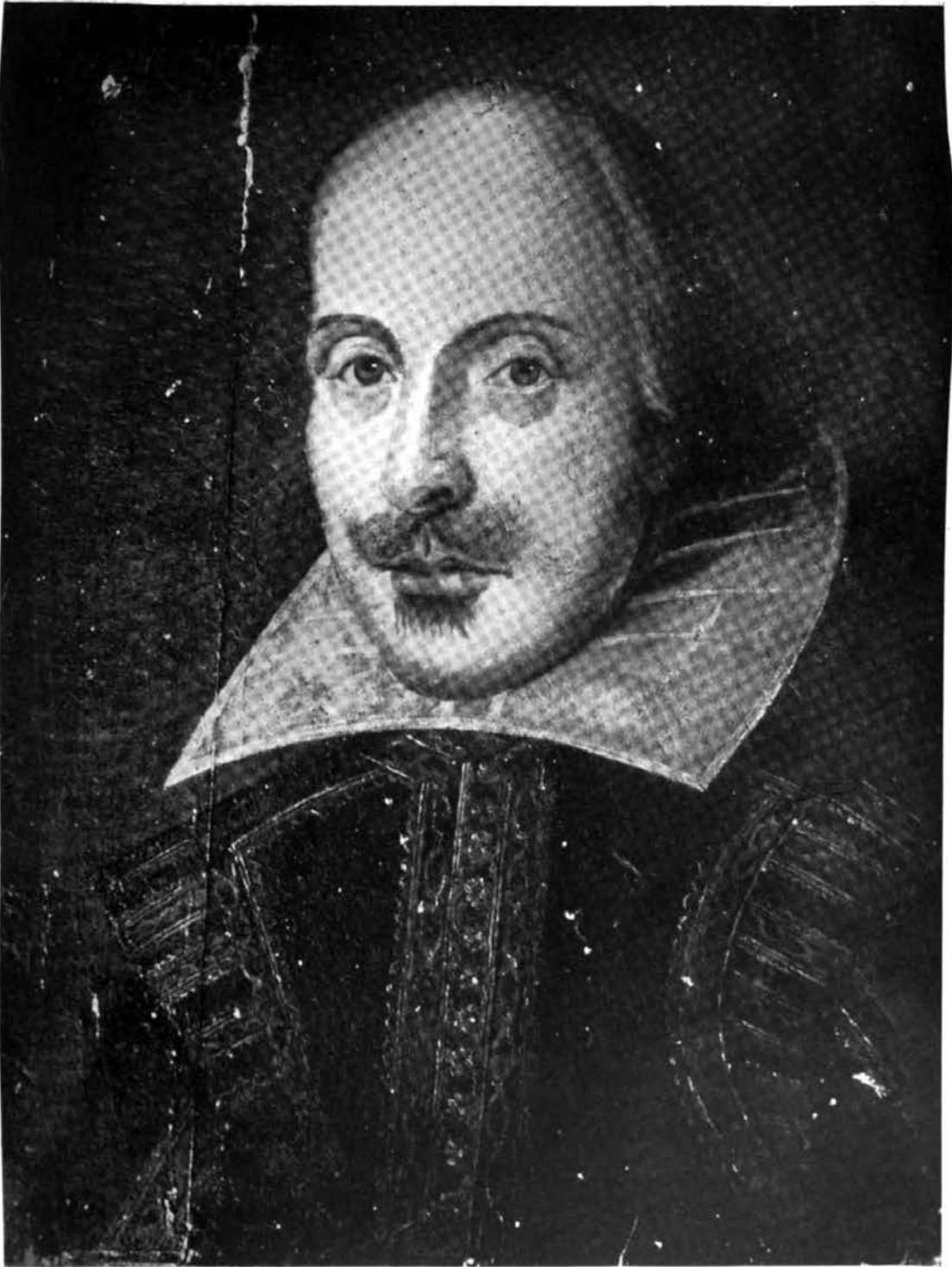
[*This article has been specially written in view of the Shakespeare Tercentenary this month.*]

**T**HE following article is primarily designed to offer suggestions towards an interpretation of Shakespeare's plays in harmony with the prevailing spiritual tendency in Philosophy, Religion, Drama and Art. It is also intended to emphasize the need, and indicate the aim and scope of a new and exhaustive study of the mystical mind and "message" of Shakespeare as manifested in his plays. This re-interpretation of Shakespeare's plays follows the inevitable course that the eternal spirit of Shakespeare himself and the prevailing spirit of the age forces upon it. Perhaps it has always been so. There is no need for Professor Dowden to remind us that Shakespeare is :

"A priest to us all  
Of the wonder and bloom of the world."

And some of us know that, "it is impossible that the sixteenth or the seventeenth century should set a limit to the nineteenth. The voyaging spirit of man cannot remain within the enclosure of any one age or any single mind." So, Shakespeare's plays become a part of the national spiritual inheritance, and are made a part of the particular experience of each age ; and in the process of this kind of unfolding are seen to yield precisely what each age demands of them. I have no time to illustrate the truth of this statement ; but I am sure it would not be difficult to prove

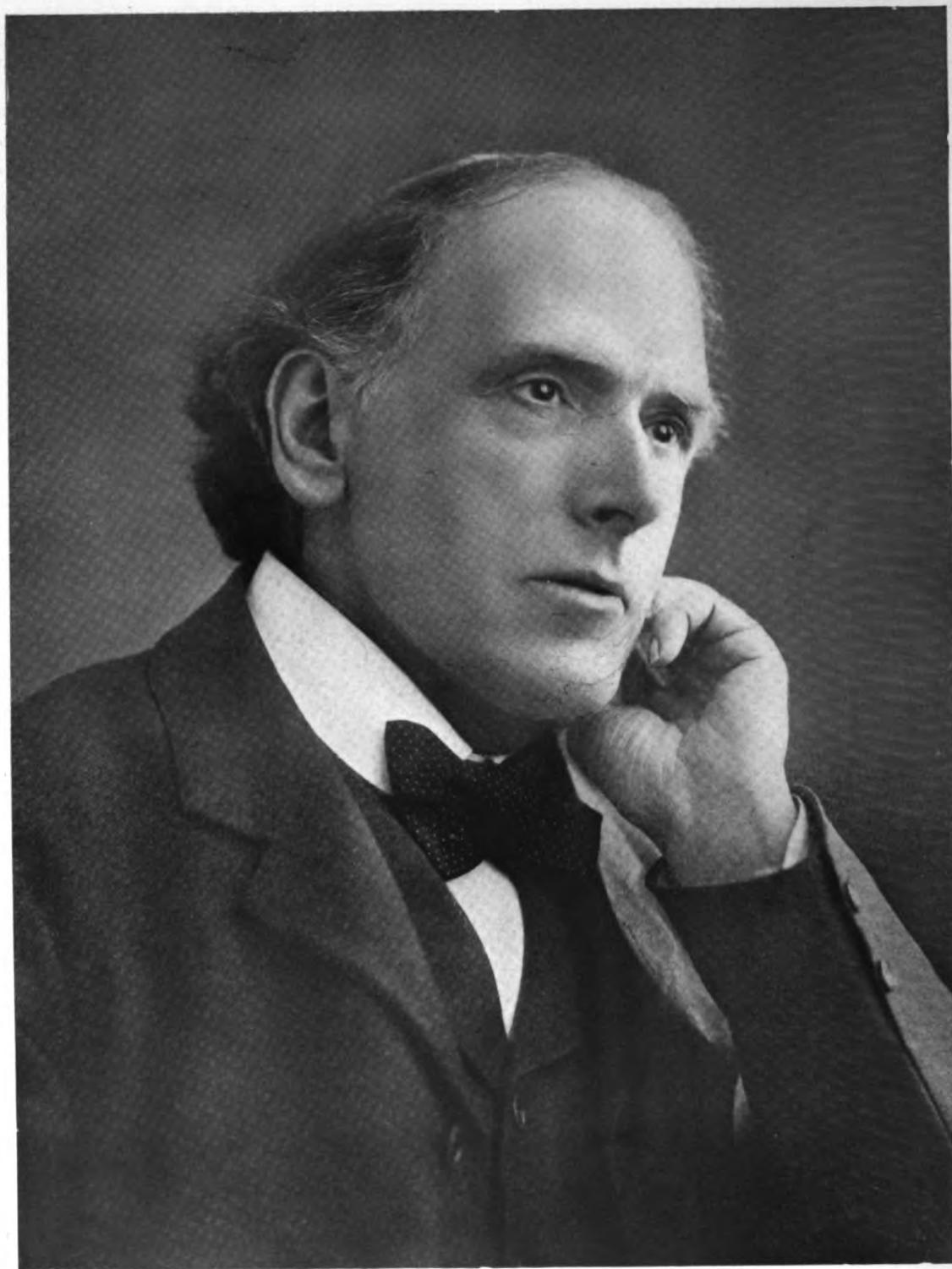
that the plays have added something to each post-Shakespearean period of our history in turn ; thus submitting themselves to the sixteenth century age of Renaissance and Reformation, the seventeenth-eighteenth century age of Reason and Revolution, the eighteenth-nineteenth century age of Naturalism and Science, the nineteenth-twentieth century age of Evolution and Industrialism. To take but one instance of their adaptability and shaping influence, there is the immense impulse which they added to the vital movement towards Nature in the late eighteenth century which eventuated in the Storm and Stress period of Drama, Poetry and Literature. We know that Goethe, who helped to initiate the movement and unswervingly demanded a naturalistic expression from the theatre, was as deeply influenced by Shakespeare's naturalism as by the nature-philosophy of Spinoza, Schelling and Rousseau. In this way, and at great transitional moments, Shakespeare's plays have been of vital import to writers seeking a freshened approach to Nature and Life, and longing to set forth in quest of new adventures, with vital theories of Art, Drama, Poetry and Religion to lead them on. No wonder, then, that the plays have come to be regarded as an essential factor in the great game of individual, social and national expression.



THE DROESHOUT PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

The property of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.

*Reproduced by permission of the Governors.*



MR. WILLIAM POEL.

The pioneer of the modern system of simplified Shakespearean staging.

Photo by Bassano, Ltd.

Indeed, the utility of their universal qualities is now so distinctly recognised that lately all sorts of attempts have been made to enlist it in the service of the War, both as a means of keeping up the Spirit and spirits of the nation, and to encourage everybody to adopt a reasonable attitude towards the national crisis. The particular kind of war work which Shakespeare in his plays has been asked to do is shown in the activities and words of producers, literary critics and others. Implicit in these activities and words is the assumption that patriotism is wanted. Patriotism must be had whatever the price paid for it. Whether it is the sort of patriotism that ought to be had, I will not stop to inquire here. The thing to note is that producers have been guided in their choice of plays by the assumption that the collective playgoer is a patriot who seeks to be reminded of the fact as often and as pleasantly as possible. Accordingly they have set Shakespeare to work to appeal to patriotic motive, thus employing him to produce as dexterously as he can under modern conditions of interpretation and representation, the sort of uplifting effect which his plays must have had upon the public mind of their times. Likewise distinguished literary critics have been busy evolving Shakespeare as patriot capable of inspiring patriotic service. And they claim they have at least one good excuse for doing so. As we all know, the history of the past months is really the history of the paralysis in England of the highest forms of thought and action by the greatest and grossest war. Art, Drama, Philosophy, Literature and Science have all been overwhelmed and retarded, so far as Europe is concerned, by a general aspiration towards destruction. The Nation to-day finds itself confronted by a state of war which history tells us invariably threatens to crush and destroy the spiritual life and liberty even of the most powerful among civilised peoples. No wonder that even intelligent men and women of wide and varied experience are urging that this is no time for anything that does not promote the end England has in view. Everything must be stopped

that does not materially aid the successful prosecution of the War. Therefore, if Shakespeare's Tercentenary is to be celebrated, the celebration must be justified on reasonable war ground. "On what ground," the literary man asks, "is Shakespeare entitled to celebration at this awful moment?" His reply is, "On the ground that Shakespeare is a national hero." Some such answer as this was given by Sir Sidney Lee in his recent lecture delivered at the Royal Institution and reported in the *Observer*. The aim of the lecturer was to deal with Shakespeare in his relation to the War. Implicit in his words was the conviction that Shakespeare is fully entitled to commemoration as a national hero. "On what ground," he asked, "is Shakespeare entitled to commemoration as a national hero? A national hero was obviously one who by virtue of his deeds made a signal contribution to the well-being and the good repute of his fellow countrymen and women in their collective capacity of a nation or Empire. His deeds must vividly and permanently stir in his people the commemorative instinct. The commemorative instinct in a nation whose spirit runs high, and whose moral and intellectual sentiment is unquestioned, is never slow to obey a clear call." Proceeding, he stated that Shakespeare had rendered his country two distinct national services. The first was to be found in the quantity and quality of his words, "the glorious splendour of his diction," the second in his doctrine of patriotism. In summarising the aspects of Shakespeare's patriotism, his love of country, and so on, the lecturer said, "Shakespeare's dramas enjoin those who love their country wisely to neglect no advantage that nature offers in the way of resisting unjust demands upon it."

In these and other ways, then, Shakespeare may be said to be making his war-time contribution to the political and social life of the nation. But it cannot be said that he is doing anything for the spiritual life of the nation, simply because no form of art-expression has been organised in the spiritual service of the War.

The reason is not far to seek. The War was originally conceived of by England as a spiritual war. It has been permitted to drift from this conception mainly because the requisites for the realisation of the conception were not called forth. The fact is when the War began, England appeared to make the right postulate, viz., war as a measure of lasting peace. On all sides decently responsible persons were heard excusing England's plunge into the vortex on the ground that the nation was entering upon a holy war led on by a powerful glimmering of a state which Professor Geddes calls Peacedom. Such persons were convinced that this war was to end war, and the ultimate effect of the great struggle would certainly be to convert sword and bayonet for ever into ploughshares. For a time it did seem as though England was about to play the great and final game of war. Then came a change. Close observers and reasoners saw with dismay that if England's premise was sound, the deduction was not a chain of adamant.

The War was to end war. That is, the end of the War was to be a spiritual triumph. But the paths to the end were not being given a spiritual direction. In fact, the two requisites, the spiritual and prudential, for the execution of the intent were missing. In short, it is becoming abundantly clear lately that admitting the soundness of England's conception of the War as an end to war, she has not put herself in a position to realise the conception. And, perceiving this, more than one responsible person is prophesying that unless an attempt is made to exalt some of the prevailing conditions of thought and activity, the vast spiritual awakening which eager and optimistic minds read into this bitter and sanguinary struggle will never take place.

The need of spiritualising the War by uplifting mankind along definite exalted lines has called forth certain movements. One of these the "Fight for Right" movement is, we are told, "being specially organised to emphasise the spiritual nature of the conflict in which England is engaged." I need not detail

its objects which must be very well known by this time. But it may be repeated that the propaganda work of the organisation is stated to be based upon the conviction that "the supreme test for England has yet to come. . . . In the last resort, all depends upon the spirit. And the spirit of the nation, though it is better than it has ever been before, is not yet all that it will have to be." Along with this public movement toward an avowedly spiritual uplift goes the efforts of private individuals. And it may be said that, in a sense, keener and keener grows the competition among our best writers to rescue the spiritual man from the lumber of politics and mercenary social affairs, as well as from other material instruments of expression. One kind of rescuing is to be found in Dr. Robert Bridges' recently published "Spirit of Man." The foundation of this anthology is a recognition of the increasing belief that "man is a spiritual being, and the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his higher nature, and to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit."

These activities clearly represent an endeavour towards a national movement in this country. This movement can only be rightly understood as a spiritual or idealistic movement. As I have shown, its outward expressions are beginning to claim attention; its inner and deeper meaning has been emphasized in journals like the *Herald of the Star* ever since the War began. If this meaning were universally understood, there would be no need to write this article. The true spiritual significance of our great writers, like Shakespeare, would be apparent to everyone, and every effort would be made to secure their assistance in the present struggle for spiritual freedom, and in forming public opinion anew after a great spiritual ideal. We know, we have indeed been told by persons in high places, that in such a colossal struggle as that in which we are engaged, political and economic aims are but half the aims. There is such a thing as a national soul. Of what avail would it be if we won a political and economic victory,

and lost our soul? It is not so much a material triumph as a finely blended material and spiritual triumph that will matter in the end.

Having considered the pressing need for spiritual voices, I am led to ask, what can Shakespeare and his plays do for us spiritually? The question has doubtless been asked before. Shakespearean theories are as numerous as the proverbial blackberry, and many a learned and entertaining book has been written advocating this or that hypothesis. I daresay Shakespeare has been equal to the many calls made upon him. He has appeared in turn as poet, dramatist, scientist, philosopher, politician, social reformer, economist, and so forth. I do not propose to consider every hypothesis even if it were possible to do so. I imagine some of us have grown rather weary of many of them, and perhaps no one nowadays would be keenly interested in evidence adduced in support of, say, Shakespeare as scientist. The scientific theory has doubtless been settled to the satisfaction of those who hold it, and one is quite content to take for granted that Shakespeare anticipated more than one great present-day thinker; for instance, Darwin in "The Winter's Tale." Likewise the various attempts to label Shakespeare with a form of faith may be passed over without much comment. They all have the same thing, an air of success, though not of permanent value. Of course, it is the easiest thing in the world to get Shakespeare to assume a favourable attitude towards orthodox religion. Turn where we like in his plays and we shall find lines which may be quoted as plainly indicating his belief in Christianity. "When we read the plays," says a writer who signs himself "Museus," "it is impossible to believe that the age of the Reformation has come and gone. The faith of the Middle Ages inspires and pervades the plays to an extent and in a fashion that is due to deliberate preference. The formulas of Holy Church, oaths and phrases drawn from the creeds and gospels, are ever on the lips of his people. He shows a minute and intimate knowledge of the religious preachers of the old faith. No detail is

wanting of Church life, from the carrying of the 'chrisom child' to the 'bringing home of bell and burial.' Holy Church environed the creations of Shakespeare from the cradle to the grave." The writer then proceeds to cite passages revealing Shakespeare's attitude towards "the life to come." Included among these is the introductory paragraph of Shakespeare's will, which "seems to give us a direct statement of his belief": "I commend my soul unto the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

On the other hand, it is not difficult to evolve Shakespeare as a rationalist. I have before me an article written some years ago on the "Irreligion of Shakespeare," in which the writer believes he is putting forth decisive pieces of evidence in support of his main contention that Shakespeare was irreligious. He begins by reviewing at length the various anti-religious influences likely to operate upon the highly sensitive mind of Shakespeare. "The age was one of religious turmoil. The Reformation had let out the waters which carried some enterprising spirits far beyond the bounds of Protestantism. The Elizabethan drama was regarded, not without cause, by the Puritans, as an evidence of the Pagan Renaissance. Master Philip Stubbes, indeed, in his 'Anatomy of Abuses,' published in 1580, sets down the theatres as one of the very worst devices of the devil. Five years later Giordano Bruno was in England, and publicly sustaining the Copernican theory against the assembled doctors of Oxford. That Shakespeare heard of Bruno, and was influenced by him, is more than likely. With Shakespeare the choice was between Catholicism, Protestantism, and Humanism. I hold that he chose the last named, and ask what better explanation can be given of the insensibility to religion found in his works than that he had pondered the mysteries of life and death for himself, and found that the religious explanation did not suffice?" Thereupon follow long extracts from the plays apparently proving Shakespeare's "agnosticism."

Again, I do not propose to consider at length the theory advanced by the American writer, Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, in "Cosmic Consciousness," a book containing a collection of "cases" of supposed cosmically conscious people. Shakespeare is one of the greater "cases." But apparently he differs from most of the other great "cases," inasmuch as he offers (Dr. Bucke) no evidence of having had blinding flashes of cosmic vision. What he does offer, especially in his "Sonnets," is proof of a soul open to the universal currents and capable of responding to such cosmic rhythms as harmonise with its own flow. Many of the "Sonnets" are, Dr. Bucke is convinced, addressed to Cosmic Consciousness. In his words, "the first seventeen 'Sonnets' urge the Cosmic Sense to produce. The theory is that they were written, as they stand, earliest, and that they were the first writings of their author after illumination." What Dr. Bucke calls the "Cosmic Sense" is the sense that follows self-consciousness, and one that marks a further development of manifested life. He seems to have found some "cases," both detailed and well-authenticated, in which this sense was manifested, that is, in which striking phenomena or illuminating soul experiences preceded a remarkable production or activity of a sort, and thereafter argued not only that great men possess the sense, but that there are certain things in their work which, if found, imply or prove the presence of this characteristic. As an instance of his method of reading the Cosmic Sense into written matter, I will quote some examples of his analysis of the "Sonnets." The Cosmic Sense is conceived of as an entity; it begins and ends with the possessor. Accordingly, in order that it may not die absolutely with the death of its possessor, it is engrafted anew in the "Sonnets." Thus some of the features of the engrafting process may be traced in Sonnet XV.—

When I consider everything that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stage presenteth naught but  
shows,  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied night;  
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

The very beautiful Sonnet XXXIII. is quoted as referring to the "intermittent character of illumination" and to the brilliancy of the intervals of Cosmic Sense as compared with those when it is absent. Here is the Sonnet:—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack, on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;  
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun  
staineth.

Sonnet LXXVII. is quoted as an instance of Shakespeare's consciousness of the illuminating power of the Cosmic Sense, and of its power to transmit itself through the work of an author (*i.e.*, the plays of Shakespeare) to that of other authors.

So oft have I invoked thee for my muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen has got my use,  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to  
sing,  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
And given grace a double majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces grac'd be;  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

Finally we are told that Sonnet CXXVI. "constitutes the close of the address to the Cosmic Consciousness . . . and was probably written after the writer had been illumined with the Brahmic Splendour."

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein shew'st  
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st ;  
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure !  
 She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure ;  
 Her audit, though delayed, answer'd must be,  
 And her quietus is to render thee.

The "Sonnets," then, are an address to the Cosmic Sense. As to the plays, these are addressed by the Cosmic Sense to the author. They "treat of the world of men and flow directly from the Cosmic Sense." Dr. Bucke does not examine the plays, though he considers them evidence in themselves of a greatly extended vision. It should perhaps be mentioned that Dr. Bucke is a Baconian who is eager to delve the Bacon-Shakespeare hypothesis to the root but refrains from doing so in his book. After producing some pages of the Baconian faith that is in him, he concludes with the words, "But the present volume has nothing to do with the Bacon-Shakespeare question except incidentally, by the way and perforce. *Somebody* wrote the plays and 'Sonnets,' and that person, whoever he might be, had, it is believed, Cosmic Consciousness."

Perhaps the thing of interest in Dr. Bucke's attempt to trace the manifestations of the Cosmic Sense in Shakespeare's work, is that it reminds us that Shakespeare was a mystic and therefore a truly religious man. There is abundant evidence in his writings of a powerful religious mind always seeking to unite with the Universal Spirit. I imagine Ruskin was aware of this when he described Shakespeare's religion as "occult behind his magnificent equity." His plays are really representative of certain mystic activities of his soul, and doubtless were produced in response to the big religious emotion, which, passing through Shakespeare, manifested itself in various forms. I think one of the proofs of this is to be found in the fact that the plays themselves are not ugly, deformed, vile works of art, but supremely fine and, in their way, unsurpassable. They are informed by a wonderful element of refine-

ment. That is to say, they enshrine a spirit, and are shaped by this spirit—not by hard work and study—the peculiar spirit of genius that can be, and invariably is, swayed by a deep reverence for the divine in Nature, and stirred by a passion for poetical utterance. I feel it was this spirit in Shakespeare that took Victor Hugo by storm, so to speak, and made itself the very heart of his immense praise of our poet.

A further proof of the truly religious character of Shakespeare is to be found in his experiences of a spirit world. Scientists tell us there is a definite theory of spirits contained in Shakespeare's plays which is said to answer to the one entertained by Bacon and said by Dr. Webb (as quoted by Professor Dowden) to be that "most of the effects of nature are produced by the spirits or pneumatics that are in all tangible bodies, which spirits are material but invisible." The "spirit" is found everywhere in Shakespeare's plays, and sometimes the use of a single phrase like—

"Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep."  
 —*Hamlet*.

will supply a piece of evidence that decides the matter so far as the scientist is concerned. As a guide to the scientific conception of "spirit" the following extract from Professor Dowden's "Essays, Modern and Elizabethan," is instructive. "The 'spirit' is found not only in animals, but throughout inanimate nature. Lodge, in his translation of Seneca, speaks of the 'spirit' of lightning left in wine which lightning had congealed (page 800). Chapman, in his *Bacchus*, speaks of the 'spirits' of the odours of wine. And Bright, in his *Melancholy*, naturally has set forth the theory of Bacon, while possibly he was himself influenced by Paracelsus. The 'spirit of our bodies' is light, subtile, and yielding, yet it forces the heaviest and grossest part of our bodies to their several operations ; vehement passion either withdraws the spirit from the outward parts or prodigally scatters them on the surface (page 60)."

This is really a statement of the mediæval theory that certain "spirits," or

"gods," or "ghosts," have very distinct physiological centres, and represent such centres as Love, Sympathy, Sorrow and so on. These "spirits," in fact, were said to station themselves at the organic termini and junctions, so to speak, where they put on authority and usefulness. I suppose Shakespeare's appreciation of this theory would be found in such lines as the following:—

"If ever love had entered in his liver."  
—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

"When liver, brain and heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and  
fill  
Her sweet perfections with one self king."  
—*Twelfth Night*.

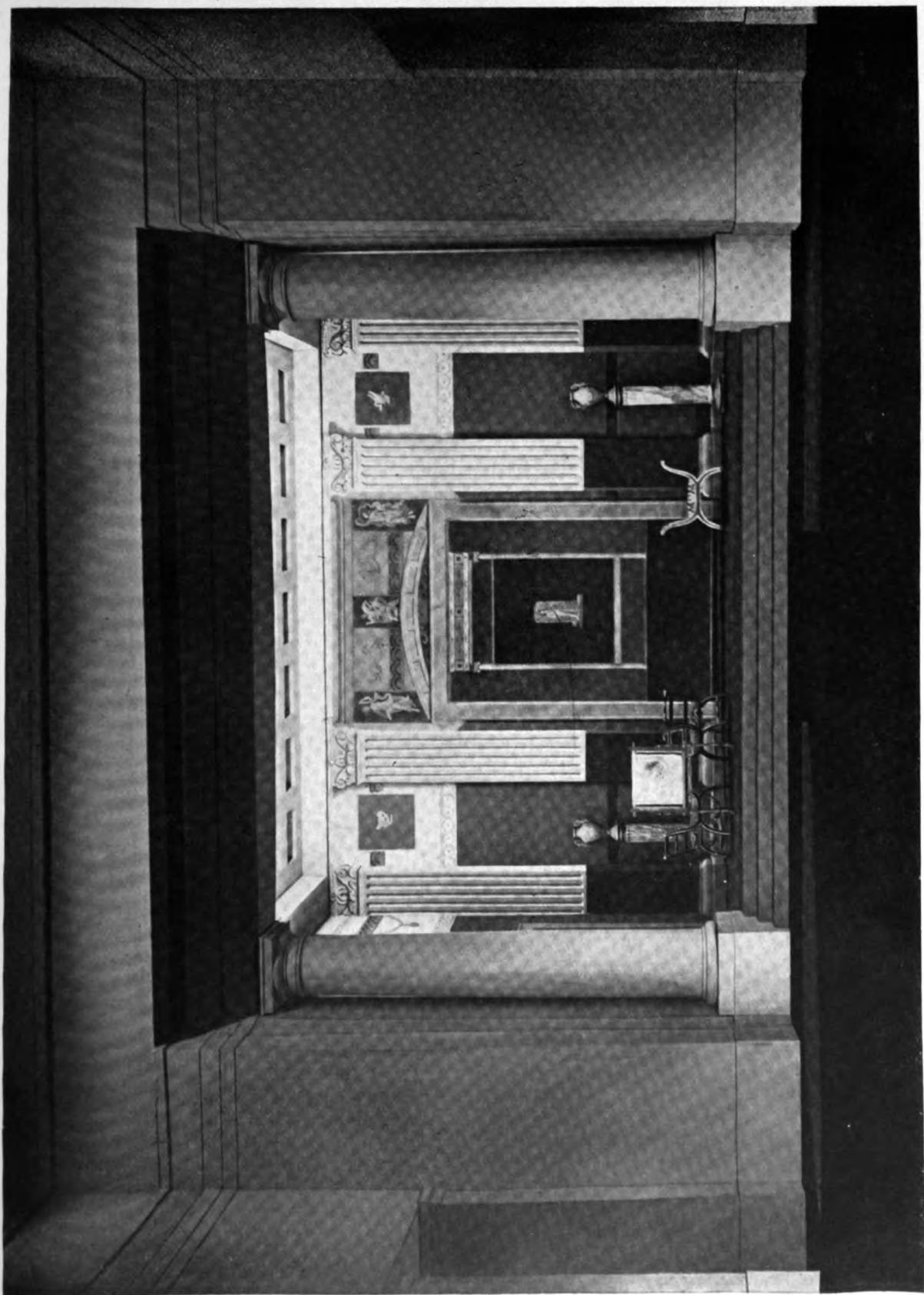
But I need not go into this theory any further. The human body is doubtless an instrument for transmitting certain elements that seek to externalise themselves in this way, and the more temple-like the body is, the more divine the elements transmitted.

Nor do I propose to examine the significant change of words which has taken place since Elizabethan times, and which means, as Professor Dowden shows, a change of thoughts. For instance, the words "soul" and "spirit" used to mean something different from what they mean now. The Elizabethan understood "spirit" as "spirits," and "spirits" as something distinguished from "soul." The soul was conceived of as immortal, and the body and spirits as material and therefore perishable. Of course, this change of meaning is bound to affect purely literary criticism, and, indeed, must tend to render even the finest handling of the main theories simply a confusion of assumption and guessing.

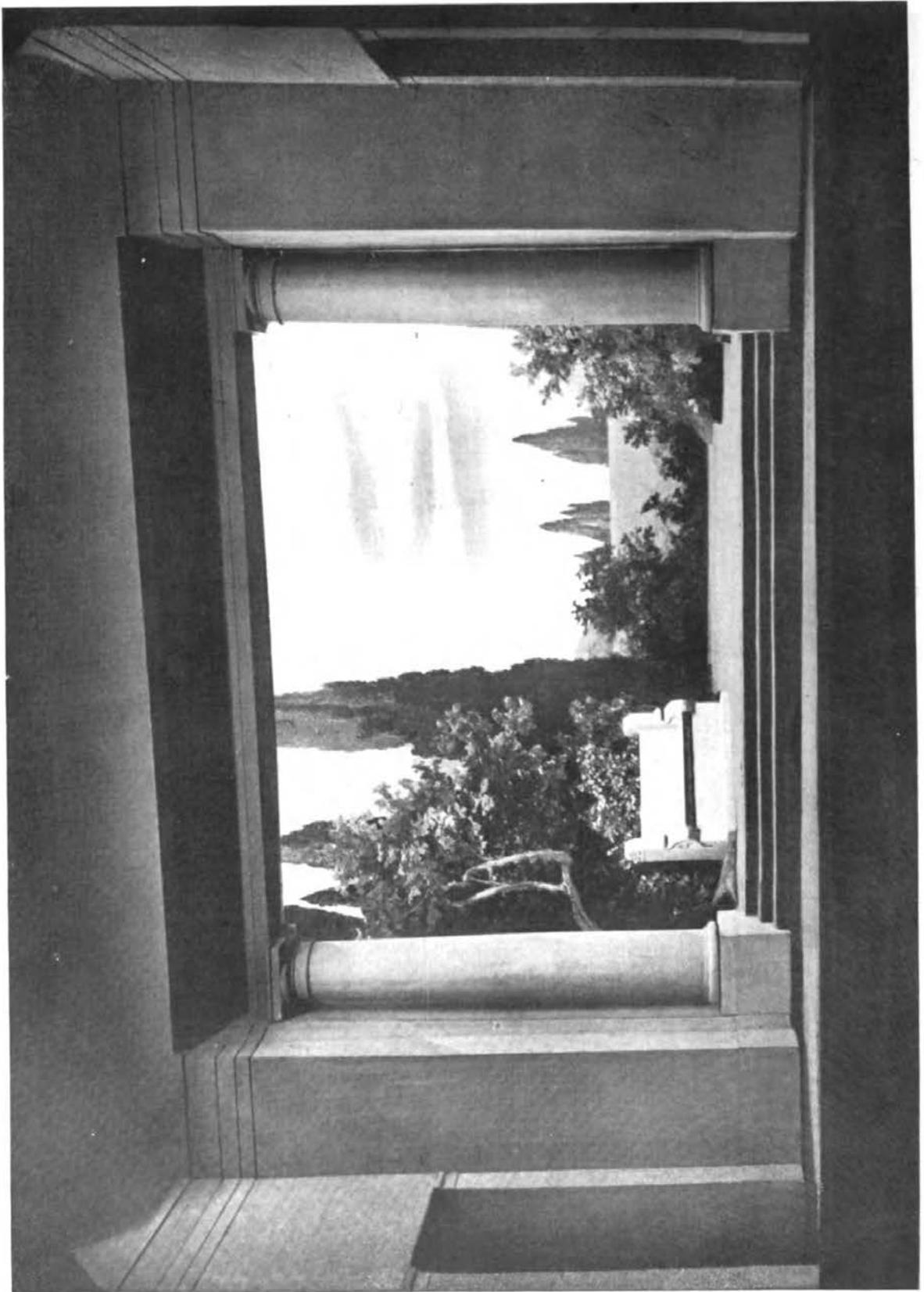
What I propose to do in the space remaining at my disposal is to state a theory which I hold, namely, that Shakespeare was a spontaneous mystic, and to offer a guide to the mystical content of his plays, together with a suggestion towards its appropriate representation and interpretation. By spontaneous mystic I mean a mystic who stands on the edge of the material world overlooking an Infinite

world of experience, and whose self, or I, continually goes forth spontaneously into this immeasurable world of consciousness and returns with certain experiences or refinements which are applied to gross material things. But this type of mystic is unable to account for his Infinite experiences, which gives rise to maddening perplexity or doubt such as is fully manifested in Hamlet. Spontaneous mysticism may be objectivised in Nature worship when it manifests itself by an unconscious apprehension of truths that evade the non-mystical. That Shakespeare had this Nature—mysticism in a very pronounced degree is fully evident in his writings. That he lived between two worlds is the argument of Professor Masson in "Shakespeare Personally." Insisting that the poet's cosmology involves the unreality of the present universe, he says:—

"We have seen the extreme vividness of his conception of Nature and life with his postulate of a demonic or supra-and-infra human element somehow interwoven with it; we have seen his ease and delight in flinging this vivid world back to any past point in its history and treating it as so very much the same wherever we have cognisance of it, that, though it takes many centuries to measure its span, it is one thing really; we have seen also the substantial rectitude of his ethical interpretation of the world and desire for its rule; and we have seen that his interpretation of it and desires about it did not remain constant, but underwent changes from a lighter and less definite to a sterner and graver. These have, however, been but hints as to his notion of the relation of this world of Nature and human history as a whole to any underlying, originating, environing, and for ever persisting Reality. Now, all through his plays, lighter and graver, from first to last, what is to be found in Shakespeare on this subject is a latent or proclaimed sense of the phantasmagoric character, the evanescence, the non-solidity, the non-reality after all of everything that now exists, at least, in the forms that seem so vivid and real to us. In all the more serious plays, historic or tragic, he contrives to convey the idea that



THE NEW SHAKESPEAREAN STAGING.  
An Interior Setting for "*Julius Cæsar*."



THE NEW SHAKESPEAREAN STAGING.  
A. P. ... ..

what is going on with such hurry and tumult, such a fulness of life, such vast human energy, melts away and disappears and rests on a flooring of evanescent beams. So with the historic world collectively; it is a vast spectacular something within a film; the film may and will burst; how did the spectacle originate, and what will survive of it?"

Thus, according to this writer, Shakespeare's plays postulate an unseen world and externalise its manifestations. His conclusion is based, in particular, on "The Tempest." That Shakespeare's self was always selecting and extracting refinements from the Infinite to be applied by Shakespeare the playwright to material things can be proved by an examination of his plays. The idea underlying Dr. Bucke's analysis of the "Sonnets" is that they are mystically conceived, and certainly the plays have been conceived in the mood that caused the "Sonnets." It has been said there is something in Shakespeare's plays that is not Shakespeare but "the ultimate power of the universe speaking through him." This may explain a Shakespeare line which completely puzzles interpreters. In the first scene of "King Lear," Regan, expressing her affection for her father, says:—

I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense  
possesses;  
And find I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

What is the meaning of "the most precious square of sense"? Does it not suggest a complete identification of the self of the author with absolute sense? Anyhow, the presence of such a line in "Lear" is highly significant, seeing that the play is placed by common consent among the loftiest flights of Shakespeare's spirituality. For this reason I will take it as a very fair illustration of my contention that Shakespeare's soul blossomed in the divine world whence it extracted special spiritual qualities which were afterwards unfolded in certain plays. Now, if we examine "Lear," we shall find that underlying it and binding all its parts together

is the great refining spirit of Love. Look at Act I., Scene 1, it is wholly concerned with Love and its counterfeits. Indeed, it is as though Shakespeare has composed a Wagnerian overture in which all the characters are assigned their different love motives. Thus Gloster, Edmund and Kent provide the bass passages. Lear has a middle, emotional, but selfish note. Goneril's false note of professed unlimited love reaches a higher altitude. Regan takes a note higher but equally false. As to Cordelia, she attains the highest tone, and represents the pure spirit of Love,—a spirit too light and volatile for recognition by gross natures.

"What," she asks, "shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent." The Fool, one of the most lovable of Shakespeare's fools, represents the sub-conscious side of Lear, and it is noticeable that he "began to pine" when Cordelia, that is, the pure love element, left the Court. It can be gathered from the following lines, taken at random, how much the play is saturated with the Love or Cordelia emotion, and how much is dependent on the evoking of this emotion when the play is represented.

First line of the play—

KENT. I thought the King had *more affected* the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

KENT. I must *love* you, and sue to know you better.

Act I., Scene 1. Love motive dominant throughout.

Scene 2. Edmund's plot against Edgar appears to be a rehearsal or shadow-play of the base materialistic motive which separates Love from Gloster, just as a similar motive separates Love from Lear.

Scene 4. KNIGHT. Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool has much pined away.

LEAR. No more of that; I have noted it well.

FOOL (to Lear). Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when *thou gavest thy golden one away*.

LEAR. O most small fault,  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew  
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame  
of nature  
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart  
all *love*,  
And added to the gall.

Scene 5. LEAR. I did her wrong:—

Act II., Scene 1. Return of the materialistic motive plotting against Love.

Scene 2. KENT (in stocks). To the warm sun !  
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

Peruse this letter ! . . . I know 'tis from  
Cordelia.

Scene 4. LEAR. Our youngest born.

Lear bases the division of his kingdom on the expression of love by his three daughters.

Tell me, my daughters, . . .  
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us  
most ?  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where merit doth most challenge it.

Evidently Lear counted on Cordelia's expression being the most intense, for he remarks of her to Kent :—

I loved her most, and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nursery.

But it proved to be of a kind of intensity which he did not understand.

This evidence is sufficient to prove that the presence of the Cordelia or Love motive in "Lear" is undeniable. What does this motive mean? Why is so it misunderstood by Lear? The only explanation is that it is a Reality of whose true spiritual nature Lear is unaware. It is the Reality of Lear's life which unconsciously he tries to assimilate, while consciously rejecting it because it cannot be fully grasped by his senses which are much too gross for the purpose. As such it forms the dramatic element of the play. It touches Lear at the outset and we see him unfolding beneath its touch. Cordelia as the Reality is accordingly misunderstood. Lear is wounded by her reply that she desires no material gifts. His mind has not the power to rise above material concerns, to perceive in her answer a ray of her spiritual perfection. And she can find no words to interpret into ordinary language the immateriality for which she stands. She has got all she desires, and to the King's offer that she shall take her portion of his kingdom, she can only reply that she desires nothing. "Nothing can come of nothing," says the baffled King. Thus her

brevity, truth and sincerity appear cold and repellent to him. If Lear had possessed the requisite spirituality to recognise the purity of Cordelia's love, of course, there would be no plot to speak of. It is because his eyes are veiled to his own higher self that we are able to watch him pass through a process of initiation into the truth of that self. Briefly stated, the mystical action thus occasioned is as follows. In the opening scene of the play Lear is confronted by his material and spiritual sides, represented by the three sisters, Regan, Goneril and Cordelia. He rejects the spiritual (Cordelia). This beam of light apparently passes out of view, for we see no more of it till the end of the play. Really, however, it remains active in the background and conditions the play throughout. At the outset, then, Lear rejects his soul, so to speak, and follows material interests. Then what happens? Why, as he loses hold of the spiritual he falls, and his fall is accelerated by the two sisters, Regan and Goneril, who express the destructive material element. Then at the Castle Scene, that is, the penultimate scene of Act II., comes the disillusionment, and there follows, in the Heath Scene, the terrific revolt against the material forces which have hurled him down. On top of this disillusionment comes the painful climb to the spiritual or Cordelia level where Lear stretches out his hand to grasp eternity only to find it has eluded him.

For some time I have been concerned with a method of representation and interpretation suited to the requirements of the mystical motive in the drama. According to this method the characters and their environment are gradually melted away scene by scene till the essential spiritual fluidity is reached. Or, in other words, union with the Infinite is attained. Thus the "decorations" start on a solid or physical register and end on a fluid or spiritual one.

As to the other plays, each one, I maintain, contains its own spiritual quality which can be extracted and used as the foundation for mystical interpretation. For instance, there is "Hamlet," which

someone has labelled the "mystic symbol of a high romance." The action is really the unfolding process of a soul (Shakespeare), who sums up in itself all the elements and powers of the Infinite, walking on the borderland of night and day, unable to solve the mighty problem by which it is confronted. There is "As You Like It," in which Rosalind externalises the spirit of absolute Joy. There is "The Tempest," in which Miranda externalises the spirit of Simplicity, to be seen at work stripping the soul of useless accretions. And so one could continue throughout the list.

This, then, is the new conception of Shakespeare's plays which is at once a finer and healthier conception than most other conceptions. It warns us that the plays cannot be safely separated from the sense of Reality that informs them. And it tells us that Shakespeare's message to-day is that there is a world of Reality, and in this world there are certain qualities which have the power, when applied to material existence, of changing and melt-

ing away its grossest aspects—even that of War itself.

The portrait of Mr. William Poel is reproduced as being that of the pioneer of the modern system of simplified Shakespearean staging. It was Mr. Poel's whole-hearted enthusiasm for Shakespeare which led to the re-introduction of the earlier and simpler methods of staging Shakespeare's plays. The principles of Elizabethan staging have since been studied and adapted to the requirements of the modern stage, wherever Shakespeare's plays are represented. Mr. Poel's desire is to get as near to Elizabethan conditions of staging as possible.

The two Shakespearean settings illustrate the application of the principles to modern requirements, and denote a development of Mr. Poel's main idea, namely, the subordination of the scenery to the play. They are samples of the newest attempt to adapt the apron-stage to the picture-stage.

HUNTLY CARTER.

## "Despised and Rejected of Men."

*Art vainly seeking wage and bread?  
I also look in vain, He said;  
I have not where to lay My Head.*

*I voyaged unto a far off place  
And left my birthland for a space,  
The shining of my Father's Face...*

*Thou knockest vainly at the door,  
'Tis I that knock for evermore;  
I travel with thee shore to shore.*

*Thou dost not know! how should'st thou see  
(Being not enough apart from Me)  
The bond of sonship dazzles thee?*

*Once men acclaimed thee far and wide,  
But then I did not walk beside;  
And lonely on My Cross I died.*

*They will not spare us wage or bread;  
The young world's hunger must be fed.  
We starve to feed our world, He said!*

*Earth's carnival was closed to thee  
Because with Christ thy heart wouldst be,  
My Comrade keeps My Fast with Me.*

E. CHRISTINA LAUDER.

# The Return of Saint Francis of Assisi

By C. JINARAJADASA.

“**S**AINTE FRANCIS of Assisi has returned to earth! Once more he fulfils his mission as the sublime peacemaker!

“Probably in no century is he more loved and cherished, since the Middle Ages and since Dante, who understood and measured all greatness, human and divine. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have studied him anew; they have examined the inmost elements of this soul that descended on earth ‘to reveal a miracle.’”

These are the striking words of Signor Luigi Luzzati, sometime Prime Minister of Italy, in his Introduction to the well-known “Little Flowers of Saint Francis,” in a new Italian text published two years ago in Milan. That a man honoured as a statesman and as a distinguished *littérateur* should proclaim that what nations need now is not more science, but something of the spirit of Saint Francis, was for a time an event in Italy’s literary world. Signor Luzzati’s convictions are so striking that his words deserve a wider public than that of Italy.

There has been of late much study of the historical facts about Saint Francis of Assisi, “the Seraphic Saint.” There is, of course, Paul Sabatier’s excellent biography; there are works in Italian by Tamassia and Straderini; one in Danish by Jorgenssen; and the latest, in some ways the most reliable, by Father Cuthbert. To Signor Luzzati the fascination that Saint Francis has for scholars is symptomatic; men like to hear of him because they need him. “From all countries—more even than from Italy—there spring up his expounders and commentators, and their voice, like a sweet and melodious harp, diffuses itself along the many ways of life.” It is this that has impressed Signor Luzzati, and made him search for a reason. He sees that reason in the actual conditions round us.

Signor Luzzati first draws attention to the splendid achievements of modern science and to the possibilities for fuller life that exist for men to-day.

“Undoubtedly all who look serenely at the scientific and economic progress of our time are almost blinded as by a light hitherto unknown in the annals of men. All branches of technical knowledge, which has resulted from the purest and most disinterested research, lead unconsciously on from one marvel of practical application to another, not as a tranquil stream, but as a torrent in flood. Everywhere production is increasing without limit, but on all sides consumption also increases because of our standard of living. There is a feverish desire for material happiness, a fierce scramble to dare fortune; desires that are satisfied feed the flame of new desires; the search for new pleasures has neither end nor limit. We need only look at one instance of this; the laws safeguarding industry passed by States, and economic laws that influence markets, have raised the wages of the working classes; and yet their desires are not satisfied, and their needs increase. More than ever before, in these last few years, production is increasing by leaps and bounds.”

To Signor Luzzati these present social conditions are linked to the message Saint Francis gave. For he asks:—

“Man has progressed in his control of nature; but what of his control of himself? Has that also progressed? Can he curb his wayward passions as he knows how to curb and direct nature’s forces? Does our moral growth keep pace with our material and scientific growth? Where is that clearly conceived and spontaneous sympathy from the great towards the lowly, from the happy towards the wretched, from the learned towards the ignorant, which, next to Christ, the

Seraphic Saint felt so inmosty for the pain of those in misery? Are our social laws the result of the love in us, or the result of our *jeal*?"

Now it is a curious fact underlying our civilisation of to-day that the more we discover the less we *know*. "Our intellectual progress only sharpens our hunger to know the mysteries of life and death, and but emphasises our helplessness. Are we, indeed, better for our growing knowledge and for our greater abilities?" This contrast between knowledge and life, between power and achievement, is found in our collective life. "Nations flock with fervid enthusiasm to Peace Congresses, where the Brotherhood of Man is reiterated and worked out in excellent schemes, but *with equal fervour* they build ghastly machines fittest for destruction and to blow into atoms our brothers in horrible battlefields. In a few weeks they waste more life and material than were wasted in the Seven or Thirty Years War."\*

As doubt after doubt arises, we have no satisfactory solution from science. "After having drunk at the founts of all philosophies, built up one by one by generations, and buttressed by a thousand and one discoveries of the hidden forces of life and Nature, ever grows the desire in us, who live in this wisest century of all, to cry aloud: *Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven*. And this cry may come from the tired mind of a Darwin or a Poincaré, justly proud of their discoveries, but at the same time aware of their impotence to reveal the mysteries of life. The mightiest intellects are those that are utterly humble while they create the greatest things of the world."

What then are men looking for? They are looking for a gospel of *Life*, and it is that which Saint Francis proclaimed. Here is one act of the saint, and in it is the great moral for to-day. There was a leper possessed of devils, uttering blasphemies against heaven and earth because of his sufferings. "The saint's companions gathered round the leper to cast out the

devils by exorcisms, but the blasphemies increased in wickedness. Now, Saint Francis, because he loved infinitely all that suffered, knew that it was first necessary to heal the body to give rest to the soul." The ancient story goes on:—

"He ordered at once that water should be heated, and many scented herbs put therein. He then stripped the leper and began to wash him with his own hands, while another brother poured the water. Lo, by a divine miracle, where the Saint touched the leper, the leprosy disappeared and the skin was perfectly healed. And in the manner he began to heal the flesh, so likewise, too, he began to heal the soul. When the leper saw that he was beginning to heal, he began to be full of contrition and repentance for his sins, and to weep most bitterly. And thus, while the body was cleaned of leprosy by the water, so likewise was the soul cleaned of its sins by repentance and tears.

"When he was completely healed, both body and soul, he confessed humbly, and in a loud voice, and weeping, cried out: 'Woe is me, I am worthy of damnation, because of the evil and wickedness I have said and done to the Brethren, and because of the resentment and blasphemies I have shown to God.'"

Here is the moral of the story for to-day, as Signor Luzzati sees it: "We have here the best programme of social redemption to heal our innumerable lepers of ignorance and toil, who present to civilisation formidable problems which anxiously—await solution. Either modern civilisation will crush out of existence the masses, which will be a sign of our utter poverty of moral, intellectual and economic life, or the masses will wreck our civilisation. Therefore the method of the Saint, when he healed the leper, is the most scientific after all."

Signor Luzzati feels, as so many of us have felt, that the world needs a new message of life, of love, of wisdom; and that life and love and wisdom must be revealed to us not in abstraction, but in concreteness through a Personality. He cries out in aspiration: "O, if only the Saint could be born again, to comfort us with that sweetness and goodness of his which are so full of ineffable light!" We know that a Greater than Saint Francis will be the Personality who comes; perhaps He will bring with Him sweet Saint Francis too.

\* Signor Luzzati wrote these words in 1913.

C. JINARAJADASA.

# The Great Awakening

## IV. The Inevitable Renaissance.

By IRVING S. COOPER.

*[In his last article Mr. Cooper defined many of the undercurrents which are silently shaping the thought and feeling of the Coming Age—all of these contributing, each in its own way, to the remarkable Spiritual Awakening which is so evident to the seeing eye in the world-consciousness of to-day. In the present article he attempts a synthesis of these manifold tendencies, and shows more definitely whither they are leading us.]*

THE character, universality and remarkable vitality of the currents underlying civilisation, indicate beyond question that we are entering upon a veritable renaissance of practical spirituality, a religious awakening greater than any known to history. Not only is this evident from the nature of the undercurrents themselves, but also such an awakening has been made inevitable by the occurrence of the Great War; for, oddly enough, war stimulates amazingly the yearning for religious consolation.

Even as during the middle of the nineteenth century wave after wave of materialistic thought arose from the depths and flowed over the whole of civilisation, so may we expect before long the emergence of countless undercurrents of intense religious aspiration and a consequent swift change in the character and ideals of the established order. These hidden currents must in time dominate civilisation, because, once started, nothing can stop the spread of a truth. It finds its place among the accepted ideals of the race with the same certainty that a drop of oil, which has worked its way through the strata to the bottom of a pond, will rise and spread over the surface of the water.

There can be no doubt as to the idealistic and religious characteristics of the undercurrents—they are distinctive, pronounced and deeply suggestive. In general it may be said of the major characteristics that:—

(1) They oppose vigorously a materialistic interpretation of life and nature.

(2) They affirm the existence of a divine Force, Power or Mind, that either pervades or constitutes the whole of the universe.

(3) They think of man as potentially divine, and see the basis of an enduring Brotherhood in the unity of a common Life.

(4) They regard as fundamental the possibility of direct spiritual communion with the Divine.

(5) They avoid creeds and dogmas, theological formulas and organised worship, but lay much emphasis on the character of the life and the attitude of the mind.

(6) They are singularly free from racial prejudices and religious barriers, holding in most instances to the ideal of Universal Brotherhood.

(7) They are favourable to practical spirituality, manifested in brotherly service, good deeds and thoughts, and consequently are much more attentive to spreading happiness here on earth than to

the old ideal of laying up personal treasures in heaven.

In these characteristics we have all the elements needed for a true religion, unusually universal in scope, widely tolerant in belief, intimately related to daily life, and intensely dynamic in its power to awaken aspiration, because pervaded by a thorough mysticism, without some trace of which a religion cannot live.

When the externals of civilisation have changed sufficiently to permit the emergence of the undercurrents, it seems inevitable that their influence will profoundly modify the accepted order, the old materialism and scepticism disappearing, overwhelmed by the upward rush of religious feeling. The social unrest and the religious uncertainty, which are so prevalent to-day, are factors greatly favouring the upward trend of the undercurrents, and hence it is not too optimistic to declare that the world is actually entering upon a new age of immense spiritual possibilities, and that, just as we now look back upon the influx of life which transformed civilisation some four centuries ago and speak of it as the "Renaissance of Art and Learning," so future generations will look back upon this remarkable century and refer to it as the "Renaissance of Religion."

In fact, there is a close and interesting relation between the fifteenth and twentieth centuries, not only in the similar materialistic attitude of the people, but also because both centuries may be regarded as periods of preparation.

"The fifteenth century was our great age of materialism, and it was the combination of the mystics with the more practical Lollards which saved the nation for faith and scholarship alike, and made possible—when Caxton and the printing press appeared—a period of preparation for the great age of Shakespeare and Elizabeth. It is clear enough that it was this battle against materialism, and the vivid national conception of a living God and of a life beyond the grave which sprang from this struggle, that made it possible for England, in centuries of political stress and strain, to emerge as a great force for civilisation. And the reawakening of that

conception is the hope of our day. . . . A sense of the hollowness of a materialistic outlook on life has long been growing in European society. . . . Pure materialism in our generation has proved itself incapable of curing not only the social ills, but the international sorrows of the world, and *long before this war a new wave of mysticism began to sweep across Europe.* The Renaissance was accompanied by a very similar movement. . . . It was the protest of Art against Materialism. . . . It has suddenly become plain to the individual and the community that life cannot be sustained by purely material things. The weeping of those who cannot be comforted by any of these things is heard in all lands."\*

The expected awakening of religious idealism among the masses of men will probably be hastened to an extraordinary extent by the Great War, for history has placed on record that when human beings are deprived of bodily comforts, despoiled of homes and fortunes, disabled by injury or disease, plunged in sorrow by the loss of loved ones, made uneasy by uncertainty or unhappy by adversity, they turn instinctively to religion, just as children, when hurt, run to hide their tear-stained faces in a mother's lap. Says Morris Jastrow: "There is in the religious life of every people a constant flow and ebb conditioned upon the circumstances by which a people finds itself surrounded. There are periods of religious activity followed by ages of apparent inertia; religious faith manifests at times great vitality only to sink back into seeming lethargy. The observation has been made that *a great national excitement, such as war, leads to the increase of religious faith*, whereas long periods of peace promote religious scepticism. Commercial prosperity, again dulls the religious sensibilities of a people, and they receive new strength when national calamities—such as a famine or a commercial panic—ensue."† It has been said truly that

\* "Materialism and Mysticism," by J. E. G. de M. *Contemporary Review*, April, 1915.

† "The Study of Religion," p. 302.

" periods of prosperity often make atheists of men."

If the wars of the past have been of sufficient magnitude to effect a notable revival of religion, what can we say as to the probable influence of the Great War in this regard? If the awakening of religious interest is in *proportion* to the magnitude of the war, then surely we must be witnessing the birth throes of a stupendous World-Religion, for the awful suffering, the inconceivable devastation, and the colossal loss of life of this greatest of all wars, assuredly has reached to the very roots of our spiritual nature. So we may logically expect not only a revival of religion but a revival so universal and intense that it will be the greatest awakening the world has ever known.

Certain neutral countries, however, have not as yet been caught in the cruel net of war. Will they share or not in the expected renaissance of religion? If history is an accurate guide they will so share, though probably not to such an extent as the nations actually engaged in the war. This conclusion is based upon the curious effect of financial depression and social unrest.

It has been noticed that religious revivals have always appeared in times when physical life was most difficult. The Reformation of the sixteenth century, for example, which is considered by many to be the greatest revival the world has witnessed, arose during a period when " a strange terror seemed to brood over the people. The plague came periodically into the crowded and badly drained towns; new diseases made their appearance and added to the prevailing fear; the dread of a Turkish invasion seemed to be prevalent—mothers scared their children by naming the Turks, and in hundreds of German parishes the bells tolled in the village steeples calling the people to pray to God to deliver them from the Turkish raids. This prevailing fear bred a strange restlessness."\* The report of the Committee of the Diet which assembled in Augsburg

in 1518, declared that " the German people are the victims of war, devastation and death."

The next widespread movement was that led by the Wesleys in England in the first half of the eighteenth century, which resulted in Methodism. The time was one of great uncertainty and doubt, of social change and uneasiness, of economic stress and strain. Hence the quick response of the people.

In the United States of America there have been five religious revivals in the course of 180 years. The first was started in the middle of the eighteenth century by the intellectual and philosophic Jonathan Edwards, and in a few years' time had converted to the grim form of orthodox theology then in favour a larger portion of the population than any other similar movement in history. This great revival left a lasting impress upon the people of two continents, and resulted in the founding of what later became Princeton University. It should be noted that the unrest and difficulties which prevailed in England at that time had also made themselves felt in America.

The second revival started in 1797 and lasted for ten years. " It began during our wars with France and Tripoli, and flourished during a great epidemic of yellow fever, a series of great fires and other calamities, and unprecedented business distress caused by English and French depredations upon our commerce and by our own fatuous embargo policy. It was, in brief, a time of notable distress and unrest."\* This revival was not led by any great teacher, but arose spontaneously among the Presbyterians in the western part of the country, and in time spread to other churches and territory. It resulted in the establishment of several new sects, in the opening of Sunday Schools and Camp Meetings, and in the founding of Andover Theological Seminary.

Under the leadership of the scholarly Charles G. Finney, the third revival arose in 1827. Starting in New York, it speedily

\* " Cambridge Modern History." The Reformation, p. 105.

\* " Is a Religious Revival Coming ? " *North American Review*, July, 1915.

swept over the land. Again it was a time of unrest and distress. There had been a great business panic, "Nullification in South Carolina menaced the peace and integrity of the Nation, and Asiatic cholera decimated the population in many cities." It was at this time that Mormonism and other curious religious movements started.

The fourth revival commenced in 1857. It was a strong but calm religious movement that arose "in the midst of business depression and panic, strikes and riots, civil war in Kansas, and the impending menace of civil war throughout the entire Nation."\* This revival spread over the entire country and involved many churches.

The last great revival came under the joint leadership of Moody and Sankey in 1875, which was another period of business panic and depression, industrial disorder and political corruption. Hundreds of thousands of converts were made, and the movement involved not only the whole of the United States, but England as well.

The stupendous expenditure of money and loss of property caused by the Great War will probably induce a period of extraordinary financial difficulty over the whole world. It may be postponed for a while in the United States and other neutral countries because of international credit, but the world is becoming poorer by millions every hour, and eventually the staggering burden of debt must begin to exert its dire influence. Hence we may expect that even the most prosperous of neutral nations will be caught in the crushing vice of financial stringency and, as a consequence, their peoples will share in the religious revival.

Further, it should be remembered, even after peace is declared and actual warfare ceases, there will be necessary many social, economic and political adjustments so delicate and probably so irritating to over-sensitive people, that years will elapse before final arrangements can be made. The inevitable unrest during this trying period will, no doubt, be intense—again, a

factor favouring the re-awakening of religion.

The expected revival has already commenced. In Germany church services and prayer meetings have been attended by such crowds of people as have not been in churches for many years. Religious fervour is re-awakening in France and Russia, and, to a lesser extent in England, while reports from the battle lines tell us that the soldiers everywhere are instinctively turning to religion for support and consolation. These truly are "signs of the times."

As we have already noticed, the trend of the undercurrents toward religious mysticism and brotherly service is diametrically opposed to the materialistic and individualistic bias of the established order. This opposition is even more emphasised when we feel the vividness of the contrast between the loving trust engendered by the undercurrents, and the selfish distrust of one another which is so distinctively the mark in modern civilisation of the relationship between nations, and, to a lesser extent, between individuals. It is probable that, in time, the slowly upwelling undercurrents of religious aspiration and brotherhood would have insensibly softened the contours of civilisation to something far more lovely and desirable, but such a transformation, though following the method of evolution, would have been very slow, a century likely being required for the change.

The sweeping conflagration of War has changed all this. Like repeated blasts of dynamite the War is slowly but surely destroying the old form of civilisation by revealing to us all its limitations and ugliness. The Great War is teaching us many things, chief among them being the utter insanity of war, the impossibility of many of the old institutions of society, the feebleness of the hold upon us of religious ideals as heretofore taught. Though the War is a veritable cross upon which humanity is being crucified, yet, when the old form of civilisation dies through terrible physical sacrifices and suffering, a spiritual resurrection will follow, and humanity shall arise purified

\* *Ibid.*

and glorified. Such a consummation is worth the agony of Calvary, even though it be self-caused by the ignorance and wilfulness of mankind.

" I made the cross myself whose weight  
Was later laid on me.  
This thought is torture as I toil  
Up life's steep Calvary.

" To think mine own hands drove the nails !  
I sang a merry song,  
And chose the heaviest wood I had  
To build it firm and strong.

" If I had guessed—if I had dreamed  
Its weight was meant for me,  
I should have made a lighter cross  
To bear up Calvary."\*

Something more is needed than the crumbling of the old form of civilisation to bring enduring happiness and peace to the world. The new life, finding expression in the undercurrents, must be made so strong and self-conscious that it can surge through every fibre of the coming order, filling it with the vigour and enthusiasm of youth. Such a miracle is only possible if the undercurrents become unified and hurled forward to achieve a single end, and to accomplish this stupendous synthesis a great Leader must arise among us. The moment the undercurrents become electric with the magnetism of a splendid and inspired Teacher, when they begin to glow with the love awakened by the presence of One Who is embodied Love, when they thrill with unflinching consecration to the work of helping mankind,—at that moment shall they sweep with irresistible force into the sanctuary of every heart, and we shall be made the gladder and more joyous with their coming. The great hope of the world lies in the coming of such a Teacher, who in his own person shall be the consummation of the ideals and spiritual aspirations of the undercurrents. He alone can give to the undercurrents the place of supreme power in civilisation and make certain the founding of a new religion.

History reveals that most great world movements are distinguished by three stages of growth.

(1) There is the stage of Germination, during which the truths, which later are to be expressed by the movement, germinate and spread everywhere in the form of obscure undercurrents. This is the period of preparation.

(2) Next there follows usually the stage of Consummation, during which a great leader, teacher or genius appears, who, through his life, teachings or labour, sets the standard for future generations to follow. This is the period of achievement.

(3) Lastly, there comes the stage of Imitation, during which lesser men copy and strive to make popular the achievements of the leader. This is the period of assimilation.

Examples of these three stages of growth are sprinkled through the pages of history. Dante, in his choice of the Italian vernacular in preference to classical Latin, not only created a poem of deathless beauty, but also gave form to Italian national self-consciousness, which long had been struggling for expression. Shakespeare did not create our regular drama, but he regenerated that which already existed, giving it new life, new inspiration, new splendour. During the period of germination which preceded him, poets and dramatists had portrayed life in many aspects, but it was reserved for Shakespeare to sum up and excel all others in his magical and living creations, who in their actions, thoughts and words, reveal depths of sublime heroism or dark passion, sacrificing love or fearful anger, stimulating wisdom or fatiguing dulness, dazzling wit or playful drollery. All who came after him could imitate but not excel. Luther, the leader of the momentous Reformation, summed up the unrest and discontent of his time, and, in his lengthy Theses, but "uttered aloud what thousands of pious Germans had been thinking." Napoleon was the colossal agent of Destiny to scatter throughout Europe the seeds germinated by the French Revolution. "No event in modern history can be said to possess greater significance than the French Revolution; but the consequences of that event would have been comparatively slight had not the forces which it

\* "A Parable," by Anna Reeve Aldrich.

engendered been gathered up in one hand and launched under the direction of a single will against the antiquated policies of Europe."\*

The lives and labours of musicians offer other examples. In the great Bach all the effort and progress of the seventeenth century to master the fugue, the oratorio, the technic of the organ, reached a consummation so complete that musicians of all later periods have not been able to add much or excel within the lines then laid down. Handel also appears "as a natural consummation of movements that had been long in progress in Italy and Germany, since he stands not only as the most powerful opera-writer in the early Italian manner, but was also an organ contrapuntist in the direct German line."† To Haydn "belongs the honour of so combining various points in procedure and so exemplifying them in masterly works that they became norms for a considerable period."‡ Mozart fused together tendencies which had been developing separately, and "shows himself as the inheritor of the best results of the long period during which the art of song had been studiously advanced by generations of opera writers."§ Beethoven, though unique in so many ways, has been described as a "gigantic reservoir into which a hundred proud streams poured their waters," and as a "mighty lake out of which a thousand streams have flowed through all the territories where musical art has people."|| The transcendent genius of Wagner lay in his marvellous power to assimilate all the best in art that had come before him and to re-combine in a most daring and original manner all its various elements — descriptive and philosophic poetry, legendary and symbolic drama, complex harmony and flowing melody. The striking and colourful tone combinations of Wagner are less stimulating to the artist than the masterful way in which he

broadens, more than any other man, the field of technic of the opera and the symphony. The essence of genius is synthesis, and the power of a world-leader consists less in presenting new truths, than in weaving into a more glorious and inspiring pattern the many coloured strands resulting from the labours of lesser men. It is the pattern which is new, not the strands.

By the tireless agency of the undercurrents, humanity is prepared to receive the message of the Teacher who personifies the ideals or the tendencies of the next step forward in evolution. Without such preparation, continued during many years, even the greatest of the God-like men who have come to earth would not have been able to obtain a responsive audience and loyal followers. It is the function of the undercurrents to prepare the field even as it is the work of the Teacher to sow the seed. Such preparation is absolutely necessary and precedes every great world movement. If it were otherwise, we would reject the messages of all our teachers, for we seem incapable of accepting a new truth at sight. Assimilation must precede acceptance.

The examples of great men which we have drawn from history inspire in us the thought that when thousands of minds begin to dream of certain ideals and attempt feebly to express them in literature and life, they actually call forth a personality great enough to embody them and establish the ideals among the standards of the world. Such personalities have come repeatedly in the past in the realm of religion, philosophy, art, science and politics, and there is no reason to doubt that they will come many times again in the future.

It is this imperious *call of the undercurrents* which gives weight and a reasonable hope of fulfilment to the expectation found in all lands of the coming of a great World-Teacher. The very power and intensity of the religious undercurrents seething beneath the surface of civilisation lead one to suspect that, whoever the Teacher may be, He surely will be a very Christ in His wisdom and compassion, for

\* "Cambridge Modern History," Vol. IX., p. vi.

† "The History of Music." W. S. Pratt, p. 289.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 341.

§ *Ibid*, p. 376.

|| "Music Lovers' Cyclopædia," p. 412.

none lesser than such an One could embody all that the undercurrents contain.

Strangely enough, a startling corroboration of this great expectation is found, not only in the surprising growth of those Christian sects that expect the return of the Christ, but also in the marvellous expansion of the Order of the Star in the East, an organisation founded January 11th, 1911, in Benares, India, for the one and avowed purpose of preparing the world for the near advent of a Great Teacher, who is to establish a new religion and regenerate civilisation. This organisation, now numbered in tens of thousands, is found in every country of the civilised world, and in its membership are people belonging to all the great Faiths and to most of the sects of Christendom—a fact in itself deeply suggestive of what the future may bring.

The Coming will probably be the crisis of the world drama which has long been in preparation. At the time of the Renaissance of Learning the shifting of the scenes began. The birth and swift advancement of Science, the ideals of the French Revolution, and the ruthless hand of Napoleon, the desperate struggle and defeat of religious dogmatism, the triumph of materialism, the worship of commercialism, and the rise of skilled invention—all form part of the complex setting of the stage. The curtain has now arisen on the first act—the Great War. We are held by what we see, our attention is riveted upon swiftly moving events. The surge of splendid passion, the power of titanic ambition, the grandeur of personal sacrifice, lift us out of the round of petty events to the very throne of the Gods.

Nations move across the stage in waving lines of marching men; in the lurid background we see the shadowy figures of weeping women and children. Here a man leaps forward into prominence, there another sinks back into the obscuring, onward-struggling masses. The cries grow louder, the hiss of shells fills the air, the groans of the wounded pain us more than the beating of our hearts, the sobs of the desolate float as overtones through the roar of battle. Fighting millions are tossed to and fro, fingers clutch gasping throats, bayonets are sheathed in labouring breasts, yet through the gathering darkness we can see other millions press on.

We press hands to eyes in agony. What will be the ending of it all? Desolation? Silent hearths? Enfeebled nations and endless misery?

Let us uncover our eyes and look again. Tragedy exists only in human minds; the plays of the Master Dramatist have ever a happy ending.

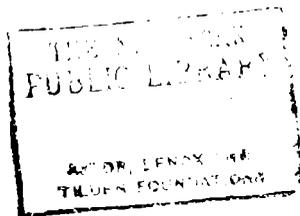
Look again, for when the curtain rises on the second act, in the times of unrest that shall follow the ending of the war, we shall see a Splendid Figure moving, moving among men, here giving consolation, there strengthening with a healing touch, everywhere sowing words of wisdom and of comfort.

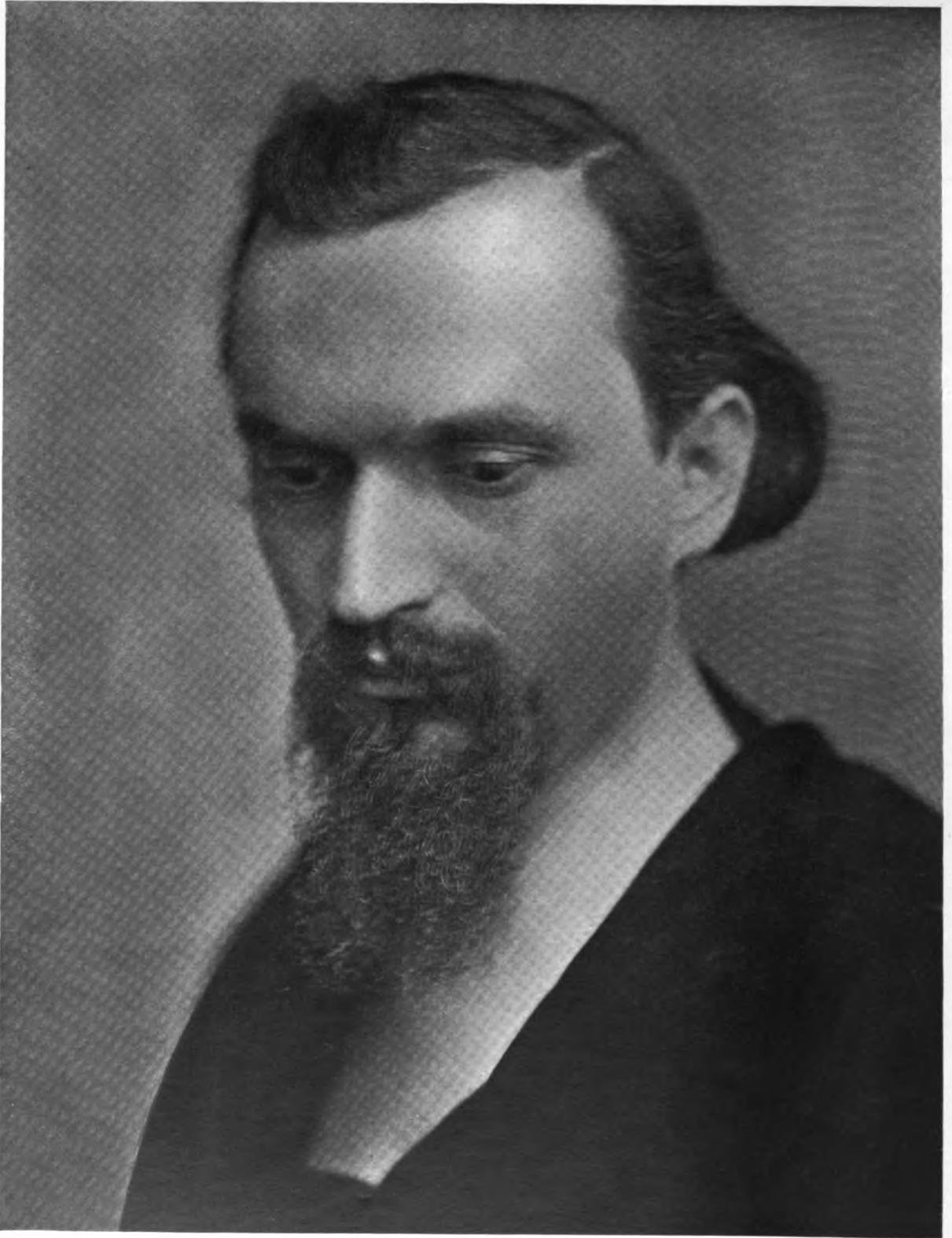
Look again, for when the curtain rises on the third act, peace and joy shall reign on earth, a new love shall have sprung up between men, a new religion, wrought out of the beauties of all the old, shall shelter and bless.

Such is the promise of the undercurrents!

IRVING S. COOPER.

*(The next, and concluding, article will be entitled "Anticipating the Religion of the Future.")*





IVAN MESTROVIC.

# Ideals in Art

## III. SERBIA

By HOPE REA.

[The photographs of statuary, which illustrate this article, are by Hoppé, 7, Cromwell Place, London, S.W.]

FOR an all too short period there was on view last summer in the Victoria and Albert Museum an exhibition of the rarest interest, that of the Art of Ivan Mestrovic, the Serbian Sculptor, together with the model of an architectural design for a Temple, yet to be built on the historic Field of Kosovo, for which a greater part of the sculpture is destined.

This Serbian Art was undoubtedly to many who saw it wholly repellent ; suavity and grace were far from the mind of the sculptor, he had to deal with stern matters, and his art is severe in character to the last degree. It was not his mission in these works to please, but to reveal, and to express, and the Spirit to which he has lent himself to be the spokesman is Tragedy itself.

After attuning oneself to the strange and unfamiliar character shown in these works, gradually the realisation of this intention dawned on the observer, that this exhibition is indeed a revelation, that the naked soul of some unfamiliar humanity, rising out of an unimagined background of circumstance and history was placed before the Western World for its learning. Figure after figure in its individual appeal proclaimed a dreadful something, and demanded a response. The complex delicately interwoven texture of our Western life offered no parallel experience that could possibly have evoked such forms as these ; one was constrained

to call up all the powers of the imagination, reinforced by history and the literature of earlier ages in order to build up any conception of what could be the inner meaning of such an Exhibition, and to reiterate to oneself, stamping it as it were upon the brain : this, nevertheless, speaks of time present, or at least of days but just become the past, this Art comes out of the living knowledge and experience of our kind in a corner of our own present-day Europe, gradually this realisation bit into the consciousness with the force as of an etcher's acid on his plate.

To discover the actual facts lying behind this revelation in Art, by subsequent reading, was inevitable, so as to render articulate the emotional tempest which they so irresistibly provoked.

Happy is the country that has no history is a tag glibly repeated, and accepted without thought that the converse may be equally true, and that a blankness on the page of history may result also from the unrelieved gloom of unbroken and continuing despair. The No-History of Serbia is from this latter cause.

To most of us until very recently the various Balkan States were little more than names, and only in the light of current happenings are we beginning to see their marked individual characteristics, in their turn rooted in their respective pasts. For the moment, however, we are concerned with Serbia alone.

Its history is curiously fragmentary and filled with violent contrasts, periods of stirring events, followed by spaces of dead and lurid silence. Hence its main outlines can be drawn in the space of a few paragraphs, but these are necessary to a proper understanding of that marvellous Art, this country's last speech to the world, before it gave, nominally, the pretext for the outbreak of present hostilities.

The Serbians first emerge into European History as a Slav tribe which overran the greater part of the western half of the Balkan peninsula in and about the sixth century A.D. 250 years later they accepted Christianity, but not for another hundred years did they take any noteworthy place in continental politics; then, from 1150 to 1459, they played an important part, first in conflict with the contemporary Greek Emperors of Constantinople, and subsequently with the invading Turk. At one point, 1346, the reigning Serbian king, Stephan Dushan, was proclaimed "Emperor of Greeks and Serbians" and was master of almost the whole of the peninsula, as such, leading his victorious army to within forty miles of Constantinople itself. Stephan's untimely death, it is said by poison, stemmed the tide of Serbian prosperity. With the incoming of the Turks, the Serbians had a graver problem to face, and, unfortunately for them, a less efficient warrior to lead them. At the battle of Kosovo, in 1389, their power was broken, though they maintained a heroic struggle for yet another thirty years. When, however, the Turks finally triumphed over the ancient Greek Empire, and Constantinople fell, it was not long before Serbia, as a nation, ceased to exist. Their nobles were exterminated, the "name of their country was effaced from the map of Europe," they remained but as a helpless peasantry under the heel of the conquering Turk. "To suffer injuries was their duty," says a recent writer, "any resentment shown by them was deemed by the Turk as a crime worthy of punishment. The amount of silent and unknown suffering endured by them is known to God alone." "From

this epoch," wrote the late Lord Lytton, "the Serbs remained victims of an oppression so unspeakably bitter that it would be difficult to convey to the mind of the modern European any idea of the intolerable nature of it . . . to escape, they abandoned their towns, and dwelt concealed among the woods and mountains where they bred and tended swine."

Generation after generation, apparently, have lived under these conditions, a prey to the rapacity of the local Pashas, who had it in their power to ravage and outrage at will. Their language, however, remained to them, and their religion, both becoming to them national symbols. A strange folk poetry, absolutely unique in character, sprang up in these forest retreats, the wandering minstrel passing from one to another, linking them together with his chants, in commemoration of past glories, and the common miseries of their present, so that though no longer a nation, they remained self-consciously a People, bound by language, and a common animosity to their alien masters. Lord Lytton, in publishing translations of some of these poems, found himself constrained to select carefully from the mass available, since: "a number of these heroic *Pesmas* (poems) abound in the descriptions of atrocities which would be sickening to an English reader. . . . They are, however," he adds, "(some of them) so deeply tinctured with a kind of terror unlike that suggested by any other poetry which is known to me, that I greatly regret having been unable to reproduce them in some form which, whilst excluding revolting details, might still have preserved the inspiration of terror." Comment here is unnecessary.

"The poets of Serbia are the blind." These find compensation for their special misfortune in becoming wandering minstrels, the one-stringed *Gusla* their instrument, which introduces their song in a "series of long, wailing notes to command the attention of the audience: then a pause, through which you hear the grating of the *Gusla* string, and then forth roll the long, monotonous verses of the *Pesma*," reciting the heroic deeds



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER.



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

of some one or other of the people's leaders, who had defied or held back the alien Turk.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, outcome of accentuated evil, in conditions already barely tolerable, there arose among these peasants a hero, Kara George, child of his country's three hundred years of No-History. Patriotism was his life passion, and the magnetism of his personality such as to "inspire his compatriots with courage, and even the Turks with terror."

In 1816, as the result of an unfortunate chain of events, he was murdered by order of a rival patriot, Milosh Obrenovitch, who forthwith became the leader of his people, with such effect that in 1830 he obliged the Turks to recognise him as the hereditary Prince of Serbia.

Thus came about, by slow degrees, a Serbian re-birth, marked as of old by vividly contrasting actions and events, heroes and murderers, dreamers and organisers, all labouring to one end, the liberty and resuscitation of the father-and-mother-land. Real history began again to be made, by a people re-creating itself consciously out of its past memories, into an actual living Nation, among the other smaller States of Europe.

In 1911, at the International Art Exhibition held in Rome, there burst upon an unsuspecting and astonished Continent the revelation of a new Art, having an inspiration and purpose all its own, distinctly national, yet seated in the broad, elemental facts of human life, which made its appeal universal. This new national Art was the outcome of the newly arising Serbia. Though elemental in character, it was withal in no way primitive, either as regards method or style. As a Master sculptor, Ivan Mestrovic challenges comparison with the great ones of his craft all Europe over; and thus to-day he reveals to us in no faltering fashion, an idea, and an ideal,—Serbia, and all that that word stands for, to him and his brother patriots. Mestrovic is peasant born, there could be no other parentage in Serbia, and is, at the present date, thirty-three years of age. Our first illustration is his portrait,

our second is of his own sculptured representation of his mother, whole scrolls of history are in these two faces, the mother, and the son.

Mestrovic had gathered round him a band of young Serbo-Croat artists, and together, but under his guidance and inspiration, they produced the work which so amazed the world in Rome five years ago. The scheme to which these individual works for the most part belong, and are intended to be an integral part, is as above stated, that of the "temple of Kosovo," a Jugo or Southern Slav Valhalla, to be eventually set up on the Plain of Kosovo, a sign of the expulsion of the Turk, on the very ground where the fatal battle was fought in 1459. The complete model of this design was the central feature of the exhibit of last summer, in the Victoria and Albert Museum. As architecture, it struck a note of distinct originality. Grave, severe, and dignified, though novel in character, it had nothing in common with the school of *Art nouveau*.

The remembered impression is that it was cruciform in plan, with a much elongated nave. Up the interior of this stood a double line of Caryatides, leading the eye up to the extreme end of the apse, where stood a colossal woman sphinx. The intersection of the transepts, with the axial line of the building, afforded space for heroic groups of statuary, while other groups, single figures, and friezes, and panels found their respective places in side niches, doorways, walls, and on steps leading up from the outside. Surmounting the intersection rose a pyramidal tower, erected in tiers, each one flanked by rows of *winged* caryatides, and bearing a frieze representing warriors engaged in combat. The apex was, as far as the writer's memory serves, flattened so as to receive a culminating group of statuary.

For the most part, the individual works of the London exhibit were full-sized casts of statues and the groups destined for the Temple, but, interspersed with these, were smaller, original works in marble, bronze, wood, and some in relief, carved directly into plaster of Paris. A number of these were religious pieces, biblical as to subject,

a Pietà, an Annunciation, and so on. The reliefs, both of wood and plaster, are executed in a curiously conventional style, the surfaces flat, and edges cut straight back, giving deep and sudden shadows, while the lines of both drapery and hair are singularly rigid; this, however, is not a mere mannerism, but chosen with intention to create a definite effect. Mere charm is as severely excluded as in the work of Donatello; like the great Florentine, Mestrovic concerns himself primarily with the spirit of his idea, and with that, by his own methods, he certainly transfuses his work. These smaller pieces are, however, of minor importance, the great heroic groups and figures belonging to the Temple are his main labour, and carry his proclamation to his country and the world. Turning from one to another of these works, one feels confronted with the whole spirit "nakedly displayed" of those untold three centuries of No-History which Serbia has lived through. The subjects treated are simple, just elemental man and woman, fighter and sufferer, and to these latter has been given the greater expression of the two.

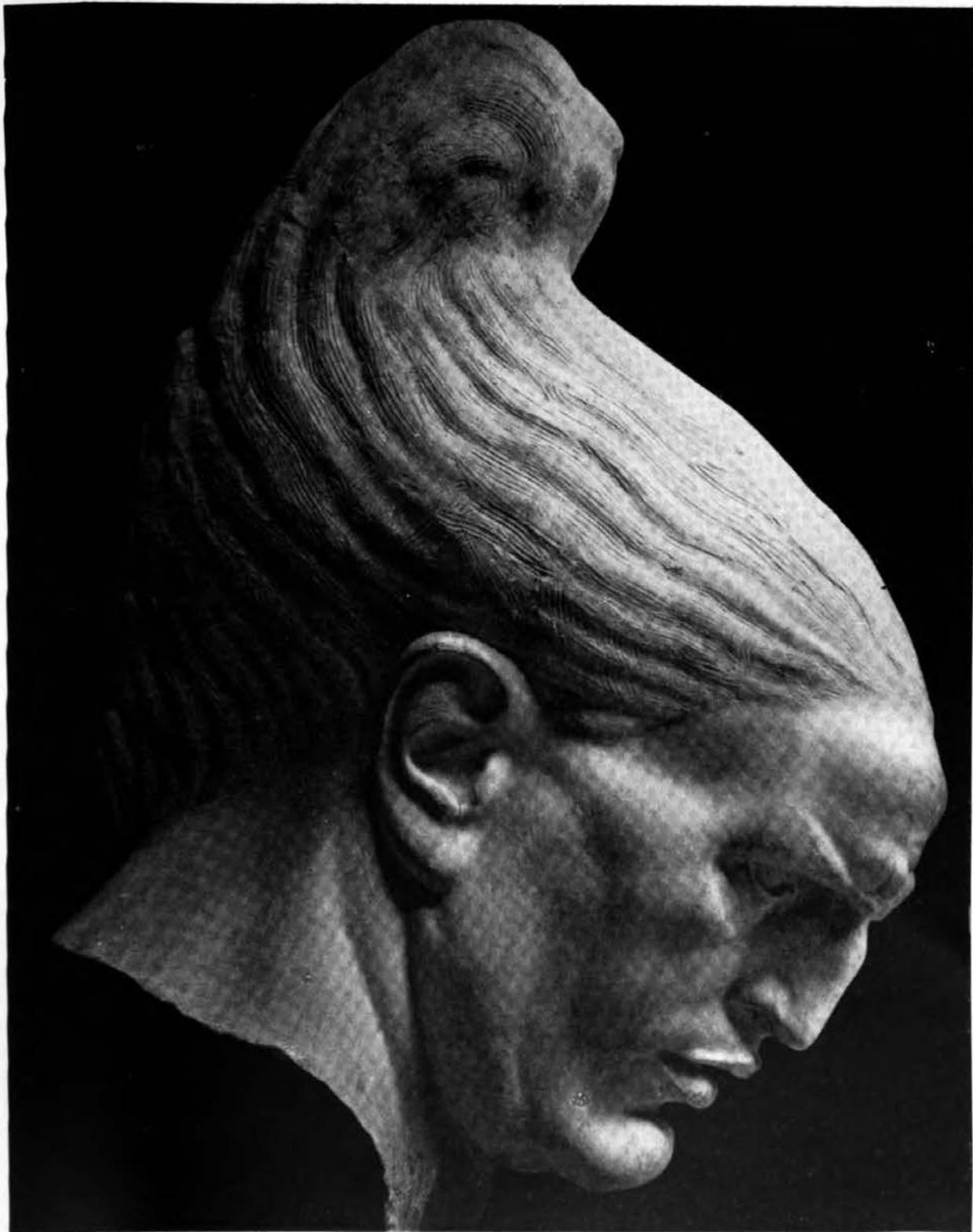
What war and conquest means to one-half of the peoples engaged, namely, to the women, is little realised and seldom told. From the nature of the circumstances the task were difficult. Poets and Romancers have chosen to dwell on the glory of war, and its glamour has blinded our eyes. Yet when men "see red," and have power to carry all before them, it is no vague thing that happens. Belgium has served to sweep aside much glamour. Serbia was as Belgium before her conqueror, with a fluctuating intensity of evil, now great, now less, for three hundred years. What brute conquest is to a country's women is seldom written about. We recall, at the moment, a grim line in the old Hebrew Song of Deborah; and once, by a supreme artist, it was told in supreme fashion, in the *Trojan Women* of Euripedes. After a couple of millennia, Ivan Mestrovic joins hands across the ages with the great Greek and takes up the Tale of the Women, this time by the method of Sculpture.

Until he was nearly arrived at manhood, we are told, the only literature with which Mestrovic was acquainted was the folk poetry of his own people; that element of terror with which Lord Lytton shrank from shocking the delicate ears of mid-Victorian England, Mestrovic has known how to convey by the subtle suggestion of his Art.

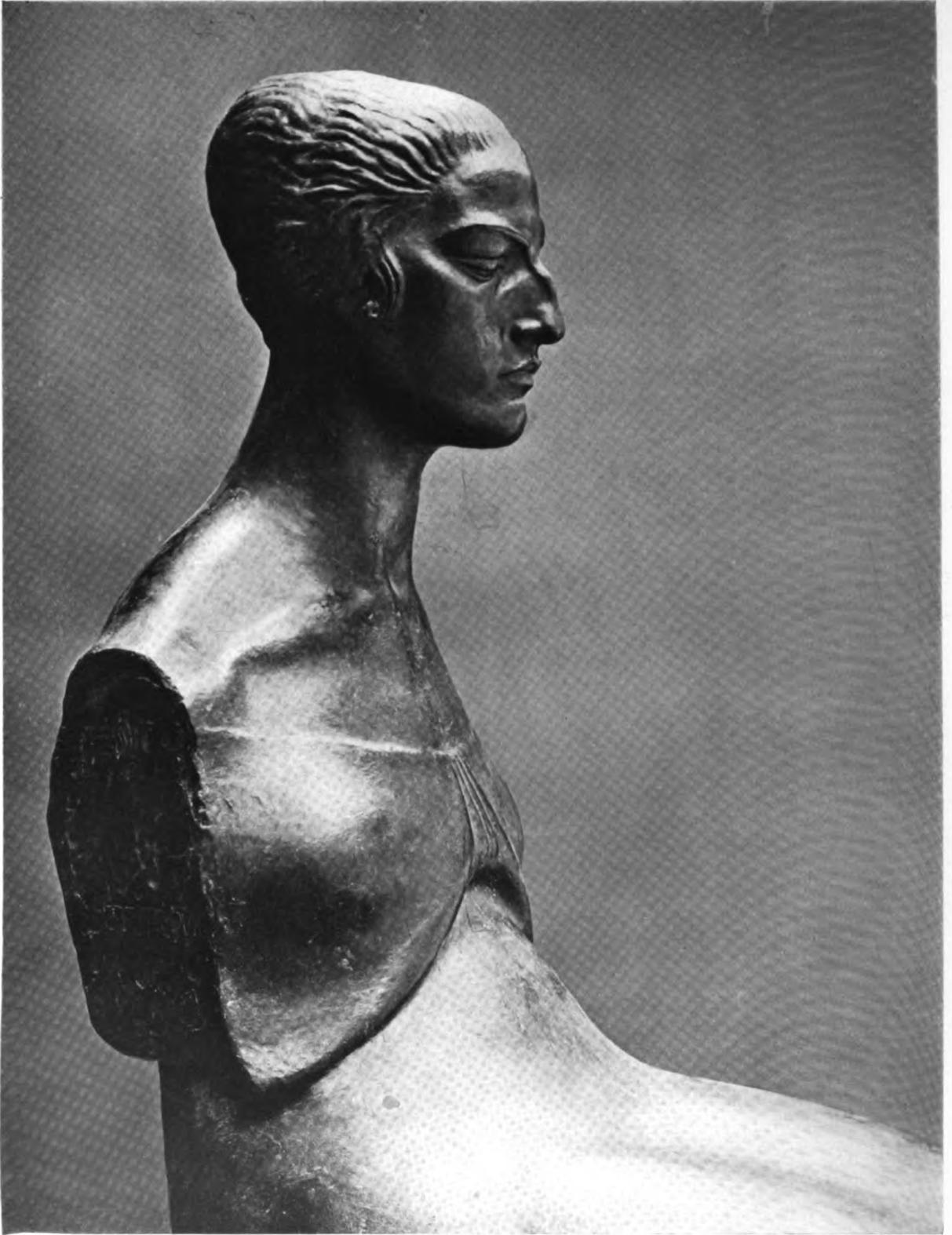
First we have the two long lines of Caryatides, tall, gaunt women, in slightly varying attitude, but each one symbolic of their womanhood under conditions of endurance and repression, yet with the spirit unenslaved. The statues for the central Hall, single figures or in groups, represent widows or women bereft of their children, each one a tragedy. In type, they are massive, broad and muscular, with low brows, abundant hair, dressed in a curious, presumably national fashion, which gives an elongated appearance to the head and a consequent rather barbarous effect; the mouth is wide, and the lips, firmly curved, thick and strong. For the most part they are in some crouching position, expressive of utter grief and abandonment; they are no weeping Niobes, however, they have no grace or picturesque beauty, but in each great figure, heroic in size, we see elemental woman, suffering the extremity of loss that can come to her through her womanhood, mateless each is, or childless, or bereft of the sanctity of her own person. She remains, suffering all, yet with an erect soul within the outraged form.

Our third illustration is hardly typical of these marvellous creations, no photograph of which is at the moment available, nor do they lend themselves easily to photography. They must be seen from every side to gather their full significance and power. The "Portrait of a Woman" is less typical and more individual than the "Widows of Kosovo," but it reveals something of that "terror" to which reference has been made, and also shows the artist's manner and technique.

Statues of men are not so numerous. Milos Obilic, described in the ballads as "the most noble and vehement of heroes," seems to set the type, grim, heroic, strained



MILO.



TORSO OF A WOMAN.

to the uttermost, holding out to the last pitch of endurance. In our fourth illustration he is portrayed with extraordinary force and power. These men are the mates whom the women mourn, and the two together stand for the Serbian No-History.

Two other smaller figures in the London exhibition were very noteworthy, serving to amplify the main theme. One was labelled "The Slave." He is of the chosen, presumably Serb type, crouching, bound so that every possibility of movement is curbed, forced to his knees, he bends face to earth, the cup of ignominy filled to the brim. Yet in that powerless over-borne slave we see the man notwithstanding all, master of his soul. The other among the secondary works is "The Blind Gusla Player." Such as he had seen him in his own lifetime, Mestrovic portrays the national bard.

As regards the principal works, it must be understood that they are not merely records of the past, any more than that they are designed to stand singly; they find their proper place in the Temple of Kosovo, which, when completed, will represent the national hopes, as well as the national memory. It will be the monument to the unconquerable spirit of a small people which has determined to become once more itself, and speak its own word among the nations.

The central tower rises truly over the groups of Widows of Kosovo, and the heroic though defeated warriors, but the woman forms supporting its every tier are not bowed under an intolerable burden; these caryatides are winged, they bear new warriors higher, and to still higher levels, the women and the men, the recognised complements the one of the other, in race development, each playing his or her own proper part to the full, in the national up-rising.

The young Serb peasant, Mestrovic, strikes that note with a sublime assurance for which we here in the advanced West are only beginning to gain recognition,

as the keynote to a harmonious further development of human society. "But in Serbia," writes Mr. Seton-Watson, "the works of Ivan Mestrovic form an apotheosis of the Jugo-Slav idea, and are accepted by his compatriots as symbolic of their national dream."

That, indeed, was the impression which the London Exhibition conveyed:

"A Nation speaks! Speaks in the silent expression of Sculpture. O, the thun'drous Voice of that silent expression!

"Since Angelo poured forth his anguish for Florence, surely never has stone been wrought to pitch so heroic!

"Woe, and worse woe, one heaped on the other, and withal the unvanquished spirit, the spirit that wells in the heart of the women.

"Ravished, widowed, enslaved, yet ever their innermost selves untouched; Woman invincible, bearing fresh sons for the fray.

"Well is thy Temple set, O Serbia, pillared by Women, with tower engirdled by women; winged Caryatides, one on another ascending. So, must a nation unfaillingly rise!

"Great is your son, O Serbian women, Ivan, the Seer, and mighty the word he puts forth to-day, in the silent expression of Sculpture!"

In the introduction to the Catalogue of the London Exhibition occurs the following: "In ordinary times the Art of Mestrovic might be too alien to England, with our tradition of decorum and comfort, but in these times of stress the mood has been impelled upon us through which we can see and feel the message of his terrible images, and the deep pitifulness, too, that lies within them. His heroic Art, indeed, is almost the only Art that does not seem alien to these mighty days."

True, it faces realities, and the real, whatever that may be for a nation, is the bed-rock on which to build any sure and certain hope. So the Ideal of little Serbia may prove an inspiration to the world.

HOPE REA.

# Co-operative Housekeeping

By L. A. M. PRIESTLEY (Mrs. GEORGE McCracken)

Author of "Love Stories of Eminent Women," etc., etc.

UPON woman, since the beginning, has rested the double burden of child-bearing and of domestic toil. The trend of modern development—precipitated now by this great European conflict—is to place upon her shoulders the additional burden of industrial labour. The old order has indeed changed. Woman's life and environment of, say, fifty years ago, sheltered, narrow, domesticated, present a marked contrast to the women of to-day, who, driven by economic pressure, or responding to the more and more insistent cry for help in this time of grave national crisis, are undertaking and performing all kinds of work formerly considered fitting for men only.

It is when looking upon the world of women at work to-day *outside* the home that one ponders how the work *inside* is to be readjusted to adapt it to modern social and industrial conditions as they affect women. No matter what pressure is put upon man as a working unit, nature and custom have for ever freed him from those two burdens—that of maternity and of housekeeping—to which I have referred. His work, whatever its complexities and ramifications and responsibilities, is done when it is done. His whole time and strength and mind can be employed on the task in hand. With women it is far otherwise. We may implore their

assistance in the munition shed, on the farm, on board a tramcar, and they spring with alacrity to the summons. But always in the background, either as an actual fact, or a potential factor, overshadowing the busy day amid the fatigue and struggle of outside labour is the home, the family, the household, from which women can obtain no absolute divorce. If women cannot be divorced from these, and if she must be saddled with new responsibilities, is there no way in which household work can be lightened and alleviated? It is quite possible and practicable, I hold, to do so by co-operation applied to housekeeping. The prevailing methods are unorganised, slipshod, individualistic, besides being wasteful and extravagant. Everyone knows it is proportionately cheaper and easier to buy food and fuel and cater for a large household than for one or two people. But this principle is wilfully ignored in the present system where every small house attempts, through muddle and incompetence, its own commissariat, and one woman grapples alone with the hydra-headed monster of domestic work, which includes cooking, washing, cleaning, marketing, nursing, darning, bed-making, dish-washing, stove-polishing, and a multitude of other details that absorb precious time and energy. The ordinary home of the people dependent upon the capabilities of a single pair of feminine hands cannot look

for so-called home comforts and efficient service. It is to the lasting honour of womankind that under such stressful circumstances husband and children have on the whole been so well cared and catered for. The price, however, is a heavy one, which woman pays. Diminished vitality too often accompanies the long ache and strain of both mind and body endured by the housewife that her household may be fed and tended, and we must remember that undermining the vigour of the Mother-half of the race is to strike at the root of healthy racial life and development.

The mother of Burrows, the Socialist, voiced, when dying, the plaint of working womanhood. She said: "I have always been so tired."

Now co-operation rightly inaugurated and applied would bring into this stricken field of solitary domestic operations a sense of help and comradeship—two good things in the hard struggle for existence which so many wage—and also a division and a specialising of labour. The woman who loved cooking would become a trained cook in a co-operative establishment, and the woman who did not would be free from its harassing compulsion in her home. The cheerless monotony of tasks carried out in ill-ventilated, stuffy, draughty, smoky, poky little back kitchens where fuel, food and the housewife's temper are all liable to become short, would be replaced by the cheery activities of associated labour in a large, properly equipped co-operative kitchen where meals to serve an entire district would be cooked with less waste and more appetising results than could ever be possible in the little houses of the wage-earning masses. The labour of the house lifted largely out of the working woman's hands, her leisure, scanty or otherwise from outside work, could be profitably employed in companioning her husband; mothering her little ones; making home a bright, attractive spot for them all, and in recruiting, in the tranquillity of a house free from muddle and turmoil, her own energies of mind and body for the great task Nature has entrusted to her as the bearer of the

race, as well as for the duties which her class and abilities claim of her in the life of the community.

Further, I believe co-operation would be as welcome and as needful in Suburbia as in working-class districts. Here, in households where the work is undertaken by the mistress assisted by a maid-of-all-work, or by a couple or more servants supervised by a mistress who frequently is not herself proficient in the art of house-keeping, and feels it an irksome tie restraining her from a more congenial pursuit for which native talent or special training has fitted her, the case for co-operation is based upon the poor results in comfort and efficiency, as compared with the outlay and labour involved. Servants are not as they once were, faithful retainers and capable servitors. They flit about from situation to situation, their exits and their entrances entailing expense, disarrangement and readjustment, and a strain of nerve and body upon the responsible housekeeper to tide over such domestic dislocations with as little jar and fret and inconvenience as possible. The servant class is not alone at fault, however, in making new ways imperative in matters domestic. The Higher Education of women, and the commercial training of girls, have altered and must still further alter the whole relation of women to the fetish of domesticity. A man does not marry nowadays to secure a permanent cook, but to find a mate of congenial tastes and sympathies. It is as unfair as it is illogical to expect a girl who has been a Slave of the Lamp to be transformed through the marriage ceremony into a slave of the saucepan and cooking stove! Society is long in evolving just and equitable conditions whereby its members can attain true life and true fellowship and follow after the highest and worthiest ideals to which their natures aspire. But perhaps of all the cruel conditions to which in error we have condemned individual souls, that is the most cruel which, in the sacred name of love, demands of a young woman renunciation of the desired goal—whether intellectual, artistic or professional—when, after strenuous

years of training, it is won, or in view, to become a hewer of wood and drawer of water in her husband's house.

I have in mind, as I write, a school-fellow of my own, a girl of fine intellectual powers, a brilliant mathematician, a graduate with highest honours of her University. We lost sight of each other for years, but I recently heard of her through a mutual friend who had been visiting her. "How is it," asked my former school-mate, holding up a garment of her husband's from which she was essaying to cut out some little article of clothing for one of her six children, "I was allowed to waste my time on mathematics when I should have been taught to do this sort of thing well?" The pity and the pathos of the situation have lingered with me ever since. How is it *we waste* such fine material as that woman's brain power, harnessing, so to speak, an Ariel to a lumber waggon, because we cannot shake off the traditional belief that woman is best qualified for the domestic *role*, that it is easy, natural, even pleasant for her to be a drudge? We need to be delivered for the sake of the growth and progress of the human family, for the sake of the greatest happiness of the greatest member, from the fateful conception of marriage as the crematorium of the wife's gifts and talents. Rather it ought to be a garden sunned by love, and enriched by the gladness of family affection where they would blossom and burgeon for the world's delight.

Co-operation, therefore, in Suburban life would spell salvation to many a woman's soul, releasing her from irksome duties done not in love of them, but for love of those she serves, to feel the breath of reviving life in her nostrils; to scale the heights of enterprise; to give to her age and circle the contribution which as an individual ego she is best fitted to bestow. One reflects how much the world may have lost of able women's contribution to the common stock of Truth and Knowledge and high Endeavour; how many Saint Therasas and Mrs. Besants have lived "mute inglorious lives," stifled underneath a pitiful absorption in

an endless succession of meals to be cooked and dishes to be washed!

It is urged against the introduction of co-operative housekeeping that women, particularly the poorer and less instructed classes, are difficult to loose from their old moorings of use and custom; and again, that in better class homes it would dispel all homeliness and family privacy and intimacy. Women of the working classes groaning under the treble burden of maternity, housework, and wage earning cannot be expected to evince any initiative or interest in any scheme that lies even a little way out of their ordinary everyday purview. To establish a public kitchen with dining hall in their midst where the working woman with her husband and children could turn in to find a hot, nourishing, well-cooked meal served at a nominal price—free for her from all thought and fag beforehand, all tidying up afterwards—would be a quick and effectual way to make her an enthusiastic convert. Something of this kind has been established in London, both by Mrs. Despard and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, in working districts, and has been an unqualified success. What is wanted is such examples followed under State or municipal patronage and aid in every town and city in the kingdom. Working women are bound to provide day nurses for their babies when they go out to mill or factory. They know it is a physical impossibility to attend a loom and hold an infant in their arms. It should be regarded as also a physical impossibility for a wage-earning woman to super-add upon her industrial toil the labours of a squalid home. A cook is, or should be, as essential to her as a day nurse. Even if municipal kitchens only provided the chief or mid-day meal of the day, it would be an immense boon, a tremendous relief, a great gain in health to the woman worker to have so much taken off her hands and mind. Attached to the municipal kitchen could be, and would be in course of time, a staff of house cleaners, under the direction of a responsible overseer, who, as a co-operative scheme, would clean and keep in order our houses, the cost of which might be

levied as a small tax, as water and gas are now paid for, so that sweet and inviting surroundings would gather together the working members of the home in the evenings. As regards the privacy of home life we must remember that no family who introduces a stranger as a servant into its economy can be counted private. One alien thus placed becomes a specialist upon our particular foibles and failings, a rare disseminator of gossip among other members of her tribe. With co-operative meals, either eaten in a public dining room or delivered ready to place on the table, at our doors ; with our houses kept in order by an itinerant housemaid, whose well-

defined duties and quick passage from house to house would leave no time for spying upon the inmates, one's home would become in reality a quiet haven, a real refuge from the noisy, toilsome, outside world. Our family hearth would uniformly be what in our happier moments and at rare and irregular intervals we find it, a place of repose and refreshment where husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, would meet in unalloyed comfort and contentment for happy intercourse and all the joys and blessings summed up by sentiment and association in the sweet word "Home."

L. A. M. PRIESTLEY.

## LIFE EVERLASTING.

*There is no death! We are the thoughts of God  
 Lost for a space in clouds of fear and doubt.  
 We are the reflex of His image, heirs  
 Of Him the ever Deathless One, from out  
 Whose heart of purifying Love and Truth  
 We wander till we reach that heart again,  
 And know Him for the Mind that out of ruth  
 And myriad forms re-born, has drawn us home  
 Within His heart for ever. Life, more Life,  
 And Love the crown of all! Eternal breath  
 He breathed in us for aye. There is no death!*

CONSTANCE E. BRITTON.

# Art and the Coming of the World-Teacher

By F. EVERY-CLAYTON.

IT may be that among the readers of this magazine there are some who regard the coming of a World Teacher as an event connected almost entirely with the religious aspect of the progress of mankind. Any serious consideration, however, of the signs of the times must lead to the conclusion that a great and significant change is taking place in many branches of human activity,—not least notably in the world of Art, of which it is our purpose now to speak.

It would be strange indeed, and contrary to all the noblest conceptions of human progress if the glorious light of the new day that is heralded were not destined to shine equally on all sincere efforts for the benefit of mankind.

We have but to realise the religious feeling that underlies all true art, and the perfect beauty that permeates all true religion, in order to understand the intimate connection between the two.

Taking the sister arts of Music and Painting as being perhaps the most obviously representative of the tendency of the age, we notice a gradual development, during the last six hundred years or so, that reveals many analogies, and points to a more intimate future connection which perhaps, the present state of apparently conflicting ideals may be a potent factor in effectuating.

If we look back to the fourteenth century, for instance, and compare the altar-pieces and frescoes of the early

Italian school of painting with the antiphonal singing in anthem and motet, which was the best expression of the music of this period, we find the same reverent spirit active in both painter and musician, urging them to dedicate their work to the highest and noblest use. And if we compare a few of the leading spirits in both these great fields of art, do we not observe a remarkable similarity in the fundamental idea of their works, even while the means employed to express it are so diverse?

Proceeding to a later epoch, might we not suppose that Palestrina and Raphael, each with his own special means of expression, were striving to give the world a glimpse of something more ideally lovely than what had gone before? Can we suppose that Da Vinci's "Last Supper" and Luther's "Ein' feste Burg" were not inspired by the same spirit of reverence and homage to the Supreme?

And the English church composers of the seventeenth century—do not their sweet and simple melodies harmonise wonderfully with the soft tints and natural truth of a Ruysdael or a Claude Lorraine?

Comparisons and analogies come swiftly to the mind, as art devotees of many nationalities pass before the mental vision; while, advancing down the ages, the underlying unity of the picture grows ever clearer. We begin to notice a broadening-out of the parallel streams, a beginning of that tendency towards universality in the realms of art which in the religious world is even now heralded.

But what of the present unsettled and uncertain conditions in the artistic world—the conflict of ideals, the confusion, nay, even complete chaos, as to many it must appear?

The various phases of the evolution of a race are ever reflected in its art, and the present subversion of the old ideals and birth-throes of the new are but significant signs of the transition stage through which humanity is passing in its march towards the new era of Peace and Progress.

If we consider the most advanced and most modern forms of Music and Painting from the exoteric or popular point of view, we perceive a diversity of schools and ideals that is bewildering to the last degree. Indeed, to connect the word "ideal" with some of the productions we see and hear to-day would be equivalent, in the opinion of many competent critics, to announcing our entire misconception of that term.

In the world of Music, for example, a school has arisen which appears to defy all the established laws of harmony and composition. That these same laws of harmony, or the relation of tones to each other, are based upon a natural sequence, known to all students of acoustics, is an argument that does not seem to carry much weight with composers of the ultra-modern school. It now appears that this natural order, known to the learned world some twenty-four centuries ago (for it was one of the principles taught by Pythagorus in the sixth century B.C.), is now to be entirely overthrown, and its place taken by—what? Chaos and cacophony, where neither law nor order prevails, but where licence rules rampant, and harmony is conspicuous by its absence.

Let us now see if the same confusion and disorder prevail in the domain of Painting. Here the reader, fresh from some Futurist or Cubist Exhibition, may well exclaim, "Still more so!" He has seen masses of colour, geometrically arranged, according to what looks more like a piece of fancy tapestry than a picture, and is told that it represents "A Girl Dancing." He has looked upon a fantastic grouping of curves and angles, with lights and shadows

that appear to have no connection either with each other or anything else, and his catalogue informs him that in this extraordinary combination he is gazing upon a landscape, or may be a street scene.

What wonder if the casual observer comes to the conclusion that true Art is not only rapidly declining, but also tending towards extinction, and that soon only the glories of past achievements will remain as monuments of what Art once meant to the world.

Having now glanced at the present tendencies of these sister arts in their outer or more obvious aspects, let us consider if there be not some inner meaning, even some order and sequence, in all this apparent confusion. The first point to note, and one that will occur readily to most observant minds, is this—that both Music and Painting are passing through what one might call a transition stage. In this they but keep pace with the forward movement of the age in which we live. And if we look carefully into some of the various manifestations mentioned above, we shall see that they are nearly all actuated by a sincere and earnest desire to express an ideal, and that as a rule it is the means and material that are found to be inadequate, not the ideal itself. An attempt is being made, in both domains, to rise to a higher plane of expression, and such an attempt must necessarily tend to overthrow old methods and traditions; so that, if the onlooker does not yet clearly perceive whither these innovations tend, he can at least try to understand the aspirations of those whose inner vision is so much in advance of their power of expression.

In the music of to-day, for instance, we sometimes find an agglomeration of sounds that seem to have no meaning whatever; and yet the composer (a name probably well known to us, and associated in our minds with high and serious endeavour) has only failed in fitting the material expression to the lofty ideal he sets before him.

Be it observed, *en passant*, to those for whom the music of a Bach or a Beethoven, and the paintings of a Fra Angelico or a

Perugino, represent the highest spiritual and artistic ideal, that the aim of the writer is not to try and reconcile conflicting opinions, but merely to suggest a serious consideration of the ideals of the present day, with a view to a better appreciation of their tendency, and their place in the progress of Art.

If we desire to understand something of the new era that is dawning in the world of Music, we must direct our attention to the best composers of a nation that is showing marked progress in other fields than those purely artistic, namely, the Russians.

The present rapid development, and especially the spiritual awakening of the Slav people, is one of the most significant indications of the Great Advent, and it is among this people that the most spiritual of all the arts shows the latest phase of progress.

The new era is foreshadowed in the musical as in the religious world, and all this upheaval of established law and order only points to the hypothesis that art forms, like everything else, must be cast into the melting pot in order that a new and more spiritual medium of expression may be produced.

The school that systematically teaches the intimate connection between colour and sound has touched a plane where, strange as it may seem, it can clasp hands with certain forms of Futurism in painting. Any attempt to explain this later association must be of necessity a somewhat difficult task, since it leads us into a region where material terminology, so to speak, is somewhat inadequate. The artist who tries to depict a scene, or embody an idea, solely by means of various shades of colour, cleverly arranged in juxtaposition, may sometimes forget that his public lacks the key to the composition and, consequently, fails entirely to apprehend his meaning. He himself, keeping fully abreast of his time—if not quite ahead of it—has evolved the incipient faculty of a larger vision, and he cannot rest satisfied until he has represented, to the best of his ability, and with the somewhat inadequate means at his disposal, the images and impressions that occur to his inner vision.

We shall be in a better position to understand his work if we bear in mind that his aim is not so much to represent pictorially the objects he sees in the material world, as to suggest the ideas they embody, or some emotional state engendered in himself by such objects and ideas. So that, unless we can come into touch with his mental atmosphere, or have developed in ourselves some element of the clairvoyant faculty, we may grasp his conception intellectually, but never spiritually.

We may conclude, therefore, that the much-maligned Futurist is making a valiant attempt to paint what he sees on the astral plane, and succeeding as well as may be expected when material means are employed to carry out a design that belongs properly to a higher sphere. The advanced musician cannot now hear sounds without seeing their corresponding colours; the painter of the future rises also, in his aspirations, to the region where colour and sound are interchangeable terms. Both have a more spiritual conception of their art, and neither has as yet discovered adequate means of translating his inspirations into material terms comprehensible to the majority of the minds to which he appeals. That his aim will be realised in due time no doubt can be entertained, when we remember that all true inspiration in Art has but one Source—that glorious Light which is even now dawning, herald of a new and brighter day for our struggling and suffering humanity.

And if we reflect upon the point reached by Music and Painting in their evolutionary progress, glancing at the same time over the recent advance in other arts, and the contemporaneous spiritual awakening that is noticeable over the greater part of the globe, we shall realise at once the significance of this forward tendency, and its intimate connection with the coming of that Great One who will usher in the new era of higher and more spiritual manifestation in all spheres of human thought and endeavour.

F. EVERY-CLAYTON.

# A Fantasia

By E. F. W.

(The record of an actual dream experience.)

## I.

**A**THALIE returned to her lodging and flung herself down on the bed. The sermon she had heard made her dissatisfied with herself and her life. Each word spoken by the preacher had burned itself in her brain as if he read her inmost thoughts. How she had sinned and how unworthy she was that anyone should love her. Yet a mother always watched for her monthly home comings with an eager heart. There was another, also, who as yet had not proclaimed his love, fearing too hasty a wooing might cause a repulse.

At last she could bear it no longer, and, rising from her bed, Athalie put on her hat and coat and went out. She hesitated for an instant, wondering which way to turn. West were the rich whom she envied; east were the poor whom she despised. Finally she turned south, wandered along aimlessly and crossed the river. Here the air was stagnant with the breath of millions. Her head swam, but still she continued her way, caring little where she went so long as she could move about.

Presently she passed an open door. There was a wide stairway inside leading down into a well-lighted hall, and many people were crowding in. Drawn by an irresistible impulse Athalie joined the throng and passed in bewilderment from one room to another. All were gorgeously furnished and had an air of comfort and luxury which strongly appealed to Athalie.

"What place is this?" she asked one of the crowd.

"This? The Palace of Desires! Every desire you have will here be satisfied."

Surely here was a happy place! Athalie pondered over all the things she had ever wished for.

Clothes! She saw a reflection in a mirror of a magnificently dressed woman. It was herself.

Money! She was holding a purse full.

Country! From the window she could see a wonderful view of mountains and lakes glittering in the sunshine. She wandered out and sat down by a running stream. The sound of the water soothed her and a drowsy feeling made her long to sink luxuriously into such a bed as a goddess might sleep on. The desire was no sooner formed than Athalie found herself sinking to sleep in a magnificently furnished bedroom.

For a week Athalie lived as in a dream. She had but to form a desire and it was satisfied. Vague thoughts of another world floated through her mind, but these were hastily smothered by the pleasures of the present.

At the end of the seventh day one of the Palace officials came and stood before Athalie.

"I have come for the payment of desires satisfied," he said.

Athalie took out her purse and looked up in query.

"We cannot take back what we have given," was the answer. "Follow me!"

Athalie rose and followed, wondering what would be asked of her. She was led across the Palace to a door hitherto unnoticed by her. On the inner side it was heavily barred and banged behind her with an ominous sound. Athalie took in her surroundings at a glance—a bare, unfurnished room, with a smoke-stained ceiling and dirty, white-washed walls, doors opening from every side and, at the end, a dark passage.

“What can this mean?” she asked herself. “How came such an unpleasant place in such a fine Palace? What payment can they ask of me other than money?”

While she was thus meditating she heard a movement near by and, turning, found she was no longer alone. The guide had vanished, but beside her stood a short, stout, middle-aged man with a self-satisfied air.

They waited for some time in silence, until, growing tired, Athalie turned to her companion and asked him if he knew why they were there.

“I know nothing,” he replied. “Shall we return?”

They turned to the door by which Athalie had entered, but it was fast locked.

Together they tried each door in the room. All opened into similar rooms, each being crowded with people, moaning and wringing their hands. Athalie began to feel frightened, and a sick feeling came over her. She longed to sit down, but there was no place. The longing became intensified and she felt herself sinking to the ground. At once rats ran from every corner of the room, and she clutched the wall to keep herself on her feet.

“Oh, for a breath of fresh air!” she sighed. The new longing grew as the first one had done, so intense that she reeled with the closeness of the atmosphere.

Athalie grew more and more sick and terror-stricken, and a desire for companionship grew as the previous ones had done. She rushed from room to room, but all were now empty, and even her late companion had disappeared. She now felt on the verge of madness and tried to calm herself and think how she came to be there.

Far away she seemed to hear voices singing, and the scene in the Church came back to her. She remembered how the words of the preacher had reached her conscience, her remorse and desire to do better.

While she pondered the singing changed to a chant, and the voices drew nearer so that she could hear the words. Straining to catch every sound she heard the story of her own life chanted by unseen beings. She had never before realised that she was selfish, yet every desire she had ever felt seemed to have been for herself.

Had she never thought of others? Yet she had never meant to be wicked. Again the desire for rest and air came to her. Could anything be more intense? Yet it grew and grew until she felt that she must scream and rush about; and now her feet were glued to the spot and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. “Water!” she tried to gasp. There before her stood a table with water and food on it, and beside it an easy chair. In vain Athalie reached out her hands. Every desire had become so strong and so obsessed her that she could think of nothing else; and visions of the luxuries she had left kept floating before her eyes. “Oh! that I might die now and end it,” was her prayer. But even this oblivion was refused her, and a vague thought floated through her brain that she was dead. Yes! this was Hell.

Athalie had often wondered what Hell meant; now she surely knew. It was every selfish and sensual desire intensified to such a degree that utter oblivion seemed the only release, and that also was refused. Oh! the torture and agony of it! Why had she brought this on herself? Had she known she would have lived differently. The worst torture of all was the torture of remorse.

As she stood reeling and aching, a figure crossed the room clad in a long brown cloak and muttering one word over and over again. “Self, Self, Self!” The word fixed itself in Athalie’s mind and she found herself repeating it—“Self, Self, Self!” She watched the figure as it drew near, and saw on the face an expres-

sion of unutterable sorrow, and round the head a crown of thorns. Blood trickled down the cheeks mingling with tears, and the hands were pierced and bleeding.

Slowly the figure passed on and disappeared in the gloom. So struck had she been that for a moment Athalie forgot her own sufferings, and, before any thought of self returned, she was again arrested by a movement near by. This time it was the figure of her late companion, who stumbled towards her. Instinctively, she reached out her hand to save him from falling, and found her feet released.

Supporting the fainting man, as best she could for her own weakness, Athalie turned to follow the figure of sorrow that had passed them.

"If only I could bind his hands and bathe his face!" was her thought. A little strength seemed to come to her now, and, with hastened footsteps, she dragged her companion with her and entered the passage where the Man of Sorrow had disappeared.

At the end of the passage there was a hall, and, as she entered, a long black cloak was thrown over her shoulders. In front the hooded figure was retreating slowly down another passage, and Athalie longed to free herself from her cumbersome companion, that she might reach the sorrowful man more quickly. When she tried to do so, however, the groans of distress were so pitiful that she slackened her pace to suit his more feeble steps.

This passage opened out into a large, dimly lighted room, in the centre of which the figure in the brown cloak stood, pointing to a large crystal.

## II.

Athalie stood entranced, gazing into the immense ball in front of her. While she looked the bright intensity clouded and little specks seemed to float about in it. Suddenly it cleared, and Athalie saw her past reflected in the crystal.

There, at a garden gate, stood her mother, kissing her and begging her to

beware of evil in the great town in which she was going.

Then followed scenes from her life in town, and Athalie hid her face in shame.

"Surely," she cried, "it cannot be me! It must be some evil spirit who has entered my body and rules me."

She looked up again. This time the scenes had changed and her future was enacted in this strange theatre.

"Oh! What horror! What shame!" she muttered. "It must never be. I will die sooner."

Unable to look any longer, Athalie hurried on, dragging the man behind her. She must escape from here and begin all over again, keeping a firm vigil and driving every evil thought or deed from her. She must conquer her body and no longer be led hither and thither by sensual desires. She must set her soul free.

Strengthened by this resolution, and anxious to escape from this terrible place, Athalie turned to her companion who clung feebly to her, and, putting aside all thoughts of self, she began a slow and patient toil to help this poor, lost soul from the hell it had made for itself.

The knowledge that she was saving this man gave her courage and endurance, without which both must surely have turned back.

At last they reached an open door and found themselves at the foot of a long, steep incline. On either side were houses from which issued sounds of merriment. The air was filled with spirits which hovered around the couple, dragging them from one house to another, pointing out shady arbours, cool fountains, and trees laden with fruit. To each temptation the poor, weak man would have succumbed had not Athalie supported him, bending her head before the onslaught and struggling bravely up the long, straight road.

Hour by hour they struggled on, their way hampered by spirits, the air close with them, and the weak, unresisting man clinging to the courageous girl. Her strength had to be shared with him, but not for one moment did she harbour a thought of abandoning him.

Hour by hour they struggled on in the blazing sun. Once only did Athalie stumble and let go her companion. He was at once besieged by the spirits around, elementals whose one aim was to drag human souls to their own low level.

For an hour Athalie had to struggle with these, but at last she freed the unfortunate man, and once more turned her face to the upward journey.

Her cloak had now lost its sombre black hue and was a dull grey. Fainting and weary Athalie raised her eyes and saw in the distance a heavily barred iron gate.

Her heart stood still.

Was all this toil wasted? Would she be thwarted after all? Surely not. God was merciful and would give her another chance. She paused to pray that this might not be the end. Then, feeling the throng of elementals press around her, she clutched her companion more tightly and struggled on again.

As the hours went by and Athalie neared the gate, the spirits seemed to be left behind and her way was thus easier; and when at last she looked up and saw the gate close at hand, there was not one left.

They were now practically free from all temptation, as their way from Hell ended here, and there remained only to open the gate. But how to do so puzzled Athalie. Her companion was useless, so she laid him down and started a close examination of the gate.

It was locked with strong padlocks and very heavily barred, but in places it had rusted from disuse, and this made it possible to burst the locks and lift the bars if only she had strength enough. For an hour she worked steadily, pulling, pushing, lifting, pressing, shaking. Her hands and arms were cut and bleeding, her body was bruised. But every cut and every bruise seemed to give her new strength, and she noticed that her cloak gradually became purer and whiter.

After a long struggle the locks at last gave way, and, using all the strength she

had left, Athalie forced the heavy gate back and dragged through the insensible form of the man she saved.

Outside crowds had gathered to watch the work of the heroic girl, but until now she had been unconscious of them. Friends of the rescued man gathered round and bore him away. Turning in search of one familiar face, Athalie found herself gazing into the face of him who had kept his love a secret.

"Athalie!" he cried, in an agonised voice.

Clutching her snow-white cloak around her, Athalie turned and fled. That he, of all people, should witness her exit from such a place of shame was the last drop in her bitter, bitter cup.

Looking neither to right nor left, she fled over the bridge, along the embankment, till she found at last a little alcove where she flung herself down, fainting and sobbing.

Strong arms entwined her as she sank into a state of utter oblivion.

When Athalie opened her eyes her mother was bending over her, and her lover stood beside her. With downcast eyes she recounted her shame and punishment, and her escape from Hell.

As she finished, Reuben kneeled beside her, and, taking the hem of her cloak, which now shone as silver, he kissed it and swore that he, too, would bear what she had borne, would pass through Hell, before he would ask her to be his.

Again she hid her face for shame that she should be so honoured whilst she was so unworthy, and when she raised her eyes again he was gone.

For many days Athalie lay in great pain, but, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered, she made her way to the gate by which she had issued and there made a patient wait for her lover.

When at last he emerged in an almost fainting condition, loving hands were laid on his, loving lips were pressed to his, and lo! the cloak of each shone like purest silver.

E. F. W.

# Sympathy

By E. H. SHILLITO.

**W**E men and women of our generation are beginning to realise more and more clearly that our souls and our thoughts are not our own ; that, by some law of the unseen world of which we shall one day know more, our inmost souls influence those around us : that our thoughts are probably a more important factor in the lives of others than anything we do or say. We see also, in almost everyone we meet, an increasing sensitiveness to such impressions. Maeterlinck, in "The Treasure of the Humble," alludes to this marked tendency of our time.

"It would seem," says he, "that there are fewer veils that enwrap the soul : and were Hamlet now to look into the eyes of his mother or of Claudius, there would be revealed to him the things he did not know."

Hence it comes about that our age, which insists that the teacher, religious or secular (to use an incorrect but inconvenient distinction), shall be better equipped for his work as regards both knowledge and practical training, is also beginning to see *that these alone without spiritual gifts are of little avail*. To study a child or other person with whom we have to deal with the scientific knowledge acquired from psychological studies is good, but to know them by spiritual intuition is infinitely more valuable.

Of all the powers of the mind that help towards a right understanding of others, perhaps that of sympathy is the greatest. It is a curious faculty—elusive, indescribable, yet so clearly and unmistakably felt

that its absence has on certain sensitive types of people a most pernicious effect. It could doubtless be explained on physiological and psychological grounds, but, in a less scientific way, may be described as a spiritual force.

There is often some confusion of thought as to what true sympathy is—lying, as it does, between love on the one hand and pity on the other. Sympathy may be, and often is associated with these two sentiments, but it is in its nature different. It signifies the putting of one's self for the time being in the place of others, feeling as they feel, seeing things as they see them ; and the difficulty of the task is in inverse proportion to the affinity between ourselves and the sharer of our sympathy. Where love exists, the effort is usually small.

The difference between sympathy and pity is subtle and more easily felt than defined. Pity may be one of the purest and most unselfish emotions of the human heart, but it is more external in its nature and is often bestowed on those with whom it is almost impossible to sympathise. A Dives may not be able to enter into the feelings of the Lazarus at his gate, or a pure, saintly woman into those of a hardened prostitute, but the beggar covered with sores and the sad wreck of womanhood may stir their profoundest pity.

It is only in an atmosphere of sympathy that sensitive souls can ever really enjoy the fulness of life. Children, who have finer perceptions of spiritual realities than we, are extremely susceptible to such conditions, and both knowledge and

imagination are of use in helping us to come into closer touch with them.

Surplus nervous energy is very largely a condition of the possession of the power of sympathy—a person who is nervously exhausted can rarely be sympathetic. His wasted energies hardly suffice to keep in action his own life-functions, and he has in a very real sense nothing to *give*. In this matter the *teacher* has to realise with Browning that

“ . . . all good things  
Are ours ; nor soul helps flesh more now than  
flesh helps soul.”

Of spiritual hindrances to sympathy, self-centredness is one of the chief. No self-centred person can be really sympathetic, for to sympathise is to give one's self perhaps more truly than in any other way. Many dangers are involved, however, in the employment of this faculty. Wide sympathies are apt to become shallow ; even true feeling for others is liable, as

time goes on, to become a mere ghost of the real emotion.

Again, the very sympathetic person often lacks strength ; in identifying himself with others, he is apt to lose his own bearings. Exhaustion—both physical and mental—often takes possession of the man who too freely gives his sympathy ; for, indeed, everything we *give*, that is worth giving, has its price, and sympathy is no exception to this rule.

For such dangers the best remedy would seem to be solitude and prayer ; these can give to a man the strength he needs, can restore his wasted forces, can help him to remain true. The sympathy of a weak person is of little use : but the sympathy of one who can keep before him his high ideals, and behind him the strength that comes from hours of silent communion with the Unseen, is one of the most potent of forces for the uplifting of the world.

E. H. SHILLITO.

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## The Silence

*Long, long ago, for long ago it seems,  
Our songs of summer broke into the air  
And fell upon the list'ning roses, where  
Soft petals held them fast in lyric dreams.*

*And after, autumn's songs of parting grief,  
Of blood-red sunsets, and the reaper's scythe,  
Stole like pale ghosts from hearts no longer blithe,  
Dirging the sickled corn, the fallen leaf.*

*Lo, with long winter, here and there a word  
Of cheer passed from the lips of mighty men ;  
But God stirred thoughts beyond the singer's ken,  
And scarce the sound of music might be heard.*

*But now the spring ! . . . Nay, wondering and meek,  
Not as of old we flood the woods with song.  
We wait amid the bloodshed and the wrong,  
Finger on lip, we wait, to hear God speak.*

VIOLET GILLESPIE.

# The Herald of the Star

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As "The Herald of the Star" includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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## Progress

*Kings and sages in bygone ages  
Devoutly strove  
To bring to birth a nobler earth  
Made fair by love.*

*Prophets and seers for countless years  
Had visions bright  
Of a Holy City, where human pity  
Dissolved in light—*

*And human tears and outworn fears  
And unquiet dreams  
Faded from sight like the end of night  
When daylight gleams. . . . .*

*They saw a plan of the life of man  
Like a golden thread ;  
And then they knew, those chosen few,  
There were no dead—*

*Nor any portal to life immortal,  
For lo ! God's mind  
Lived on eternal in forms diurnal  
As in mankind ;*

*And sorrow and shame were only the flame  
To refine the gold :  
Wisdom and strength were distilled at length  
From pain and cold.*

*For thus are powers the precious flowers  
Of joy and strife,  
Till wond'rous glory shall end the story  
Of human life.*

JASPER SMITH.



By G. S. ARUNDALE.

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

ONE of the most remarkable passages in "At the Feet of the Master" indicates to us the existence of a plan for the evolution of mankind—"God's plan for men," it is called—and I should like to lay a little stress this month on the necessity of looking about everywhere for evidences of the existence of this plan.

The world sometimes seems in such a chaotic condition. We feel ourselves so uncertain, both as regards the present and the future, that it is very difficult to imagine (still more to translate our imagination into action) that there is a *well* ordered plan gradually being worked out, and that each one of us plays a part in that plan and is guided in his evolution by the laws which govern the plan's execution. It would be well if we could become increasingly conscious of the existence of this plan, and remember it as much in times of adversity as in times of prosperity. People often exclaim: "What a beautiful place the world is to live in, and how happy we ought to be because of the beauties of Nature, the kindness of friends, and the comforts of our surroundings!" But this is when things go

well with us—when the sun is shining into our hearts. When things go ill, and when the heart is hidden by the clouds of doubt and trouble from the sun's rays, then we become rebellious, we doubt the existence of a plan, and we talk of injustice, of the coldness of the world, and of our loneliness. This is probably inevitable, because we are by no means as yet the masters of our various bodies, and our lower vehicles only too often refuse to reflect the serenity of the God within.

People sometimes wonder why there should be any suffering, and why the world should not have been created in such a way as to avoid the necessity for suffering. It seems monstrous that we should have to experience all that we have to undergo for the sake of evolution. Under the circumstances is it worth while to evolve? Would it not have been fairer to know the price of evolution before undertaking the journey? From some points of view I am inclined to agree with this complaint. On the other hand, we must remember that we do not complain when life is happy. We enjoy the happiness intensely, and are glad to be alive. At such times we become very complaisant with regard to our

periods of suffering—we look upon them judicially. “One cannot always have happiness,” we say, “the periods of suffering are very valuable, and bring into relief the periods of happiness!” And this is the truth which needs emphasis, and it needs emphasis during the suffering far more than during the happiness. I believe, myself, that God’s plan is that we should be happy, but that we should learn to value happiness, and the only way to value happiness is to experience that which is not happiness. I should like to be able to realise in my moments of suffering that I am, in such moments, learning how beautiful happiness is. I am also learning to distinguish between the happiness which lasts and the happiness which is but fleeting. For above all things we need lasting happiness. It is useless to be happy for a moment, if happiness is to be succeeded by unhappiness; and it is useful, therefore, to learn to act in such a way that permanent happiness results and to avoid those actions which produce only fleeting results. I do not wish to suggest that fleeting happiness should have no place in our lives, but there are some apparent happinesses which are not really happinesses at all, which do us, in the long run, more harm than good, however much temporarily they may seem to satisfy. The ecstasies of the opium smoker, the light-hearted irresponsibility of the drunkard are, to the individual, experiences of comparative happiness while they last. But there is the reaction. All fleeting happinesses have their reactions. We have gradually to learn the nature of those happinesses which have no reactions but which give rise to lasting joy. The substance of true happiness has no shadow, for it is the light itself. Only when there is coarseness is there shadow, and the coarser the substance, the deeper the shadow.

I may be asked whether we could not have reached abiding happiness all at once, without going through the intermediate stages of appraising the relative value of different kinds of happiness. To this my answer would be that, indeed, if we only knew it, we have within us all the elements for the establishment of permanent happi-

ness and joy. But we are *parts* of God, and the part must learn to know that which God only knows as Himself. We are parts which must gradually expand to the measure of the whole. God’s plan for men is that they should possess the knowledge He has gained; and only by experience can we learn to distinguish between the form and the reality. Many forms offer us fleeting happiness, but no form can offer us permanent happiness, for that dwells in the Eternal—the Real. It is a weary climb, no doubt, but think, if you can, of the peace which will follow a successful climb! Think for a moment, for example, of the peace which succeeds a great anxiety brought to a successful conclusion. Think of the peace which comes to us when we learn for the first time, after a long and weary waiting, that one whom we love deeply is at last out of danger. Such peace is a foretaste of the eternal peace, but it is only a foretaste. It is only a foretaste because we have not, probably, yet learned to share it with others, and to help others to enjoy it as we enjoy it. We have not yet learned to enfold them in the peace that, for the time being, enfolds us. So long as we are exclusive in our happiness, we may take it for granted that the happiness will not last. So long as it is happiness for us, and we do not care whether others have happiness or not, so long as we are so much wrapped up in our own happiness that we are oblivious to the troubles of others, so long are we experiencing merely a fleeting joy. And so we should say to ourselves when such a peace broods over us: “Let me work that others may experience that which gives me so much present joy, for by so doing I shall make my own happiness lasting.” Remember that true joy must be shared; it would soon become tasteless if kept to oneself. However great the joy, however permanent it may appear to be, its life and vitality depend upon the extent to which we can introduce it into others, to which we can use it to arouse in others that consciousness of God’s eternal peace of which, for the moment, we have had a glimpse. G. S. ARUNDALE.

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text]*



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

Photo by The Gainsborough Studio,  
309, Oxford Street, London, W.

# As I Knew Her

By EDMUND RUSSELL.

[White Lotus Day, May 8th, is the day kept yearly by Theosophists, the world over, in remembrance of the passing away of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the first bringer of the theosophical teachings to our modern world. As a contribution to this day, the HERALD OF THE STAR has been fortunate enough to secure some very fascinating, personal reminiscences of Madame Blavatsky from one who knew her intimately when he was a young man. In printing Mr. Russell's article, we have kept it exactly in the form in which he sent it in; the crisp, short sentences and the scattered headlines giving a distinctive touch to the article and being quite in keeping with its lively spirit. Mr. Russell is a well-known and widely travelled American artist, who has resided many years in Paris.]

## I.

THE Schmiechen portrait I always liked.

A suggestion of prophethood in the dim cave.

It was just this that did not please her.

She thought it made her look too much like a Sybil.

She was more than honest—pose detestable—in spite of all to the contrary.

As every part of the world clamoured for her likeness I finally persuaded her to go with me to a photographer.

Accustomed to dominate, she especially rebelled at being “managed.”

Oh, what a day!

Wind and rain and scurries of autumn leaves.

“YOU WILL BE MY DEATH!”

I never could have accomplished it without the aid of Countess Wachtmeister.

Appointment made, cab kept waiting for hours.

She had no out-of-door clothes.

Shawls, scarves, furs piled on. A kind of Russian turban tied over her head. All the servants in requisition.

“I will not go!” “I cannot step on the wet stones.”

Carpets spread from door to carriage. The wind lifted and blew about so Countess and coachman had to hold them as I helped in.

Afterwards the Countess told me: “When I first came to London it was as an Ambassadors. In Hyde Park two powdered footmen in livery followed me. If my poor husband could know the day had come when I held down carpets for another woman to tread on he would turn over in his grave.”

Of course, this only in smiling. She would have lain herself down for Madame to walk over.

Vander Weyde, then of Regent Street, was a friend of mine.

There, disembarkation even more terrible!

A crowd collected as we unrolled the red carpets.

To keep up the illusion I said:—

“COME ALONG YOUR MAJESTY!”

Once in she flatly refused to be taken. Sniffed at the beautiful “Galatea” of Mary Anderson. The “Rosalind” of Mrs. Langtry. The Greek studies of Sir Frederick Leighton’s favourite model:—

“Not an actress. What had I brought her to such a place for!”

Finally she was held, as I knew she would be, by Mr. Vander Weyde’s own experiments in the adaptation of electricity to photography—now world-property, then in infancy—how he had first attempted it with a great crystal globe of water, through which the light filtered. One day

intense heat broke the bowl and he was found senseless on the floor, deluged with water and covered with blood ; a fragment of glass having severed an artery of his arm, which spouted to the ceiling.

"I will sit for you—be quick—only once—take me just as I am."

I bent over and whispered :—

"Now let all the devil in you shine out from those eyes."

She laughed till she spoilt the pose :—

"WHY CHILD, THERE IS NO DEVIL IN ME."

Then all went well and we got the famous likeness here produced.

She liked it. I did not. It is she, but not all of her.

I would have wished something taken by chance when at her writing table, vibrations of light all around.

She really enjoyed it, I think, after all, for she told of being "bossed" and "carried in a bundle," as a huge joke for a long time, especially the—"Come along your Majesty!"

\* \* \* \* \*

I have read many articles about

HELENA PETROVNA HAHN-BLAVATSKY, and from most never would dream the writers had so much as seen her.

They write of her with as little appreciation of personal qualities as the African-hunter for the quarry he slaughters.

AND SHE WAS, INDEED, BIG GAME.

Everything suppressed in desire to prove her a charlatan—which emphatically she was not.

Or a divinity which emphatically she refused to be.

I do not attempt to offer extensive study of her doctrines. That had been fully attended to by herself. Simply to put together a few memories, personal and illuminative.

It is easy to glean from books. To add legend to legend, until the creation becomes almost mythological. Especially with a personality like hers one is tempted to have recourse to apocryphal stories. There are thousands. These she never bothered to change or deny, utterly in-

different to gossip. She once said to the writer :—"Mud has rained down on me for so long, I no longer attempt to open an umbrella." On a lady remonstrating that she let some damaging stories go without denial, she replied—"I have never posed as an example of feline cleanliness." Questioned about the so-called *exposé* of Adyar, she simply said :—

"I ASKED THE GODS TO PERFORM FOR HIM AND THEY REFUSED."

I am careful to try to recall only what I heard from her own weighty lips, instead of miracles reported by others. Of such, I must speak as did the old Duke of Wellington :—"Well, since you say you saw it with your own eyes I suppose I must believe, but if I had seen it with mine I should not."

Whatever her purpose or her interest in the material wonders of early years, I know not. In later days she took very definite stand and my testimony must be only :—

AS I KNEW HER.

It was in the last years of her life at Lansdowne Road, Holland Park. There I had opportunity to observe her under every circumstance. I never belonged to the working-associates, but was a member of her Esoteric-Circle. As an outsider, an artist, the youngest of her followers, I suppose I amused her, and she talked very frankly to me.

A great Thinker. A great Teacher. A great Leader!

Theosophy means "Wisdom Religion."

THE WISDOM WOMAN

was all she stood for.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Mohini M. Chatterji who first presented me to her.

She reminded of Elephanta, Ajunta ; those rock-hewn temples in which Rodin saw the spirit of his work when I brought him the photos from India. Sculptured of solid mountain—undivided from creation without, rugged in jungle and precipice—within, dim mystic shrines dedicated to the eternal verities.

She was all this.

One felt beside her in the shadow of the everlasting hills.

And then ;—a hand so soft—a smile so sweet—a glance so profound ; it seemed natural that more than ordinary bulk should carry a nature so universal.

She once told me some

#### ANECDOTES OF HER CHILDHOOD.

Her relatives owned a *chateau* where the children of the different families used so spend the summer.

The central hall a great museum of Natural History.

At night, when all were tucked in dormitory cots, they begged little Hélène to “make the animals talk.”

Bringing to life, she would speak as from their mouths :—

“ I swam the frozen deep——”

“ I roved the jungles of Assam——”

“ And I——”

“ Mlle. Hélène ! Mlle. Hélène ! ”—the voice of the governess from the next room —“ if you do not stop exciting the children I will come in and punish you ! ”

For a time all quiet. Then the man-eating tiger would begin to prowl again, the little heads cower beneath the sheets in terror.

Once she dragged the great polar bear from the hall and propped him against the door, so when the governess opened he would fall over her ; then talked her worst, and waited—

In the park their favourite game was Bandit and Captive-Maiden !—“ I always wanted to be one of the bandits. One day they said, You *must* be Captive-Maiden sometimes. Bandits never had such hard work to capture a maiden. I fought, I bit, I kicked, till they were glad to cast me for Bandit the rest of the year.”

“ As a child I loved to fight. You know the Russian hatred of the Jews. How often have I crossed the street to slap some boy in the face :—how dare you look at me, a Christian ! I was very proud of being a Christian in those days. I wish I could find that little boy and beg his pardon, and tell him

#### HOW SHORT LIVED WAS MY SECULAR PRIDE

after I went out into the world.”

\* \* \* \* \*

She was very cultured in all the arts, as high-class Russians always are. Even sad Maxim Gorky told me once Russia was the only country having a cultured aristocracy—the others, here-and-there.

Friends who knew her in “ Isis-Unveiled ” days, tell me she used to be a wonderful musician, in bursts of savage improvisation like nothing else in the world, foreshadowing the Rimsky-Korsakoff school.

She also painted, excellent in caricatures, which she used to sell to the New York papers when her father’s remittances did not arrive in time, or were spent the day they came.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Countess Constance Wachtmeister presided over the household at Holland Park.

A lovely woman of *blonde-cendrée* hair and “ Lost Lenore ” expression, she always reminded me of Bulwer’s violet-velvet heroines.

They kept what is called “ open-house,” if not Fechter’s and Boucicault’s eternal feast.

No one ever saw such hospitality.

With five or six in the family the table was spread for twenty.

Once-invited-always-invited.

One took a vacant seat without ceremony, came in at any time, left in the middle of a meal, sat by some poor student for one course, moved over beside a princess for another, or, as special privilege finished the repast with “ The Old Lady ” herself.

*Cuisine végétarienne.* No one would ever have known it. So rich and varied the magical dishes. A platter of chicken *fricasee* or the like supplied for the carnivorous, but usually carried away untouched.

\* \* \* \* \*

The house was the centre of dynamic energy. Often at her desk by six in the morning—a snack brought at noon—her

own out-put was colossal. Surrounded with secretaries she would work twelve hours a day. The influence of such example was the secret of the astonishing growth and expansion of the Theosophical Society.

"Lucifer" her special enthusiasm. Her writings therein superb in trenchant, uncompromising style.

It pleased her that I thought the original cover-drawing in blue-and-silver-and-grey the most beautiful ever made for a magazine.

After dinner she would move to the drawing room where she spread the cards on the table before her chair.

"AND DO YOU ASK WHAT GAME SHE PLAYS?"

It was "*Solitaire*," or "*Patience*," as called in different countries.

I do not quite understand this accompaniment to thought—it confutes the statement that one cannot do two things at once, but very great people play it and I have never known an insignificant one to do so.

Perhaps it gives the *manas* something to occupy itself with, so they do not disturb the *buddhi* soaring above.

Thus she welcomed the constant stream every night of her life. Saturday afternoons were more-public receptions. While Thursday evenings—a sacred day in India—were reserved for her personal esoteric circle.

#### HER DISCOURSES WERE THEN UPANISHADIC.

I think she knew the whole 108.

Quoted much from the *Bhagavadgita*, recognising the great precepts of that Song Celestial as truth beyond truths.

One felt if he did not understand what she was talking about, she at least did. Which can hardly be said of the jargon of most spiritual leaders.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Salon is only a success when it has a centre.

As soon as two heads get together it becomes a *soirée*.

This is why in celebrated French examples we read of but one woman.

Madame knew how to knock the heads apart and keep the circle intact.

We did not come to hear:—"Where did you buy that blouse?"

The irrelevant question was our terror. A fool can ask more in a minute than the wisest answer in a year.

Madame was very patient, too; but often the whole subject of discussion was deflected by query of the meaning of a word; which would have been understood before the evening was over if one had kept quiet. She once startled by saying:—"There is one here you think half-asleep. Not taking-in anything. Because he never asks questions. But he knows how to listen." That was the beginning of our friendship.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So many people in America have asked me why I did not *invent* a new religion.

"I always reply:—

'I LIKE CHRIST'S, BUT DO NOT CARE MUCH FOR HIS FOLLOWERS.'

W. B. Yeats, also one of the Esoterics, once said to me:—"Yes, she is wonderful, but when she is gone the fellow who opens the door will think he can take her place."

Of course, every kind of crank was there.

Mental and spiritual fakerists.

The man who had flown up the pyramids.

The woman who by prayer could make grand pianos come down through the ceiling.

The old maid with a new way of birning children.

She held all with constant ripple of good humour, tossing aside their red rags with her horns.

Many came to learn tricks and spells.

One evening all were trying to read sealed messages held to their foreheads.

I could usually get the first letter.

"Not worth the effort—try to keep in the great circles of vibration if you want power. To accomplish such tom-foolery as you seek you step out of them."

The sentimentalist had short shrift.

To a lady who was gushing over some picture of cherubs:—"Very pretty—

what are they resting on—sitting up on their tonsils, I suppose.”

She analysed with keen scapel, but not maliciously—merely vivisection.

She only interpreted good and evil as from the teachings of Krishna and had no conventional idea of “sin.”

When she wanted to draw anyone on in argument she pretended not to know English very well, but her knowledge and command increased as she swept into discussion—and look at her writings!

It was amusing to watch her parry with a journalist—lean, mental, cross-examining—who had come to trap her. At such times she would put on that stupid look Loie Fuller uses so effectively, as if only a *little* brighter she might be called half-witted; lead him on to play out all his rope, then, regaining her trenches step by step, drop her bombs; till finally she wiped up the floor with him.

The yellow eyes would grow big, their feline slits dilate in victory; then with hearty laugh she would grasp his hand,

“YOU ARE A SPLENDID FELLOW—COME OFTEN—COME ALWAYS!”

The Ganges of guests was an ethnological congress—Italian and Russian officers—Bengali Brahmins—Patriarchs of the Greek Church—mystics from every land. All felt her penetration and her power. Each fell to the charm of her universality. She lifted people to the expression of their best at once. It gave men new force to feel they had met one who could look right through to their real selves, uninfluenced by the littleness of which others make so much. Naturally the creed-bound, the literal Jonah-swallowing-the-whale order who were frightened at symbolic interpretation, were uncomfortable in the light of her logic and deep-dredged knowledge and went away calling her “a dreadful woman.” Sometimes their wives confessed “We don’t approve of her—but love her just the same.”

She had long retired absolutely from Society. People who wanted to see her came to see her. The woman who drew back on the doorstep:—“I’m afraid to go

in.” “I tremble at the thought of meeting her”—was soon at her feet.

SHE HELD BY LOVE, NOT FEAR.

Was at once both human and Christ-like. Dear Madame! We all realised when you were gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

One saw there the beautiful Princess Helena Racovitza—still beautiful—a living Titian of ineffable charm, as when the now-forgotten Lassalle duel thrilled all Europe and George Meredith wrote his “Tragic Comedians” around her. I had known her in America so we met as old friends.

“A Princess of a Thousand-and-One-Nights,” Blavatsky said.

Sometimes in those days I dined with the Russian Bishop of London.

He spoke of Madame with great affection:—

“She is too generous—she gives more than she has—when I go to her with the distress of our people she simply points to the drawer and says—take what you need if it is there.”

One encountered also that other strange Russian, with face like an *icon*, who wrote

“THE UNKNOWN CHRIST,”

claiming to have discovered in a Thibetan monastery records of those lost eighteen years of which no Evangel speaks.

William T. Stead, W. Q. Judge, Mr. Sinnett, of course, were there. Edward Maitland, too, listened with gravity. At home I had been given a most remarkable pamphlet, printed for private circulation, and thought to have something new to tell him when I asked:—“Did you ever read ‘The Keys of the Creeds’?”

“Yes. I wrote it.”

Anna Kingsford made a cult of the beautiful as well as the occult. I last met this interesting pair of *collaborateurs* in Saint Peter’s, Rome, on an Easter morning, when the handkerchief of *Santa Veronica* was being shown above the high altar. Anna was then near her doom. Her waxen pallor showed cameo-like against the black folds of her lace mantilla.

Madame de Jelihowsky, the sister of Madame Blavatsky, often visited her for

long periods. *Très grande dame*, a grey-haired woman of poise and dignity, well known in the highest Russian society. The sisters were connected with the rulers of Russia, and in the *chateau* days there were five uncles at court.

Madame herself could be most elegant of manner, but seldom gave herself the trouble. She had the royal simplicity of those who have always known they were royal and could do as they pleased.

\* \* \* \* \*

One night I took some Theosophists from Washington, D.C., to visit her.

She was sitting in seamless-robe before her table. On the floor beside her

#### A LITTLE GREY WOMAN,

who pressed one of the "Card Dealer's" hands close to her cheek, who only inclined at the introductions, who did not speak, whose name I did not catch.

All the evening she held the hand, as if this time the shipwrecked mariner was drawing force from the giant octopus to whose tentacle he clung.

Walking home I happened to mention this simile:—

"Do you know," said Mrs. Coues, "that your little grey woman was the great Annie Besant?"

#### II.

It was in Thomas Carlyle's house I first heard "spirit-rappings."

Thomas Carlyle's house before it was turned into a museum. My portrait was being painted in that little retreat with no windows, the sage of Cheyne-Chelsea built himself on the roof.

One of the celebrated "Fox Sisters" was visiting the old lady of cats and emeralds who then occupied.

I stopped on to dinner. In the evening there was a seance.

I don't remember that the spirit of Carlyle appeared to remonstrate with this desecration.

It was very unconvincing anyway.

The next morning I happened to be breakfasting with Blavatsky, and told her I had seen strange doings the night before.

"What like?"

"The crashing of blows on a door."

"Oh, that was Katie Fox."

"Madame, is there anything *spiritual* about such things?"

"Not in the slightest. She does not even know herself what brings them. For money she professed to make confession they were produced by the cracking of her big toe. The scientists of the world knelt at her feet. Sure enough they heard the raps. She could not explain if she tried. Her baby made them in his cradle."

"What were they, then?"

"There are as many undiscovered forces in the human body as in Nature, but as yet

#### WE HAVE NO EDISON OF THE BODY.

She automatically controls or is controlled by one of these forces which the future may develop to some use. All possess now in ignorance. There is nothing not common to all. As we are built on the same structure of bones and muscles, so the gamuts of thought and emotion are the same, though differentiation may be yet not-awakened."

"And your own phenomena?" I ventured:—

Here was the chance for Cagliostro. I, young, impressionable, *wanting* to be duped.

She did not drape the mantle of High-Priestess about her:—

"How dare you confound my powers with these vulgar mummeries—we have nothing in common!"

No, she replied simply:—

"Of the same order, though different—one of many vibrations not yet brought into use."

"Were yours spiritual?"

"No, psychic, but on the material plane."

I then questioned about certain strange impulses which often came over me—perhaps to cross the middle of a muddy street—how one can even argue with the promptings—no time to turn—impossible now—yet the warning persists—you know we have never sent you wrong—how, even obeying, perhaps nothing happens.

"If you had gone on your way a brick might have fallen on your head. Such

guidance can never lead to wrong. Only good can be so far-reaching. The vibrations of evil clash and break in discord. All hear, most do not trust, laugh down till they no longer knock at the door."

"Your Astral Bell, of which we read so much?"

"The same category."

"Why do you never now——?"

"I cannot—the physical effort of concentration necessary to produce such vibration might kill me."

"Will I ever——?"

"WHEN YOU GO TO INDIA."

Did I hear it then?

Yes.

In Ahmedabad I was given the deserted palace of a former *maharajah*—my *charpai* spread next day in the great dusty throne-room with tarnished splendour of crimson and gold *kincob* and forest of crystal chandeliers.

Do you know the Hindus' passion for "Chandeliers"? Where we have one, he will hang five. Here there were forty.

Half-dreaming, waiting for the elephant to take me to see the tree-of-Life windows, I gradually became conscious of a silvery sound, faint, far away, more beautiful than anything I had ever listened to.

This surely the "Astral Bell"!

At last I located from the throne room. Softly tip-toed—nothing there—still the strange cadence.

The angel wings fluttered overhead.

A little bright bird, circled with rainbows, was darting in and out the crystal pendants intoxicated with the music of the spheres.

AND I THOUGHT OF BLAVATSKY.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once waiting an hour for Madame to be free, I looked over the books in her own library. A soft touch on my shoulder:—

"What are you doing?"

"Reading—I never saw these before."

"I wish the world had never seen them. They were put together from conversations. I did not realise they were going to be published."

\* \* \* \* \*

Once when speaking in a Mississippi river town, some local Theosophical Society gave me a reception, and requested me to tell them of the "Esoteric-She."

I asked—do you want the real Blavatsky or the occult bogey you read about—the real of course!—"Well, you would have nothing like the real at your afternoon tea-parties—She would not mind shocking your little conventions—not from desire to shock—but because she *was* real—she smoked—she swore——"

"That would have settled her for me," said one perfect lady, "a profane woman!"

"Yes, she smoked, as do all Russians. She swore in eight different languages. It is only wicked in English. I have told you she was one of the greatest awakening-influences of my life. Could I cast her out because she rolled cigarettes? I know thousands of women who do not swear who are fools."

\* \* \* \* \*

So much has been made of her violence. One does not realise the shock of words not in her own language—

An American woman in Paris who hurls "*Nom de Doo!*" at every *cocher*, would never cry "Name of God!" to a cabman at home. The French "*Mon Dieu*" is an intensive without any of the viciousness of our "My God!"

Her famous tempers were summer-thunderstorms. The child kicks and screams on the hearth rug. We pick it up, kiss away its tears and love it just as much as before.

Some people's passions reveal undreamed of depths of malignity—unkindness—uncharitableness—hardness—pettiness—evil.

One almost laughed at hers, the sun shone so plainly through.

A BIG, GENEROUS ADVERSARY.

I have seen her in an argument suddenly strike her forehead with her clenched fist:—"What an idiot I am! My dear friend, forgive me—you are right, and I am wrong."

How many will do this!

She reminded me of Walt Whitman who threw up his window every morning with a

*Salut au monde!* which might be translated in *revue* fashion "Hullo World!" Her language, as his, was almost *Biblique* in frankness but never coarse.

In the books on her private shelves I often noted the word "Pig" scrawled under certain passages, recalling in a different way a good old friend of hers, Mme. Richard Henry Savage, who, when I asked what the same word meant dotted over her address book, replied:—"The people who don't buy tickets for my lectures!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was characteristic in her to be addressed as "The Old Lady" at home. For the public she liked best H.P.B. I never could say it. The meaningless of initials seemed not great enough for her. It was like calling Queen Victoria "Vic."

She loved to catch at the picturesque and comic in words. We all do in foreign tongues. "Flapdoodle" became her special pet. It knocked people out of the ring so easily. At first she used it for its sound, but when someone gave her its real alliterative meaning she never tired of it—

FLAPDOODLE, THE FOOD FED TO FOOLS.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her Cossack face showed sometimes in repose the sadness of being great and living, but it usually reflected the joy. Nothing could embitter her.

She was not tragic in the Greek sense. Shakespeare's saving grace of humour shone a golden thread through her darkest gloom.

In younger days she resembled much George Sand, whose contemplative eyes made her friends term her—"The Sacred Cow of the Ganges." She also much looked like "La" Loïe Fuller, especially in her way of listening to a conversation.

In voice Janaushek, the great Czech *tragédienne* who played in America long ago—the first actress Ludwig of Bavaria ever saw. Her "come in" broke the door panels like Katie Fox's raps.

Her eyes amber, streaked with turquoise.

Her hair ashy African wool.

She looked like a man—a woman—a lion—an eagle—a turtle—a toad—cosmic—all things.

Those long, subtle fingers which bent back till they touched her wrist—sign of psychic pliancy—were always rolling cigarettes, as if conscious of their grace. People who only noticed *little* beauties said this was the only one she possessed.

It did not matter what covered her, she picked up the robe most convenient.

Sometimes the "seamless-garment" of the Bible which exceedingly became her.

It covers everything, but requires skilful manipulation of massive folds.

Square spread-out, it drops from chin to foot, its lines becoming classic in lifting the immense sleeves, which with her touched the floor, to be piled up three or four times over the arm in most impressive fashion.

If one had said "impressive" she would never have worn it again. In this she was "immense"—like Rodin's Balzac—like those Easter-Island statues in the British Museum she so often referred to, declaring of antediluvian even of Lemurian origin.

I used to tell her she was the best-dressed woman in the world:—

"But I don't dress at all."

"That's just it—the others try to."

Her mind flashed its searchlights through all space.

Her soul sat naked as the *yogi* in his Himalayan cave.

She literally took no thought of the morrow.

How often in the Land of Bharat have I proffered to the Holy One I had been talking to—receiving reply we never speak:—

"I HAVE HAD ENOUGH FOR TO-DAY."

or, if not enough, as simply taking my smallest coin for the rice of the evening.

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The voice of God speaks on the mountain tops that all great things are equal.

Once in Rome I saw Queen Margherita open a new Palace of Decorative Art. Nations had loaned their treasures for the occasion. Side-by-side spread the

Dalmatica of Charlemagne;

The Coronation Robes of Napoleon;

The Blanket of Garibaldi:—

Madame Blavatsky was the blanket of Garibaldi.

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She should be living to-day, but belonging to the flying corps of the mind, scorned study or care of our physical envelope.

She once wrote :—"No philosophy worthy of the name ever took the slightest notice of the human body."

I dared retort—"That is why we leave philosophies on the bookshelves and do not live them."

Sometimes she never went out of the house for six months at a time. Not even to walk in her garden. Grew to the proportions of a Japanese Buddha. She thought only of the psychic side. The forces to be discovered. Not the domination of the organic and functional.

That limitation robs us of the great work of so many of our great leaders. Herbert Spencer, Carlyle, Tennyson, Darwin, Ruskin lived in misery and kept others in misery because they scorned the life-line. Yet she contemned the Christian Scientists because their leaders could not demonstrate all they preached. She would not even listen to the words Physical Culture. Shut me up with "Flapdoodle" when I mentioned it. Or said :—"Oh, recite us 'Eden Bower.'" That was her favourite poem. She liked the mysticism of Rossetti. Knew all his legends. The eroticism of Swinburne was not in her line. "Tiger Bay," the "Ballad of J das Iscariot," by Robert Buchanan, appealed to her. She was too impatient to read Browning, but enjoyed his depth of thought if anyone quoted passages.

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She often talked of that great mystery, the origin of the Aryan race.

A picnic party of angels, not fallen but willing to fall, must have visited this planet in their Aero-Automobiles. Looked upon the daughters of men and found them fair. Loved a day and flown away.

Then divine light shone in savage eyes.

Men rose and stood erect with the sense of wings.

They saw

THE STAR IN THE EAST AND FOLLOWED IT.

Or, of the first spirit races who fell into matter, when the Lord gave them coats of skin, which most imagine to have been over-coats.

These pre-Adamic-races were bi-sexual.

"The Lord made man He made them male and female."

The story of Adam is the separation of the sexes.

I remember how she used to laugh as I would say :—

"Yes, I understand all that, Madame, but I am sure that when the cutting-in-two came the knife sometimes slipped—

"You are all a woman, but have more than your share of man. Somewhere a poor little creature wanders

"A mere slice of humanity.

"We should not call him effeminate.

"He is merely demi-masculine.

"HE IS THE LEFT OVER SCRAP OF BLAVATSKY."

Once at a Parisian garden-party on a wager I entered the cage of a lion-tamer.

Afterwards a friend asked :—"Why did you show no fear when the beasts were leaping around you, and

WHY DID YOU SMILE SO WHEN YOU LOOKED INTO THE EYES OF THE LIONESS?"

I nearly laughed at that lioness, for she brought me back the day at Regent Street.

Her eyes were the eyes I saw when I said—"Now let all the devil in you shine out."

I almost expected to have her turn and reply :—

"Child, there is no devil in me."

The eyes of that lioness were the eyes of Blavatsky.

Eternal. Pitiless. Loving.

EDMUND RUSSELL.

# The Birth of a New Sub-Race

## II. Civilisation to-day in the Trough between Two Waves.

By C. W. LEADBEATER.

*[In the first lecture of this series, Mr. Leadbeater explained the theosophical conception of evolution of man through a succession of great Root-Races, divided into a number of Sub-Races. In the present lecture he goes on to show how present-day conditions are preparing for the advent of a new Sub-Race, the sixth of the great Aryan Root-Race.]*

**L**AST Sunday I spoke to you of the general plan of evolution through races and sub-races, and explained to you that we were now just at that very interesting point, the beginning of a new sub-race. I mentioned to you something of what its characteristics would be, and to-night I wish to show you the nature of these particular characteristics, and the way in which we hope that they may work in the outer world.

The principle which underlies all progress appears to be that of cyclic movements. Everything goes in impulses ; it moves forward, works for a while, draws back again and then goes forth again. The life of man himself is the nearest example of it ; man as a soul comes down into incarnation ; he takes a body, and through that he learns certain lessons, he develops certain qualities, and then he goes back again into himself in order to digest the result of his efforts, in order to assimilate those qualities and to strengthen those powers. Then he comes out again and once more shows himself through matter, in order that a fresh set of qualities may be developed.

What is true of the life of man is equally true of the life of a nation ; just as a man has his youth, his period of maturity and success, and then his decline, so has a nation its period of youth, the time when it flourishes, when all its great work in the world is done, and then after that a period of decay when the nation is gradually dying out from its position of great importance. History shows us that that is what happened with all the great civilisations. If you will follow the story of any of them—the great Persian rule, the great Greek system, or the Roman Empire (in many ways the greatest of all)—you will find that is true of all of them. What happened to these civilisations of old must in the nature of things happen to our own civilisation. It is well we should bear that in mind. It is true equally of all civilisations, and sometimes one is apt to think that that is a great pity.

I remember years ago being strongly impressed with that with regard to a civilisation of which many of you have scarcely heard—the civilisation of ancient Peru. If you will read the books on the subject, if you will study the system that the Spaniards found in operation when

they conquered that country, you will be struck with its adaptability, the good fortune that seemed to attend it, the excellent way in which everything was being managed. It does seem a pity that the Spaniards should come down upon that, and should destroy it all—destroy a nation that was flourishing so splendidly and peacefully, and doing such excellent work for its people in the way of their development. We can see a reason for it when we think, but you will have to think a good while before you will see why the horrible cruelty of the Spaniards, and the carnage which their arrival introduced, could be thought of as in any sort of way an improvement upon what went before. In the same way the magnificent Roman Empire went down before the attacks of the Goths and the Vandals, people who were distinctly below the Romans in civilisation and in almost everything that to us would make life worth living ; but just the few things that they had, which the Roman civilisation had not, were the seeds of a future greatness which was to reach a height untouched by Rome.

So history teaches us this lesson, that although, one after another, the mighty and splendid civilisations pass away, their passing away is for the ultimate good of the world as a whole. I am not for a moment putting before you any idea of the progress of humanity from the point of view that we individually must sacrifice everything to the good of a posterity which, after all, has done nothing for *us* ; but, holding as I do the doctrine of reincarnation, I say to you, that *we* come back again, the same souls come back again, to find a better environment waiting them, and that is the fundamental reason for all this cyclical movement of progress. The soul grows, and as it grows its vehicle, the body, to some extent grows along with it. You can change a body up to a certain extent, but not beyond that limit, and if a man makes rapid progress, he presently reaches a stage where it is better that he should take a more developed body to suit his more developed soul. That is the reason for reincarnation—that and the consideration that each body is intended for the learning of

certain lessons and the development of certain qualities.

The same idea must be applied to the growth, the maturity and the decay of nations. What, after all, is a nation ? If you do not understand the idea of reincarnation, if you think of yourself as born only once, then you say : “ This is my nation ; I belong to this, I could not possibly belong to any other ” ; but if you understand that you, the soul, take many successive bodies, you will say :

“ This is my nation now for the moment ; I am part of it, I must fight for it, work for it ; but I have belonged to other nations in the past ; I shall belong to others in the future ; I am here for a certain definite purpose ; let me discover what it is and try to carry out the plan, because I know that the plan is for man’s ultimate good, for the advantage of humanity as a whole.”

And so you begin to see why nations have a history like that of an individual man. A particular nation exists to develop in its people certain qualities ; but only a certain number of egos or souls are ready to come into those bodies and acquire those qualities. So at last there comes a time when all these who are ready now to learn that particular lesson, have learned it ; there are no more souls needing that environment, and therefore that race begins to die out. It is usually the birth-rate that falls. You can see that happening in some countries of the world even now. You know that certain countries are progressing in this respect, and you will see that other countries with exactly the same opportunities are not increasing in population in the same way. There are those where the population is decreasing instead of increasing, and (other things being equal) it means that the particular qualities that they have been intended to develop are no longer needed in that form ; so the race is dying out.

A race exists not for its own sake, but for the sake of the souls who are passing through it ; and if you get that idea into your mind, and if you also understand that souls pass in succession through all these different types of races, you will see no

reason to regret the disappearance of the wonderful Greek art or the Roman regularity and order ; because we are the very people, after all, who made these mighty civilisations ; we who are now born in these races to develop other qualities, have already passed through those and learnt our lessons, and therefore we do not need them any more, and so the races fade out.

You need not regret the passing away of a civilisation, however magnificent, because the souls that made it magnificent will return again and make another one still more magnificent. The whole thing is progress. Take the case of ancient Peru. The life of that nation was wonderfully mapped out. There was no poverty and no crime ; there was only one punishment by law, and that was expulsion from the community. Wonderful though that was, it did not encourage man's initiative. If you are to make useful, powerful men, you must give them the opportunity of exercising their free will ; they will use it wrongly part of the time, but still there must be that free will ; the moment you give it to them, a State such as that of ancient Peru is impossible. You can no longer drive men your own way, because you are giving them their free will, and they must learn how to use it. The Deity recognises, I think, that in using our free will we must use it wrongly at times. In Peru they were simply driven the right way like sheep ; that does not make great spiritual powers ; it may make good and docile men, but not powers who can control Empires in the future, which is the object of all this.

There is then a birth, a youth, maturity, and decay for every nation ; and the same for the great Root-Races. We, of the Aryan race, have not yet reached our prime ; we are still in many ways a young people. I mean, the Aryan race as a whole, although it has existed in the world for sixty thousand years, is still not yet in its prime ; but the race that preceded it, the great Atlantean, has very distinctly passed its prime, and all that is now left of its civilisation has shown signs of decadence. That which exists in Java, that which

exists in the Malay States—all these are relics of the great Atlantean system ; but you can see that these countries are in the throes of decay ; they have passed beyond their time of greatest usefulness. That means that the higher souls are no longer incarnating in these races, but have come on into the new race, the Aryan ; they are among *us*.

I do not want, of course, to suggest that we should be in any way conceited about that. Our business in regard to it is to be careful to take our opportunity, to see exactly what is wanted from us, and do it ; because, you see, we are living here under a mighty system of law, over the origin of which we have no power whatever. It is therefore only ordinary wisdom for us to try to understand the system, and as far as may be to adapt ourselves to it. That is the essence of Theosophical thought—that we should try to understand the plan of the universe and adapt ourselves to it ; not because we shall save ourselves much trouble, but because by forwarding that scheme we shall hasten its end, the glorious end when all humanity will have reached the level which the Deity intends it to reach.

We are at a transition stage at present ; I think you can see many manifestations of that fact if you look into the world around you. You will find that in quite a number of ways we seem to have come to the end of things, to be unable to get further along the line on which we have been travelling ; and yet at the same time we are not without promise that new doors may be opening or are about to open before us, which may take us along quite new lines of development. Look at different departments of life, and see how far that is true. Take, for example, one of the most important departments of life, that of religion ; look around you here in your country, and see how the religion which we are all supposed to profess is really working with regard to us.

The first fact that will strike you is that religion as such has little to do with our daily lives. You have been born into such conditions, and therefore perhaps you do not notice them ; but go to other countries

where other faiths prevail; go, for example, to British India and look into the lives of the three hundred millions of people there; go into a Muhammadan or Buddhist country, and you will see something entirely different. The ordinary tourist going to such countries thinks that the people are heathens; but remember that if you had happened to be born there, all *that* would have seemed to you the proper life, and religion, and all this Christianity would have seemed to you what *that* seems now. So, I say, if you go to one of these countries, and try to understand the people, almost the first fact that will leap to your eyes is that in these countries religion is a reality, that it enters into the daily life of every man and woman; and that will strike you as something rather odd, because you are not used to it at home. There are plenty of bad men in India as well as plenty of good men, but at least you will find that every moment of his life the Indian's religion is affecting him. He has been brought up from childhood along these lines. Every single action all through the day has a distinctly religious flavour put into it. That is a striking thing to us who are not used to it. There are those who say that it is all superstition; on the contrary, I maintain that if there is to be a religion at all, that is precisely how it ought to be.

Why does not our religion affect us in the same way all the time? Please remember that it used to do so, that in the Middle Ages in Europe the people's religion did run all through their lives much more than it does in European countries now. I do not know much about Russia; I believe they are very religious there. I know that in certain countries the peasants still retain a strong religious flavour in their daily lives. But taking our own Anglo-Saxon race on a whole, at the present moment, we are not a race whose religion plays a part in its daily life. And why not? The great mediæval faith which took it all for granted has been undermined, and in that form it can never return. You have had the higher criticism, which showed you that many of the books of your sacred Scriptures were not at all

written as they were supposed to be, that in many of them were all sorts of errors, that they did not accurately represent the history of the times; and so on. You have had disputes touching the fundamentals of religion. Here in Australia, not long ago, a Bishop pronounced the Old Testament as quite unfit in its morals for the education of the young. I think he was quite justified in what he said. I have seen in the Hibbert Journal a discussion as to the words and actions of the Christ as represented in the New Testament, the question being quite openly raised (and that by a clergyman) as to whether we could consider Him as really omnipresent or omniscient, or as entirely benevolent. The very fact that such questions as these should be so studied and discussed shows you that the old blind belief of the Middle Ages can never return to us. We are taking the whole thing from a different point of view. We can never again as a race be religious exactly in the way in which our forefathers were religious three or four hundred years ago.

One might think from the point of view of progress that that was a loss, because then at least people were really religious, even though ignorantly religious; and now they are frankly irreligious. But it is only the trough between two waves. Be sure that we shall be religious again in the future, but it will be in a different way; we shall be religious with reason added to our religion; our religion will be such as can stand microscopic investigation. It will no longer consist of a number of dogmas which we do not understand. We shall be scientific in our religious thought as well as in our every-day thought. We shall blend the two in one. We shall get back our belief, only we shall get it back on a higher level and in a different way.

The religion as it stands has lost its hold on the majority of our population. Compare the seating accommodation of all your places of worship with the population of your city, and see what the result is. I believe the proportion in England is something like one in fifteen. That surely is in itself, without going any further, a proof that the religion of the day is not

that of the nation as a whole ; it has not taken hold of them as other religions have taken hold of their people. That does not prove anything as to which is right ; it is a question of facts. Therefore the religion as it stands has failed to keep its hold of the people. If religion is to become a mighty factor in human life, we need something new in some way ; we shall have to start along some new lines, because the old ones seem insufficient.

What is the possibility of the future ? I mentioned to you last week, when speaking of the characteristics of the new sub-race, that these people will be exceedingly sensitive, that they will have certain psychic possibilities. You may or may not have studied the question of psychic possibilities ; but if, for the moment, you admit that there are such things, there is another line of religious thought opening up before us. We know the psychic faculty is on the increase, and that it is near the surface in most people. The cases of those who possess some sort of psychic faculty are certainly increasing in numbers.

If we take a dozen people at random out of this audience, and subject them to hypnotism, you will find that more than half of them will prove to be to some extent clairvoyant. That shows that this faculty of clairvoyance is near the surface. It needs, in the case of most people, that the vehicles of the senses should be dulled before it can show itself ; but the moment that these senses are so dulled, out comes the inner sight. In more than half, in perhaps seventy-five per cent., of the cases which are hypnotised, you find more or less of this faculty of clairvoyance. Indeed, science is beginning to admit that there is such a thing. Of course, it relabels it ; it always does ; but names do not matter much.

Here, then, is distinctly a possibility ; if these psychic powers are so near the surface even in the people of this earlier sub-race, and if in the sixth sub-race they are going to be still nearer the surface, you will be in the presence of another set of religious evidences. Instead of having to depend upon the assertions of the priest, instead of having to rely upon what is

written in ancient books, you will be able to learn things for yourself. I believe myself that that is the only real and permanent foundation for any religion—the finding by man of the God within him ; for God is in everyone of you, in every human being, and the whole of religion is to bring the God within us to the surface so that he can understand and commune with the God without.

You will no longer doubt the existence of God, because you will know it and feel it, and that is the only certain way in which any man can ever know it. We argue much now as to states after death ; but if the clairvoyant faculty should become fairly general, the question could not be debated because vast numbers of people would see those whom you call the dead, and would be able to talk with them and hear all about the conditions in which they live in the higher world. It is only a question of the possibility of this development. An increasing number of people are already obtaining that evidence for themselves ; if that number is still more to increase in the future, religion and its teaching will stand at once on an altogether different footing, because people will see not only these things which I have told you, but they will see for themselves the effect of good thought and of evil thought. If they go to a church they will see the power of the Sacrament ; they will see exactly what it all means. So religion may receive a stimulus from an altogether unexpected quarter.

Take science. I think you will see that there also we have rather come to the end of things in certain directions. We live in a time of the most unparalleled scientific development. If you look back a hundred years you will see how much has changed. At the time that the great battle of Waterloo was fought, how different everything was ! No telegraph, no railways, no telephones, no aeroplanes, no electricity ; the whole conditions were so different that it was like living in another world altogether. That tremendous change has come over us in a century. We have made the most wonderful discoveries along all scientific lines ; but, at the same time, scientists are coming rather

to the end of their old methods. You know that scientific men have elaborated the most marvellous instruments of minute accuracy. They can weigh the inappreciable thousandth part of an almost inappreciable grain; and yet with all the splendid accuracy of their instruments, with all the wonderful development of fineness and delicacy, they are near the end of their tether in many respects.

The whole foundation of our science rests on observation; but you will notice, if you read the later scientific books, that they are dealing with mathematical formulæ only; they deduce certain things about them by means of all sorts of mathematical calculations. It is a wonderful achievement. Only they are departing from the method of observation on which our science has been based until now; they are reaching up into an unfamiliar region, and they are at the end of the perfect accuracy, so that there is a great deal of guessing about it. It is inevitable. There also they need something new; they need a new departure. This faculty of clairvoyance, so useful in regard to religion, will become invaluable in science too, because it is possible instead of developing the instruments to develop the observer. There are faculties latent in man by which he can directly appreciate the infinitely little, by which it is actually possible for him to see the atom without needing the aid of the microscope. That power has been developed and has been used; it is a thing that can be acquired, although its acquirement means an amount of hard work, of self-denial and of limitation in various ways, which would frighten a good many people. Take such a science as psychology; the scientific examiners of psychology can get no further along their own lines; they can collect evidence, but in order to get it they must go to the very people they despise; they must go to the spiritualists, to the mesmerists, and from them learn something about the strange stages of consciousness which are out of the normal.

You will find that in medicine, for example, doctors have less and less faith in mere drugs, while more and more they

are attaching importance to the mental aspect of the case. There is many a doctor who recognises that to get the patient's thought with him is half the battle; if he can raise the patient's expectations, he has already gone a long way towards a cure. There is nothing new in that idea, and yet it is coming to the front in quite new ways. Many doctors in France habitually use clairvoyance in order to diagnose obscure cases. It is a question of the development of more faculties in man, that he may be able to observe for himself without the aid of instruments—I mean without the aid of physical instruments of any sort.

You will see the same condition of change coming over us in art; you know, art is becoming quite a new thing, quite a different thing. In the old days we were content to admire the old masters and those who followed as closely as they might in their footsteps; but now you know that all kinds of new art are arising. We meet the Futurists and the Cubists, and their productions are weird to the last degree; they are like nothing in heaven or earth now, but I believe they *will* be; I believe that all these strange unnatural-looking things are efforts to express something more than has been expressed before. You will find the same thing in music; the newer music differs widely from the old. But I believe that all these discords which sound strange to the ears of old-fashioned people are really efforts to express something higher; I believe that it is a stage on the way to the music of the future. They are not successful expressions of it yet, but they *will* be; and because of what they suggest far more than what they actually are, they have a fascination for some people; they make us see more than the ordinary physical eye can see; they are intended to suggest the things of a higher world. Presently we shall get through this stage, and instead of ineffectually attempting to indicate these things, we shall find a way in which we *can* indicate them.

If you take up social conditions, you will see that our old schemes are failing before our eyes. You cannot pretend that pro-

blems of sociology have been satisfactorily answered anywhere. You are trying great experiments here in Australasia, and you make in certain ways a success of them, because of the size of the land and the smallness of the population, but we are far from a satisfactory and established condition yet. Over in England we have enormous wealth, but also appalling poverty—conditions much like those which were to be seen towards the end of the great Roman Empire. We have not really solved anything yet. You know in America they have tried all sorts of new experiments; yet there has been trouble in all directions; strikes and social conflicts of all sorts; trusts and combinations, which again and again have cheated the public, and have swept up for selfish purposes the property of the nation.

I believe that there, and here, we are in the trough between two waves, that we are working our way through experiments into something that is better and higher than what has gone before. The idea of brotherhood, of co-operation instead of competition, is abroad in the world. People talk of it, and recognise that this would be a truly desirable thing if it could be done, but no one yet has shown how to do it on a large scale. Small communities have been started in various places which have worked well for a time, but sooner or later selfishness stepped in and the thing broke down. The thing can be done; it is certain that in the future brotherhood shall rule the world, that co-operation shall come in somehow instead of competition; but it must come in along with commonsense. Unless we are able to recognise the true principle of brotherhood, I fear we shall make no more of it than our forefathers have done.

Remember that brotherhood involves difference in age, and you will have to realise that there are old as well as young souls. The idea that all men are born equal does not represent the facts of nature, for it is not true. Some of them are old souls, some are young; some have qualities which others have not. It is not true that all men are born equal, nor is the American theory that all men are born free. The idea

that man is born free is a strange one, for man is born as a little baby; if he were left free he would not survive many days; he needs careful attention, or he does not live. You have to face facts. The young soul is unable to learn much; he has little moral development as a whole; he is selfish, he is carried away by the impulses of the moment without care for what will be produced in the future by his action; he is shallow, he is trivial, he is little. The old soul is calm in judgment, he has great capacity, he has foresight; and above all he is unselfish. That is the way in which you may know the old and young soul. A system which gives government into the hands of the younger souls can never work perfectly satisfactorily; you must evolve some scheme of getting the right men into the right places.

There was the old scheme of caste in India; perhaps it worked some time ago, but it does not work now. There is the system of the Divine Right of Kings: a splendid idea if we had always the right kind of Kings, but often we have not had them. Now the idea is to give all the power into the hands of the multitude; but the majority are always ignorant, the majority cannot have highly specialised vehicles. It is a way of guarding against certain kinds of oppression, but it lays itself open to a great deal of oppression in other ways. It has been well said that the tyranny of a democracy may be the greatest tyranny of all. A free nation can only be built of free men and women, and no man or woman is free while he or she is a slave to vice, or drink, or selfishness. Your individuals must be free men in that sense before you can build a free nation out of them.

In this very country you are going to have the opportunity of commencing a new sub-race; you must surely see how important it is that it should commence along right lines. A great radical change is necessary; but at present great experiments cannot be tried, because of the enormous number of vested interests that already exist. They cannot be tried in England, because there are different parties, each ready to make capital out of

whatever the other party happens to do ; there has always been the difficulty of upsetting so many things in so many different directions if you try to make a really sweeping reform. There comes in the possibility of benefit out of this thing which is so terrible an evil—this great war ; that it is an awful thing we all know well, but at least it may make so great a change that it may be possible to try experiments on a really large scale. See how the Czar of Russia took advantage of it, and simply with one word wiped out the manufacture of vodka. Something like that they tried in England, but there has been too much trouble. Even yet who knows what may be done if our rulers have the necessary courage ? This great war may have that as one of its effects, that it may make possible experiments on a gigantic scale which would have been quite unthinkable otherwise ; and if that can be so, it is almost worth it, for things which are obviously good ideas cannot be tried under the existing *regime* of government by talk. It may be that out of this terrible evil will come for the world great and enormous good.

There is at least the tremendous fact that those of your people who are being killed in that war are being brought back again to be born in this new sub-race. All these young men, who are cut off so abruptly in the flower of their youth, are not lost to the nation, as they appear to be to a superficial observer. On the contrary, they will be brought back to their motherland—brought back as speedily as possible. By their splendid sacrifice of their lives for the sake of an ideal, they have earned the right to be born into this new sub-race, and a special new depart-

ment of astral work has been organised to train them and fit them for it before that rebirth takes place. That new department is put in charge of one of your own officers—one who was killed in the early days of the war ; and it is his business to prepare and instruct these young heroes, so that they may understand something of the part which they have been chosen to play—so that when they come back to earth these souls may know what is expected of them, even if they cannot yet impress it upon their new physical bodies.

That is a stupendous fact, and one that ought to bring great consolation to those whose loved ones have fallen in the fight ; a fact also of the most intense interest, because it shows that this future is not a mere matter of speculation, but a definite and practical matter in which everyone of us may have the honour of co-operation if we will. Here is the opportunity before us. Shall we not take it ? Remember that this opportunity is not given to us by chance ; remember that we have earned it by some actions in the remote past ; everyone of you has earned the right to be born here instead of somewhere else—just where and when this sub-race is going to begin. You are the people in whose hands the Deity of the system has put the power of guiding and helping those who are growing up into this new race. If we lose it, it may be many thousands of years before such an opportunity comes in our way again. If we lose it, the work will still be done, but we shall not be the people who do it. We shall have lost that chance. And most assuredly we shall, through many millenniums to come, regret that we were not wise enough to take the opportunity that Providence offered to us.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

(To be continued.)

# Music: and the Critical Faculty

By CYRIL SCOTT.

IT is a sad thing that certain customs which have no real justification for their existence should ever come into being, and not only that, but should thrive for numbers of years without the larger public ever realising their absurdity, still less make any attempt to get rid of them. And yet this is just what has happened in connection with the institution known as "musical criticism," which, owing to the nature of things, is in a position to abuse its privileges far more readily than does criticism attached towards any other art. Indeed, out of a perfectly justifiable and, in many respects, dignified thing, a custom has resulted which has entirely lost sight of the impulse which gave it birth, namely, an exploration of a work of art in order to lay bare its inner meaning—and, instead of adhering to that noble office, criticism has degenerated into a mere exhibition of "hole-picking," to use an expressive piece of slang, or at best a mere matter of ordinary newspaper reporting, and nothing more.

Now, it is always deplorable when a thing of beauty and nobility becomes so vulgarised as to degenerate into a thing of ugliness, but it is still more deplorable when human beings gain a livelihood by it in its degenerated form. For in that we are heralding a new and purer age in the world's history, it is folly to blind ourselves to the many "abuses" of the present one, since what we cannot see, we cannot hope to cure; and thus in pointing out the errors of the now existent system, I do so with this latter hope in view and with no other motive. And to begin with, I may show the attitude of composers in general towards journalistic criticism as a whole, by citing the remark of one particular musician, who said, "I shall only

begin to regard the English nation as a musical one when it makes war against barrel organs and *newspaper critics*." Since, without wishing to be unduly severe, I am constrained to say that a livelihood which is gained by causing other people annoyance, or doing them positive harm even, can hardly be described as a very elevating one; and yet newspaper criticism not only achieves these two things, but misleads the public as well. The fact is, that a certain type of mind is so apt to regard a thing as true whenever it can read it in print, that even the opinions of an ignoramus become of some weight when exhibited in a newspaper. Indeed, this credulity is so marked on the part of the public at large that they throw all reason overboard and reject the unprinted opinions of great minds, allowing themselves, on the other hand, to be swayed by the *printed* opinions of men about whom they know nothing. I may mention in this connection an incident which occurred some years ago when the celebrated conductor, Hans Richter, performed for the first time a new work by a British composer. For, as goes without saying, Richter performed this work because he considered it of merit, and I may even add he considered it of *great* merit; nevertheless, the morning after the performance one of the newspapers, at least, printed a slashing article saying the composition was "not worthy of the concert promoters, the conductor, or the audience." Nor was the writer of this article even a musically educated man, apart from the significant fact that he had never *written* a bar of music, being entirely incapable of so doing. But the point of the incident manifested itself in a remark of a member of the audience who happened at the time to be receiving tuition from a

now well-known singer, "I enjoyed that new work enormously," he said, "and thought it extremely clever, but, of course, I altered my opinion when I read this morning's paper." And strange though it may seem, his teacher, a musician of great culture, had much difficulty in persuading him to re-alter his opinion even when he pointed out that Richter's view of the matter, considering his great fame and forty years' musical experience was of more weight than a man's who might write newspaper articles but never music itself. And yet, such is the power of print, and such is the tendency to be glamourised by it.

It is obvious, then, that true criticism as an art, is not one of mere "hole-picking," but a matter of inspiration, inclination and exploration; exploration into a work, not so much to lay bare its blemishes, but to discover the point of view of its creator and thereby help others to perceive its beauties and to comprehend them. That being so, it is as unfitting to ask any man to write a so-called criticism every day, or, for that matter, several a day, as to ask a composer to write a song every day, or a poet to create a poem. And, what is more, the man who agrees to this proposal, knowing it to be impossible of adequate fulfilment, knowing that he will mislead the public, that he will often condemn that which he cannot understand, and so on and so forth, is entering into a profession which, on the face of it, is hardly an honest one.

And yet the profession itself and its inauguration by newspaper proprietors is, in one sense, more to blame than the critics who enter it. Although we as composers regard it as a mere absurdity, not to say farce, yet our reasons for so doing may not be known to the public at large, and the truth of the case is that every-day criticism—so to express myself—inferns the strange coincidence that a man who cannot do a thing himself knows vastly more about it than the man who *can*; or, to put it otherwise, in order to be able correctly to judge a thing one must have no prejudices whatever, not even the prejudices which arise from capability. In fact, to be en-

tirely unprejudiced one must, above all else, not know *how* to do a thing, for this absence of knowledge is the secret of true criticism. It is true that some critics are themselves unsuccessful composers—though these are rare instances—but this fact, far from making them reliable, is apt to have the contrary effect. The whole matter as it stands at the present day, therefore, is utterly without logic; and, apart from the fact that a man who knowingly enters a somewhat dishonest profession cannot possess the most altruistic standard of morality, one is more apt to sympathise with his blunders as the result of his difficult vocation, rather than condemn him. Even if he be a man of some culture, the circumstances under which he works are almost bound to frustrate any valuable achievements; for, not only is he expected to listen to music until its very sound has become abhorrent to him, but he is also expected to judge of what he hears without adequate time to reflect, or a propitious rehearing of the work to reconsider his decision.

We must, however, admit that certain composers overlook the fact that the vocation itself is at fault, and thus sweep all critics aside with the convenient but intolerant word "fools," entirely forgetting that nearly every man must perforce be guilty of foolishness regarding difficult matters if he is permitted no leisure to weigh the *pros* and *cons* of his subject. But this attitude of intolerance is based on a misconception, and the more philosophical composer adopts an attitude rather of pleasure than contempt when his works are condemned, because he realises there is a certain grave disappointment in being immediately understood; in knowing that a work of art, which has taken him months of thoughtful labour to accomplish, should be comprehended in a few moments by a man who is probably incapable of writing a note of music himself. As the writer of a book of aphorisms, entitled "The Real Tolerance,"\* compressed into one sentence: "Unfortunate is the creator who is immediately understood, for to be thus understood

\* A. C. Fifield.

often means not to be worth understanding." And again, a later aphorism from the same book sums up what is or ought to be the attitude of the more enlightened composer, for it runs, "O, you who are a great artist and have arrived at the noon of your career, when you no longer reap mere slander but also praise, to you I say—if a work of yours receive ten bad criticisms and only three good, then be indeed glad, for it is a sign you are still progressing, but if a work receive ten bad criticisms and ten good be not so glad, for it is likely to be a sign that you are standing still; whereas if you receive nothing but good criticisms, then think well upon that work, lest it be wise to destroy it."

The unfortunate Chattertons of art, then, may be said to be a thing of the past, with few exceptions. Indeed, the young men dying under their burdens of "non-appreciation" belong to a less philosophical age than the present one; for they were woefully unaware of the philosophy of condemnation, and so the one thing which ought to have elated them merely depressed them instead. That phrase to be found in the Indian Song Celestial "to work thou hast the right, but not to the fruits thereof," was to them unknown, and likewise the deeper and larger significance of another scriptural maxim—one which the Church has only partially interpreted (as I make bold to say it has done with many such)—and I allude to the verse, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake . . . for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Truly, as long ago as the Prophet of Nazareth, the truth has been known that all greatness must of necessity be at first condemned, and therefore the truly enlightened artist is glad when he is reviled, and a little saddened when *everybody* praises him.

But to return to criticism itself. Schopenhauer, in his essay on the subject (which, by the way, he precludes with the statement that for the most part there is no such thing as the critical faculty), says,

"When we speak of *taste* . . . we mean the discovery, or, it may be only the recognition, of what is right æsthetically, apart from the guidance of any rule; and this, either because no rule has yet been extended to the matter in question, or else because, if existing, it is unknown to the artist, or the critic, as the case may be." To found criticism on rule, then, is to run the great danger of building one's house upon the sands. To found it on rules, furthermore, is to found it on *tradition*, and since the genius oversteps tradition, the critic is confronted with well-nigh insurmountable difficulties all round. The whole thing, in short, becomes a question of his individual taste, and therefore the pseudo criterion for his readers is not what is good, but what he happens to like—"Tell me what newspaper you take, and I'll tell you what composers you admire," this is the entire affair in one sentence. Because the *Echo* says the exact opposite of what the *Herald* does, and the *Advertiser* again something different, and should by any chance the confirmed and multiform newspaper-reader peruse all three of these papers, he is left in a dilemma; his only salvation, in fact, being to read but one paper.

As to what is *taste* and from whence it comes, this is a study which might fill volumes, so diverse and multiform its ramifications; but that it must inevitably flavour a man's judgment and more than often entirely distort it, everybody can realise without being told. I once heard of an art-critic whose former vocation had been that of a sea-captain (and not very well educated he was either); nevertheless his criticisms on pictures, even though they were badly written, were no doubt perused by thousands. Now, if it be true that every thought and characteristic in a man's nature make a convolution in the grey matter of his brain—the sea-faring excursions of this man may be reasonably supposed to have made a considerable indenture in his critical faculty. He might, for instance, as a not unlikely corollary, have a partiality for seascapes. If the critic instead of these sea-faring experiences has had others of not quite such

an irrelevant nature; if he be an ex-parson or schoolmaster, then his uncontrollable desire to preach is bound to force itself into his writings and flavour them with a tinge of "*moralic acid*." If he be at the same time a county councillor, who thinks it his duty to be-father the populace, he may condemn all nudity and prefer his own judgment on the human frame to that of the Deity. To get rid of personality, then, in connection with criticism—or anything for that matter—is an affair of paramount difficulty; and yet for a judgment to be absolutely sound, this is essential. The man who can shake off his own sheaths (so to speak) and stand outside himself, is the only man capable of expounding true criticism. People with sluggish livers or bilious temperaments ought to be tabooed as critics; and just as a medical examination is an essential pre-requisite to reception into the army or navy, so ought it to be with the vocation of critic; and added thereunto ought to be a moral examination calculated to discover how much *tolerance* exists in the mind of the aspiring candidate. By this method a little justice might be ensured; and the critics might cease to be a laughing stock to all enlightened artists.

It is very dangerous for a certain type of person to have power, for his vanity prompts him to make display of it on almost every occasion, and if added unto that power is a species of revenge—revenge for having spent an evening of boredom, well, the matter becomes more than dangerous; it becomes musically murderous. The temptation to show superiority (however false), especially when combined with the power to show it (the power being print), is very strong with that certain type; and the way to manifest superiority, so he thinks, is to *condemn*. Nevertheless, it is a noteworthy fact that all the great spiritual Geniuses and Adepts of the world have never condemned and denounced their fellow-creatures or the works of their fellow-creatures, and to take one sublime instance—Jesus of Nazareth—He alone condemned the Condemners; for all others, however low in the social scale or ap-

parently in the moral scale—he had only words of sympathy and understanding. Far from manifesting superiority, the exercise of condemnation only manifests inferiority, since the *raison-d'être* of all criticism is to disclose the beauties of a work of art, and if there be not beauties, no noble man will waste his time in saying so at great and useless length. The pre-requisite in truth, for all profound criticism, is sympathy, and such master-pieces as Chesterton's Book on Dickens, John Sampson's Book on Blake, Dowden's Work on Shakespeare, and so forth, leave us with a greater love for these authors criticised, and a deeper insight into their mind and art. Should a critic attempt to filch away our "loves" by pseudo sapient negation, not only would he be unlikely to succeed, but we should not thank him if he did. Iconoclasm may be essential at times when superstition reigns supreme, but in the world of Art, superstition plays a very small *rôle*—except that it sometimes causes the public to admire very bad composers.

Now, if sympathy is essential to really meritorious criticism, kinship is essential to the acquisition of sympathy, and to quote Schopenhauer's essay again:—"The source of all pleasure and delight is the feeling of kinship . . . in intercourse with others, every man shows a decided preference for those who resemble him; and a blockhead will find the society of another blockhead incomparably more pleasant than that of any number of great minds put together." And if this be so, not only will the blockhead be unable to appreciate the ordinary fairly well educated man, but the latter will be well-nigh as incapable of appreciating the genius. Nay, I go so far as to say that the genius does not always understand himself—a statement which Mr. Bernard Shaw made in his book on Ibsen, repeated again in his book on Wagner; though long before Shaw we have the much ridiculed instance of Browning, who admitted having forgotten the meaning of a certain passage of his—perhaps he *never* knew what it meant. Nevertheless, that ridicule was entirely uncalled for, since it undoubtedly

presumed that there existed no meaning at all in the phrase, or if there did, it was merely a matter of chance, and the artist in reality was simply gulling the public. Ordinary people, in fact, find ordinary explanations, and ones which are as false as they are ordinary; for a true artist never gulls the public—he is neither a buffoon nor a player of games. The vital energy expended on the creation of works of art is too precious to be spent in such a useless manner. If the genius does not always understand certain of his momentary inspirations, it is because he has felt them intuitively and not objectively; he feels, as Wagner said, that he is confronted by a riddle, about which he, too, might have illusions, just as another might.

All the same, a genius, as a rule, understands his own work better than anybody else does; though he may *like* certain other peoples' work better than his, because he knows his own productions too well for there to be any actual novelty in them, as far as he is concerned, while it is his unfamiliarity with the creations of other great men that attracts him; but understanding and liking are not always inseparable. There are some things one understands so well that one does not like them; they are too obvious, and hence lack all mysteriousness. That every man must necessarily take his chief pleasure in his own work, because it is the mirror of his own mind, the echo of his own thought is a statement in which one is tempted not wholly to agree with Schopenhauer; it is very often true, but by no means always so. "Familiarity breeds contempt" not only in family life but, to a certain extent, even in this connection. It is, in fact, one of the saddest things in the constitution of a genius, that his own productions can never sound as seductive to him as to the initiated outsider, for the very reason that he is too conscious of the making; that they are too familiar to him; that on the whole he understands them too well. If Bernard Shaw lays claim to having been more definitely conscious of Ibsen's thesis than Ibsen himself, it is no disproof of my statement, since one must not forget that all art is capable of almost infinite inter-

pretations. Just as the Deity may be worshipped through the medium of Protestantism, Catholicism, Hinduism, Buddhism, and many other *isms*, and yet always remain the same Deity, so a thing of beauty may have manifold interpretations and be seen through many different-coloured spectacles and diverse personalities. It is true that Ibsen, being of a more philosophical tendency, is not so manifold in his possibilities as pure poetry, but even the most philosophical art is many-sided in the truths it contains. Is it not a problem whether Omar Khayyam was an absolute materialist or completely the reverse? Indeed, I should say, to the materialist he is a materialist, to the spiritualist he is a spiritualist, to the Sufi, a Sufi, and so forth. I would even go so far as to advance the daring theory that a thing of beauty contains elements suitable for each age; and by that I do not mean that certain great statements are true for all Time in the sense that two and two make four, and always have done and always will do without the slightest deviation; but that a thing which is true for one Age may be true for another in an entirely different way—though the being who first gave utterance to that truth may only have been objectively conscious of one interpretation. The remark so often heard, and used in a condemnatory way, that critics have put more into Shakespeare than he himself meant, is one which shows the absence of recognition of this fact. The good or evil of "thinking things into" works of art is dependent on whether the critic thinks bad, stupid, or irrelevant ones; not on how much the artist *knew* that he meant himself. For let it be noted, that all one can think with justification into a thing must be potentially there, however latently so; and is not the saying "he that hath ears to hear, let him hear" equivalent to saying "he that hath thoughts to think, let him think?" And let us be glad for his thinking thereof.

And thus, in conclusion, we may state then, that the true artist expects to find interpretations of his work which may have entirely escaped his own notice, and

the greater the artist the more indulgence and sympathy he possesses towards those who either (in his opinion) misinterpret him or condemn him. That Wagner should have written to his friend, Roeckel, "how can an artist expect that what he has felt intuitively should be perfectly realised by others" only shows that he, too, furnishes us with a noble example of this fact. To turn the other cheek means more than to show a sublime self-mastery, it means also the realisation of the fact that one is possessed of infinitely more than the being who smites. If kings and millionaires are smitten, nay murdered, nobody is surprised, but one must also not be surprised if philosophers are murdered too—whether physically or morally; for there may be more than at first meets the eye in that remark of De Quincey—namely, that "if a man calls himself a philosopher and never had his life attempted, rest assured there is nothing in him." The fact that a man is damned with faint praise has become a truism, hardly worthy to be stated, but the logical extension of the fact that one is hence well-nigh annihilated by *great* praise, this seems to be far removed from such, because it entirely depends on *when* one is greatly praised. It is easy to extol a man's work when Time is supposed to have shown it worthy of extolation; but that is an entirely different matter; the praise which comes after the condemnation is, in most cases, a true one, because it is the result of authority combined with self-hypnotisation, not the result of easy comprehension. And when I use the word true, I mean it is probably true as *fact*, however insincere or sincere on the part of the extollers.

But I would now close in on my point. I would contend that stupidity on the part of the critics is not the reason, or at any rate the chief reason, why all geniuses have been condemned; the whole matter lies far deeper—and it lies in the fact that there is only one person who understands a genius, and that person is the genius himself. As I have already stated, he may not understand *all* that is within him, but be that as

it may, he understands his goal; he alone can realise what he desires to achieve. However intelligent, however perspicacious his critics may be, they are all groping in the dark, because they can only perceive a part of his personality. To them each factor stands alone, because they are ignorant of the great unity into which each resolves itself, and hence its "aloneness" makes it seem illogical and incomprehensible. If the epithet "stupid" can apply to critics—and I dare say it can, since there are some blockheads in every calling—that stupidity does not lie in their incapacity to understand, but in their capacity to understand that they *do not* understand—as already pointed out. Nor is the advisability of rendering "first aid to critics" by divulging to them that hidden goal, that *raison d'être* for all these factors, one which is not open to doubt. A theory is often absurd unless we see a concrete example of it, and the possibilities of traversing the ocean by steam were held up to ridicule and pronounced by some as absurd as attempting to fly to the moon, until they could actually see afterwards with their physical eyes how it was done. There is, in fact, such a host of *known* laws brought to play against a new theory, that the possibility of there being any as yet *unknown* ones to justify it never enters mortal mind. For intellectual vanity is one of the deepest pitfalls in human nature; and the existence of myriads of unconscious "Mr. Podsnaps" who sweep crores of not immediately comprehensible things out of the universe, would be a matter for wonderment if these gentlemen did not fill every nook and cranny of all vocations in life. Real intellectual courage lies in the admittance of ignorance; to know that we don't know is the height of wisdom and mental far-sightedness. And is it not Ruskin who proclaims, "Very ready we are to say of a book, 'How good this is—that's exactly what I think!' But the right feeling is, 'How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day.'?"

CYRIL SCOTT.

# Ideals in Art

## IV. St. George for England

By HOPE REA.

*[This article was intended to be the third of the series, and that on Serbian Sculpture, which appeared last month, to be the fourth. They were transposed by mistake. The present article, had it appeared in April, would have been appropriate to that month, for St. George's Day fell on April 23rd.]*

**T**HE 23rd of April was this year a double festival, being Easter Day and also the Day of our national patron saint, St. George.

A "patron saint" is nowadays, in Protestant countries, a vague and shadowy idea, almost too misty to be called an actual conception, yet it may be that only forgetfulness on our part induces the mist, and that a reality of some sort or another does, in fact, exist in the background of the eternal Verities. The Occultist and the Artist unite in giving grounds for the latter assumption, the one making definite assertions in the matter, the other giving form and substance to what is asserted. The statement of the Occultist is that nations have indeed a spiritual Presence overshadowing them, "sent" to minister and to guide, to represent them, and be their "angel," their "patron," linking them, on the higher planes of consciousness, to the hierarchical spiritual government of the universe.

The Artist, in his turn, has taken these Names, and translated them from abstractions into great Personifications and Ideals, with definite and recognisable attributes and features.

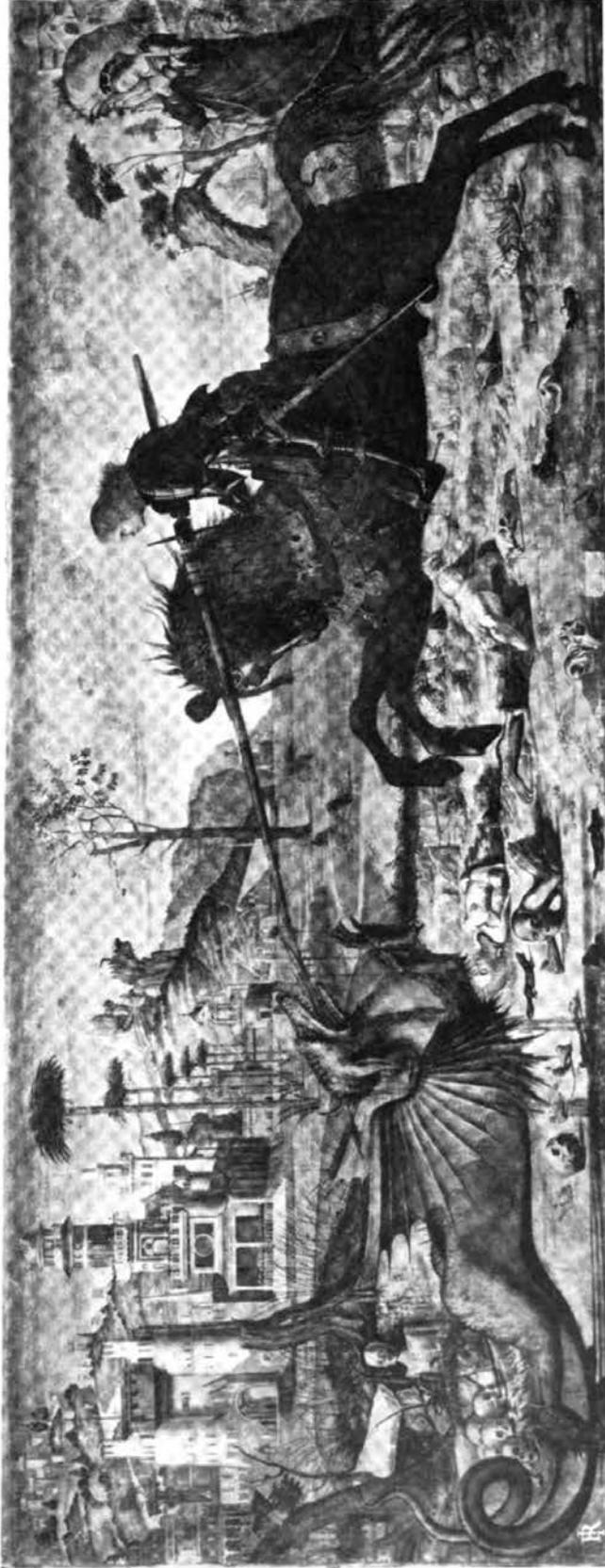
St. George, then, associated for centuries with England, may, we think, be taken as standing for the Name of our national "Angel," or for an ideal accepted by us as one to which in our highest and best moments we would desire our nation

to conform. As we accept with a half humorous smile the burly figure of John Bull as in some measure a personification of the average Briton, as regards his more superficial characteristics, the island counterpart of Jacques Bonhomme and German Michael, so we may consider St. George as standing for us in the Realm of Ideas, the Heavenly Pattern for us down here to beat out, and bring into the objective reality of visible national life.

Indubitably, this name has a strong hold upon the popular fancy, as is demonstrated by the tales which have come from the recent battlefields of France. When, in the stress of the fight, some of the over-tired soldiers became sensitive to the surrounding and inter-penetrating world of spirit, the form made visible to them for the moment, so we are told, was one they recognised as St. George. That name seemed instinctively to them to express the ideal of valiance and virility which could inspire them in their extremity to rise above physical weariness and change retreat into virtual victory. The great mediæval Artists have, as above stated, let their imagination play around the name, and the older legend, weaving into and out of them a very definite conception.

In broad outline, the legend of St. George and the Princess Sabra is virtually that of Perseus and Andromeda, "lifted" almost intact from a classic and placed into a Christian setting.

I.

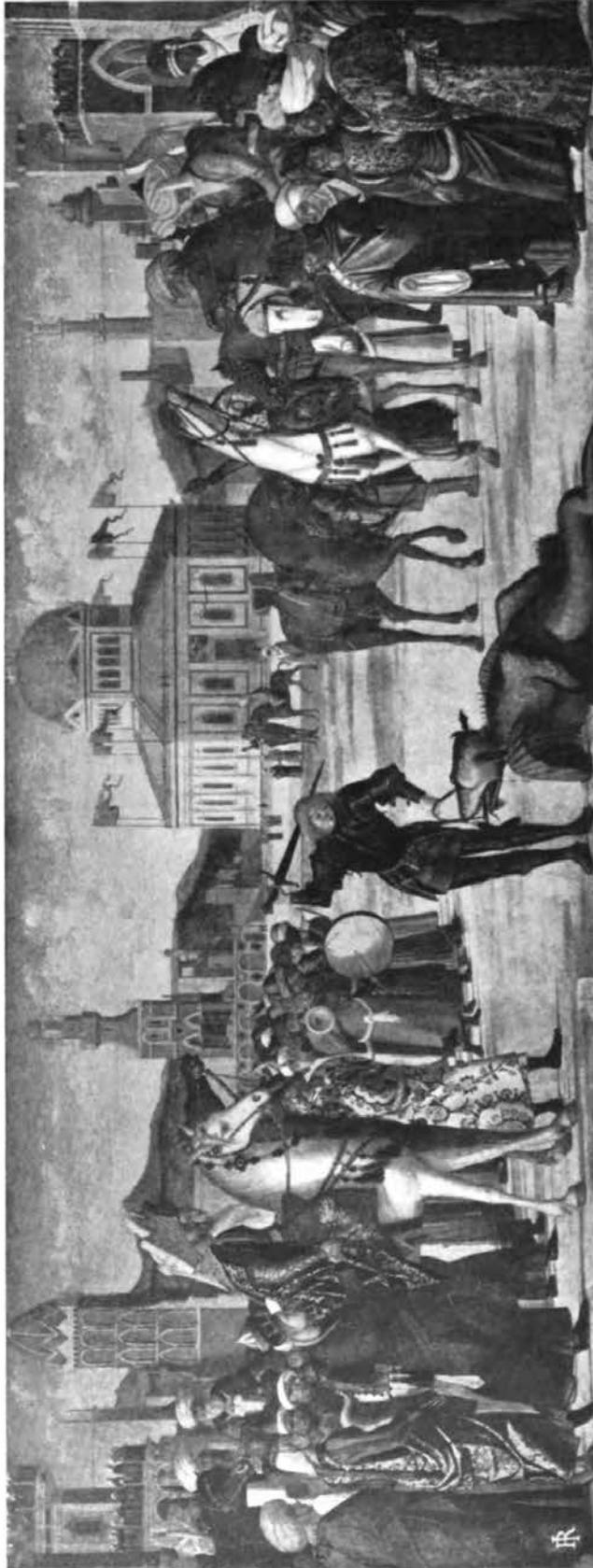


THE COMBAT OF ST. GEORGE WITH THE DRAGON.

By Carpaccio.

Photo by  
Anderson, Rome.

11.



THE TRIUMPH OF ST. GEORGE.

By Carpaccio.

Photo by  
Anderson, Rome

St. George was a saint of the Eastern Church; he is known as "of Cappadocia." The earliest shrine built in his honour was at Lydda in Palestine, said to have been the scene of his renowned encounter. It was built by the side of a stream, which Pausanias described as still in his day "red as blood" from Perseus having bathed in it after his great conflict. At Joppa, near by, St. Jerome records having been shown the very rock which tradition associated with Andromeda, while Josephus, in his turn, had been shown in the same rock the holes worn by her fetters. Thus were the two heroic figures gradually drawn together, until after the Crusades the two stories were effectually blended and we have in the one, as in the other, a country side desolated by the ravages of a poisonous dragon, who demanded the periodical sacrifice of a virgin life to satisfy his loathly appetite; the arrival of the gallant cavalier—Perseus in some versions of the tale bestrode Pegasus—who met the dragon in single combat, subdued him, rescued the maiden, and restored the land to its rightful possessors.

The Christian version of the story is pricked out with points of special symbolism emphasising the spiritual idea which came to be associated with it, and there is further linked on to it the tale of the saint's subsequent missionary labours and eventual martyrdom for the Faith.

The illustrations chosen for the present article are of two orders and display very effectually the manner in which the artist's imagination played creatively around the idea which the story suggested. The first three, of paintings by Vittore Carpaccio, are excellent examples of what may be termed the diffuse method of art production, while the fourth, of a statue from the hand of Donatello, is an equally perfect instance of the method of reticence and concentration. Generally, in the history of Art development, the diffuse method marks an earlier stage of growth. In it the main statement of the subject is reinforced by accepted symbolic forms, and the artist seeks to convey his idea by means of much and minute detail; each piece of this more or less obvious in intention, so

that he who runs may read, if he be at all acquainted with the Art language current at the time. The West Front of the Cathedral Church at Wells affords a fine example of diffused method. There, as has been set forth in a previous article in this series, a whole scheme of thought and body of doctrine is unfolded as in the pages of a book, by symbol and allusion to history, cosmogony and theology, in a multitude of sections and divisions, held together by logical sequence on the one hand, and decorative arrangement on the other. The craftsmanship in many cases is faltering and tentative, as regards individual figures and detail, no one of which is calculated to stand alone. The magnificence of the work is in the entire scheme; as conception and decoration, from that aspect, it is superb.

The other form of art production, the concentrated, demands an absolute mastery of technique in which every line tells and falls into its place with a perfection of attainment that cannot be challenged. It is, in short, an art not so much of the Guild as of the individual Master. Historically, the concentrated method is a development out of the diffused. Nevertheless, it may, and sometimes does, happen that for certain purposes, and possibly as a result of individual temperament and taste, an artist will choose the diffuse style in preference to the concentrated, even when capable of the latter. Vittore Carpaccio was such a Master; he belongs to the latter half of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, and is one of the glories of the Venetian School. He produced certain works absolutely in the "grand manner," but is best known by a number of series of paintings of the narrative order, carrying on the story of some saint in picture after picture, scene by scene, elaborated by a wealth of accessory and detail. The best known of these Story Series is that of St. Ursula; less well known is the shorter series of the Story of St. George, in the Chapel of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni. This is the series here reproduced. The former series is peculiarly full and diffuse in style, the story being amplified by a prodigality of symbolic suggestion and allusion.

Carpaccio lived in the mid-Renaissance period, at the point where the glorious liberty of the New Learning was held as supplementary rather than antagonistic to the Christian Faith. Hence artists saw nothing incongruous in a blending of the two inspirations in their works. The St. George series affords an example of this harmonising of two schools of thought. The essence of each, on the loftiest plane, could not but be one and the same, and it was with this that these earlier Masters concerned themselves, using the respective allegories and symbols at times almost indiscriminately, as their fancy prompted them or the requirements of their composition demanded. It was a glorious moment of catholic poise in the history of human intellect, promise doubtless of a more stable equilibrium in the future. No. 1 of our series gives us the Christianised form of the legend transfused with the Platonic symbolism current at the time, all together serving to build up and emphasise the main idea which had at this date become definitely associated with the figure of St. George. The warrior saint of the story stands for Man in conflict with the lower nature, both within and without him; that lower nature, to him become the unclean thing, is symbolised by the bestial dragon form. The Princess is the spirit in Man, to be kept inviolate at all costs, and by way of the total destruction of the dragon. The story is thus in its main outline a perfect allegory of this eternal conflict, St. George being the embodiment of victory in this fight. Carpaccio embroiders with a wealth of accessory symbolism this outline, concentrating his efforts, in this particular, on the first painting, and in the two succeeding ones concerning himself with the completion of the story, merely as story.

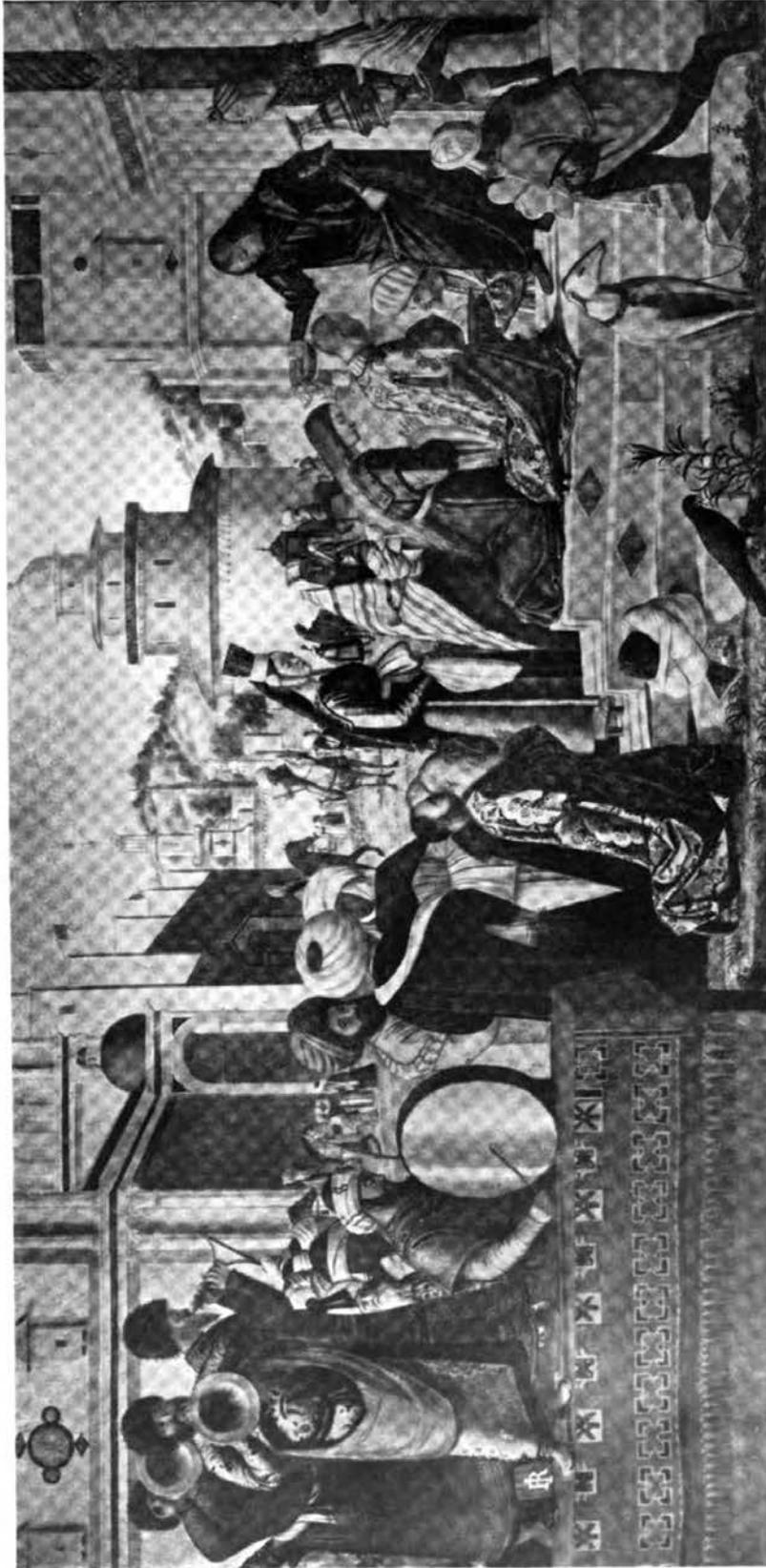
The Platonists of his day had elaborated a very beautiful symbolism in connection with the hair, in which they saw a species of inverted root, indicating the place of man's true origin and home. As a tree, they said, has its roots in the earth and draws its sustenance therefrom, and is held there immovably, so does man derive his origin and support from Heaven, and

moves freely over earth's surface, unattached to it, his hair waving in the wind and sunshine, symbolising his divine roots in the Heaven above him. Carrying out this idea, Carpaccio paints the hair of his St. George light and golden, and very abundant, crowning his strong, intent face, and ending off in delicate tendril-like locks, which catch the slightest breeze and glisten in the sun. His earth brown horse, powerful yet absolutely under his control, has also a flowing mane and tail. The Dragon, on the contrary, has (corresponding to the hair) spines and horns, everywhere contracted hard and inflexible. We see in the piteous remains of those feeble ones, who had allowed themselves to become the Dragon's victims, the same idea insisted upon; bald and hideous lie the heads and skulls, in some cases with a subtle suggestion of a return to the beast in their expression, while the shrivelled skin at the base of one severed head, near the centre of the composition, stretches along the ground as though in the process of transformation into earth roots, the connection with heaven eternally lost. The weapons of St. George are, on the other hand, Christian in their symbolism, the spear signifies the human intellect, proved ineffectual in the onslaught of the bestial one, but the sword is the "sword of the spirit," and with this it is finally subdued. The Princess, too, wears in the forefront of her coronet the cross of faith; and St. George himself is George, not Perseus, the Christian warrior, the ideal Knight of Christian Chivalry.

In Mr. Anderson's Supplement to Ruskin's *St. Mark's Rest* is a most detailed examination of this painting, showing how every line and item bears its own significance, and amplifies the thought which the artist has felt himself impelled to set forth.

The other two pictures of the series as noted above are more purely narrative. They are, respectively, *The Triumph of St. George*, and *St. George baptising his converts*, notably the Princess and her royal father. Both paintings are highly characteristic of the Master's method, in this style of composition, they, for the

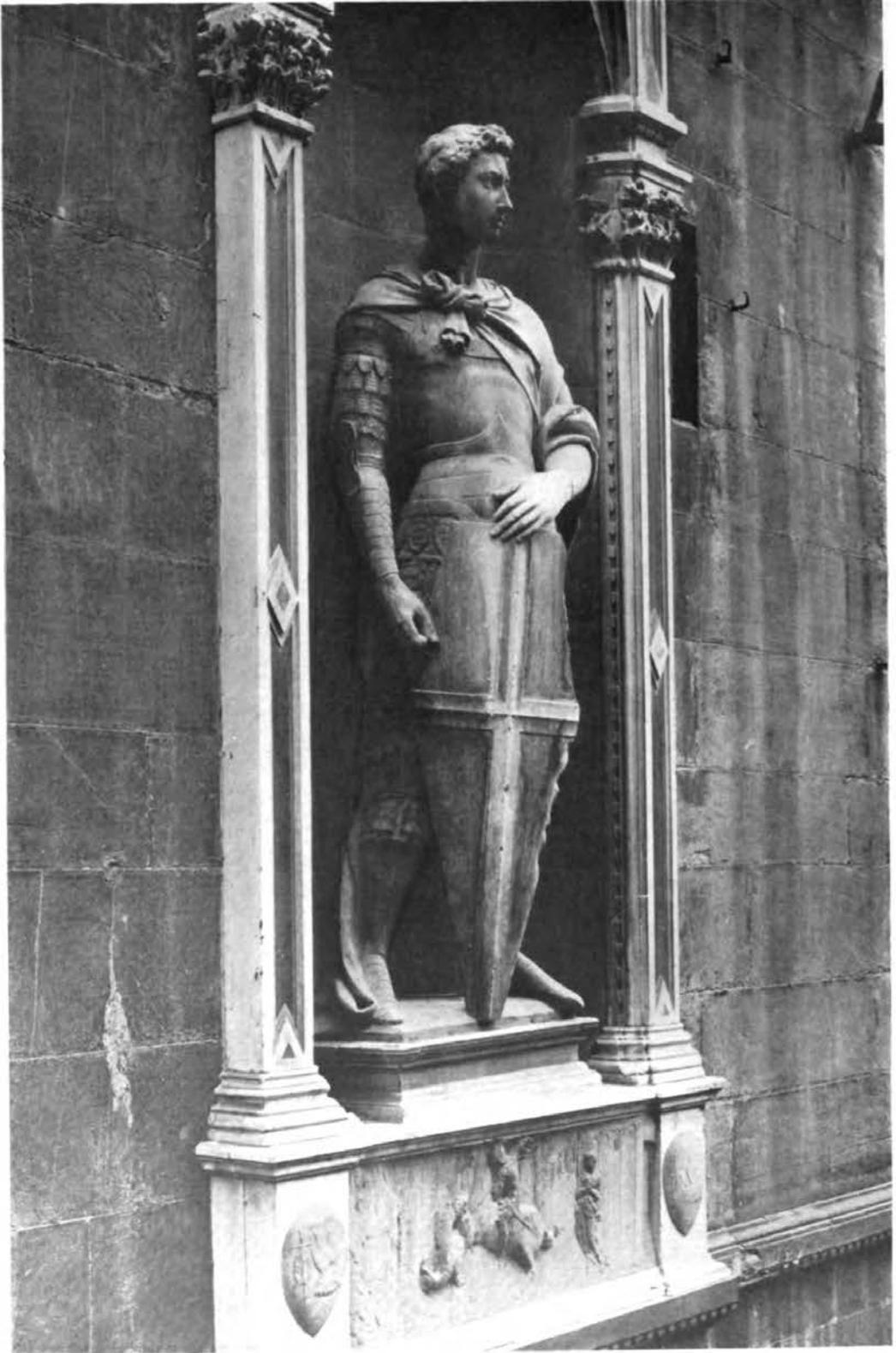
III.



ST. GEORGE BAPTISING HIS CONVERTS.

By Carpaccio.

Photo by  
Anderson, Rome.



ST. GEORGE.  
By Donatello.

Photo by  
Messrs. Alinari.

most part, speak for themselves, and will repay the most careful scrutiny. The delicate charm, the touches of whimsical humour, and, withal, the quiet dignity which is never violated, all spell Carpaccio in this his most characteristic vein of workmanship.

The first of the series is, however, the first in importance, as well as place. St. George is the main figure, the rest but embroidery; he stands for self-mastery. The Roman legionary, George of Cappadocia, is transmuted into the type of the Christian soldier, warring not against external and alien foes, but engaged in that intimate struggle on the battlefield of his own complex nature, warring with all the vital forces of his dedicated humanity against his own primitive and clamorous desires. That is Carpaccio's main thesis, and one feels as one attempts to study the full contents of this picture that the last word possible has been said to convey the essential idea for which St. George stands.

From Carpaccio, with his chosen method of production, we turn to Donatello, and with him enter into a new world. Somewhat earlier in date than the Venetian painter, the method which Donatello wrought with unrivalled persistency and energy to perfect was that of reticent concentration. In the opening decades of the Renaissance, he set himself to resolve by his own experiment the problems of statuary proper, as distinguished from merely decorative sculpture; that which had been lost to the world with the decay of the civilisation of antiquity, Donatello determined to rediscover. He was thus one of the greatest pioneers in Art of his or, indeed, of any other time. Well does Vasari sum up his quality. "Either," he writes, "the spirit of Donatello wrought again in Buonarrotti, or the genius of Buonarrotti had pre-existence in Donatello."

Happily, comparatively few of his works have been lost, and a sufficiently complete series remains for us to trace his development, from the essays of his youth to the achievements of his maturity. Never led away from the pursuit of true sculptural severity into the comparatively

cheap search after the merely charming, Donatello's work from first to last was the endeavour to express Spirit by way of Form, Spirit always first, Form but the necessary medium to convey the spiritual significance.

In his earlier years, while trying to master the technique of form, he appears, according to the writer's opinion, to have been possessed by the desire to express in form a conception of Heroic Youth. At any rate, there can be traced, among the numerous and varying commissions executed in those early years, a distinct series of experiments, which seem to have had that aim in view. Thus we have a St. John Baptist, a Joshua, a David as shepherd, each statue stating some separate problem of pose, or balance, or drapery, or expression. In the David he approaches perhaps most nearly to the pitfall of the pretty; not that he by any means stumbles therein, but there is attained an easy grace and delicate youthful charm in this perfectly poised figure that gives the suggestion that here possibly he arrived at a parting of the ways. If that were so, unflinching the Master made his choice, and in the next and culminating statue of the series, we have one of the masterpieces of all time. The St. George of Donatello is a supreme realisation in stone of a spiritual conception. Technically, the problem solved in this figure is the effect of intense vitality and force present in a pose of perfect rest. He stands in absolute repose, and yet, as old Giorgio Vasari appreciatively remarks, with a "marvellous gesture of moving himself within the stone." It was recognition of this "marvellous gesture" which impelled the impetuous young Michael Angelo to cry out as he gazed upon the figure: "*Avanti!*"

From all this we see that Donatello has concerned himself primarily with the essential thought which had come to him, as embodied in and associated with St. George. The narrative, as such, was of secondary importance; he relegates that to a little panel placed at the base of the niche; his business was to represent St. George himself and to convey all that

he stood for by the subtle methods of concentrated art, the true method of pure Sculpture, unaided by symbol or suggestive accessory. Here each line itself must speak, by its own reticent inevitability and expressive quality. Hence the quietude of pose, the absence of the visible dragon, or the prancing charger; the feat of arms is accomplished, the victory won, St. George has attained. In this grave, calm, yet wholly youthful figure, Spirit rules; there is no thought of its not ruling, the very nature being transmuted and becomes unified. The Man is here King and Pontiff of himself, the Spirit is master in its own house, and that house made a temple.

In the consideration of these two examples, each supreme in its own peculiar method of treatment, we may realise what was the teaching of Christian Art as to the ideal embodied in St. George.

This, then, is the Name, and this the Ideal that we as a nation have had the hardihood to appropriate, and the Name, at least, all the world associates with us!

*St. George, he is for England.*

In these days of our nation's winnowing, it is well to recall this and to realise what

is meant when we invoke St. George as in any way a national representative. How far, indeed, does he stand in actual fact for England, as that Heavenly Pattern towards which our general consciousness is striving? We can but ask the question wistfully when we recall the conditions of our social life previous to August, 1914. Something of the nature of those conditions was disclosed by the publication, in the first week of March this year, of the Report of the Royal Commission appointed to investigate and advise upon our gravest "social evil." The findings of that Commission, as reported in the daily Press, show a veritable Carpaccio's picture, but with the hero shorn of his heavenly locks!

How far, then, shall St. George become the Heavenly Pattern is perhaps a more pertinent question.

The new Day will demand new men and new women to walk in its light, else—*who may abide the Day of His Coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth? For He is like a refiner's fire. . . .*

HOPE REA.

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## Optimism.

*When thou hast drunk deep of all loveliness,  
Sunssets and dawns, spring-comings, autumn leaves,  
Heart-gladdened, thou shalt pause. He best believes  
In Life's essential Good, who less and less*

*Heeds the sharp thorns of pain, to win the Rose  
Of Joy, Love, Beauty, deeming these the light  
By which he learns the Highest, leaves the night  
To fearful children, turns his face, and knows.*

VIOLET GILLESPIE.

# The Great Awakening

## V. Anticipating the Religion of the Future

By IRVING S. COOPER.

[After having attempted a definition, in his fourth article, of some of the chief undercurrents of thought which are re-shaping civilisation to-day, Mr. Cooper goes on, in this his concluding article, to forecast a few of the leading characteristics of the Religion of the Future. Few will read what he has written on this subject without recognising the beauty and the spaciousness of his thought and that quiet reasonableness which is so admirably effective in an essay of this kind. It is with sincere regret that the HERALD OF THE STAR views the closing of this series.]

SEVERAL interesting attempts have been made by men of differing points of view to anticipate the outlines of the Religion of the Future.\* In trying, however, to estimate the accuracy and value of these anticipations, it should be noticed that most of the idealistic and religious *undercurrents* of civilisation have been almost ignored if not scorned by these scholarly prophets, whose attention has been held apparently by the prevailing scientific and intellectual outlooks on life. Further, in all of these forecasts of the future, the bias of personal preference, which, of course, can never be entirely eliminated, is much too obvious.

What is evidently needed, at least, until we become so superhuman that impersonal judgment is possible, is an understanding of the way new departures in civilisation are guided to consummation. We believe this way is clearly and adequately expressed in the principle of undercurrents, which is that *the achievements and accepted ideals of any period exist during preceding generations in the form of unpopular and obscure mental undercurrents*. Otherwise stated, a long period of germination is

\* Among them the most positive and probably the most suggestive is "The Religion of the Future," by Charles W. Eliot.

necessary before any new conception—religious, political, social, scientific, artistic or philosophical—can either change or be added to the established order.

If this principle is a correct statement of the way ideals and ideas are woven into the texture of civilisation, a careful analysis of the existing undercurrents should enable us to outline with fair accuracy the chief *tendencies* of the expected religious awakening. Furthermore, though the persuasive influence of the great Teacher, whose coming seems certain, should transform the thought of the future, we may be sure that an analysis such as we are contemplating will still have its value, for that Teacher, even though He be the Christ, could gain an audience only by amplifying and illuminating those truths already partly familiar to us by means of the undercurrents. We should, therefore, turn to these deep-flowing tendencies in modern life for the materials wherewith to fashion our picture of the future. What may we learn from the undercurrents?

1. The New Religion will be based upon experience, not only physical and intellectual, but also, it should be noted, upon psychical and mystical experience as well. Heretofore the interwoven authority of scriptural statements, theological dogmas

and ecclesiastical rules has prevailed. As a consequence, the foundations of orthodox Christianity have greatly weakened, since in this century of emancipated thought, when the historicity of all scriptures is questioned, and the fallibility of all human opinions realised, the old records and speculations can no longer bear the weight of the enormous superstructures built upon them. This undeniable fact should not cause dismay, however, as many of the most promising undercurrents owe their very existence to the spiritual unrest accompanying the crumbling of the foundations of orthodoxy. Mankind turns to the contemplation of truth only when it has grown old enough to become dissatisfied with cloud structures of speculation and fancy.

Many of the undercurrents are singularly insistent either upon the actuality of direct communion with the Divine, the essence of mysticism, or upon the possibility of psychic investigation of the super-physical, or upon both. It seems inevitable, therefore, that psychical research and mystical communion will constitute the two great ways by which religious convictions in the future will be based on exact personal knowledge. The results of psychic investigation are continually becoming more detailed, definite and important, and the number of those who affirm the possibility of direct spiritual perception is constantly increasing—hence the conclusion of the importance in the future of these two ways of obtaining knowledge.

Another tendency of the undercurrents is to place Intuition higher than Intellect, both from a philosophical and practical standpoint. Not that the value of the intellect is underrated, but it is no longer considered as the fundamental part of the human consciousness. The intellect is conceived of as an aspect or an instrument of a spiritual Being—the real *man*. Eucken has said somewhere that God and man meet initially where man is innermost, and this expresses exactly the philosophy of many of the undercurrents, and probably therefore of the coming

religion. If we but find ourselves, through meditation, prayer or otherwise, we also find God. Revelations in books are of less value than the revelations to be found within ourselves—again the emphasis laid on experience. Scriptures are authoritative only when they express the immediate race experience. If God has been known in the past by illuminated men, there is not the slightest reason why He should not be known now, if with unwavering determination we seek Him—within.

The God within and the possibility therefore of spiritual illumination will probably be distinctive notes in the New Religion. Not that anyone may obtain such knowledge merely for the asking or by joining some organisation; illumination may be won only when one pays the price in the form of a noble and unselfish character, a trained and vigorous mentality, a pure and sensitive body. The important element in the coming Religion will not be universal illumination, but the *conviction* on the part of its followers that such illumination is possible—but it will rest with each one individually to reach it. Christianity has failed to hold the modern scientific mind, because it has emphasised only the need for *faith*. If this great Religion of the Occident could only be brought to a realisation of the reality of the experiences of its mystics, and would forcibly teach the possibility of direct knowledge of divine truths, it would have no cause to complain of the falling away of membership, of interest and of attendance at worship.

Systems of meditation leading to spiritual illumination very likely will be taught in the New Religion—they are already characteristic of many of the undercurrents—and it will be understood that those who are willing to live the life may know for themselves the truth of the doctrine. There will be little need in the New Religion for eloquent ministers to convince unbelieving congregations of the truth of spiritual verities. Mere belief will no longer be looked upon as a sign of piety, but as an indication of spiritual laziness. Nor in the future will sceptical doubt be regarded as the distinguishing attitude of

a balanced intellect, but as an obvious symptom of mental inertia.

When thousands will be able to say quietly and without boasting, that they *know*, then religion will be able to regain its ancient prestige and power. But not until then, for the awakening of the scientific spirit of enquiry has made impossible for ever, on the part of thoughtful people, the unquestioning attitude of blind faith. The Religion of the Future, far wiser than the Religions of the past, will respect the intelligence too much to ask men to believe without experience or proof other than historical records.

2. The conception of God in the expected Religion will probably be a remarkable synthesis of the philosophical conception of the Absolute, the spiritual pantheism which lifts nature up to God, and the personal Deity of Christian anthropomorphism; for, curiously enough, in the undercurrents these three conceptions are not regarded as mutually exclusive, but as three ways of viewing the same Reality.

It is the teaching of many of the undercurrents that from the Godward side of the universe, all is One—Life, Consciousness, Mind, Self, Being, Spirit—call that One what we will, for with all our skill in applying terms, names but obscure what little we can understand of this transcendent Unity. Perhaps the Hindu philosopher is wiser than we, when he refuses to assign any attributes to the Absolute, but speaks of the One as "That" by which all "This"—the universe—is pervaded.

From the form-ward or matter side, the One is revealed in countless forms, enshrouded by centres of consciousness, which vary in degree of unfoldment from the vague response of the atom, through the grouping sensitiveness of the plant and the dawning intelligence of the animal, to the power of the human consciousness and the glory of the Superman. It may well be that the chain of Intelligence is infinite, and that the many solar systems, the vast star cluster which, as a whole, constitutes the visible universe, and the colossal systems of clusters which no doubt fill the

depths of space, are each, as groups or organisms, the manifested forms of stupendous Divine Intelligences varying again in degree of unfoldment. In other words, *the Absolute manifests through an infinite series of personalities*, sub-human, human and divine, and it is always through some personality, never the Absolute *per se*, that we glimpse reality.

Our tiny intellects cannot form any conception of the unmanifested Absolute, which is not misleading, for every definition is necessarily a limitation. Hence, in all the great Religions God is usually described in terms applicable to a Personality. But, in a very real sense, these descriptions are just as true as any attempt to speak of God as Absolute, for, in truth, there is nothing else but God in the whole universe—such, at least, is the teaching of many of the undercurrents.

The New Religion will probably pay little attention to theological discussions, for arguments over intellectual niceties of expression have always seemed a foolish waste of time to those who have experienced even to a slight degree the indescribable ecstasy and absolute certainty of illumination. One moment of illumination is more convincing than a whole century of argument and speculation.

No fear of God will ever enter the thoughts of those who follow the New Religion, nor will they ever dream of offering sacrifices or doing penance in order to placate His wrath—to ascribe anger, jealousy, vengeance to God is distinctive of the ignorance of child-men. Religious fear is always due to superstitious ignorance, and those who have advanced the farthest along the pathway of human attainment, spiritually as well as intellectually, are the most fearless, joyous and loving. God's limitless love for every living thing is already a marked characteristic of many of the undercurrents and certainly will be incorporated in the New Religion.

3. The unification of Science and Religion will be complete in the New Religion, and will come about apparently,

through the realisation that the material universe, instead of being an inert, lifeless machine, is in reality the living garment of God. The undercurrents claim that what we now call science is a partial presentation of the laws of interaction of the form side of the universe, and what is now called Religion is the result of an incomplete understanding of the life side of that same universe; that these two great departments of human thought are in truth but studying two aspects of the same transcendent Reality. Any antagonism which has arisen between the two is due entirely to the incompleteness of existing knowledge. Even now Religion is becoming scientific, and Science religious; when this fusing is complete the new religion will have appeared.

4. The solution of the theological problem of how Christ could be God and man at the same time will offer no difficulty to the New Religion. Man is not alien to God and the universe, but is an intimate part of the whole which is divine. There never was any original sin or separation. Man is divinity in latency; evolution the awakening of the God within to external expression. Between Christ and man is not a difference in nature, but of unfoldment; in Christ appears in perfection what in man is still struggling for expression. Man, as we now see him, is admittedly imperfect, not because he is inherently sinful or divorced from God, but because *the revealing process in him is only partially accomplished*; given more experience and consequent growth made possible by a series of incarnations on earth, and the Christ within becomes the Christ revealed and triumphant. In the noblest of the race is actively manifested what lies slumbering in the savage. The history of civilisation is the true story of revelation. Such is the optimistic philosophy of the undercurrents.

5. The doctrine of evolution will undoubtedly form an important part of the New Religion, but there are indications that the doctrine in the future will differ materially from the materialistic hypo-

theses now current. In the first place, the great urge behind evolution will probably be recognised as the Divine Life in Nature. No doubt, due emphasis will be placed on such external factors in evolution as physical heredity, sporadic variation and environment, but the chief factor making for progress will be the Intelligent Matrix of the universe, containing countless centres of consciousness, each one of which is instinctively groping for expression and greater liberty.

From the material side is visible a linked series of physical forms, which are constantly being modified from simple to more complex structures, from immobility to mobility. From the life side of Nature it is possible psychically—so several of the undercurrents claim—to observe a vast cloud of “personalities” or centres of consciousnesses using these forms for the gathering of experience. The form side of evolution, although it is richer in objective detail, is really of less significance than the life side, for while the physical forms perish, having served their purpose, the memory-endowed personalities, which en-souled those forms, retain and assimilate all the experience gained through their agency.

As a necessary and logical corollary of the doctrine of the gradual evolution of physical forms, many of the undercurrents teach the doctrine of Reincarnation. From this point of view the earth is a school, and every living thing connected with it is being educated each according to its capacity. Just as it is necessary for a child to go day after day to school in order to complete its education, so also it is equally necessary for every centre of consciousness, belonging to any and every kingdom of Nature, to return again and again to physical incarnation, in order eventually to master the lessons of life. The fundamental purpose of experience is educational, and many of the undercurrents insist that we really cannot understand the magnificent plan of evolution until we grasp that it is purely a process of teaching. Experience does not seek to amuse, to give pleasure, or to help us idle away the time. It does not even try

to conserve our physical bodies if they stand in the way of growth. The purpose of life on earth is to instruct us, to prepare us apparently for some transcendent field of spiritual activity which comes hereafter. Our dislike of the teaching process does not lessen its instructive power; everything teaches—hardship and idleness, poverty and wealth, pain and pleasure, handicaps and opportunities.

A fundamental teaching of several of the undercurrents, based upon psychical research and reinforced by a knowledge of reincarnation, is that death is merely an episode. The physical body composed of groups of molecules may die, but the consciousness which holds those molecules together as a living form is imperishable. The undercurrents point out that our sense of values and our capacity to discriminate between the important and the unimportant, are very misleading because we estimate the usefulness of every event and everything in terms of the few short years of the life we happen to be living at the time on earth. True perspective and a realisation of what is really worth while to seek and conserve can be gained only in the light of reincarnation.

6. The perfect justice and reasonableness of every phase of life on earth will, by virtue of reincarnation, be readily explained in the New Religion. We, and we alone, fashion our own destiny, because our thoughts, desires and actions, whether of this or of other lives on earth, always bring to us soon or later their inevitable fruit. Human existence is continuous, though only part of it is spent in physical incarnation, and the varied causes set going by us gradually work themselves out as pleasurable or unpleasurable effects in exact accordance with the nature and quality of each cause.

The stability of nature, morally as well as physically, depends upon the changeless character of her laws. Hence, whether through ignorance or wilfulness, we violate a moral or physical law, the resultant suffering or unhappiness in either case will be the same. The purpose of Nature—which is an aspect of God—in so doing, is

not to inflict punishment, but to teach us not to violate that law from any motive whatsoever. Rightly then, we should not look upon suffering, unhappiness or sorrow as punishment for sins, but as indications that we have transgressed some physical, moral or mental law of Nature. In the same way, if happiness comes, we may be sure that we have unwittingly or deliberately co-operated with Nature and with evolution, which is "God's plan for men."

The fundamental difference between right and wrong is not obeying or disobeying some human code which differs in every Religion and varies from century to century. Right is working with, and wrong working against, the divine Will, as expressed in Nature and in evolution. If we work in harmony with those laws, we do right and win happiness; if we oppose them, not only do we do wrong, but we suffer for so doing. Probably one reason why there is so much suffering in the world, is that we learn much faster by actual experience than by precept or example. The most effective teachers of mankind are hardship, unhappiness and suffering, and while they are not pleasant instructors, nevertheless, a few years in their care is more conducive to swift progress, than a very long time spent under the instruction of ease, happiness and pleasure. As the result of our education in this world school, we grow skilful in action, pure and controlled in life, wise in council and spiritual in aspiration, and in the end win perfect happiness because we have learned perfect co-operation with the divine Will. Such co-operation, affirm the undercurrents, is Wisdom, and its fruits, Love and Power.

Evil, when found in human character, is not a positive quality, but indicates that the opposite virtue has not as yet been awakened to activity. For example, cruelty in a human being is evidence that the indwelling love has not yet been aroused, selfishness indicates the absence of unselfishness, greed the absence of generosity, lust the absence of self-control. All vices, weaknesses, evil qualities, are evidences of partial unfoldment of the Divine Self within. After much experience,

during which the wrong of such attitudes and actions is brought home by the coming of inevitable suffering, those human beings in whom "evil" tendencies are found gradually learn to awaken the opposite good qualities, and when they do so the "evil" has disappeared.

The New Religion will have no place for rewards and punishments, but only for the orderly working out of appropriate effect for definite cause. It will waste no time creating imaginary Satans and other horrible bogies, with which to frighten into obedience recalcitrant men and women. It will teach that the life here and hereafter will be exactly what we have made them, and that we are always responsible for the results of whatever we have done. No sin is unpardonable, but, on the other hand, mere repentance is uneffective unless accompanied by an actual change in character and strenuous efforts to repair the wrong, for no human or other agency can take away from us the responsibility for our acts.

The attitude of the New Religion toward human mistakes will be most wholesome and commonsense. It will not seek to coerce by depicting the torments of hell, the fiendish glee of the devil, the finality of death or the possibility of failure. It will tell us that to make mistakes is human, but to rise above them is divine. It will teach us that we should "do right for the sake of doing right, and not for the sake of reward" or the fear of punishment. It will assure us that "there is no real failure except in ceasing to strive," and that if we do not succeed in this life though struggling to the end, we shall in the next. Lasting failure is impossible; if we sow the seeds of right effort, the harvest of success is sure.

This interpretation of destiny, the undercurrents state, will not result in apathetic submission to social ills, nor will there be any tendency to ascribe the suffering of the masses to some inscrutable providence. All such conditions will be regarded as the results of our own mistaken social ideals and actions, and therefore remedial. We shall not be content merely to palliate such conditions—all the charit-

able giving in the world does not remove the cause of poverty—but will try to unearth their roots. Too many of our altruistic efforts to-day result only in "cutting the tops off the weeds."

All the signs indicate that the New Religion will be exceedingly commonsense—*practical spirituality* probably being its keynote. It will be more interested in bringing a little of the happiness of heaven to earth, than in laying up spiritual joys hereafter. It will be thought absurd to promise future rewards in heaven to compensate men for putting up with existing ills. The sensible thing to do is to seek out the physical causes of the ills and remove them, even though it be necessary to reconstruct civilisation in doing so.

7. The different world Faiths and sects of Christendom will all have their place in the New Religion in the same way that every facet of a diamond is necessary in order to bring out the beauty of the stone. Even now the undercurrents are quietly eliminating intolerance, prejudice and bigotry, by pointing out the treasures of thought and aspiration embodied in every Religion and Philosophy. To establish good will and mutual regard between people and Religions will be considered of far more importance than to uphold stubbornly the absolute truth of a set of theological formulas and speculations.

The primary object of the coming Religion will not be to rescue the individual from some imagined danger of damnation, by inducing him through fear, remorse or emotionalism, to utter certain words which insure his salvation. When hell is an illusion and final failure impossible, salvation, as commonly understood, is without meaning. What is of the utmost importance, however, is that we learn the purpose of life on earth and endeavour earnestly to co-operate with that purpose. To be of practical value, Religion ought to tell us of that purpose and show us definitely how we may co-operate, and from a study of the undercurrents, it seems evident that this is exactly what will be done by the Religion of the Future.

The chief concern of the followers of the New Religion, if we may trust to the tendencies now plainly evident in the undercurrents, will be not to save their own souls, but to express the spiritual vigour of their Religion in brotherly deeds and service. Service of mankind will be the great ideal. Such service, however, will not be confined to what we now call religious and altruistic activities, for the sharp distinction between sacred and secular, spiritual and worldly, which has heretofore prevailed, is already beginning to disappear. Many of the undercurrents are convinced that such a distinction is wholly imaginary, and that it arose with the monastic ideal which divorced the religious life from the common life of the people.

In the expected Religion probably every act and occupation will have a religious significance or association. All that we do will be transmuted into acts of service, for we shall be taught to act, not for personal gain, but for the benefit of others—the family, the community, the nation, mankind. Whatever helps forward humanity and strengthens the forces of evolution—in other words, is of teaching value to the race—becomes an offering on the altar of service. We can serve God in business, in the home, on the street, everywhere, if we work for the sake of others. The New Religion will be a Religion of every day and not alone of Sunday.

The Religion of the Future will be marked by its joyousness as well as its close association with daily life. The standard of the religious life to-day is largely belief; the standard in the future Religion will be deeds, performed not from a sense of duty, but because nothing else can give so much happiness to doer and recipient. Prayer will not be looked upon as a means of asking for divine gifts and favours, but as a way of unifying the human consciousness with the divine Matrix in which we are embedded. The perfect justice of destiny cannot be made to swerve one hair's breadth by all our petitions—the universe is so perfectly conceived that divine interference is unnecessary to set things straight—so prayer which asks is illogical. But

that prayer which opens the doors of our hearts to Him, the one Lover, is logical and uplifting.

No doubt the power of thought and many of the other so-called occult forces will be fully understood and used beneficially in the coming Religion, for even now some of the undercurrents are using, though not always wisely, some of these powers of the human consciousness. The belief in *supernatural* events will probably disappear, for while many things and forces are *supernormal*, yet we are beginning to realise that nothing can ever transcend the natural laws of this and of the invisible worlds. That the New Religion will continually adapt itself to every discovery need hardly be stated, for it cannot help but be thoroughly scientific in spirit as well as devotional in attitude, as are many of the undercurrents to-day. The very absence probably of a *final* revelation will make it possible for the Religion of the Future to assimilate every new truth. We shall really believe them, as we think we do now, that truth is the highest Religion.

8. Very likely a number of radical changes will be brought about in the type of worship which will prevail in the future. While the modern sermon and lecture may still continue to be given in what will be equivalent to class meetings, it seems more than probable that the character of the large public gatherings will be much modified and have different ends in view. Even now it is evident that the musical programme at Sunday services is oftentimes more attractive than the sermon, and we may surmise that if the artistic side of religious worship were eliminated, the attendance at church would become even smaller than it is now. It is not at all improbable, judging from the tendencies of many of the flourishing undercurrents, that the great public gatherings of the New Religion will be distinguished by splendid and inspiring ceremonials, rich in symbolic meaning, and so arranged and conducted as powerfully to exalt the consciousness of those who attend. Every gift of exquisite music, every glory of

harmonious colour, every subtlety of delicate odour, will undoubtedly be woven into the resplendent pageants of the New Religion. Every phase of art will receive a greater stimulus and dignity,—the ancient mystery drama and the modern interpretative dancing, as well as those more generally accepted. Beauty will be worshipped as the language of God, and the people will throng these services—if human nature in the future is the same as it is now—not because of any sense of duty or obligation, but because of the irresistible appeal of the beautiful, the mystical, the symbolical and the exalted. The purpose of such worship will be not to impart an

intellectual certainty of religious doctrines, but actually to lift the consciousness of those present from the lower levels of daily thinking to a higher plane of existence, where dwells the Spirit that is eternal Life. And, as we look forward in imagination to the gathering of the multitudes in the temples of the New Religion, we may share with them the harmony which thrills every sense, and in the ecstasy of throbbing music withdraw into that vast over-brooding Presence, the one Lover of the race, wherein may be found the Love, the Beauty, the Joy and the Peace of the Lord.

IRVING S. COOPER.

(THE END.)

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## Supplication : A Parable

*In Rabbi Shema's School the wonder grew,  
Because he taught that all the worlds might  
meet  
With thund'rous prayer around the Eternal's  
feet,  
And God, unchecked, His Pathways still  
pursue!—  
And yet the Rabbi's scholars, watching, knew  
(Oft as each sacred hour its warning beat!)  
That prayer, like fire, across his lips would  
fleet,  
And, like a weapon, smite his body through.  
So, in his porch, one eve, when day's decline  
Blazed clear as day, they sought him.—  
"Shall man dare  
With clamorous voice to break Heaven's  
peace benign,  
Not rather, silent, seek that peace to  
share?"—  
He mused, and smiled:—"It is the whim  
Divine!—  
THAT PRAYERLESS PEACE IS ONLY WON BY  
PRAYER."*

G. M. H.

# In the Service of the Great Healer

By D. L. P.

" There is only Infinite Goodness, Infinite Love,  
Nor thrall art thou to sorrow, nor heir to sin :  
For the earth, oh man, is the Lord's, and the  
fulness thereof,  
And Doubt the only devil who walks therein.  
One way of Life, tho' the ways of death be  
seven—  
Nor eastward nor westward look that way to  
win,  
For amidst thee, oh man, is the very heaven  
of heaven,  
And he that hath slain the slayer is housed  
therein."

**T**HESE words reach us with deeper meaning and greater comfort than ever before, at a time when the thought of war, with all its attendant pain and suffering, confronts each one of us. There is a wonderful sense of uplifting peace and calm in the realisation that " there is *only* Infinite Goodness, Infinite Love."

The war has many lessons to teach us, and none, surely, greater than that of the " strength that comes through suffering."

Few there are of us to-day to whom the war has brought no anxiety, no sorrow; and the calm, patient courage of those who have lost son, husband, or some other dear one reminds us that " Pain is the touch of God's own finger-tips," and that through suffering we achieve what otherwise might take us many lives to learn.

We cannot escape from pain and suffering, either mental or physical, but we can so accept it that we learn to the full the lessons it would teach us—strength, sympathy, understanding; we must be willing to suffer before we earn the right to be free of it. The Divine Figure of the " Man of Sorrows " with arms outstretched in compassion still makes His wondrous

appeal to the heart bowed down with grief—and why? Is it not because " He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows? " Few there are to-day, who, having passed through their Gethsemane of bitter suffering, have not learnt something of the sympathy and compassion of the Master Who " went about doing good," healing diseases by words or touch, and shedding around Him the radiance of His all-embracing love.

Stories reach us to-day of men, lying in agony upon the battlefield, being tended and comforted by the healing touch of the " White Comrade," as He is known among the soldiers, He, Who through bitterest agony rose to be the Lord of Love, the Master of Compassion. Cannot we, who would call ourselves His followers, do something to carry on His blessed work of healing? Surely yes, for, as Whittier tells us—

" The healing gift He lends to them  
Who use it in His name ;  
The power that filled His garment's hem  
Is evermore the same.  
For lo ! in human hearts unseen  
The Healer dwelleth still,  
And they who make His temples clean  
The best subserve His will."

All in whom the Spirit of Love is strong are healers of more or less power, the necessary qualifications being a boundless sympathy and compassion, a clean soul, and a pure, selfless devotion to the service of the Master. Possessed of these, or striving ceaselessly to achieve them, none need fear to practise what Pythagorus called " that most divine art of healing." That same great teacher, himself a wonderful healer, adds : " Since the healing art

is most divine, it must occupy itself with the soul as well as with the body ; for no creature can be sound so long as the higher part in it is sickly."

The realisation of this truth is becoming more and more general at the present day ; the mental attitude undoubtedly affects the physical body, and as " thought takes place in action," so do inharmonious thoughts bring about inharmonious conditions of the physical body.

Who does not know the feeling of physical sickness and exhaustion produced by grief or fear ? Worry results frequently in severe headache, prolonged mental strain in insomnia, and so on. Here then lies the work of the healer—to spread around him such an atmosphere of divine peace and harmony that inharmonious conditions must of necessity disappear. The healer is simply a channel for the Divine Force, of which the supply is limitless—he radiates the spirit of the Master to Whom he has dedicated his life, and the more he devotes himself to the service of others, the stronger will be the power flowing through him. He must abstain from all flesh foods, wines and spirits, that inflame the passions, and make the lower nature harder to control ; no drugs or narcotics must deaden the senses of one who would be a pure vessel for the Master's healing power ; his emotions must be controlled, his thoughts true, pure and unselfish, and his life one ceaseless round of service to his Master and humanity.

There is no need for the healer to withdraw from the life of the world, if his ordinary duty lies there : the Master's work does not necessarily mean the dropping of the daily tasks and routine of the life of the home—herein lies oft-times the best discipline the soul could find ; these things add to, they do not deaden, the life of the Spirit.

Some time should be set apart each morning for quiet meditation before going out to mingle with the life of the world, and this habit, once formed, will be found a source of untold strength and help—this utter withdrawal from physical things, and the entering into the silence, whence

the soul issues forth strengthened and refreshed for the day's work.

Pain and suffering must exist at our present stage of evolution, but those of us who, through suffering, have learnt the way to peace, may surely do what we can to help those who have not yet grasped that " Pain is not pain when borne in the smile of God." How much of suffering is brought about by sin and ignorance ! What right have we who, having gained the privilege of learning a little more of the Good Law than these poor, struggling souls, to withhold from them the light and the knowledge which would transmute their burden of sorrow into strength and peace ?

Those of us who are members of the Order of the Star in the East sometimes long for definite work to do in preparing the way for the Footsteps of the Great One, Who is coming ere long to shed the Glory and the Beauty of His Gracious Presence on earth. Is there not a great opportunity for such, in carrying on this divine ministry of healing, to whisper in men's ears the wondrous message of His Coming ? This thought—" The Master is coming " should be so glorious an inspiration to you that *some* reflexion of His Love must radiate from you upon all with whom you come in contact, and thus His message will be spread abroad not merely by your words, but by your thought and your life.

The Great Healer is ever ready to help each soul that stretches out its hands to Him, ready also to use us—if so we prove worthy—as channels through which to send His power to those who have not yet found the way to His sacred Feet.

Is the sacrifice too great ? A life of struggle and toil against sin, pain and ignorance, endless self-sacrifice, and endurance, a life lived in cloud and shadow ; for the Master is served far more in the darkness than in the light, and only those who have the courage to enter the cloud can serve those little ones so sorely needing help, because they have yet to learn that " the darkness and light are both alike because they are equally divine, and without the one the other could not be."

D. L. P.

# The Herald of the Star

## A Few Words about our Magazine

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, *Sub-Editor.*

**A**S the call of other work may be causing me shortly to hand over my sub-editorial responsibilities in connection with the *Herald of the Star*, or at least to have much less directly to do with them than heretofore, I wish to take the opportunity of writing a few words about the magazine and its problems, and the place which it may be expected to fill in the time which is coming.

One evening just under three years ago, a small party of us were sitting on the cliffs at a small seaside place in Normandy, discussing the future problem of the *Herald*. The magazine was then on the eve of appearing in its enlarged form, having previously been published at Adyar simply as a small bulletin for members of the Order of the Star in the East.

We were not optimistic. The great difficulty, as it then appeared to us, in connection with the new venture, would be to sound the distinctive note of the message for which both we and the magazine stood—obviously our first duty—and at the same time to provide the kind of interesting and varied material which readers would demand. On the one hand, it was clearly necessary to be perfectly definite with regard to the central purpose

of the paper,—the preparation of the minds of its readers, namely, for the near-coming of a great Spiritual Teacher. On the other hand, simply to insist on this and to reiterate it, with the various arguments which serve to support the expectation, would very soon become intolerably monotonous. There was a danger, too, if this policy were pursued, of the magazine acquiring a kind of evangelical or missionary tone; a danger which we were particularly anxious to avoid.

Another difficulty which hung over us at that time was a lack of articles. So far as I can remember, I do not think that we had any articles in hand at all. And if the maxim that no new periodical should be started without at least six months' material being collected in advance, be the counsel of prudence, then the new *Herald* was inaugurated under most imprudent circumstances.

The second difficulty has, I am glad to say, never worried us since the magazine was actually started in its new form. Articles have come in steadily the whole time; and the difficulty has more often been to find the necessary space for all that we had. Forty-eight pages seem ample room in the abstract; but from the editorial standpoint it usually presents

a very genuine problem. During the year 1914, of course, the *Herald* had sixty-four pages, which made matters comparatively easy. But when, at the beginning of 1915, economy suggested the reduction of the number to forty-eight, the question of finding space for everything which we wished to include became a harassing one; and Mr. Maers, the kindly and efficient representative of our printing firm, who looks after the monthly issue of the *Herald*, knows well the recurrent wrestling with the space problem which takes place during the last few days of each month. This, incidentally, may serve as an explanation and an apology to those many contributors, the appearance of whose articles has from time to time been delayed. If they are ever called upon to do editorial work, they will know and sympathise.

The first difficulty, alluded to above, has also proved far less formidable in practice than it seemed to be in anticipation. And as this is, in many ways, rather an interesting and important matter, I should like to say something about it.

I do not think that the central message of the magazine has been unduly insisted upon; unduly, that is to say, in the sense of becoming monotonous or spoiling the paper from a journalistic point of view. Nor do I think that the *Herald* has ever taken on that "pious," narrowly propagandist tone, which is so often the fate of a periodical devoted to a movement or cause—particularly, to a religious movement. At the same time, there is much to show that it is accepted everywhere as a messenger, *i.e.*, as the vehicle of something which it wishes to impart; and the testimony of a growing number of readers goes to indicate that there are many who find its tone inspiring and uplifting. Finally, if one turns over the pages of a bound volume of the *Herald*, or even of one of the monthly issues, one sees that it has achieved a considerable variety of subject-matter and that its articles, from month to month, have covered a fairly wide field.

I wish to assign the credit for this and to explain it. It has nothing to do with persons. It seems to me rather to be

inherent in the message itself; particularly in the message, as those who have had the inestimable privilege of some theosophical training have learnt to view it.

The *Herald of the Star* is not a theosophical magazine. It has no official connection with the Theosophical Society. But there are large numbers of members in the Order of the Star in the East who are theosophists and who have not only come to the expectation of the advent of a World-Teacher through Theosophy, but have learnt to study that advent, and all that it must mean to the world, in the light of the theosophical teachings.

It was to be expected, therefore, that in the magazine which is the official organ of the Order and the chief bearer of its message to the world, there should be operative something of the theosophical spirit. And, for my own part, I wish to take this opportunity of acknowledging all that the *Herald* has owed to Theosophy and the immense help, in particular, which it has derived from it, in connection with the editorial work. Let me specify some of this help.

First and foremost, the spirit, to which I allude, has enabled the magazine to avoid religious narrowness. To the Theosophist, as is generally known, all religions are alike worthy of reverence, and all form part of one great Scheme for the spiritual evolution of mankind. It follows from this that a great spiritual event, like the coming of a World-Teacher, cannot, in the light of Theosophy, be looked upon as the concern of any one of the world's great Faiths more nearly than any other. It is something which affects all alike, and in the glad anticipation of which all may share. Consequently, the *Herald* has never regarded its central message as limited by boundaries of race, civilisation or religion. It has welcomed the expectation wherever it is to be found to-day throughout the world, and it has always preferred to avoid giving it a clothing which would seem to link it on more especially to the hopes and aspirations of a single religion.

In the second place, it has been of the greatest help in enabling the magazine to

achieve the variety of which I have spoken. It is no part of the theosophical view of things to make a hard and fast separation between the religious and secular sides of life. All human evolution is, for the Theosophist, a spiritual evolution, and the varied sides of it are only so many devices for the bringing out of latent qualities in human nature, and for the imparting of experience. And both the qualities and the experience are in the ultimate issue spiritual.

This broader view has its natural reflection in the conception of what the coming of a World-Teacher must mean for mankind. Such an event ceases to be, in the narrower sense, a religious event, and becomes one which embraces the whole of life. There is, consequently, no aspect of modern life, no matter how purely secular it may seem at first sight, which can be looked upon as outside the reach of its influence. At bottom, the modern movement, the modern problem, are spiritual. The unrest which is sweeping through the world to-day, the eager efforts at reform, the many changes—political, social, economical, religious—which are rapidly coming about, are all but the manifestations of a single great spiritual crisis; they are the symptoms of a profound upheaval in the Soul of Humanity, of the effort of the Spirit in man to remould its outer life more in accordance with its own inner dictates.

It is to this many-sided, complex, and struggling modern world of ours that, in the eyes of the Theosophist, the Master must come; and, as such, He must come to the whole of it, with healing for all its distempers and wisdom for the solution of all its problems, secular as well as sacred; not with a partial message only, nor with one that is out of touch with actualities.

Viewing the scope and import of the Advent in this way, the magazine has found itself able to draw many more aspects of life into relation with its central message than might, at a superficial glance, have appeared possible. The *Herald* has printed articles on all kinds of movements. It has not disdained such purely practical

economic subjects as, for example, the article on "Co-operative Housekeeping" in the April number, nor such strictly political matters as the scheme outlined by Mrs. Besant for the building up of a system of self-government for India. Outwardly these have little to do with the coming of a World-Teacher. Inwardly they are intimately bound up with it. For they are all parts of that great Reconstruction which is preparing for the Age to come. And He, the World-Teacher, will be the Founder and the Master-Builder of that Age.

To this wider theosophical conception, then, of the relation of the modern world-movement to the coming of the Great Teacher, the *Herald* primarily owes its variety. And it owes to it something else, which has also to do with the introduction of subject-matter that has, at first sight, little outward connection with its central motive.

There are two classes of people, the theosophically-minded student holds, who are likely to respond most readily to the presence and influence of a true World-Teacher. There are first, of course, those who have been led to expect His coming and who are therefore on the look out for Him. These have a certain advantage, in the sense that they will have had time to prepare themselves, in some measure, for the great event. But there are also those who have no idea of any such happening—men and women to whom the whole idea may possibly appear unreasonable—who yet, because of some inner quality within themselves, will surely respond intuitively, when He actually comes. These are those whom we sometimes speak of as the men and women of "good will";—idealists, lovers of their kind, unselfish workers along many different lines for the welfare of humanity,—all of them the servants of the Great Teacher, whether or not they know it in their outer consciousnesses. Between the Master and these His servants there already exists, the Theosophist would hold, a true bond of union. None can be dearer to Him than those who are doing His work without the thought or hope of any reward or special privilege; perhaps (who knows?)

they may be even dearer than those who are working in the definite expectation of His near presence. And so, when He actually comes amongst His own, this inner bond will assuredly make itself felt. So far as propaganda goes, it is needless, in the eyes of the *Herald*, to press this upon the loving, the compassionate and the unselfish. For they have within themselves the spiritual eye, which will enable them to see when the appointed time comes.

And so the *Herald* has, from the first, felt that it might hope for two classes of reader, and be of service to both; and these two classes gave it a two-fold mission. The first part of that mission was to implant in as many minds as possible the expectation of the coming of the Great One, to show why it is reasonable on ordinary intellectual grounds, and to report wherever the belief was spreading amongst men. The second part was to provide a vehicle for a wide variety of advanced and idealistic thought, to keep high and noble ideas in circulation, to report good work of every kind along altruistic lines, and so to provide a magazine which might win the sympathy and respect of the "people of good will."

These two tasks it has tried, and is still trying, to fulfil;—imperfectly as yet, of course, and falling very far short of what yet remains to be done; but still it recognises them as its mission and will endeavour to carry them out steadily in the future. It is, in a word, the ideal of the *Herald* both to spread a certain definite expectation and, at the same time, to spread a certain spirit which, with or without the added expectation, will yet be an offering to the Great One, when He comes, and is even to-day assuredly preparing His way.

Such, very briefly, is the debt of the *Herald of the Star* to Theosophy. And in view of the insistence which has so often been laid of late—an insistence perfectly right and necessary from many important standpoints—on the complete independence of the Order of the Star in the East, as an organisation, and the Theosophical Society, I am glad, in writing these few general remarks upon the

magazine, to be able to acknowledge something of what it owes to the underlying spirit of Theosophy. Personally, I can say with complete honesty that, but for the help of Theosophy, the editing of the *Herald* would have been a very difficult task indeed.

There is, however, one point, in connection with this, which we who are members of the Order ought to remember. I remarked above that, in spite of the fact that the *Herald* has never insisted unduly upon its message, yet nearly all who read it feel it to be a messenger. I think that we should remember here the direct influence of the Great Teacher Himself. If He, as we believe, is shortly coming to the world, then the coming is His plan, and all work which is being done in preparation for it, either directly or indirectly, is work for Him. In such work the *Herald of the Star* has an important part to play; for it is the official organ of a definite movement of preparation. Something, then, of His blessing, we must believe, must fall upon the magazine and its work. There must assuredly be about it something of His "magnetism." And I, for one, am quite prepared to hold that, even though the *Herald* were never specifically to mention its central message, that message would, in some subtle way, breathe through it. And perhaps (who knows?) it does so already. At any rate, I think that we miss half the significance of our magazine—and certainly those who are working for it would miss half their inspiration—if we forget the close personal relationship which it bears to the Great Teacher Himself and to His plans for the world.

And this brings me to the future of the *Herald*.

Many of us have always looked upon the present phase in the existence of the *Herald* as merely a preliminary one. We have somehow to do the best we can in providing a magazine which will win its way in the world and gradually reach an ever-widening circle of readers. We have to build up a circulation. We have also to interest what I may call the "choice spirits" in many lands.

But all this is entirely preparatory. We do not need a large circulation for the money it will bring in—although the more satisfactory our finances, the better we can do this preliminary part of our work. We need it rather for the numbers of sympathetic minds, already attuned to our expectation and ideals, whom it will place in touch with Him, when He comes.

The time will come when the *Herald of the Star* will be, we hope, in a very real sense, His personal organ; when it will exist wholly to bear His teachings on many different subjects throughout the world. When that time comes, it will have no other purpose. There will no longer be any question of spreading an expectation, for expectation will have merged into reality. The function of the *Herald* will then be to teach.

This is the future before it; and this is what one cannot help prefiguring all through the work which is being done at present for the magazine. For on the work which can be done now depends the nature and extent of the audience which will be ready for Him when He comes. To how many can we tell our expectation and show the varied lines of thought which make it (to us at least) a reasonable one? How many of the world's good and unselfish workers can we reach, so that their interest in our magazine shall make, at least, some small link between their idealism and ours? These are questions of profound and pressing importance to those who really believe that a Great Teacher of Men is actually coming. For He is coming, not for us in particular, but for the whole world of our time; and it is for us to prepare that world, so far as we can, for His reception.

If occasionally the *Herald* Staff has seemed rather urgent, to some members of the Order, in its pleas for a wider circulation, in its request for members to take extra copies, to open local agencies, and to do all that they can to further the magazine, it is this motive that has all along prompted such importunity. For every sympathetic reader is a potential follower of the Great Teacher; and so it becomes possible, by spreading the *Herald*

of the *Star*, actually to increase the number of those who will welcome Him. And does not this sum up, in a single sentence, the whole work of the Order?

When the Great One is actually here, there will be no longer any question of the circulation of the *Herald*. It will then assuredly be a magazine of world-wide importance, eagerly read by thousands, the accredited vehicle of His teachings. What we have to do now is to work up to that splendid future, not only by making the magazine as good in itself as possible, but by doing what we can to secure for it something of an influence in advance. And here, though much, of course, depends upon those who have to conduct it, a great deal also depends upon its readers. We should like our readers whole-heartedly to co-operate in promoting the work of the *Herald*. Many are doing this already, and to them we are very grateful. But many more might help, and would, I think, help, if they were to realise in imagination all that their helping might mean to the Great One and His work. May I, therefore, as this is a kind of valedictory message, take this opportunity of suggesting how much splendid work is possible, in the case of those who believe in the message of the *Herald* and the task to which it has set itself? If every reader, in the course of a year, would definitely undertake to find one other reader or subscriber, it would make a really great difference in the course of the years of preparation.

I cannot conclude without expressing the cordial thanks of the magazine to the Printers, Messrs. Hudson & Kearns, who have always done their share of the work admirably, and to the generous friends who have helped it financially. Without these friends the *Herald of the Star* could not have existed; nor could it to-day exist in the form in which it is being produced. The warmest gratitude of the magazine itself and of its readers is, therefore, due to them.

The *Herald* has a great work before it. Let us all see what we can do to help in that work.

E. A. WODEHOUSE.  
Sub-Editor.

## Correspondence

## THE HOUSEHOLDERS' LEAGUE OF THOUGHT.

The Editor, *Herald of the Star*.

SIR,—Is it not necessary that those who are trying to use thought power for the helping of the world should keep their minds free from any personal or national bias? Taking the position in which we now find ourselves, it is at least conceivable that the evil to be worked out and dissipated by the war is the spirit of militarism, the embodiment of enmity and distrust, in the Allied nations as well as in the Central Powers, in England as well as

in Germany. That may mean that the purpose will be served rather by the mutual exhaustion of the opposing forces than by the decisive victory of either. It seems to me, therefore, that we can only be sure of helping in the service of the whole by taking care that our spiritual forces are offered to the Ruler of the World as sacrifice, to be used in whatever direction He sees best, without any limiting or directing thought of our own.

I am, yours, etc.,

JAMES A. ALLAN.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. James A. Allan, the writer of the above letter. Mr. Allan, who was the National Representative of the Order of the Star for Scotland, was taken suddenly ill on Thursday evening, April 13th. He was at once removed to a Nursing Home, where he underwent an operation; but, in spite of an apparent improvement, passed away on the afternoon of April 17th. Mr. Allan will be mourned by a large number of friends. He was a prominent Glasgow citizen, a man of wealth and influence, and had at one time been a director of the Allan Line of shipping. All who knew him were

aware how generously he employed his wealth in the many good causes in which he was interested. As a member of the Theosophical Society he was one of the pillars of the Society's work in Scotland, helping it both financially and by his own diligence as a propagandist. For his work on behalf of the Order of the Star both the Order itself and the *Herald of the Star* have long owed him a debt of gratitude,—the Order for his admirable work as National Representative, the *Herald* for the ever generous way in which he helped to increase its circulation and to bring the magazine to the notice of the public in Scotland. *Requiescat in pace.*—ED.

## RUSSO-JEWISH WAR VICTIMS FUND

Since we published an appeal for the above, much has been done to mitigate the terrible sufferings of the Polish Jews; but the number of refugees is so vast, that it is to be feared that the amount of distress, illness and mortality have been great, especially among the children and aged. The Central Committee in Petrograd, with local committees and representatives in over 300 towns, has worked strenuously to grapple with the problem. Their activities have included the establishment of cheap food and clothing depôts and labour bureaux, the provision of lodgings and fuel. In many towns workshops have been opened both for

women and men, and small loans have been granted to enable artisans to purchase tools, etc. Altogether £570,000 was expended in relief during 1915, in addition to which a large amount of voluntary medical help has been given. The number actually fed and sheltered at present by the Committee is about 350,000, the amount required for this purpose being £120,000 per month. The donations received from Star members to date amount to £47. Further donations are urgently required and will be gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Secretaries, Russo-Jewish Fund, 28, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C. L. L. HYMAN.

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## Holy Loch

*Inland over the hills ! with the roar of the  
sea behind me :  
The Sun a dying splendour beyond,  
The wind and the woods in mystic bond  
; With the magic glamour of evening.*

*Inland over the hills !—clad in their garb of  
purple :  
About me the whisper of rustling leaves,  
And the wonder-world which the sunset  
weaves  
On a scented summer evening.*

*Inland over the hills !—and Night came  
down like a Spirit :  
From its far-flung cloak of clouds on  
high  
Swift-scurrying over the dim-lit sky,  
The moon burst forth resplendent.*

*Down from the heart of the hills I dropped,  
to the Holy Loch in the valley :  
Its rippling waves in the moonlight  
white  
Dimly reflecting the starry night,  
And the brooding mountains above it.*

*Cold and calm and pure like a pearl, lay the  
moonlit waters before me :  
Whispering soft of mysterious things,  
Phantom shapes and shimmering wings  
And the beautiful land of Faerie.*

*Space was not, and Time was not ; Past was  
merged into Present :  
The mighty pulse of the earth I heard,—  
The drowsy chirp of a sleeping bird,  
And I watched the whirl of atoms.*  
\* \* \*

*And then once more I stood by the shores of  
the Holy Loch in the mountains :  
Bound again in the silken mesh  
Of my earthly frame and the bonds of  
flesh ;—  
In my ears the murmuring waters.*

*Then I wandered away from the silent hills with  
the North wind moaning behind me :  
Back to the shores of the starlit sea  
Where the great ships glide, and the  
wind blows free  
In the gleaming silvery moonlight.*  
\* \* \*

*Often I dream of the Holy Loch slumbering  
deep in the mountains :  
And ever I thank the Gods of the place  
For the Vision They gave me of infinite  
Space  
Which foreshadowed the glory that shall be.*

R. W. BELL.



By G. S. ARUNDALE.

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

**B**Y the time this issue of the *Herald* is in the hands of our readers, I shall have returned to India, and shall probably be at my home in Adyar, Madras. Having been in England at a time when she has been straining every nerve amply to fulfil her obligations to her Allies and in honour to her own traditions, I shall be able to convey to my Indian friends some kind of impression as to the conditions which obtain when a nation is at war. While it is undoubtedly true that a very large amount of hardship has been caused in the making of the necessary effort to put forth all available strength, it is clear how much can be done, and still more clear how much ought to be done in times of actual peace than is generally accomplished. We are, indeed, learning the lesson of war, but the lesson of war is not so very different from the lesson of peace. Both in war and peace organisation, and a sense of national responsibility, are of paramount importance; and what we have to learn from present conditions is the fact that when peace is declared we must not cease to organise or to call upon every eligible man and woman to render appro-

priate service to the country in which they live. This is the lesson England has taught India—to organise all available resources, not only in the defence of the land, but towards the accomplishment of her ancient ideals. At present our organisation depends upon the sense of the common danger, and every nerve is strained to crush the foe who otherwise would crush us. In times of peace we shall not have this pressure from without; so we must strive to substitute for such pressure some other powerful incentive which will produce far better results.

I believe that the incentive is to be found in a clear understanding of the nature of the ideals for which the British Empire stands, and of the part each country within the Empire has to play. For the moment idealists and visionaries have little scope for their activities; but when the war is over we shall need this type of mankind to show us the way we ought to tread. We shall need idealists and visionaries of all kinds, of all beliefs, of all attitudes. For only out of the ideals and visions of many shall we be able to reach some common term which shall be a standard for the

nation's growth. While the War has still to be won there is not much scope, as I have said, for visionaries and dreamers; but the practical men of affairs who are now in charge of the situation should remember that the perfect combination is the organiser, organising hand in hand with the idealist—the organiser tempering the dreams of the enthusiast, and the enthusiast widening the outlook of the organiser. Of course, if it is possible to combine the two within one individual so much the better. As Lord Rosebery, I believe, has said, no finer type of individual can be found than that which is both man of action and mystic; but such types are, of course, very rare.

England must, doubtless, with important modifications, maintain the organisation which she has brought into being while preserving all possible freedom. The task of India is to begin the organisation. Individual freedom exists within certain limits; that is to say, the State asks but little from the average individual Indian, but the State has to grow, so that having a definite existence it may enthuse its own consciousness into its constituent parts. That is why India must revive—using that word in the sense of “revivify”—her ancient systems of government, even though at first they be merely forms, even though she play with her forms for the time being. Even if it is only a pretence, let her pretend to have her village councils, administering village custom and law. In a word, let her establish an organisation into which the more advanced citizens may pour their life, so that it may spread among those who are not as yet conscious of their place in national life. Let India take note of English conditions at the present time. There is not a man or woman—hardly a boy or girl—who is not aware of the fact that the nation has a right to ask something from them. Probably, before the War broke out, most people only came into contact with the State either when they interfered with it or when they wanted something from it. But now, neither interfering or wanting, they still come into contact with the State, because the State wants something from

them. We have to arrive at the position when the State is always wanting something from its citizens, not merely abstinence from law breaking, but active co-operation in national growth. Education in the very earliest stages should be permeated with this principle. Through much hardship and difficulty we are grasping the principle in England to-day. We must keep firm hold of it when that which has brought its application into existence has ceased to be an impelling force.

As I said at the beginning of these notes, we have to introduce a higher motive for national service than that which suffices at the present. What that motive has actually to be depends both on our visionaries and our enthusiasts, and on the practical application of their dreams through those who are accustomed to bring down to earth as much of heaven as earth can stand. India has done much in the way of Imperial service and might have done much more had she been allowed. I am one of those who hold that the War might have been over far sooner if the whole of India's available strength had been brought into service. However that may be, India ought now to begin where England will begin when the War is over. In many ways India has a little further to go than has England, and so it is well that she should be able to begin sooner. Let her get her organisation ready. Let her establish the forms, so that, when the time comes for us to take stock of our Imperial condition, of our Imperial responsibility, of our Imperial destiny, India may be ready, with all the other dominions of the Emperor, to go forward towards that which shall be established as the Imperial goal.

It is for this that Mrs. Besant is working so hard in India, for this that so many statesmen are working throughout the Empire. What cannot be accomplished with a united Empire, each part of which is striving to follow in its own way the special lines of evolution allotted to it in the common work of the welfare of the world?

G. S. ARUNDALE.

# The Birth of a New Sub-Race

## III. Preparation for the New Type

By C. W. LEADBEATER

*[In this, his third lecture, Mr. Leadbeater alludes to the special conditions attending the birth of the sixth, or coming, Sub-Race, and explains the meaning of that "intuitional" quality which it is especially to embody. Preparation for the Sub-Race must therefore mean preparation for this quality, i.e., a bringing about of the external conditions in life which will harmonise with it and allow it free play. On this point the lecturer gives some weighty and useful advice, and concludes by emphasizing the enormous responsibility of parents, and others, who are to have charge of the young lives with which the Sub-Race is to be built.]*

**I** HAVE spoken to you of the new sub-race as already commencing among you ; obviously it must be made from existing materials. One cannot find ready-made parents of this sixth sub-race ; it is clear that it is with parents of the old fifth sub-race that a birth will be found for the child who has to represent the new sub-race. I mentioned, I believe, in another lecture the method adopted by the Manu (the name given in India to the Official who is in charge of this making of races and sub-races). He generally segregates His people ; He has usually chosen the best that He could find of the existing Root-Race, separated them in some way from others and made a sort of colony of them, which gradually differentiated itself from other people, by intermarriage and by steady pressure applied from higher planes, until by degrees an entirely new type was set up. That was a long process extending over many centuries ; and in some cases the race was practically eliminated, down to two or three of the families which seemed most suitable, and what might be called a second beginning was made from those.

In the case of the beginning of a sub-race such elaborate care as that is not usually necessary. The other sub-races which sprang out of the great Aryan race were indeed separated, but in large crowds ; whole tribes were caused to migrate, and then the different tribes gradually developed into the different sub-races, so that although there is a well-marked distinction, for example, between the Latin peoples and our own Anglo-Saxon type, yet the division is by no means so great as that between us and the relics of the Atlantean race.

In the case of this new sub-race, which is already beginning among you, there has been no attempt made to segregate the people at all so far. In families already existing, children showing the characteristics of the new sub-race have been born and are being born all the time, so that it is evident that in this case the transition will be more gradual ; but, for the production of bodies suitable to express the characteristics of the new race, a mixture is frequently necessary. That is the reason, probably, why new countries such as Australia, New Zealand, and the United

States are chosen as the theatre for the experiments. Here, no doubt, a majority of the population is of English descent, but a great many are of other nations; there are some belonging to the Latin races; in fact, we represent a decidedly mixed community, and all these have intermarried freely enough, so that the Australian race will not be any one of these, but will be an admixture of all, and therefore it may well be able to select by degrees the good qualities of all.

From the occult point of view, a particular type of body is simply a vehicle fitted to express certain characteristics; if you have such a body as belongs to one of the more emotional races, you have a body which is probably capable of artistic development, capable certainly of emotion, which may sometimes be tempestuous, and will need careful control and training, but will be capable of reaching greater heights in some directions than the cold northern temperament. On the other hand, the bodies that have the northern temperament will be better able to develop along other lines where the same amount of emotion is not so much required—will be more capable along those lines of higher development than would the more emotional bodies.

It needs all kind of people to make up a new race, because that new race must have in its vehicles the possibility for unfolding along various lines. You will not in any given race get only one type of people, but people of all types; and the bodies prepared for them must be such as will express to some extent all reasonably probable characteristics, but with a distinct bias in favour of a certain set of such characteristics,—those which it is intended chiefly to develop by means of this new race. A race is, in fact, a class through which souls pass, a class which is intended to teach certain lessons through the vehicles provided; and the soul, while in that class, must have a body of a nature which will allow him to learn those lessons with reasonable ease. A special characteristic of that Romance or Latin sub-race (Celtic, we sometimes call it) was the expansion of the emotional side of man,

whereas the special work of the Anglo-Saxon sub-race was the evolution of the intellectual side of man. You will notice that it is these races chiefly which have run along the line of what might be called cold intellect, as divorced from emotion. All these northern races have felt more affinity for the protestant form of Christianity, while the warmer and more emotional southern races have almost invariably adopted the Catholic or Greek presentations, because these were more suitable for their needs. It is simply a question of natural selection.

This sixth sub-race is to combine both these qualities, and it is also to bring out the quality of intuition. Instead of analysis, which has been the principal feature of the fifth sub-race, we shall now have synthesis. We have for long been exhibiting the discriminating part of the intellect; we have known things by their differences one from the other; and the natural result of that has been that we have become a critical people—that, in considering a subject, we always pounce first upon the points in which it is different from those to which we are accustomed. So that our first attitude towards anything new has always that flavour of suspicion, which expresses itself in the thought:

“Here I see things which are unfamiliar to me; that man has customs, thoughts, which are different from mine, therefore I am a little repelled, doubtful, suspicious.”

Only afterwards and gradually we come to see that there is a great deal of agreement in the background, and perhaps these points of difference are less important than they appear. We may see it every day in the ordinary criticism of any book; the reviewer pounces only upon the points upon which he disagrees, unless he is a practised writer who has forced himself into the attitude of really judicial criticism. When we develop the power of synthesis, the first points which will strike us will be those of agreement. We shall realise the truth and the power and the life which are behind all forms, and the Divine in us will recognise the Divine in the other man; that power of seeing what things are really

important in ourselves will pounce upon the really important points in the man, the book, the system, or whatever it is. We shall learn to seize first the points of agreement, and gradually afterwards to pick out the points of difference, allowing them only their due weight, instead of (as we do now) magnifying them until we altogether hide the points of agreement.

Look at the Christian world to-day. It is divided into over three hundred sects ; and you will find that all these groups of people differ, not on momentous principles, but on the minutest points, which cannot possibly matter in any case, whereas they agree on every point that is of real importance. You have fair examples in the questions which divided the early Church. The Arians broke away from the Orthodox theoretically on the insertion of a single dot (like a full stop) in a certain Greek word—whether it should be *homoousion* or *homoiousion*. It was a question whether Christ is of the *same* nature as the Father, or whether He is of *like* nature with the Father. The whole of Christendom split into two parts—the Greek Church and the Roman—on the question of the procession of the Holy Ghost—whether the Third Person of the blessed Trinity came from the Father only, or from the Father and the Son. You will observe that both these are questions upon which no one can possibly have any reliable information, and, furthermore, that neither of them can possibly matter in the least to any human being. That is the kind of thing about which religious sects have always been disputing. All these different sects around you hold the same broad beliefs, but they differ in questions as to Church government—whether the chief men shall be called bishops or presbyters, whether you may baptise a baby, or whether you must wait until he grows up, whether a priest may or may not wear a particular dress—and so on. You can imagine the Christ coming back and looking at His Churches, and saying :

“ Why are you all separate like this ? I said nothing to you of all these things ; I told you to follow Me and to live as I lived ; I told you to feed the hungry, to

give drink to the thirsty, to visit the sick. Above all, I told you to love one another ; why are you disobeying Me ? ”

I think none could deny that He would have a perfect right to say that, or something like that, to those who call themselves His followers.

That is the result of carrying this looking for differences too far. In this next sub-race you will have the people looking for points of agreement, and we may easily imagine what an enormous difference that will make. So you will have to combine to some extent the best qualities of the two previous sub-races in order to provide the necessary vehicle for this new sub-race ; but it will have to arise out of the vehicles which already exist. These people of the new sub-race must be the children of you who are here now, and of people like you all over your country ; therefore it is obvious that the shaping of the ideal vehicles for this new race can take place only gradually. From parents who belong to the fifth sub-race will come a child capable of expressing some part at least of the qualities of the sixth sub-race, and into that will come a soul, which is to be a sixth sub-race soul, and will to some extent have those qualities. Expressing them through that vehicle as he grows, he will gradually strengthen them in himself, and also increase the capability of his vehicle to express them. He will no doubt be attracted to a partner in life who has the same sort of development, so that their offspring in turn will be even better fitted to express the special characteristics. And so in a few generations we shall probably have a large number of people who are fully able to show forth the new qualities, and therefore the sixth sub-race will be an established fact. As time goes on, no doubt, it will be the majority of the population, but that must be a matter of centuries.

Mixture is often necessary—the mixture of different races in order that the best results may be produced ; but the mingling must not be of those who are too far apart. You may usefully combine two recent sub-races, but not another Root-Race with those. That may be the occult

reason at the back of the prejudice in favour of a "White Australia"—the desire on the part of the Great Ones behind, that there may not be too much of a medley in the population. I know that that particular idea is supposed to be founded on social and financial questions, and that those are the reasons for which you maintain it ; but the Powers behind may have Their reasons, and They may use existing prejudices to produce Their own results, and to keep the nation just as They wish it until Their new sub-race is well established. They often utilise what seems like prejudice in cases like that. Those who govern the world from behind are fully capable of utilising those things in us which are weaknesses, as well as those things which tell for strength. They take humanity as it is, and make the best that is to be made of it ; not only our greatest virtues, but often our very feebleness may be utilised as part of one mighty plan.

In a country like this, or like America, you mix what in Europe we call classes, as well as races. It is practically unthinkable in England that people of widely-separated social classes should come together except in the rarest circumstances ; but here there is no restriction of that sort, and you find that classes as well as races have mingled to make a new race. That is probably another reason why new countries like this are the most suitable for this work. Your country, as you its inhabitants must know better than I do, is in a transition period ; it is in an intermediate stage ; the very fact that you are a comparatively new race allows you to try experiments which would be hardly thinkable in the older countries, where there are such masses of vested interests.

You have, undoubtedly, in this country tried to do some really fine things. You have succeeded only partially as yet, because you have not gone quite the best way to try many of the things you propose. You know how in Europe for many centuries people have groaned under class legislation—under acts like the Game Laws, like the various disabilities that we impose upon people with regard to getting into certain offices, and so on. You are free from that

side of things here ; I am not sure that you have not tried class legislation on exactly the opposite side, legislation in favour of another class, and against the old class of the aristocracy. Class legislation is quite obviously a bad thing, and it is just as bad a thing at one end of the social scale as at the other. It must be possible presently to avoid that, and to consult only the best interests of the community as a whole. That, I think, has not yet been done, because I notice that the class legislation here does unquestionably interfere with liberty and with the convenience of the people as a whole. A particular class in any country which desires and obtains legislation exclusively for its own benefit seems to forget that it is part of the community, and that if it gains something for itself at the cost of the community as a whole, it, as part of that community, is paying something of that cost. There must be in the future before us a time when legislation will be for the whole ; when we shall have become sufficiently statesman-like to take all points of view into consideration, instead of only one point, whichever that may be.

It is not only public convenience that suffers, but freedom is eliminated by any sort of legislation which is for one class only and not for all alike. There is here, as in the older countries, a certain amount of hostility between those who should co-operate. There is Capital on one side and Labour on the other ; and there is much of mutual suspicion between them, instead of unselfishness and intelligent co-operation, which must come some time if the best is to be gained for all. That is one of the points which will have to some extent to be modified if we are to get the best possible conditions for our new sub-race.

Many things here are still somewhat crude. Perhaps there may be many people who have not yet learned the duty and the necessity of beauty—beauty in all sorts of public and industrial buildings—beauty in all your surroundings. I told you earlier in these lectures that you have here, in Sydney, one of the most magnificent sites in the whole world, but you have not yet made the place worthy of that site. In many cases

you have allowed private concerns to seize upon the very foreshores which ought to be the beauty and splendour of the place. All these things will right themselves gradually. Then, perhaps, we are still in too much of a hurry. I know it to be so in America ; in many of the great cities in America there seems no time to live ; there is only time to slave.

Here is a new sub-race beginning. Obviously it will make a great deal of difference under what sort of general conditions it begins ; and that is where *we* come in, because it depends upon the existing Australasians what the future Australasians shall be ; or rather, as the plan of the Great Powers behind will certainly be carried out, it depends upon us how soon and how fully that plan can be realised. Likely parents will, of course, be selected for these souls that are to be the pioneers of the new race. Who will the likely parents be ? Physical health they must have, because the new sub-race is to be vigorous in every way ; but mainly they will be chosen because they can provide a certain type of vehicle which will be a good and easy expression for the new qualities. Not only the parents themselves have to be considered, but their ancestry. Parents might be selected, for example, not so particularly for what they themselves happen to be as for the heredity which they can give. Ancestors of theirs may have been people of great power and distinction ; the qualities of those ancestors could be reproduced in their descendants, and therefore although the actual parents may be mediocre people, they may be chosen for this work because of the fact that there had been this great power, or intellect, or devotion, in some of their ancestors.

This at least stands out clearly, that the power to pass on a vehicle suitable for certain qualities will be of little use, unless there is a certain type of character in the parents themselves. What sort of character ? Remember what this future race is to be. It is to unfold intuition, it is to adopt the brotherly attitude of co-operation ; therefore these parents must clearly and above all things be unselfish ; they

must be full of love and intuition. That is the sort of person that is wanted. They must be parents who understand—parents who are willing to live largely for their children, and will not expect their children to live for them. They must be people who will not cling to the old selfish delusion that the child exists for the sake of his parents ; they must understand that a soul entrusts his vehicle to their care—entrusts to them the task of preparing for him the physical garment in which he shall spend his life.

It is a most touching idea, when you think of it. Here comes a soul, a spark of God's own fire, and puts himself in your hands for help ; what he wants is a vehicle which will enable him to increase in himself whatever qualities are specially needed in him, and he wants you to give him such surroundings as will make that development easy for him, make it possible for him with reasonable facility to do what he wants to do. He comes to you and wants to acquire the qualities of love and intuition. What then must you do ? Be thoroughly careful to surround him with only those thoughts and circumstances which will help him along that line, which will make that growth easy for him. He has here a new set of vehicles ; for a soul takes not only a new physical body, but a new astral body as the expression of his emotions, and a new mental body as the expression of his mind. He comes from God Himself, and entrusts himself to your hands. You cannot be faithless to such a trust as that ; you cannot do other than rise to it with all the power and strength of your nature, if only you see it and understand it. And so I say, the parents chosen must be those who will understand.

The environment which they give him will greatly affect his character. Remember, he has his own nature brought forward from a previous life. It is not that you actually give him good qualities or bad qualities ; he has those within himself, but it is within your power to give him an opportunity of developing the good first or the bad first.

To understand exactly to what an extent that is so, you must try to realise that these vehicles, the astral and the mental

body, are in some respects similar to the physical vehicle. It is true that they do not eat and breathe ; they have no organic function, but they have the same great characteristics ; their particles are constantly changing. You know how your physical body absorbs particles from the air around you. It is in that way that infectious diseases are acquired ; you are constantly drawing particles in and throwing others out. So are these higher vehicles ; and just as dirty or unpleasant surroundings would mean that a man's physical body would draw into itself undesirable matter, so astrally unpleasant surroundings mean that he draws into his astral body unpleasant matter, matter which comes as a temptation to him, because it is attuned to express low and gross vibrations, which he should not have.

Here comes a child born into a family ; he has, of course, come over from some other life, and in all probability he has not been a great saint in that life ; he was most likely a man like you or me, with a certain amount of good in him and a certain amount that was not good. Let us consider the average man's astral body. The matter which he draws round him as he descends into incarnation is exactly of the same character as that which he had at the end of his last astral life. He could therefore reconstruct for himself an astral body exactly similar to that which he used in that past life, but there is no reason why he should do that ; the material is there, but he need not use it all. The particles which expressed the good qualities, and the other types which expressed the less good qualities, are all there before him like bricks with which he may build ; but it is not necessary that every brick should be used in the erection of the building.

It makes an enormous difference which of these qualities is developed first—the good or the evil. The astral body is an almost colourless mass in the case of the little child—more white or transparent than anything else ; before he reaches manhood it will be built into a mass of flashing colours. Colours are, after all, nothing but rates of vibration, and according to the rates of vibration which are set

swinging in the astral body will the man's characteristics and qualities be on the whole good or bad. The possibilities of both are there. It makes the greatest possible difference which you begin to awaken first, and this depends not on the child himself, but on the surroundings which are provided for him, because this astral matter which the child draws round him is open to the influence of emotion ; good emotion or evil emotion sends out a vibration which wakens the matter corresponding to it into activity and sets it pulsing.

If the emotions playing round a child are principally evil, the undesirable possibilities in that child will be first awakened and will grow into habits. Suppose that little baby, soon after his birth, is in the hands of a mother who constantly loses her temper, constantly gives way to irritability ; of course, the first quality awakened in that baby is irritability, and the child becomes fretful and peevish in hundreds of ways ; that peevishness attracts more of the undesirable matter, and in that way you get a sort of vicious circle ; in that way the evil is aroused in an astral body in which at present there is nothing to counteract it. The soul has his own qualities which he is bringing over, but at first he has not fully taken hold of his vehicles ; he looks to you to help him to express himself through them, and if you arouse the evil part only, that evil part of him is the only thing through which he can express himself. The soul himself cannot have an evil part, but he may have a lack of good qualities, which allows evil to grow in the lower vehicles.

If you allow him in that way to become irritable, all the particles in him which can respond to irascibility will be awakened, and you will stir up in him a contrariness which (since there is nothing in the body to curb it at first) will become established as the first strong habit in his astral or mental body. Afterwards, no doubt, as life goes on, you will try to awaken in him the good qualities, but he will find it hard, because you have got him into the habit of using the evil first, and this evil by working has become strengthened. So his efforts to

develop the good will be slow and futile ; it will seem to him that all his young feelings and instincts rise against what you tell him is the good thing to do. If, long before you could tell him, you had been careful to set him that example, you would have had no trouble ; it is the stamp you put upon him before he could speak that now works through him.

If, on the other hand, you are wise enough to develop in your child the good qualities first, you have precisely the opposite condition. You set these going before there is any evil to oppose them, and they will become a habit in the astral or mental body. Then, when the evil qualities are stirred up, as surely they some day will be, they will meet with an instinctive rebuff. A momentum has been set up in the opposite direction, and it is exceedingly difficult for them to establish themselves ; the child's whole nature revolts against them. You have all his natural forces on the side of good instead of on the side of evil ; you have no idea what a difference that makes.

There are thousands upon thousands of parents who love their children dearly, whose desires for them are of the highest and the best, but who do not realise that every time they let an angry thought run through their minds they are stamping their child with qualities which he may perhaps not be able to eradicate through the whole of that incarnation ; or if he does, it will be only with great effort. They do not know what they are doing ; they do not realise the necessity for perfect self-control, and they do not understand the importance of the work to be done with the child. It would be a bad man indeed who would use bad language in front of a little child ; it would be a bad man who would be angry and forget himself in the presence of a child ; but men do not comprehend the further fact that, just as they ought to check their language or action, so they ought to check their thought also, because the child's thought is influenced by their thought. Long before he is able to take notice he is open to impression by what we do and think, as well as what we say.

One must study the psychology of the mental and astral planes in order to understand how it works, and in order to see exactly what is the duty of parents. It is not only a question of the habits you are unconsciously setting up in the child ; he is drawing into his vehicles the very particles that you throw off. That opens up before us quite a new idea of the attitude which parents ought to take. They should be watching over themselves with the greatest care to see that no single thought or feeling shall appear in them which they would not wish the child to reproduce. That means a great deal ; it needs a larger amount of self-discipline than most people have yet attained ; but it is entirely good for the parent that he should put himself under such discipline.

He should be careful that no thoughts but those of love and utter kindness should surround the child. Not only should no harsh word be addressed to him, but he should never know there is such a thing as a harsh word to be addressed to others. If he be an ego of exceptional power and strength, he will sweep through all difficulties and assert himself ; but even then harshness makes his way harder for him. Most egos are not yet so strong as that ; and in the case of the ordinary child you determine the side of him which will show itself first by the opportunities which you give him. There may be some who have brought over from a past life a great deal of definite goodness, and others who have brought over certain definitely evil qualities ; and when that is the case, these qualities will show themselves, whatever you do ; but you will gradually strengthen the good and gradually minimise and check the evil, if you keep over yourselves such a watch as I have described.

I have spoken chiefly of parents, but remember that it is true of you all. Even if you have no children of your own, the vibrations which you send out from your astral and mental bodies are not checked by the walls of the house ; they sweep over the surrounding neighbourhood, and one who is an ill-tempered man is a centre of irritability for a score of families all round him. Just in the same way, one man who

is truly kindly, loving and benevolent is a centre of good influence for quite an appreciable radius around him. So it is not only those who are actually parents who should make this effort ; but every man must make such an atmosphere round him as shall be favourable for the development of all good qualities.

Therefore, if you ask how we are to prepare for the coming of this sixth sub-race, I answer that the first thing to do is to begin with yourself ; strengthen your character, live wisely. I do not mean that you are to call yourself a miserable sinner, or to forswear all innocent amusement ; I think that would be both foolish and undesirable ; but you must bring it home to yourself that life is a serious matter, and that you must not devote your time and strength to amusing yourself, but must realise that, whoever you are and wherever you are, you have a duty to your fellows and a duty to your country ; and your duty to your country is certainly, among other things, that all should provide a good environment for the development of its people. You must learn what is important and what is unimportant ; you must try to learn what things really matter.

You must weed out selfishness. There is a good deal of unsuspected selfishness that must go. You must eliminate bickerings, criticisms, arguments ; you must have an atmosphere of love and understanding and utter kindness of feeling. The home life is the most important part of life for the

children—far more so than the school, which is often a sad and maleficent influence. You do not want to be a Mrs. Jellyby—a person who is thinking always of some far-away problematical charity, and meantime grossly neglecting her own work.

It is a magnificent piece of karma to be chosen to provide the vehicles for a new ego—to help his growth by giving him just what he needs. He needs to be helped to gain control of these vehicles ; he does not want to have them forced in any way—that is absolutely useless ; he wants to be helped to govern them himself ; he wants to have a great deal which he, as a soul, knows on higher levels, explained to his lower mind down here—so that that also may understand and co-operate, and make the higher development easy for him instead of difficult. Above all, he must be kept happy, he must be certain of love and patient comprehension ; that is a point of the greatest importance, not only for its immediate effect, but because that certainty invokes the love in him, and so unfolds within him one of the greatest characteristics of the World-Teacher who is to come and of the doctrine which He will endeavour to put before us. Therefore here is an opportunity for all parents to do work so good, so noble, so beautiful, that its glory cannot be exaggerated, and in doing it to attain for themselves a far greater condition of happiness and love than they could possibly gain in any other way.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

(To be continued.)

## Disillusion

*Never the bliss I seek,  
And my aching heart, forlorn,  
Craves, with a pulse now weak,  
For a joy that can ne'er be born ;  
Craves, with a slackening thirst,  
For a happiness too far  
(How near did it seem at first !)  
From the realm of Things that Are ;*

*And ever downward press'd  
To a sinking, dull despair,  
It abandoneth the quest  
Of the radiant dreams that were.  
Fast fades the great Ideal,  
In the shade of my mortal fate,  
To the cold and hopeless Real.  
—Ah ! God, is it yet too late ?*

# The Contemporary Conditions of the Social and Spiritual Drama

By HUNTLY CARTER.

**T**HE purpose of this article is first to indicate some of the influences which have produced the contemporary form of the drama, and to trace that form in harmony with the trend of philosophical and social thought, and thereafter to consider the influences which were operating to produce a new form of the drama when the War began, and the possible extent and results of the operation of these influences. The contemporary form of the drama is traceable chiefly to the old, or XIXth Century form of social experience arising out of a new philosophy of life based on scientific research and determined by positivism, practice and pessimism, with their three-fold vision of materialism. An analysis of the thought of this period would require many volumes, but the sum of its main generalisations may be offered in the contributions of some three or four thinkers who dot the perspective like receding mountains, and form the radiating centres of its philosophic anatomy. The first upon the scene was August Comte, the historian, bearing the banner of the religion of humanity, preaching the doctrine of the scientific re-organisation of the moral, religious and political systems, and adding a social impulse to philosophy. Next in importance to positivism was the incoming of XIXth Century biology which, by its discovery of the animal kingdom, of a material environment, a material soul, of the importance of disease, decay and death,

opened up a new era of thought, action and feeling. As pioneer came Charles Darwin, the naturalist. Equipped with a generalisation and the evolutionary vision, he went in quest of the connecting links in a long chain of cause and effect in the origin, growth and development of all forms of vegetable and animal life, formulating his theory of natural selection, and demonstrating that natural selection is one way of explaining the struggle for existence. Darwin was accompanied by his interpreter, Huxley, the necrologist. Then came Herbert Spencer, biologist, with another vision of the world. To him it appeared composed not only of struggling but of co-operating factors. Hence arose his great generalisation of Nature which says that the nutritive or self-regarding factor belongs to the male, and the reproductive or species-regarding factor belongs to the female. Spencer not only discovered this law but applied it throughout Nature. Two other figures in the XIXth Century intellectual revolution deserve notice, those clear and orderly thinkers, John Stuart Mill and John Ruskin; the one has exerted the influence of his pre-scientific ruminating, the other has made his social appeals and written the new testament of the Labour revival.

The Comte - Darwin - Spencer period, then, was the great transforming period of thought. During the whole of this period the positivist and materialist took the lead in the mental and moral development of the nation. They dragged man out of

heaven and taught him the fable that the earth is his and all that it contains. They sought to convince him of the so-called vital importance of external conditions in determining the development of the individual. In fact, they taught him that the proper study of man is material man. They were the utilitarians determining the earthly life of man. Their real aim was to start a new kind of fiction. So Comte delivered man from one kind of fatalism; Darwin bound him to another; Spencer reminded him in a new way of the old, old theory that man is a half of a whole, the two halves of which were separated at an early period and have been seeking to come together ever since. Mill labelled him utilitarian, and Owen set him in circulation as Socialist. The immediate effect of this philosophy on the drama was to give it a gloomy materialistic and realistic cast.

Along with the philosophical movement and the immense development of biology owing to Darwin and Spencer's great contributions, went the rapid growth and development of the practical movement. Scientific industrialism came in with a condenser and culminated in the economic man. The latter was a figment of the Karl Marxian brain, which had been accepted by Socialism as a working hypothesis. It will be remembered that the condenser was that with which James Watt brought the engine into practice. It was really an omen, for it shot up into prodigies of mechanical science. It banished livingness. It gave birth to mechanical cities and machine-like men and women. And it called forth the passionate scorn of Ruskin and Carlyle. Close upon the practical invention of Watt came the practical doctrine of Adam Smith, transforming the economics of the Physiocrats. These doctrines all practical men hastened to obey. Thus gradually arose the Industrial and Economic Revolution, and the many and varied perplexing theories of the relations of Master and Man. And thus Capital and Labour assumed the amazing mask of the Laocoon. Under this mask appeared the industrial and economic experience of the nation in dramatic form. Playwrights

began to deal with the questions of job and pay, with the revolting conditions and circumstances of the worker, and with the problems of the family and its function.

To XIXth Century evolutionary thought and industrial practice, then, the contemporary form of the drama owes its ethical development. It was mainly owing to the initial efforts of T. W. Robertson, Sir Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones that, from 1865 to 1885, the minor curve of the drama was subjected to the law of advance. Robertson was the first Victorian to go to social life for his characters. His example was followed by Pinero, as a sceptic, and by Jones, as a moralist. But it was not till after the arrival of Ibsen in this country that the advance became decided, as playwrights began to write in accordance with the determinist theories of Comte, Darwin and Spencer. Ibsen took a long time to make himself accessible to the writers of this country. Although he was introduced to England in a review of his poetry contributed by Mr. Edmund Gosse to the *Spectator* as early as 1872, and by a version of "Ghosts" in 1881, it was not until 1889 that his presence became felt, and this through the propaganda of Mr. William Archer. From this period to 1893 his plays were performed amid a storm of controversy, the battle of the critics raging round "A Doll's House" (1889 and 1891-2), "The Pillars of Society" (1889), "Rosmersholm" (1891), "Hedda Gabler" (1891), "The Master Builder" (1893). But in spite of this helpful controversy it is extremely doubtful whether Ibsen has ever got beyond the honour of having his presence announced. By the time he became known to us, the new playwrights were already firmly established in the kingdom which had been opened up a few years previously and which they never ceased working during the next thirty years. For instance, Pinero had passed through his second period beginning with "The Profligate" in 1889, and ending with "The Amazons" in 1893, and Jones had poured his moral sentiments and the passion of a serious criticism of social life into "Judah" (1890), "The Dancing Girl" and "The Crusaders"

(1891). Such playwrights were conscious only of a democratic, free-thinking, sceptical England, largely composed of suburbans given to suburban ways of thinking; they were, indeed, observing men and women engaged in the visible and expanding arena of material things. Their universe was largely founded on the myths of modern science and invention; their vision was blurred by rationalism excluding heaven, and by a vast and increasing industrial population whose suppression and oppression renewed the possibilities of hell. They lived in the age of the Multitude when the working class consciousness began to thicken the air like November fog, when the cry of "Give 'em a chance" heralded the stirrings of Labour; when the obvious truth to most men was that law and life should be ordered to suit the average man, and that the average man should be given scope to keep pace with the world-movement; when social democracy promised to become an actual thing; when economic Socialism was busy on tubs at street corners expounding the iniquity of Demos turned Almighty; when new priests were feverishly sought to expose the dangers underlying the intellectual ordering of the Mob; when prophets issued forth from the Poplar Empire to proclaim the supremacy of the average commonplace; when reformers disproved God and approved Man. In such an age of Illiterature and Progress, of doubts and sneers, of frenzied searchings for a bridge between the old and new creeds, of confused ideas concerning the nature of man and his place in the Universe, of doubt concerning ordered progress towards a definite end; in this age when men were seeking material-minded leaders to formulate new beliefs for them, and material-minded leaders were seeking disciples to propagate their doctrines of revolt: it is not to be wondered at that Ibsen, the post-Kantian, the visionary and abstract thinker, was hailed as the Master-builder of a Utopia designed to be built on dust and ashes.

Nor is it surprising that Ibsen's great generalisation which says that society is founded upon a lie, and which he saw

everywhere in society and worked out in his plays, was caught up and misapplied. The reason was that whereas Ibsen saw the eternal lie of man's false attitude towards the universal soul, English writers saw only the ephemeral lie of man's attitude towards his neighbour; and whereas Ibsen was conscious of the supremacy of the Will and the compelling force of moral responsibility, they were conscious of the importance of animal instincts and the driving force of environment. This difference in conception has been applied by all the post-Ibsenite materialists; the unfolding of the economic man and current personality, instead of the unfolding of the elemental and eternal; an analysis of character involved in the struggles arising out of the new conception of the relations of sex, of conduct, of circumstance, of external forces and influences, instead of an illumination of the deepest mysteries of the human soul; these were the first definite post-Ibsenite expressions in this respect. Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. H. A. Jones, after playing for a little while in the pre-Ibsen fields, began, each in his own way, to strengthen their satires and attacks on the follies, inconsistencies and hypocrisies of the great middle-class.

It was not until the early "nineties" that the intellectual and moral changes in the drama began, under certain conditions, to take the aspect of a revolution. Just prior to this period there had been a spread of the Free Theatre movement in Europe—a movement which marked a period of ruthless experiment in advanced literary and moral plays throughout the theatrical world. Free theatres promised to spring up everywhere. In 1887 France saw the establishment of a Théâtre Libre by Antoine, and in 1889 Germany founded a similar institution in the Freie Bühne. Certain of the plays produced and called into existence by these theatres, and embodying the current spirit of change, unrest and materialism, found their way to England, and the question, therefore, has to be considered how far these deposits conditioned the further development which the drama was about to undergo. But

before I consider the influences exerted by foreign playwrights on the new movement in the drama in this country, the effect of the coming of a reformer of distinction has to be estimated. I refer to the invasion of the theatre by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, an event which took place between the opening of the Independent Theatre in 1891, and the establishment of the Stage Society in 1899, and was due to the enterprise of Mr. J. T. Grein. Mr. Shaw first appeared at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1892, where he proceeded to express his profound contempt for those conditions under which the rich thrive on the misfortunes of the slum-dweller, in a piece called "Widowers' Houses," which was written in collaboration with Mr. William Archer, and which was the forerunner of a long line of Socialistic tracts designed to awaken the social consciousness of the theatre-going public. Its first production was not a success, neither was that of the "Philanderer"; while "Mrs. Warren's Profession" went to the Censor's office and no farther. It was not until 1894 that Mr. Shaw "arrived," theatrically speaking, owing to the good offices of Miss Horniman. His manner of doing so was characteristic and took the form of a cutting satire on our notion of military supremacy in the making. "Arms and the Man" did no better than its predecessors, and, incidentally, many things concerning Mr. Shaw came out with its production. Not the least of these was the news that this military play did not comprise the whole of Mr. Shaw's work in playwriting, and that, in fact, he had other plays in stock which had been accumulating mainly owing to the neglect of the commercial manager to appreciate their worth. Perhaps this neglect was not to be wondered at, for though revolutionary ideas of economic Socialism had been about for some time—since Robert Owen's time, in fact—they had not found their way into the theatre, and, indeed, were not so far-spread and popular as they became later. That it was not due to any lack of determination or persistence on the part of Mr. Shaw must be clear to anyone who knows him. And it is believable that

having once formed his ideas on the necessity of levelling a serious and far-reaching criticism at the principles on which the modern conception of society was dependent, and finding that the Fabian Society platform was not wide enough for his plans and propaganda, it came about that he made up his mind to invade the theatre, which ultimately, in accordance with his plans, he succeeded in doing. The significance of this achievement must not be underestimated. Mr. Shaw was fully equipped to rouse a living interest in the new economic and social faith, so that when he entered the theatre he was more capable than any man breathing of bringing with him the full tide of new-born traditions and of expanding them again and again in accordance with the advancing requirements of successive generations. It meant that he was not only able to bring the stream of social philosophy into the theatre, but to keep it there for a very long time. This is what he has actually done. For, starting with Karl Marx and Nietzsche, with the economics of the one and the eugenics of the other, he has since extended his personality in all directions, metaphysical, philosophical, religious, secular, moral, political, as the case might be, according to the growth of his experience. But in spite of this tendency to change, Mr. Shaw has retained one dominant note throughout, his faith in realism has never wavered; his demand for the "real thing" has remained unaltered. Owing to the practical assistance of Miss Horniman, the Stage Society and the Court Theatre experiment, Mr. Shaw's increasing pressure of Socialistic propaganda was not limited in its sphere of operation; it covered a large tract of social life, and strove to level the eminences called social lies. If these eminences did not vanish as they ought to have done, it is because such eminences have undergone, at different times, so much of the same kind of pressure that they have become hardened to it. Socialism is neither a new nor deep thing, and its efforts to reconstruct society are very ancient indeed. Social appeals have been made from a very early period of the world's

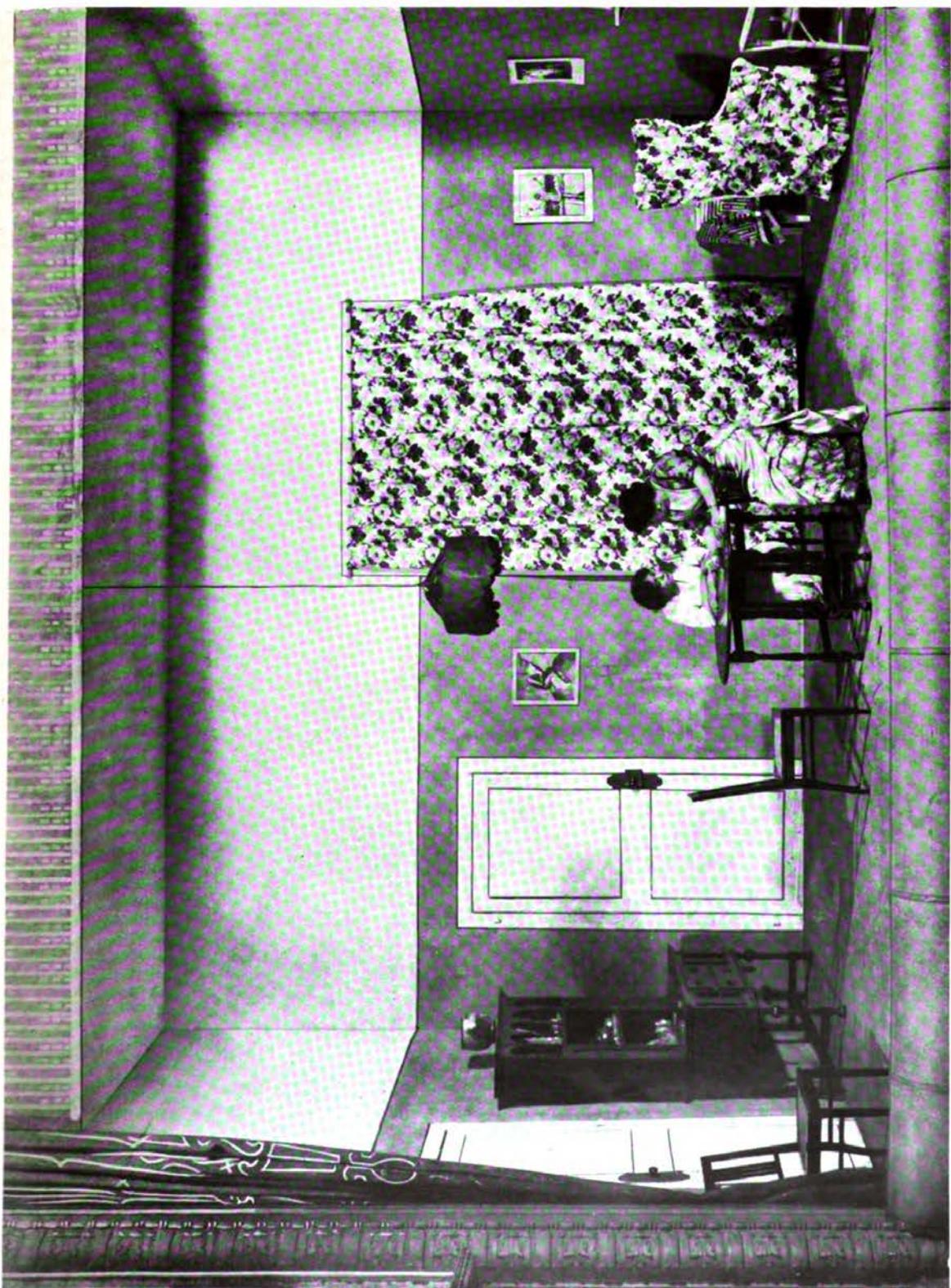


Photo by Bert, Paris.

Act II. of "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION," by Bernard Shaw

As produced at the Théâtre des Arts, Paris.  
The Great Scene between VIVIE and HER MOTHER (Mrs. Warren).



Photo by Bert, Paris.

Act III. of "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION," by Bernard Shaw

As produced at the Théâtre des Arts, Paris.  
With specially designed Psycho-aesthetic Scenery.

history, and, though their causes have differed, their effects have been much the same. The appeal of the latter part of the XIXth Century was based upon the new materialistic reality with which XIXth Century industrialism had faced the multitude. It was an appeal against the iniquities of a social environment evolved by industrial conditions and the exodus from the Land, and against decadence physical, mental and moral, which the workers of cities had reached and to which it was said no foreign country could offer a parallel. But it was the fault of reformers to believe that material environment was everything. It is not everything; there is a spiritual environment the shaping force and rulership of which is within man. Man, therefore, must learn to act from within, not from without. This, strangely enough, is the one great idea that has been fertilising in our midst for the last thirty years. It has been apprehended, as by the Theosophical Society, but not generally acted upon. False civilisation built upon social lies, cant and hypocrisy, cannot be destroyed by great ideas that are apprehended but not acted upon. It may be said that Mr. Shaw did apprehend the said idea and did try to act upon it. The perception of the need of a new and deep philosophy as expressed in "Man and Superman" appeared at one time to be beckoning him to a more intimate contact with the elemental and eternal man whom Ibsen understood and expressed.

Coming now to the changes effected in the drama in this country by foreign influences, we find they are of two kinds, ethical and technical. As I before said, the foreign elements came principally by way of three institutions. The first, the Independent theatre, was formed in 1891, for the purpose of providing an open door for English talent. This kind of talent was not, however, forthcoming so largely as expected, with the result that the theatre became cosmopolitan and London was able to watch waves of Continental forms of materialistic drama and follow the course of their currents, their changes, measure their power and direction, and

estimate the duration of their literary, moral and realistic influences. Thus, Mr. Grein's Independent Theatre passed through the short spring, summer, autumn, and winter of its endeavour. The free trade in the drama thus initiated was continued by the Stage Society. This Society was formed for international purposes. It was to initiate our own *Sturm und Drang* period. It was to herald the beginning of a period of restless dramatic experiment in this country. It was to form an arena for the first literary battles of the English theatre of the late XIXth Century. And it was to be the outlook tower on a fairly vast panorama of the drama issuing from France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, Austria, Russia, Italy and elsewhere, aiming to express the intellectual, philosophic, moral and political experience of present-day Europe, and to present some of the deepest problems of the social world. Foremost among the charts of the currents of this wide ocean of realists were Ibsen, Gerhart Hauptmann, Wedekind, Currel, Heijermans, Gorky, Brieux, Tolstoy, Sudermann, Turgenev and Chekhov. These writers had, as already mentioned, a two-fold effect on the development of the English form of drama. They led the English playwrights to break away from the prevalent restrictions in subject matter and restraints in manner. Subjects which hitherto had been banished to closets and libraries, confined to scientific schools and laboratories, were brought forth and openly discussed, and to the legitimate domain of naturalism, rationalism, democratic and Christian Socialism, Karl Marxian economics, social evolution and environment, was added the doubtful one of pathology, psychology of sex, mental therapeutics, sex and character, neuropathy, mania, hypnotism, pseudo-mysticism, clinical studies in hysteria-epilepsy, and the exploitation of sexual types. In these and other ways the advanced school of writers in this country responded to the invitation to use any and every possible medium for disseminating radical and rationalistic thought.

Among the first definite results of the work of the Stage Society was the Court

Theatre experiment conducted by Mr. Granville Barker, with the financial aid of Mr. Vedrenne. The amazing activities of this theatre had five results. It influenced the development of Mr. Barker as playwright and producer, of Mr. Shaw as playwright, of the repertory idea in London, the Provinces and the Colonies, it discovered and promoted new playwrights of importance, and it promoted the widest flow of the stream of social philosophy in the theatre. I have not space here to trace out in detail the stages of the said developments. It could be shown that Mr. Barker was very strongly affected by the process of change and made valuable contributions to the kind of transformation that took place. "The Marrying of Anne Leete" (1902), for instance, formed one of the first tentative efforts towards the introduction of sociology to the stage. At the period when it was produced the drama, owing to the direction given to it by the aforementioned causes, was fast becoming a contemporary record of the new scientific theories, especially those of social science. This was a sign that contemporary England was undergoing a change. New schools of scientific and philosophic thought had arisen to determine its future drift; and the work of laying new foundations was supplemented a year or two later by the initiation, organisation, and foundation of the Sociological Society. This Society was formed mainly by the efforts of Professor Geddes for the scientific study and investigation of society, not in its economic aspect, not in its political aspect, but in all its aspects as a vast and complex living organism, of whose origin, intents and purposes, conduct, arrangement, adaptation we have yet to know the laws and facts. As a result of the activities of this society we see to-day the increasing spread of a sociological movement in this country and the construction of a sociology whose fundamental principles are being applied in all departments of social reconstruction. It is conceivable that Mr. Barker was assisted by contemporary sociology to estimate some of the "realities" of the time, and we know he did derive material assistance

from the Fabian Society which he joined about 1901. Contributions from both sources appeared in "The Voysey Inheritance," a blend of ethics, psychology and Socialism, in "Waste," a play dealing with the struggle between the individual and society, and in "The Madras House," in which Woman is analysed on a sociological basis. There is no need to follow Mr. Barker's technical development. It is well-known that the Court Theatre was of immense service to Mr. Shaw, especially in enabling him to spread his dramatic experience and influence. The exponents of the Shaw form of the drama were, however, not exclusive to the Court Theatre. It was reserved to the rapid spread of the repertory idea both in London and the Provinces to foster a body of playwrights, who, by adopting his ideas and method, made the middle class articulate and led it to express through the medium of the theatre either its agreement with, or revolt against middle-class realities. Among these authors were members of the aristocracy, who, temporarily abandoning class consciousness, threw in their lot with the investigators of mean streets. Signs were not wanting in this of a breaking down of class-barriers. Social Service was clearly at work striving to unite East and West End. To this end Park Lane was sending forth its district visitors, and Darkest England was filling them with lurid accounts of its squalid character. We know the field of endeavour thus opened up. If we could see it whole it would present a wide country filled with men and beasts, with sweaters and sweated, with broken lives and sullen mutterings, a country strewn by a physical storm with wrecks, in which men, women and children suffering under the burden of poverty are immured in hells of employment, and surrounded by every manifestation of misery, vice, crime, and chained to the rock of earthly punishment by brute force. With such material the sociological spirit was settling down in the theatre. As in London so in the Provinces. Playwrights were seen storing up "human" documents. Ireland, too, was caught on the materialistic wave. But an expression



TWO SCENES FROM MAXIM GORKY'S "LOWER DEPTHS"

As produced at the Moscow Art Theatre, during the period of extreme realism in representation.



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The Daily Mirror Studios.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS "OEDIPUS"

In Professor Gilbert Murray's version of "OEDIPUS REX."

One of the pre-War Greek revivals.

of the higher spirit of the nation came out in the work of the Irish Literary Theatre, founded to stimulate a fresh interest in the "Celtic" movement. Together its writers sought to reconstruct the soul of Ireland in the present, past and possible, and in doing so revealed its early beauty and its change under political trials. Thus Mr. W. B. Yeats wove anew the mystic patterns of the legends and traditions out of which Ireland came, while Mr. J. M. Synge was busy on the reverse side of the loom with the tangled and disordered threads which Ireland represents to-day. The final contributions came from Lady Gregory, whose plays suggested the rebirth of Ireland of the peasant. As to the new writers introduced by the Court Theatre, brief mention may be made of Mr. John Galsworthy with his strong sociological bent, and of Mr. John Masefield whose place is not yet determined, but will I think be among the contemplatives. Passing reference, too, may be made to the impulse given by the Repertory movement to the growth of the novelist-playwright, and consequent expansion of the philosophic and social spirit in the theatre.

Here the survey of the determinist movement ends. I have traced the growth and development of a form of the drama which has followed the currents of thought and action flowing out of the practical discovery of Watt, the economics of Adam, the positivism of Comte, and the biological discoveries of Darwin and Spencer, and forming a reality far uglier than has been known within the memory of man. I have revealed this form of drama writing a new Book of Snobs, a new Savonarolalian treatise "Contempt of the World"; preparing its own version of Sir Charles Booth's colossal work "Life and Labour of the People"; and producing individual and social documents. Arising out of these conditions is the new stream of philosophy and the new form of drama. It is written somewhere that materialism is the raw stuff of religion. Upon the materialism of the XIXth Century the religion of the XXth Century will partly be built. To those who can

observe the signs of the moment, and the deeper currents of contemporary thought, it is clear that a changing time has come in the tide of human affairs, partly, of course, owing to the War and partly to the tendency of philosophy and science to react on themselves and expand in new directions, thus attaining those unexpected forms to which their generalisations have given birth. So, a new movement in civics is in full flow, a movement which had its origin in Comte's famous conception of history. A new religious fashion is setting in due to Spencer's biological generalisation, which is rapidly restoring the old significance of the Divine Man and Woman. Darwin and anthropology have stimulated the re-birth of Art. And most important of all, XXth Century psychology, owing to recent research, has replaced XIXth Century biology and is pointing to greater results in a spiritual way than its predecessor did in a material one.

The strong current of new philosophy is receiving strength from many quarters. Thus Leibnitz is stretching his hands across two centuries and aiding the discovery of neuro-muscular psychology. And Kant is setting the world spinning afresh with abstract and revolutionary thought, by unmasking the metaphysic of the new era—metaphysic having for its objects God, Immortality and Freedom, interpreted in the light of a century and a half of added human experience. Eucken, too, appears with his neo-idealism; while the author of "L'Évolution Créatrice," breaking away from formal logic and the materialistic philosophies of the past century, is setting man intuitionally free to realise freedom by way of the emotions and the will. For over twenty years these and other revolutionaries, including the one particularly known to the readers of the *Herald of the Star*, have been helping us into the light. But perhaps the great event of the past years was when West sailed East, and discovered a new world—a world of dreams made of the stuff the soul is made of; and returned laden with riches, bringing from Japan the soul of the Beautiful, from China that of the Good,

and from India that of the True. Such riches are changing the old desire for a world without into a desire for a world within. These are signs, then, of a change which is fostering a new form of drama whose kingdom will be heaven and not the whim of the hour, which will express and therewith illuminate the spiritual soul of man. It will aim to rescue the mystical riches which lie buried beneath the lumber of materialism. By its aid we shall be initiated into the deepest mysteries of the soul as it is unfolded by the touch of new and unexpected experience. If proof is needed of the presence of the new spirit in the theatre it can be found in revivals, just before the War began, of old Mysteries and Moralities, and in a general desire to determine the position of the theatre in its strict relation to the Church. Such activities led to a reasonable expectation of an early renewal of the mystical motive in Drama. Beyond this there was the rediscovery of Shakespeare as Nature's poet-dramatist; the proposal to re-

interpret Ibsen as mystic and symbolist; the attempt to revitalise the finest matter and manner of Greek plays; a movement in poetic plays, a return to symbolism, and the renaissance of the English lyric.

Perhaps it should be prophesied that Drama in the XXth Century will assume two distinct forms. It will be mystical and æsthetic in type. On one hand it will be an externalisation of the elemental and eternal in human beings; on the other it will weave a moral and religious interest about them by means of movement, form and colour. But whether a purely æsthetic or a purely mystical interpretation arrives first in the field, of one thing we may be sure: the high quest of Drama is about to be renewed; no longer in the old abstract and metaphysical or ecclesiastical way, but with a freshened approach to life, religion and mysticism. It is this quest for whose fostering the pages of our most significant journals are now so urgently needed.

HUNTLY CARTER.

## May I be Strong

*May I be strong to dare,  
And daring face the sneers of men,  
The ridicule, the lies, and then  
Keep faith with self, the truth command,  
Knowing they do not understand.*

*May I be strong to serve,  
And serving may I help to bear  
Each weary pilgrim's load of care.  
And may I comfort those who mourn  
And heal each bleeding heart that's torn.*

*May I be strong to will,  
And willing may His Will be done.  
And may my will with His be one,  
And with His strength strong may I be  
To love and serve humanity.*

*May I be strong to love,  
And loving, if not loved; or when  
In anger I'm reviled of men,  
May I return to each good will,  
Forgive the wrong and love them still.*

C. F. HOLLAND.

# Swedenborg's Spiritual Philosophy

By DUGALD SEMPLE

(Author of "The Gospel of Simplicity" and other Works).

THE student who takes up the study of Swedenborg is apt to get wearied at first with the author's peculiar mode of expression. The terms used may seem unintelligible and quite foreign to the uninitiated. It would be well, therefore, to forewarn the reader that Swedenborg wrote with a constant perception of internal or spiritual things. When his doctrines are rationally understood they will be found to be full of a love and wisdom quite in keeping with a spiritual philosophy.

When Swedenborg entered upon his career as a theologian it was with a very special mission to fulfil. He solemnly declared that his spiritual sight had been opened to reveal the spiritual sense of the Scriptures, the state of man after death, and the true nature of heaven and hell. Hitherto these things had been much misunderstood by Christians, and instead of religion being associated with life and charity, the church had degenerated into a lifeless ceremonialism. In White's *Life of Swedenborg* we read that the Swedish Church had become a mere corporation for reading so many prayers for so much money. It was only natural, then, to expect that Swedenborg's teachings met with little response from the clergy, and that many did not hesitate to pronounce them real heresy. Only four copies of the first

volume of his *Arcana Cœlestia* were sold in two months. In 1771, when Swedenborg was known as the author of this great work, the sale was so large that no copies could be obtained either in Holland or in England.

As this was his first publication on spiritual subjects, it would be well to examine briefly its contents. The "arcana" revealed in this work are an exposition of the spiritual sense of the two sacred books—Genesis and Exodus. The key to this exposition is the Science of Correspondences, which is the fundamental principle underlying Swedenborg's spiritual philosophy. This science teaches us that everything in the natural world corresponds to something in the spiritual world in the same way that the body relates to the soul, will to action, and thought to speech. This is because nothing can exist without a soul or spiritual principle behind it, in the same way that there can be no existence without an essence, no effect without a cause. The Bible thus understood becomes a book full of practical wisdom as well as of spiritual significance. The story of the six days of Creation becomes then not literal facts, but the history of the spiritual regeneration of man. On the seventh day, God rested not, however, in a literal sense, which would be an insult to omnipotence, but rather in the sense that the Sabbath state

had been reached when man's life had been brought into harmony with the divine life. In unfolding the spiritual sense of these two books, Swedenborg quotes freely from Scripture, and throws a vast amount of light on passages often overlooked by Biblical students.

In Swedenborg's next work, *Heaven and Hell* we have considerable information concerning the nature of the after life, including his personal experiences in the spiritual world. It is one of Swedenborg's most readable works, and has had a very wide circulation. In the introduction to *Heaven and Hell* we get a good idea of the contents of this book from the author himself. He writes: "The man of the church at this day knows scarcely anything of heaven and hell, or of his life after death, although these things are all described in the Word. Indeed, many who are born within the church deny them, saying in their hearts, 'Who has come from that world and told us?' Lest, therefore, such a denial which prevails especially among those who have much worldly wisdom should also infect and corrupt the simple in heart and the simple in faith, it has been permitted me to associate with angels, and to talk with them as man with man; and also to see what is in the heavens, and what is in the hells, and this for thirteen years; and to describe them from things seen and heard, in the hope that the ignorant may be enlightened and unbelief be dispelled."

Such was a bold pronouncement to be made by any man in the flesh, and not likely to be believed in by the sceptic. However, whether we regard the book as the result of mere speculation or absolute fact, it is well worth reading for its wealth of suggestion and reasonable view of death. According to Swedenborg, Heaven and Hell are not without, but within men, and as they indicate places in the literal sense, they correspond to states in the spiritual sense. Thus it is that love to the Lord constitutes heaven, and love of self constitutes hell. Swedenborg also teaches the necessity of an Intermediate State where souls are prepared for the lives with which they wish to associate. He contends also that

the Lord thrusts no one into hell, but that the wicked spirits cast themselves there because of their ruling loves being evil. Heaven, we are told, would be as intolerable to the bad as hell would be to the good. Certainly this view seems more reasonable to accept than that a wicked person should suddenly enjoy heaven as the result of a mere act of faith in conversion. We know that, if we sin in the body, disease follows, no matter whether or no we believe in health culture. Surely, then, the laws of the spirit are not less just as to the future life.

What Swedenborg relates of his actual experiences in the spirit world is most interesting reading, even though it were only the result of his own brilliant imagination. He is never at a loss for facts, and writes with the accuracy of a painstaking observer. If Swedenborg lived for close on thirty years in open intercourse with spirits, he was not idle during that time. He describes the three divisions of Heaven and Hell in accordance with the three degrees of the human mind, the celestial, the spiritual, and the natural. Every angel in heaven came from the human race, and appears in heaven in correspondence to some part of the human body. This is the "Grand" Man doctrine of Swedenborg, and represents in its entirety the perfection of human qualities. Heavenly joy is stated to be the delight of doing something that is of use to oneself and others. Life, therefore, in heaven does not consist in the mere performances of religious exercises, but in useful activity. Swedenborg even admits of marriages in heaven because of the fact that sex in its essence is spiritual.

It is interesting to note also Swedenborg's positive statements as to whether other worlds are inhabited. In his book called *The Earths in the Universe*, he describes the inhabitants in the other planets chiefly as to their spiritual characteristics. The inhabitants of Jupiter live simple lives, and value practical wisdom rather than human learning, while those of Mercury are conceited in their supposed wisdom. On the Moon the inhabitants are dwarfs, and speak with

thunderous voices owing to their peculiar breathing from the abdomen. In the supplement to *The True Christian Religion*, Swedenborg relates his conversations with Luther, Melancthon and Calvin. It appears that none of these reformers were particularly happy in the spirit world until they had saner views on theology. In his *Spiritual Diary*, Swedenborg tells of his most extraordinary spiritual experiences, almost causing us to doubt the sanity of the author. When we enquire, however, into the actual life of Swedenborg during his professed spiritual communion, we can find nothing to throw discredit on his mental powers. He journeyed repeatedly to other countries during this time, wrote valuable papers on finance for the Swedish Diet, and published a paper on the transactions of the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm.

As a proof of his seership there are several well accredited incidents which testify that he had extraordinary powers. Immanuel Kant, the great German metaphysician, wrote a remarkable narrative about Swedenborg's gift as a seer. It was on the occasion of a supper at Gothenburg, during which Swedenborg suddenly became excited, and informed his host that a fire was raging near his house at Stockholm. Three days afterwards the royal courier arrived at Gothenburg with the news which exactly corroborated Swedenborg's statement. On another occasion, Queen Eleanora asked Swedenborg if he could speak to her deceased brother. Swedenborg communicated his news to the Queen before the Swedish Court, and so shocked the Queen with his powers that she became ill and did not recover for some time. We need not dwell further upon Swedenborg's claim as a seer, for conviction in this matter is exceedingly difficult without personal proof. It is strange in this connection that Swedenborg wrote strongly against holding intercourse with departed spirits, and maintained that his intercourse was a Divine permission.

Besides the foregoing works, Swedenborg wrote extensively on Theology. Christianity was to him the only true religion, and so we find that all his doc-

trines are drawn from the Bible. He everywhere shows the necessity of reason in matters of faith, and insists upon the right of private judgment in spiritual things so that we may be "led in freedom according to reason." He himself did not claim to be an authority on the Scriptures, for these being spiritual truths their evidence is internal. Everyone must, therefore, be rationally instructed in a state of spiritual freedom, for ultimately the individual must and does obey his own choice.

In 1763 Swedenborg published *The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem respecting the Lord*. The great fundamental doctrine taught here is the Oneness of God, both as to nature and person. Jesus Christ was the complete revelation of God, and not merely one-third of the Deity. The Divine Trinity was a trinity of Essentials in the One Person of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Father is the inmost principle of the Divine; the Son is God manifest in the Flesh as the Divine Humanity; the Holy Ghost is the life operating in the Son proceeding from the Father. On this subject Swedenborg is thus opposed to the church doctrine of three separate Divine Persons, as taught in the Athanasian Creed. Swedenborg, however, maintains that the notion of three Persons was introduced by the Council of Nice, and was not held by the early Christians. His view of the Divine Trinity is certainly much to be preferred, as it is capable at least of being understood, and appeals to our reason.

The Atonement as taught by Swedenborg differs materially from that which is generally accepted. There is no substitution of the innocent for the guilty in order to appease the Divine wrath. Such an idea is abhorrent to the belief in a God of Love and Justice. God can need no reconciliation to his children, but rather they to him. As St. Paul says, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." In order, therefore, to bring about an at-one-ment with God we must live the Divine life in acknowledgment of the Divine Humanity.

In the *Doctrine of Life for the New Jerusalem*, Swedenborg emphasises the practical side of religion. He writes: "All

religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good." Charity, he assures us, is the end of all doctrine, and consists in the performance of uses. Those who wish to live a good life must shun evils as sins, so that they may receive wisdom and power from God.

Further, he writes: "No one can do good from himself," and yet "Everyone can do good from the Lord." Swedenborg, we note, deals with the motives of conduct, and thus shows the essential difference between a moral man and one who is truly spiritual.

The spiritual philosophy of Swedenborg pervades his whole theological works, but not to the same extent as in his *Divine Love and Wisdom*. This book contains his most profound and suggestive writings, and is full of sublime ideas about God, Creation, and the relation between spirit and matter. Love is the great spiritual reality, and the most substantial thing in the universe. But love is incomplete without wisdom, just as in man will would be incomplete without understanding. God is infinite Divine Love and Wisdom, and from these united proceed all created things. All life is derived from the spiritual world, so that matter and spirit are related to each other as effect and cause. Creation is a continual operation, and is from God himself, instead of an initiatory act made from nothing. The Divine Life flows through the spiritual world until it reaches the natural world, where it is received by all things according to their capacity. Thus it is that end, cause and effect are contained in all things, and yet they each exist as separate entities, just as the soul animates the body without becoming it. These three degrees permeate all creation, and being both discrete and continuous dispel the illusion of a lifeless Materialism without resulting in a too living Pantheism. Man, according to Swedenborg, is the final end of all creation, and, after his brief sojourn on earth, will pass into the spiritual world, where he will live for ever. Evil is permitted so that man may be a free agent and choose his eternal destiny. The Divine Providence is equally with the wicked as with

the good, so that every man may be reformed.

With regard to marriage, Swedenborg is most interesting. He maintains that there is a radical difference between man and woman even in their souls. Man as to his intellect corresponds to the Divine Wisdom, and Woman as to her affection corresponds to the Divine Love. Each, therefore, separate is incomplete, but when united spiritually the two form one being. This idea of duality runs through all nature, the two poles of the earth, the active and the passive, the positive and the negative. Nor does marriage end on the earth plane, but is continued in heaven, where without it the joys of heaven would be incomplete.

We come now to the last and important work written by Swedenborg, viz., *The True Christian Religion*. Those who wish a compendium of his theological writings will find here his views set forth in their final form. The mere index to this volume is a book in itself, and is compiled with great accuracy. Considering that it has nearly a thousand pages and was written by an old man of eighty-three years of age, it stands as a noble monument in memory of a long and industrious life. The subjects treated of are chiefly spiritual and apply to Faith, Charity, Repentance, Baptism, the Sacred Scripture and the New Heaven and the New Church. In the interpretation of the Scriptures, Swedenborg points out the difference between the letter and the spirit, showing that those truths necessary to salvation are naked, whereas those necessary for our spiritual edification are clothed, as in the great wonders of the universe. He does not agree with those who declare that spiritual things must for ever remain a mystery, preferring rather the words of Jesus, "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God."

The Church of the New Jerusalem heralded by Swedenborg was none other than the descent of the holy city in the book of Revelations, known as the Apocalypse. By means of the Science of Correspondences he interprets the spiritual sense, showing the (spiritual) significance of the Divine symbols and the triumph of

truth over error. The New Church is a purer state of the Christian Church, with new light and life and a more rational theology. Cities in the Bible represent systems of doctrine, and as Babylon represents the corrupt system of the Romish Church, so the New Jerusalem represents the crowning beauty of the Enlightened Church. The precious stones of the Apocalypse are the principles of religion; the high walls, truths that protect; the pearly gates, introductory truths; the golden streets, the heavenly state; and so on, until the heavenly city is complete. The book of the Revelation becomes thus no longer a sealed book, but an exposition of spiritual doctrine, whereby "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

In estimating the genius of Swedenborg one feels that one is dealing with no ordinary man. His claim was none other than Divine, and in all that he writes there is a sober statement of facts, free from egotism. He writes lucidly, calmly, and, at times, with a poetic fervour. These are beautiful sayings of his about heaven: "To grow old in heaven is to grow young"; "Those who are in heaven are continually advancing to the spring-time of life"; "Heaven is a man in the perfect form"; "The more angels the more room"; "The wiser the angels are the more innocent they are; and the more innocent they are, the more they appear to themselves as little children"; "A spirit may be known from only a single thought." Swedenborg is usually classed among the mystics, but how can anyone be a mystic who revealed in the plainest language the nature of the whole spiritual universe? As we study his arcana we can almost conceive that it is Darwin or Huxley turned seer, for everything in nature and the living body becomes spiritualised.

The doctrine of correspondences is the most far-reaching attempt yet made to give science a soul and explain the symbolism of the body. Spirit is the real thing, says this man of science, and Love and Wisdom are the great spiritual realities. Plato, Lord Bacon, and other philosophers had already hinted of this fact, but Swedenborg formulated his science in the heavens, where he saw in the mirror of the human soul the eternal verities of all existence.

The three things that cannot be separated are Love, Wisdom and Use; Charity, Faith and Works; Will, Understanding and Action; End, Cause and Effect. These are the perfect Trines which cannot be separated in a complete sense; just as in Geometry two lines must end in a third before they can form a triangle.

A charming feature about Swedenborg's teachings is his tolerant attitude towards other religions. There is salvation for all to be found in following the truth they know. In his doctrine of uses he shows the necessity for different Faiths, and that each individual can only receive truth according to his capacity. There is no railing or bitterness in his attitude to his opponents, not a harsh word in all his writings. This man of God seldom went to church, yet he could be happy in recognising that others got light by going there. He looked for the good in everything; urged the necessity of doing our duty where we are and shunning evils as sins. Thus taught Swedenborg, the Christian Theologian, who revealed the heavens in his message. A bright constellation he appears, still high up in Sweden, but shedding light on Europe and from East to West. If at times we are dazzled with the brilliance of his philosophy, we feel at least in our most spiritual moments that it is true.

DUGALD SEMPLE.

# Intellect and Intuition

By E. F. MAYNARD.

**A** CHANGE of thought has been showing itself in the last thirty years ; this change may have been scarcely visible during the first ten ; but those who have followed the general trend of advanced thought during the whole of the time have chronicled an extremely rapid progress in the last ten,—so rapid that, on looking back, there seems to be an almost entire reversal of values and outlook.

Language is an infallible mirror of thought,—it is its formal expression ; in the poets, writers, artists of a generation a nation's mental processes find their epitome. A definite layer of new thought has been broken into during these fateful years, having for its mouthpiece such poets and philosophers as Tennyson, Browning, Walt Whitman, Francis Thompson, with Emerson, Edward Carpenter, Bradley and Bergson ; for sight, expressing itself in painting and sculpture, Watts, Burne-Jones, Sargent, Rodin, Mestrovic ; in the musical world, Brahms, Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Debussy and Elgar. These geniuses (as genius always does) have brought down into form, crystallised into definite expression, a crucial period in the world of Thought and Idea. These are outstanding examples, quoted somewhat at random, many more naturally rise in the mind.

At no period in the world's history has the school of thought called Materialistic (in its earlier stages Huxley gave it the name of Agnostic) been so prominent or so universal ; thirty or forty years ago it

comprised almost the whole of the thinking community. Agnosticism and materialism limit the range of human cognition to the senses and mind, making the mind entirely dependent on the brain : "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile " is a well-known formula of this School ; strike away the brain and the man ceases to be an individual. It was held that there neither was, nor could be, any proof for survival of personality after death ; the physical body—all that can be dealt with through the mediumship of concrete mind and senses—may be known ; beyond that lies mere speculation of a more or less fruitless sort. The ground on which the religious believer stood seemed hopelessly undermined.

To-day, an entirely different vista lies open before the unbiassed student. Investigations of actual phenomena, made and demonstrated by Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, the Society for Psychical Research and the Theosophical Society, afford actual proof for any open mind that personality persists on the other side of death, that so-called miracles of healing the sick, prophecy, etc., recorded among all religions, are demonstrable actualities to-day. The study of Comparative Religion offers a reasonable theory of divine inspiration for the origin of religion, as against the hypothesis of an anthropomorphic conception of the universe evolved by primitive man. It is now possible to express, in plain English, psychological analyses and metaphysical distinctions, for which Theosophical and

other students had to use glossaries of Sanscrit terms only a few years ago. We speak of soul and spirit, intellect and intuition, as actualities that may be reasoned about and analysed to greater or less degrees of demonstrable certainty. A few years ago such terms were the merest vague generalities, words and nothing more, for the ordinary person. Compare the difference in the amount of circulation of Bradley's "Appearance and Reality" and of Bergson's works to the way in which Herbert Spencer's writings were received—these are changes that have come within our own memory.

We now speculate a good deal about the existence of the soul, and it is allowable to-day to discuss the possibility of demonstrating both the soul's existence and the appearance of certain qualities in man as the result of its activities : if the soul is an existing entity it must be possible for the human mind to get actual proof, by and through mind-consciousness, of its actual presence in time and space.

Is it possible for the ordinary person to arrive at any actual demonstrable certainty of the soul and immortality,—that inseparable condition of soul existence? Why not? This faculty of being aware in actual consciousness that man is a soul is one that has been possessed by humanity in all ages, wherever a great religion has made its appearance.

Religion may be defined as the *Science of the Soul*. During the last century this aspect of religion disappeared and it was only a faith or belief, not a science or certainty. The result of this showed itself in the growth of an age of agnosticism, scepticism, materialism.

This consciousness of the soul may be regained to-day and take its place as a matter of common knowledge. It is more or less, in its broader aspects, merely a question of mental re-adjustment—a change in mental outlook—and it is quite possible to make suggestions as to how this re-adjustment may take place.

The day for telling a student to accept such and such statements as matter of faith has now passed. Any statements made by a teacher should be looked upon as

verifiable, if true, as soon as the student can acquire proficiency in the subject ; but, obviously, it is necessary that the student should be sufficiently alert and energetic to make the effort indispensable whenever a new outlook is to be gained in any department of learning.

Let any student who recognises this standpoint as reasonable take as a working hypothesis—for psychological study of humanity and of the universe in which humanity is placed—the theorem that "Man is a Soul," instead of the very general formula that "Man has a Soul," and test this hypothesis in every possible direction. Let him test it in life—problems that may be found everywhere, without confining experiment to the study. Let him use it as a basis for all actions in life as a human being, for all human relationships ; and, given this hypothesis for basis, the writer maintains that the following analysis of the faculties of the soul—Intellect and Intuition—will stand the test of definite experience.

Add to the formula that Man is a soul the further postulate that spirit is a spark of divinity manifesting its presence as the life of the soul. Spirit is the divine spark, the life of the whole man, body, soul, all : conscious recognition of this principle is contemporary with growth of intuitional perception.

Intellect and Intuition may be thought of as twins, complementary to each other. Another analogy may also be given : they are eyes for the soul, representing the sight principle of the complete human being ; as qualities and as perceptions they are equal and opposite, the one perceiving form, the other life. Intuition is quite as definite a faculty as Intellect ; there is nothing vague about it, but at different cycles of growth one or other becomes more in evidence ; the present cycle accentuates, recognises, cultivates Intellect ; the coming cycle, now in its birththroes, is concerned mainly with Intuition. They find personification in the human types of philosopher and artist, and are both actively present in the work of every genius, in whatsoever form that genius may show itself ; one or other predominat-

ing, giving initial impetus according to the type of work produced — philosophy, science, art, or action.

In the work of Bernard Shaw, the intuitional perception gives fertile imagination and unflinching insight ; this is presented in the cold, clear light of intellect. It is this intellectual perception that gives perfection of form : predominance of the intellectual faculty causes him—as a general whole—to be mainly an iconoclast, rather than a builder or creator of new forms.

The work of Yeats and A. E., and in much of Laurence Housman's (the play "Prunella," for example), is mainly directed by intuitional perception, for there a new world is glimpsed : life in form is secondary to creative idea, each is aware of a world which breaks through and penetrates the formal life of circumstance ; this is presented through the medium of an extremely acute intellect, the form of presentment being generally without a flaw.

With smaller people one quality is generally cultivated at the expense of the other ; the intuitional type finds an intellectual exposition dry, and resents calm, cold analysis ; while the intellectual type is apt to be scornful of the intuitional, as being sentimental and unable to explain the why and wherefore.

Intellect deals with forms, examines, analyses, delves into how and why ; Intuition perceives the material out of which forms are built and watches the process of building. This building actually takes place through the exercise of mental faculty.

Only an awakened intuitional perception can appreciate genius first-hand, can recognise it while it is on the ground among ordinary men and women. Intellect invariably recoils from the new and strange, from an unfamiliar appearance ; it appraises and appreciates a generation later, when a platform has been attained and the genius can be examined apart from the crowd, because the work of genius remains outside the personality through whom the idea has been made manifest. Intellect can appreciate cleverness, the play of its own faculty, at first hand ;

mere cleverness does not create an unfamiliar form, it utilises that which is in being ; it remains on a level with its contemporaries,—a merely clever person is often more successful from a worldly point of view than a genius.

Three processes of perception can be definitely traced,—mental, intellectual, intuitional. Dealing with forms, intellect shows itself in the mind as a fine discrimination, a power of realising perfection of form in any direction, while intuition appears as ability to perceive life and the life-processes that build the forms examined by the intellect. It deals with the whole of a process, perceived in a flash ; then Intellect steps in and demonstrates parts as manifested in the forms, discriminates and investigates. A combination of both powers manifests as Creative Faculty. Intuition is allied to feeling and instinct, sight, a rapid flash of recognition. Intellect is allied to mental processes ; reasoning for and against, it belongs to the nature of knowledge.

The philosopher personifies Intellect, the artist Intuition ; and they may be symbolised as air and fire respectively. Air is a necessity in order that fire may burn clear and bright and show forth its radiance,—it fans the flame ; air without heat freezes and destroys life, locks it up. Fire burns up obstacles, lights darkness, pierces through everything, while air *permeates* all and is the breath of life. Intuition perceives, while Intellect gives form to the ideas perceived. Watch the action of air on fire, see how it blows it hither and thither and determines the size and shape of the flame, while warmth from fire permeates air.

The medium through which Intuition works is emotion ; Intellect works through the mind. Here again the symbolism of fire and air holds good.

During this present era of mental specialisation the philosopher has been placed on a pedestal apart. It seems possible that, in the coming era of intuitional specialisation, the artist may be put on a pedestal alongside the philosopher, and they may both take their places as creators in the two realms of thought and feeling.

In an article called *Inspirations*, by Mrs. Maud Mann,\* it is said that: "The Master-Artist works on and with causal forms as well as with the lesser forms (astral, etc.). He prepares these, helps them to form themselves into great basic ideas—in sound, in form, in picture. The true artist who worships the Master simply endeavours to bring his works, *already there in the inner worlds*, out into the physical. It is a hierarchy. The reason that true art is always 'before its time' is because the forms which the Master makes are for the instruction and uplifting of humanity. He makes other forms, too, for other types of Being (Devas, etc.)."

When the present orgy of destruction is over, devastated Europe will need work from the artist who is the builder, the doer. It would be well here and now to begin to make it possible for a new European era

\* Maud Mann. "Inspirations." *Theosophist*, October, 1914.

of architecture to be born. The marvellous structures of beauty that have been destroyed were all reared by living workers of a bygone era. Life is imperishable, it ever is, and immortal ideas may again be wrought in wood, stone, marble, brick, iron—whatever be the material chosen for their expression—if we are sufficiently clear-sighted to realise that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

This is the temptation to which the present generation of men have fallen victims; bread alone, the objects of the senses, material shows, have been looked on as life, and man has not been able to live, he has starved and died, he has lost his soul while gaining the world. Now that that world lies in ruins around him, may his soul arise out of the wreck and build a new heaven and a new earth!

E. F. MAYNARD.

## A Parable

THE winter was drawing to a close. For some months the great Sun had shone upon a garden where hyacinths slumbered. At length came a day when he touched a flower with loving fingers, bidding her awaken, for her petals were showing the first, faint traces of snowy whiteness.

The sleeping one awoke. Gazing at him with reverent wonder, she greeted him and cried: "Oh, that I might leave this prison-house of slumber and pass into the Infinite Light!"

The Life-Giver answered: "Give the best that you have to Mankind—your dreams, your purity and fragrance, your message of Resurrection and Immortality. Have patience, labouring unceasingly until the Spring-time. Then you shall merge into the Great Light, knowing yourself to be one with It. Indeed, were not your eyes holden, you could at this moment perceive Its Radiance around and about you."

So she dreamed dreams, some gold, deep violet and sea-blue, others of rare, pale translucent tints. Each morning her petals became whiter, her fragrance sweeter. Softly she murmured a hymn of joy, telling of Life Eternal, unborn and undying. Her dreams filled men with divine gladness, for both dreams and gladness are of God. Her purity and fragrance increased the world's beauty, thereby lessening its sordidness and misery. Many who passed by caught the faint sound of her message, and they, too, sang it as they journeyed on their way. Others in their turn heard it and thus the glad tidings spread far and wide.

When the Great Day of Resurrection dawned, the Sun shone on a faded white hyacinth. Having learnt the lessons of flower-life, she had left the form in which she had laboured and now dwelt consciously in the abode of Infinite Light, awaiting re-birth in a new form wherein to serve the world afresh.

PHYLLIS CASPERSZ.

# The Philosophic Background of Rabindranath

By H. N. BOSE.

**I**N reading the appreciative reviews of "Gitanjali," an Indian hardly ever fails to notice some striking tendencies on the part of Western reviewers. Their religious consciousness and predilection, bred of centuries of Christian culture and training, has tended to make them love and worship a God who is essentially distinct and apart from them. It is but natural, for this reason, to expect that those of Rabindranath's poems which have in them a marked dualism of God and man ill appeal more to the Western consciousness than those of a different nature. There is enough of this dualistic emotional tremor in our poet's matchless devotional songs. But it would be taking a very restricted and narrow view of his versatility and genius to regard him as a poet of this phase of devotion alone. To prevent such a hasty conclusion, and to understand him more intelligently, one has to know some of his many peculiarities. When these peculiarities are properly understood, one possesses the key wherewith to unravel the true import of the apparent discrepancies of philosophical notions, as found in his poetical and prose writings.

Rabindranath has undoubtedly the most sympathetic mind imaginable. He is actually competent to enjoy a feeling which another human being enjoys, and enjoy it with a poetical fervour, penetration and serenity which is singularly his own. He can even successfully transport himself, through his vigorous

imagination, into the feelings of a woman and respond to the stimulation of a situation just as the woman in question would have done. His insight into the heart of women, especially, seems to be unique; this is clearly brought out in his delineation of womanly characters in fiction and drama, where he at times probes into the very secrets of feminine psychosis.

It is interesting to note how all the varied forms and states of life lived by the myriad and motley population of India are very intimately the objects of our poet's experience. He appears to write from a first-hand knowledge of them; so keen is his penetration into the hearts of men, and so realistic his poetical inspiration.

This will be a little surprising to one who knows something of his life. Strictly and systematically brought up, as he was, up to a very advanced stage of his life, away from the bracing and robust contact of the general mass of humanity, one would naturally expect him to lack the knowledge of men. But Rabindranath has an even broader outlook and a more universal consciousness than the heart of India and her people alone could have given him. In his writings we often find, or rather feel, that the yawning chasm which separates the East from the West has been successfully bridged over. It seems as though he had found some connecting link, some harmonising and unifying principle, underlying the feelings and emotions of different types of human culture; and from that

unspeakable domain of unity and harmony he seems to breathe out his strains of poetry. He assimilates human feelings with wonderful mastery and makes them natural and spontaneous. Thus the poet's visit to the West is sure to yield its fruit in the immediate future. We know our poet only too well, we know that something is coming from his pen which will have the impress of his visit to the West and be coloured by the more "ultimate knowledge" which has most surely found its way into the alembic of his mind during the course of his travels in Europe and America.

Nothing escaped his all-searching eye or eluded his grasping and receptive mind. However careless he may have seemed to be, and however much of saintly indifference may have characterised his outward behaviour, he certainly never missed anything. All his senses were wide awake, though exhibiting no trace of impertinent curiosity. All the words and deeds of the persons he came in contact with, and of the general mass of people before his eyes, yielded freely their meaning and content to him; the revelation, the significance and the suggestion of all these have once for all been impressed and indelibly recorded in the poet's subconscious mind. Everything was instantly photographed on the sensitive plate of that wonderful mind. The negative is being mysteriously developed at present in some dark corner of that mind.

This ability of Rabindranath to reveal the deep-seated secrets of widely divergent human minds is his most striking peculiarity. The ardent lovers of the poet feast their imagination on these enchanting revelations, which fact gives us the clue to their factitious pose without the poet's inspiration. When one knows Rabindranath intimately, one will be amazed at the discovery that he is not so much a mere individual as a mysterious embodiment of human mind seeking expression. He has a wonderfully pervious mind through which can filter a multitudinous host of human feelings. No wonder that Western critics have found him bewildering in his variety.

Poets are not like philosophers, always

logically exact, and they do not have to be so at the sacrifice of their artistic genius. This characteristic is even more prominent in Rabindranath than in many other poets. He is entirely free from the trammels of logical exactness; the truth is there, but it is a living thing with him and not a mere cold, calculated affair. Thus Rabindranath often becomes a source of suspicion in respect of the absolute validity of the logical evaluation of truth. One could easily doubt, after reading him, whether logic is the only and sure criterion of judgment in coming to conclusions about ultimate truth. Our poet has the habit of reasoning almost wholly by emotion; a habit of dramatising, romanticising and sentimentalising with an abundance of feeling which is at once devoid of passion and, at the same time, mild and elevating.

He had never contracted a fixed philosophical attitude, or had any set theological ideas to guide himself by before he started to write,—a habit which some poets of eminence have assiduously and rigorously cultivated. One simple instance, in support of this statement, which could be mentioned, is that the theory of re-incarnation, or the transmigration of souls after death, which forms part of the belief of the orthodox Hindus, but was never countenanced by the Brahmo Samaj to which he belongs, has been made by him the theme of many poems. He is, above all, a poet of feeling and emotion, both of work-a-day human life as well as of higher spiritual themes. If it delights him to depict himself as a dualist in a certain song, he will do so, or if it pleases him, he will sing "adwaita" or monism in another, or even "pantheism" in yet another.

Before "pantheism" or "monism," as Western *savants* designate certain Oriental philosophical systems—rightly or wrongly, the writer has nothing to say in this connection—the Occidental mind, in general, sinks to the very bottom of its being in hopelessness; but it is not so with our poet, because of his Hindu extraction. To understand him one should not let this important fact slip from one's mind, even when it comes to

appreciating those songs where theistic ideas can be traced. It is but natural to expect that there should be a generous sprinkling of such ideas throughout his writings, which are the products of centuries of Hindu thought-processes.

A few excerpts from Mr. Tagore's poetical and prose writings may make clear what has been said in the foregoing about the apparent contradictions of his philosophical bent of mind. Philosophically considered they may appear opposed to each other, but not so when viewed from the standpoint of poetry. Their value to us is the same, namely the enjoyment of a poetical mood. Even from a philosophical standpoint, the Hindus would not count these as marked discrepancies of ideas, for the synthetic Hindu religious philosophy could easily find harmony in them. In their estimation of certain philosophical ideas the Hindus are primarily concerned with the richness of their feeling content; their next effort is to give a sound logical basis to the beliefs thus intuitively arrived at. In India the artificial classification of philosophies has never been so rigorously established as in the West. The poet of Bengal has undoubtedly imbibed much from these Hindu philosophical ideas, and this is sufficient to account for the alkahestic nature of his mind.

In the *North American Review* of May, 1913, May Sinclair, in her review of "Gitanjali," remarked: "It is only now and again in the 'Gitanjali' that there come any reverberations of the mystic words 'tat tvam asi' (Thou art That), of those resonant and resplendent passages which proclaim the absolute inseparable unity of all things, of all selves in the Great Self." It is evident that the selection of songs for "Gitanjali" has been purposely made so by the poet, otherwise his writings in general abound with those exalted ideas. May Sinclair, however, added this: "He is himself too various to be bound by tradition, and when he chooses he will sing of the utter absorption and extinction of the soul as gladly as he sang its triumphant nuptial song." In Gitanjali itself there is the following song:—

"I am like a remnant of cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in the sky, O my Sun everlasting! Thy touch has not yet melted my vapour, making me one with the light.

"If it be Thy wish and if this be Thy play, then take this fleeting emptiness of mine, paint it with colour, gild it with gold, float it on the wanton wind and spread it in varied wonders.

"And again, when it shall by Thy wish to end this play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, as it may be in a smile of white morning, in a coolness of purity transparent."

No extinction of the soul, however, is here involved, but on the contrary a gaining of one's real self. However, the Western orthodox mind will not find any felicity in this. The immanence of God it does not seem to push to its logical completeness; otherwise it would not think it inconsistent to sing "dualism" and "monism" or unity, at the same time, nor that there could be no "triumphant nuptial song" or personal relation in this latter case.

Again, the personal relation is everything with a certain class of mystics; but is there any reason to think that this personal relation is the everlasting state? May there be no higher experience than that? It is not only the metaphysicians who affirm the identity of the individual with the cosmic Self; but many religious Hindus feel it, and I suppose one has to have the intuition of the Hindus to feel it. By singing "dualism" we come nearer to Him; but when we come sufficiently near, there comes a moment when there is that intense feeling of oneness with Him, bursting forth in songs of identity with the Divine. In this light our poet would not appear to be inconsistent. It is significant to notice, however, that this idea of identity or unity has, by the magic of the poet, been made full of charm and beauty even to the Occidental imagination.

In the following poem from the "Gitanjali," the idea of the immanence of God is far more beautifully brought out, showing how the monistic and dualistic ideas can dovetail into one another.

"What divine drink would'st Thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life?"

"My Poet, is it Thy delight to see Thy creation through my eyes and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to Thine own eternal harmony?"

"The world is weaving words in my mind, and Thy music is adding music to them. Thou givest Thyself to me in love and then feelest Thine own entire sweetness in me."

This poem sheds considerable light on some obscure Upanishadic passages like this: "He (God) desired, Many may I be, may I be born! So having made 'tapas' (*i.e.*, having thus thought), He sent forth all this Universe. This having sent forth, into that very thing He then entered." Thus the Upanishads tell us that God Himself has become these myriads of individualised beings, and through their eyes He is looking back upon Himself with infinite wonder! We are goaded from within to make use of our senses to the fullest extent. Thus we invent powerful telescopes wherewith to sweep infinite space and to study the mystery of the cosmos. Thus it is that we develop art, painting, music and all those things that contribute to our æsthetic delight; because it is He who wants to "feel His entire sweetness in us" and "see His creation through our eyes" and "hear His own eternal music through our ears."

It is because of this internal demand that we are for ever creating finer and finer subtleties of harmony, art and ethics of life. So the poet asks, "What divine drink would'st Thou have, my God?" That is, "What supreme perfection have I to attain to, and what subtlest fancy have I to weave, to satisfy Thy thirst, my Poet?" Is it out of this inherent natural impulse that human progress and evolution are taking place? In this little poem the poet's spiritual "feelers" or antennæ seem to have come in sensitive contact with some profound reality imbedded in the deeper recesses of his being, and in giving words to this experience the sweeping searchlight of Rabi's imagination darts its shafts of illumination over the chartless reaches of the ocean of knowledge to brighten up those misty patches of nature's arcana!

The writer must confess that these explanation of Rabindranath's songs can only be tentative and that many possible types of explanations could be advanced by persons of different philosophical ten-

dencies; and this, in fairness to the poet. Before all these attempts at interpretation, however, our poet would be superbly silent. He knows his Deity better without seeking to know the philosophical import of the true Being. Thus the poet sings in "Gitanjali":

"I boasted among men that I had known You. They see Your pictures in all works of mine. They come and ask me, 'Who is He?'" I know not how to answer them. I say, 'Indeed, I cannot tell.' They blame me and they go away in scorn. And You sit there smiling.

"I put my tales of You into lasting songs. The secret gushes out from my heart. They come and ask me, 'Tell me all your meanings.' I know not how to answer them. I say 'Ah, who knows what they mean!' They smile and go away in utter scorn. And You sit there smiling."

There have often been controversies in Bengali literary circles concerning the explanation of some of his poetical and prose pieces, but our poet has always maintained a profound silence and has ever been chary in advancing his own opinion.

It would be an act of indiscretion, indeed, to try to identify our poet with some particular school of philosophical thought. He is ever free to sing whatever he likes; and what he sings comes out of his burning spiritual experience and springs spontaneously from within—"the secret gushing out from his heart." In the article, above referred to, May Sinclair also makes the following remark, which is very significant: "They (the Upanishads) certainly satisfy, as nothing else (not even the Hegelian Dialectic) satisfies, that appetite for metaphysical unity which was so profoundly repellent to the instinct of Mr. William James; and I can imagine that people possessed by that appetite will be disappointed when they find that they cannot label Mr. Tagore 'Pantheist' or 'Buddhist' and have done with him. And when he tells us that 'all ages pass with the hiding and seeking of Thee and me,' they will resent it almost as if no Oriental had any right to insist on a personal relation involving a breach of identity between the soul and God."

The idea that "no Oriental has any right to insist on a personal relation with" God is a pseudo-philosophical conclusion which

the hasty, often interested thinkers in the West have successfully foisted on the believing public, and which has now become a deep-rooted prejudice with them. The real question is as to what we mean by this personal relation. The Hindus certainly have the conception of an intimate and personal relation with the infinite Spirit which is at the back of all. One has to understand clearly that the Hindu "appetite for unity" is not the cultural academic appetite of Western metaphysicians who take pride in the clever building up of a system of thought; it is an inborn spiritual attitude with them. All the philosophical thoughts of the Hindus are deeply grounded in the religious consciousness of the people. To them philosophy is religion in theory, and religion is philosophy in practice. There is an unfortunate tendency in the West hastily to stamp a certain Western brand on a particular type of Oriental thought and then to call it pantheism, etc.

It cannot be too much emphasised, however, that it is practically impossible, on our part, to classify distinctly the philosophical attitude or intention of our poet by any modern methods of demarking or limiting the boundaries of philosophical thought. So far as modern methods of classification go, he would appear to be very varied indeed, but we are sure that he is not inconsistent. We always feel that there is some underlying unity in the apparent diversity of his thoughts. Those who prefer to consider that after all he is a theist will be at pains to explain away many deeply emotional outpourings of his heart in poetry and prose. Here is a specimen from one of his prose sketches:—

"Once when I was one with this world, when on me green grass grew and the autumnal hue played, and in the rays of the sun from every hair-root of the vast expanse of my body there exhaled an odorous vapour of youthful freshness, when stretching myself over the land, water and the high hills of far distant regions and of the wide, wide world, I silently reposed myself beneath a shining sky, the thrill of joy and the life-bringing impulse which I half-consciously felt as passing sweepingly throughout my infinite frame under the splendour of the autumn sun, seem still to linger in my memory in their dream-like recollections."

The poet himself does not seem to understand why he takes a fancy to write in a certain way or in a certain mood. Thus he writes somewhere else:—

"I am like a living piano; within me, in the dark, there are numerous wires and mechanisms; who comes there and plays on it I do not know, why it sounds like this or that is also very hard for me to tell. I only know what is being played on and whether it sounds pleasure or pain, in flat or in sharp, and in rhythm or out of it. I also can know how high or low the music rises or falls as measured by the octaves."

Rabindranath at the bottom of his being is a genuine Hindu. He loves India with the love of a true lover, he loves its historical achievements, its heritage of thought and wealth of natural beauty to such an extent that he hardly would change this life with any other. The poet has started a system of education on national lines at "Shantiniketan" (Peace-resort) in Bolpur. There he spends much of his time in solitary meditation. One of his favourite ways of spending his evenings is to sit or recline restfully in a jolly-boat—made comfortable with the necessary bedding and cushions—which floats on the bosom of a little river, Gorai, winding through the locality. Referring to this delightful but peculiar diversion the poet writes:—

"Almost every day I question my mind thus: shall I ever be born again beneath this starry firmament? In such a peaceful evening, on this solitary Gorai river, at some such corner of Bengal, shall I ever be able to lounge on a simple but cosy jolly-boat in this very fashion, with a care-free and fascinated mind. Maybe in any of my future births I shall never get back such an evening. Who knows whereto the panorama will be transported then or with what kind of a mind I shall be born? Maybe I shall have many such evenings, but never will Eve, with her dark tresses dishevelled, repose on my bosom in such deep-seated love. Shall I be the very same person as I am now? Fear of all my fear is, lest I be born in Europe."\*

Here we have the heart of our poet laid bare before us, revealing the sacred secrets within.

H. N. BOSE.

\* The renderings into English of the above three passages from the original Bengalee prose sketches of the author are by the present writer.

# Ideals in Art

## V. The Future?

By HOPE REA.

**W**HAT the future may bring forth in the domain of Art is a question which the future alone can answer with any exactitude. Nevertheless, it may not be wholly futile to speculate as to the lines along which coming developments may run.

There must obviously be for all time two great determining factors in great manifestations of Art; namely, in the most comprehensive sense, the medium through which it works, and the inspiration to express which the Art comes into being. Within these two basic limitations a great Art develops, stage by stage, to its culmination, each stage marking a fresh realisation of the possibilities of the one, or the content of the other, of these two prime factors.

As the Art nearest home, and the one with which most of us to some extent are familiar, let us pass cursorily in review the course of the development of Christian Art, noting the outstanding characteristic of each stage since such a survey may possibly yield indications of what may be looked for in the future.

In the very early centuries of our era, we shall find that the artistic mind of youthful Europe was dominated by the idea of Pattern. The great Arts practically did not exist. Struggling survivals of "the Roman manner" made their appearance here and there, and a faint tradition of the ancient craft mysteries remained as a very small lamp in dark places. The popular

Art, in manuscript, metal work, wood and stone carving, whether Celtic, Viking, or among the Comacine, or the Cosmati workers of Italy, was a species of surface decoration which resolved itself into pattern, frequently reaching a marvellous degree of elaboration and beauty; the Book of Kells on the one hand, the Lombardic sculptured lintels of the northern Italian basilicas, on the other, alike serve as examples of this all-pervading idea of what was meant by Art. The Artist of the day used every medium that came to his hand with free catholicity; but whatever he was, calligraphist, goldsmith, mason, pictor, or sculptor, he expressed himself primarily in Pattern, at the same time transfusing his designs with the leading thought of his time, *i.e.*, the Christianity of the growing Church. Dogmatic and mystical religion were alike expressed by a suggestive convention, in the pattern weaving of early European Artists.

A runic cross still standing in the churchyard of Gosforth, in West Cumberland, some few miles inland from Seascale, of Celto-Scandinavian workmanship, belonging to the IXth or Xth century, is covered on all its four squared sides with the interlaced pattern of the period, combining animal forms with the interlinked and interlaced pattern, together with suggestions of the human form, this latter as crude in its turn as the pattern is masterly. The ordinary antiquary has traced an interesting symbolism in these carvings, uniting the cadent Odinism with the

rising Christianity. The occult student probing further,—being in possession of, as it were, a pass-key—reads on the successive faces of the column a whole cosmogony, symbolically delineated with consummate skill in the Pattern Language common to the age.

By a gradual ascent through the centuries, and the labour of caligraphist, goldsmith and sculptor, the human form was once more liberated and took a supreme place in Art. Our second illustration gives a charming example of the transition stage, an almost perfect balance between pattern and figure sculpture.

But when once the domination of Pattern was outgrown, and Pattern itself relegated to a position more in proportion to its true value, we emerge into another world of Art. Composition of line supersedes by including pattern, and the human figure, in all its fullness and perfection, becomes the main pre-occupation of the artist in his study of Composition; and even Architecture, the art of form in the abstract, finds the statue the most perfect culminating feature of decoration.

Hence we find, always with the inspiration of Christianity as a background, the artists busy themselves with problems of anatomy, of "tactile values," dramatic expression and the like, until later, when the inspiration of the Renaissance mingled with that of the older Faith, the fascination of realism in technique began to lay an ever firmer hold on artistic endeavour. We get, in addition to triumphant figure composition, a wonderful development of portraiture, a marvellous exactitude in the painting of flesh and textiles, a perfection of perspective, effects of atmosphere, and so on. Again, when, in the wake of Galileo, all the world of intellect was agog over the respective merits of the heliocentric, as opposed to the geo-centric theories of the universe, and we may imagine that the generally absorbing topic of conversation among cultured circles would be the Sun in some connection or another, we find, as a curious accompaniment to this, that the artists began to occupy their minds with problems of *chiaroscuro*, light and shade, from the

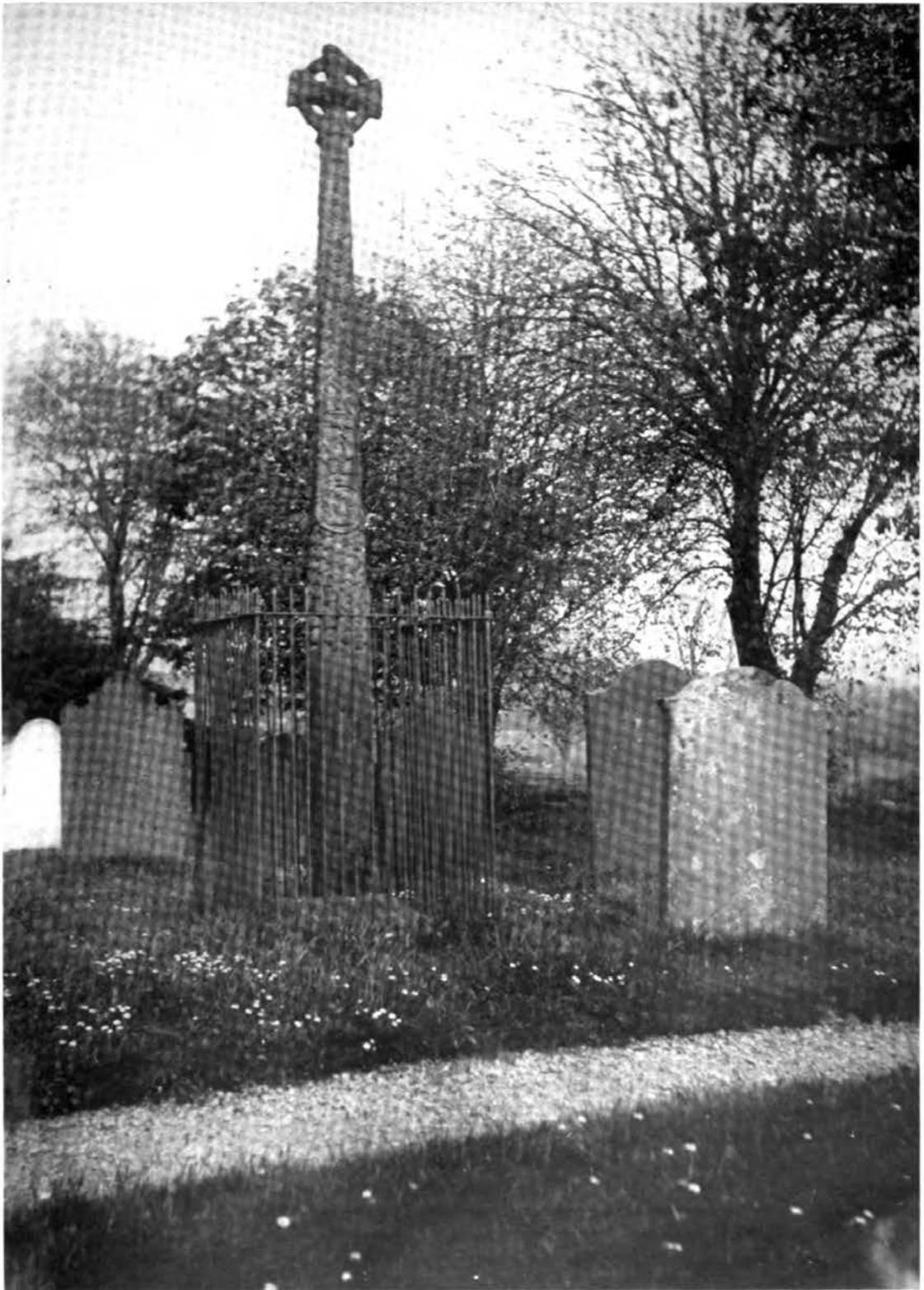
cruder beginnings of the *Tenebroso*, in Italy, under Carravaggio up to the supreme achievements of Rubens and Rembrandt.

The last named directs the attention to Holland. Severed by its peculiar history from the old ecclesiastical tradition, Holland found a new inspiration in its own passionate and lofty patriotism; "God made the sea, we have made our land," said their dyke-builders, and their Artists taught themselves to paint this precious sea-walled land and developed a noble school of landscape painting as the outcome. Ecclesiastical Art, with the XVIIIth century, practically ceased in Western Europe, the inspiration of Christianity being no longer that of the foremost intellects of Christendom. Only in painting was there any outstanding creative Art of first order, and that largely in the domain of landscape, in varying modes. And now in the second decade of the XXth century, we wait with the question, "What next?" upon our lips.

We have seen, in this rapid survey of the past, the long sustained development of the Arts under one great universal inspiration,—how they advanced from strength to strength in the matter of power of expression, as first one possibility and then another projected itself into the consciousness of the artist. Again, we have noticed minor inspirations that had, in turn, each its own peculiar development. It seems probable, if not inevitable, that, as a natural out-growth of the past, the future will proceed on similar lines, these being, in fact, along the course of Nature itself. Thus we shall have, in some fashion or another, an extension of the consciousness as to what element in Nature or ourselves may be gathered in and made to subserve the need for artistic expression, and an inspiration which demands that form of expression.

A little artistic outburst which attracted considerable attention before the War, definitely calling itself Futurist, was significant, and the manifesto of its leader, Signor Marinetti, was interesting.

The young Italian and his friends, surrounded by the great Art monuments of



THE GOSFORTH CROSS,  
Sculptor unknown.



MEMORIAL SLAB IN FLOOR OF CHURCH OF THE CERTOSA DI VAL D'EMA—TUSCANY.

Sculptor unknown.

past generations of his own people, feels himself nauseated by their dead beauties, "Museums!" he cries, "cemeteries!" His whole manifesto, in its almost frenzied iconoclasm, is, as it were, an invocation to Shiva the Destroyer to come and rend the dungeon walls of tradition in Art and let the imprisoned imagination go free. "We stand on the extreme promontory of the centuries! We stand upon the summit of the world, and once more we cast our challenge to the stars! Why should we look behind us when we have to break into the mysterious portals of the Impossible?"

He and his fellows, as we may think, in the light of subsequent events, were obviously sensitive to the great play of spiritual forces in operation, though not as yet made manifest in outward physical happenings. They realised the imperative need for some new extension of the language of Art, and instinctively looked for the complementary new inspiration. Their intuition, as the writer ventures to think, having run ahead of actual events, what they effected was practically a putting of the cart before the horse. They realised that a new mode of Art was, as it were, due, and in their impatience they conceived their task to be that of building up a new convention by which, through the medium of colour and form, they might present not a picture of a given object or event, but the sensation which it produced. The spectator, they said, "must in future be placed in the centre of the picture." "We arrive" by their chosen method, "at what we call the *painting of states of mind*."

In this it seems possible, nay, highly probable, that the "Futurists" were to some extent true pioneers born, however a little out of due time, hence lacking a true inspiration which alone can fully vitalise any new departure in Art. When one turns to find what they seized upon as a source of inspiration, we see, indeed, that it was none, or was at least inadequate to ensure any grand achievement. There is a vague emptiness at this point which is pathetic in its extent. Hear their great declaration of their inspiration, "We declare that the world's splendour has been enriched by a

new beauty, the beauty of speed. A racing motor-car, its frame adorned by great pipes, like snakes with explosive breath . . . a roaring motor-car which looks as though running on shrapnel, is more beautiful than the Victor of Samothrace." This is bathos indeed!

"We shall sing of the man at the steering wheel, whose ideal stem transfixes the Earth, rushing over the circuit of her orbit." "There is no more beauty except in strife." "We have already created speed, eternal ever-present. We wish to glorify war, . . . militarism, patriotism, the destructive arm of the anarchist, the beautiful ideas that kill, the contempt for women. . . . We shall sing of the great crowds in the excitement of labour, pleasure, or rebellion," and so on, and on. Speed and Force the inspirers, and the Art, the Art of "Dynamism"; and so we come to the actual examples executed, and find "The Dynamism of a Cyclist," "of a Footballer," "of a Boxer," "of a Tram-car," and the "Simultaneous Dynamism of an Apaches' Ball!"

Nevertheless something has been achieved by these disproportioned experiments. There was a definite realisation that Art must enter upon a new world, but the true nature of what that new world must be eluded the young artists' grasp. In some instances of their work the vitality displayed in the forceful swirl of line and colour, and the very real beauty of the combinations of these, suggest the possibility that they had been possessed, at any rate, for the moment, of a measure of psychic vision, and that the painting was some sort of representation of the creative pulsing of matter in its rarer planes, as effected by waves of emotional force,—in truth, a picture of sensation.

So we may think we have a true indication of what, in the far future, may be one of the domains of Art, as the bounds of our consciousness become pushed farther and farther back. But that this new convention, if we have read it aright, can eventually supersede entirely the older methods of art production is hardly conceivable. For certain given purposes, for the satisfaction of the physical plane

senses, we cannot forego the older methods, which are the outcome of the nature of physical things. On this plane we must continue to make appeal by direct representation of actual form, with colour, chiaroscuro, and the rest. Yet that out of these may again be born a new Art is obvious. The Past proclaims a sure prophecy for the Future, as a backward glance over the successive great developments of Art, throughout the ages, abundantly shows. In the present case, that is, when the current catastrophic events shall have run their course, we shall not have to re-discover these media, they will still be ready to our hand. The transforming force which will employ them, and, as in a *kleidoscopic* fashion, change their relative proportions, values and preponderances, will be the informing spirit animating the on-coming generations.

The new inspiration will give us the new Art for which so long we have been waiting, an Art which will be one of its most potent vehicles of expression.

Let us imagine what may become possible when "the Word of Peace" and "the Word of Brotherhood" have alike been spoken by the Voice that all the world must hear. To picture all possibilities is, of course, beyond one's highest imaginative flight, but conceive the possibilities in one particular. Let us imagine the co-operative spirit become instinctive to an appreciable degree, affecting Art production, the very antithesis to the present attitude of mind in this connection. The ideal held up now as prime incentive to endeavour is that of individual self-expression; individual originality is hardly questioned as one of the greatest qualities of Art. The only method of co-operation accepted as practicable is when a number of artists, recognising in another a dominating genius, voluntarily submit their own powers to his and give themselves to the expression of his master mind. Thus, for example, the Wagnerian triumphs are accomplished by a co-operation which is at the same time in effect an extended individualism. This is not to be decried in any way; it is a perfectly legitimate method, abundantly justified

by the result. But suppose that, instead of this, a group of Artists accepted not a master mind, but a dominating Idea, and lost themselves in that. Under the inspiration of the two Words which will then have been spoken, and will therefore thrill all responsive souls, this is conceivable. Such a group might co-operate, not as a sum of so many units each foregoing a portion of his powers in the interest of the one dominating member; but, accepting a master Idea, each would contribute the full content of his ability, and, by a process analogous to chemical combination, would produce a combined result, perhaps not calculable in detail beforehand, yet absolutely harmonious and suited to the end in view, because of the perfect sympathy and instinctive fellow feeling animating the group as a whole, which by this process became, for the given purpose and time, a collective unity.

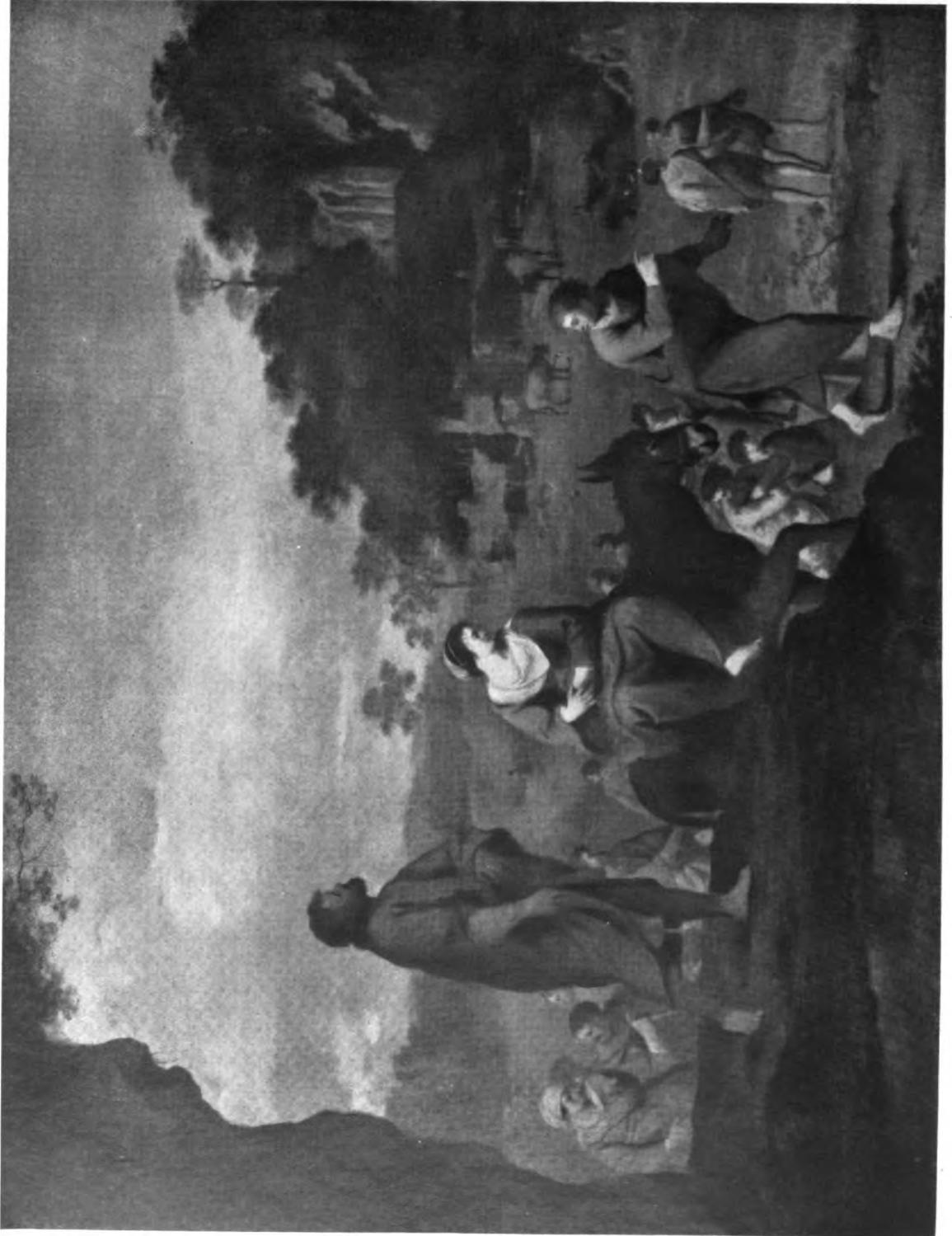
In this pooling of all their powers, incompatible differences would automatically, as it were, eliminate themselves, while all harmonious variations would be comprehended in the larger unity, until the end was achieved. That final accomplishment, we may think, might well be something of hitherto unimaginable splendour vibrant with a newness of life, impossible of attainment under the present geo-centric conditions of production.

A minute venture which fortuitously resolved itself into an experiment somewhat on the lines above suggested, came under the present writer's observation some years ago. The circumstances were peculiar, the conditions unique, which perhaps rendered the experiment possible. An author had written a short play, simple in outline, symbolic in character, and a number of friends engaged to act it, for their own pleasure. Most of them were artists themselves, or at least with keen sensitiveness to Art.

The rehearsals began, on simple lines, and then the author was called away, and the players were left to their own devices. Whereupon a strange thing happened. Each seized upon the idea of the play and made it his own, and having no one in



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.  
By Anthony Van Dyck.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.  
By Cornelis Poelenburg.

authority to whom to refer, worked out his own part in relation to the idea, absolutely according to his own temperament and genius, no one saying him nay, the common instinct for harmony and the general respect each had for the other's powers being the sole arbiter. The author returned and went to the next rehearsal, to behold a play such as had never been in contemplation at the time of writing. The players were obviously, for the time being, wrapt up in their undertaking and wholly unconscious of what they were actually doing, namely, re-creating the play.

Luckily the writer realised that something profoundly interesting was taking place and fell in with it at once. One who was a weaver, and a better symbolist than the author, had rearranged all the colour scheme; another, an architect and craftsman, designed and made jewelled properties; a need for music had been felt, and a musician had been asked to compose and adapt music; the author was next called on to add lines to give further emphasis to certain points, and, of course, complied, now playing the game with an almost breathless interest; and so the creation grew. On one occasion, a player was reminded that so-and-so had been the author's intention, "But no," the player

promptly replied, "that is not *my* conception of the part, it must go *thus*." And go thus it did, and that strictly in harmony with the general scheme, enriched by the individual conception of that special player.

When all was accomplished, and every man, woman and child had added all that could individually be contributed, the result entirely justified the method. The slender outlines of the original had been filled out and enriched with an extraordinary vitality, it remained itself and yet a something wholly new, and a joy to look back upon, to everyone that took part in its production. To the present writer the experience gave a hint of possibilities in Art production under certain conditions, rare indeed now, but such that we may hope to see realised in the new day, that day when the great Voice shall have spoken.

It will thus, in all probability, be more by way of a change of spirit than by novel media and materials, that we may hope to see the next new development of Art. But a new Art will, in some form or another, inevitably arise and spring up in splendour and might to give expression to the new revelation of Love and Power.

HOPE REA.

THE END.

## Le Beau—Le Bien

A-t-on remarqué combien dans notre langue de France, le beau signifie le bien ?

"Une belle action" ou plus modernement, "un beau geste," signifie une action vertueuse. "C'est beau, cela," s'écrie-t-on en lisant la relation d'un fait héroïque. "Un beau trait" dans un caractère s'entend de ce que ce caractère a de noble et d'élevé. "C'est un joli garçon" se dit autant d'un homme qui s'est bien conduit à plusieurs reprises que d'un adolescent agréable à regarder. D'autre part "Que c'est vilain" ("ugly,"

not villain, in French) est le jugement qu'on porte sur une action basse, honteuse. "C'est une vilaine nature" veut dire que la nature d'une personne est mauvaise. "Un vilain monsieur" est, tout simplement, une canaille, fut-il doué des traits les plus réguliers! . . . .

Il est *beau* de tomber pour la Patrie, dira-t-on, voulant donc dire que c'est *bien*. Rien n'est plus *affreux* que l'ingratitude; c'est-à-dire, rien n'est plus coupable.

Toujours ou trouvera que l'idée de la Beauté conduit droit à la Vertu.

M. C.

# An Indian Famine

By NARAIN DASS.

**E**VERY recurrence of famine or scarcity, in a land now the alleged perennial home of poverty and squalidness, presents social and economic phenomena which well deserve the close study of thoughtful observers.

Famine, in a sense, serves to test the staying-power of a people; bringing into play all the energies of which it is capable in fighting against adverse conditions, it may well prove a measure of their resourcefulness. But the same may be said of war.

Certain circumstances, always the natural concomitant of a famine in more or less pronounced form, may, on the one hand, arm a critic of the Government with means to paint in lurid colours the helplessness of the people, or, on the other hand, may warrant a supporter of the Government in expatiating on the increased powers of endurance shown—the result of increased trading facilities, economic improvement and social advancement. One school may hold that adversity loses its intensity with constant familiarity; that conditions, however thinly separated from actual starvation, when forming a normal feature of everyday life, may not be acutely felt if they become a little worse. But it might be pointed out with equal emphasis by the other school that no people, however limited their wants may be, can live and thrive under the conditions in question.

It should be borne in mind that the standard by which one tries to measure the material well-being of a people is sure

to affect the conclusions arrived at. With all the advance which the comparative study of sociology and economics has undoubtedly made, there is no absolute standard to serve as a unit by which to ascertain the economic condition of a nation. A community of half-civilised negroes, hardly emerging from a state of cannibalism, can be said to be economically well-off if they successfully resist an ordinary scarcity. Economic conditions, however, which go to deprive a people of the luxury of tea, or make it economically necessary to substitute vegetables for meat for six months, may be pronounced very acute. Thus the lack of a prescribed minimum measure, an absolute economic unit, makes it very difficult to pronounce in definite terms whether or not a certain visitation of famine or scarcity has so affected the comforts and amenities of the daily life of the people as to be really alarming.

But, whatever may be the rock-bottom economic measure necessary for an average Indian to "keep body and soul together," a survey of the broad, outstanding facts, the results of the recent famine, will serve some purpose. The first thing which strikes the casual observer is the bare appearance of the trees in the villages. The tall Indian trees, which relieve the vast, brown-backed plains, have been shorn clean of their verdure. Not even the thorny *babul* (acacia) has escaped the ravages of the forage-gatherer, who, realising the measure of humanity due to dumb driven cattle (and actuated also by motives of self-interest), is prepared to

commit sacrilege to the extent of robbing the *pipal* of its foliage. Only the roadside trees, because of official protection, enjoy immunity. Yet even these measures have proved of little avail, for the emaciated skeleton-frames of the village cattle proclaim the fact that they are really famished, and that the days of most of them are already numbered. No inconsiderable number of them long ago fell victims to the scarcity of fodder, while the lives of the rest became a burden to their owner, who time and again risked his life to snatch a bundle of green leaves from the top of a tall tree. It is indeed a pitiable sight to see an endless stream of cattle wending their listless way to a big butchery in a neighbouring town. For, during such times of scarcity, the little fodder procurable can at the best save only the *plough cattle* of the farmer who is fortunate enough to have credit, or to obtain a *taccavi* loan. Thus the farmer sacrifices his live-stock, which is his greatest wealth.

The soil, even under the best of conditions, presents a monotonous appearance : the green field, the delight of many countries, being an exception to be met with occasionally in the more favoured parts. During a famine, when cultivation can be carried on only with the help of artificial irrigation, the land presents the spectacle of a parched plain devoid of all greenness. Save for the meagre supply of sub-soil water, going down several feet, the surface of the earth is baked dry—a process of natural disinfection which shows itself in an appreciable decrease in plague and other pests during a time of famine.

Thus, while a famine is on, the land enjoys a rest for almost a year, and in the economy of Nature this adds to its fertility and productive power, the continuous exposure to the sun's rays resulting in the destruction of many germs and the appearance of new salts and other chemicals for the formation of which dry weather is essential. But, whatever promise of a future harvest there may be, for the present the continuous stretch of barren land betokens the dire misery of the

farmer. For him it is no longer a question of sloth or backwardness, of ignorance of scientific methods of cultivation, of extreme conservatism or of thriftlessness, but simply of lack of irrigation.

To understand why an Indian cultivator succumbs to the first touch of famine, why *taccavi* loans or other immediate palliatives are a necessity, it is necessary to understand the normal conditions which regulate his life. The trouble is not really the famine at all, but the normal economic forces under which he lives.

Everything in an average Indian village strikes one as embodying an extreme Spartan simplicity. The walls and flooring are all made of mud ; the roofs, either of thatch or of a thick coating of clay supported on rough-hewn beams. A building of masonry is a source of pride of which every village cannot boast. The same dignity as attaches to a really well-built church or school in a European village attaches to a *pucca* shop or a few uncouth rooms in an Indian village. Nor is it that building materials are scarce, for it is the villages which supply the materials for the towns and the Public Works Department. But the pressure of every-day life is so great that a *pucca* building can be dreamt of only by a *Bania*—who, to guard his precious hoard, perhaps erects a room or two of bricks and mortar.

The usual peasant apparel consists of as little as possible. No idea of comfort or fashion regulates the dress of a villager. A piece of cloth to wrap round the loins, another piece to cover the head, a pair of village-made shoes in rare instances—these are the only items of dress. A shirt or coat of peculiar make is occasionally met with, but such are possessed only by the happy few. The women-folk attire themselves with no greater show or precision. It is not, however, so much the rude simplicity of the costume as its extreme dirtiness that catches the eye. The owner having but one change of clothes, the same piece of material is worn until it is a rag. The regular process of a wash at the hands of a washer-man is rarely resorted to ; a dip in a neighbouring tank or river is generally all that is pos-

sible. Here, again, it is not want of knowledge, but economic force which regulates the ways of the peasantry. Happy is the farmer who owns a spare suit of clothes to be used on festive occasions, but even this is of the simplest kind.

The question of food—a matter about which much theorising has already been done—need not be dealt with at length. But, this being a matter upon which the earthly existence of man—his energy, vitality, and freedom or otherwise from many ills—so largely depends, it cannot be dismissed altogether. One thing is certain—that the daily food of the peasant farmer compares very unfavourably with that consumed by his ancestor of two generations ago. The extension of cultivation means the narrowing of the grazing area, the restriction of capacity to keep cattle, and consequently a rarer use of milk and *ghee*. There is such a demand for these articles that the farmer now thinks more of converting them into cash and so meeting the increased exigencies of the time than of using them as necessaries of daily diet. He has to be content with whey instead of milk, and he now thinks that he was never born to butter his bread. Coarse bread of barley and gram, with an occasional variety of wheat, and one vegetable, or *dal* forms the staple food throughout the greater part of Northern India to-day. Where rice can be grown, it is boiled to take the place of bread; the vegetable, whey or *dal* remaining the same. India is, of course, pre-eminently a land of vegetarians, but even those who can take meat without doing violence to their religion are practically vegetarians. Meat costs more than vegetables, and the Indian way of cooking it is also so much more expensive. Anything costly the tenant studiously avoids—and sheer necessity compels him to avoid it. The use of drink, or of any intoxicating drug, is restricted to medicinal limits.

The advent of a famine makes the tenant careless in the selection of his grains. He would gladly buy corn, the harvest of three years back—just unearthed from its hiding-place deep in a cavity—if it comes

a trifle cheaper than fresh corn. Scanty nourishment, no less than the indiscriminate use of partly rotten corn, accounts for the crop of disease which follows a famine.

Need it be a matter for wonder that a tenant situated as the Indian tenant is—the creature of peculiar economic forces and surroundings, shut out from the light of knowledge to guide him save for what emanates from a beneficent Government—should succumb to the first touch of scarcity? A settled gloom, a sense of hopelessness and utter despondency, a readiness to submit to the inevitable, a queer indifference to his surroundings born of the immemorial habit of leaving his destiny to be worked out by others rather than moulded by himself—these mark the very appearance of the tenant; and even under normal conditions he lacks the cheerfulness and sturdy independence of the agriculturist of other countries. He has always been within the clutches of a calculating *Bania* or a rack-renting landholder—a child unable to think for himself or to guard his own interests. His welfare was ever a matter of deep solicitude for the authorities. He is a child even now, subsisting on help doled out by the State during frequent periods of famine. Will he ever attain to manhood, and, if so, have his guardians ever thought what will place him upon his feet? To guard him against usury and rack-renting, to secure occasional suspension or remission of rent, to advance loans when he is in dire need—these are laudable objects worthy of a great Government.

The time of the recent famine was one of all sorts of activities. Barring relief works—the starvation wages of which do not attract even a famished people—relief of various kinds was fully resorted to. The supply of fodder from different centres was in itself an operation of a gigantic nature. For the railways, in spite of reduced rates, were unable to supply fodder at a sufficiently cheap rate. The average price of straw—none of which was of the best quality—rose to about a rupee a maund, and that of grass to about 10 annas a maund. These figures may

not convey at once the full measure of misery they entailed, but practically they meant the slow starvation of the entire stock in many districts. To suppose that the bulk of the population could support their cattle on fodder so dearly bought would be equivalent to holding that the famine was of produce only, and not of money; whereas in India the only commodity in defect is really money. That is why *taccavi* loans given on a generous scale have been so marked a success. It must be remembered, however, that this sort of relief reaches only those tenants who are, or at least are supposed to be, in a solvent condition, for it is a loan entailing repayment with interest, guarded by more or less good security. The destitute, those petty holders who have no bullocks or credit to boast of, the *taccavi* does not touch. Nevertheless, in the recent famine (1913-1914) it relieved the peasantry to a great extent.

Though the intensity of famine, as evidenced by high prices of food and fodder, and the remarkably small produce over a small area and the total failure of crops over a large one, is an admitted fact, there are many features of special interest. Are the effects of the famine on the lives of the people, and the broad landmarks left by it, of a magnitude commensurate with the intensity of the famine? Temporary immigration, excessive mortality, unemployment, and extreme insufficiency of food are some of the evils of far-reaching importance that are associated with big Indian famines. Considered in these aspects, what account has the recent famine to give?

In many of the districts affected, there was little or no immigration—and this connotes a staying power in the people, an ability in this direction which the Indian *ryot* did not possess a few years ago. Few people, if any at all, were forced to leave their wonted surroundings in search of a precarious livelihood elsewhere. The gypsy-like mode of living to which the bulk of the village population used to be reduced by famine—hunting for work from village to village, or living on the alms of the townspeople, burdened with

cattle and small possessions—appears to be a thing of the past. True, an innate conservatism and lack of enterprise may partly account for this—and probably only a choice between death and wandering will drive the *ryot* from his home; but nevertheless, it speaks volumes for the tenacity of the farmer that he remained facing his difficulties. That he stayed to look after his barren fields is a great thing and the influence is irresistible that he is comparatively better off than he was years ago.

A certain part of the more stubborn of the rural population, of course, supplemented their resources by sheer criminality. Crime invariably increases during a time of distress—though, at the same time, the annual statistics of crime may not show any marked increase. That many of the most serious offences are never recorded in the archives of the police is a well-known fact. The disinclination of the people—fostered, no doubt, by the oppressive methods of the police—to lodge reports, and a corresponding habit of the guardians of the peace not to soil their records for every crime (especially in respect of cases in which there is little or no chance of tracking the criminal), result in the hushing-up of a volume of crime. It is small credit to the *Pax Britannica* if the internal state of the country becomes so disturbed, even though it be the result of famine, that people dare not drive along the highways at an awkward hour. And it is a fact that the life and property of the subject in outlying villages are practically at the mercy of marauders in a famine year; and in normal times they hardly enjoy a security such as should be guaranteed them after an efficient administration of the country lasting over a century.

To return to the subject of relief work, the reluctance of the majority of the villagers to engage in this is partly due to the fact that they can generally turn their hands to something more paying nearer home. When all agricultural operations come to a dead stop the labourer still has other means of earning money. The collecting of fuel and grass absorbs almost the whole labour community of a village. In hard times the villager has little re-

spect for the trees of the landholder, and, even if the latter were not a man of ordinary sympathy, it would be impossible to keep a watch on the trees over a large area. Whatever the technical law of the land, Indian humanity would never degenerate into enforcing the laws with a rigour having the least resemblance to the "game laws" of the West. It is a common sight to see half the population of a village, with bundles of fuel on their heads, wending their way to a neighbouring town to convert it into coarse grain. A stream of villagers on their way to a town with bundles of grass for sale is an equally common sight, especially in a famine year. And this does not mean, of course, either that every villager has grass on his own fields or that the laws provide for the free sale of wood and timber. Most of them hold no land, and grass is mostly to be found on waste-lands, the exclusive possession of the land-holder. But in India there exists this spirit of tolerance, an uncodified understanding, in marked contrast to the unyielding spirit of the landholder of the West, who could ill brook the hunting down of an animal, however small, on his land without bringing the offender to justice—and who would be equally alert to prevent the nightly depredation of a farmer on his reserved forest. However, something of this aggressive spirit of "landlordism" is certainly to be met with up in the hills, where notices announcing a "reserved forest" proclaim that a twig removed means a prosecution.

In these days of abnormally high prices, increasing population, extended communication, and the raising of the standard of living in the towns, every commodity that a villager can bring to the town finds a ready sale. The unrestricted export of foodstuffs to foreign countries has had an all-round tendency to increase prices. In the good old days of plenty, stacks of grain and fodder which were too old to be of use were burnt; oilcake, now a luxury to the generality of cattle, was occasionally used as fuel. The productivity of the soil may have decreased; there may have been an all-embracing shrinkage of articles of daily use for some unaccountable reason;

the opening up of communications may have worked a miracle; but certainly, whatever be the reason, there is not an article that has not a price in these days. The traditions of the plentiful past are now scarcely more than a myth. For the present, the labourer and the farmer eke their living out of various odds and ends which their forefathers never thought of turning to any account. Bone was never an article of trade, and, though the farmer may have been ignorant and unscientific, its presence in the fields was a source of fertility. But now in a famine year the collection of bone employs many hands; the trade means agricultural suicide, but it feeds hungry mouths.

Foreign trade has brought India face to face with the markets of the world. For a theorist, encumbered with a load of Western lore, this is sure to work out the economic salvation of the country. But there are many Asiatic problems which are beyond the horizon of the theorist; and the laws and principles upon which he relies may not be capable of universal application. Experience shows that the average Indian is both ill-fed and underfed; that he is undergoing a marked physical degeneration; also that in India the rise in the prices of commodities is far in excess of any economic expansion which has taken place. Notwithstanding the blessings of a free trade, carried on in season and out of season, from the point of view of material comforts the Indian finds himself worse off than ever.

It is a problem now whether the Indian, a quarter of a century hence, will be able to preserve his economic equilibrium. From the markets of the world, wherein his richest customers will vie with each other in bidding their highest, will the poor Indian—with his means sadly limited, ill-equipped mentally, scientifically and physically—be able to snatch the necessities of life?

The purpose of this paper is to indicate, however roughly, the nature of the problems to be solved, and to point out the urgent necessity for their serious and immediate consideration.

NARAIN DASS.

# The Return of Hellas

By CYNTHIA O'FARRELL.

**S**TRICTLY speaking, Magic is the power of seeing things as they really are. All children possess it. They know that behind each familiar object lies a great enchantment, that this world is wrought about with enchantment, is breathed upon by enchantment; and that the slightest touch is sufficient to set it going. Poets have known it; the early races of men knew it. They peopled the woods and the seas with divinities manifold. Only we have grown blind to the old wonder, we, the superior races, many of whom think that Apollo was not, and that Aphrodite never really walked upon the waves. Even those of us who still believe in Them, look for Them in strange, forgotten places and old books,—dreaming, with our heads in the air;—and so miss Apollo, going out with his musket to drill in the square, or Aphrodite on her way to make munitions. It is hard, indeed, to see the Old ever looking through the New, hard to-day, when every god has woven his dreams into a flashing armour of steel. And some of us cannot realise that this tremendous Action will dissolve again in Dream. Some of us feel that we are children of the Morning, of the Earlier Time, when Joy was so near to Nature, and Pan laughed in the loving stillness of every shade (he is too busy to laugh now), when the robe of Beauty was the robe of the sea and sky,—and *not* Blue Serge! And some Poets have protested passionately against the want of imagery which

is such a feature of the age through which we are passing.

“*Where*, in any of you human beings,” they have cried, “is the Love of *Beauty*? Do any of you turn your eyes from the wet pavements to watch the stars? Have you Immortal Loves—Immortal Sorrows even?” and they read in the eyes of some poor, haunted of us: “Yes.” Immortal Love we may not have known, great Paian Apollo,—but Pain, which is His shadow, Pain, the negation of His Joy, broods over us for ever. . . . If we could only realise that *Pain is the Shadow of God!* If the World could only realise it at present! It has come to rouse us out of the old indifference, as if one said:

“You will not have Magic? You will not dream? Very well, I will pour Fire upon you. I will cause your ships to be swallowed up in great oceans, and your Heart’s-Desired to go out into strange, bitter places and lay down their lives for My sake;—so that you may learn,—so that you may regain your imagination and love.”

In most nations is implanted a certain love and reverence for childhood. We feel that it has a right to all the beautiful things of the brain and body of this Universe, so that the beautiful things of its own self may stir and grow in line with these; but how many millions of future citizens are being sent out into the world *without Imaginations*? That is the work of our great commercial institutes, of our “business methods”—so business-like,

that of all the little budding soul is left only that which relates to business, at the end, when we have pruned and sheared. . . . No! For the God, who will not have us act unless we dream, must gather these Children very close at the end of every day, and lead them forth,—to bathe all night in the ancient seas with shouts of golden laughter. I think the God must plant in the hearts of those women who sit all day long in cages the love of Freedom, so that the hour will come, when thirty shillings a week will not suffice them, but when they will want Life instead. I think He creeps into the eyes of drudges, and of all unlovely things, and makes them dream that they are beautiful. . . .

"And you, little children, the time shall come when to 'grow up' will *not* mean to 'die'!" *That is why we have all come down from Olympus*,—to kindle the old fires on each altar that has grown cold.

Now, not all the Poets see this. Swinburne most emphatically does not. He belongs intensely to the Greek world. I suppose no poet has ever breathed out more of the magic of Greece, and bitterly enough he contrasts it with the world of the "Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief."

"Yea, once we had sight of Another, but now  
She is dead, say these  
Not as Thine, not as Thine was our Mother, a  
Blossom of flowering Seas.  
For Thine came pale and a Maiden, and Sister  
to Sorrow, but ours  
Her dark hair heavily laden with odour and  
blossom of Flowers;  
And the wonderful Waters knew Her, the winds  
and the viewless ways  
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue  
stream of the Bays. . . .  
Ye are fallen, our Lords, by what token? We  
wist that Ye should not fall!  
Ye were all so fair that were broken, and One  
more fair than them all. . . ."

He can only see the Crucifixion and not its meaning, the "dead limbs of gibbeted gods," and not the object for which they died. And the whole faery world shares with him this great shrinking from Pain. It is characteristic of them, because Pain would shatter the beautiful imagery of their world of hushed and ancient Beauty,

hung, as it is, upon the sweetness of a mirage. In it, the aim of each is an intense self-culture, whereas Pain takes you out of yourself into the hearts of others. "Hide it away!" cries the Faery child in Yeats' beautiful play, "hide it away, the tortured thing!"—and the Crucifix is gently removed by the old priest who says so beautifully:

"Our Maker let no thought of Calvary  
Trouble the Morning Stars in their first song."

Here and there, we find faeries attempting to lead away human children from a birthright of suffering which, for the faery, might mean well-nigh annihilation. I have never read of a child making a faery human, but there have been faery maidens like the little Sea Princess of Hans Andersen, who have left their ageless homes for the brief fire of Love, and maybe they have found, like her, that every step was a sword. . . . And there have been faery Poet-children flung upon the Waters, far from Home, far from the Ancient Beauty,—wanderers started on a Quest the meaning of which they cannot themselves unravel. These have cried passionately to the Sun-God:

Years have risen and fallen in darkness or in  
twilight,—  
Ages waxed and waned that knew not Thee nor  
Thine,—  
While the World sought light by night, and  
sought not *Thy* Light,  
Since the sad last pilgrim left Thy dark mid-  
Shrine.  
Dark the Shrine, and dumb the font of Song  
thence welling,  
Save for words more sad than tears of blood,  
that said:  
"Tell the King, on earth has fallen the glorious  
dwelling,  
And the watersprings that spake are quenched  
and dead—  
Not a cell is left the God, no roof or cover,  
In his hand the prophet laurel flowers no  
more. . . ."  
And the great Kings high sad heart, Thy true  
last lover,  
Felt Thine answer pierce and cleave it to the  
core. . . .

There is a hard clashing jar against the beauty of that earlier world. It is the trumpet of Pain, blown full in our faces by a cold God who has put on armour. . . . Can it be the Sun-God who gazes thus

sternly through a drawn vizier, bidding us lay down our Selves (just as we had learned to complete them)—in the service of others?—The Golden Age of Dreams has passed, and before it can return, we must bring to it all the strength, the heroism and the resistance which we have learned in the Age of Iron. Now, there is a curious point to notice, that Swinburne, in the midst of his wildest mournings for the loss of Beauty, prophesies of Her Return, and actually *identifies* Her with the "Galilean."

Yet it may be, Lord and Father, could we know it,  
We that love Thee for our darkness shall have Light,  
More than ever prophet hailed of old or poet,  
Standing crowned and robed and sovereign in Thy sight.  
To the likeness of One God their dreams enthralled Thee,  
Who wast greater than all gods that waned or grew.  
Son of God, The Shining Son of Time, men called Thee,  
Who wast greater, O our Father, than they knew. . . .  
For no thought of man made gods to love or honour,  
Ere the Song within the silent soul began,

Nor might earth in dream or deed take Heaven on her.  
Till the word was clothed with speech by lips of Man.  
And the Word and the Life was Thou,  
And the spirit of man and the Breath,  
And before Thee the gods that bow  
Take Life at Thy hands and Death. . . .  
For Thy Kingdom is passed not away,  
For Thy power from the place thereof hurled,  
Out of heaven they shall cast not the day,  
They shall cast not out Song from the World. . .  
We arise at Thy bidding and follow,  
We cry to Thee, answer—appear!—  
Oh, Father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,  
Destroyer and Healer,—hear!

Because a Meeting has been foretold, on a wonderful Morning, when Magic shall be re-born on Earth. . . . In that hour, when we have re-kindled Beauty everywhere, the birds shall break into songs that we have never heard, and the waking Sun shall fling a Pathway of Rose-Fire across the Foam. . . . From one end of it shall come forth Love-in-Sorrow, and from the other Joy. And a new World shall be born when the kiss of Aphrodite meets the lips of Dream-Crucified.

CYNTHIA O'FARRELL.

## In Palestine, Long Ago

**W**HEN the Blessed Christ was last on earth, teaching and helping and loving us all, we know how good He was to children—so gentle and tender that they had no fear of Him in spite of all His mighty power and greatness.

Have you ever thought how you would have felt if you were living—as perhaps you were—in those beautiful days in Palestine? How much some of the children must have loved the Teacher! Suppose we make two little dream-pictures from the life of a little boy in Capernaum, 2,000 years ago, perhaps they may make those days more real to us.

### I.

The sun is setting, and the sky is glorious with crimson and gold. Across

the Lake of Galilee the hills are glowing with richest purples, and the colours are reflected in the quiet waters of the lake. On the beach, near the water's edge, our little boy is sitting. He wears a short red and white striped garment, and a red cap on his dark hair. His hands are clasped round his bare brown knees, and his dark eyes look thoughtfully out across the water. He is thinking of the new Teacher who has lately been in Capernaum, and who seems to him more wonderful than anyone he has seen before. Only yesterday he had hung on the edge of a large crowd, listening to the music of that marvellous voice, although he was not near enough to hear all that was said, and trying from time to time to catch sight of the white-robed Teacher Himself.

Suddenly, as he sits thinking over it all, he hears footsteps approaching from behind, and the Teacher Himself passes with a few of His disciples. They go to the edge of the lake, and He enters one of the boats that is lying by the waterside, while the disciples push it a little further out, and there they sit together in deep converse.

And the boy sits thrilled through and through with the joy of seeing the holy Teacher so near to him. Other people come and go—he neither sees nor hears them,—his whole thought is fixed on One.

The sun has set now, the short Eastern twilight is over, and the moon rises, golden and mysterious, over the Gadarean Hills. Overhead, in the velvety blue sky, the stars flash and quiver, and the little boy lingers still, hearing faintly, as in a happy dream, the beloved voice of the Teacher mingled with the rippling of the water.

And now the Teacher and His disciples are returning, the evening talk is over. The boy springs to his feet and bends low in reverence as the Teacher passes. A gentle hand is laid in blessing on the little bent head, a kind word is spoken, and the Teacher has gone on His way. And the boy goes slowly homeward, his little heart filled with passionate devotion and gratitude.

## II.

It is early morning, and the sunshine is pouring down on the blinding white roads, grey palm trees, and flowery slopes of the country-side, and on the dazzling waters of the lake. Just outside a little white village not far from Capernaum a crowd is collected to listen to the great Teacher, who has come from the town to speak to them. He sits in the welcome shade of a sycamore tree, for although it is still early, the sun is hot. Nearest to Him stand a few of His disciples—grave, earnest men, with thoughtful faces. Around this small group is gathered a large crowd; some who have followed Him from Capernaum, and many from the village; men old and young, mothers carrying babies, and boys and girls of all ages. Along the dusty road comes our little boy. He and his

father have followed the Teacher from the town, but he is rather late, as he has stopped on the way to gather some of the loveliest flowers he could find. He stands now at the back of the crowd, listening eagerly to the beautiful stories which the Teacher is telling to the group of attentive listeners, and trying hard to understand their meaning.

There comes a pause in the teaching, and the crowd breaks up into groups, some pressing forward to ask questions, some talking among themselves. Our little boy stands a little apart, still holding his small bunch of flowers. He longs to offer them to the Teacher, but feels that he would never dare to do so, so great is the reverence which he feels for Him.

A baby girl is toddling about near him, and a sudden thought strikes him. He puts his flowers into her chubby hand, and whispers to her to take them to the Teacher. The baby, too young to be shy, does as he asks her, and, toddling up to the gracious white-robed Figure, she holds out the flowers to Him. The Blessed One takes the flowers, with a kind word and smile for the little child. The boy watches breathlessly, and O, wonder! the beautiful Face is turned to him, wonderful eyes look into his own, and a kindly smile shows that his little offering of love has been accepted.

Supposing that such a little boy is living now—and many such children must be—how he must be looking and longing for the coming of the Teacher! Though he may not remember his past life, he must feel in the depths of his heart what a glorious thing it is to be here on earth in these days, when the Blessed One is expected again.

Let us each try to make our own corner of the world a little brighter, a little more fit for His sacred Presence, and then, when He comes, perhaps we shall know Him, and joyfully recognise in Him One whom, perhaps as children, we loved and revered with all our hearts, in Palestine, long ago.

C. V. MADDOCKS.

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As "The Herald of the Star" includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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## Love : A Meditation

*L*OVE in its essence is the heart-force of the universe, again and again pulsating from the Divine Centre, only to return to enrich Divinity itself by the harvest of individual experience. Love makes possible the highest conception of God and affords a path of development to union with Him. As intellect embodies that which is concrete, diversifying and separative, the maximum of individuality, so love symbolises that which is synthetic and harmonising, the maximum of unity.

While it is undoubtedly true that it is more blessed to give than to receive, there can be no giving without receiving from the Divine Source. It is only that one should not expect and demand a return of love from the object of one's own devotion. Not by interchange, but by diffusion, does he who loves become an ever-widening channel of the heart-force. In Nature this is mirrored in the rays of the sun that fall alike on flower and forest. The flower looks to the sun for the light that makes its own life possible, by its growth transmuting this light into beautiful colouring and rare perfume offered freely and royally to friend and foe without restraint or hope of return. Only by constant radiation can the flower grow in ability to make use of an increasing amount of the universal force ; for what is used in the present determines what shall be received in the future.

In human nature, too, love manifests itself in many forms—in the protective love of the mother for the nursling, in the gratitude of the child for material wants supplied, in the hero-worship of the stripling for an elder, in the passion of the lover, in the communion of friends, in the desire for the accustomed surroundings of home and country, in the sacrificial love for humanity, in the contemplative devotion of the saint. He who loves understands much.

While I have in the past been sadly remiss in cultivating this spirit of love, I cannot afford to let regret or procrastination overshadow one moment of the present. I must begin NOW to receive from within and above, and to radiate without and around. Just as an ever-spreading ripple grows on the surface of the sea until lost in infinity, so shall the thoughts of love that I shall send forth to-day embrace first those nearest and dearest, and finally those of whose existence I do not even know, ever widening until found again in the heart of Divinity.

Love without the actual work of service is, however, only the dead letter of the law. Therefore, I must endeavour to-day to embody the living spirit in deeds of kindness and words of hope and cheer ; for only by so doing can I become one with the Master, and a veritable link in the chain of brotherhood at whose head He stands.

EMOGENE SANFORD SIMONS.



By G. S. ARUNDALE.

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

ONE of the most important pieces of work we shall have to consider when the War is over will be the systematic allocation to every individual of his or her part in the national life. People who have been speaking of equality of sacrifice in connection with the Military Service Acts seem to be curiously ignorant of the fact that there is no such thing as equality in evolution. We are all at different levels of growth; we all have differing temperaments, differing capacities and differing obligations. Because you make people do the same thing it does not follow that *therefore* there is equality of sacrifice. It is, for example, much harder for most sensitive artists to become soldiers than for the average individual who leads the ordinary stolid life. It is therefore obvious that, if you desire to impose equality of sacrifice, you should consider the varying temperaments and make each temperament sacrifice according to its nature. Introducing compulsion, in England, in the middle of this great world-wide war, it has been impossible to accomplish the feat of affording every individual an appropriate opportunity of consecrating his services to the State.

We have had to lump people together, and thereby, inevitably, to impose hardship on those who ought *not* to have been included among the majority. Personally, I have the utmost sympathy with those who have found themselves in great difficulty owing to the conflict between their temperaments and the kind of sacrifice they have been called upon to offer. But, in justice to those in authority, it must be admitted that to make distinctions at such a critical time as this would not only be extremely difficult, but would cause wastage of most valuable time.

But when the War is over we must arrange something better. We none of us can imagine that this great war Will end war. We none of us can say that there will be no further need for the fighting machine. I venture to think that, at our present stage of evolution, it would be folly to suggest that we can build our Society on the assumption that there need be war no longer. I know that there are people who believe that the best way of stopping war would be for a great nation to stand defenceless before the aggressor. I am not prepared to accept this doctrine; for while I believe that it is very often wrong personally to resist a personal attack, I

also feel that there are occasions on which it is necessary to defend great principles of life. Assuming, therefore, that we shall still need a military and naval force, we must consider how to have such a force in readiness without allowing it for a moment to dominate the country. For this is the danger of a military force ; it is the danger against which we have been fighting since 1914. There must be no caste domination, whether of priestly caste, military caste, scientific caste, or caste of birth. Each class exists for service and not for dominance.

How are we to begin ? Obviously through the training of the youth of the country. I conceive it quite possible for such a system of education to come into being that, by the time a boy or girl reaches the years of discretion, the heads of the State may have become able to know for what kind of special lines of State service he or she is best fitted. This does not mean that in times of special crisis transferences may not become imperative ; but the authorities would never take out of any special line of activity an individual who was obviously a greater asset to the State in his special occupation than he would be if he were transferred elsewhere. We should have, of course, to enlist the services of a very intelligent class of teacher. We should have to reorganise our methods of selecting our national teachers. But this is well worth doing. We depend more upon our teachers than upon any other class of workers. It is *they* who should so mould the youths in their care that they would be able instantly to respond to the call of the State in its need. We need teachers who will carefully observe their pupils from seven years of age upwards, and will record in a kind of *dossier* the growth of each boy or girl so that, when the time comes for a profession to be chosen, the individual temperament may be harnessed to the interest of the State.

From my own personal experience I can say that it is not a very hard task to divide pupils into various types—some agricultural, some commercial, some educational, some martial, and so forth. Periodical estimates of character can, between the years of seven and eighteen,

be modified from time to time, as the boy or girl grows into self-consciousness. In this way national forces would be employed along the lines of least resistance instead of along the lines of utmost resistance, as is too often the case at present ; and instead of having to tinker at national organisation in the midst of a world-wide war, we should pass smoothly into a condition of preparedness with only such dislocation as would be caused by the inevitable transference of some of the nation's workers from one group to another.

I do not consider that this is in the least degree interfering with the freedom of the individual. On the contrary, it is helping him to use his freedom not only for his own benefit but for the benefit of the larger consciousness of the State. I consider that such a scheme intensifies, and does not diminish, freedom, provided we have at the head of the State men and women inspired by the highest motives. It is perfectly clear that the present party system must be done away with and some national system substituted for it, and the signs of the times seem to show that we are moving in that direction. We see in a moment of crisis that the party spirit has to give way to the spirit of coalition, and there is no reason why the steps already taken should not be succeeded by further steps in the direction of securing the highest positions to those with the greatest capacity for intelligent sacrifice. Even if the State as a whole could not be induced to try the experiment, there may possibly be individual schools scattered throughout the land which could begin the process of classifying their scholars so as to provide data on which to base legislation in the future. So far as I am concerned, the scheme shall certainly be tried in the institutions to which I belong, as indeed it was partly tried in the Central Hindu College when I was Principal of that institution. Sooner or later we shall have to live in terms of national consciousness far more than in terms of individual consciousness, and the sooner we begin so to live the sooner shall we accomplish our dream of Universal Brotherhood.

G. S. ARUNDALE.

## Le Jardin du Roi

*Bien au delà des monts aux sentiers  
rocailleux,  
Se trouve du Seigneur le jardin merveilleux  
Qu'embaument les menthes mystiques.  
C'est le jardin du Roi, son paradis d'amour ;  
Les Sphères en passant y versent nuit et jour  
L'écho sacré de leurs cantiques.*

*Qui dépeindra jamais la céleste douceur  
Et l'aspect radieux du paradis en fleur,  
Et le charme de ses ombrages ?  
L'air y est saturé de délice, et l'azur,  
Au sein des lacs profonds déverse son flot pur  
En de resplendissants mirages.*

*Les corolles des lys exhalent des clartés,  
La rose a la splendeur des immortels étés,  
Et l'on sent sommeiller l'extase  
Dans les calices lourds de parfums enivrants,  
Dans l'arome apporté par les souffles errants  
Que le soleil ardent embrase.*

*La colombe mystique, au fond des bois épais,  
Sous les lys, près des lacs, dans la tranquille  
paix  
Où l'extase vivifiante*

*Récherche son Seigneur et Le demande aux  
cieux,  
A la terre embaumée, aux lacs silencieux,  
Aux fleurs, à l'étoile brillante.*

*Et le grand Roi demeure en son jardin  
d'amour,  
Pour l'âme qui Le cherche, Il est la nuit et  
jour  
Jeune et beau dans sa robe blanche  
Avec sa douce voix, son regard lumineux,  
Lui dont la main se tend vers tous les mal-  
heureux  
Et dont le front rêveur se penche.*

*Lui le Divin, nimbé par la pourpre des soirs  
Où flottent les parfums cueillis aux ensem-  
soirs  
Des tubereuses et des roses . . . .  
Les étoiles du Ciel exaltent leur Seigneur  
Et le soleil lui fait un manteau  
En des rayons d'apothéoses.*

Décembre 1914.

M. MOREAU.

## The Sun-God

*When the earth was dark with its load of sin,  
And the flowers drooped their heads,  
He came in the light  
Of the mountain height  
With His flute that woke the dead.*

*He touched the rocks and fire sprang forth  
To burn o'er land and sea,  
Consuming death  
By the white flame breath  
Of the Love of the Sun-God free.*

*At the sound of His flute the stars were mute,  
For the earth and heavens did meet,  
And the stars bent low  
Where the flow'rets blow  
To kiss His shining feet.*

*The flowers looked up with dew-kissed cup,  
And all the world grew still,  
As the molten gold  
Of those notes unrolled  
O'er valley and plain and hill.*

*And men and gods and the rolling spheres  
And the wild things ceased to roam,  
Tranced by the power  
Of that love-filled hour,  
Of that Love which was their home.*

*Out of the light that dwells in the heart  
Of the luminous darkness no mortal can see,  
The Sun-God came  
In healing flame  
And the glory of Love to be,  
And the earth grew white  
With the wondrous light  
Of the Love of the Sun-God free.*

MARY WINCHESTER ABBOTT.

# The Birth of a New Sub-Race

## IV. EDUCATION

By C. W. LEADBEATER

*[Since it is from the children that the new Sub-Race is to be formed, it follows that the question of providing them with the right kind of education becomes of supreme importance ; and Mr. Leadbeater fittingly concludes his series of lectures with a discourse on this subject. He shows how some of our habitual ideas on education have to be fundamentally changed, and how many things, which we are accustomed to overlook, are really, from the occult standpoint, of the very greatest moment in giving the right impetus to the ego in his new surroundings, and in safeguarding him against evil influences. The lecture concludes with a reference to the near coming of the World-Teacher and with some explanation of His place and junction in the world's life, as they are known to the occultist.]*

**W**E come this evening, at the end of our series, to the very important subject of the education of these children who are to form the new sub-race. I have already spoken to you last week of the enormous influence on the growing child of its environment—of the conditions provided for him by his parents. Amongst these conditions one of the most important is the question of his education, and the form which it shall take. There has been a vast amount of misunderstanding as to what education really is. For many centuries, and especially during the last century, it would appear that the whole idea of education has not been at all comprehended. The real signification of the word is perfectly clear. *Duco* means “I lead” and *e* means “out,” so that “Education” means “drawing out.” The true intent is therefore to *draw out* the best that is in the child in every way.

It is beginning to be recognised a little now. The Froebel system was a step in the right direction ; the Montessori method is another, and there are others ; but those who recognise the true intent of education

are still but few, and the majority of children are still subjected to the old senseless and evil methods. The language I have used is by no means too strong. The idea prominent in the minds of educators seems to have been for a long time past to cram as many facts as possible into the unfortunate infants committed to their care—facts of no particular value when acquired, and in no way worth the trouble spent in acquiring them. If you will but think of how much value to you have been most of the things you learned at school ! I think, if you put that to yourselves, you will come to the conclusion that at school you lost a great deal of time and trouble.

The conditions now are certainly better than they used to be. The old classic system has to some extent departed ; but in England for many a century the principal things which people have learned have been things which were of no value to them unless they were going to enter one or two special professions. Even in later days a vast amount of time and strength and discomfort has been spent in acquiring things of no particular value. Putting aside Latin and Greek, think of the amount of

trouble which has been taken to learn the imports and exports of certain towns, and all sorts of things like that, which are valuable, perhaps, if you happen to be going into the cloth or iron trade ; but only a small proportion of people go in for that. If you ever happen to want it, all this information can be obtained at any time from the nearest encyclopædia.

It is a waste of time to make each child a walking encyclopædia. What you want is to make him a healthy, hearty, honourable citizen, who will do his work well and understand his duty to his country, to his community, to his fellows and to himself. None of those things are to be attained by cramming people with facts, but they are to be drawn out of the child by a proper and rational method of education. This is beginning to be a little realised by the few, but it is by no means the general plan at present adopted.

Then another and even worse feature of the utter uselessness of education has been the plan of trying to drive and frighten the children into learning. Now, this is an absolutely wicked thing. That seems to you a strong statement, but just think of it. They actually beat these unfortunate children for all sorts of infractions of their rules, apparently not understanding that to give intentional pain to any living creature is in itself a sin of the first magnitude. It is the act of a devil, and not of a human being. Look at it in the abstract, and try to put away from you all the ordinary delusions with which you are surrounded. People say that their intention in this abominable cruelty is good. I assure you that the good intention is no excuse whatever from the point of view of the result of the action. I think it has been clearly explained in other and earlier lectures that the great law of karma, or of cause and effect, works precisely as do all the other laws of nature. Therefore your intention, which is not a physical force, makes no difference to the physical effect produced. It makes a great difference to the result produced on the mental plane, for the intention is the outpouring of a force of the mental plane. If the intention be evil, you get on the thought-plane an

evil result ; but when that intention results in physical pain, whether the intention be good or bad, it does not in any way affect the physical result. You can see that in a moment, if you only apply common-sense. If you take hold of a red-hot bar, your hand will be burnt, in spite of any intention you may have had. You may have caught it to save an accident to a child, or you may have caught it in an access of rage in order to attack someone. You would be equally burnt in each case, so far as the physical result is concerned. There would be all the difference in the world in the *mental* result, but not in the physical. On the physical plane the result is always the same. It does not matter whether you knew the gun was loaded or not ; the physical result of its discharge is the same.

Of course, the plea of good intention in the case of child-beaters may possibly in some cases be true ; but I am afraid it nearly always is not. In most cases it is simply a barbarous custom—an atrocious act of cruelty thoughtlessly or selfishly committed. I am quite sure that the really civilised peoples of the future will look back and wonder how it can possibly have co-existed with the knowledge of logic and ethics which we undoubtedly possess. Surely you know that it is never right to do evil so that a problematical good may come of it. Not that good ever *did* come of it, in spite of King Solomon's savage remark ; evil, and only evil, are the results which come from this barbarous custom. Remember, it always means incompetence when a man resorts to force. An incompetent teacher pretends that he injures a child to correct his faults. If he knew anything whatever of the facts of the case he would see that the effect of such injury is in every case far worse than the fault. He would realise that such action causes a vast mass of fear, sorrow, pain and deceit. To the occultist, who looks at the effect upon higher planes, it seems like the crime of a malevolent lunatic or the crazy inconsequence of a nightmare. It causes hatred, timidity and misunderstanding. It causes the child to hate the rules so enforced, so that he does

not wish to keep them. He may be compelled to keep them so long as some representative of power is in sight, but if he is not in sight those rules are certainly broken.

Education is dual—a matter of reciprocal action. The child must learn and you must teach. If any sort of transaction is to take place between two parties, surely the natural way to manage it is to have some sort of co-operation between the two, so that things may go more smoothly. You can see it in a moment in a business transaction. In business you would not try to bully a man when you wished to induce him to do something. You would try to make him see that it was to his interest as well as yours; then his will would be engaged on your side. So it is with the child. You should try to get him on your side—on the side of the rule; because if you do that, in so far as he can be induced to remember, he will keep to the rule whether you are present or whether you are absent. If he complies with the rule for love of you and because he understands that it is best for him, he is far more likely to try to observe it than if you arouse his emotion against it.

Certainly your business as well as your interest, with regard to the children, is to keep them happy all the time. You will say perhaps that fewer facts will then be acquired. I would say, "What then? Are facts the most important things that should be acquired?" You want healthy, virtuous, happy, high-minded citizens. You have an example of the failure of wrong education flaming before your eyes at the present day. In no country in the world is education so intense and so detailed as in Germany. Has that saved her citizens from committing and applauding the most flagrant acts of brutality and treachery that the world has ever known? It is not only cramming with facts that you want. You want the inculcation of virtue and of culture, of kindness, honour and decency.

I must again emphasize the responsibility and opportunity of the teacher. It cannot be spoken of too often. Education is not for the teacher a mere method of

making a living. It is for those of you who know of the Holy Masters a method of serving Them; indeed, it is a practical and beautiful way of serving God Himself. It is one for which special qualifications and careful preparation are needed. One of those Masters who formed our Theosophical Society has said:

"Those who are Mine love to teach and to serve. They long for an opportunity of service as a hungry man longs for food, and they are always watching for it. Their hearts are so full of Divine love that it must always be overflowing in love for those around them. Only such are fit to be teachers—those to whom teaching is not only a holy and imperative duty, but also the greatest of pleasures."

This idea of education is very different from that commonly held in the outside world. You will understand how every word is literally, absolutely true. You can see that when an ego entrusts himself to the care of certain parents, there is a tremendous responsibility thrown upon them. It is a most sacred work they have to do for him. It is the same for the teacher who has to take charge of these children. If he be the right sort of man—if he evoke in them the love which he should be able to evoke, he can make them almost what he will. Of course, each ego has his own capabilities. The question is, as I said in the last lecture, which of these sets of qualities shall be first evoked. It lies in the hands of the parents and the teachers. If they, on their part, are careful to evoke the good, then when the evil qualities come to the surface and try to assert themselves, they will be thrown aside, and the will of the child will be called into activity on the side of the good; whereas if you let the evil qualities be first developed, you will find but little response to your later efforts for good.

You can always count absolutely on the help of the ego, for the evil qualities are never his qualities. When you see evil manifest itself in any man down here, it means only that the soul has not yet developed the opposite good quality. There is no evil in the soul. He cannot store up evil, but his vehicles may or may

not be properly developed ; and when they are not, there may be a lack of the power to check them, and so these vehicles run away with the man. The matter in the astral and mental bodies of every man is on the downward arc of evolution ; and therefore the life of these vehicles is always pressing downward. You must not suppose that it is a tempting demon. It is simply following up its own line of evolution, without any knowledge of you or of your development. It knows nothing about you. It goes its own way. And so to you it seems a tempter trying to drag you down, whilst it is only doing what is necessary for its own development or evolution. But what lies behind the so-called evil nature in man ? It is an uncontrolled fragment of one of his vehicles—not himself at all. The man himself desires nothing but progress, nothing but good ; and so you can always depend that the true ego of the child will be absolutely on your side in your endeavour to help him.

There is another question which is of great importance. Remember that the body is the shrine of the mind. Your child can go on learning all his life, if he is wise enough to wish to do so. I can learn at the age of nearly seventy, but the child can build his physical body only during the first eighteen years or thereabouts, and then he has to inhabit it for the rest of his life. Therefore during that period of growth the physical body is much the most important thing. You talk about cramming into him vast amounts of information ; what is the use of that if it is at the cost of ruined eyesight, of rounded shoulders, of a narrow chest ? The thing of paramount importance during these early years is to make a fine, strong, healthy body for the future life. You are building your own house, and then you have to live in it. Therefore, the first thing you must see is that the physical health is not in any way interfered with by these modern demands of education. You are fortunate here, in Australia, in having a climate that lends itself to physical development quite remarkably. You are able to live out in the open air much more readily than we can in England.

Be sure then to give your children plenty of air, plenty of exercise and good food. You should cultivate, as much as may be, the taste of the child for nutritious foods. It is almost a commonplace to say that anything that is good for you is usually nasty ; but that should not be so. Those nutritious foods can be made tasty at the expense of a little knowledge and a little trouble ; and it should always be done. You can have the best sort of body only if you build it of the best food and drink. What that is to be you must discover for yourself. I must tell you that all clairvoyants agree that all should avoid the eating of flesh and the drinking of alcohol. I know the arguments brought forward in favour of these things, but you can find plenty of publications to study on the subject ; and I tell you again that all who can see agree in recommending complete abstinence from these two things.

With regard to the matter of not eating flesh food, I will mention the heads of some of the arguments, but I have not time now to go into the details. I once gave a lecture on the subject of Vegetarianism and Occultism,\* and that will give you definite proofs on all these different heads. First of all, certain vegetables contain more nutriment than an equal amount of dead flesh contains. People think they are getting no strengthening food at all if they do not eat meat ; but if you will refer to the book I have mentioned you will find any quantity of evidence to the contrary. Then again, many serious diseases come from devouring the dead bodies of animals. Thirdly, man is not naturally made to be carnivorous ; therefore such food is unsuitable to him. We get ourselves into the habit of taking it, and once it has become a habit our organs have become accustomed to it, and perhaps at first the organs will find it difficult to change the food. Then the fourth reason is that men are stronger and better on a vegetarian diet. I myself have tasted no meat, fish, or fowl for forty-five years, and am still alive and well. Then there is another thing ; it has been shown again and again that the

\* Published in "Some Glimpses of Occultism."

eating of this dead flesh develops the craving for drink, and it increases the animal passions in the man. I remember General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, making a remarkable statement as to what he had seen of such results. Under ordinary circumstances and in European countries, the vegetarian diet is actually cheaper as well as better than meat, and the same is true of non-alcoholic drinks as compared to alcoholic. It is awful to think that at a time like this, when every penny is so urgently needed for the wounded, for the Belgians, and for all sorts of good and useful purposes, so much money is wasted on alcoholic drinks. The amount to be saved in a single day, if people drank water, would be tremendous. It must be a vast amount in this country alone. If the money so spent were devoted to relieving all that suffering which is knocking at your doors, the suffering would quickly cease. Is it too much to ask that alcohol-drinking be given up for the time? It is only a matter of giving up a taste—nothing more than that. I myself am a proof that this is so. Thousands of others are proof also. Why could we not do that much for our country—that much at least for the bereaved Belgians who stemmed the storm of barbarism which was bursting over all Europe?

As an Occultist I say that the drinking of alcohol and the eating of meat produce serious impurities in the higher vehicles as well as in the physical. All through history, those who have taken up the spiritual life have always abstained from these things, because they cast unnecessary stumbling blocks in the way of spiritual progress. It is hard for men to go in the right direction. Why should a man put additional obstacles in his path? And that is what a man does who so unnecessarily adopts this method of living. The man who can manage without flesh and alcohol is in a much better position for progress of all sorts. That is one thing that we can do for our children whose bodies are not yet developed; we can avoid accustoming them to these things which are certainly evil for them. It is not only what you give the children—it is the in-

fluence with which you are surrounding them. If you yourselves are feeding upon these horrors you are sending out their degrading influences, and the children will inevitably absorb them.

All those are reasons which refer directly to your children, and influence their growing bodies; but there are many more considerations. For example, there are economical considerations; there is the question as to the number of men who can be supported by a certain number of acres of wheat, as compared with the same amount of land laid out in pasture. Consider for how many more men you could find healthy work on those acres in agriculture than in pasture. These things are worthy of careful attention.

I have not said anything yet of the sin of unnecessary slaughter. It is a terrible thing to kill an animal, just in the same way as it is a terrible thing to kill a man. All religions have laid it down: "Thou shalt not kill." There may be special occasions which make a departure from that law a necessity; but surely, as a general thing, that we should live by grim slaughter is a dreadful thing to contemplate. We should do our best to help the animal kingdom, not to destroy it; and these dumb creatures are also our brothers, even though they be younger brothers. The world is affected by these awful horrors and by the terror which is caused by them in the astral world. All these things react upon us in an atmosphere of fear and hatred. You all know that the vicinity of the slaughter-house is not a pleasant place to live in. I remember well our President, Mrs. Besant, approaching in the train one of the great centres of slaughter in America, and how, long before the train reached the city, she shook herself and asked, "What is this awful feeling coming over us?" It was produced by the useless slaughter of countless animals. These astral effects are not always clear to you, but they are none the less real. By drawing attention to these points which I have mentioned, we may in time secure an abatement of the evil.

Another serious drawback against which we ought to make a determined stand is

the almost universal tobacco habit. Its evil effect is obvious in the physical, the astral and the mental bodies. It permeates the man physically with exceedingly impure particles, causing emanations so material that they are frequently perceptible to the sense of smell. Astrally, it not only introduces impurity, but it also tends to deaden the vibrations, and it is for this reason that it is found to "soothe the nerves," as it is said. Clearly, in the new sub-race men will not want their vibrations deadened, nor their astral bodies weighed down with foul and poisonous particles. They will need the capacity of answering instantly to all possible vibrations, and yet at the same time they must have perfect control, so that their desires shall be as horses guided by the intelligent mind to draw them where they will—not to run away with them wildly, and carry them into situations where the higher nature knows that they never ought to be found. Therefore, if we are really anxious to help the incoming souls to develop their various vehicles, tobacco is undoubtedly one of the things which we must eschew.

Also, it has a singularly deteriorating influence upon men on the physical plane. It is absolutely the only thing, so far as I have seen, which a gentleman will deliberately do when he knows it to be offensive to those around him. But the hold which this noxious habit gains upon its slaves appears to be so great that they are utterly incapable of resisting it, and all their gentlemanly instincts are forgotten in this mad and horrible selfishness. The effect on the astral body after death is also very pernicious; the habitual smoker is shut up for a long time as though in prison, and higher vibrations cannot reach him. Emphatically this vice must be avoided if we wish to provide good conditions for those who are coming among us.

In all these ways we may secure good surroundings for the new bodies; thus Australasia may rise to the wonderful opportunity which is afforded to her, so that her sons and daughters may be not only the latest but the noblest race.

Remember that this new sixth sub-race has to combine the keen reason, which is the special quality of the fifth sub-race, with the sensitiveness, the poetry and the artistic faculty which were the special heritage of the fourth sub-race. It is necessary that those who understand and who are willing to help should begin with healthy living at home. They should begin with self-denial and self-discipline in their own lives, and thus show these children what they wish them to be. Every man, apart from his direct thoughts, actions and words, produces an immense effect on his fellows simply by what he *is*. He is stamping his impress upon his surroundings all the time. If that be a high and noble impress, it makes all development easier. The mere fact of his existence there, radiating his qualities, makes improvement easier in his neighbourhood. A man who is living in self-indulgence or in carelessness makes progress more difficult in his neighbourhood, because he is radiating a bad influence all the time.

It is not only the parents of the children, though theirs is the greatest responsibility. We all of us help to make the atmosphere of this new sub-race which is coming among us, and we must see to it that we develop in ourselves the qualities—the love, the purity, the unselfishness, the devotion to country, the highest thought, the noblest ideals—that we should like to see in the new race that is to be. The responsibility lies upon us to make ourselves all these things, so that they will be the mould into which the souls will flow. The influence of environment can hardly be exaggerated. A strong and soaring soul may rise above his environment, but the vast majority of the souls are still but partially awakened, and they are still greatly the creatures of their surroundings.

Every child is inherently good, and each one has a divine spark within him; but it largely depends upon the environment whether he develops quickly and easily, or whether he has to fight its way to the front under great difficulties and much suffering. Let us see to it that the country which has been honoured by such a choice as this shall prove itself worthy of the choice.

Remember, as *we* live, so do we influence *them*. This is your opportunity ; see to it, all you who love your country, that you take it to the full.

There is another powerful incentive to immediate action along this line of careful and efficient preparation—an incentive to which I have designedly omitted all reference until the end of my series of lectures—and that is the near approach of the advent of the great World-Teacher. We here in Australasia have to try to make ourselves ready to help the forerunners of the new sub-race, and that is a duty peculiar to ourselves ; but we have also a duty which we share with the rest of the world, and that is to make ourselves ready to receive the Christ Who is to come. Fortunately these two duties are absolutely identical ; if we prepare ourselves thoroughly for one of these events, we shall also have made ourselves ready for the other, for the requirements are the same.

I must not leave you under the impression that we hold the crude and narrow doctrine about the advent of Christ which is common among the ignorantly orthodox. Perhaps we expect that advent more vividly and certainly than our Christian friends, for we are already beginning to set our house in order and to prepare ourselves for it to the best of our ability. We do not expect Him to come just yet to judge the world, to separate the sheep from the goats. We know that that of which your Day of Judgment is a symbol will come, but it will come in what we call the middle of the Fifth Round, at a time far removed from the present. That separation of the sheep from the goats does not condemn those who are put upon the left hand to eternal torture ; it simply puts them back a stage in the world's evolution, because they are not capable of going on with the higher classes, just as a schoolmaster might put aside some of the boys in a class. He might say : " You are so far backward for various reasons, some of which are no fault of yours, that it is useless for you to attempt to go on with the rest ; therefore you had better step back a stage and come on with the next class, whose work you can do quite easily,

and take up your position again next year instead of trying fruitlessly to push on this year." That is all that it means—that aeonian condemnation ; for that is the real translation of the words which have been so grossly misinterpreted " eternal damnation." It is not a damnation at all, not even a condemnation in any bad sense, but a decision against the claims of those people to go on, so that they are put back for a later class. It casts them out, but only from this present aeon or dispensation into the next.

We look for the coming of Christ in power and glory, not in the clouds of heaven to judge the quick and the dead, but in human form to help the world, precisely as He came before. The very same Great One who took the body of Jesus two thousand years ago will soon come again to bless the world once more with His teaching and His help, as He blessed it before. That is our belief, based not upon vague pious conviction, but upon definite knowledge as to the intention of the Great Ones concerned.

In order to make this clear to you I must say something to you as to who this great World-Teacher really is. You must understand that this world of ours is not rolling on its course unnoticed or unguided, as some ignorant men would have us believe. It may often seem to those who look at the physical world only, that evil is allowed to riot unchecked, that there is no certainty as to human progress or as to the final attainment of any sort of goal. But those who see a little deeper know that this is not so—that in spite of all exterior appearances it is under the control of a definite spiritual Government, and that its future is absolutely assured. This Government, remember, is spiritual ; it does not interfere with your outer governments—your Kings or your presidents, your monarchies or your republics—though perhaps sometimes the inner power guides these outer manifestations too. But usually it is dealing with the inner evolution of the world rather than its outer life.

In order fully to understand we must first try to grasp the great central idea

that all this physical life, in which we think that we are so busy and so wise, is only the outer shell of the real inner life ; that the parts we are playing here on earth are *literally* parts, like those taken by an actor on the stage ; and that every one of us, besides and beyond the part which he is playing, is living a true inner life as a soul. It is necessary to realise that all this exterior existence of ours, with its struggle for money and place and power, is only a drama, and that the real life is that inner spiritual life. You may not all feel sure of this as we are sure of it, but if for the moment you can assume it, you can see what a difference such a certainty makes. We know it from investigations that have been made, and from information which we have received from many of the Great Ones who take part in the spiritual government of the world ; we know that all this outer life is superficial and comparatively unimportant.

I do not mean that the part we take in it is unimportant. It is of enormous importance to each man that he should play his part well—that he should do his duty, come what may ; but what may *happen* to him does *not* matter ; his troubles are like the imaginary troubles that come to an actor in a play. It may be that he has to take a part in which, as the hero of a tragedy, he has to go through all sorts of misery and suffering ; but yet he knows all the time that his own private inner life is not affected by the apparent misfortunes which are cast upon him in his part. Exactly that is our point of view towards this outer life. We should do our duty in it nobly and with utter exactitude, but what happens to us does not matter ; it is mere illusion ; it may affect our vehicles, but it cannot affect *us*. The only thing that matters is the way in which we take it—the way in which we do the duty which is put before us.

The real inner government of which I speak to you has its Head, as have your outer governments—a Head who rules not humanity alone, but *all* the kingdoms of the earth, the great kingdom of the Angels (so far stronger, grander and more glorious than our own), and the other

kingdoms, animal, vegetable and mineral, and the vast realms of the elementals and the nature-spirits. This inner Spiritual Ruler has His Ministers looking after different departments, just as an earthly King has his Ministers and Secretaries of State. One of the most important of them is what down here you would call the Minister of Religion and Education, whose business it is to look after the religious life of the world and its education along evolutionary lines.

That Minister is He whom we know as the World-Teacher. He definitely undertakes it as His work to provide the world with religions. Many of us have been brought up in the curious parochial idea that there is only *one* religion, and that all the others are superstitions that do not count ; but I think I may venture to hope that you are further evolved than that—that you know that there are many great religions in the world, and that they are all equally paths which lead up the same great mountain of truth. They lead up it from different sides, and so to any given man one of them may be more convenient than the rest ; but that depends upon the point from which he happens to start, the country in which he happens to be born ; but they all alike lead to the summit of the mountain.

I mean that all the great religions come from the same central source—that the World-Teacher is responsible for them all. I do not say that He is responsible for the vagaries of the individual believer, for men have corrupted and distorted every religion. But the great Faiths of the world as originally founded are all statements of the same eternal truth, as you may easily see for yourselves if you will take the trouble to study Comparative Religion. The World-Teacher who founds the religions comes forth to establish one when He sees such founding to be necessary or desirable. In one of the Indian scriptures He is represented as saying that whenever the world falls into great sorrow and misery, whenever unbelief and evil seem to be triumphant, He comes to present the eternal truth in some new way which shall to some extent take the place of His

previous statements which have been distorted. The various presentations must differ somewhat, because each is made to people of a certain type, at a certain stage in the progress of human thought. Therefore no one of them can be expected to be eternal; every one of them, just because it is suited to one time and set of conditions, must presently be unsuited to another time and an entirely different set of conditions. A new presentation from time to time is an absolute necessity. What was suited to the needs of people two thousand years ago obviously cannot be fully suitable for us to-day. A vast deal more is known on many subjects now than was known then, and any statement of the truth that was fitted for the people then will need considerable revision and addition before it can be made suitable for us. On the other hand, such a presentation as would be most convincing to us now would have been utterly inappropriate and incredible at that time; so, though the truths themselves must be eternally the same, a restatement of them may well be beneficial.

The truths *are* eternal; they may be, and they have been, seriously misrepresented and distorted out of all recognition; but the fundamental basis of all the religions represents a verity which cannot be changed, though it may be more fully stated; it may be put in some new way which may appeal to the modern spirit. But the great facts are the same; I do not mean belief in any particular name of the performance of any particular ceremony, but the real basic facts that in order to progress a man must be a good man, that he must live a high and pure and noble life, that he must practise the virtues which every religion in the world without exception recommends to him—charity, nobility of character, self-control, temperance, patience, and love. These are not the exclusive beliefs of the Christian, as the ignorant so arrogantly claim; they belong to every faith; for no statement of fact can contravene eternal truths, and there can be no religion which does not include them.

The great World-Teacher has resolved that He will shortly give us a new pre-

sentation of these truths. The voice which spake as never man spake will speak once more in the ears of men now living, at no great distance of time from this present day. We do not know exactly when He will come, for He has not fixed any date; but we are led to believe that it will be in some fifteen or twenty years. And as many of us have personally seen this great World-Teacher, as He is to us no vague abstraction, but a living Man, well-known and deeply revered, this expectation of His coming is to us real and vivid beyond all words, a glowing and splendid certainty which is ever in our minds.

Though all the great religions have agreed in teaching the virtues which we have mentioned, each seems to have selected one of them upon which to lay special stress. The Hindu religion emphasised devotion to duty, the Buddhist the necessity of wisdom, the Zoroastrian purity; what will the new presentation emphasise? We cannot know in what new and fascinating form the Lord who is to come will clothe His teaching, but we are not without indication that its central point will be the same upon which He so strongly insisted when He came before. His followers attach supreme importance to an expression of belief in Him; He Himself, when He is describing the judgment-scene at which the future fate of men is decided, makes not the slightest reference to their belief, but asks only whether they have acted charitably and kindly. His special charge to His disciples is: "This new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." And that, quite certainly, will be the head and front of the new teaching also—the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and therefore the duty of love, kindness, co-operation and unselfishness.

We cannot but see how powerful an influence this approaching advent of the World-Teacher will have upon the new sub-race. Those members of it who are coming into incarnation now will be just at the most impressionable age at the time when we expect His arrival. It is for us to see that they are so trained that their

ears will be open to His message—that they will be among the faithful few who will receive it and profit by it, and not among the majority who will pass by indifferently on the other side, and so lost an opportunity which comes but once in thousands of years. Once more He will say, as He said before ; “ Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear ; for I say unto you that many prophets and Kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.” If our children are to have the eyes that see and the ears that hear, we must train them from the first in spiritual sensitiveness. If intuition is to be one of their special characteristics, we must give them the opportunity of developing that intuition by endowing them with pure vehicles and helpful surroundings.

All this means much trouble and self-denial for us, yet surely for so noble an end we shall not hesitate to undertake the effort. The civilisations of the past, though many glorious events have illumined their pages, have been sadly marred by greed and selfishness. Now that a new sub-race is being founded, and a new era is beginning, let its great central factor be unselfishness. We have tried the other plan long enough in this world, with the poorest results. Even from the point of view of common-sense only we might try some-

thing else ; at least it can be no worse, and it might easily be very much better ; and even apart from that, for the sake of its effect upon our own character such a change is most highly to be commended.

Let this be our central virtue—unselfish love ; let that be the keynote of our new era. We are but few in number ; yet if each one of us, in his own way and his own circle, tries hard to show forth that quality, we may prove to be the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, the small seed from which presently shall grow a mighty tree, under whose branches, in the fullness of time, the whole world shall take shelter. For as the centuries pass, this sixth sub-race will dominate the world in its turn, as the fifth has done ; and the influence which it will shed around it depends greatly upon the impulse which we give it now. As the twig is bent, so the tree inclines ; and we are bending the twig now. May God give us wisdom to resolve rightly, and strength to carry out our resolves, that this glorious country may bring forth a race that is worthy of it—a race whose members shall be giants in intellect and saints in gentleness and compassion,

Till of men a nobler pattern sun and earth at length behold—

Broader-minded, broader-hearted, tender, manly, reverent, bold.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

[THE END.]

[*The HERALD OF THE STAR has a number of other lectures delivered by Mr. Leadbeater in Australia, on subjects connected with the Order of the Star in the East. These will be published during the remaining months of the current year, and efforts will be made to secure still further contributions from the same source ; for we know that everything which Mr. Leadbeater has to say on the problems of life will be welcomed by a very large circle of our readers in many lands.*]

# Our Monthly Gallery

## I. Albert Altdorfer

By HOPE REA.

[Miss Rea will contribute a short critical study under this heading for some months to come.]

**I**N the great centuries of Christian Art, two Master-Painters of absolutely first rank sprang from German soil, Albert Dürer of Nuremberg, and Hans Holbein of Augsburg; Albert Altdorfer of Ratisbon comes second only to these two. French critics have dubbed him the "Little Albert," linking him thus appreciatively with his greater namesake, suggesting a likeness in kind between them, while recognising the difference in degree. His birthplace within Bavaria is not exactly known, but throughout his working life he was associated only with Ratisbon; in 1505 his name is found on the town register as one of its burghers, later he became a Councillor, and again, later, the official architect of the city. Our second illustration indicates not only an interest in the Mother of the Arts, but that he was in close touch and sympathy with its latest developments at that time, south as well as north of the Alps. The mansion of the husband of Susannah is a dream palace, created with all the fantasy of the Gothic artist, but out of forms belonging to the Renaissance, savouring in effect more of Venice than of Ratisbon.

Altdorfer married, but apparently had no children; he was comfortably prosperous, in burgher fashion, and at his death in 1538 was in possession of houses, together with an interesting if modest collection of curios and books.

Our illustrations reproduce three of his paintings, belonging to the first grade of his work, displaying his peculiar spirit and style, and indicating that special quality which had a lasting influence upon the future development of northern pictorial art.

It is interesting to note that all three of Germany's greatest painters are of Bavarian origin; of the three, Altdorfer appears more particularly a son of its

soil, hence some acquaintance with Bavaria's romance-steeped landscape helps to a full appreciation of that peculiar quality in our artist, to which reference has been made. That Bavaria gave to Wagner his life's great opportunity, that Bavarian artists lent themselves to the erection of King Ludwig's dream castle of Hohenschangau, that the Passion Play survives as a vital reality in the mountain village of Ober-Ammergau, also in Bavaria; these all are significant facts in this connection.

It is on record that Altdorfer embraced the reformed Faith, but the language of his art does not appear to have been affected by the change; the traditional subjects had all the old-time glamour for him, he but expressed them, as it were, in his own individual art dialect.

Our first reproduction illustrates his humour, quaint, joyous, reverent, yet wholly surprising in the manner of displaying veneration. The subject is the *Birth of Mary*, one of the first scenes in the Christ-life cycle of subjects. Wholly unconscious of the anachronism, our Painter places the event in the ambulatory of a cathedral church. To him the *mise-en-scene* of that which is so holy must be what is to him of the holiest; the sentiment is congruous to the subject, of what account the rest? Nothing, in effect, says the "Little Albert," my own will understand me. And so, indeed, we needs must, or go empty away.

The whole picture is fantastically impossible, but accepting his standpoint, it is a creation full of delightful charm. Every detail of the improvised bedchamber is thought out and executed with a sweet house-wifely imagination. The figure of St. Joachim bringing in provisions, taken alone, might almost serve to establish the reputation of a lesser artist. But



BIRTH OF MARY.

Painting by Albert Altdorfer.  
(Albrecht Altdorfer.)



SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS.  
Painting by Albert Altdorfer.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Painting by Albert Altdorfer.



**THE WOODLAND HIGHWAY.**  
Landscape Composition by Jan Brueghel.

outside the main group, what else have we? The architecture that he loved, and that garlanded with embodied joy, child-angels dancing in the air in an abandonment of delight, creating by their movement an atmosphere of spiritual exultation over the event, the first act of the great Coming, the advent of the Mother of the Hope of all Nations. The worthy burgher folk to the right of the picture suggest the outer world, then, as ever, unconscious of the happening of great spiritual events at the actual moment of their occurrence. The building is filled with heavenly odours and celestial presences, changing the common human event of birth, in this instance, into something of cosmic import, but "their eyes are holden that they do not see." The "Little Albert," with all his quaint Germanic temperament, is a great moralist and deep thinker of the hidden processes of being.

The next picture, *Susannah and the Elders*, is even more characteristic of Altdorfer's style. A subject, which south of the Alps is generally treated as strictly a figure composition, and often as a study of the nude, is here transformed into an occasion of exuberant dream imagining, revealing Altdorfer in his happiest and most individual mood. This picture, though measuring but 75 centimetres by 61, is full to overflowing with incident and accessory, yet so skilfully composed that no single detail appears to be redundant. It represents not one scene alone, but the whole ugly story, yet treated with such consummate mastery, that while the stern moral is relentlessly enforced, as may be seen on careful examination, the general effect of the picture is that of a long drawn out dream of delicate beauty, such as Altdorfer alone knew how to create and reveal. The wonderful marble palace is dream architecture of the loveliest; the *Susannah* group in the garden, with all its little domestic details, from the Teutonic foot-bath upwards, has its quaint charm; but beyond this, Altdorfer spreads the wings of his imagination into a further new world which he made his own, and bequeathed to all subsequent Painters who cared to accept the gift. The "Little

Albert" was a Christian Painter, a moralist, a reformer, but more than all else he was in love with loveliness; in common with the rest of his school and country, not recognising beauty in the human form, he found it in everything else that Earth supplies, and where in more entrancing fashion than in his own Bavaria, with its mountains and forest-land, its rivers and lakes and prodigality of flowers? Here Altdorfer found himself and widened the scope of Art thenceforth. He was the originator, north of the Alps, of landscape as a branch of painting, the rival of other branches of the Art.

Landscape, however, as treated by Altdorfer and those influenced by him, was not a mere transcription of any given scene or of Nature's mood in any given moment; it was a carefully built up composition obeying in its form and content the Artist's mood, embodying all the elements of natural scenery necessary to his purpose. Here in the *Susannah* we have blended the wooded peaks of his Bavarian Highlands, water, castellated buildings, with flowers, and again flowers. All are held, together with the other elements of the picture, in lines of fine composition and fused with a perfection of aerial perspective.

Our third picture represents ostensibly St. George and the Dragon. Tradition so far held the Painter that one of the old Cycle of subjects must be chosen as a starting point, but the picture practically resolves itself into pure landscape, forest depth, and again the winding lines of distance fading into aerial blue.

Our fourth illustration is not by Altdorfer. Its painter was a Fleming, Jan Breughel. It is an example of the art of landscape painting under the hands of Altdorfer's successors. Here we see the old traditional cycle of subject at length forgotten, and we have earth's loveliness alone, portrayed solely for its own sake. Breughel's *Woodland Highway*, though obviously a "composed" picture, is pure landscape, with no suggestion beyond the beauties of the earth and air and sky.

HOPE REA.

# The Aroma of Divinity

By T. H. MARTYN.

[National Representative of the Order of the Star in the East in Australia.]

**A** PECULIAR charm associates itself with certain great names which is quite distinct from fame, notoriety, greatness or admiration. Such a charm is ever linked in Christian lands with every thought of the Christ. Nominally, some four hundred million people acknowledge Him as Spiritual Lord, and of these a great many actually feel a subtle relationship with Him which responds to every whisper of His name, every glance at statue or painting which depicts His figure, every reference on platform or in pulpit to His life, every reminder afforded by the printed page, every passing thought that briefly flashes forth His image. There is, with tens of thousands of Christians, a sort of unconscious emotional response, a subtle going out of reverence, or aspiration, or awe or love when He is remembered. A warmth, in fact, spreads over the feelings at such times responding to some delicate radiance from Him as the body responds to the warm rays of the sun. Not only is this true of adults. The little child who licks its "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" does so with eyes that glisten with no common emotion, and many can look back to the time when "the sweet story of old" called forth a passion of voiceless longing that left its impress deeply burnt into the memory of childhood.

Another instance of the same phenomenon, that we have on the authority of those who know India, is that of Shri Krishna, the Child "Saviour" of the Hindu. It is said that of all the world's great Ones, there is none the memory of whom arouses a more intense feeling of devotion among the two hundred and fifty millions who offer Him homage. The very

thought of Him in the Hindu seems to transmute all lower passions into an ecstasy of gentleness and sweetness.

Again, there is the Buddha—the "Lord" Buddha, as even we in the West are being brought to call Him as we learn to appreciate the wondrous gentleness and grace of His personality.

None who have read the story of Prince Siddartha as sympathetically told in "The Light of Asia" can be surprised that almost a third of the world's population hold Him in reverence, twining His image around the heart, repeating from generation to generation the Great Law which He Himself so briefly summarised.

Cease to do evil,  
Learn to do well,  
And cleanse your own heart ;

and ever feeling affectionate regard for its gentle propounder. We find here, too, that not only is the erstwhile Prince an honoured religious Head, but there is this same intangible something, as in the case of the Christian and Christ, which links the Buddhist with his Lord. In Buddhist lands the mention of His name thrills the emotion into aspiration, suggests good-will, and love, and peace, suppresses the evil and prompts the good in the aspirant.

Modern research brings to light the fact that far back in the night of time others also have lived who have in the same way cast this sweet spell of love over unnumbered millions.

We all know how ardently the ancient Greek paid homage to Beauty.

Beauty in any form was beloved by him, nay, it may be said to have been passionately loved. For centuries the highest art of poet and sculptor was devoted to im-

pressing that intense desire for beauty on physical matter. With such success was this accomplished that the few crumbs passed on to us from this rich nation's table compare to-day with the very best in art and literature of all the centuries that have succeeded. When we ask whence sprang this desire for the beautiful, what prompted it, we find again that it was nothing more nor less than the same subtle bond of devotion that links the devotee of other lands to his Lord ; but in this case it was the, to us, mysterious figure of Hermes, in Whom centred the heart yearning of the olden Greek.

To the ancient people who knew Him best, Hermes represented human perfection—in later centuries it was the effort to depict this perfection in human form that drew out the best that was in the greatest sculptors the world has known. Perhaps it was that very effort that made them great. The beauty which characterises the statue of Hermes is declared to represent the zenith of Greek art, the so-called Apollo Belvidere, and the Hermes by Praxiteles still extant, being examples.

The intense love of the artist inspired him truly, but there seems to have been an intuitional response to the love in the power that welled up out of it.

How closely the memory of Hermes was woven into the everyday life of very ancient Greece is told by Homer. In the country his images were erected on mountains, in caves, by the side of streams and by the roadside. In towns the gate by which the traveller entered was surmounted by his image, as was the door of the house in which he found shelter. The streets, too, of the city, the rooms of the houses, the very market-place were everywhere decorated with likenesses of the beloved Lord.

Popular tradition has it that it was Hermes who invented the lyre and the lute and so made possible the wondrous music of his later messenger Orpheus.

The last lines which Longfellow wrote indicate the mystery that is now suggested by this dim and distant figure as it looms up out of the shadows of forgotten ages, and impresses the slowly awakening

modern mind with the magic of His spell.

Was he one or many merging  
 Name and fame in one,  
 Like a stream to which converging,  
 Many streamlets run ?  
 Who shall call his dreams fallacious ?  
 Who has sealed or sought  
 All the unexplored and spacious  
 Universe of thought ?  
 Who in his own skill confiding,  
 Shall with rule and line  
 Mark the border land dividing  
 Human and divine ?  
 Trismegistus ! Three times greatest ;  
 How thy name sublime  
 Has descended to this latest  
 Progeny of time !

Another name that puzzles the latter-day investigator is that of Orpheus. Here, again, is an instance of one who clearly laid successful siege to the hearts of the human race. Orpheus is even now mythical rather than real in the sense of being historical ; but who has not *felt* something of the poetry of the higher emotions when His name is read or spoken ? And who that can read at all, even among the far-removed nations of to-day, has not in a sense heard some strains of the wondrous music that seems still to float over the ages from the lute which was said to be Apollo's gift to him ?

As the tradition goes, not only were the hearts of human beings softened by the strains of that haunting melody, even the wild creatures of the forest left the blood-paved lair to lie harmlessly at the feet of the great musician, tamed by the flute's sweet notes. Birds stayed their rapid passage through the air drawn by the same rich call, and the very trees—so say the old stories—were unable to resist the strange attraction, and tore themselves up by the roots that they might the more closely approach. All picturesque imagery no doubt, but indicating the same " peculiar charm " which surrounds other and later Saviours.

It cannot be claimed that *all* the great ones of the earth draw the hearts of men to them in this same way. Mere greatness is quite another matter. Homer was great, Hannibal was great, Cæsar was

great. All the world admits the greatness of each, and in the same sense the same world would not perhaps even claim greatness for some of those others to whom reference has been made. Clearly there is a difference between the qualities that make for greatness and renown, and those that account for the more emotional attraction of these world Saviours.

Homer remains to-day a prince among authors. His place as one of the greatest poets of the world (who, critics state, do not number more than three or four) has never been questioned. Even among these his compeers he is the simplest and most direct, the freest and most genial, and in the fine art of drawing human character in its multitude of forms and colours he seems to have no serious rival except Shakespeare. He is called "the maker," too, and to him is ascribed the colossal task of the making of a language, the making of a religion, and the making of a nation. Of scholars some may be said to love Homer truly, but most admire him, and, great as he truly is, those who know him at all are comparatively few.

This last may also be said of Hannibal, whose influence over the world of his time was abnormal, and only exceeded by the consummate skill with which he overcame untold difficulties — difficulties out of which he wrought success and impressed his name on history. He was a man who could sweep everything before him. Rivers, mountains, and morasses, like the overwhelming Roman armies that opposed him, failed to check his progress. Sheer capacity in the man seems to have triumphed over every obstacle. Horace aptly likens his career through Italy, as he fought his way to Rome, to the rush of the flames through a forest of pines.

Denied support by his niggardly countrymen, he, by the magic of his personality, raised armies of friends in the very country of his foes, where he remained for fifteen years, vanquishing army after army which Rome opposed to him, and never on one single occasion suffering defeat.

Finally, he appeals to posterity as a reformer. Returning to Carthage he

amends its constitution, breaks up the power of a conscienceless Autocracy, checks corruption, and restores the financial position of the country.

Making many enemies by his good works he is persecuted to death and perishes ignobly; to all intents and purposes a martyr, dishonoured and, at the time, unsung. Even to-day his history comes to us only through the records of his enemies, for Carthage neglected its hero during his life, and forgot him at his death, leaving the Romans to vent their malignity by blackening the fame and belittling the deeds of the most terrible of their foes. Yet, in spite of all this, Hannibal not only dazzles the imagination, but, in a sense, captivates the heart; he stands out as the incarnation of magnanimity, patriotism and self-sacrificing heroism no less than of incomparable military genius. Yet no heart beats faster when the name of Hannibal is mentioned.

Then there is Cæsar, the founder of the Empire of Rome. In the completeness and variety of his endowments he appears to have no equal in history. Both as general and statesman he takes a foremost place in the annals of the world. He was one of the greatest orators of his time. Historians of every later age have envied the terse directness, simplicity and dignity of style in his writings. He was, in addition to being one of the world's great historians, a mathematician, philologist, jurist and architect, and always took great pleasure in literary society. He was a great law maker. In dealing with his enemies he showed a clemency and generosity of temper, and a humanity and serene superiority to the mean and vulgar passions of his time, which distinguished him from all contemporaries.

In the midst of vast designs for the betterment of the Roman people he died practically as a martyr, murdered by self-seeking friends.

Probably almost every one of the many millions who have followed the tragic story of Cæsar feel constrained to weep with Mark Antony, and to admit

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it comes back to me.

And yet, deeply as men are moved to admire Cæsar, or Hannibal, or Homer, profoundly as their emotions may be moved by the incidents of their careers, the magnificence of their undertakings, their patriotism and loyalty to country, their regard for their fellow men ; one has to admit that there is the greatest difference between these sentiments and those which cluster around those other great ones, the Christ, the Buddha, Shri Krishna, Orpheus, or Hermes, in their respective countries, and with their respective followings.

What makes the difference ?

Certainly it is not that the one class suffered more than the other. Nor is it that those who have been classed as "Saviours" attracted more attention ; on the other hand, they were, in their time, little known, and in some cases almost ignored. It may be claimed, and rightly perhaps, that Hannibal and Cæsar lived and worked in part at any rate for their own aggrandisement, acting on the principal supposed by some to be Nature's plan :

That they shall take who have the power,  
And they shall keep who can.

and such claim would, no doubt, tend to diminish the after-glory of conquest and power ; but, on the other hand, most of us have quite a lively appreciation of these things.

The former class, the "Saviours" of the world, would rather tend to suffer in comparison, for the very lack of the outer panoply of state, if the reason were sought in this direction.

No, the answer must be looked for not in externals at all, nor in any comparison of externals, not even in the comparison of such things as capacity, character, and humanitarianism ; for what data have we on which to make such comparisons ? The difference lies in the fact that there is around certain men this "aroma," in the sense of a peculiar charm which, like some sweet fragrance, clings to them and cannot be dissociated from them or from their words, or their pictures, or from any memories which twine around

them, or stories told of them, or from any mental image which the mind creates of them.

To be reminded of them in any way is to sense the charm, for it clings inseparably to every link that has ever been forged between them and the heart of man or woman or child, it is

Like the vase in which roses have once been  
distilled  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if  
you will,  
But the scent of the roses will cling round it  
still.

If we press our question a little further and seek to know why this very real, though intangible charm should so persist, we shall find an answer when we realise the place which each holds in the evolutionary scheme.

Let us take the case of the Christ. He claimed to be human, "The son of man," while He reminded those who stood around Him that they were "Sons of God," but He had become one with the Father, they had not. It is precisely in this particular that we find the answer we seek. He, the *perfect* Man, was perfect because He had grown into the likeness of God. He had, in fact, become a channel through which the subtle and invisible forces of the Spirit could flow. The Love of God, the Peace of God, the Power of God, the Beneficence of God, for instance, flowed through Him and radiated out from Him, as in the physical world light and warmth radiate out from the sun. This simile may be followed further ; for just as that light and heat flow out from the sun and become absorbed in tree and plant, so these perishing lie in dark, dank places for long ages, and yet no length of time prevents them from giving forth again that light and warmth, when they once more contact the elements which draw out these forces. So with the Christ, Shri Krishna, the Buddha, Hermes, Orpheus. Those who have once felt the charm that flows from them have something added to them which will never leave them, and which builds some fragment, at any rate, of the quality of love into the fabric of their being.

The Aroma of Divinity is thus the sweetness that is of God. It is of the nature of Bliss, and true and lasting happiness has its only source in it.

As man becomes Godlike he becomes contented and happy—if we are to believe the wisdom of the wise and the experience of all ages. Thus Bliss lies at the root of the Christ-nature, and the peculiar charm that radiates from such Great Ones as He becomes the attractive and joyous, though impalpable, influence that satisfies man's longing for happiness.

Those others who are great, but without this close Divine relationship, belong to a different and lower stage altogether in evolution; they are great men but not Divine Men. They are not elder Brothers who have become one with God and able to radiate the unsullied purity of the Divine Nature. We know this by deduction from the facts; and that deduction is confirmed, or shall we say supported, by the difference in the nature of the feeling prompted by them.

It has been claimed, and with much to confirm the claim, that the various World Saviours referred to, as well as others whose names have not been mentioned here, are all personalities of one mighty Being Who, having Himself trodden the long path of human progress, stands very near to God Himself, His "well-beloved Son" in all truth, Who from time to time comes down to live in mortal body a man among men. A Human Sun, as it were, trusting more for the power to help, to that outflow of the Divine Life which is here spoken of as the Aroma of Divinity, than to mighty deeds or heroic enterprises.

In fact, it seems that one of the marks by which this Great World-Teacher may be recognised is the utter absence of everything that might interfere with His acting as a radiating centre. For instance, He always seems to come without possessions. Worldly possessions would absorb attention and occupy time.

As Prince Siddartha, He, in the still night, silently leaves the palace and dons the garb of the lonely wanderer before He commences His life's work. As Jesus,

He is but the humble carpenter's son. As Shri Krishna, the little child. As Orpheus, He came "living chiefly in the forests, where He gathered His disciples around Him. . . . He came as a singer wandering through the land, loving the life of Nature, her sunlit spaces and her shadowed forest retreats, averse to cities, and to the crowded haunts of men. . . . Thus He went through Hellas singing, and choosing here and there one who should follow Him, and singing also for the people in other ways, weaving over Greece a network of music, which should make her children beautiful and feed the artistic genius of her land."\*

He ever comes without worldly pomp and station, for such would but prove a fetter to the perfect freedom of action that is apparently required. He does not seek to influence the policy of government, to make or unmake laws, it is ever sufficient for Him that what is Cæsar's be rendered unto Cæsar. Actually, His life when He comes must be free and wholesome and untrammelled. If he be unnoticed by the curious, by the indolent, and by the sceptical seeker after signs, so much the better; His real work seems to be that of permeating some centre with this potent magnetism from which presumably for ages after it may radiate outwards over the world; and in so working on the natures of those whom He draws around Him that they, too, may go forth to different parts of the world acting as minor channels for the distribution of the same Spiritual forces as flow from Him to them.

We may well hope that He, the mighty Lord, will come again soon, that we may have the privilege of preparing the way, and, most of all, that we may be among those, few though they be, who will not be deceived by outer simplicity in the method of the coming, or in the absence of worldly credentials.

T. H. MARTYN.

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\* "Man, Whence, How and Whither." A. Besant.

# East and West

By H. ORSMOND ANDERTON

(Author of "The Song of Alfred," "Granville Bantock," and other works).

## I.

PERHAPS the most striking contemporary phenomenon, to one watching the large world-movements of thought and growth from age to age, is that at last a real beginning seems to have been made towards that interfusion of East and West which the profoundest minds have ever desired. The tide has been rising rapidly of late years. It is not so long since the attitude of the West was essentially that satirised in the words: "When I say *religion*, I mean the Christian religion; when I say *the Christian religion*, I mean the Protestant religion; and when I say *the Protestant religion*, I mean the Church of England as by law established." Just so "universal opinion" was taken to mean the opinions of the capitals and universities of England, France and Germany. They, with Italy and a few others, constituted *the civilised world*, and represented the thought of humanity. Of late years this parochial view has largely changed, and few cultivated people now forget India, and Oriental thought, in trying to gauge the content of the human mind. This, of course, though a step gained, is itself only the beginning of the human synthesis. For the mind of humanity—if such can ever be finally reached—many other ingredients will doubtless be needed. The negro strain,

still in its infancy, will have to bring its own peculiar quality, for one; and not till all the various races, yellow and other, have contributed their own special quotas can the many-flavoured draught of life be perfect and ready for the lips of the Master—can there be an approach to a realisation of the idea expressed in Newman's favourite phrase: *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*.

In looking back over the ages, one can see that it is only comparatively recently that this change in the spirit of the dream could have taken place. The mysterious movements of races which seem like those of the wind that bloweth whither it listeth, independently of the morality of the schools, take on a new significance in the light of their results. After the successive waves of migration from the prehistoric cradle of the Aryans, leading to the actual distribution of Brahmins, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Saxons, etc.—although, of course, smaller currents were continually stirring—a period of comparative calm seems to have ensued, the most notable disturbance of which was the career of Alexander. This would appear to the moralist's eye a wanton and useless defiance of the law of nations. And certainly the view of the robber, in his celebrated interview with the conqueror, has its true aspect, just as Olive Schreiner's

view of the over-running of South Africa by the whites represents a real truth. And yet in the light of subsequent history, it would seem that there is in these tidal currents some meaning not grasped by the protagonists or the moralists. It is as if some guiding power impressed upon, say, Alexander the idea of the mingling of races for a wise end ; but Alexander, being a faulty man, and incapable of fully understanding the impulse, conceived it in terms of his own mentality. Pure truth is poison to man : he cannot endure its intolerable ardour (as Southey hinted in the Amritacup that subdued Kehama) ; and he adulterates it involuntarily to suit his own capacity. Thus the idea became, in Alexander's mind, conquest and glory. But, even so, it is better to have the mingling of ideas and races carried out, though at the cost of suffering and war, than to have man become a stagnant pool. After Alexander the gates were again closed. Never, until the landing of the Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English in India was there another highway so open for the intermingling of East and West, as they prepared in flinging wide the gateways of the sea.

## II.

Even before Alexander's time, however, there was a certain amount of interchange between East and West. The traditions of Plato's travels in Babylonia and Persia are rejected by the scholars of to-day ; but there are elements in his writings which seem to show that in some way the influence of the East reached him. The great myth of the charioteer and horses in the *Phaedrus*, for instance, bears a striking resemblance to the passage in the *Khandogya Upanishad* (Aitareya-Aranyaka) (p. 142 of Max Müller's version, and note. Cf. also pp. 233-4). And, indeed, the whole conception of the *Phaedrus* shows such affinities with Brahmanic philosophy that it is difficult to think of them as entirely independent growths. Certainly one should not be too ready to assume borrowing to explain correspondence of thought : the human mind moves naturally along similar lines. But with every additional corre-

spondence the difficulty of assuming independent growth increases enormously. And, in fact, there was always a certain amount of communication along the trade-routes for caravans between India, Persia, Babylonia, and Assyria ; and though, of course, the travellers were specifically merchants and traffickers, a certain diffusion of ideas was bound to follow in their train. It seems also pretty clear that Christ received influences from Indian and Brahmanic thought, probably through Persia, though I will defer what I have to say on that point till later. At a subsequent period some interfusion took place through the channel of Constantinople. Later, too, a great opportunity for intermingling of thought occurred when India was over-run in 1001 by the Mohammedans under Mahmoud of Ghazni. But the Mohammedan system was not one that encouraged permanently a free, intellectual life, though, for a time, the Arabs, and the Moors of Spain were among the most enlightened of their contemporaries : no great interchange of ideas took place with the farther East ; and, finally, stagnation settled down upon the earth. The Crusades too, were comparatively transient, and their effects in this matter were not of very great importance.

## III.

Vasco de Gama reached Calicut in May, 1498, and for many years the Portuguese controlled the trade with the Eastern seas. One hundred years later their place was taken by the Dutch, whose East India Company was founded in 1602. The first of the English companies received a charter from Queen Elizabeth on December 31st, 1600, but in 1624 they were driven out of the Archipelago by the Dutch, and compelled to resort to the mainland. The nucleus of Madras dates from 1639 ; of Bombay from 1668 ; and of Calcutta from 1686. In the following century came the great struggle between the English and the French, which resulted in bringing all India under the British dominion, and in throwing open its trade and communications to the whole world. And, in fact, this free-trade

principle of the British Power (without which it would never have survived, for the jealousy of other Powers would certainly have succeeded at last in overthrowing it) has been of the greatest value to the world in furthering the spread of ideas. Here, again, as in the case of Alexander, the good has been unconsciously performed; free trade was adopted for utilitarian reasons, because we were an island power and needed it to feed our growing population; it has achieved that free interchange of thought, ideas, and commodities between all nations, which was produced, to so much smaller an extent, by Alexander's raids into India and the East.

## IV.

Indian literature first became known outside India, through the *Upanishads*. A translation was made from the Sanskrit into Persian by order of Dara Shukoh, eldest son of Shah Jehan. He heard of the *Upanishads* during his stay in Kashmir in 1640, invited pandits from Benares to Delhi, and the translation was finished in 1657. Shortly after this, he was put to death by his younger brother, Aurungzebe, as barring his succession to the throne. A translation had been made in Akbar's reign (1556-86), but this never became known to European scholars. In 1775, Duperron, the discoverer of the *Zend-Avesta*, received a manuscript copy of the Persian translation, and, later, a second. He then collated the two, and translated them into French and into Latin. Schopenhauer studied this latter carefully, drank deeply of it, and his philosophy is deeply impregnated with it. He says: "In this whole world there is no study, except that of the originals, so beneficial and so elevating, as that of the *Oupnekhat*. It has been the solace of my life: it will be the solace of my death" (Max Müller, Vol. I., p. lxi.). The work of the two Burnoufs, uncle and nephew, the former of whom was concerned in the translation of the Duperron MSS., has also been of great value. The theory of the younger (Émile) that Christ was not a Semite, but an Aryan, is possibly caused by a fact which we will discuss later.

The next great stage was reached with the publication of Max Müller's "Sacred Books of the East" (Indian, Persian, Chinese, etc.), in 49 volumes, a monumental work which brings some real acquaintance with hitherto inaccessible lore within the reach of all. Many other scholars, such as Rhys Davids, Palmer, Monier Williams, Lyall, Burton, etc., have contributed to the work, which has also been helped forward by the popularising labours of men like Sir Edwin Arnold, whose "Light of Asia," "The Song Celestial," "Oriental Poems" (containing the striking story of "Nachiketas and Death"), etc., give an easy introduction to the Eastern habit of thought. His books on Japan, Morrison's "Journey across China," Rudyard Kipling's "In Black and White"—stories dealing with the mind of the Indian natives; Frazer's "Silent Gods and Sun-steeped Lands," dealing with the same subject; Lafcadio Hearn's books revealing the Japanese mind; such stories as Fielding Hall's "The Soul of a People," H. S. Warren's "Buddhism," and Havell's "Ideals of Indian Art"—these are but a few of the countless indications of this interfusion of ideas that is now rapidly proceeding. In art, the Japanese "arrived" a generation ago in London; and Hokusai and others profoundly influenced Whistler through whom the influence has since spread far and wide. In music the chief influence in this direction has been Bantock, whose "Omar Khayyam" is strongly impregnated with the idiom of the East, as also are his songs of India, China, Arabia, Japan, Persia, etc. Of late, too, Mrs. Maud Mann's demonstrations have given us a valuable insight into Indian music as a living art.

Nor must it be supposed that the influence is all on one side. We have seen the great instance of the westernising of Japan—a change which, most people would allow, has been carried too far. There is no good reason why the colour and variety of national character should be lost in one drab "civilisation." Japanese art has almost vanished under the pressure of commercial production, and she is apparently entering upon the

horrors of the Manchester school of economics from which we are beginning to escape. Curiously enough, too, while many Westerns are smitten with Japanese art, the saner Japanese who come here are deeply enamoured of our painting—a healthy state of things, since each has qualities in which the other is deficient. Indian, Parsee, and Japanese students swarm in some of our universities and carry away at least some notion, if at times a distorted one, of our ways of thought. The Chinese, also, are adopting Western methods, as the last great upheaval is sufficient to show; they have for years been influenced by Sir Robert Hart; and Sun-Yat-Sen, one of the chief moving spirits of the great cataclysm, received his training among us. India, of course, has for long been assimilating Western ideas in homœopathic doses. Such institutions as the College at Aligarh, where Hindus and Mohammedans enter into real relationships under the subtle influence of the English scholars in charge, have proved themselves a great harmonising power. And though the missionaries have little result to show, in comparison with the vast field in which they labour, the foundation of the Brahma Somaj, the Suddha Somaj, and the Arya Somaj, is sufficient to prove that the leaven is at work.

But it is chiefly, perhaps, on the external, material plane that the influence is most apparent; and this is natural and right, as we shall see in a moment.

#### V.

To speak of East and West as if they were homogeneous entities is, of course, in one sense, absurd, since they consist each of numberless races and creeds, all having their own special characteristics. And yet there is a sense in which we may fairly do so. Europe has, for many generations, concentrated her faculties on material "progress," and during the last century has made a greater advance in the control of the physical energies of Nature than had been made during the two or three previous milleniums. Along with this, and as its cause, goes a certain objectivity of mind; whereas the East—

taking India as the type for the moment—is content with simplicity of material existence, being absorbed more or less in subjective contemplation. The Indian sages—Gautama and the rest—are concerned with the internal, occult truth; those of the West with external, surface truth. It has been said of the Brahmins, and with some reason, that

"In patient, deep disdain  
[They] let the legions thunder past,  
And plunged in thought again."

The result is, in the East theosophy, in the West theology; in the East material simplicity, in the West materialism; in the East speculation, in the West science; in the East the immanence of the Divine, in the West the transcendence of the Divine. Obviously the two spirits want mixing to compound the true *elixir vite*. The concentration of the East on spiritual matters has prevented her from mastering the problem of her material surroundings; with the West the contrary is the case; and each needs the other as her complement.

China, however, does not fall under this classification. Hers is a materialistic conception of life—the practical problem of how to make the best of life on this planet. They turn from Lao Tse to Confucius as their ideal. They are little concerned with the why and the meaning of existence; their ancestor-worship has knit them into an organic unity with the past and given them the sanction of an exacting morality, which, so far as it extends, is wonderfully well carried out. This same reverence for the past and for the methods of their ancestors, however, has discouraged new methods, and prevented their entering upon that career of harnessing the forces of Nature which the West has followed with so much success.

Leaving China, then, for the time, aside, let us consider this essential difference between East and West—immanence and transcendence; for the scheme of life is in each case the outcome of that fundamental conception. And each of these conceptions, though it embodies one aspect of truth, is incomplete and productive of evil without its complementary truth. The view of the

immanence of the Divine in Man and nature easily leads, and has continually led, to a hazy pantheism in which all distinctions of right and wrong vanish, to the negation of morality, which is devoid of sanctions. Hence we see how the lofty ideas of the *Upanishads* have been corrupted till the Indian pantheon and mythology have become a bye-word for all that is gross and degraded. It is, nevertheless, a truth without which man's heart starves, and whose neglect in Christendom (through misunderstanding of Christ) has led to poverty of nature and thought, and at last to a practical material atheism. The danger of Immanence is avoided by the view of the Transcendence of the Divine. Israel conceived of God not as the vital power at work in and throughout nature and man—their all-sustaining life—but as a workman who fashioned his work and watched it from a distance, interfering to adjust it from time to time. He delivered a law to man which it was man's duty, and only safety, to obey. In this conception the ideas of duty and righteousness naturally arise; but man has a void in his nature, and starves for the Divine presence and life. Islam followed in Israel's steps; China has followed a somewhat analogous course; and these nations (if we may use the term) are a standing reproach to Christendom which has occupied a somewhat middle position.

Now this "transcendent" view seems to be a necessity in the development of man and has led on to another necessary stage—that of modern science. This absentee God has been conceived as having established certain automatic *laws* for the working of his machine; and this idea, though in some ways disastrous, as removing God from man and life, has borne one invaluable fruit. Our actions are thus seen to produce their own results. It has been realised that—of figs, figs; of thistles, thistles. And this has been a necessary correction to the habit of mind which imagined that men could wheedle God into letting them off the consequences of their misdeeds. When the lesson has been thoroughly learnt it will be safe for them once more to see law as the uniform action

of an Eternal Will. The idea that one can "get round" God in this way—can "circumvent God," as Hamlet says—must be eradicated at all costs.

We now see how necessary it is that these two conceptions should be combined—that the East may acquire our science, while the West may acquire the simplicity of material life of the East; that the East may learn the morality of the West, while the West learns the God-consciousness of the East. Christendom has proved a treacherous reed to lean upon, halting between two opinions, through its misconception and betrayal of the teaching of its Master.

Indian thought viewed existence as an endless cycle of change, of involution and evolution in which there is neither beginning nor end. Only great Brahm endures—the whole being *Maya*, illusion; nothing solid, as the natural man deems solid. Think of the passage in the *Khandogya Upanishad*: "Fetch me a fruit of the Nyagrodha tree,—Here is one.—Break it.—It is broken.—What do you see?—These seeds, almost infinitesimal.—Break one of them.—It is broken.—What do you see?—Nothing.—My son, that subtle essence which you do not perceive, of that very essence this great Nyagrodha tree exists. Believe it, my son, that which is the subtle essence, in it all that exists has itself. It is the true. It is the Self. And thou, O Svetaketa, art it" (Max Müller, I., 104). This conclusion is repeated nine times, and enforced by nine illustrations. Western science has at last come by a different road to much the same conclusion. Shakespeare's intuition that we, and the world, are made of dream-stuff, is literally confirmed by experiment. The solid kernels of matter have dissolved into a mist, a whirl of atoms and ions, a series of hypothetical vortices or strains in a hypothetical ether—all reduced to the substance of thought and will. And even as long ago as 1868 Huxley could acknowledge that, while for purposes of science a materialistic terminology is preferable, "in itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit

in terms of matter ; matter may be regarded as a form of thought ; thought may be regarded as a property of matter—each statement 'has a certain relative truth' (Lay Sermons, IV., "On the Physical Basis of Life"). This view has been confirmed and strengthened by later scientific thinkers, Crooks, Kelvin, and others ; and thus we see the East and West arriving by opposite methods at the same conclusion (and confirmed by the poet's vision), that man and the visible world are dream-stuff, the embodiment of thought and will—a view which, with an additional assumption has even got into our child's books ; for is not Alice told by the Red Queen that she is only a sort of a thing in the Red King's dream ? Note, however, that there is one thing added. Many Westerns still regard matter as a form of *our* thought ; and I suppose that even in the East there is some difference of opinion as to whether Brahm is a conscious will ; certainly, to judge by the controversies as to the exact meaning of Nirvana, it is not easy for either a Western or an Eastern to solve such problems. But at least *Great Brahm endures* in the East ; and in the West matter is *the permanent possibility of sensation* ; so that it would seem that there is in both cases some Power involved more permanent than Man's little fleeting day. Western "science" has hitherto inclined to the view that the self-existent force is a dead, unconscious thing, producing consciousness as a bye-product of its chemical action ; the more credible idea of the East and of such thinkers as Fichte, is that the self-existent thing is conscious life and will, whose embodied Ideas we are. There is, of course, in any case, the puzzle of time and space to be solved—themselves forms of thought (though if we are the thought of another Power, our thought must first be his thought, and so we come back to the same point).

The East accordingly—seeing that *Great Brahm endures*—took, and takes, long views of life and man's destiny. The view of Christendom—that man comes into existence on earth, lives sixty or seventy years, and in that time builds up a character which settles his destiny for endless

time (one cannot call it eternity)—this view is very different from that of the East, and especially of Gautama—that man has to build up his character by countless ages of effort, in which every act and thought leave their inevitable effect, and so at last attain Nirvana. The West is so absorbed in material existence, in money-getting, in surface-pleasures, and scientific pursuits, that it is apt to lose sight of deeper ideas, and the problems of existence, to which it thinks it has a manual of easy solutions ; it is so immersed in science and surface-life that it is apt to think in terms of matter even when engaged with profound ideas. And it would be well if each were to learn from the other—the East (as it is beginning to do), assimilating the methods of the West in matters of science ; the West feeding upon the mind of the East in ideal thought.

He in Whom the West professes to find its Master is reported to have said, "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of Heaven." But Europe fixes her thought primarily on material wealth and pleasure ; and we see the result in the present conflagration, So long as men "seek first" these things, so long will wars arise.

## VI.

And the way is prepared. Christendom has arrived at its present condition not by following its Master, but by following its own path with a very sincere reverence in its heart for the Master whom it has largely misunderstood, and in some ways practically denies. By closer study the West will find in the teaching of the Master the essential ideas of the East, overlaid, misunderstood, and misinterpreted by Semitic reporters and the Western intelligence. In fact, so largely is this the case that Burnouf (Émile) was persuaded that Christ was not of Semitic race at all. He says : "Les Juifs n'appartiennent pas tous à la race des Sémites, etc." ("La Science des Religions," p. 301). Again : "Le gros du peuple d'Israël était sémite et se rattachait aux adorateurs des Élohim. . . . Les autres, qui ont toujours formé la minorité, ont été comme des

étrangers venus de l'Asie et pratiquant le culte de Jéhovah. C'étaient probablement des Aryas ; leur centre principal se fixa au nord de Jérusalem dans la Galilée. Les hommes qui habitent ce pays forment encore un contraste étonnant avec ceux du sud" (*Ibid*, 303). He states that the Semite, owing to physical conformation and the massing of the bones of the skull at about the age of fifteen, too early for philosophy, and after which no further growth of mind is possible—is incapable "de comprendre ces spéculations transcendantes. L'Arya seul y peut atteindre" (305). And he concludes that: "tout s'accorde à prouver que la religion du Christ ne nous est pas venue des Sémites ; mais l'ancienne loi contenait une portion de doctrines aryennes que Jésus venait non point détruire, mais compléter" (307). He conceives the teaching as having reached Christ through Persian influence (304, etc.), and considers his view as confirmed by the fact that the first enemies of his teaching were—"les Sémites de Judée : ils tuèrent Jésus, tandis que les Grecs et quelques Israélites des pays hélléniques adoptèrent sa foi et formèrent les premières églises" (308). The Johannine views of Christ as "*light, life and truth,*" and as "*the way, the truth and the life,*" while, to the Jews, God is *Rex tremendæ majestatis*, confirm him in this opinion.

It would seem, however, that Burnouf rode his hobby too hard. Perhaps a truer explanation of the facts may be found in supposing that, whether he were of Semitic race or not, whether he came consciously in contact with Aryan ideas or not, Christ found these conceptions in his own mind as well as in the air about him, and combined, perhaps unconsciously, the views and feelings of East and West into an orbèd whole. The "Secret Traditions" tell of his journey into the East. We are, perhaps, in these days of books apt to under-rate tradition which, in the East, is considered safer than books. At any rate the tradition probably represents a fact—the fact of influence—though the actual journey is probably a myth—Eastern yogis recognise Him as of their spiritual kin, and claim Him as an initiate. In any case there is

nothing derogatory to him in supposing (what is probably true) that the teachings of the East—Buddha and the Vedas—had penetrated through Persian channels into Galilee. The most orthodox suppose Him to have been influenced by the prophets ; why not by others ? Only extremists like Canon Liddon, who stickles for his literal omniscience (thereby in reality degrading Him) can logically shrink from this. In His teaching, the truths of immanence and transcendence are harmonised. Max Müller says, in his Introduction, that according to the Vedas : "knowledge of what is meant by *Om* (the symbol of all speech and all life, the living principle, Prana, or spirit) alone can procure true salvation or true immortality." And—"the highest object of the *Upanishads* is the recognition of the self in man as identical with the highest Self, or Brahman" (Vol. I., xxv.). Well, was it not that identification of Himself with God—with the spirit that breatheth where it listeth—that caused the anger of the Jews, as against a blasphemer ? And finally, the churches, though accepting the statement as regards Christ Himself, have carefully (in this particular) cut Him off from mankind, and so stultified the whole doctrine ; showing how the natural man shrinks from the idea of God dwelling within him, and craves an external God, and an external law which he can obey as a matter of routine. But while Christ thought of God as the indwelling spirit, the true self of man, he nevertheless recognised Him as transcendently above man, and spoke of Himself as doing His Father's will—thereby giving the ideas of duty and righteousness their highest sanction.

Two modern books—"The Creed of Christ" and "The Creed of Buddha," by Edmund Holmes—have dwelt with a singular lucidity and emphasis on this aspect of the question. The masterly analysis of Pharisaism, in the first (pages 27-64), is followed by the demonstration of the betrayal of Christ by Christendom, and of the fact that the orthodox creeds stultified his teaching, and re-fastened upon men, in His name, the very fetters from which He strove to deliver them

(pages 192-3). He says : " It was Christ's grand idea that Nature in general, and human nature in particular, is potentially divine " (206.) " He taught that what is real and central in human nature is the expression of the Divine Will " (209). " What Israel did to the idea of submission to the Divine Will, Christendom did to the idea of the immanence of the Divine Will in nature. In each case a great spiritual idea was localised, particularised, materialised, denaturalised, degraded, in response to the average man's instinctive requirements " (210).

The other book is in some ways even more remarkable. The author dwells upon the fact that with Buddha, as with Christ, and the sages of the Upanishads and Vedas, soul-growth is the one great world-drama—the course of the soul through aeons of effort to its home in the Divine. " The ultimate identity of the individual with the Universal Self " (42) is the teaching of all alike. Again—a striking instance of the way in which the West has left its nominal Master—the West regards the external world as the real thing, and tries to prove the soul ; the East regards the spiritual world as the real thing, and our material time-world as the illusion. Does not Christ there feel with the East ? One more point may be noted giving the writer's view of Nirvana and " absorption into the Divine." He says that this oneness is not as conceived by the West—a quasi-material absorption into the Whole, as of a dewdrop that slips

" Into the shining sea."

" The Indian conception of one-ness with the Divine is the polar opposite of this. If soul is to mingle with soul, it must

do so as soul, preserving, yet raising to an infinite power, all the characters of soul life—its freedom and self-compulsion, which it now realises as infinite energy ; its thought, which it now realises as infinite wisdom ; its desire, which it now realises as infinite love " (228). There has been endless controversy over the exact meaning of Nirvana ; here is at least a hint that East and West need not be finally unintelligible to each other, and Rabindranath Tagore's attitude in his *Saddhana Lectures* confirms Mr. Holmes' reading of the problem.

And when we say that East and West witness to complimentary truths which need to be combined, we say what must at once approve itself to all thinkers save the bigots of the materialistic school ; while followers neither of Christ nor of Buddha need feel uneasy ; for both Masters, though in different ways, made the combination. Some may think that Buddha did it more completely ; others (and myself among them) that Christ's was the better way. All this, however, concerns mainly those root-ideas from which the trunk, and all the goodly branches of the tree of life spring. But although one considers them mainly, and as the most important means to the desired end, the nourishment from these two roots has to permeate the whole organism ; they must send their blended life-sap through branch, leaf, and blossom—through philosophy, art, and science—through the whole of human life. In one way or another the union of these two elements must be made by humanity if we are to know God, and attain to a full and perfect life.

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GUSTAF LILJENCRANTZ.

# A Pioneer

By GUSTAF LILJENCRANTZ

[In this article Mr. G. Liljencrantz, a very earnest young member of the Order of the Star in the East in Denmark, tells the story of his mother's life. The article appeared originally in the Danish Magazine "Hjemmet" and is here translated.]

ON February 4th, 1915, one of the champions of the women's movement, Mrs. Liljencrantz-Rasmussen, completed her seventieth year. She was born in Stockholm in 1845, a daughter of Count Gustaf Liljencrantz, who, at that time, was the highest Court-functionary to King Oscar I. He was a lineal descendant of Laurentius Petri, the first Lutheran Archbishop in Sweden. The mother of the Baroness, *née* Baroness Stjernstedt, died when this daughter was nine years of age. After this sad event the child's education was directed in an unfortunate way, as her governess held only dogmatic ideas of religion, and further treated her with personal severity. This treatment developed a degree of independence and firmness unusual in so young a child, but also obstinacy and a deep hatred of all religion as a dark doctrine hostile to life. She was much attached to her father, but his heavy, earnest views did not suit the girl's joy of life, and only after having overcome much resistance in her home was she allowed to take part in the pleasures of young people.

After an unsuccessful attempt at running away to Copenhagen shortly after her father's death, in 1869, she obtained more liberty, and spent some years partly in Denmark, partly in foreign countries.

Now, life seemed to be fair to the Baroness. She was young, economically independent, and endowed with the strong taste for Nature's beauties that all Swedes possess. She had a talent for history and languages, a love of poetry, a considerable talent for declamation, and was fond of music. At nineteen years of age she

learned Latin in half a year, without the assistance of any teacher, by studying twelve hours a day. This was accomplished in order to convince a disbelieving relative who had ventured to doubt whether a woman could learn Latin. In short, she had the mental power for living an intellectual life and enjoying it aesthetically, if only the personality had been less impulsive than it was. A great compassion with all who were suffering—men or animals—and a passionate feeling of justice, these two main qualities in her character prevented the possibility of her being only a passive spectator in life and urged her to enter into conditions where both characteristics broke into flame.

John Stuart Mill's book, "The Subjection of Women," came into her hands, and she was deeply interested in the principles of the subject as expressed by him. Later she received some Danish papers treating of questions of the day from the Socialistic point of view, and quickly saw that in the Socialistic ideals she had found that for which she was searching. In 1875, Louis Pio's Socialistic agitation stirred the minds of thousands in Denmark into a discussion of these ideas, some becoming his ardent followers, others his bitter antagonists. The Baroness went to Copenhagen, entered the office of the *Social-Demokraten* and asked Pio if the Socialists acknowledged the equal rights of women. Being told that this was so, she declared that she would join the movement.

From this time onwards the Baroness threw herself with all her energy into Socialistic work. With amazing facility she made herself familiar with the Danish language, and she was soon able to send articles to the *Social-Demokraten* over the

pen-name "Medea." One of these, "The Judicial Position of the Unmarried Woman," was published as a separate pamphlet and gained acknowledged influence and popularity. It contained proposals for several reforms regarding the position of the unmarried mother—then considered Utopian—proposals that ran as follows :

\*1. If a woman of unimpeachable character becomes pregnant, and her seducer refuses to marry her, then the law shall give her the right to take his name, and also shall compel him to give her annual support in proportion to his fortune—the proportion to be decided by the judgment of impartial men.

2. If the woman previously was in bad repute on account of looseness of character, and the accused man can clearly prove this fact, then he is exempted from giving her his name and annual support. Still he must take care of her during the condition of pregnancy and child-birth ; also he is responsible for her care during any illness due to any of the conditions arising from childbirth.

3. Whether the woman was in bad repute or unimpeachable, in either case, the alleged father must take entire care of the child, unless he can prove that at the time of conception she was having sexual intercourse with several others ; in which case, in the judicial sense, they are all fathers of the child, and, consequently, the expenses involved must be shared equally by all.

4. If the woman were a woman of the town, the commonwealth must take care of the child.

The Baroness entered her name as a member of *The Free Women's Association*, and was, shortly afterwards, elected as its

\* The first proposal has not been accomplished at all. As to the second and the third proposals, statutes have been enacted in which thoughts of the same humane kind are to be found. A man must now contribute to the support of the woman from three months before parturition until one month after, and he must contribute to the support of the child with a certain monthly sum of money—both in proportion to his fortune. In connection with the fourth proposal nothing can be done because prostitution is not legally recognised in Denmark.

president. As a speaker, in spite of her frail physique, she had a strong and penetrating voice, clear diction, and a temperamental power which impressed her audience with a belief in her true and pure motives. Still, her career was short. At first she had absolute confidence in Louis Pio and saw in him an idealist who seemed to her the personification of a great idea and—as is frequently the case with women—her devotion to the idea and to the personality of the idealist were merged into one strong feeling. She lived, however, to see this confidence in him entirely broken. For, when Pio in 1877, forsaking his work and his comrades, left Denmark suddenly and secretly for America, she saw that the feet of her idol were made of clay—and it can be imagined how bitter a blow this was to a nature like hers.

Financially, her circumstances were now rather embarrassed, as, in addition to this loss of money through Pio, she lost also a legacy from a rich relative who was unwilling that this money should in any way help to support Socialistic ideals. Nevertheless, she kept afloat by sheer energy, and for some years she continued to fight for her ideals as journalist and speaker. But the bitter conflicts within the party, in which she took part, exhausted her already enfeebled physical strength.

In 1884, she married Vilhelm Rasmussen, then known as one of the cleverest journalists in Copenhagen, and, as an idealist just as unpractical as herself. After her marriage she lived in retirement and passed through difficult years of close economy, especially after 1894, when she was left a widow with a little son. Since this time she has rarely been free from physical suffering.

Mrs. Liljencrantz-Rasmussen can look back on a long and eventful life, full of the adversities and difficulties that commonly follow a life lived in the service of an ideal. As a born pioneer she was one of those who helped to lay the foundations of reform in the social position of women, and, as such, she can lay claim to gratitude from the present generation of women who reap the benefit of this self-sacrificing work.

GUSTAF LILJENCANTZ.

# Persian Mysticism

By W. LOFTUS HARE.

[*Mr. Hare's studies in mystical philosophy and meditation, which appeared in these pages last year, did not include a reference to the faith of Islam, a faith from which has sprung a type of mystical aspiration singularly beautiful in its philosophical and poetic expression. We are therefore glad to be able to print the following article.*]

## I.—HISTORICAL SKETCH.

READERS of the series of articles which I had the privilege of writing for this magazine on Systems of Meditation will perhaps remember the table given in the section dealing with the Mediæval Contemplative Prayer, wherein I referred to the suppression of the Schools of Greek Philosophy by the Byzantine Emperor Justinian in A.D. 529. The incident is worthy of a little more attention, for it had an important influence on the origination and development of what is commonly called "Persian Mysticism." From the reign of Constantine (A.D. 306 to 337) and of Constantius, who established Christianity as the official religion of the empire, there had begun a persecution of the old *régime*, the old manners and the old beliefs. The Emperors, as much to satisfy the personal vengeance of their new favourites as to pay the necessary expenses of the building of churches and upkeep of the new cult, had confiscated the revenues and properties of the Temples and seized the funds set apart for the games and musical festivals; nevertheless, the Platonist school at Athens was able to keep its work alive until the time of Justinian, who, pressed for money and filled with religious fanaticism, completed the task of persecution. Already in A.D. 528 there had been a violent attack against the adherents of Hellenism, many of whom had been proscribed and some

put to death. Terror reigned at Athens; the Emperor had ordered that no one professing Hellenism should be allowed to hold any magistracy or official employment. At last, in A.D. 529, under the consulate of Decius, there appeared an imperial decree forbidding the teaching of philosophy at Athens.

At that moment Damascius of Syria was the head of the Platonic school; accompanied by Priscianus of Lydia, Simplicius of Cilicia, Eulamius of Phrygia, Hermias, Diogenes of Phœnecia, and Isidore of Gaza—representing the flower of contemporary philosophy—he found his way to the Court of Khusraw Nushirwan, King of Persia, in the hope that he might discover a more enlightened patron than the ruler of the Roman Empire. The exiles remained but a short time in Persia, but long enough to establish a philosophic contact between Greece and that country. We are told that the works of Plato and Aristotle were translated under the authority of the Persian King, and a little later the works of Plotinus, Porphyrius and Proclus were also rendered into Persian. These are perhaps more important than the translations of Plato and Aristotle, for the true understanding of Persian Mysticism, as we shall see.

Further association with Greek Philosophy came to Persia through the medium of the heretical Nestorian Christians, who, driven eastwards by orthodox persecution,

founded a school of philosophy at Edessa on the borders of the Persian domain ; they had translated the Greek writings into Syriac as well as, of course, the Christian Scriptures. They, like the Neoplatonists before mentioned, fled to Persia, before the period of the Arabian invasion, so that there was, from various sources, well-established contact between Persia and Western thought.

But the contact of Persia with Hellenism was slight compared with the thorough penetration effected by the Arab invasion, which brought the religion of Muhammad the Prophet. This began in A.D. 635 and was completed by the overthrow of Yasdigerd III., the last Sassanian King of Persia in A.D. 651. It all but destroyed the Zoroastrian faith in the process.

Persian Mysticism belongs entirely to the Muhammadan period, though not exclusively to the personnel of the invaders ; on the contrary, many native Persians, overspread by Moslem culture, converted to the faith of the Prophet, philosophise, teach, and sing through the channels of Arabic and Persian languages. As time goes on, this typically *Persian* phase of the religion spreads to other countries and is found from Spain to India, wheresoever Islam has spread. The Sufis are the guardians of its sacred tradition and the exponents of its beauties, both in prose and verse.

## II. THE PATH : STAGES AND STATES.

There are four groups of works from which we may draw information on the subject of our study, namely, (a) historical notices of Persian Saints whose teaching may be called mystical ; (b) the philosophers ; (c) the theologians ; and (d) the poets ; but before dealing with these separately I shall give a general statement of the theory of Sufi spiritual progress.

According to an early mystical treatise called *Kitáb al-Luma* by Abu 'l-Hasan el-Ash'ari (A.D. 870) the sufi is a traveller, a pilgrim, on an ideal spiritual journey (*tariqat*) towards the goal of life which is none other than the union with Reality (*Jana fi l-Haqq*). The journey is not the same for all so far as experience is con-

cerned, but the "stages" and "states" occur in regular sequence. The Seven Stages (*maqamil*) are : repentance, abstinence, renunciation, poverty, patience, trust in God, satisfaction. They constitute, as may be seen, an ethical and ascetic discipline which is obligatory and subject to the will of the spiritual pilgrim. The resemblance to Jewish, Christian and Buddhist ethic is obvious. Then follow ten psychological States (*hál*) which are spiritual feelings or dispositions over which a man has no control.

They descend from God into his heart, without his being able to repel them when they come, or to retain them when they go.

The Ten States are : meditation, nearness to God, love, fear, hope, longing, intimacy, tranquillity, contemplation and certainty. It will be noticed that the path is thus divided into two sections, which may be described as Man's work and God's work respectively, resembling the "double search" of Neoplatonism and Christianity—from below and from above. When God has done His part in bestowing thus His grace, the Sufi may rise to higher levels of consciousness ; these are called Gnosis (*ma'rifat*) and the Truth (*haqiqat*), where the pilgrim realises the unity of Knowledge, Knower and Known. These ideas are familiar to Neoplatonists and Vedantists alike.

Generally, the aspirant to the Sufi life attaches himself to a spiritual director or *sheikh*, a man of rich experience. Of such teachers a famous writer says\* :—

When a novice joins them, with the purpose of renouncing the world, they subject him to spiritual discipline for the space of three years. If he fulfil the requirements of this discipline, well and good ; otherwise they declare that he cannot be admitted to the Path. . . . He can serve God only when he cuts off all his selfish interests relating either to the present or the future life, and worships God for God's sake alone, inasmuch as whoever worships God for anything's sake worships himself, not God.

Such discipline led to the formation of classes of religious mendicants called *faqir* and *dervish*, terms which mean that the mystic has become stripped of every-

\* Al-Hujwiri, quoted by Dr. Nicholson in "The Mystics of Islam."

thing which would impede his progress towards God. The practice of "recollection" of God to the exclusion of all else is well described in a passage in Al Ghazzali, the theologian of the XIth Century:—

Let him reduce his heart to a state in which the existence of everything and its non-existence are the same to him. Then let him sit alone in some corner, limiting his religious duties to what is absolutely necessary, and not occupying himself either with reciting the Koran or considering its meaning or with books of religious traditions, or with anything of the sort. And let him see to it that nothing save God most High enters his mind. Then, as he sits in solitude, let him not cease saying continuously with his tongue, "Allah, Allah," keeping his thought on it. At last he will reach a state when the motion of his tongue will cease, and it will seem as though the word flowed from it. Let him persevere in this until all trace of motion is removed from his tongue, and he finds his heart persevering in the thought. Let him still persevere until the form of the word, its letters and shape, is removed from his heart, and there remains the idea alone, as though clinging to his heart inseparable from it. So far, all is dependent on his will and choice; but to bring the mercy of God does not stand in his will or choice. He has now laid himself bare to the breathings of that mercy, and nothing remains but to await what God will open to him, as God has done after this manner to prophets and saints. If he follows the above course, he may be sure that the light of the Real will shine out in his heart. At first unstable, like a flash of lightning, it turns and returns; though sometimes it hangs back. And if it returns, sometimes it abides and sometimes it is momentary. And if it abides, sometimes its abiding is long, and sometimes short.

The method here recommended will be recognised as a means of concentration similar to the Om meditation taught in the Upanishads (see *Herald of the Star*, May, 1914).

### III.—SUFİ SAINTS.

The contradictory elements in the *Koran*, the Bible of the Moslems, led, as in other religions, to many different schools of doctrine being founded on its authority. The dominant note struck was fear of God as a judge, of the Last Day and of eternal torments to be inflicted upon the evildoer. From this *motif* proceeded the asceticism and mortification which had for their object the purification of the soul with the view to its escape from the terrors to come. On the other hand, there

are in the Koran many passages of a mystical nature upon which is founded a life of faith and quietism\* in which all fear and hope are absent.

The early Sufi Saints, dating from the VIIIth Century A.D., are ascetics, but predominantly quietists professing an intimate love of God, regarded chiefly as a transcendent being. I will now give some particulars of them, culled from Professor Browne's "Literary History of Persia" and Dr. Nicholson's "The Mystics of Islam."

Ibrahim ibn Adham (A.D. 777), one time Prince of Balkh, gave up his throne like the Buddha and became a *faqir*; he says:—

O God, Thou knowest that in mine eyes the Eight Paradises weigh no more than the wing of a gnat compared with that honour which Thou hast shown me in giving me Thy love, or that familiarity which Thou hast given to me by the commemoration of Thy Name, or that freedom from all else which Thou hast vouchsafed to me when I meditate on the greatness of Thy Glory.

A woman saint, Rabia al-Adawiyya, a contemporary of Ibrahim, expresses herself in similar terms of Divine Love.

O God! whatever share of this world Thou hast allotted me, bestow it on Thine enemies; and whatever share of the next world Thou hast allotted me, bestow it on Thy friends.

O God! if I worship Thee in fear of Hell, burn me in Hell; and if I worship Thee in hope of Paradise, exclude me from Paradise; but if I worship Thee for Thine own sake, withhold not Thine everlasting beauty.

This quietistic faith, this readiness to have whatsoever good or ill God will send, is the very essence of what is so often called "fatalism" in the Western criticism of Moslemism. It is really the highest spiritual development of the once crude doctrine of predestination.

Of Fudayl 'Iyad (A.D. 803) the following story is told:—

One day he had in his lap a child four years old, and chanced to give it a kiss as is the way of fathers. The child said, "Father, do you love me?" "Yes," said Fudayl. "Do you love God?" "Yes." "How many hearts have you?" "One." "Then, how can you love two with one heart?"

Fudayl perceived that the child's words were a divine admonition, and he gave his heart wholly to God.

\* See *Herald of the Star*, November, 1915.

## IV. PANTHEISM.

The Indian theories of the essential identity of the Atman and Brahman (*i.e.*, the soul and God), and of the possibility of realising this both speculatively and by experience, were, of course, likely to have been well known to the Persians of the eastern provinces. Coincident with this doctrine, found originally in the Upanishads, is the group of beliefs commonly called "Pantheism"; that is to say, the omnipresence and immanence of God in the Universe. The time came when, possibly through the medium of Abu Ali of Scinde and his pupil, Abu Bayazid of Bistam (A.D. 875), the pantheistic element of Persian mysticism began to add itself to the more primitive quietism of the saints. It produced some remarkable results and led to persecution by the more orthodox Moslems of the day. I shall now quote some typical sayings illustrative of this new phase. Bayazid said:—

Thirty years the High God was my mirror,  
now I am my own mirror. . . . I went from  
God to God until They cried from me in me,  
"O Thou I."

He who discourses of eternity must have  
within him the lamp of eternity.

I have been veiled from God by this world for  
seventy years, but have seen Him during the  
last four years: the period in which one is  
veiled does not belong to one's life.

His love entered and removed all besides Him  
and left no trace of anything else, so that it  
remained single even as He is single.

A story is told of this Bayazid that he  
several times declared in ecstasy that he  
was none other than God—the Upanishad  
dictum *Aham Brahma asmi*—and that on  
being informed of the seeming blasphemy  
by his disciples authorised them to stab  
him with knives if they heard him repeat  
the words. He again cried out, "Within  
my vesture is naught but God," and his  
followers aimed at him with their daggers,  
but wounded only themselves! On  
another occasion someone who came to  
his cell and said, "Is Bayazid here?"  
received the reply, "Is anyone here but  
God?" On another occasion he said, "I  
am the unfathomable ocean without  
beginning or end; I am the Throne of

God, the tablet of God, the pen or Creative  
Word of God."

Junayd of Baghdad (A.D. 910) was of  
the same school, and many stories are  
told of his mystical discourses. The occult  
or magical element was added chiefly by  
an extraordinary man named Husayn ibn  
Mansur al-Hallaj, who, in A.D. 922, was  
cruelly killed for his heretical teaching.  
Professing to have reached the journey's  
end, he declared, "I am God." These  
words are the logical expression of the  
unitive state in both Neoplatonism and  
Vedanta, the Western and Eastern neigh-  
bours, so to speak, of Persian mysticism.  
Hallaj breaks out in song to this effect:—

Thy spirit is mingled in my spirit even as wine  
is mingled with pure water.  
When anything touches Thee, it touches me. Lo,  
in every case Thou art I. . . .  
I am He whom I love, and He whom I love is I:  
We are two spirits dwelling in one body.  
If thou seest me, through me thou seest Him,  
And if thou seest Him, thou seest us both.

## V.—PHILOSOPHERS AND THEOLOGIAN.

I now take up the thread of the subject  
on its philosophical side. First must be  
mentioned a group of encyclopædists  
called "The Faithful Brethren of Basrah,"  
whose semi-political confraternity re-  
sembled and, indeed, was inspired by the  
Pythagorean Brotherhood. At its highest  
stage the teaching of the Brethren became  
a Philosophy of Religion whose purpose  
was the reconciliation of Philosophy and  
Faith, Science and Life; a reconciliation  
also between Moslemism and other con-  
temporary religions—Hellenism, Judaism,  
Christianity and Zoroastrianism. One of  
their treatises says:—

Our Prophet, Muhammed, was sent to an  
uncivilised people, composed of dwellers in the  
desert, who neither possessed conception of  
beauty of this world, nor of the spiritual char-  
acter of the world beyond. The crude expressions  
of the Koran which are adapted to the under-  
standing of the people, must be understood in a  
spiritual sense by those who are more cultured.

This cult of Beauty and the allegorising  
of exoteric scriptures was of great import-  
ance in the development of Persian  
Mysticism and was an aid to the splendid  
poetry to which I shall shortly refer.  
Meanwhile, Religion was soon to receive

a much stronger philosophical support at the hands of a chain of thinkers, all of whom had absorbed the Neoplatonist and Aristotelian systems. Their names and periods are as follows :—

- A.D. 850—Abu Yaqub al-Kindi, the Arabian.
- „ 950—Abu Nasr al-Farabi, the Turk.
- „ 1000—Abu Ali ibn Maskawaih, the Physician.
- „ 1030—Abu Ali ibn Sina of Bokhara, commonly known as “Avicenna.”
- „ 1185—Abu Bekr Muhammad ibn Tufail, of Guadix, in Spain.
- „ 1170—Abu-l-Walid ibn Roshd, of Cordova, commonly known as “Averroes.”

Of these men the greatest in point of influence were Ibn Sina for the East and Ibn Roshd for the West.

To show the way in which the philosopher Avicenna deals with religious mysticism, I quote the following passage on the state of Ecstasy, the complete immersion in, and absorption by The One, The True, The Eternal :—

Then, when a man's desires are raised to a high pitch, and he is sufficiently well exercised in that way, there will appear to him some small glimmerings of the Truth, as it were flashes of lightning, very delightful, which just shine upon him and then go out. Then the more he exercises himself, the more often he'll perceive them . . . . till, through frequent exercise, he at last attains to a perfect tranquillity : and that which used to appear to him only by fits and starts, becomes habitual ; and that which was only a glimmering before a constant light.—(“The Awakening of the Soul,” p. 27, Jno. Murray.)

#### VI. AL-GHAZZALI.

The reaction against speculative philosophy in Islam was led by Abu Hamid ibn Muhammad Al-Ghazzali of Khorassan, who was born in A.D. 1058. He became a great Imam and restored mysticism to orthodoxy by his *Destruction of Philosophers*. His writings are simple and persuasive, as the following passages taken from an autobiography will indicate. I have already quoted a passage from his pen in Section II. of this article.

When God in the abundance of His mercy had healed me of this malady, I ascertained that those who are engaged in the search for truth may be divided into three groups.

I.—Scholastic theologians, who profess to follow theory and speculation.

II.—The Philosophers, who profess to rely upon formal logic.

III.—The Sufis, who call themselves the elect of God, and possessors of intuition and knowledge of the truth by means of ecstasy.

“The truth,” I said to myself, “must be found among these three classes of men who devote themselves to the search for it. If it escapes them, one must give up all hope of attaining it.

When I had finished my examination of these doctrines I applied myself to the study of Sufism. I saw that in order to understand it thoroughly one must combine theory with practice. The aim which the Sufis set before them is as follows : To free the soul from the tyrannical yoke of the passions, to deliver it from its wrong inclinations and evil instincts, in order that in the purified heart there should only remain room for God and for the invocation of His holy name.

By means of this contemplation of heavenly forms and images they rise by degrees to heights which human language cannot reach, which one cannot even indicate without falling into great and inevitable errors. The degree of proximity to Deity which they attain is regarded by some as Intermixture of being, by others as Identification, by others as Intimate Union. But all these expressions are wrong.

In short, he who does not arrive at the intuition of these truths by means of ecstasy, knows only the *name* of inspiration.—(“The Confessions of Al-Ghazzali,” Jno. Murray.)

#### VII. THE POETS.

Mysticism, in its very nature, cannot receive exposition by means of Philosophy or Theology, for both of these depend upon the work of the intellect ; nevertheless, there is an intellectual part to mysticism which has to be prepared before the instrument of poetry can be effectively used. But it is not too much to say that no form of mysticism has been expressed more beautifully by poesy than that of the Persians. I give a list of the chief writers of note, headed by the composer of the Persian national epic, *The Shahnamah*, who though not belonging to the mystics *per se*, yet perfected and popularised the art of versification.

- A.D. 1011—Firdawsi completed the *Shahnamah*.
- „ 1193-1291—Muslih-ud-Din Sa'di, of Shiraz.
- „ 1207-1273—Jalalu'd-Din Rumi, of Balkh.
- „ 1230—Faridu'd Din Attar.
- „ 1350—Khwaja Shamsu'd-Din al Hafiz, of Shiraz.
- „ 1414-1492—Nur - addin abd - Arahaman Jami.

I regret that I cannot give more space to the work of these talented men, but I can advise my readers to study their writings. Sadi composed no less than twenty-two books, the chief of which are his *Gulistan* or "Rose Garden," *Bustan* or "Garden of Perfume," and *Pand Namah* or "Scroll of Wisdom." From the first-named I quote a few lines indicative of the theme and its treatment in prose and verse :—

Should any ask me on His form to dwell,  
Helpless I say,—“ He hath no parallel.”  
The lovers by the loved one all are slain,  
No voice can answer from the dead again.

A holy man who had drawn over his head the cowl of meditation, and had been plunged into the ocean of reverie, was asked when he returned from that state, by one of his friends seeking to cheer him : “ What rare thing hast thou brought us from the garden where thou hast been ? ” He replied, “ I fancied to myself and said, ‘ When I reach the rose-bower I will fill the skirts of my robe with the roses as a present to my friends ’ ; but the perfume of the flowers so intoxicated me that I let go the stold of my skirt.”—(“ The Rose Garden of Sadi,” Jno. Murray.)

The greatest of all the brilliant group is Jalâl, whose *Masnavi* exists in English prose and metrical translations. I give two specimens :—

O Thou Who art my soul’s comfort in the season  
of sorrow,  
O Thou Who art my spirit’s treasure in the  
bitterness of dearth !  
That which the imagination has not conceived  
That which the understanding has not seen,  
Visited my soul from Thee ; hence in worship  
I turn toward Thee.  
By Thy grace I keep fixed on Eternity my  
amorous gaze,  
Except, O King, the pomps that perish lead me  
astray.  
The favour of that one, who brings glad tidings  
of Thee,  
Even without Thy summons is sweeter in mine  
ear than songs.—(“ The Persian Mystics,”  
p. 47, Jno. Murray.)

When all the world has gone to rest,  
O Wake in Me !  
When tired Eyes close by Sleep opprest  
O Wake in Me.  
When Eyes in Heaven all sleepless watch  
with Starry gaze,  
Make my blind Orbs thy Home as Guest,  
O Wake in Me !  
When all my outer Gates of Sense  
are shut and barr’d ;

Lest lone, my Soul be fear-possessed,  
O Wake in Me !  
That no grim Power of Darkness through  
the Gloom around,  
My deeper Peace and Calm molest,  
O Wake in Me !  
From Eden’s Garden still soft blown,  
That fragrant Air  
The healing Tree of Life attest,  
O Wake in Me !  
That once, at least in Dream, Life’s good  
be here attained,  
The Heart no more by pain distrest,  
O Wake in Me !  
—(“ The Festival of Spring,” Hastie, p. 53.)

Jami was Sufi, theologian, allegorist and poet. He composed numerous works ; two were devoted to the story of Yusuf and Zulaikha and Salaman and Absal respectively. In the former Yusuf (Joseph of the Old Testament) is shown as the symbol of the pure soul which resists the temptations of the lower nature, and in the latter Salaman symbolises the soul, captivated by the life of the flesh, ultimately struggling to freedom. Needless to say, the poetic treatment of these outwardly romantic but inwardly spiritual themes is beautiful and edifying. I now give a specimen from the *Lawa’ih*, a treatise in prose and verse on Sufi theosophy. The book consists of “ flashes,” one of which will serve as a specimen.

The Absolute Beauty is the Divine Majesty endowed with [the attributes of] power and bounty. Every beauty and perfection manifested in the theatre of the various grades of beings is a ray of His perfect beauty reflected therein. It is from these rays that exalted souls have received their impress of beauty and their quality of perfection. Whosoever is wise derives his wisdom from the Divine wisdom. Wherever intelligence is found it is the fruit of the Divine intelligence. In a word, all are attributes of Deity which have descended from the zenith of the Universal and Absolute to the nadir of the particular and relative. [They have descended] to the end that thou mayest direct thy course from the part towards the Whole, and from the relative deduce the Absolute, and not imagine the part to be distinct from the Whole, nor be so engrossed with what is merely relative as to cut thyself off from the Absolute.

—(*Lawa’ih*, p. 22, Royal Asiatic Society.)

I hope to be able to contribute an article on Jalalud-Din Rumi and Hafiz at a later date.

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

# An Outline of Homœopathy

By D. WILMER

[The following article contains some interesting information about the methods and principles of a Science, with the name of which everybody is familiar, but about which nine people out of ten have really no accurate knowledge.]

**T**HE Principle of Homœopathy was known to and expounded by the ancient physician Hippocrates, known as the "Father of Medicine," and he writes of it in the following terms :

"By similar things disease is produced, and by similar things administered to the sick they are healed of their diseases."

An Eastern poem of still earlier date sings out its truths in a few bold words :

"It has been heard of old time in the world, that poison is the remedy for poison."

So we can safely assert that the Law of Homœopathy is no newly discovered one, but just a re-statement, in more definite and practical form, of a very old truth.

That Homœopathy has survived bitter, relentless, and virulent persecution of a pronounced type is a tribute to the soundness of its working principles, and to the untiring energy and zeal of those medical practitioners who have so nobly sacrificed their own interests in the advancement of a worthy cause.

The earliest physician to implant the seed of the Law of Homœopathy firmly in the medical soil of the day was Samuel Hahnemann, a native of Meissen in Saxony. The medical treatment of his time was both drastic and crude, its effects uncertain and baleful. Hahnemann set to work to purify it of its dross and to prove conclusively the correctness of his since famous axiom : "*Similia similibus curan-*

*tur*" ("Likes are cured by likes"). He accomplished the task to his own satisfaction and that of many of his contemporaries, and from this period onwards Homœopathy has asserted itself in an ever-increasing degree and remained unshaken by the stress and storm of violent antagonism. Truly a house that has its foundation upon a rock.

In the minds of most people, Homœopathy is invariably associated with the infinitesimal dose, and it is upon the "nothingness" of his infinitesimal dose that the average person founders. He leaps to the conclusion that cures by Homœopathy are wrought by virtue of this minute dose ; any recovery, therefore, by such means implies that the patient would have regained his health without having had recourse to medical treatment at all. How erroneous this conception is we shall now endeavour to show.

The principle of Homœopathy consists in the administration of a remedy that produces in a healthy body effects similar to those disease-symptoms it is needed to cure. The actual size of the dose has nothing to do with this principle ; any doctor who dispenses a drug in conformity with the rules laid down by Hahnemann is practising Homœopathy, whether the dose be small or whether it be large. For, while it is true that Homœopaths *do* give minute doses of highly potentised drugs, this must not be taken as the fundamental basis of their system, which relies for its

results solely upon the *similia similibus curantur* of the immortal Samuel Hahnemann. They argue, and logically too, that if a small dose will cure, why give a large one? What becomes of the surplus drug?

It is constantly urged that faith is the factor which produces the astounding recoveries so often occurring in patients treated along Hahnemannian lines. But if faith be the factor in Homœopathy, the same must be said equally of all other systems. We know that certain varieties of maladies *do* yield to faith-healing alone, and, when this is the case, Homœopathy is merely the channel through which the faith flows. Such cures, when they transpire, are obviously not cures by Homœopathy but cures by faith. The majority of patients who seek out a Hahnemannian physician have already tried in vain innumerable palliatives and endless cures and baths, and their stock of faith is at its lowest ebb. Many, too, are exceedingly prejudiced against this form of treatment, and try it in sheer desperation because their bodily sufferings are so intensely severe that any kind of medical aid is preferable to inaction. To attribute faith to babies and animals is quite out of the question, yet the effect of Homœopathy on these is fully as powerful and beneficial as it is on human adults.

Another argument may be equally refuted, *viz.*, the faith of the physician in the drug he selects. Were this a fact, any drug—and any potency of the same—would answer the purpose as well. But well we know that any drug and any potency thereof will not suffice, as the prescriber knows to his cost. It is hardly

surprising that the belief in the “nothingness” of attenuated drugs should be a common one, for the matter takes us really beyond the confines of the physical plane; and the mind reels before the immenseness of a problem that it seeks to unravel in vain.

It will be wise at this juncture to give a brief outline of the methods of attenuation, and to demonstrate the irrefragable power of these same attenuations.

A concentrated essence is scientifically prepared from the herbs, plants, or poisons it is desired to include in the Homœopathic *Materia Medica*. This essence is termed the “Mother Tincture” and from it all subsequent attenuations are evolved. By taking one drop of mother tincture, and adding to it 99 drops of alcohol, we obtain the first centesimal dilution; to make the second dilution, one drop of the first dilution is added to 99 drops of alcohol; to make the third dilution one drop of the second dilution is added to 99 drops of alcohol, and so on all up the scale. The decimal attenuations are similarly potentised, 1 in 9 being the proportional part employed instead of 1 in 99.

A dose consists usually of from one to five drops of any potency. The figures given below\* will serve to demonstrate how impossible it is for the human mind to follow the ladder of potentisation in its range from the first centesimal dilution to the hundredth-thousandth, the highest of all.

The triturations are prepared with sugar of milk. A machine incorporates the substance into the powder, each attenuation requiring a definite number of turns of the apparatus for the breaking-up

\* TABLE OF PROPORTIONAL CENTESIMAL HOMŒOPATHIC ATTENUATIONS.

1st dilution contains 1 drop mother tincture in	100	drops alcohol
2nd	100,000	” ”
3rd	100,000,000	” ”
4th	100,000,000,000	” ”
5th	100,000,000,000,000	” ”
6th	100,000,000,000,000,000	” ”
7th	100,000,000,000,000,000,000	” ”
8th	100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	” ”
9th	100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	” ”
10th	100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000	” ”

*A complete drop of the original tincture of a potency could not be swallowed by a patient during his lifetime, even were he to take a dose every hour of the day and night.*

process. With the fluids, succussion separates the particles of the drug, 100 knocks being allowed to each dilution. One drop of a tincture attenuated in its entirety to the thirtieth centesimal dilution would occupy a space 57 times as large as our Earth; and any conception of the hundredth-thousandth potency is utterly beyond the power of the human mind to apprehend. No wonder the world is sceptical of homœopathic cures, with such stupendous facts to face! When, however, the searchlight of the scientist is turned upon this intricate and perplexing problem, considerable illumination is afforded.

A series of tests were recently made with triturations of Radium Bromide run up to the thirtieth centesimal attenuation. A photograph was then taken of an object that had been previously exposed to the rays of this highly potentised substance for a period of 48 hours, and a distinct impression appeared upon the plate. Lower attenuations yielded more brilliant results, while the twelfth trituration was powerful enough to impress the sensitive plate through a maple plank half-an-inch thick.

And this property of asserting itself is not confined to Radium Bromide alone. Scientific research work has brought to light undreamt-of wonders, the realities of which continued experiment tends to confirm. It is said that the latent force contained in one gram of copper would draw a train 500 tons in weight four-and-a-quarter times round the Earth. Darwin's experiments with copper-infected water furnished him with no less startling results, and add yet another link to the expanding chain of evidence. He suspended a copper coin in a litre of water for a number of hours, and saturated some plants with the potentised liquid. All the plants were killed. When the glass had been thoroughly cleansed with repeated washings in cold and in boiling water, he again moistened the plants with the neutral contents of the same vessel and again the plants died. The coral extracts from the water calcareous particles so minute that no chemical test can discover them.

Diminutive portions of polonium will cause a diamond to flash in the dark. The analyst would search in vain for a trace of the copper coin that proved itself so deadly a foe to the plants; and fruitless, too, would be his quest for tangible evidence of the existence of the calcareous particles upon which the coral thrives.

What has Hahnemann to say about the hidden power that manifests through potentised drugs?

He tells us that a potency can be imparted to any drug substance by sufficient trituration, even when the substance is inert in its original form. He says:

"Homœopathic dynamisations are processes by means of which the medical properties of drugs, which are in a latent state in the crude substance, are excited and enabled to act dynamically upon the vital force."

The truth of the above statement has since been confirmed by more recent research, as a quotation from Dr. Le Bon will show:

"Matter hitherto deemed indestructible vanishes slowly by the continuous dissociation of its component atoms. Matter represents a stable form of intra-atomic energy; heat, light, electricity, etc., represent unstable forms of it. As the energy condensed in the atom is immense in quantity, it results from this that to an extremely slight loss in matter there corresponds the creation of an enormous quantity of energy. Substances termed 'radio-active,' as radium or uranium, simply present in a high degree a phenomenon that all matter possesses to some extent."

We are also told that from a weak solution of sodium chloride issue forth electrons of chlorine and sodium. With a strong solution this does not take place, the vital part of the minerals being imprisoned in too close column for the energy to manifest itself. This indwelling spirit of the drug was termed by Hahnemann the "*dynamis*"—it corresponds, perhaps, to the *arcanum* of the great Homœopathic physician and alchemist, Theophrastus von Hohenheim, who flourished in the XVIth Century.

The case for Homœopathy has been so lucidly summed up by a leading Hahnemannian physician that we record his words below :

It is known that it is a law of the universe that there must be affinities between agents which influence each other. I do not see how it is possible to reason otherwise than that any drug action implies some property attached to the drug—its radiation or emanation—which is related in an affinitive sense to the life forces and can thus call out an action of the life forces. We require a medium which will receive and carry the emanations or radiations, and even to develop them from the drug to which they belong, and thus we get away from the original substance.

Thus, to use an analogy, certain agents can receive from radium its properties and transmit them. A cruder illustration is that scents are not scents unless there is an aerial medium to convey their emanations.

The more matter approaches the imponderable, the more it develops powers and forces undreamt of before. Homœopathic attenuation is a development of those undeveloped forces. Our deeply acting medicines are chiefly used in the higher potencies. To my mind that means that the properties attached to the drug have been ætherialised or spiritualised (if I may use these terms) and so made capable of producing a greater action in the life forces, because less materialistic and therefore more in affinity with those life forces.

Physicists are now agreed that, the more matter is broken up into small mass and made discontinuous, the more it alters its properties. The nearer we get to the atomic nature of any substance, the more we find the properties modified. Even the action exerted upon them by what we term physical laws is modified to some extent. If the physical properties are thus altered, we have reason to suspect that the chemical or physiological properties likewise undergo a change.

The Club Moss known as *Lycopodium*—used by the old school as an inert coating for pills—is a striking example of the latent force stored up in so-called inert substances. Given in bulk its effect on the body is *nil*; when, however, it has been subjected to vigorous trituration an essential oil is set free, and this oil plays an important part in the healing of disease. *Lycopodium*, as used by the Homœopaths, is such an exceedingly powerful medicine, and produces, in potency, such unlooked for aggravations and alarming symptoms that some physicians hesitate to administer it. Silica is often described by medical men as the "Homœopathic Surgeon";

one of its actions consists in driving from the body poisons in the shape of boils and carbuncles from within to without. When triturated, its particles—composed of little arrow-headed projectiles—retain their form as long as it is possible for the microscope to reveal them to the eye. 1 per cent. of bismuth added to unalloyed gold renders it so brittle that if dropped it causes it to snap, and 5 per cent. of the same metal acts in a similar manner on copper.

By virtue of a mass of evidence all pointing in the same direction, the supernatural power of infinitesimal substances is well on the way towards being accepted as a commonplace fact. Healthy tissue is considerably less sensitive to the action of drugs than diseased tissue; the latter in consequence responds freely to minute quantities of dynamised curative substances. For the proving of a given herb, mineral or other medicinal product, often quite large doses must be swallowed by the "provers" before the symptoms peculiar to the drug are evoked. For the complete "proving" of any drug a number of "provers" are required, because no two individuals react exactly in the same way to the derangement caused by the disturbing element. Hundreds of symptoms are called forth by each drug, and these drug-pictures, as they are called, correspond to the disease-symptoms of the patient in a greater or lesser degree. The more the drug-picture resembles the patient's condition, the quicker and more certain the cure, provided always that a cure be possible. Homœopaths do not—as some allege—look upon symptoms as the actual disease, but rather as a manifestation of disease, a disharmony in the vital forces. They treat the individual apart from the disease from which he is said to be suffering; they have no specifics, and do not treat all cases of the same complaint with identical drugs. Six persons under treatment for rheumatism might each require a different remedy or remedies, whilst six with separate diseases might all yield to the action of the same drug. The Homœopath takes into consideration symptoms that to the ordinary medical

mind would appear futile and valueless as a guide to curative measures. The New School physician hears the rheumatic victim complain of aggravation of pain before a storm; that he is worse when he first starts to move, and better after movement; that he must constantly change his position; that he cannot move because the agony is thereby rendered past endurance; or that he is worse when thoroughly warm in bed; from 4 to 8 p.m.; at 3 a.m., and hundreds of other trifling details. Yet these strange and peculiar symptoms, told to the doctor in the patient's own words, are the very ones that give him such a powerful weapon wherewith to fight disease, and it is upon the successful elucidation of these symptoms, coupled with the intuitive insight required in the selection of the appropriate drug, that his success entirely depends.

One of Hahnemann's most stringent rules was that which regulated the repetition of the dose in chronic disease. On no account must a second dose be administered until the effects of the first had completely worn off. Any breach of this rule was liable to spoil the case. The duration of the drug-effect is measured by the period occupied between the amelioration of the condition and its relapse; the return of the disease-symptoms in a less aggravated form calls for a renewal of the dose, when the same process is repeated, until the patient ceases to react to that particular potency of the curative remedy. A higher attenuation is then given. The action of a single dose extends frequently over a period of several weeks or even several months.

Wherein lies the immeasurable power that exists in the profoundly philosophical system of the Homœopaths? Shall we not presume that they have within their grasp a curative principle based upon cosmic law? *There can be but one fundamental basis for all methods of cure, and that basis one which rouses the resistive powers of the organism to work out its own salvation.* And may we not infer that Homœopathy stimulates these natural resistive powers of the body of man more effectively than does its antagonist, the Allopathic School?

And if this is not so, why have the 50,000 Homœopathic physicians of the present day ceased to practise Allopathy—the nursery in which all were reared? The answer is obvious. It is because they have all proved the vast superiority of Homœopathy over Allopathy, and ascertained by their own experiments the truth of Homœopathic principles.

The advantages of Homœopathy over Allopathy are apparent from every point of view. The potencies are non-cumulative, and so do not injure the most delicate tissues. It acts *with* Nature and not *against* her,—Homœopathy *versus* Allopathy; the remedies are tasteless, the cures wrought with more lasting results, while the minimum of discomfort is caused to the patient. The occult working of the dynamised drug on the diseased organism of the patient has given rise to various hypotheses which all seek to solve the complex character of the problem. The unwelcome intrusion of a higher expression of the existing disease, in the form of a drug that has the power to produce a similar array of symptoms in a normal body, perhaps urges the healthy cells to put forth their utmost endeavour to oust the enemy from the land. And what can have more power to break up and disperse a mass of diseased tissue than a substance that has affinity with that disease—and therefore the power to exert an influence upon it by virtue of that affinity? A helpful analogy may be drawn from the Japanese science of ju-jitsu, which defeats the enemy, not by antagonising him, but by continuing and elaborating his own movements and adapting them to the exigencies of the moment, and so ensuring a complete and certain victory over the foe.

An interesting discovery has been made by a medical man who has since become a Homœopath. A clairvoyant friend observed that the doctor's etheric body changed in colour when different drugs picked up at random were held in his hand. The doctor found that a quarter of a grain of morphia kept in his pocket for a period of seven days rendered him cross and irritable. This circumstance led him to

suspect that the effect of a given drug on the etheric body was the opposite of that produced on the physical body. Further experiment confirmed his opinion, and so he was induced to study—and finally to accept—the law of Homœopathy. The table of statistics given below affords conclusive proof that not only is Homœopathy superior to Allopathy, but that from an economic point of view as well it scores a decisive victory.

#### ASIATIC CHOLERA.

1831–1832.—Mortality per cent. under Allopathic treatment, 40; under Homœopathic treatment, 10. In 1854: Allopathic, 59.2; Homœopathic, 16.4.

In a Michigan State prison.—Under Allopathy, 1857–8–9, average number of convicts per annum, 435; number of deaths, 39; number of days' labour lost by sickness, 23,000; total cost of hospital stores, \$1,678. Under Homœopathy, 1860–1–2, average number of convicts per annum, 545; total number of deaths, 20; number of days' labour lost by sickness, 10,000; total cost of hospital stores, \$600.

In concluding what the writer feels to be a very inadequate attempt to paint a vivid picture of the marvels of Homœopathy, it has been thought advisable to record one or two striking illustrations of disease conquered by the Hahnemannian method. The cases are taken from a Homœopathic medical journal, a guarantee in itself of their authenticity.

Case 1.—Married woman, age 66. Rheumatoid Arthritis. Afflicted for eight years; utterly helpless and crippled, unable to stand or walk.

September 19th, 1912: Three doses of medicine. October 17: Slightly better, can wind up her watch; no medicine. October 31st: At a standstill; a single dose of a 200th potency administered. December 6th: Less pain, less stiff; three doses of medicine. January 19th, 1913: Very much better, can wash face and hands herself for the first time for many years; can crochet; no medicine. February 6th: Not so well; medicine again. March 6th: Better except for a cold which pulled her down; medicine once more. May 15th: Much the same; medicine repeated. June 24th: Very much better; knees less swollen and painful; go flatter in bed; no medicine. August 24th: Still improving to date of publication of journal.

Case 2.—Married woman, age 71. Violent morning vomiting for over thirty years. February 9th, 1913: Getting very much worse; a single dose of sepia 30 was administered and caused a severe temporary aggravation of symptoms which passed off in a few hours, eliminating at the same time the entire trouble. The woman has been well ever since.

Case 3.—A girl of 13 was admitted to the hospital in June, 1912, her body grotesquely contorted, her legs drawn up and twisted. It was only possible for her to sit on one-half inch of chair, the ossified tendons being harder than the natural bones. After a year's treatment with infrequent doses, she could walk about with the aid of a stick, and wheel a patient the whole length of a lawn.

If Homœopathy can do good in such terribly intractable diseases as those cited above, the facts should be widely known, that all the world may learn and thereby profit. The day approaches when Allopathy and Homœopathy will join hands in a common bond.

D. WILMER.

#### NOTICE.

*News about the internal life and work of the Order of the Star in the East throughout the world is now contained in the quarterly International Bulletin of the Order, published at one shilling per annum for the British Empire and the United States of America, and one shilling and twopence for all other countries—in both cases, postage free. Those who wish to subscribe to the Bulletin should send in their subscriptions to the Publisher, Mr. W. McLellan, 240, Hope Street, Glasgow, Scotland. Two numbers of the Bulletin—those for March and June—have already been published, and the next is due in September. More subscribers are urgently needed, in order to make the Bulletin self-supporting.*

# Building the Kingdom of Heaven

By W. H. EVANS

“The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.”—  
JESUS.

“And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.”—  
THE REVELATION OF JOHN.”

**T**O-DAY the student of social evolution finds himself presented with many perplexing problems. He sees humanity, which for millennia has been familiar with the highest ethical teaching, still in the morass of selfishness, stumbling blindly on, catching at straws, hugging illusions, accepting falsehood as truth, and dimly wondering what is the meaning of the “welter and the woe” which dog the steps of man. The student, seeing this, realising the value of a high ethical standard, perceiving that the highest ethics have been taught by the Great Ones of all ages, casts about to try and discover the reason for the profound difference between precept and practice. If, he argues, the Kingdom of Heaven is within, we should expect to find some evidence of its existence reflected in man’s outer life. But all the evidence seems to prove that the Kingdom of Heaven is as much a production from without as from within man; that the Kingdom of Heaven can only come by man zealously working for it; by providing a social condition that shall be heavenly; by eliminating all causes that make for human selfishness; by abolishing the god profit and putting use in its place; by rebuilding our cities,

destroying all slums, and completely reconstructing our social life. Only thus, he argues, can the Kingdom of Heaven be realised.

On the other hand, we have the student who, believing that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, argues that only as men realise its presence in their life can the social state of man be altered. The one seeks to produce the Ideal Man through the Ideal State; the other seeks to produce the Ideal State through the Ideal Man. Between the two schools there seems to be a great gulf fixed. Both proclaim the need of a high ethical standard; but the former rigidly excludes religion. His ethic, while clear and pure, lacks warmth. It is of the head. His conception of the ideal Social State is machine like. Everything is ordered with rigid precision. His beings are economic factors moving to a certain standard, set to the greatest good, for the greatest number. He sinks the individual in the State. He makes him subservient to it. His ideal man is more of an automaton, unconscious of the bonds which fasten him to the economic wheel. He is happy, according to his conception of happiness. He is freer than the man of to-day; has greater opportunities, but because he is largely an artificial production, is under the Law, instead of being above it. The emphasis is laid upon environment, as the almighty factor. The individual will is narrowed to the life of the State; instead of the State being an expression of the individual.

This condition, however, would, in many respects, be superior to what obtains to-day. There would be no slums, no rich, no poor. There would be enough and to spare for all. But it would be a State held together by force, instead of by love, and, as such, would contain the seeds of disintegration and decay. It is possible, on the other hand, that humanity will have to progress through some such condition before it reaches the standard of the perfect man.

The fact that we have been in the possession of the highest ethics for centuries and have not yet reached a condition where we can live them indicates, I think, that it is useless to expect that humanity can be remade from without. The growth toward the Ideal State must be from within. It is the natural method. But it must be admitted that the conditions for such expression have not been of the best. But even where the conditions have been favourable, we have not seen that development of the Kingdom of Heaven within man that we should expect. Hence we are continually being faced with the statement that human nature is inherently selfish and cannot be altered.

It must be admitted that human nature is selfish. The perception of a higher ethic does not always carry with it the power to live it. Man is prone to take the line of least resistance. If telling a lie is easier in certain circumstances than telling the truth, he will probably tell the lie. The whole of our social system is an expression of selfishness, because we do not recognise the need of living the ethics we profess to believe. As a matter of fact, our ethical standard varies with the circumstances we find ourselves in. Amongst our friends we act up to one standard, in our business life we use another. But the whole of our life is so inter-related that, despite the present selfish scramble, misnamed "civilisation," one part cannot suffer without detriment to the whole.

The fault of the externalist is that he does not recognise Soul. A man is a bundle of tendencies, which may be directed into any channel, or developed in any way that chance may dictate. But

the fact that man is a spiritual being, that the physical is but the outward expression of the man, is one that continually upsets the economic sum. You can never be absolutely sure that in a given set of circumstances a man will act in a given way. A dozen men in the same circumstances will act differently, because they are not constituted alike. But the externalist often overlooks this, and argues that they will.

It is apparent, then, that, if the Kingdom of Heaven is to be built, the work of both sets of thinkers must go on concurrently. In the past, religion has ignored the economic factor. It has concentrated too much upon soul, and its vision has been directed to the life beyond. Its professors have been too ready to hold out the promise of social readjustments in heaven, instead of seeking to get them here. This is one of the reasons why religion is discredited to-day. Religious professors have overlooked the fact that the salvation of bodies is as essential as the salvation of souls. A starved and stunted body cannot provide the best conditions for man's spiritual and ethical development.

It will therefore be essential to go on with the work of social reconstruction, but not to lose sight of the spiritual factors necessary for a permanent social betterment. And, as the basis of all ethic lies in the power of sacrifice, it will be necessary for those who now live at the expense of, and on the labours of others, to recognise the solidarity of the human race and cooperate with their humbler brethren for the common weal. A true religious influence will permeate all spheres of life and, displacing illusions, seek to establish Truth as the final authority: destroying falsehood and error and thus freeing our social life from the incubus which now weighs upon it.

The law of cause and effect is continually operative, and we cannot expect to escape the consequences of our wrong doing, though in our social relationships we often act as if we could. A true civic idealism will find its expression in an observance of those social amenities which make for righteousness. And the building of beauti-

ful cities will only be possible when civic beauty is developed within the soul. The statement of Jesus that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," reveals at once the central fact of all social and spiritual development. John's vision, on the other hand, is the complement of this perception. The New Jerusalem comes out of heaven from God. Thus the outer must always be an expression of the inner. First the ideal born within, then the actual as an expression of it. And according to our ideals do we build. The building of the Kingdom of Heaven will only be possible when men visualise it in their souls, when through suffering and pain they realise that there is a better way. And the work of the reformer will be to stimulate into activity the power of righteousness and love within man.

Recognising, then, the two factors, as both equally necessary, we can see our way more plainly. The purification and not the destruction of religion is what is needed. That religion seems to have failed is due to the fact that it has not been a real force in the individual and collective life of men and nations. It has been misused. The great religious belief in God, with all its splendid and glorious connotations, cannot be given up. The vision of the perfect State, which haunts the soul of man, comes from an interior perception of man's latent god-like powers. "Ye shall be perfect even as your Father is perfect." And the image of the Father in the souls of His children is a promise that they will one day grow into the likeness of the Father. The conception of human brotherhood grows as much out of religion as out of ethics, and it must be realised within before it can be expressed without. The creation of a perfect State will be no sudden thing. It will be a growth; the collective work of individuals. Just as the collective labour of coral insects makes islands, so will the collective labour of men build the Kingdom of Heaven.

Every influence and power that has for its objective the production of the perfect State needs co-ordinating. To-day we are presented with the fact that there are a number of influences working toward the

ideal State, but in the main they are isolated and fragmentary. The Trades Union movement has not yet awakened to its tremendous ethical possibilities. It does not recognise the whole community, but only certain sections of it. What its units have failed to recognise is that Labour is one, and that the well-being of the humblest labourer in the State is as much the concern of the workers as is the condition of the greatest. There is a great deal of foolish pride existing, the skilled worker regarding himself as superior to the unskilled; while the controversy over Craft and Industrial Unionism is one that reveals a lack of spiritual insight. It may seem strange to speak of "spiritual insight" in such a connection. But the whole social movement is an urge of the Spirit toward greater freedom. It is, in fact, an expression of those greater spiritual possibilities seeking fuller and more abundant life. And, if it seem to take strange forms, we must bear in mind that it has to conform to the circumstances which it finds in being. Thus at present its influence is directed towards wresting from the possessing class the necessities for the continued betterment of the humbler class of workers. Not the highest ideal, certainly, but a step in the right direction, and one which will lead to a clearer perception of the true inwardness of social reform.

The Socialist movement is split up into groups and coteries enunciating different theories, and, up to the present, it has seemed the hotbed of materialism. Consequently there is a scattering of energies, —each section seeking its own way, each held within the narrow circle of the "little self," each afraid to take the spiritual plunge that shall help in the abandonment of the "little self," and result in discovering the "greater self." True, many of the leaders of these reform movements have the larger vision, but it is certain that, until the rank and file share that vision, progress will be slow. In this, as in other things, the slowest sets the pace. The truth of this may be seen in the failure of the International at the outbreak of hostilities, in the fact that the Socialists

of the different countries are arrayed against each other. True, there are some who have remained steadfast to the faith that is in them, who, having caught the gleam of a great truth, are earnestly striving to make the International a real force in European life. The failure of the International is not to be wondered at. Its idea is comparatively new, and it has not been long enough in existence to imbue the rank and file with its own great vision. Its standard is necessarily a lofty one, and it must be as much an ethical force as an economic one. Nay, more so; for, when ethics become a mere appanage of economics, when they are made to depend upon economic factors, we cannot expect to see any great progress made. A true Economic will be governed by moral perception; and crude force must give way to the higher altruistic influence of love.

It is this division of forces and scattering of energies which is such a hindrance to the progress of the race. I believe it is this, and not the force of reaction, which is the real enemy of progress. The weakness which comes from disunion prevents the power of love from operating to its full extent. What is not realised is that tyrants are not strong, but weak men. It takes a strong man to resist the tempta-

tions which circumstances put in the way of the tyrant. The tyrant is only possible because those under him permit the abuse of power. Is it not evident, then, that man's response to his environment will be in direct ratio to his inner spiritual development? That, as all social States have been, and are, the outward expressions of the collective thought-life of the people, so will they continue to be. Hence it is more than ever necessary to-day to hold forth those shining ideals of the Spirit which demand an even greater measure of service. It is evident that mankind must be awakened to this perception, and that only through its aid can it ever build the Kingdom of Heaven.

All influences will thus be necessary, and men must grow toward the necessity for co-ordinating their forces. And those who are active in progressive movements need to understand the need of tolerance, just as much as those who are opposed to progress recognise the need of force to stay progress.

I am convinced that the Ideal State will only come through the Ideal Man; but I am also convinced of the necessity to produce those conditions which will call forth the Ideal Man from the tomb of selfishness in which he is now immured.

W. H. EVANS.

## I Shall Know Him.

*If He comes in a cloud of blazing light,  
With hosts of angels in armour bright,  
And a flaming sword to demand the right,  
Shall I know Him then  
When He comes again?*

*If He comes with the blast of a trumpet call,  
To summon each one to the judgment hall,  
And condemn the sinful, one and all,  
Shall I know Him then  
When He comes again?*

*If He speaks the word that makes men free,  
Gives life and love abundantly,  
Then I shall know that it is He;  
I shall know Him then  
When He comes again.*

*If He comes like the dawn of rosy light,  
In waves of love, on its morning flight,  
Driving away the shadows of night,  
I shall know Him then  
When He comes again.*

*If He heals the sick and the heart that's torn,  
Brings peace and comfort to those who mourn,  
And lightens the load we all have borne,  
I shall know Him then  
When He comes again.*

C. F. HOLLAND.

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As "The Herald of the Star" includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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## The Watcher

*After the long agony, the sorrow and the  
pain,  
After vain tears and striving, and the cry  
Of struggling nations, fearful lest they  
die,  
Borne on the wings of angel-harmony,  
Wilt Thou, O Lord of Peace, ah, wilt Thou  
come again ?*

*Into all hearts' dreariness, hearts that long  
have lain  
Emptied of hope and broken from the strife,  
Cold with long waiting, with dark doubting  
rise,  
Wilt Thou bring comfort, everlasting life ?  
Wilt Thou, O Lord of Light, ah, wilt Thou  
come again ?*

*When the snow of perfect peace upon the  
ground is lain,  
In that great hush of starlit ecstasy,  
Heralds swift of thine approach may thine  
angels be,  
And in the night-time softly speak to me,  
Saying : " Behold ! The Lord of all, He is  
come again."*

*Lo, may they find me as a shepherd swain,  
Watching my flocks, sweet thoughts of Him,  
awake.  
Lo, may they bid me seek the Babe, and make  
My prayer to Him. Fain I my heart would  
take  
And lowly lay before the little Lord Christ  
come again.*

VIOLET GILLESPIE.

## On the Mountain Side

*I lie upon the mountain side  
And think of Thee ;  
In all the beauty round me spread  
Thyself I see.  
The soft, white clouds, the blue beyond,  
The sun's warm rays,  
The distant landscape's tender tones,  
All speak Thy praise.  
Naught know I of the hidden lore  
Earth's secrets hold ;  
These rocks to my unlearnèd eye  
No tales unfold.  
Yet to my spirit's inner gaze  
A vision great  
Of sheltering strength and refuge sure  
These crags relate.  
The mystery of seed and flower  
To me is sealed,  
The springs of action in the ant  
Pass unrevealed.*

*But in each tiny leaf and cup  
A world I see,  
And in the insect's perfect form,  
Infinity.  
And so I find another lore  
No words can tell ;  
In every glimpse of Nature's heart  
To feel the spell.  
And may not ignorance be bliss  
And folly wise,  
To those who view this universe  
Thro' spirit's eyes ?  
So tho' no student's lore be mine  
By which to read  
The working out of Nature's plan  
In herb and seed,  
Yet this my thankful heart's desire  
Fulfilled shall be :  
To rest throughout the sunny hours  
Among the humble little flowers,  
And worship Thee.*

F. EVERY-CLAYTON.



By C. JINARAJADASA.

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

**L**IFE and death are inseparable, but which of the two is more real to a man depends on what are his beliefs. There is no better instance to-day than what is happening in France and in England, the two countries profoundly affected by the war into which I have come from India. Soldiers everywhere in "horizon blue" or in khaki tell us of war, its manliness and its heroism; but there are also the veils of crêpe of the resigned mothers and widows and sisters to tell us of the horror of it all. The utter savagery of modern warfare might well make us despair of the future of humanity; after the dozens of religions this world has seen, after all the "humanities" that have been taught us from our universities, what a mockery civilisation is to-day. This is the death side of the world's events to-day.

But there is the life side too. In the ruined villages and towns, from the very heaps burying their owners, there shoot up blades of grass of the freshest green, and flowers spring up in every nook and cranny. In our cities the wounded and the maimed pass haltingly by; but children with merry eyes trip along also. This is Life, life ever new, ever weaving

new habitations out of the grave-cloths enwrapping its former dwelling. And when we know that the ghastly tragedy of the world being pulled down into dust is only in order that there may be bricks to fashion a new world as the World-Teacher shall plan it, more important than the death and decay to-day are the symptoms of the life that is putting forth its green shoots everywhere. For in these two countries, France and England, men now talk of "reconstruction"; the thought is everywhere. "After the war, things will be different"—so runs a thought-stream silently but increasingly through men's minds.

Naturally to the thousands who know not of a Coming, the world is more full of death just now than of life. It seems as if so many generations will have to pass before the present bitter hatreds will die down; and there are problems, too, round us looming large on the horizon—the problem of capital and labour after the war, that of India's place in a reconstructed British Empire, the race problem everywhere as between the white and the coloured peoples, the problem of what women's place shall be in the State, and so on, problem after problem. The ending

of this war of guns will but be the prelude to many other wars—civil wars (if war can ever be “civil”) not less productive of suffering than national wars. The outlook is not bright, when the world is looked at with the outer unimaginative eyes; what they see is best described by the three savage but graphic words of the *Daily Mail's* news-poster yesterday—Muddle, Muddle, Muddle. Yes, truly, the world is one big Muddle; in spite of our “civilisation,” we have yet to learn to be *civil* to each other, in our individual and corporate lives. Life and civilisation seem one rubbish heap, one “dump” whereon we throw bit by bit the civilisation we are forced to “scrap” to-day.

But thanks be to God that there is one aspect of Him as Shiva the Destroyer, and that He now speaks His message through the mouth of guns; for we have so long been deaf to His voice when He spoke as the wailing of the poor. Our civilisation has trained us to see His beauty in the dewdrop of the field, but not to see that beauty in the teardrops of humanity. We have loved His voice in the symphonies of Beethoven, but how we have shrunk from His voice when it was the shriek of agony of the betrayed. We have sought to greet God according to *our* pleasure, but not according to His. And now has come the reckoning. Henceforth life must be to us one, a whole, where God dwells equally in the centre of fullest light as in the periphery in total darkness.

After winter comes the spring; nay more, before winter begins spring is already in the making. The leaves turn yellow and brown, and die and fall, but only because the new leaves for the spring

are already made. It is the newcomer, hidden and protected from the winter that is to come, who pushes the mellow leaf from the twig; the bareness of the tree is only to the eye; to the inner sense the perfect foliage of the spring is fully planned and awaits for the achievement only the call of the sun. A few days of warmth, and lo, spring is with us, and we know that summer is sure. So, too, the world is being unmade, and the leaves fall and winter is upon us. I think that that winter has scarcely begun. What matter, if our eyes can see the spring foliage wrapped up against the cold in the tiny bud? And who may not see that spring?

For this is the message to the world of the Brothers of the Star, that the Lord of the Springtime of the World is already weaving His magic wonders, even to the sound of guns. Round Him are gathering the reconstructors of His new world; in the eyes of boys and girls, in their happy laughter and smiles, is something already of His sunshine; in the dreams of Socialist and philanthropist, in the mysticism of philosopher and scientist, shines even now something of His Wisdom. The world is one battlefield and charnel-house? Only to *our* eyes. But to His eyes there are also the blades of grass and the wild flowers that blossom among the ruins; and there is before His gaze the world to be, of the boys and girls of to-day, who, if they could but live now in a children's happy world, will gather round Him as His captains of a world reconstructed for all humanity. Happy the Brothers of the Star who, looking at life and death, see the mystery of death and the greater mystery of Life.

C. JINARAJADASA.

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#### PERSONAL.

*The Sub-Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR, Mr. E. A. Wodehouse (now a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards), having been ordered to France with his regiment, has asked me during his enforced absence to be responsible for his editorial duties. This I gladly do, though my visit to England will end in November, and after that period others will take over editorial responsibilities.*

*Mr. Wodehouse has lately published his book, “A World Expectant”; the publishers are Star Publishing Trust, 240, Hope Street, Glasgow, Scotland. The book is excellent for purposes of propaganda of the aims of the Order of the Star in the East; permission to translate it into foreign languages will be gladly given by the publishers on application.*

C. JINARAJADASA.

# Love, Beauty and Service

By C. W. LEADBEATER

[A lecture delivered to the Order of the Star in the East in Sydney, New South Wales. The lecture was preceded by a reading from Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's little book, "What We Shall Teach."]

**Y**OU have listened to a very remarkable reading from a very remarkable little book. I should like to commend it to you all, as Brothers of the Star. It deals so distinctly, so clearly with this future for which we are preparing ourselves, I cannot but feel that its study and its very careful assimilation will be a very great help to us in the work to which we are devoting ourselves. It is called "*What We Shall Teach*"—what we shall teach, that is to say, in the time that is to come, what we shall teach in the Name of the Great World-Teacher, for He also will bring His Gospel, the gospel of good news to man. It cannot but be the old gospel, and yet it cannot but be new and beautiful in form. The old truth it must be, because truth is eternal, and although truth is a many-sided thing and is not commonly known in its entirety to any one man or to any one set of men, to any one nation, or to any one church, still its broad outline must always be the same.

Most of you, I think, are Members of the Theosophical Society, also ; you know how we try to spread Theosophic truth, how we endeavour in various ways to put

that before the world. You know, perhaps, too, something of how we are misunderstood in our attempts to put it before the world. I know, very well, because I have travelled in most of the countries in the world in connection with Theosophy. I know precisely how we are misunderstood in that way. We go to India and we preach our truth there, and they say to us, "But surely are you not Christianising our people, are you not directing them towards Buddhism, or some other than the great Hindu faith?" Then we go into a Buddhist country and they say, "But are you, perhaps, not bringing in something of Hinduism, are you not obscuring something of the truth of the great Lord Buddha?" Then we go to the Christian countries and we preach the truth to them, and they say, "But surely you are bringing in Buddhism and Hinduism?" So in every country the men of each great religion are apt to accuse us of favouring somewhat the other religions, and the very fact that there is so widespread a misunderstanding ought to be a key to the real fact that lies behind it all, the fact that that which we teach is the truth which lies behind all these religions alike,

and clearly brings to each one that part of the truth which is not prominently put forward in his own religion, therefore he thinks that another religion is being preached to him.

Now once more there will be another statement of this great truth—this great wisdom generally. What it shall be in detail we know as yet only very partially—but, at least, it must be the same great truth, and so those of us who are Theosophists will find no trouble in assimilating the new form, whatever it may be, for we are already used to finding that truth under many forms. But something of the form of the new teaching is already becoming evident: this little book is written by one who more closely follows the Great World-Teacher—one of the few among us born upon the same line, for most of us have to transfer ourselves to that of the World-Teacher, but here is one who was born on that Ray, as we call it, or that line, a thing which happens to but few among us. He tells us here something of his idea, he who is in close touch, remember, with the Great One Who is to come. He tells us something of what he thinks we shall have to teach in the name of that Great One. Three points he especially emphasises:—

(1) First of all, the necessity for Love: "Love," he says, "which is strength." That necessity has been insisted upon many times. I spoke myself to many of you on that very subject—not as members of the Star, but as belonging to another part of our wonderful organisation. I do not, therefore, propose to take up that point again just now, the more so as that is one which has been over and over again insisted upon as the principal characteristic of the new statement. I think, I have myself told you, that whereas the last World-Teacher, the Lord Buddha, was the Lord of Wisdom, the Lord Christ, the Lord Maitreya, is the Lord of Love, of kindness, and of compassion. You may see how very much he emphasised that idea of love in His last incarnation as the Christ in Palestine and also in His incarnation as Shri Krishna on the plains of India—in both cases it is the central feature. "This new commandment I give unto you that

ye love one another as I have loved you." There is no question then as to that, the great feature of brotherhood and brotherly love. How that will work itself out in how many different ways it will be possible to show forth that love, that we shall be told as time goes on. Already you can see many of them for yourselves. You can see how all this most terrible and unbrotherly thing, how even out of this war brotherhood and fraternity will come in the end. For we shall learn how to do many new things in many new ways, and shall learn it now because we must. I suppose we might have learned it, and by we, I mean the world as a whole, without the awful lesson of this great world war. If we had, I suppose, instead of competition taken up co-operation, if instead of selfishness and individualism we had brought forward the idea of altruism and kindness, brotherly feeling and treatment for all, this great war would, perhaps, have been impossible. But since that could not be done, or, at least, was not done, then perhaps this very terrible lesson is the next best way of bringing about that result. It seems an outrage upon the idea of brotherhood, and yet I do firmly believe that it will lead in the end to a closer brotherhood than we have ever known before. It may well be that it is the only way, frightful though it seems, in which that end could be achieved in the time. For, remember, the time is short and the Great Teacher will come soon as men count time, and the world must be very largely revolutionised in many ways before He can come, before He can get the best result out of that tremendous expenditure of energy.

You do not realise all He gives up. You do not realise what of His ordinary work He puts aside to come down and teach us. It is an effort of the most stupendous character, made once in two or three thousand years for the good of man and not made oftener than that. That would not be for the greatest good of man, because the regular work of the Great World-Teacher in His own place is of enormous importance. It would not be the greatest benefit to mankind except now and then when the psychological moment

comes, when the time is ripe, and when men are to some extent ready. You know how little ready they were, how little result was achieved by that wonderful incarnation in Palestine. Now a third of the world is nominally following the religion which the Christ founded. When He called together all His followers the number was one hundred and twenty—not much for three years of such work as that—not much for such a life as He had lived. At least this time it will be our duty to see to it that something more than that is the result, for we who are Brothers of the Star, we at least shall gather round Him, and already we are perhaps a hundred times that number in strength, and we shall be more—many more, I hope, before He comes. So this time there will be, I do believe, a more immediate result that followed last time.

Well, we who are now learning, we who are now trying to prepare ourselves and to prepare the way, must be more ready for His Coming, therefore upon us, necessarily, will devolve the duty of teaching others and helping them into that attitude. And for this purpose this little book, "*What We Shall Teach*," is given to us, and a very useful book we shall find it.

(1) The first point he emphasises is that of Love, and he tells us that that Love is your strength.

(2) The second point is that of Beauty as part of the new gospel. "Beauty that is joy." It is of that that I wish to say a few words. It is with that that the reading to which you have just listened deals.

(3) The third point is Service, which is sacrifice, and that also is a wonderful—a glorious idea. But, for the moment, let us think of that second one, the Beauty that is joy.

We have largely lost sight of the necessity and the duty of beauty. The modern world is so intensely utilitarian, its tendency is to think only of what is useful, and it takes that word exclusively in its own sense. Useful in gaining money, fame, position, or power. In very many cases what the world regards as most useful, we who study occultism should

brand as not only useless, but mischievous. Money and power and position, all these are good, but they are good only in so far as you can use them for the good of others, and if you undertake to acquire money and power and position for yourself and from a selfish point of view, then they will bring no permanent good for you. They will do nothing to advance the evolution of humanity of which we form part. But if your object in gaining these is not pretending, but really absolutely utterly that you may use them for others and not for yourself, then, indeed, you may be a chosen administrator of the Great Ones, for They also use those very things. Power, money, position, yes, when the right man gets these things (and how rarely that is) it is true that he can do much for others. That must be your reason for seeking, and that must be your object, and that only. If you can make that absolutely your only thought, then your search will be blessed, because your search will be of use to the world as well as to yourself.

It is so difficult even for old members who have belonged to the Star since it began, who have belonged to the Theosophical Society for thirty years, to grasp all that is meant by the unity of which we speak so often. Again and again we say to ourselves, "I am that Self, that Self am I. "I am one with all about me, this separateness is a mere illusion, even on this physical plane to a large extent." "For no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself," on this plane as well as on those that are higher. Over and over again we have read, and we partly believe, that nothing which is not for the good of all can ever really be for the good of anyone, yet we go away from that and we engage in competition which is certainly not for the good of all. We go away from that statement and live a daily life which contradicts it. To some extent, mind, that is not our fault, because however profound our convictions may be, we cannot impose them by force upon others. We cannot change the whole world in which we live. It is not altogether our own fault that our lives do not in all respects correspond to

that magnificent ideal. We must keep the ideal before us and we must see that at least our own inner life maintains that attitude of the unity, even though in outer life we sometimes have no choice but to fall in with arrangements which do not recognise it. We inside usually all the time recognise, usually know the truth and decline to be deluded by this mighty, world-wide heresy of separateness. But if you can understand what that unity means, then you will see at once the necessity for every unit to work for that which we need for the whole.

Now one of the things which we need for the whole is this great quality of Beauty. We forget it in modern life ; it does not mean, please remember, expensive tastes ; it does not mean great riches. Go back, if you can, to the old times in Greece. That country which more than any other country insisted upon the religion of Beauty, and lived it, and stamped itself by living it upon all humanity down to our present day, so that even now the Greek Art stands forth in many ways unequalled. The best that we can do is to try to get as near to that as possible. Now think of it, that Greece—it is a name to conjure with, but if you remember it was a very small country, a very small population. It is doubtful whether the population of Greece at any time equalled the population of this city, at the time of its prime ; and yet that handful of people there on the shores of the Ægean Sea have set the copy, so to speak, for all the rest of the world. They have made themselves an example in sculpture and in art. You say at once, "How came it?" Because those people lived for Beauty—Beauty was their religion to a very great extent. Now I do not know how far any of you may suffer under the obsession of the old Puritan idea, but I know it is very strong in England, that it underlies a vast amount of contemporary thought, this idea that the pursuit of beauty for its own sake is rather a wicked thing ; they think it is sensual, at least sensuous, and what they want is the stern simplicity, the life of the hermit or the ascetic. There is no doubt

that that was largely emphasised in Christianity—the idea that the life of the ascetic was the best life. A life wholly devoted to spiritual aspiration is, indeed, a wonderful—a magnificent life, but also it is true that the man who lives that life will, necessarily, care very little for ordinary luxuries, and for all those things which form part of the daily life of the worldly man. Yet there is no reason whatever why that simple life should not be a beautiful life. The man will not be surrounded with vast possessions, he will not heap gold and silver and precious stones, but the few things that he has about him ought to be beautiful things, for beauty is one form of approach to the Divine, and that is a thing that has been very greatly forgotten. Has it never occurred to you that God is not only the True and the Pure, but that He is also the Beautiful, that all Beauty that is is Divine Beauty, and that it is distinctly and emphatically your duty to put beauty before your fellowmen just as much and as far as you can? That was the Greek idea. Their idea of approaching the Divine was through love of beauty and beauty of every kind—beauty of line and colour, but also the beauty of sun and sky, the beauty of cloud and of sunset, all these things were pressed into the service, so that the smallest thing should of its kind be perfect—not expensive. You have so confused ideas in these later centuries that the very idea that a thing is beautiful shall be that it costs so much.

That is how that idea was stamped upon the present day. I was very much struck with that in the great kindred country of America. There is very little that is beautiful in those great new countries in their buildings and so on, but sometimes one sees a building which is beautiful, and when I remarked on it I was instantly told that it cost so many thousand dollars. Take care lest you fall into a similar attitude. Take care lest you test beauty and worth by the money that a thing cost. Let your lives be simple, the simpler they are the better within limits. It is an evil thing to gather round you vast numbers of possessions that take up all your time

looking after them. Let your lives be simple, but let there be beauty in those things with which you surround yourself. You say, "Well, after all, if a thing is useful that is all I require from it. What does it matter about the shape of the things you use in daily life?" Go to any country where this thing is understood and you will see. Go to Egypt, I have never been there myself, but there they tell me the cult of beauty is well understood. In India, degraded as in many ways that wonderful country is, the commonplace piece of pottery has always graceful lines, has always a shape which, when you come to look at it, is a beautiful shape, which does not offend against any of the canons of art.

You live inside your house. Did it never occur to you that all your fellow citizens live outside your house, and that what they see is the outside, and, therefore, you have a responsibility to them as well as to yourself. If you live all to yourself like a pig in a sty, you think it doesn't matter; but if you think of brotherhood, if you think of your friends at all, you will make the outside of your houses beautiful so that they shall be a pleasure for their eyes to rest upon as well as your own. It is a duty. We build hideous things—you see factories and brickworks which are eyesores. I have seen such things made ornamental: they can do it in some countries: it costs a little more, but it is very well laid out that little more in preventing the eyesore which such a place must be in the landscape.

As this new teaching spreads among us one of the things which we should recognise would be the necessity of beauty in daily life. You surround yourselves with all these little things you are always using, and think what does it matter so long as they serve you? If your eyes are always resting upon these things they are among the surroundings which are shaping you. You know how much a man is the creature of his surroundings. All these things have their constant influence. They are pressing upon his higher vehicles and are producing their effect. It is there and it is perpetual, and because it is perpetual it is of very

great importance indeed. All these things should be beautiful. In Greece that was made a matter of the greatest importance—of the greatest care. For example, the young mother was surrounded with objects of beauty, was put always amidst natural conditions of the greatest beauty obtainable and surrounded with beautiful statues and graceful forms of every kind, because the Greeks knew what we have forgotten, that the mental condition of the young mother is of the very greatest importance to her child. If she be surrounded with beauty, then that beauty will reflect itself in form and feature, and her offspring are likely to be more beautiful because they are born amidst beautiful surroundings. Do you not know that the ancient Greeks were the finest race of men that the world has yet produced, and the reason for this was because they surrounded themselves with all that is beautiful and trained themselves into perfect health so far as they could? They laid themselves out to be a race of manly and womanly beauty, and they were. Would it not be well that we should do the same? That surely is one point that is going to be brought forward and put before us. Remember, always, it will be based upon altruism, upon your duty to your fellow men. It is your duty to be beautiful so far as you can, to make your surroundings beautiful, and just because it is a duty to your fellow men you will do it, even though for yourself you might feel that you were used to the old things and you did not care much one way or the other. But you will attend to this matter of beauty as a duty.

"Beauty," it says, "is joy." This book tells you, "Love and you will find the beautiful." Now that is true. In every one there is always some beauty. It may not be in form or feature, it may be in character only, but in everyone there is always beauty of some sort, and your business should be to look for that, for that which is beautiful in any person probably is the Godhead showing through that person. There is only One Who is Beautiful, even as Christ said, "There is only One that is Good and that is God," so there is only one truly beautiful and that

is He, and what there is of beauty in Nature and in man is He also.

So it is our duty to foster that, it is our duty to look for that; we should find the beauty which exists in everything, look for it and you will assuredly find it and truly as our author says, "Love is the most potent alchemy for turning that which seems ordinary into the beautiful."

The lover focusses his mind upon the object of his devotion and finds in her or in him all sorts of unsuspected glories and beauties, and sometimes the outer world is apt to laugh a little tolerantly, and say he is idealising. Yes, he is making an ideal of that person, but, of course, there is the ideal in every man, and all the beauty and all the glory that the lover sees in the object of his love is there. The rest of you say, "But we do not see it." No, because that is not for you the channel. You have some other channel through which you can see beauty perhaps, but the very fact of the love stirs up the power to perceive; and, remember, although it may seem to you that the lover idealises his beloved, in the true soul, the true beloved, all that is beautiful, good and noble *does* exist. It is only that he is seeing through the lower into the higher. He is not imagining what is not there, he is supplying from the higher what is there. You fall in love in

some other way perhaps, with some other person, or if not with a person, then with some great ideal of art or music; it does not matter what it may be—and through that you see the glory and the beauty, but remember that other people who have not your power of perception for art or for music will not see the beauty that you are seeing. It is there and you are able to see it through that particular channel. Yet do not forget that other people have their own channels also, and that the noblest and the best and the most beautiful that you can think of anybody is the truth about him really. That is the true man, and the manifestation of him down here falls short of that only because it is on a lower plane, only because it is an imperfect manifestation, not because all that beauty and glory is not really present in the man. For every man is a spark of the Divine, and all beauty is God's beauty, and therefore through any one form of beauty you can learn to see all other forms, but that which teaches you thus to see the many through the one is Love. It is the love that is strength which enables you to see the beauty that is joy and that leads you on towards the third thing, the Service which is Sacrifice. Thus "These are some of the truths which we shall teach in His name."

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## The Comforter

*When thou hast sunk so low that even Love  
Shrinks at thy touch; when Pity's eyes  
are hard*

*And Mercy turns to scorn; when naught  
can move*

*The heavy stone which shame hath set to  
guard*

*The tomb of thy dead soul;*

*—Then come to Me, whose home is with the  
dead.*

*Come, on My bosom lay thy weary head,  
And I will make thee whole.*

*My love begins where human love doth end;  
My pity flows from springs that ne'er run  
dry.*

*There lives in all the world no mortal friend  
So close, so dear, so pitiful as I.*

*For I am each man's best,*

*The soul's faint dream made perfect: each  
in Me*

*Finds but himself; and each upon My breast  
Sinks gently down through life's infinity,*

*Down to the thing he is;*

*And there finds all which soul or heart can  
crave,*

*For all are there.—None other gift I have,  
And this all My bliss.*

# Maharshi Debendranath Tagore

A Great Spiritual Reformer of Modern India.

By HARENDRANATH MAITRA.

**M**AHARSHI DEBENDRA-NATH was the great Rishi of modern India. India's breath is spirituality. She has given birth to many great and noble sons. Maharshi Debendranath is one of these.

It was, indeed, a momentous day in my life when I first met that great and noble soul. To take the dust off his feet was a privilege ; to hear words of God from his lips was the sweetest message from the Kingdom of God. It was in his house at Jorasanko, Calcutta, that I had the invitation to meet this great soul of Mother Ind. Seated on his couch in his saffron coloured silk alkhalla or robe, with his flowing beard, and his sweet and beautiful face shining with the light of the ancient Rishis, the Maharshi reminded me of the great truth of the Vaishnavas that, " He is the man of God by looking at whom we immediately think of God." Anyone who looked at the Maharshi saw at once that he was a man who had seen God, and that conclusion was immediate and instantaneous.

The mighty Himalayas and the deep blue oceans on both shores of Mother India have made her an abode and a sanctuary of the gods. She has a mighty civilisation. Her past is great, her future bespeaks an age yet greater. One civilisation after another has poured into her lap from the outside world, only to be absorbed into the heart of the soil, and thus to bring forth a greater, a richer harvest. India's civilisation is detached from the rest of the world, hence unique. It seems as though, sitting

by the side of the lofty Himalayas, she has undergone a training and a discipline unparalleled in the history of the world, the result being that she has contributed an ideal which has enabled her to turn the left cheek when she is smitten on the right. She has no passion for greediness. She is satisfied, like a great *sannyasin*, to bequeath to mankind and to civilisation the various notes of her culture. She is satisfied because she has found God. India has seen her God.

In the caves below the snow-wreathed summits of the Himalayas the Rishis of India have seen Him, have spoken to Him. God-vision is India's property. And the Rishis are the trustees of this legacy. God-vision was to the Hindu Rishis so real, so penetrating, and so all-absorbing, that they saw Him in the sun, in the moon, in the stars above, in man below ; and thus seeing Him they sang forth the song, " The universe is our kin." " Thou art the sky, Thou art the nest as well," has sung Rabindranath Tagore, who, through his songs and poetry, has received the homage of the world. Upon Maharshi Debendranath, the father of this great world-poet, fell the mantle of the Rishis of the past.

Who are the Rishis? The Rishis are the wise men who, knowing the impermanence of the world, cleave unto Him Who is the Life of life, the Soul of soul. " If you have seen God you are a Rishi " : that is the saying in India, and he is the Rishi of Rishis, the great Maharshi who, surrounded with all the temptations of the world, has cut all the strings of desire and has risen from one step to another unto

that highest Bliss. God did not reveal Himself only in the past, nor in the so-called sacred books alone are all His revelations embodied. His is an eternal fountain which sings through all time. He speaks to all who speak to Him, He reveals Himself to all who seek Him. "Seek and ye shall find, knock and the door shall be opened for you, pray and it shall be given unto you." His voice is an ever-inspiring fountain. He is the Goddess Sarasvati, Learning and Wisdom, Who with Her Vina is singing day and night to the heart of the devotee. The unchallenged utterance of one's own experience is necessary from time to time. This is why men come, epoch-making men, to lead their race to that borderland wherefrom they see things clearly. It was decreed that the Maharshi should set this ideal of God-vision before his countrymen once again.

The true genius of India is cultural. Religion, or what is known better in India by the word "dharma,"—that is, one's own law of being,—is not developed through blind faith, but through the discipline of culture. "Concentration is the forerunner of intuition." Meditation is the sovereign secret of India's spiritual progress.

Bhrigu asked one day of his father, Varuna, "Teach me, oh revered one, the knowledge of Brahman." To which his father replied: "Seek to know Brahman, my child, through meditation." The sage Varuna did not tell him his own knowledge and experience, but he gave him the following formula, his known quantity, from which to find out Brahman, the X and Y:—

"That from which all that exists have come into being; That by which after coming into being, all that are continue to be; That toward which all objects move and into which all objects enter, know That as Brahman."

Bhrigu went out with this formula and set himself to work through meditation. He came back and said to his father, "Annam, *Food*, is Brahman, oh revered Father." "Go and meditate again, my child; by meditation you will know Brahman." Bhrigu went out again and set himself to meditate. When he came

back his father asked him, "What have you known, my child?" Bhrigu said: "*Life is Brahman, Father.*" "Go and meditate, my child, again; by meditation you will know Brahman"; thus said his father again. He went out again, and, as a result, came back to say that *Unity of Consciousness* was Brahman. His father said again: "Seek to know Brahman by meditation." Bhrigu went out to meditate again, and this time, when he came back, his face beamed forth with the colour of effulgence, and he said with the greatest gladness of his heart: "I have found It, Father; Anandam, *Love or Joy*, is Brahman."

"From Anandam have all these things come into being, having come into being, by Anandam are they kept alive, towards Anandam do they move and into Anandam do they enter."

This is the system which has been handed down from the ages past; from the time of the Upanishads, that is the system still in vogue in India. Each Hindu, from the beginning of his spiritual awakening, goes through this discipline.

Sitting by the side of his Dedima (grandmother) in the burning ghat of Calcutta, when she was taking her last breath amidst the singing of the Name of God, Debendranath saw the vision of his life. He says:—

"On the night before Dedima's death I was sitting at Nimtola Ghat on a coarse mat near the shed. It was the night of the full moon; the moon had risen, the burning ground was near. They were singing the Holy Name to Dedima. A clear vision of life opened before me."

Debendranath saw a light and felt a sense of illimitable joy within himself, and said to himself:

"Will such a day ever come that, while uttering the Name of Hari, life will leave me?"

Debendranath was fond of his Dedima, his Dedima was intensely fond of her grandson. His "sleeping, sitting, eating," while a child, all were at her side. A noble, pious woman she was. She had visited all the important holy places of India and never for a day missed her morning bath in the Ganges, and every day she used to weave garlands of flowers with her own hands for the family deity. His Dedima

used to hold "Haribasar" (a great Vaishnava festival in which the whole day and night is spent in adoration of God), and there was Katha and Kirtana, "the noise of which would not let us sleep."

Debendranath was born in the spiritual atmosphere which surrounded his grandmother, but yet the fair winds of luxury and pleasure were blowing all around him day and night. He was the son of a rich father. The name of Prince Dwarakanath Tagore is associated with the traditions both of luxury and magnanimity. But, from the day of his Dedima's death, a strange sense of unreality suddenly entered Debendranath's mind.

"A strong aversion to wealth arose within me. The coarse bamboo-mat on which I sat seemed to be my fitting seat, carpets and costly spreadings seemed hateful, in my mind was awakened a joy unfelt before."

From that time sleep became impossible for him. Day and night he was thinking of that unspeakable joy. When his Dedima passed away she had pointed heavenwards with uplifted finger and said: "That is God and Hereafter." Debendranath became restless for this "God and Hereafter." While thus struggling in his mind, he opened the pages of the Mahabharata and the following passage struck his eye:—

"May you have faith in religion, may you ever be devoted to religion; religion alone is the friend of him who has entered into the next world. However well you may serve mammon and woman, you can never bring them into subjection, nor will they ever be faithful to you."

But this text of the Mahabharata did not solve his question, but awakened in him a yet more eager thirst for the truth. He asked himself: "Did subjection to Nature comprise the whole of man's existence?" If so, then, indeed, we are undone. The might of the monster is indomitable. Fire, at a touch, reduces everything to ashes. Put out to sea in a vessel, whirlpools will drag you down to the bottom, gales will throw you into dire distress. There is no escape from the clutches of this Nature-fiend. If bowing to her decree be our end and aim, then, indeed, are we undone. What can we hope for, whom can we trust? Again I thought, as things are reflected on a

photographic plate by the rays of the sun, so are material objects manifested to the mind by the senses; this is what is called knowledge. Is there any other way but this of obtaining knowledge? These were the suggestions that Western philosophy had brought to my mind. To an atheist this is enough, he does not want anything beyond Nature. But how could I rest fully satisfied with this? My endeavour was to obtain God, not through blind faith, but by the light of knowledge. And, being unsuccessful in this, my mental struggles increased from day to day. Sometimes I thought I could live no longer.

"What should man then do? Should he submit to nature or in nature realise the God of nature, the God of the Universe?" He saw that the knowledge of the material world was born of the senses and the objects of sight and sound, smell and touch and taste. But together with this knowledge he came to know, "I am also enabled to know that I am the knower. Simultaneously with the facts of seeing, touching, smelling, and thinking, I also came to know that it is I who see, touch, smell, and think."

"With the knowledge of the objects comes the knowledge of the subject, with the knowledge of the body comes the knowledge of the spirit within."

The more he thought over this problem, the more did he recognise the "sway of wisdom" operating throughout the world. "For us," says Debendranath, "the sun and moon rise and set at regular intervals, for us the wind and rain are set in motion in the proper seasons. All these combine to fulfil the one design of preserving our life." Whose design is this then? The light dawned upon his mind as the result of his deep meditation. He solved it himself: "It cannot be the design of matter, it must be the design of mind. Therefore this universe is propelled by the power of an intelligent Being."

"I saw the child, as soon as born, drinks at its mother's breast. Who taught it to do this? He alone who gave it life. Again, who put love into the mother's breast? Who but He that put milk into her breast?"

He came by himself to further conclusions: "He is without body or senses.

He did not shape this universe with His hands. By His will alone did He bring it into existence. We collect the necessary materials and then make a thing ; He, by His will, creates all the materials necessary for the making of things. He is the Perfect Wisdom ; Perfect Being."

But in all these spiritual experiences of his life Debendranath was alone. Who would give his assent to the conclusions that he had arrived at ? Says Debendranath : " Do you know what kind of assent I mean ? Like that which I received from a boatman on the Padma. I had once been to our Zamindary in Kaligram, and was returning home after a long time. I was in a boat on the Padma. It was the rainy season. Dark masses of cloud were in the sky, and a strong gale had sprung up. The Padma was in a mighty turmoil ; and the boatman, seeing a heavy storm approaching, dared not proceed, and made the boat fast to the shore. Even there the boat could hardly be kept safe from the waves, but I had been away for so long that I was in a hurry to get home. When there was a slight lull in the storms I asked the boatman, ' Can you put out the boat now ? ' He said, ' I can, if your honour so commands.' ' Then let go ; start,' I said. The boatman unfastened the boat and put up the sails. One sudden blast of wind drove the boat at once into the midst of the stream. Hundreds of boats were tied to the shore ; all the men cried out with one voice : ' Don't go now, don't go now.' Then my heart sank within me. What could I do ? There was no returning. The boat rushed onward with sails outspread. After going some distance I saw that wave upon wave had swollen up like a wall in front. The boat leaped forward to pierce through it, and I became thoroughly unnerved. At this juncture I saw not very far off a little dinghy that was coming from the opposite shore, like a mocha (canoe-shaped petal of the plaintain flower) petal tossed about by the wind and waves. Seeing how bold we were, the boatman cried out encouragingly, ' No fear, go ahead ! '

" Who was there to join with me in hearty unison, and buoy me up like this ?

Such was the nature of the response I wanted. But, alas, who would give it to me ? "

Debendranath wanted a human companion, but he got a divine response. A page of some Sanskrit book was fluttering past him. He picked it up, and when its meaning was explained, " nectar from paradise streamed down upon " him.

It was a verse from the Ishopanishat : "*Isavasyamidamsarvam, Tena tyaktena bhunjitha.*" *The whole universe is encompassed by Him. Enjoy that which He has given unto thee. Leave everything and enjoy that untold treasure.* " A living voice " descended from heaven to respond in his heart of hearts. His faith deepened. He entered more and more into the inner sanctuary of his heart. Wonderful was the correspondence of his heart's desire with the Upanishads :

" My heart tells me, He is my Father, Protector and Friend ; in the Upanishads I find the same thing stated ; ' He is our Friend, our Father. He is the Dispenser, the Arbiter of our destiny.' He is dearer than son, dearer than riches, dearer than all else. Turning to the Upanishads I find : ' This Supreme Soul is dearer than son, dearer than riches, dearer than all else.' I do not desire wealth, I do not desire honour ; then what do I desire ? The Upanishads answer : ' He who worships Brahma becomes possessed of Brahma.' "

By clinging to these ideals, through the severest trials, Debendranath grew more and more into the reality of things. A seer of God must go through fire. Debendranath was destined for that.

The death of his father in England plunged him into great worry and trouble. He was the eldest son. The rich estate of his father, of which he became the joint-proprietor with his brothers, did not turn out an unmixed boon. To maintain his princely estate, Dwarakanath Tagore had contracted heavy debts in the name of the firm which he owned, taking care at the same time to secure a portion of his property in the shape of a trust for the benefit of his family. The liabilities of the estate came to about £666,000, while the assets were only £300,000. Debendranath and his brothers made over all this property to the creditors and also the trust property which legally the creditors could

not touch. So practically they became the poorest of the poor in the city of Calcutta, keeping not a farthing-worth of anything to themselves. All landed estate and everything he could remember as belonging to him or to his family, including the trust property and even a valuable ring which he had always worn, he made over to the creditors. He himself thus speaks of that event:—

“ What I had desired came to pass. I wanted to renounce the world, and the world left me of its own accord. What a singular coincidence ! I had prayed to my God, ‘ I desire nothing but Thee,’ and the Lord in His mercy granted my prayer. He took away everything from me, and revealed Himself unto me. My heart’s desire was fulfilled to the letter.

“ As in my mind there was no desire for the things of the world, so too no worldly goods were now mine ; like unto like, both sides were balanced.

“ What I said was, ‘ O Lord I want nothing but Thee !’ He has graciously accepted my prayer, and revealing Himself unto me, wrenched away everything else. Not a farthing worth of sugar have I, O Lord, on which to have a drink of water. What I prayed for was granted and realised.

“ I became a Sannyasi without leaving home. I took no thought of what I should eat and how I should clothe myself on the morrow. Nor did I trouble myself as to whether to-morrow I should stay in the house or have to leave it. I became totally free from all care.

“ O Lord in the midst of untold wealth my soul was in agony, not having found Thee,—now finding Thee, I have found everything.”

But the creditors were so moved by the wonderful conduct of Debendranath that, after consultation, they decided to give the brothers back their property to manage for themselves, entitling them to have about £1,600 per year for their maintenance, and allowing them to pay the debts by degrees. Under Debendranath’s able management everything was cleared to the last farthing within a few years. Not only that, but his father had promised to the District Charitable Society of Calcutta a subscription to the amount of £6,666. Maharshi not only paid that amount, but “ the interest thereupon from the date on which it had been promised.” Maharshi thus speaks of that time :—

“ Whence did this pity enter into the heart of the creditors at that moment ?

“ He alone inspired them with compassion Who is my life-long friend.”

That was, indeed, the happiest moment of his life.

Debendranath had realised God in his home, but God wanted to give him more ; and that more He wanted to give him in some silent retreat. He had cleared the debts of the family, and discharged his duty to the Society ; a great personal grief in the death of his wife had cut his last tie to the world. He started on his pilgrimage to the retreat of the Himalayas, with this song :—

“ O Perfect Wisdom,  
When will Thy truth, ever new and full of light,  
Shine in the sky of my heart ?

“ Through the long night I wait  
And watch the eastern horizon,  
With face upturned, and folded hands,  
In hope of new happiness, new life, new dawn  
of day.

“ What shall I see, what shall I know ?  
I know not what that joy shall be.  
New light within my inmost heart ;  
By that light, full of great joy  
I will go singing towards my home—  
Who would desire to linger in dreary exile ? ”

Debendranath had a clearer vision of the spirit world. He believed in the immortality of the soul. God was a great Reality to him. In Him he realised the life of the whole universe. To Debendranath everything was real, real in the relative sense, real because coming from the Reality. The beautiful vision that he had seen when he was greatly worried in life, lying on his couch at night, gives the picture of a reality in which he had strong faith. Evidently he was conscious of a greater world, far more beautiful than we can dream of. We sleep in the night. It is all dark. When we wake up in the morning, it is all beautiful, the sun appears in the Eastern sky, the birds sing on yonder tree, friends and relations come and go. So when we pass away from this world of life, we shall enter into the next, still more beautiful, still more picturesque than the world of our habitation. He speaks of his vision of that beautiful land thus : “ All these anxieties and troubles deprived me of all sleep at night, my heart felt

dazed on the pillow. I would now doze off and again wake up. It was as if I was on the borderland between waking and sleeping.

"At such a time some one came to me and said, 'Get up,' and I at once sat up. He said, 'Get out of bed,' and I got up. He said, 'Follow me,' and I followed. He went down the steps leading out of the inner apartments; I did the same and came out into the courtyard with him. We stood before the front door. The durwans (door-keepers) were sleeping; my guide touched the door, and the two wings flew open at once. I went out with him into the street in front of the house. He seemed to be a shadow-like form. I could not see him clearly, but felt myself constrained to do immediately whatever he bade me. From thence he mounted upwards to the sky; I also followed him. Clusters of stars and planets were shedding a brighter lustre right and left and in front of me, and I was passing through them. On the way I entered a sea of mist, where the stars and planets were no longer visible. After traversing the mist for some distance I came upon a still, full moon, like a small island in that vaporous ocean. The nearer I came the larger grew the moon. It no longer appeared round, but flat like our earth. The apparition went and stood on that world, and I did likewise. The ground was all of white marble. Not a single blade of grass was there,—no flowers, no fruit. Only that bare, white plain stretched all around. The light there was not derived from the sun. It shone in its own light. No ray of the sun could penetrate the surrounding mist. The light was very soft, like the shade we had in the daytime. The air was pleasing to the senses.

"In the course of my journey across this world I entered one of its cities. All the houses and all the streets were of white marble; not a single soul was to be seen in the clear and bright and polished streets. No noise was to be heard, everything was calm and peaceful. My guide entered a house by a road and went up to the second floor; I also went with him. I found myself in a spacious room, in which

there was a table and some chairs of white marble. He told me to sit down, and I sat down in one of the chairs. The phantom then vanished. Nobody else was there. I sat silent in that silent room; shortly afterwards the curtain of one of the doors in front of the room was drawn aside, and my mother appeared. Her hair was loose, just as I had seen it on the day of her death. When she died, I never thought that she was dead. Even when I came back from the burning ground after performing her funeral ceremonies, I could not believe that she was dead. I felt sure that she was still alive. Now I saw that living mother before me. She said, 'I wanted to see thee, so I sent for thee. Hast thou really become a brahmajñani (one who has known Brahma)? *Kulam pavitram janani kritartha* (sanctified is the family, fulfilled is the mother's desire).' On seeing her, and hearing these sweet words of hers, my trance gave way before a flood of joy. I found myself still tossing in my bed."

When Debendranath went to the Himalayas he said, "I shall concentrate my mind, and practise severe austerities in retirement for His sake. I shall leave my home, never to return." Reading from the *Shrimadbhagvat* a certain passage appealed to him with great force.

"O Suvrata, the malady that is engendered in human beings by certain things, can never be cured in them by those self-same things."

Desires of the world can never be satisfied by remaining in the world. He thought that those who wander here now, knowing the soul and all her true desires, become free to roam hereafter in all the worlds, and can pass freely from one world to another. He wanted this freedom of his soul, this liberation which would take him away from the dirt and dust of the earth. He opened the Upanishads and met this passage:—

"Not through riches, not through the begetting of children, not through works, but through renunciation alone is that immortality to be attained."

To attain that Immortality, Debendranath had left his home. On his way to his retreat he halted at many places. The

fascinating city of the Sikhs, Amritsar, with the greatest Sikh Temple, the Gurudwara, made a deep impression on his mind. He heard there the chanting of hymns at all hours of the day and night. After leaving the place of "red cloth, shawls and scarves," he left for the Himalayas, that abode of snow where his forefathers in the morning of mankind chanted the Sama and the Rik.

It was at the time of the Sepoy Mutiny that Debendranath went to the Himalayas. The moment he reached Simla "a tall white Irani with a huge beard" came from "somewhere or other," and, in order to please him, said: "They have made the Mussulmans eat pork and the Hindus eat cows; we shall see now what becomes of the Feringees." A gentleman of Bengal, many of whom were residing there for Government purposes, came up to him and said: "You were safe and sound at home; why did you come here amidst all this trouble? We have never seen such a disturbance before."

But Debendranath's mind was absorbed in a different object. He thought that, if he was to live, he would live. Instead of all these things, he was interested in the various kinds of grass and plants that grew on the hill side, and the countless flowers that bloomed there in profusion. "White, red, yellow, blue, and gold blossoms of all colours, attracted his eye from all directions." He saw in them the mark of God's most skilful hand, in their grace and beauty and in their stainless purity. He says:—

"My eyes were opened, my heart expanded; I saw the Universal Mother's Hand resting on those small white blossoms. Who was there in this forest to inhale the scent of these flowers or see their beauty?"

He exclaimed in the language of Hafiz:—

"Lord, Thy Mercy will endure in my heart and soul for ever and ever. Thy mercy has pierced my soul deeply, so that even though I were to lose my head, it would never depart from within my heart."

There, amid the heights of the Himalayas, he would sit for hours and hours by the side of the brook, on the height of the

peaks; bathing in the icy-cold water, and drinking fresh milk from the cows and goats, he would spend night after night, day after day, in silent meditation. Was it, then, a mere poetry of life that Debendranath had been seeking? The Light, the great Light had burnt his self into ashes. He sings:—

"The lamp that burns night into day,  
In whose chamber is that lamp?  
It has burnt my life to ashes;  
To whom, I ask, has it brought delight?"

There he, from time to time, gets intoxicated with joy and sings from Hafiz:—

"Do not bring a lamp into my audience hall  
to-day,  
To-night, that full-moon my Friend is shining  
here."

For months and months, Debendranath would remain in silent meditation, singing from time to time the beautiful lines from Hafiz. The spirit of Hafiz was a great companion of the Maharshi in those days.

The idea of remaining in the Himalayas was in his mind very much, and he thought again that he would never return. But one day as he was passing by the source of the River Sutlej and saw it dashing forth to go downwards, he reflected, why was it? He sat there for some time, and thus amused with himself:—

"Oh! how pure and white is the river here. How naturally clear and cool its waters. Why, then, does it dash downwards in order to deprive itself of this purity? The lower it goes, the more will it become defiled and tainted by the dirt and refuse of this earth. Why, then, does it rush headlong in that very direction? But what power has it to keep still for its own sake? By command of all that All-ruling One, though it is stained with the dirt of the earth, still it has to humble its pride and take a downward course, in order to fertilise the land, and make it yield grain."

"I was musing thus, when suddenly I heard the solemn commandment of the Guide within me: 'Give up thy pride, and be lowly like this river. The truth thou hast gained, the devotion and trustfulness that thou hast learnt here; go, make them known to the world.'"

Debendranath came back to his *ashrama* and said, "Kishori! I shall not stay in Simla any longer; send for a jhampan."

He came down to Bengal to shed the fruits of his meditation. He could not stay any longer in the Himalayas. India heard from him a great message of hope. The people of Bengal conferred upon him the title of the Maharshi, or Maha-rishi, the Great Rishi. The inspiring teachings that he gave to his countrymen, which are recorded in various writings and pamphlets and in sermons and prayers, have enriched the heart of India. He gave new wealth to Bengali literature and re-vitalised the social atmosphere with a pristine purity. How many a drooping soul has come to the Maharshi and gathered courage and conviction! The great Maharshi came down from the hills to give the great message of God-vision. He had demonstrated the truth that God-vision is not the property of the past ages alone, it is the property of those who "seek," it is the property of those who "knock," it is the property of those who "pray."

That great-souled patriarch of the Adi Brahma Samaj has passed away, but his spirit lives in the immortal heaven. His house has become a house of pilgrimage. While the Maharshi was alive, people from all parts of India used to come and visit him. He would speak to them of God and God alone. How many a time I have seen him pacing up and down in that beautiful robe, waiting only to hear *His* sweet words and to speak them to his countrymen. His presence was the presence of reality. A Hindu to the backbone, of the ancient type, yet with all the broadening ideas of modern times.

Once I was sitting by the side of the Maharishi, and his favourite disciple, Sastri, was reciting a few verses from the

Upanishads, when there came a message that some of his people from his zamindari had come to see him. They had come to ask from him some acres of land for the building of a mosque. "Oh yes, give them," he said at once. At another time his disciple announced that Rabindranath, now the famous world-poet, was coming to see him. "Yes," said the father, "I felt him." Rabindranath was his youngest child and a special favourite of the Maharshi.

I shall never forget the moment when I had the pleasure to receive from his hands the present of a beautiful book wherein his teachings are embodied. He told me in his clear, deep voice, "Go and preach His Name." How unworthy we all felt at his feet; yet that voice of the Great Maharshi often comes to me to awaken me from slumber, as it has awakened many a soul. The sweet atmosphere of his house, the chanting of the Upanishads and the Sama Vedas, the blowing of the conchshells in the evening, diffused that air of Hindu spirituality which has been so much threatened in Indian homes. His favourite song of the *alakh niranyan* still rings in my ears:—

"In the disc of the sky,  
The Sun and the Moon shine as lamps;  
The galaxy of stars glitter like pearls;  
The zephyr is incense, the winds are a fan,  
All the woods are bright with flowers.  
Oh Saviour of the World, Thine Arati  
Is wonderful indeed! Loud sounds the drum.  
And yet no hand doth beat it.  
My soul is ever panting and athirst for the  
Honey of Hari's Lotus-feet."

Such is the cry of all, of whatever nation or creed, who have the God-vision; such was the cry of the Rishis of ancient India; such was the cry of the Great Maharshi, whom his loving countrymen call the Rishi of Rishis.

HARENDRANATH MAITRA.

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*This, therefore, is the life of the Gods, and of divine and happy men, a liberation from all terrene concerns, a life unaccompanied with human pleasures, and a flight of the alone to the alone.*

PLOTINUS.

# Sovereignty and Democracy

By MONTAGUE CHURCHILL-SHANN.

*[All are agreed that "after the war" one of the most vital issues confronting us will be that of capital and labour. A solution to one phase of the problem is suggested by the Author.]*

**T**HAT Democracy is coming few doubt, but in the minds of many there is a dread lest the Democratic State may end in a new form of absolute government. The Servile State is a new phrase which expresses this doubt to many who are democrats by conviction as well as by training. The U.S.A. started both with democratic ideals and—as far as they saw—a Democratic Constitution; yet what do we find? Autocratic government is more enthroned there than in Europe in all that counts.

Evidently the keys of sovereignty are not to be found in ideals or political constitutions, though the Socialists say that they will be when their own ideals are enforced; but from what we can see of existing State-ownership it seems likely to end in a worse tyranny than we have at present. A huge bureaucratic control of all industries is what the financial Trusts are preparing the way for—only with financial magnates replaced by Trades Union "Bosses": the Caucus instead of the Stock Exchange. One doubts whether affairs would be much improved thereby. Certainly real sovereignty would be further from the common people than ever.

The trouble is that the present ideal of sovereignty is wrong; the power to control others is not the essence of true sovereignty. This is a false ideal. Real sovereignty is the power to control oneself.

Now a Democratic State to enshrine this truer ideal of sovereignty is very easy to start and to keep going, when once the principles which underlie it have been grasped. Real sovereignty must be and must remain with the common people. This does not imply any wild ideas of continual referendum, but the recognition that sovereignty involves among other things the right to coin money. This is already the accepted test of international sovereignty, and until we can get an organised system to place this power in the hands of the common people any other alterations are only calling old things by new names. The power of the financial Trusts arises from the fact that people do not realise that although the stamping of round metallic discs is only legal by the Sovereign, the present system of Banking allows of the power to increase and decrease currency quite apart from the amount of coin held. Hence, as a first step, our Democratic State must control

and regulate Banking in the collective interest. Few see that when Banking is so controlled as to be used for the general good and not for the interests of usury, the most important step of all will have been taken in the direction of placing sovereignty in the hands of Democracy, because until we have State-control of Banking we cannot have the organisation needed to supervise and certify that the necessary conditions have been fulfilled; and until we have this certificate the power of sovereignty to coin money cannot be exercised by the common people.

At present free coinage of gold is an attempt to follow these principles. Anyone possessing gold can demand as a matter of legal right to have his gold coined—but this places the power at the mercy of fortuitous circumstance, and has diverted far too much economic energy into gold-seeking. There is, however, another form of currency which is internationally accepted, which can be produced by the bulk of the common people and which does not possess the disadvantage of the gold currency—*i.e.*, that prices rise when the currency accumulates—because it is withdrawn automatically as consumption goes on; it consists of Bills of Exchange with documents attached secured on the staples of food, fuel and fibre.

Why should not the holders of these Bills have the right to have issued in exchange for them paper Notes up to the face value of the Bills? Ordinary paper money is in reality accommodation paper—*i.e.*, a promise to pay issued by one party; and the essence of a Trade Bill is that it must be secured by two persons, and have as security the documents securing ownership of the goods which are the basis of the transaction the Bill represents. The essential difference between this currency and gold currency is that, unlike gold, these Notes would represent the current of consumable articles, and would be withdrawn from circulation when the goods went into consumption; it is the absence of this quality of withdrawal which renders gold unsuitable as a currency medium for agricultural products. Gold is the suitable currency

for trade in fixed articles, and became the circulating medium at a time when food was not an article of trade. To issue paper Notes in exchange for Bills of Exchange with documents attached would be to ensure that these paper Notes were to all other Notes what Trade Bills are to Accommodation Bills; and the effect of securing to farmers, and even small-holders, the right to have Notes issued against their drawings when accepted would be to transform every small holding into a currency-creating occupation.

As these Notes would be the medium in which the Bills so held would be taken up on maturity, an equivalent amount of currency would be withdrawn from circulation on the maturity of each Bill, and to ensure this most important point the State Bank would have to have the power of audit—to see that each private Banker who was acting as agent for the issue of these currency notes always had in his possession either the stipulated amount of Notes or the Trade Bills which they represented. The Notes would have to be issued in small amounts, such as five shillings, ten shillings, and one pound, because they are the only suitable currency for a trade in labour.

The working classes have now become the great trading classes, and the well-to-do have become investors; but until we have the current form of currency for this trade in the labour energy of the working classes they have no free market; it is one of the maxims of trade that a monopoly market is always a tyranny and that without a suitable currency no free market can exist. The present-day oppression of the working classes is due to the fact that they are forced to sell in a monopoly market, and hence are in reality slaves just as the shopkeepers were three or four hundred years ago. All fixed currencies—whether gold, silver or paper issues—based on a proportion of metallic reserve, have the fatal objection for labour energy and consumable articles that the currency is not withdrawn as consumption goes on, and so becomes dead money.

The effect of a fixed legal tender under the present conditions of trade in labour

is that it is more profitable (measured in terms of the legal tender) to endeavour to control the circuits of this legal tender than to do the necessary work of producing the food and clothing needed. It produces a State where all industrial activity is directed to increasing the opportunity of living on usury, and induces the present state of economic contest between captains of industry to control and establish monopoly in transport—transport being the industry which controls the circuits of currency.

Hence it becomes more profitable to allow agriculture to wither in England and to transport the nation's food 10,000 miles simply because this ensures the control of the circuits of currency. All this is quite irrespective of the relative amounts of human energy needed to produce certain economic results.

This would all be altered the moment legal tender was measured in terms of the prime necessities of life priced on current trade, and so organised that the issue of currency and its withdrawal took place concurrently with production and consumption respectively. To gear this new currency into existing Banking there must be a central State Bank to issue these currency notes to the private Bankers on their depositing Consols or Municipal Bonds to a like amount based on par value. This would create a very large and stable market for Consols and Municipal stock, and would relieve the present congested state of the market for gilt-edged securities. A small commission payable to the State would make this very profitable both to the Banker and to the State, and yet enable the latter to discount Trade Bills at very low rates. For instance, the Banker deposits, say, £100,000 worth of Consols of par value and receives Notes to this amount; he receives  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on these Consols and pays the State  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. commission; if the charge for discount is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. the Banker then receives  $2\frac{1}{2}$  plus 1 per cent., or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on his Consols. Under this system they would not remain long at 74, but go to, and remain at, par;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is a lower discount rate than the present system can

offer, so that this system would benefit all classes. Also it would restore to London the elasticity of finance which was in existence before twenty years of Company finance had depleted the accumulated reserves. Company finance means that actual ownership control and financial control are in the same hands, whereas Banking finance means that the financial control is under one control and the ownership control under another. Company finance is suited to, and grew up out of the Railway era, but it is not suited to agriculture or other forms of production, because under Company finance the actual supervision must be hiring supervision, whereas ownership supervision is always more efficient. The concentrated management that a Railway needs is not the most suitable form for other industries, and it is only because the Banks found during the Railway era of 1850 to 1900 that issuing stock was more profitable than financing manufacture or agriculture, that the older form of finance fell out of use, and hence our modern Banks are not Banks in the old sense of the term.

Now, if the financial control and the ownership control are better under one management, then Socialism is inevitable, for State ownership and control can be more secure and more thorough than any private ownership; but if, on the other hand, this is only true of some industries, then the sooner the financial organisation of true Banking is modernised the quicker will industrial unrest find its true level in stimulating industrial activity. At present, owing to the fact that we have only the form of finance suited to centralised industries, industrial unrest finds its only outlet in agitation rather than in organised activity.

This policy is the true line for a real Conservative reaction, for the Liberals are now out for State action, and the Conservatives to preserve the liberties of the individual against the State. It would stimulate both agriculture and the small business man, and at the same time it would unite the various nations which go to form the British Empire in a far deeper sense than Tariff Reform. England

can no more remain the main workshop of the Empire than she could remain the world's workshop; for the industries needed can only grow as the wants grow, and cannot be controlled by Boards of Directors in London. The Empire grew up out of the energies of the people on the spot, and London finance must respond to this racial instinct or London can no longer supply the needs of the race.

This method of financial organisation restores the old occupation of the aristocracy, that of the supervisors of agriculture, but on a higher level; for the private Bankers to organise the finance of agriculture must have an intuitive perception of character and the art of handling personality, along with the instincts of agricultural pursuits—all of which pertain to the instincts of a real aristocracy. The old relationship of con-

troller of the land and hirer of labour will have to go, but its place will be taken by the finer relationship of partial control, with the ideal that the successful ones under his control are to attain to his own level. The introduction of this Fatherhood principle into all industrial government is the key to a Social State vastly different from State Socialism.

Finally, if Capital is entitled to say to Labour: "You shall not eat unless you work," Labour is equally entitled to say to Capital: "You shall not make profits without first seeing that there is enough food and clothing produced for everyone, and that the wages you offer really mean food and clothing" (as at present they do not). The gold currency is only a symbol, but the worth of human food is a living reality.

MONTAGUE CHURCHILL-SHANN.

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## Attainment

" . . . Earth is too narrow for a happy Lover  
With planets in his heart, and in his hands  
Immeasurable Lands. . . ."  
R. MIDDLETON.

Dreamer—as folks called him—sought the Ideal in all things. He sought it high and low, far and wide—by strange conflicting means and diverse ways.

And, the years, as they swept on, stripped him of his dreams and beliefs, one after the other.

For, the Ideal ever beckoned, yet ever receded as he strove towards *it*. Never was *it* in the place where he thought to find *it*.

Over the plain where he travelled, he beheld the East grow lurid, and two armed Hosts emerged and advanced, each on each, out of the distance.

He felt himself to be *in* them and yet, not of them.

But, in the clash of their fiercest conflict, the vast armies slowly melted away into the Dawn, and of them only two solitary forms remained. One, kingly in its bearing strode to meet the figure approaching from the opposite side, who appeared to be a foot soldier, and whose eyes were dim with the smoke of battle as he groped his way along; it seemed he sought something, but sought vainly.

"There walks a Seeker," whispered the Dreamer, "and I know him well. For, I have loved him. I love him now—and he is mine to cherish in coming time! . . . I wish, oh! I wish He might find *that* which he pursues so earnestly. . . ."

Then, that kingly One came forward, smiling, and the foot soldier looked up, and saw . . . "Ah!" cried the Dreamer, "*It is well*: My comrade has *attained*."

E. CHRISTINA LAUDER.

# Nirvana According to Buddha

By C. JINARAJADASA.

**T**O one brought up in Buddhist traditions, one of the puzzles in reading Western literature is the persistent assertion that the aim of Buddhism is annihilation. Annihilation is considered the logical outcome of a creed whose basis is pessimism; and, with a rooted conviction that the Buddha taught that man had no Soul, many Orientalists have taken for granted that the ideal of a Buddhist must be to put an end to existence by annihilation. Now, if there is one religion which is essentially one of "sweetness and light," so far as the lives of its votaries are concerned, it is surely Buddhism; and every one who has lived in Ceylon or Burma knows that the practical effect of Buddhism is to make the people the reverse of pessimistic. True it is that they have an "other world" tendency in all they think and feel and say; but this is characteristic equally of Hindus, who have never been considered as holding annihilation as the aim of existence.

The difficulty of understanding Buddha's doctrines, for the average Western scholar, lies in the fact that the latter's conception of consciousness is largely that of Judaism. Man's consciousness, till the advent quite lately of the subliminal self theories, has been thought in the West as a coherent, inseparable unit, of such a nature that a John Jones, with his biases of time and place and nation, is considered a permanent entity, who would practically cease to be individual if we were to strip

him of the particular biases of which he is composed. In the West man is thought of as a unit; whereas in the East he is viewed as a composite. The Buddhist conception is far more akin to that of the new psychologists, who propound to us man as a series of concurrent streams of consciousness, now coming to a junction and now separating, but ever a continuous flow. The individual, at any given moment, is no more than as the flow of waters over a weir; we see the foam and hear the roar, yet the white water of the weir is not a permanent static something, except in the consciousness of the beholder. Now to the Buddha man is a Something, but it is not Anything, of the nature of the Things we know. At first sight this would seem annihilation; but again and again the Buddha insists that "*na cha so, na cha anyo*" (he is not this, but he is not another). As the scholastics phrased it, in their discussions, "*nec taliter nec aliter sed totaliter aliter*" (neither in such a way, nor in a different way, but in a totally different way), so is man conceived by the Buddha.

Instances are slowly being gathered of states of consciousness differing from those we know of usually, and as illuminating the Buddhist conception of a super-personal soul, we have the remarkable experience of Tennyson: "A kind of waking trance I have often had quite from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, out of

the intensity of all consciousness of individuality, the individual self seemed to fade and dissolve and fade away into boundless being ; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, and the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life."

It is something akin to this super-personal life of the ego that is the Buddhist conception of the soul. What is the *summum bonum* and final state for man, the Nirvana of Buddhism, can best be known by the Buddha's own words from a discourse not generally known.\* Thus that part of the Buddhist scriptures called "The Joyful Utterances" (*Udānam*) tells us of Nirvana.

"Thus I have heard. On a certain occasion the Lord dwelt at Sāvattthi in the Jeta Grove in the Pleasaunce of Anāthapindika. The Lord then in a religious discourse taught the Brethren concerning Nirvana ; He exhorted them, rejoiced them, and gladdened them. The Brethren listened to the Word attentively, with profit, with remembrance, and with full understanding.

"Seeing their state of mind, the Lord thereupon pronounced this Joyful Utterance :

"There is, O Brethren, that Abode, where there is indeed no earth nor water nor air ; nor the world of the Infinity-of-Space,† nor the world of the Infinity-of-Intelligence, nor the world of No-Thing-whatsoever, nor the world of Neither-Cognition-nor-non-Cognition ; nor this world, nor the world yonder, and neither the sun nor the moon. That I call, O

\* *Udānam*, Pali text edited by Paul Steindel, Pali Text Society, Section VIII.

† These are the four Brahma worlds, or the realms of the angels, in which the characteristics of consciousness are as described. It should not be forgotten that the positive characteristics of consciousness are described often in Hindu philosophies by negatives. "Not this, not this," is the famous phrase of the Upanishads to describe the inexhaustible positivity of the One Existence.

Brethren, neither coming nor going nor standing, nor birth nor death. Without foundation, without origination, beyond thought is That. The destruction of sorrow verily is That.'

"Seeing their state of mind, He thereupon pronounced this Joyful Utterance :

"Inconceivable, non-individual, verily is That ; not easy to see is the truth (concerning it). Free from bondage is he who sees and knows, when he realises what causes Craving.'

"Seeing their state of mind, He thereupon pronounced this Joyful Utterance :

"There is, O Brethren, that which is unborn, unmanifested, uncreate and unconditioned. Unless, O Brethren, it were not unborn, unmanifested, uncreate and unconditioned, there could not be cognised in this world the coming forth of what is born, manifested, created and conditioned. And in as much as there exists what is unborn, unmanifested, uncreate and unconditioned, therefore is cognised the coming forth of what is born, manifested, created and conditioned.'

"Seeing their state of mind, He thereupon pronounced this Joyful Utterance :

"There, no motion is of the movable and the immovable. From absence of commotion comes quiescence. Where there is quiescence then attachment ends. When attachment ends there is neither a going forth nor a return. When going forth and return cease, there is neither birth nor death. When there is neither birth nor death, then verily is neither This World, nor the World Yonder, nor a Between. The destruction of sorrow verily is That.'"

If now we compare this description of Nirvana with what the Upanishads of Hinduism say concerning Brahman, the Absolute, the One Existence, we shall see that the fullness of the Totality in Hinduism is the same as the so-called nothingness of Nirvana. "What none can see, nor grasp, nor comprehend, void of distinctive mark, unthinkable, past definition, naught but self-consciousness alone, that ends all going-out, peaceful, benign, and secondless—He is the Self, 'tis He who must be known" (*Māndūkya*, 7). "There shines

not sun, nor moon and stars, nor do these lightnings shine, much less this fire. When He shines forth all things shine after Him, by Brahman's shining shines all here below" (*Mundaka*, II., ii., 10).

It is obvious, then, that, to the Oriental philosophical mind at least, this finality of existence is not a nothingness. It is something that to us may be tantamount to non-existence, simply because it is indescribable in terms of *our* experience, which is all the time measured by us with the measuring rod of a limited and personal ego. That ego of ours measures life in a very personal way; according to the sex of the body is very largely the outlook of the average ego. Similarly, too, the nation into which we are born limits our horizon and gives a warp or twist to our super-national selves; life to a Hindu means quite a different thing in some essentials to what it is to an Englishman or to a Frenchman. So, too, are we limited by the limitations imposed upon us by our religious or anti-religious beliefs, and by our caste or class traditions or interests. Sex, race, age of body, caste, creed and temperament are so many refracting lenses through which we see life and weigh its experiences; our ego is not so much one "I," as a series of "I's," and each to some extent perverts the great realities of existence. Far more than we realise normally, "all we have the wit to see is a straight staff bent in a pool." But suppose we were to rise, as did Tennyson, above our limited selves, would not the incomprehensible phrases descriptive of Nirvana be at least partially comprehen-

sible? Prof. Harald Höfding well expresses the view of the Buddhist conception of Nirvana when he says, "Nirvana is not a state of pure nothingness. It is a form of existence of which none of the qualities presented in the constant flux of experience can be predicated, and which, therefore, appears as nothingness to us in comparison with the states with which existence has familiarised us. It is deliverance from all needs and sorrows, from hate and passion, from birth and death. It is only to be attained by the highest possible concentration of thought and will."

When, at the end of each Buddhist sermon, the monk gives the blessing, "May you all attain Nirvana," and the laity respond with fervour "*Sadhu! Sadhu!*" (Amen, Amen!), anyone who is then present will surely realise that the pious Buddhist cannot be thinking of Nirvana as an annihilation. The positivity of Nirvana is the fount and source of all Buddhist ethics; and the Buddha, who has been revered and loved as the pattern of all that is perfect by more millions than any other character as yet in human history, is not likely to have drawn his inspiration from an ideal of non-existence. The trend of Western philosophic thought is distinctly towards the Buddhist conception of the ego; the time is certainly not far off when in the West, too, the philosophers will utter with the Buddha the Joyful Utterance, "May you soon attain Nirvana!"

C. JINARAJADASA.

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## The Way of the Buddha.

*"All the means in this life, ye Monks, to acquire religious merit, have not the value of a sixteenth part of Love, the liberator of the mind."*

THE BUDDHA, "ITIVUTTAKA."

# Our Monthly Gallery

## II. The "Velvet" Brueghel

By HOPE REA.

**J**AN BRUEGHEL'S is a name which at the present time remains more or less in obscurity, ignored by critics ; but to the present writer his works have always appealed, as possessing a quality all their own, of naïve, but undoubted charm.

There were three Flemish painters of the Brueghel family, nicknamed respectively "Peasant," "Velvet," and "Hell"; the first and last of these have practically interest only for the historian of Art ; Jan, or the "Velvet," differed from both, and was, in his degree, a true artist.

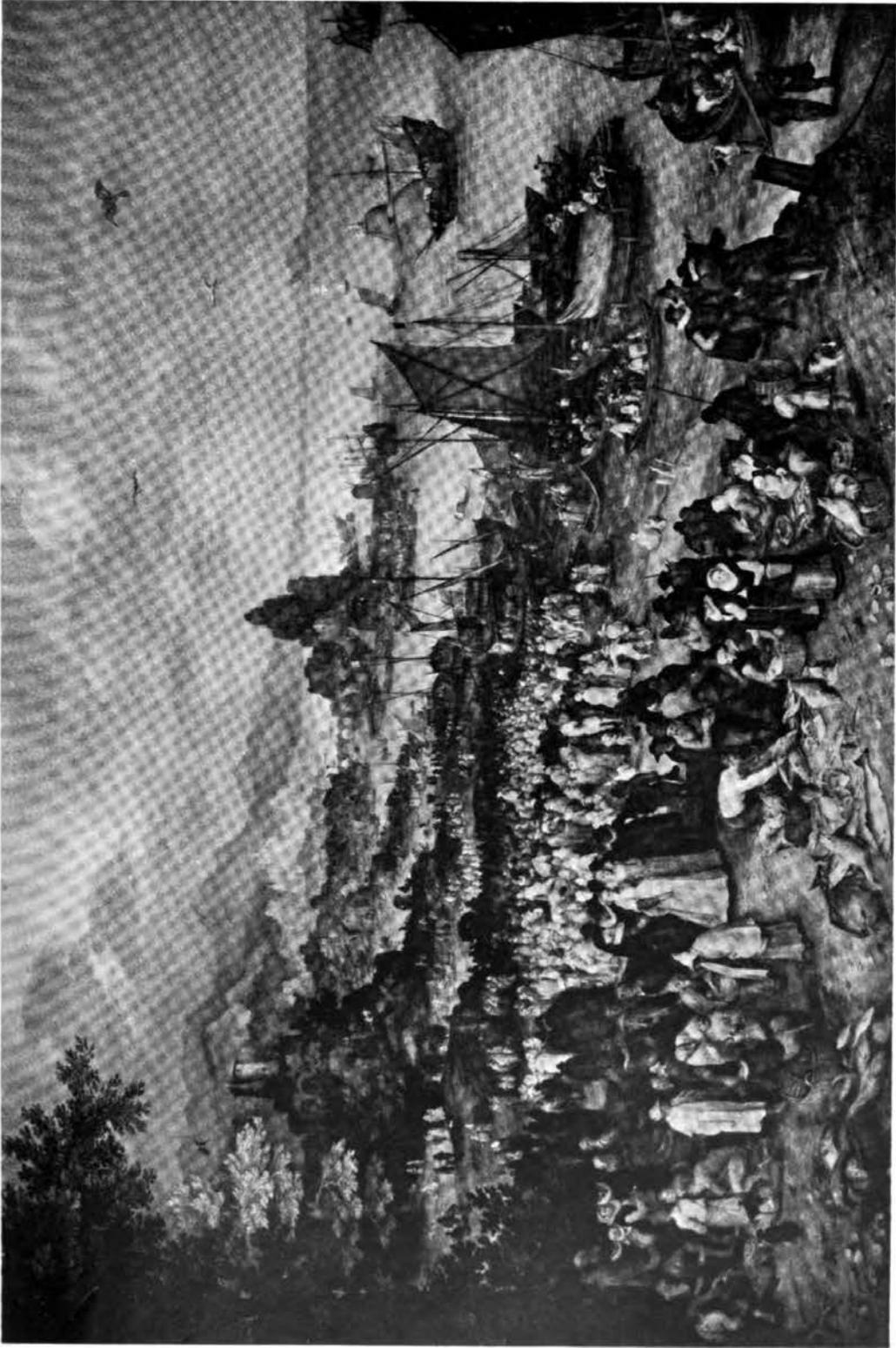
Born in Brussels in 1568, he served his apprenticeship to a painter of Antwerp. Following the Craft custom of that time, when his apprentice years were over, he journeyed to Rome, and there made the acquaintance of Peter Paul Rubens, also on his first Italian Art pilgrimage. In 1596, we find him returned to the Netherlands, and settled in Antwerp, holding a respected position in the alert Art world of that city. Among the interesting intellectual circles of Antwerp at that time was the Guild of the Romanists, its members being scholars or artists who had resided in Italy. In 1609, Jan Brueghel occupied the position of Dean of the Guild, and in that capacity had the pleasure of admitting Rubens to the fraternity. The friendship of the two painters, so curiously dissimilar in style of workmanship and personal character, was thenceforward renewed, and continued throughout their respective lives.

The influence of Italy on Flemish Art was far from being generally beneficial, the "Italianisers" too often exchanged their native quality for but the outer form of Italian Art, achieving a sort of formal

academic style of composition, devoid of all vitality. Rubens was of those few who derived benefit from Italy ; a "Romanist" he was no mere "Italianiser," and the same may be said, in his degree, of "the Velvet" Jan. The value of Composition, that intangible something which creates style, he grasped, yet for the subjects of his Art he remained wholly northern ; landscapes, animals and flowers were his chosen subjects, "which," writes Michel, "permitted him to display the suppleness and marvellous finish of his execution."

Last month we had, in this series, as our fourth illustration, an example of his work in pure landscape ; our first for the present article is more characteristic of his manner. The landscape setting is obviously idealised and fantastic, and deliberately "composed," as much as that of Altdorfer's *Susannah* ; withal mingling with and blending into the conventionalised landscape setting we have a swarm of minute figures resolving itself towards the foreground, into a contemporary market scene, fishwives, and housewives, merchants and shipmasters all alert and busied with matters of trade and bargaining, each separate little group having its own peculiar interest ; and as the eye roves over the fascinating medley, the wonder arises how the busy composition took its rise in the painter's mind, where its starting point, and for what central idea is all this wealth of detail elaborated ? Thus seeking, insensibly one is led by the lines of the picture's composition to a point in the middle-distance, and there, just indicated by a suggestion of halo, is the Christ, preaching from a boat, to the crowd which gathers thickest at that point. Here we discover the *raison d'être* of the whole ; Antwerp citizens and the

I.



A SHORE SCENE.  
By Jan Brueghel.

II.



FLORA GARLANDED BY NYMPHS.  
By Jan Brueghel.



HOLY FAMILY.  
By Brueghel.



RUBENS' WIFE AND CHILD.  
By Rubens, and Garland by Brueghel.

busy fishmarket in front, the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them as a background, and in the centre, for both alike, the living Christ.

The *Flora Garlanded by Nymphs* has more of the "Romanist" quality; it is classical in subject and treatment, yet it is Brueghel's own vision and not borrowed. True, we have a Renaissance Palace and winged *putti* introduced, but it is all placed in open landscape, blossoming with luxuriant garden growth in the actual neighbourhood of the goddess, and what a garden! How the painter has revelled in, and lingered over the delicate loveliness of each blossom! The nude figure Brueghel never studied, and when it was necessary, as in this case, to complete his composition, another hand was frankly engaged to execute that item,—a co-operative method of production curiously common in the Antwerp school.

Our third picture represents the Holy Family. Here, our painter has almost excelled himself in the richness and prodigality of his setting for the little group of Sacred Wanderers. The subject is not strictly a *Flight into Egypt*, yet it is obvious that the Family is pictured as on the road, in a moment of pause along the way. For Brueghel the immortal story belongs exclusively to no one country, it is true for Flanders, as for Italy, or Palestine, and if Heaven came down to earth in celestial chorus to celebrate that Advent, was it possible, he apparently asks, that Earth did not thrill responsively? Whatever may have been the exact train of Brueghel's thought, this at least is the form in which we find it expressed. We have a northern forest road and watered glade, fading away into a soft blue trans-alpine distance, and, at the point where the Rest is taken, there fruit and flower each after its kind, from the most homely to the rarest, burgeons forth, to mingle with the arch of forest trees, while the little furred and feathered population of the wood add life and movement to the great garland, which has hastened forth to greet the coming of the Child. Brueghel sees no angel worshippers, but the Earth that he knows offers her full

content by his hand, in homage, the whole quaint conception, justified by its absolute sincerity. As in the preceding example, the figures are by another hand.

Our fourth illustration shows Brueghel in another relation, and indicates the esteem in which he was held by his great contemporary Rubens. Here is a picture in which Rubens himself is primarily the painter, but he has called upon his friend Brueghel to fill in a portion which was not in the style of his special line of work, but which the "Velvet" did supremely well. The combined effect, especially in the original, where the difference of brush-work and colour treatment are to be seen more clearly, is not altogether happy. In method, perhaps, no painters were more markedly distinct than these two; the almost swirling brush-work and fused colour of Rubens being in strong contrast to exquisitely detailed painting of Brueghel, in whose work every line is definite, and every form complete in itself. The interest in this picture is thus more personal than strictly artistic. The centre group represents Rubens' first wife, Isabella Brandt, and her son. Rubens throughout his life never tired of introducing the features of the various members of his family into his pictures, and Isabella was more often than not his model for the Madonna. Hers was a fine and noble character, and one of Rubens' most triumphant achievements was an *Assumption of the Virgin*, in which her features are represented; it was in effect a memorial of her, being painted in the year of her death, during the first months of the painter's bereavement.

In the face of the child in our illustration can be traced a strong likeness to his mother, together with indications of that beauty which so strikingly distinguished his father.

Brueghel's garland surrounding Isabella is quite in his characteristic manner, minutely delicate as ever, and only appearing hard in quality because of its close proximity to Rubens' fused method of colour treatment.

HOPE REA.

# The Mystery of Self-Surrender

By F. EVERY-CLAYTON.

**T**O the many earnest souls whose great ideal is a serious preparation, both by outward and inward works, for the coming of the Lord, a short study of that mysterious process known as self-surrender may not be inopportune. It is hoped that the ideas advanced in this little sketch may lead to a clearer view of the more spiritual aspects of the subject, and open up vistas of mystical perception such as can only be hinted at in an article of this nature.

Personal experiences in the great world of Realities must always be of value, and it is solely with the desire to throw a little light on the path of some struggling soul that these few notes are put forward.

Let us first of all make a clear distinction between the *Secret* and the *Mystery* of Self-Surrender. The first is a term often used and fairly easily understood. It may be summed up in the sentence that in one form or another is ever on the lips of the whole religious world—"Thy will be done." This is, indeed, the *Secret* of Self-Surrender, but the *Mystery* thereof—who can know it who has not lived it?

As in the Mysteries of old the candidate for Initiation had to realise, through individual experience, the great Cosmic Secrets to the knowledge of which he was then admitted, so in this Mystery of Self-Surrender must the individual live the secret and make it a part of his being—nay, his very being itself.

To say "Thy will be done" is, in many cases, an easy matter, and to act up to the principle can, to a certain extent, be accomplished without that inward struggle which ends in the lifting of the Veil; but the actual realisation in daily life of this profound saying entails consequences that a superficial or outward resignation can never hope to understand, far less to experience.

It is a universally accepted axiom that those who aspire to tread the path of holiness must overcome the sense of separateness,—in other words, renounce the separate self in order to become one with the Universal Self. What, then, does such renunciation actually mean, and what does it involve in daily life?

The first and most important point is the examination of the motives of all actions, tracing them back to the thoughts or feelings from which they spring, in order to decide whether self-interest be not lurking somewhere, perhaps when least suspected.

As a rule no very great effort is needed, when an obvious sacrifice is required, to subordinate the will to the dictates of the Higher Self. It is in the little things, the trifling incidents of daily life, that the difficulty chiefly lies.

These small happenings do not seem to call for any great effort, nor does it appear worth while to give them much thought or consideration. But they may be likened to the straws that show which way the

wind blows, and it is often in these trifles that the serious defects of character peep out. It may, for instance, be comparatively easy to check an outburst of anger, and, at the same time, it may be exceedingly difficult to overcome a slight feeling of irritation over a trifle. Yet both processes are of equal importance if the surrender of self is to be complete, if the mystery of renunciation is to be understood, and the Sanctuary unveiled that lies beyond.

There is a sentence in that wonderful little book, "At the Feet of the Master," that is singularly appropriate for quotation here :

" Firm as a rock where right and wrong are concerned, yield always to others in things which do not matter."

And it would not be out of place to give another quotation from one whose life attests a pre-eminent right to speak on the subject—Thomas-à-Kempis. " Be desirous . . . to do the will of another rather than thine own " (Book III., Chap. xxiii.). In both cases it may be noted that the surrender is mentioned as to *others*, and not as directly to God. Herein lies the test of the will, for the man who can, for the sake of his Ideal, surrender to others in all the things that " do not matter," has gone far on the way to become an efficient instrument in the hands of the Great Artificer.

As an incentive and aid to the attainment of the state of mind under consideration, the study of such an authority as Thomas-à-Kempis, or other great mystics of various times, is to be recommended, not omitting the humble but most exemplary Brother Lawrence.

The first mentioned is too universally known to need much comment, but the second, although a lesser light in religious history and literature, offers a most stimulating example of complete surrender to an ideal—the love and service of God. To those unacquainted with the writings of this saintly man most valuable help will be found in his maxims, letters and personal experiences. His very humble manner of life, his perfect simplicity of mind and heart, combined with his lofty

mystic vision, bring him into touch with minds of very varying calibre and widely different needs.

As in everything else, the first steps are always the most difficult. The surrender of the will is often accompanied by real suffering, that appears at times to be out of all proportion to the cause. May there not be some hidden process in this connection, of far greater import than we wot of? May not the willing sufferer, by virtue of the spiritual force involved in the act of renunciation, gain some mysterious power of sharing the pains of others and transmuting them into a blessing? Since we know that what blesses one blesses all, we may justly infer that the influence of this self-surrender cannot be confined to the individual alone. The " turning or denial of the will," as Schopenhauer puts it, is indeed a mysterious process, fraught with an inner meaning, nay, even a cosmic significance, that can be fully gauged only by those who have drunk the bitter cup to the dregs, and who have not faltered in their allegiance to the Master, even through the dark hours of Gethsemane.

How, then, are we to find strength for such effort, when in the moment of surrender no comforting ray appears to lighten the darkness, no helping hand is outstretched to aid us in the struggle? In the very essence of our being the answer is found, in the Spirit which is ever urging us towards the light, and which only seems to reach our consciousness after the conflict is over. For pain would not be pain if we were able to realise its benefits at the moment of suffering. Experience, however, teaches much, and one such effort made, the way is opened to further advance, to victory over greater obstacles. For the surrender of the will is an act that breaks down an interior barrier and creates a channel through which spiritual power can flow; and this in turn leads to the development of new faculties, to the discovery of unsuspected depths of wisdom and power. It is as though a door were unlocked in the inner sanctuary of our being. The turning of the key does, indeed, often require a mighty effort, but the glories of the treasures within can never

be fully revealed to any but the strong in will and purpose.

And what, in its fullest significance, does the surrender of self imply? No less than this—that he who has utterly renounced his personal will in order to co-operate entirely with the Divine Will, participates in the great Universal Sacrifice and shares in the outpouring of Divine Life by which the worlds are sustained.

For the Law of Sacrifice is, in truth, in its deepest meaning, one with the Law of Manifestation; and the act which, in its first human limitations, is accompanied by pain and sorrow becomes, in its fullest development, a glad and joyful outpouring of the whole being in loving service to all humanity. Here, verily, is the innermost meaning of self-surrender, but what words can express so profound a mystery, or who can measure the heights to which the complete surrender of the human will ultimately leads?

In its metaphysical aspect this "denial of the will to live" may be looked upon as an extension of the sphere of egoism—in other words, the enlargement of the Ego's field of manifestation through the faculty of sympathy. Being limited to a physical body, it cannot step beyond this boundary unless its concept of life be extended

sufficiently to embrace the thoughts and feelings that constitute the sphere of manifestation of other Egos. This accomplished, it has lost its sense of separateness, and is on the way to realise universal consciousness. It has literally fulfilled the saying of the Christ: "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." And not only does a man find (or save) his own life; but by the extension of his being into the lives of others, he is able to pour out his strength for their help and comfort, sharing their burdens, enhancing their joys and increasing their knowledge of "the things needful to salvation."

We now see whither the first serious efforts in the surrender of the will ultimately lead, and what glorious vistas of future development open out before the patient perseverance necessary to all achievement. No one, having once set his foot on this steep ascent, will ever be likely to draw back if he realises that suffering can only be felt *during the process* of self-surrender, and that pain ceases and gives place to joy when the surrender is complete. The final consummation may be summed up in the beautiful words of S. Paul: "Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

F. EVERY-CLAYTON.

## The Immortal Dead

(To F. S. S.)\*

*Forgotten knights who trod our England old  
For her sake liberty and life did give:  
To-day, among us all, a heart as bold  
Did kill the body that the soul might live.  
What faery changeling has a heart so free  
Of envy, hate and all ignoble ties—  
Who of our company owed less than he  
Who made for us this dreadful sacrifice?  
Who has a conscience half so keen as his?  
Which of us shrank so much from causing  
pain?  
None was so gentle as this child of Peace  
Who bore a bayonet that the world might  
gain!*

*Love was his watch-word, this alone did yield  
Him freedom of all: and Truth was as his  
breath;  
These gave him courage on the shell-strewn  
field  
To walk untroubled through the gates of  
Death.  
Nature he loved, and friends, and care-free  
laughter  
(Loving and large and kind was all his  
mirth);  
He's for an age that's surely coming after—  
But only such as he will give it birth.*

JULY, 1916. J.

\* A contributor to the "Herald of the Star."

# Practical Ideals in Education

By PHILIP OYLER

**N**O matter in what way we choose to try to help the world, we all need primarily four great things, if our efforts are to produce flowers which will grow perennially in the heart of man. Those four great things are Love, Faith, Health and Simplicity. We need to have love for one another, because love is the most powerful force in the Universe. We can give it continually, and find that the more we give, the more flows in unto us. We need also to have love for the animals, the plants, the earth, the sky, the stars, our work, our homes—everything, in fact, because wherever we love we beautify and uplift. We need to have faith in higher guidance, to feel that there are higher powers that guard us from accident and harm of all kinds, love us and help us, especially if we try to help others and do not strive for personal aims and fame. We need also to have faith that whatever we want and whomever we want will come at the good hour, for those that watch over us know better and see farther than we. Moreover, we have power to help only to the extent that we can make ourselves channels through which divine forces may flow.

We need to have health—that is to say, perfect harmony between spirit, mind and body, so that we are above disease and the fear of it, and do not feel the body to be any burden or limitation; so that the

promptings of intuition and conscience are stronger than our emotions and reason; so that it is a joy merely to be alive; so that we are never weary or out of step with the universal rhythm; and we need health so that we may hand it down as a heritage to our children.

We need to have simplicity, so that in whatever way we express ourselves we may appeal to and be understood by all; so that our material needs are so few that we can each supply them for ourselves and not demand the time of others; so that the earth and sky, the daily scenes, the common round suffice for our happiness and inspiration.

Those are the four great things which we feel are valuable to anyone at any time, and so those are the things which, to our mind, we should devote ourselves to attaining. If we have those, everything else will easily arrive. They are the really *practical* and essential things if we wish to live as the Christ or the Buddha or any other of the great teachers lived.

We believe, therefore, that education, when true and real, should be a process of development beginning before birth and passing beyond death (not a matter of instruction during a few years of early life), and should be based upon those four great things—Love, Faith, Health, Simplicity.

Most people realise, when they are grown up, that what they have been taught

is practically valueless compared with what they have gained by their own experience, but then they often wish to teach children what they have learned by their own experience, assuming that it must be valuable to them too. We, however, do not think that this is the best way, for we feel that each may need a different experience, and must choose for himself or herself. We ought not to wish to impose our thoughts or beliefs on the children, but to keep the original meaning of the word "educate"—and so "lead out" what is in them. One finds, however, that children who have been accustomed to receive deliberate instruction lack initiative to think or act or observe on their own account, and therefore need at the outset some teaching, which should gradually grow less, and should cease altogether when they learn to educate themselves. Even so there should only be a *little* deliberate instruction; some encouragement and suggestions here and there are generally enough. The best method is to suggest a path, so to speak, for the children to take, but leave them to make the journey along it one of adventure and personal discovery.

All the greatest lessons are learnt without words. Long before babies can speak or understand the meaning of our words they learn from us by what we do and by what we are. They learn from a gesture, a touch, a tone of voice, a mood, a thought or a feeling; and if educated naturally, would continue to learn thus all their lives. That is why we consider it of the utmost importance that we should all overflow with love for one another, and that we should always be trying to develop ourselves, so that the way we live should be a perpetual example of health, happiness, peace, power, patience, enthusiasm, sincerity and kindness; and so that there should always be harmony. We have put love first, because we believe that diseases of the body are primarily caused by diseases of the mind, such as fear, hatred, jealousy, lust, pride and other such, and we find that when children obtain more harmony between spirit, mind and body—that is to say, better

health—they are then able and anxious to learn for themselves and to help themselves and others in countless ways. No drugs of any kind need ever be used; pure air, spring water, simple work, clean soil, a combination of exercise and rest, beautiful surroundings, natural food and *love* will heal anything. Nor is the power to heal abnormal or strange in any way; we are all potentially capable of healing (to differing extents, of course), and all can heal well who have perfect health, who love all, and who desire to work for the world's good, not for personal aims or for money.

We put health so high, not only because we wish to see beautiful bodies as well as pure minds and deep feelings, but also because self-control and self-reliance are impossible without it; and because with health there will always be happiness, with happiness there will always be loving thoughts and inspiration, and by these are we and the world uplifted. No doubt we can all learn something from pain, grief, misery or any forms of trouble, but we feel that we should all be better without them and are convinced that a very great deal more can be learned by love, health and happiness. Further, if education does not make for greater happiness, there must, to our mind, be something seriously wrong with it. We attribute little educative value to things which make us miserable. They are only removed by one stage from the idea of deliberately mortifying the flesh in order to elevate the spirit.

As love should be the ruling spirit in our homes, so self-reliance is the solution of our social problems, for love and self-reliance go hand in hand. When we do really love, we do unto others as we would have them do unto us, and do not demand that they should perform work which we should not like to perform ourselves. For that reason we ought to use, wherever we can, things that are made by hand and in happy, healthy conditions. We should like to make everything ourselves, but this is not possible, except for those who live in warm climates and can in consequence more easily simplify their lives.

We should aim at growing all the food and fuel that we want, and at spinning,

weaving and making all the garments that we want. This obviously is an aim that it will take some time to reach, and which will be attained by reducing our needs, not by increasing our capacity to supply them.

Where love is the ruling spirit, there is no question of master or mistress and servant. We should have no servants. We can make the daily offices, called menial work, as noble as any other. We should share all the work with one another and with our children, who will learn to work alone or together; and all of them will gradually learn to do the work that they cause and make the things that they need. When we do that, we understand how much we each contribute towards the social difficulties of civilisation; we understand the relation of life to work, of the hand to the heart, and we realise the necessity for increasing simplification in every detail as well as the advantages of it. For it is only by simplification that we can gain freedom, freedom to really live as the wild flowers do, freedom to come and go as the woodfolk do, freedom from the fetters and worry of possessions, and freedom to help our fellows. The less we need for ourselves, the more time and love we can devote to others. No man can give us freedom, and if we take it (without simplifying our lives) by getting others to do the work we cause, even though we wish to help humanity, how will that do much good? For it means that, though we help some few, we are being a hindrance to others. And therein is another reason for the necessity for simplification.

In our homes, therefore, we should try to simplify on every side—in dress, in diet, in the house, in work, in games, in faith. For example, we should aim at few, simple, hand-made, beautiful coverings for the body, believing that the gradual reduction of clothes tends to greater and greater health, and feeling that pure air and spring water can feed the body from the outside more than food eaten can feed it from within. We must all have noticed that those who wear many clothes are troubled by changes of weather.

We should aim, too, at a natural diet of fruits, nuts, vegetables and salads. In the house we should aim at dispensing, to a large extent, with curtains, carpets, tablecloths, useless ornaments and useless furniture, which only hamper freedom by giving extra work and hinder health by holding dust. A house can be far more beautiful by simplicity than by luxury, as both the ancient Greeks and the Japanese have shown us so well.

This simplification of dress, diet and household equipment enables indoor work to be done in quick time, and therefore gives much more opportunity for being out of doors, where we all ought to be as much as possible. In the garden, of course, we should carry out the same plan of sharing the work, as also in felling and cutting timber for fuel.

Boys and girls should receive exactly the same education. The idea of a girl's work being in the house and a boy's elsewhere is a very unfair one—especially to the girl. We do not believe in the superiority of either sex in any way, and find by experience that we are justified in our belief. All the children should learn to sweep and tidy rooms, to wash up, to sew, to wash and mend their clothes, to dig, to plant, to chop and saw wood as soon as they learn to read and write.

This variety of work not only keeps us directly in touch with life and our needs, but keeps us happy, and contributes very largely to a harmonious and equal development of spirit, mind and body. We think that specialisation is always dangerous, for it implies monotony, and is certain to become narrow-minded or one-eyed. It arose with the idea of the division of labour—a method which brings money into the hands of the employer by enabling more to be produced, but is disastrous in every way to the development of those employed.

Just as we should wish all children to learn to be self-reliant in their work, so also we should wish them to find happiness within themselves. By doing what they feel to be right, by making a point of living in a way that will ensure health, by trying to help others, by being kind, loving

and good-tempered, they do inevitably find happiness, and are not dependent upon the entertainment of others, or upon toys. We should have no ready-made toys; they only invite destruction from the child's point of view, and are not educative in any way. Instead, children can express themselves in some handicraft or art; they can dance or play some instrument; they can sing or knit, or spin or weave, or draw or paint, or invent simple games. They should get some raw materials and make something by their own ingenuity—and they should be prepared to lend freely, for we should not encourage the idea of possessions, or the difference between "mine" and "yours." We should share, for surely happiness depends upon what we are, and not upon what we have; and surely we are rich to the extent to which we are able to dispense with things. While we compete with one another, we are no better than the animals, for we are obeying the law of the wild, wherein there is unceasing struggle, and the fittest survive. When we love one another, we cease to vie with one another—we co-operate in our work. Hence we should rely upon comradeship, not only upon leadership and rivalry, and shall find that much higher qualities of character are produced.

We should have no system of reward and punishment. Right-doing is its own reward, and needs no material expression. It is, in fact, often destroyed thereby. Grief and remorse are sufficient punishment for any disobedience to conscience.

Pain and disease are sufficient punishment for any disobedience to natural laws.

We should dispense with fixed rules almost entirely. Life should be regulated by the weather and the seasons rather than by the clock. We should dispense with discipline, too, as soon as a child has learnt self-discipline and learned to respect the freedom of others. Instead, we should give freedom, love and trust—priceless things, to which we all have a right, and to which we all respond.

Every home should be in the country, where all the senses can be fed on Nature's beauty. We believe that all should have direct communion with Nature. We believe that all should learn and understand the physical and spiritual laws of the Universe by direct communion with people and with the elements—and so we should encourage camping and tramping parties, sleeping in the woods, sun-baths and dew-baths, paddling in streams, watching the sun rise, listening to bird-songs, planting trees, rearing seeds and so on. We should not equip our children for life in towns, for we believe that man's place is on the earth, and that this civilisation will pass, as others have done before. We guarantee that all children thus trained will always get a livelihood; and to our mind enough is much better than a mass. We guarantee, too, that such children will *all* want to make the world a happier place, and will be sufficiently in touch with civilisation to help those who are in distress.

PHILIP OYLER.

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*Love is not altogether a Delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, the Idea made real: which discerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity.*

CARLYLE.

# “Quis Separabit?”

By ERIC HAMMOND.

**C**HANGES occur even in “the unchanging East.” In the music of the march of events the Oriental tread is heard moving in time and tune. Humanity *en masse* trends towards that far-off divine event which poet, philosopher and preacher anticipate; an event which, too, changes apparently as the music and the march advance. What men call time is one of the recorders of that motion wherein the universes participate. Eastern notation may present differences when compared with Western; Eastern instruments employed by the orchestra exhibit other variants; methods utilised are seemingly unlike. The *motif*, despite surface dissimilarities, is one and the same, for the Master of Harmonies creates it, strikes the key-note and the chord, leads and regulates. His unwavering *bâton* maintains the proper pitch of His proposing. He arranges that each organ, each appliance, is attuned to His purpose and in unison with His design. In that design each race and each atom has its provided place. Were one or the other lacking in resonance the *concerto* must inevitably miss a necessary feature. Discord would intervene and hopelessly mar the melody of the rhythmic spheres. The majesty of thunder, the ripple of the rivulet, the cricket’s tiny chirping, are, blended with innumerable but necessary sounds, of equal importance.

In that sense, at all events, there is “no great, no small.”

Each morsel of marble in a piece of mosaic has its own inalienable value in the master-pattern. That mosaic has its

light and shade and both are essential to the artist’s intention.

The thinker about God, the seeker after God, images for himself a portrait of the divine of God. In his effort to arrive at such portraiture he learns to acknowledge that it can be neither conceived nor expressed without the acceptance and employment of shade, although his God is a God of Light. Without shade he could not realise for himself and his consolation any divine figure or feature. These, the figure and the feature, are, because of very needful limitations, bound to be man-like in their presentation, “No man hath actually seen God.” The supreme radiance would slay man’s soul. What one sees, what one strives to paint for oneself, is the face and form of a Man, glorified, exalted, splendid, but a man;

“a Man like to me  
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever, a Hand  
like this hand  
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See  
the Christ stand!”

—BROWNING.

In manifesting Himself God has wrought His wondrous likeness with all palpable effects of light and shade. Joy and sorrow, happiness and misery, each has its part to play. Each outstanding lineament, whatever be its circumstance, has its proportionate place and fulfils just the exact effect demanded by its cause.

An apt illustration occurred in the course of a delightful and memorable talk with Johann Zwink, Judas in the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, 1910. His guest ventured to ask this admirable actor how he liked playing such a part as the

Betrayer of The Master? His reply was straight to the point, more, it was as perfect as his performance: "Sir, no man could like such work—but the picture must be complete." This courteous, chivalrous gentleman, this pious, reverent peasant, understood that the perfection of the picture required the shade, the foil.

Now, seeing as through a glass, darkly, not understanding, sometimes mis-understanding, sometimes, alas! doubting the mind of God, certain among the sons of men and of God allow themselves to be distressed and appalled by the shade, the apparent shade, in His scheme. We are here, assuredly, to learn to "welcome each rebuff—be our joy three parts pain"; three degrees of shadow to one degree of animating, invigorating luminosity.

We have to accept discomfort and disease as requisite complements to and heightness of joy and gladness; even weakness as an element of strength. In the evolution of our experience we have to accept also the position so touchingly described by Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

"He that saveth his life shall lose it." This little life of yours and mine, our share in this ephemeral existence here, is it very much worth the saving? We cling to it, we clutch at it. "All that a man hath will he give for his life";—while he looks upon that life as the choicest and best of all things.

Study and personal observation assure us that that life is but part of a passing show. We know full well that it must end, that The Life is of infinitely greater worth, for It is the breath of God, coming from Him, going to Him. This, the Life Eternal, needs no shade. It is robed and crowned in light. Sorrow and crying are outside it. They have their purpose and fulfil their brief destiny. The mundane movement, furnace-wise, melts and moulds the very vehicle which the wise Master-worker plans and so perfects. Thus, then, it is for us to regard the shade of earth's picture, and employ it in our mental make-up of our ideal of the divine. If the casting of a shade leads up, as it inevitably must, and does, to some realisation of the

true light, it has our reverent acquiescence. The essential bearing upon things eternal of all the vast and multitudinous variety of Nature's creation, becomes apprehended and, at least in some sense, appreciated. Nature, after her fashion, presents us with an image of the divine, using, after divine ordinance, line and colour and light and shade. Any appreciation of light were impossible but for the necessary incidence of darkness. The most impenetrable cloud has its silver lining. The golden glow of noon-tide rests upon the background of night. The evening and the morning make the day.

So, in the world itself and among the men and women who comprise its population and its soul, East and West complement and supplement one another. Neither East nor West can definitely acclaim itself as light or shade. Each is essential to the portrait of the soul of the world and, as far as India and England are concerned, agreement in character and bearing is more conspicuous than surface differences, brought about by climate and environment, may make them appear to be. The Indian representative of a culture "old as the immemorial hills," of almost legendary antiquity, is possessed of noteworthy dignity, of grace, of profound philosophic sense. He does not carry his heart upon his sleeve. He undergoes the movements of stately ceremony as to the manner born.

Not a tremour of an eyelid evinces awe or wonder at unaccustomed surroundings. To a stranger who estimates him merely in accordance with his exterior presentment, he is an unknown and unknowable quantity. One may say the same of an average Englishman who is catalogued as formal, reserved, unbending. Both habitually conceal emotional expression of love, of religion, of profound feeling. Loyalty and strong attachment are common to both, and in many other characteristics they stand side by side.

Unlikeness as well as likeness exists between them, but, happily, the day for accentuation of the former is passing out of sight. The theory and practice of separation are losing vogue and becoming,

slowly perhaps, but surely, obsolete. Arrogance on either side is changing into a sense of fraternal need and use. Working together with one will for one common cause, sons of Ind and sons of Albion recognise and rejoice in the fact of their common origin.

For this most hopeful and most helpful sign of the times England is immensely indebted to India. From pulpit and platform, from editorial and professorial chairs, from lips and pens of men of many churches and associations, fundamental truths long-proclaimed in Hindustan, are nowadays demonstrated in Great Britain. Of these we may note the immanence and transcendence of God, the unity of all that is, the acceptance of a creed as a garment of religion and not religion itself. The basis of faith established forever in the East is reaching realisation in the West. The unfailling stream of spiritual life whose source is Oriental has generously overflowed into a fountain that plays upon and revives Occidental souls. Consciously or unconsciously the Western religious sphere is being impregnated with the inspiring philosophy of the Vedas and the Bhagavad Gita. The ladder of agreement is being mounted rung by rung on equal footing. The Indian and the Englishman are nearing that ascent whereon neither shall declare to the other “I have the light. You dwell in darkness.” No error is, or can be, greater than the presumption of the supposition that any country, any people, any sect, possesses or can possess a proprietary right to the elements of faith and truth.

The same heart beats in the human form divine whether that form be draped in one colour or another. The same sun shines on Ganges and on Thames, although residents on the bank of that river or of this sing of the Lord of Light in varying terms. “Words,” too often, “divide and rend.” Actions inspired by the one sacred and pervading influence are as accurately alike as lotus-blooms.

“Ishvara dwelleth in the hearts of all beings, O Arjuna.”—GITA.

“Thinking on Me, thou shalt conquer all obstacles by My Grace.”—*Ibid.*

“Renouncing all Dharmas, come unto Me alone for shelter.

Sorrow not, I will liberate thee from all sins.”  
—*Ibid.*

“Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden

And I will give you rest.”

—JESUS OF NAZARETH.

“I and My Father are One.”—*Ibid.*

“One God, one law, one element.”—TENNYSON.

“God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear

To give sign we and they are His children, one family here.”

—BROWNING.

Ishvara, Who dwelleth in all hearts, speaks to all through eyes of all. Speech may sever the thread of thought; may, in one regretful moment injure and delay the weaving of the web of unity. Wilful disparagement of East by West or West by East; an unhallowed anxiety to assert the superiority of one attitude of mind; criticism, adverse and ungenial; the usage of a supposed faculty for the pronouncement of judgment; all these are utterly inimical to advancement on The Way. Shakespeare’s fine words ring as truly at this moment as in the moment of their writing:—

“How would you be,  
If He who is the top of judgment should judge  
you as you are?”

It has been said, even in these latter days of ours, that The Light not only arises in the East, but that its shining is largely limited to Eastern lands. It is affirmed that the gospel of universal kinship and universal charity extends half-heartedly at best among Western people. That affirmation is in itself uncharitable, nay, more, it cannot be substantiated. Assuredly, the lip or pen that made it moved hurriedly and ill-advisedly. When a great poetic philosopher uttered the phrase “All men are liars,” he, according to his own confession, uttered it in haste. The charity of England and the English is unbounded, illimitable. It conveys itself according to its own genius without obtrusion. It is unresting, unceasing. Scarcely a British family exists that does not share its means of existence with some folk less fortunate. The duty of so doing is

recognised as a part of life, quietly but persistently performed, and the instinct that compels the performance extends itself beyond all public purposes and beyond British boundaries.

A radiant and abiding halo has surmounted the heads of two sisters whose reverence for the Christ was gracious enough to give them a corner in His history—Mary and Martha. Each of these loved Him and adored Him. Each showed her love and her adoration in her

own way, and in God's. Of one of them it was recorded, "Mary hath chosen the better part." She reclined at the Master's feet enveloped by the exquisite delight of His persuasive presence, and she was justified. Martha was justified also, since, but for her sweet and self-denying service, her sister's opportunity had been less. Were not they both, in the mercy seat of the eternal, pronounced "Good"?

ERIC HAMMOND.

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## The Master

*Never so foul that I am foul to Thee,  
O blessed thought!  
Foul shall change to spotless purity,  
By Thee wrought.*

*Dark is only where the sun's bright rays  
May not come;  
Sin is only when I turn my gaze  
From my Home.*

*Nights and days that pass in changeful tide,  
Grant one boon,  
Yonder, where my heartaches nestling bide,  
Bring me soon.*

C. J.

# “Mary Magdalene” by Maurice Maeterlinck

*A lecture delivered at a meeting of the Order of the Star in the East.*

By MAUDE LAMBART-TAYLOR.

[*A most suggestive study of a theme that has ever held deep mysteries to the religious imagination is begun in this article.*]

**I**N choosing Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene" for our Order of the Star meeting, I have been actuated by the thought that the vivid picture in this drama which Maeterlinck portrays, of the time in which Christ lived two thousand years ago—its political and social unrest; the prevailing Roman luxury side by side with squalor, poverty and abject misery; its atmosphere of sneering scepticism; its spirit of cynical raillery—this picture of the past may make us who are members of the Order of the Star in the East, and those in sympathy with the movement, realise more surely what we as Messengers of the Coming World-Teacher may have to confront in our preparation for the Lord of Love. To-day we are face to face with a somewhat similar environment, but this time the World-Teacher has a band of workers as forerunners of His mission, and ours is the grand and glorious privilege to make the effort to break the force of scorn and invective before His arrival; it is for us to prove to a sceptical world by our gentleness, devotion and constancy that our belief in His Coming is transforming our lives so that we may show forth when

He comes in our midst the qualities necessary for the fundamental basis of rejuvenated religion. I do not say *new* religion, for the Coming Teacher will come to remind us of forgotten truths, to radiate purity, holiness and love amongst us, that His followers may have renewed impetus—a fresh inspiration—facilitating a more rapid evolution of humanity.

Maurice Maeterlinck, more than any other writer of the present century, has endeavoured to portray psychological standards of wisdom. He has taken pains to study the inner life of the soul, and has attained a knowledge hidden from superficial observers of impulses and passing emotions. Especially in his observation of womanhood is this perceptible. No one surpasses him in the analysis of feminine characteristics—unless it be Robert Browning; and in "Mary Magdalene" Maeterlinck has given us a consummate masterpiece of the conflict which takes place between emotion and intuition in every crucial test of a woman's soul.

Those of us who have studied the doctrine of reincarnation know that the same individual reincarnates sometimes as a man, sometimes as a woman—according as reason

or intellect, intuition or feeling needs development. Women are more apt to be guided by their impulses, emotions and feelings, men by the reasoning faculty of the mind. All are necessary for a balanced evolution, and when we meet a man or woman with an equal share of head and heart qualities we may assume that they have made some progress toward the probationary Path. Maeterlinck's attitude of admiration toward women is reiterated over and over again. He has stated: "I have never met a single woman who did not bring me something great," and his saying, "Women are much nearer to God than men," has been quoted so often that it will not take long for it to become a household word. His most criminal woman we do not see—the terrible old grandmother in the *Death of Tintagiles*; she murders behind closed doors, and is a mysterious ogress perhaps meant to be symbolical of the Oriental doctrine of evil Karma.

Princess Maleine is a motley of Macbeth, Hamlet and Lear, signifying the undeveloped soul in its crudity and primeval instincts. Melisande is sufficiently evolved to long dimly for higher ideals, but knows not whence she comes nor whither she goes. Her love for Pelleas is the rising sun to lighten the shadowy vistas, but ere it reaches the horizon Melisande's eyes are closed to time and sense. In *Monna Vanna* the soul is triumphant over conventions and formulas, and in the interest of truth she is valiant and heroic, making the sublime sacrifice of herself for the sake of a suffering people. Joyzelle is the type of woman's heroism through love. Ariadne in *Barbe-Blue* has the courage of her convictions, and when she cannot persuade her sister wives to leave the castle of ignominy goes forth alone to meet the contingencies of Fate. Sister Beatrice, trusting and confiding and loving with the intense ardour of a woman's whole existence leaves the convent and her duties, but because she sins through faith and love—sins unselfishly—Maeterlinck condones the deed by causing the Virgin in the Vestibule to take her form and act her duties until she returns, despairing and shattered, to die in the arms of the Nuns

who cannot understand her anguished plea for forgiveness. And now we have the portrait of Mary Magdalene, a still further revelation of the depths and heights of a woman's heart. Maeterlinck is ever trying to make visible the hidden and mysterious processes of life; he tells us in one of his essays that what we call sins here may not be considered such in the eyes of the Supreme Being watching over us; that the greatest sin of all perhaps is contempt for any human being.

Maeterlinck deals with the Soul rather than with the Intellect. He seems to believe that at certain periods in the world's history man has been much nearer the Unseen than at others—in ancient Egypt, in ancient India, in Zoroastrian Persia, in Europe during the two mystical centuries of the Mediæval Ages. He tells us in his *Essay on the Awakening of the Soul* that at such times it would seem as though "humanity were on the point of lifting, however slightly, the crushing burden of matter. . . . Men stand nearer to themselves and nearer to one another, they see and love one another with a more solemn and more intimate fellowship." When we read of the Christ in Palestine and of the early Christian Era, this thought of Maeterlinck is characteristic of the period; and in our time, do we not also intensely feel the great spiritual forces pouring down upon us? Great waves of light seem to be scintillating radiance, penetrating the darkness veiling humanity's inmost heart; and we feel, as it were, the very pulse-throbs of the Universe.

Maeterlinck baffles his keenest admirers. The question is repeatedly asked as to whether he is Pagan, Atheist, Christian; lately it is even asked if he is a Theosophist, Spiritualist or New Thoughter. What student can give us positive information? Maeterlinck cannot be analysed into exact definition. He is the Mystic, possessing the large mental conception of the Seer. He realises the beauty and even the stern morality of Paganism, the desire for rational demonstration of the Agnostic, the exaltation and sublimity of Christian ideals, the inherent reasonableness of the

Theosophic doctrine of Reincarnation and its theory of the evolution of the Universe, the value of the Spiritualist in making positive the evidence of life after the so-called death of the physical body, and acquiesces in the teaching of thought power by New Thought. He is eclectic in his philosophy, not formulating his theories from any particular school, but deriving help and advancement from every school; believing in Deity, but not in the orthodox Personality of Godhood in which every man's God is but a reflection of himself. Maeterlinck is the searcher after truth and beauty and, like all such searchers, the more he evolves the grander and nobler are the discoveries he makes; for truth, goodness and beauty are never finite—they are infinite. Maeterlinck—unconsciously perhaps—is Theosophic, for he has grasped the oneness of the truth underlying all religions, dogmas and ceremonies, and knows that all sects and lovers of truth, beauty and goodness are but taking different paths to the acquirement of the eternal and universal love, which means the final peace of a perfected evolution. Maeterlinck's essential teaching is the beauty of the Soul, the truth and steadfastness of intuitional knowledge. He tells us ever to follow the “path of enlightenment.”

When Mary Magdalene *first* entered the path of truth, goodness and beauty she was unable to distinguish it from the old trodden way; she had to advance far enough for the Light to shine in its entire effulgence before she realised the good work wrought in her.

The scene of the First Act is laid in the gardens of Annæus Silanus at Bethany. All the surroundings are in the Roman style. The benches, porticos and statues are of marble. There are arbours and stone vases in which are orange trees and laurel trees, and in the centre a fountain—all typical of Roman garden arrangements. Into this garden Annæus Silanus, with his friend Lucius Verus enter, Silanus indicating the chief points of interest in the garden which he has laid out here in Bethany to remind him of the one he had left in Præneste, his Roman residence. He

calls attention to the view to be had from his terrace over the valley where Spring already reigns and desires his friend to “admire the anemones streaming down the slopes of Bethany.” We realise that Silanus is old, by his telling Verus “Here I relish in peace the advantages of old age, which knows how to take pleasure in the past; for youth narrows the enjoyment of good things by considering only those which are present.” Verus is delighted at the sight of trees and water and grass, for he has not enjoyed the barrenness of landscape to be found in Judea, and expresses his surprise that Silanus should be content to dwell near such a dull city. Silanus explains that he came with the Procurator Valerius Gratus to Cæsarea; that then he had returned to Rome, but he had become doubtful of the philosophy he had been teaching since he had begun to study the sacred books of the Jews, and that he had returned to Bethany because of his curiosity regarding them; that although they were “crude and bloodthirsty they also contained beautiful myths and the early efforts of an uncivilised but, at times, singular wisdom.” Further conversation reveals the fact that Verus has seen Mary of Magdala at Antioch and that he has fallen deeply in love with her, but that she left Antioch suddenly and he had “lost trace of her.” Silanus asks why Mary of Magdala had not listened to him; that he had heard that, although she set the men of Judea at nought, she showed herself not inexorable to Roman knights. Verus replies: “It is one of those riddles of womankind which our duties as soldiers hardly leave us time to solve. She did not appear to dislike me; at least, the dislike which she affected was not without a harsh gentleness. . . . But there was mingled with it a certain incomprehensible dread which made her timidly avoid me. . . . Besides, she seemed lately to have suffered a great sorrow, for which she has already, I hear, consoled herself more than once.” Silanus tries to reason with Verus, telling him that their mutual friend Appius had asked him to cure him with wise counsels, and that there was no use in afflicting one's self with what the gods created for

pleasure ; but perhaps the talk of Appius was extravagant and heedless, and was it true that Verus loved Mary of Magdala as much as he had declared ? Verus replies : " I desired her, I still desire her as I have never desired any woman," and Silanus remarks : " You speak wisely in not separating from the outset desire and love. Besides, I understand. She is certainly the loveliest of all the many women I have admired in my life." Silanus then informs Verus that Mary of Magdala lives in a beautiful marble villa half-way down the hill, which they can see from the terrace where they are standing. Verus is astonished that she should have retired to such a solitude, and Silanus explains that Mary Magdalene had told him that she " was fleeing from the Jews, the tumult and the sickening smells which increase twofold at Jerusalem as the Passover approaches." Verus inquires what impression Mary Magdalene had made upon him, and Silanus describes her dress and appearance. " She was clad in a raiment that seemed woven of pearls and dew, in a cloak of Tyrian purple with sapphire ornaments, and decked with jewels that rendered a little heavier this Eastern pomp. As for her hair, surely, unloosed, it would cover the surface of that porphyry vase with an impenetrable veil of gold." . . . Verus impatiently exclaims : " I speak of her intelligence, her character. . . . Do not mistake me, she is no vulgar courtesan. . . . She has other attractions binding love more firmly." Silanus is obtuse to anything higher than the merely physical, and responds : " I minded only her beauty, which is real and contents the eye." Silanus tells Verus that Mary Magdalene, Appius and Caelius, a fellow-pupil, are coming to dine with him ; that he is also hoping another friend, Longinus, who had lost his little two-year-old daughter three weeks ago, would come. He is just describing the different dishes for dinner when the sound of a double flute is heard which announces the arrival of Mary Magdalene.

In the second scene of this Act, Silanus goes forward to receive Mary Magdalene with the words : " Who is this that

cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense ? Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, as your sacred books sing at the approach of the Shulamite." But Mary loathes the name of the sacred books. Verus greets her in Roman fashion, flattering and adulatory, but Mary disclaims praise and sues for pity ; tells them she has been robbed of valuable jewels, a Babylonian peacock, and that her fish ponds have been rifled ; that she has had her slaves put to the torture but no confession could be forced from them. Silanus is amazed that such a theft could occur, and says : " I have been living here for nigh six years and no one has ever tried to rob me of an atom of my wisdom, which is never under lock and key and is the only precious thing that I possess." In the continued conversation we get a glimpse of the luxury and artistic taste which prevailed in these old Roman days. Mary Magdalene states that she " first suspected some Tyrian workmen who are fitting one of the rooms in my villa with those movable panels which are changed at every course so that the walls may harmonise with the dishes covering the table." Silanus and Mary Magdalene come to the conclusion that the " thieves must be sought amongst that band of vagrants and prowlers who have been infesting the country for some time, the famous band of the Nazarene." Mary Magdalene describes their leader as " a sort of unwashed brigand who entices the crowds with a rude kind of sorcery, and on the pretence of preaching some new law or doctrine, lives by plunder and surrounds himself with fellows capable of everything. . . . Besides, I have other causes to complain of them. Two days ago when I was walking in my gardens, under the portico that divides them from the road, a dozen wretches belonging to that band insulted me foully and threatened me with stones." Verus joined in with the information that the " authorities have those people in view," and that it would be easy for him to arrest the leader, and Mary expresses her

gratitude if he will do so. But the older and wiser Silanus believes they are mistaken ; that he himself has heard their leader tell the story of a son who returns to his father after squandering his patrimony, and that though the people listening were poor and dirty, he believed them to be harmless and incapable of stealing more than a cup of water or an ear of wheat. The Galilean (or the Nazarene as they call Him here) is rather curious, and his voice is of a penetrating and peculiar sweetness. . . . He appears to be the son of a carpenter.”

In the third scene there is the interview between Mary Magdalene and Verus, in which she declares her cynicism in phrases such as “ the best love is not worth a tear. Until lately I lived among falsehoods by which others profited ; for the past six months I have lived among truths by which I myself profit.” In the fourth scene the expected guests have arrived, and we ascertain their delay in coming has been caused by the Nazarene’s band, who were in a state of almost frenzied excitement over the recovery of sight to a blind man, but the Nazarene Himself was not to be seen ; He is in the “ house of Simon, the Leper, whose orchard adjoins his demesne ; that the Nazarene has been the guest of Simon the Leper for the past three days. This Simon, his sister, his wife, and, I believe, his brother-in-law, are common people who live on the produce of their olive trees. They were timorous, peaceable neighbours, but since the arrival of the Nazarene everything is in commotion ; it is a perpetual coming and going, a perpetual tumult. Their orchard is filled incessantly with a multitude of sick, of vagrants, of cripples, issuing from all the rocks in Judea to beseech him who, with loud cries, they call the Saviour of the world, the Son of David and King of the Jews. There are sometimes so many of them that they overflow into my garden. The hedge, as you see, has been trampled, crushed and even torn in certain places.” The conversation is interrupted by the entrance of five or six poor folk, one of whom has his face gnawed with an ulcer, another almost naked, another starving ; but Silanus reassures his guests that his

gardener will drive them away. As the guests observe, the gardener sends them off without any trouble. They now discuss the absence of Longinus, who is in great grief over the loss of his child. They are surprised that he should take the death of his child to heart so much, and Silanus relates how, when he had lost a child fifteen years ago Longinus undertook to console him, and only that morning he had read his letter in which “ relying on the authority of Metrodorus, Panaetus and Nermachus he proved that sorrow is not only useless, but ungrateful.” Silanus quotes the letter and, after many reproaches, Longinus continues, “ Moreover, it is madness to complain, when there is so little distance between the one who is dead and the one who mourns him. Consider that all mankind, destined to one and the same end, is divided only by little intervals even when they appear very great. He whom you think lost is only gone before. Since we must all travel the same road, is it not unworthy of a wise man to weep for one who has set out earlier than ourselves ? To complain that the friend, or the child is dead is to complain that he was ever born. We are all linked to the same fate. He who has come into the world must also leave it. His stay may be longer, but the end is always alike. The time that elapses between the first day and the last is uncertain and variable. If you consider the wretchedness of life it is long, even for a child ; if you regard the duration it is short, even for an old man.” Mary Magdalene remarks : “ That would not have consoled me,” and Silanus wisely discriminates “ To console, lady, is not to do away with sorrow, but to teach one how to overcome it.”

At this point in the conversation the different sounds of a rising crowd are heard, evidently in excitement seeking for some noted person. The guests discover that they are looking for the Nazarene, and Silanus explains that He has probably just come out of Simon’s house and that He is walking in the neighbouring orchard, close to his laurel hedge. Appius is for going to see, but Silanus endeavours to deter his guests from the quest by stating

that those people are mostly very poor, extremely dirty, and very unpleasant to come into touch with. "Then you know their fanaticism. . . . In these moments of exaltation the most inoffensive become dangerous, and the sight of the Roman toga and arms enrages them strangely." As the guests listen they hear the crowd calling "Hosannah! Hosannah! Son of Man! . . . Lord, Lord have pity. Lord, Son of David, heal the sick man. . . . Master! Master! Lord! Jesus of Nazareth! Have pity on me! Make way, make way! Silence! He is going to speak." And in the stillness that follows, a wonderful voice of gentleness and power, light and love pronounces the well-known beatitudes. Appius asks, "What is he saying," to which Silanus exclaims, "Listen!—it is rather curious." Mary Magdalene goes forward saying, "I want to see." Silanus tries to keep her from going, but she is wilful, and Verus, her lover, says "I shall go with you"; but Mary fiercely and imperiously refuses. Mary goes nearer and nearer until she is in the orchard with the crowd, and Silanus remarks: "Women sometimes have thoughts which wise men do not understand"—an echo of Maeterlinck's theory expressed in his essays "Women are nearer to God than men." Verus again wishes to join her in order to protect her from the people's violence, but Silanus tells him "Do no such thing. . . . They are listening to the voice and will not perceive her presence, whereas, the sight and sound of your arms— . . . Listen, listen! to what He is saying; it is rather singular," and as they listen they hear the voice saying "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you," then cries from the crowd "It is the Roman woman! It is the Roman woman! Shame! Shame! Drive her away! Stone her! Stone her! Death! Death!" Mary Magdalene has been perceived by the crowd and she takes to flight with the multitudes pursuing her throwing stones. Verus and his friends go forward to rescue her as she makes a frenzied attempt to reach the terrace, when sud-

denly a loud call of the supernatural voice rings under the nearer olive trees, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her." Mary Magdalene is arrested by the words and stands motionless in the middle of the walk, rejecting the aid of Verus impatiently, then slowly climbs the steps of the terrace.

The scene of the second act is in the "Eblinum" (or large room behind the Atrium) of Mary Magdalene's villa at Bethany. Lucius Verus comes to see her, and, in the interview which takes place between them, Mary acknowledges her love for him, and explains that when she had resented his addresses it was "because I was mad, because I did not know, because I did not wish for an impossible happiness." Verus is overcome with joy and can scarcely realise that she has given herself to him. Mary says "Yes, yes, it is true, and it was always true. . . . I did not know it. . . . I searched my heart in vain and I was ignorant of all my feelings until these days of anguish. . . . I refused to see that you were coming toward me and that everything was awaiting you. . . . But to-day I see; I am no longer the same; I no longer know myself. . . . All that used to resist is broken in my soul. . . . I no longer understand myself, and I did not know that happiness is so strange a thing. . . . I who never wept in my worst moments of distress am sobbing to-day when happiness awaits me. I am glad and lighthearted, and yet more shattered than if all the misfortunes that hover in the skies were about to burst over me. Help me, my Verus, help me, support me, you whom nothing threatens, you who have nothing to fear." Verus is alarmed and thinks someone has dared to molest her in his absence, but Mary reassures him, "No, no, nobody, and it is not that, and I myself do not know the danger that surrounds me. . . . But I have no other shelter than your arms, and I feel myself lost if I lose you too. Take me, bear me away on that heart to which I am listening, far from myself, far from this place and my anxiety."

Mary now asks Verus why he was so long in coming to seek her, and he explains how

he had been sent to suppress some riots in Jericho, and that, when he did call, her slaves refused admittance. Mary confesses again that she was mad and worn out, and incapable of giving directions from the shock she had received when the multitude pursued her and when she was delivered from them by the Nazarene. That she has been looking for her deliverer ever since, but could not find Him—has Verus seen Him? Verus tells her, “Let us not speak of that wretched man; His hours are numbered.”

This startles Mary, but Verus waives aside any explanation and they again talk of their love for one another. Mary desires to go away from the country which has meant so much humiliation to her, and Verus tells her that he will give up his commission to accompany her. He says “Nothing counts in the presence of our love; and the inglorious errand which they claim the right to impose upon me repels me all the more, inasmuch as it was to be accomplished, so to speak, before your eyes.” Mary’s curiosity is naturally excited, and as Verus hesitates to give fuller details she intuitively realises it means danger to the Nazarene. Mary tells Verus, “It is impossible, after what He has done, that you should become the instrument of His worst enemies. . . . You owe my life, and perhaps our happiness. . . . What do they want with Him? What orders have you received?” Verus informs her, “I am charged to arrest Him before this evening, together with the principal leaders of his band. It is a vulgar constabulary measure, directed against sick men and vagrants of a kind that has never yet been exacted of the legionaries. . . . It shall not take place. Do not let us speak of it.” Mary exclaims, “But why arrest Him? What has He done? What is He accused of? . . . He is innocent, I know; besides, one need not see Him to understand. He brings a happiness that was not known before, and all those that come near Him are happy, it seems, like children at their awaking. I, myself, who only caught a glimpse of Him among the olive trees, felt that gladness was rising in my soul like a sort of light that overtook

my thoughts. . . . He fixed His eyes but for a moment on mine, and that will be enough for the rest of my life. . . . I knew that He recognised me without ever having seen me, and I knew that He wished to see me again. He seemed to choose me, grandly, absolutely, forever.” Verus gives the first glimpse of his jealousy, and calls the Nazarene an intriguer, but Mary reassures him of her love, and the scene ends with them going forward to meet Silanus and Appius.

In the second scene, Silanus is congratulating the lovers on having come to an understanding, when Appius interrupts by saying, “Tell them at once what has happened,” and then relates the astonishing event of the raising of Lazarus, of which he gives a more realistic description than is found in the New Testament. In answer to Mary Magdalene’s question “Did He come forth?” Appius replies “We heard only the sound of the wind moving the garments of the multitude, and the buzzing of the flies that swarmed into the grave. All eyes were so firmly fixed upon the corpse that I saw, so to speak, their motionless beams, as one sees the sunbeams in a dark room. . . . Suddenly it became plain, terrifying, super-human! The dead man, obeying the order, slowly bent in two; then snapping the bandages that fastened his legs, He stood up erect, like a stone, all white, with his arms bound and his head veiled. With small, almost impossible steps, guided by the light, He came forth from the grave. The affrighted crowd gradually fell back without being able to turn away its gaze. ‘Loose him and let Him go,’ said the Nazarene. And the two sisters of the dead man, releasing themselves from the human hedge, rushed to their brother. He staggered and stumbled at every step, but the Nazarene withdrew into Simon’s house without a word, and is there still.” Verus wants to know what all this proves, and Appius replies, “It proves that this man who has conquered death, which hitherto has conquered the world, is greater than we and our gods. It therefore behoves us to hear what He has to tell us and conform our lives to it.” Silanus observes, “I will conform

mine to it, Appius, if what He teaches is better than what I have learned. By awaking a dead man in the depth of his grave He shows us that He possesses a power greater than that of our Masters, but not a greater wisdom. Let us await everything with an even mind. It is not difficult, even for a child, to discern that which in men's words augments or decreases the love of virtue. If he can convince me that I have acted wrongly to-day I will amend, for I seek only the truth. But if all the dead who people these valleys were to rise from their graves to bear witness in His name to a truth less high than that which I know, I would not believe them. Whether the dead sleep or wake, I will not give them a thought unless they teach me to make a better use of my life."

The discussion is brought to a close by a crowd approaching, following the Nazarene and Lazarus. Lazarus arrives at the vestibule; the people and even the slaves of the villa fall back silently as he who was once dead passes onward. Mary Magdalene moves back to one of the columns and stands motionless. Verus demands who he is, but Lazarus never answers, only goes to Mary and says, "Come, the Master calls you." Mary Magdalene follows as though walking in her sleep. Verus bars the way, and asks where she is going. She replies, "Wherever He wishes." She throws herself into the arms of Verus, who turns to Lazarus, saying, "You I will not touch with my sword. It is for the slaves to show you the road back to the sepulchre. But before going, look at this and tell your Master that the woman whom He covets—

by the gods, He lacks neither taste nor daring!—has sought a refuge in these arms which will know how to defend her against His barbarous witchcraft and His childish spells. Above all, repeat to Him what I am about to say—He will perhaps understand. His life, which will not be a very long one after what He has done, is wholly in this hand which drives you hence. I have spoken. Go! She will not follow you." Mary Magdalene, dominated by a stronger power, struggles to release herself from Verus and call out "Yes!" Verus, using force to hold her, Mary Magdalene insists on freedom. Verus in anger exclaims, "I no longer understand—or, rather, I begin to understand too well. . . . You were at one, and it was He whom you were awaiting with that impatience which seemed so sweet to me. . . . It is too much. . . . I see, I know; go, since you love Him!" Mary falls at the feet of Verus sobbing, "It is a different thing." Verus tells her, "I shall watch over you. I know now that by destroying Him I can save her whom He wished to destroy. He does not suspect that He owes His life to me, for hitherto, from pity or indifference, I had held back the threats that were gathering over His head. But since He himself comes to attack me in my happiness I add to those threats all the weight of flouted love. . . . And now, go with your guide from the tomb. We shall meet again before long." Mary follows Lazarus amid the profound silence of all present. The act ends with Silanus saying, "It is true, Appius; and this is as surprising as the resurrection of a dead man."

(To be continued.)

#### NOTICE TO MEMBERS IN INDIA.

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# Spiritual Healing

A Note by F. E. PEARCE.

[Mr. Pearce is an experienced spiritual healer, and his brief exposition of the principles of Spiritual Healing therefore deserves attention.]

**I**F a practical experience of that method of Healing known as "Spiritual" is desired, the acceptance of the following basic Truths is important in order to obtain a clearer understanding of the work.

1. That Man is essentially a Divine Spirit, partaking of and attaining to "The Christ," and possessing a Soul or Mind of a dual nature.
2. That he creates for his own expression bodies of Thought and Desire which interpenetrate and affect his physical body.
3. That Health, or Wholeness, *i.e.*, Harmony, depends upon the Life Forces, upon which his existence depends, having a free and relatively full expression through these bodies.

It is essential to Real Health that these bodies should be under his own control—harmonised, co-ordinated.

Obstruction or disharmony in any one of these will disturb the balance; for instance, mental or emotional irritation, and excess of thought or desire, *i.e.*, overstrain, causes disturbance in the corresponding bodies, and ultimately affects the nervous system and the physical organism concerned.

The Mind of Man is dual—the Lower or Concrete Mind in its undeveloped condition, being almost wholly attracted to the objects of sense and affected by the outer impacts of the phenomenal world.

The Higher Mind, or *Real Self*, being attracted to its Divine Source and yet seeking a fitting vehicle of expression, finds this as the Lower can be drawn from its bondage to the senses, and is able to

control and use these in accord with the Will of its Higher Self.

Hence the conflict within the man so fitly expressed by St. Paul: "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man, but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind."

"For that which I do I allow not, for what I would that do I not, but what I hate that I do." \*

During this conflict the Life expressing itself through the Concrete Mind in the sense world, which is at the same time, capable of being raised to a higher expression, is alternately attracted to either means. In proportion to its attraction by, and identity with, the sense world, so does it make itself more or less insensible to the influence of the Higher Self, and thus creates a veil obscuring its vision of the Higher. Thus the Soul may be said to be in "darkness," to be "carnally minded;" and which if continually persisted in leads to ultimate separation—*i.e.*, "death."

The quest of the Spiritual Healer, as of the Spiritual Alchemist, is to find that "Principle" which by the use of a fitting "vessel" will transmute the baser metals (the Concrete mind) into "Pure Gold" (the Higher Self) and prevent this catastrophe.

He finds this in The Christ nature of Love and Wisdom, which can be channelled by human vessels as they are prepared to be offered for this service—by the purification and discipline of their bodies.

In the light of the above, the various means of Healing might be classified under the following heads:—

\* Rom. vii., 23 and 19.

1. The Outward—by imposing a cure of effects only.
2. The Inward—touching and affecting causes by *The Self*.
3. A combination of both—*i.e.*, using the "Inward" and applying wisdom to control and use the "Outward."

For, where the imposition of one will upon another is effected, it leaves the controlled weaker, so that, even with the best intentions, when the controlling power is withdrawn, the patient may be minus the original complaint, but plus another taking its place—as an expression of the same cause—and leaving him by reason of his weakened will less strength to combat this.

Is there not still the risk of an ignorant practitioner, in his eagerness to cure the outward effect in the physical body, driving this into one, or both, of the subtler bodies of the patient, and so affecting "after death" conditions?

The mere treatment of "effects," and thus the obliterating of these without touching the causes, temporarily relieves

the patient at the grave expense of his losing the key to his real condition.

There is evidence to prove that Class 2 not only avoids the dangers of the first Class, whether practised by the skilled or the unskilled, but that, by virtue of the fact that it stimulates and strengthens the aspirations of the patient towards Self-knowledge, it invariably reaches the cause and brings about a result commensurate with the exact need of the sufferer, rather than pandering to a temporary want or desire which is really a palliative and not a cure.

This second Class includes what we know as Spiritual Healing and it might be symbolised by the Sun, in the effect of its radiant heat and light upon this physical earth.

The true Spiritual Healer will seek so to harmonise his bodies by the transmuting agency of the Divine Love, Compassion and Wisdom, as to enable this Principle to radiate and clear the dense atmosphere created by those whose diseases arise from the action of the senses.

F. E. PEARCE.

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## The Benediction

*The grace of Christ be with you. As it lies  
Within your heart, all hardness, earth-born,  
dies*

*You shall become more loving, tender, wise.*

*The love of God be with you. Let it fill  
Your soul, and mould the shaping of your  
will*

*More near His own, and tarry with you still.*

*The fellowship of His most Holy Ghost  
Be with you—that you may impart it most  
To others—till you join God's Spirit-Host.*

VIOLET GILLESPIE.

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## To the Sun-God

*Oh! Sun-god high in heaven, come down to me  
And dwell Thou in my garden. I will build  
A temple still and quiet, meet for Thee  
To hide in, when at night the earth is stilled  
And needs Thee not: or when Thou art weary  
Of shining on this orb so dull and dreary.*

*Then in its depths Thy brightness shall appear  
And I shall there find solace for all woe,  
And answer to my questions: then my fear  
Shall from me wander to the depths below,  
Unlit by sun, on darkness fed and nourished:  
Fear could not live where light and love have flourished.*

*And in the new-born courage of Thy presence  
I'll search Thy mysteries, and learn anew  
That GIVING of THY nature is the essence,  
AND I MUST GIVE if I would shine forth too,  
And be in heaven upraiséd high for all on me to gaze  
In wonder how so far and wide I, too, can send my rays.*

MARGARET M. LANG.



By C. JINARAJADASA.

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

“LET us be one” is the hidden message of Life, and all men follow that command consciously or unconsciously. Hitherto it has been unconsciously, except with the few idealists the world has seen; for the most part, men strive to go their separate ways, little heeding the Unity of which each is a part. But Life forces all men, sooner or later, to the one path; the history of civilisation is the story of stragglers who are being forced to go a common road.

Hitherto the bonds that unite man and man are love of wife and child, of the fatherland, and the worship of a common God. The larger bonds that link nation to nation have been for the most part of a slight texture; they have been fashioned by the common interests of politics and of commerce. Now and then there has been an exception when a religion has for a while imposed a unity of thought and feeling over many nations; this was the case in the Middle Ages when the power of the Pope guided the rule of kings, and it still is the case among Mohammedans who feel a stronger bond of religion than of race. In Europe there has also been for centuries among the educated the bond of

the common cultural tradition of Greece and Rome.

A new series of bonds began with modern science; the power of science seemed as if it might weld all nations into one commonwealth of progress and well-being; national patriotisms disappeared in the enthusiasm of the search for a Truth that was for all men. Somewhat similar, too, was the power of the bond that was slowly established by International Law. Socialism also began to link nation and nation, though it was chiefly the proletariat of each that was mainly affected.

Thus, slowly, mankind has been guided to come a little nearer to the Unity by these many bonds. But now, where are they? Nothing is so characteristic of the downfall of modern civilisation as the fact that these bonds are now gone. Religion counts little to bind nation and nation—Christian fights Christian to-day in the battlefields of Europe, as Muslim fights Muslim in Egypt and Mesopotamia. Scientists that erstwhile took a pride in saluting the worth of foreign scientists now undermine that very worth; and International Law (to think now how once I studied it for three years!)—what is it now but mere

national will? Where, too, is Socialism which seemed to bind proletariats as by unbreakable chains? A common fear of the future has bound nations into groups, and the world at war has unlocked such disruptive forces as probably the world has never seen before.

Yet, all the while, Life says, "Be One," and One we must inevitably become. Is there nothing out of the present wreck of civilisation that will be of use for the life of that united world to which men must come again?

One thing alone has stood the test, and it is love of art. German Zeppelins fly over England and hurl bombs at fortifications that do not exist, and kill innocent men and women and children; yet in England—while these horrors take place—I have heard *Tristan und Isolde* from first act to last, and, too, the glories of Beethoven and Bach and Mozart; the magic motives of Wagner's *Ring* I can hear still, for there is still a "Wagner Night" at Queen's Hall, and a "Beethoven Night" too. Thank God there is something still left of the old world for us dreamers who dream for Humanity; thank God the foul miasmas of war have not altogether killed every green shoot on the eternal tree of Brotherhood.

Those of us who love the beauties of art—whether in poetry or music, sculpture or architecture, whether of Greece or Rome or of any modern nation, it matters little—we have a special sacred mission these days; it is to purify the oppressive atmosphere of the world by flashing into it and through it the sunny life of God. The love of all that is beautiful (and loving anything makes it beautiful) is a crucible wherein can be transmuted the hate that is rising from day to day. It is so hard for us just now, since we are men still, to return love for hate, when that hate has taken from us all that we had in life worth living for; harder than ever is it now to live up to the gospel "Hatred ceases not by hatred, hatred ceases only by love." Yet there is one part of us which is not of man but of God, and it is that aspect of ourselves which we realise when we love all beautiful things. When, then, the newspapers tell us truths, half-truths and

lies to foster our hate, let us turn to a poem and purify ourselves with it; when the heart is bitter because of what has been taken from it, let us listen to a symphony that will tell us of a heart greater than ours, a heart that can embrace friend and foe alike because both are dreams of God.

The sense of the world to-day is all confused; things of the mental world are all confounded. Politics is a chaos; International Law is a dream without substance; science achieves more destruction than salvation; and philosophy is still expounding universals, while particular man is helplessly floundering. We need to rise above the fogs and disillusionings of the mind. The greater need, then, to come to the Beautiful, for Art is "common sense"—that innate, unerring sense which tells of man's heritage of the Beautiful and speaks to him of that phase of himself which is for all the world, of those eternal possessions which he may possess with all men. When there is so much nonsense in the world hypnotising men's minds, and so much that emphasises what is not held in common by all men, what a relief to hear a universal language, every word of which thrills with meaning.

There is one Shrine still left open where man may serve Brotherhood; it is his sense of the Beautiful. For the basis of beauty is a Divine Unity, and there all men live as facets to reflect that Beauty's glory. To turn with gratitude to the sunset is to unite in an eternal Now all the sunsets that have ever been; it is also to make all men, even those whose eyes are earthwards, understand something of the message of sunsets. The beautiful in poems, pictures, symphonies, statues, unite us to all men; the beautiful in the hills, the seas, the plains, lead friend and foe alike by the hand to come before the great Maker of Beauty. Men may have many fatherlands, but man the Artist, the worshipper and creator of the Beautiful, has but one, the Fatherland of the Great Father Himself who "moves the sun and the other stars." *Dahin, dahin, möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn.*

C. JINARAJADASA.

# The World-Teacher's Message to a World at War

By C. JINARAJADASA.

*A Lecture delivered at the Kensington Town Hall, London, July 7th, 1916.*

**I** HAVE purposely put down as the title of my subject "The World-Teacher's Message to a World at War"; the Order of the Star in the East believes in the coming of a great World-Teacher, and its members hope in their own lives that they may to some extent be the precursors of His coming. With that hope, then, we have certain beliefs, we claim that we have a certain wisdom to give, and therefore it is that we think we can say what would be the great World-Teacher's message, were He with us now, to a world at War.

Now the first question that we all need to ask ourselves is, "Why should the world be at War?" You will find that the answer to that is, as a matter of fact, a far deeper thing than people realise. Most people give the answer, "It is due to the ambitions of various rulers; the world is at war because of the actions of people who aim at world supremacy; the war is due to the greed of capitalists," and, as you all are aware, we assign the blame for the outbreak of the war to one particular ruler. But twenty-seven years ago, when I first came to England as a boy, I remember my elders then talking of the great European war; I remember them saying, "The great war will break out from Austria," and for over a quarter of a century I have been watching for this event. Everyone saw that the war would come; yet how is it that for twenty-five years at least—for it is more than that really, since, indeed, the ending of the

Franco-German War—though everyone saw that the world would be at war, yet no statesman, no ruler, no religious teacher was able to prevent the coming of the war? So, I want to explain to you another view of these events concerning the wars that have happened in history, and how, if we understand, we may bring about a civilisation that is without war.

The first great fundamental fact is that man has a body, but that he is a soul; that the world is of matter, but it is also of Spirit; and if we see this duality in the world, as we all feel it in our own lives, we shall begin to realise that there ensues, so long as there persists this duality, a certain struggle. It is the attempt on the part of the soul to dominate the body, and on the part of the Spirit to impose its Will on matter. The second great fact is that there is an opening Life, unlimited, full of power, in and through all things. In this mysterious universe in which we live this opening Life is striving always after a greater self-realisation, and that striving is the whole history of civilisation.

Now let us watch the striving of the great World Spirit throughout the ages, from its commencement in the life of the savage. The savage is descended from the brute on his body side; he feels instinctively in every atom of his being the law of the brute, the survival of the fittest and the struggle for existence; we find that the savage, at his earliest stage, is hardly to be distinguished from the animal. The savage slays the animal for food and

because he fears it ; the life of the savage has the higher possibilities, and, as the World Spirit reveals itself, the animal life with the lower possibilities gives way. The war between the savage and the brute means advancement ; and that is the first stage. But now comes a second stage, when there dawns another phase of the great World Spirit's self-realisation ; the savage has then imposed upon him from without a law and order which makes him an individual of a family. He is now no longer an individual savage fighting for himself ; he is the head of a family, and he slays the animal for his dependants also. Because he has wife and children he is forced to limit his individual liberty ; he cannot go and slay at will those of his own family, he must, on the other hand, protect them. The lesson of selflessness is imposed upon him from without. But he still slays his enemy outside the family ; yet, in spite of his slaughter, there is in his environment something of a higher life, for he realises that the coming together of the family means a saving of labour, and there is also more time for him to play. Then we have civilisation passing on to further stages till the individual families are organised into tribes. That means the restriction of the liberty of the family, but it also means the welfare and the gain of the tribe as a whole. We have the next stage, when the tribes are organised into peoples and nations ; thence arise sciences and arts and religions, and all other characteristics of civilisation.

Each re-organisation means the limitation to some extent of the individual's liberty ; but through that sacrifice of individual freedom, there is gained a liberty of the Spirit, for man dimly begins to realise that through the sacrifice of his personal will he finds the realm of the Spirit—in religion, in art, and in all things that are beautiful and inspiring in life. Slowly, thus civilisations came in the past, and with each step there was more realisation of the spirit side of man.

Let us pass over hundreds of thousands of years, until we come to the dawn of the modern age, which began with modern

science ; there then appeared on the scene a new type of knowledge, a knowledge that was not sacred and limited to priests and only given to the few, but a knowledge that could be acquired by every one who cared for the undertaking. And this influence of science was not directed towards heaven ; it was a knowledge that gave power over the rock, over the water, over the air ; wherever science went and discovered there was power for human use ; and so there was added to human life a new element—the power over nature. But though power came, there did not come wisdom.

Now, man in the past has had many wars, and each war was to some extent to break the bonds of the inner life struggling for higher realisation ; but man did not understand this, he always thought that wars were necessary for the life of the individual, not understanding that the individual was a spirit ; so man identified himself with the mere brute side of warfare, not recognising that wars happen only when things are evil in civilisation, and the World Spirit is confined and limited. We say that war produces suffering ; but it is not so ; it is suffering that produces war. A crippling of the human spirit produces degradation, and wars then become absolutely inevitable ; so when nations live side by side, and, all unheeded by their rulers, poverty begins, ignorance flourishes, and misery is rife, then statesmen begin to be confused as to their policies, and wars are the result. But war comes only because there is a larger life within a people, a mysterious World-Spirit that wills to come to greater realisation, even if it has to destroy the whole social structure, if that will not adapt itself. Always wars, but with them always an advancement, a going forward, step by step, towards the fuller realisation of the possibilities of the Spirit, for man must ever be engaged in a warfare with matter.

Now, it was this same struggle that was continued, but far more ruthlessly and blindly, when modern science began ; for with science there was given to us the opportunity to eat of the Tree of Life,

and of the knowledge of good and evil ; and we chose, not the good, but the evil, not life but death. It was science that gave us power over nature ; thence machinery began, and all the countries of the world were opened to trade ; but what did that give us ? Principally a ruthlessness of warfare, now carried into the realm of civilisation, so that the man in those days who had no machinery, the man who worked at his hand-loom, was pushed aside as no longer fit to survive ; the man who owned the machinery cared nothing at all for the suffering of the individuals who were pushed to one side and utterly crushed out ; "economic development" paid no attention to the misery of those "unfit to survive." We have had that scheme of things slowly developing, until now we have all over the world, and especially in Western lands, magnificent civilisations of material achievement. But what underlies it all ?

We need not look far, we need but go a few steps from this hall to see, side by side with well-being and happiness and luxury, poverty of the most degrading kind ; it sounds incredulous, except for the fact that it is here and we can see it before our eyes. We have this curious juxtaposition of high culture, and, by its side, the worst possible kind of slums ; and we have been going on with this, not noting the contrast, except once in a while, and then by a few only. We have taken for granted that, under the conditions of our civilisation, poverty had to be with us always, that it was a part of the natural order of things that a certain number of the unfit should go under, that there should be the slums, the feeble-minded, the miserable and the criminally minded. With all the joys of our modern civilisation and with its high achievements, who knows not of its tragedies ? Look into the factories where the children of God feed machines as if they were themselves mere machines and no more, or into those homes where cheap toys are made, or buttons are sewn on cards, and such cheap articles are put together, and you will see something of the tragedy of the men and women and children. Who does not

know of the present-day labour conditions, and what they often mean for many a woman worker ? We all know that ghastly tragedy of the woman worker's life, and we all put up with it. Here in England, happily, there is not now the exploitation of the child, the factory laws have slowly put an end to that tragedy ; but not all through the world ; this day, in some of the Southern States of America, you will see children of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen working in the factories ; so difficult is life for their parents that, to help to support the family, the children must also work in the factories.

There is a ghastly tragedy going on all around us, so ghastly that no single one of us can separate ourselves from it now. Suppose you are horror-struck at all the conditions that you read of in sweating-dens, suppose you have plenty of money, and say "I will have nothing to do with it, I will go to the most expensive shops for what I want, for surely then I shall be free of this curse of sweating and of responsibility for all the slum conditions" ; yet you can purchase *nothing* which has not the taint of some miserable room, where a woman or child has not been sweated while doing some piece of the work. These are the conditions to-day.

Again, too, in our civilisation we find an impurity, not so much a moral impurity, but a material impurity of adulteration ; so much so that we hardly know whether we are getting true things or true and false things mixed together when we make our purchases ; adulteration is a part now of our civilisation, East and West. It is not especially the blame of any one country, it is the blame of this whole civilisation which has arisen in such a way that men have had given into their hands power over nature, whether they were morally fit or not to have that power. Then look, too, at the conditions everywhere where science has gone with its machinery ; truly it has almost abolished some diseases, but only to bring to our attention new ones ; it has enabled us to understand the laws of sanitation, but, on the other hand, such strength has science given to the spirit of competition, that

Beauty—where is it now? Look at our fields, and see the advertisements that disfigure them; there is everywhere noise, restlessness, an “uglification” as Alice in Wonderland put it, of all life. And these are the conditions in which we live, that have given us *peace*!

Now, they have said in the East for many ages that “the tears of the poor undermine the thrones of kings.” For we live not in two worlds—one of matter and the other of spirit—but in one world; there is but one Will at work, the Spirit of God, and that Spirit of God is, too, the Spirit of Man; and when these ghastly conditions of civilisation appear, then it is that the World Spirit on its upward way breaks the conditions, and we call that breaking *War*. We have talked so much of the blessings of peace, but I remember what Tennyson wrote over fifty years ago about peace:—

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace?  
 We have made them a curse,  
 Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is  
 not its own;  
 And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better  
 or worse  
 Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on  
 his own hearthstone?  
 Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the  
 days gone by,  
 When the poor are hovelled and hustled to-  
 gether, each sex, like swine,  
 When only the ledger lives, and when only not  
 all men lie;  
 Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company  
 forges the wine.  
 And the vitriol madness flushes up in the  
 ruffian's head,  
 Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the  
 trampled wife,  
 And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the  
 poor for bread,  
 And the spirit of murder works in the very  
 means of life,  
 And Sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous  
 centre-bits  
 Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the  
 moonless nights,  
 While another is cheating the sick of a few last  
 gasps, as he sits  
 To pestle a poisoned poison behind his crimson  
 lights.  
 When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a  
 burial fee,  
 And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of  
 children's bones,

Is it peace, or war? better war! loud war by  
 land and by sea,  
 War with a thousand battles, and shaking a  
 hundred thrones.

We have such a war now, shaking a hundred thrones, because that which we have called “civilisation” is the most uncivil thing that we have in life; and also, further, because the great World Spirit is being re-born, and there is excess of Life, so that the Life within bursts the outer forms. That is War.

We must be thankful that this war has come to shake to its foundations all civilisation. Yet when this war is over, we shall not begin our full, true civilisation; that will not be yet, for one simple reason. We know now something of the evil of armaments, of the way that the ambitions of nations bring humanity to a tragedy; our conscience is awake to that side of the problem; but is our conscience awake to the tragedy of poverty? Not yet; and we want many other wars before there can be a real peace that satisfies the heart of man. The moment this war is over, does not everyone see the ghastly war that is going to take place between capital and labour? We have had the beginning of another war—that between men and women for the vote; it is for the moment suspended. But that war has to be resumed, for how can you have a great civilisation so long as there is any restriction of the Spirit of God that works equally in the woman as in the man? And there are other wars looming—wars between the coloured and the white peoples, for instance. These will all burst around us and no one can prevent them. Why?

Because, wherever there is war, the great Spirit of Life is striving for greater advance; it is because there is a brighter dawn for all men that we go through a night of hell. Had we only used rightly the power given to us, there would have been no need for the night of horror; but we have put trade before love, economics before beauty, and so we reap what we have sown. So there are struggles yet to be in the future.

Now, we say in our Order that these

things are happening and will happen, because the world is being prepared to listen to a Messenger who shall put all civilisation and all men on a true foundation ; that all civilisation is being shaken now, and will be shaken in the years to come, because of His coming. For after that shaking, we say, men's consciences will have become acutely sensitive, so that when the Messenger comes to the world, One who is all Wisdom, the real Prince of Peace, men will listen to what He has to teach them, and there will then no longer be war.

What will be His message to the world then, so that there shall no longer be war ? It will not be the old message of religion, for what has religion done for us in this world crisis ? Where were all the great religious teachers to-day, both of the East and in the West, when war broke forth ? Why did they not prevent it ? Religion in these days suffices for the individual's life, but not for the larger life of nations. You cannot say that England, with Christianity, is a really Christian country ; neither can I say that India, with Hinduism, is a truly Hindu country ; there are too many horrors everywhere that mar the spirit of religion. And yet we all know that religion has helped many a man to light and life and achievement, and still does ; but, as a force in the world, religion of the old type that preaches to us of God, with the old idea of God, has no longer an influence over our lives. Obviously, then, He who comes must give us a message slightly different. Now, what type of message will He give ? Not a new message, fundamentally ; His message is as old as the hills, but it will come with a newness of beauty to each who listens and tries to live it ; and it is the old, old message that *men are really brothers*. We have all heard that, but we have not believed it except with our minds, we have not tried to live it except with our lips, most of us.

There is dawning on the world a realisation that there is a spiritual aspect of life other than the mere worship of God. It is the realisation of all individuals as inseparable units in a great fraternity. It is

this thought that is going through the world, inspiring the Socialists, the philanthropists, and those who talk of a Federation of nations and empires. Now, what is at the back of that thought ? The greatest reality of existence ! That is what underlies the great civilisation that is coming. It means that the wisdom, power, and inspiration we want to reconstruct civilisation with are here, not far away, not with God in heaven, but by our side, in the man, woman or child who stands next to me—in my Brother ! If you will look into the face of the man that you see next to you and say to yourself, " Brother, thou art I " ; if you will say it, even though it is only a mere phrase ; if you will go through the world inwardly saluting each one you meet as a mirror of what you seek—the great life of God, or the life of Divine Unity, or the Power of your ideal of Love or Beauty, it matters not which—see then whether the load of misery that is yours is not a little less, whether, in your weakness, there is not a little strength. Put it to the test. It is not a mere beautiful sentiment, it is power to-day for you and for me. For God speaks to man, comes nearer to him, in many forms ; once upon a time, in ancient India, it was as God the Creator, God the Preserver, and God the Destroyer ; later, in Christian times, it was as God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Once again He appears to men, but not as the God of ancient days ; He appears now as *God our Brother Man*. In our brother man is all the Wisdom, all the Joy, all the Beauty of the ages ; in his thoughts and in his glances is all the mystery of life that the philosopher and the artist have dreamed of, all the strength with which every strong man has achieved in the past. In the man or woman or child by your side is the wisdom for the scientist, the statecraft for the king, the ecstasy for the saint, the love-dream for the lover. What all the greatest among us have known of God in the past—in temple or hermitage, in cathedral or chapel, in the presence of mountain or of sea, rapt in the sunset or in the symphony—all this glory and not less, God's glory and not man's, is ready

to flash its message to you from our Brother Man. God seeks us as we seek Him ; but His new way of His search of us is through our Brother Man.

O God of mountains, stars and boundless spaces,  
O God of freedom and of joyous hearts,  
When Thy face looketh forth from all men's  
faces,

There will be room enough in crowded marts ;  
Brood Thou around me, and the noise is o'er,  
Thy universe my closet with shut door.

That is the great message that is coming, the message that the world longs to hear. Is there a single heart in the world to-day that does not respond to that message of the future ? But we lack one thing ; we all feel something of the power of Brotherhood ; we all feel God in man now and then ; perhaps in an individual that we love flashes something of His message ; but who will teach us to see God in every man, woman and child that we meet ? There is no living teacher who can initiate us into that Mystery. That is why we, like the Wise Men who saw the mystic Star, say that there is One coming, the Brother of all men, and that He comes to all men, to teach us the wonder of God in Man.

Because in His nature are summed up all the hopes and aspirations, all the misery and weariness of all men, He stands forth as the Brother of all men ; and because He so stands forth, summing up Humanity in Himself, He is Very God of Very God ; for when you have perfect Manhood, then you have perfect Divinity too ; and it is because of His utter Manhood that He has the power to achieve all things for the world when the world is ready for Him. And He waits now, watching this war of the world, and watching, too, all the wars to come, till all men shall realise that so long as there is one man, woman or child who is miserable, suffering, or ignorant, because of human conditions, there, then, are all the brutalities of war. For He comes to the world for Peace and not for War, and men must be ready to accept the Peace He brings. And yet, even now, it is He Who gives the peace in the heart of the warrior ; there are warriors to-day who go forth with courage and

determination and sacrifice their lives, saying, "What matter if I die, if my children are freed from this horror !"

The peace that comes into the heart of these soldiers is a real peace, and it is given by the great Brother of all men. There will, indeed, be an ending of war when comes the great Prince of Peace, who will still the wars in our own hearts first of all ; till we can go through life and look on all things and not feel a war in our hearts, what use to have a mere outward peace ?

Until He comes, then, we must be warriors, warriors with unsheathed swords, to fight against poverty and against all the things that limit the great life of man and of God ; and when, after we have so fought our battle and are ready to sheath our swords, then He will show us how to reconstruct all life, so that there will never be any more war ; He will show us by teaching each of us how to be a Brother ; and as we stand in His Presence we shall learn how to stand, as He does, to all men, how to look through the faces of our brothers and see the real soul through the colour of the skin, through the sex of the body ; and to know that the Soul that we see in each man is that Highest that is within us too. He will teach us these things not so much by sermons as by His very Presence.

The message is, then, that if He is to come soon, we must first go forth warring—warring within the nations in one department of life after another ; and this warfare must go on until we abolish every disqualification that stands in the way between man and woman, between the rich and the poor, between the West and the East, and every disease and every evil, till we bring the world into a condition of things where there is something of real Brotherhood. That is our dream of the future. Now comes the great privilege to all who will listen, that even in this state of warfare it is possible to those who listen to have the great Prince of Peace Himself standing by their side, guiding the fight. He is the Prince of Peace, yes, but He is also the Christ militant, the great Shri Krishna the Warrior. He always

ushers in the new life, but sometimes, when conditions limit the life of God, these conditions have to be broken ; but He will guide you how to work in the reconstruction, so that there will be peace truly coming as the result of your labours, and not confusion. That is why we have gathered ourselves together into a little band ; the Brothers of the Star we call ourselves, and we believe that as, in His Name, we try to understand the world problem, and each problem of poverty and misery, we do see a little more light upon our way and that we are preparing the great civilisation to come.

Now, every one of you wants something of peace, the peace that shall end the heartache, the peace that shall abolish the darkness of ignorance, the peace that shall give you something of the realisation of God ; a thousand and one ways of peace we all desire. There is One who can give you that Peace, if only you will try to be a Brother to all men "in His Name." Go forth to-day from this hall, and in the name of Someone of whom you have heard to-day, whom you have not felt perhaps, yet, in His Name, when someone irritates you or injures you, try to smile, try to be understanding and compassionate ; when you see someone suffering, try to relieve that suffering, in the name of this Someone ; try to do that, and see whether, mysteriously, there does not come into your heart a greater peace, whether, slowly, you do not feel an invisible Presence inspiring you and giving you strength.

The world needs Strength and Wisdom, and all that is required of both is for the world's asking, if only we will look not so much to God, but more to Man. It is this gospel of God our Brother Man that we need to realise in these days ; it is not so hard to realise if you will only try and look in the right direction ; then, in every man, woman and child, you will see the great God that your heart longs for, flashing. There is a dawn coming to all Humanity that shall mean, indeed, a heaven upon our earth ; it is because that dawn is inevitable that we have the wars to-day and to come, for the great World Spirit is

striving for self-realisation ; but unless you and I do our part of the work, the great future is delayed—delayed, though not made impossible ; for if you and I will not do the work, we are cast aside, and the work will be accomplished through others ; but whose then will be the joy ? But if you and I will wage the war against evil, then comes the Spring, and the Winter ends. These are the days of men's winter, but there is always Spring, always a fuller Life growing, and making greater Beauty in our hearts, weaving new soul-vestures. The joy of life is always to feel Springtime and its wonders.

To feel that you are ageless, that you stand in a full vigour of spiritual existence—that is the possibility for every man, woman and child to-day, irrespective of education, irrespective of his lot in life. There is not a little child who, if he could but be taught something of the World-Teacher to come, may not feel a greater joy in life, who would not feel while he plays a Divine Child playing by his side ; there is not an artist, who, if he understood, may not find a greater Artist beside him ; and there is not a statesman who may not feel a wiser Statesman to guide his policy ; and not a king who may not know a more royal King to whom to bow the knee.

This is the invisible and mighty fact, that we stand on the threshold of wondrous events for Humanity, which, in their beginning seem, indeed, ghastly. But after the initial overture of tragedy, there comes the great Song of Life. It is that Song of Life that you may all hear now, that Song which has already begun ; and we stand to-day to make you listen to the opening bars of that Song, so that as you listen you shall hear other melodies too—nay, so that you yourselves shall weave your own melodies into that Song. For there comes a Prince of Peace, of Beauty and of Power, and He comes not with darkness but with Light, not with sadness but with Joy, singing His mighty Song composed for Him by God. To listen, and to learn to weave your little song into His mighty Song—that is the message to you of the Brothers of the Star.

C. JINARAJADASA.

# God's Great Sacrifice

By C. W. LEADBEATER

[A new influx of life has come into the religious aspirations of men since the attempt to understand the Immanence of God as inseparable from the nature of man. Man and God are not separated by such a wide gulf as the thought of the Transcendence of God has hitherto led us to believe, as that doctrine has been expounded to us by orthodox religion. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, in the following address to members of the Order of the Star in the East, at Sydney, Australia, explains how through selfless sacrifice man comes to mystic unity with God.]

**Y**OU have just heard another reading from this remarkable little book *What We Shall Teach*. Those of you who have seen it may remember (and if there be any who have not seen it you should surely get it without delay, for it is to us of the Star a book of great value and of great importance) that it is divided into three parts, that it speaks first of Love that is Strength, then of Beauty that is Joy, and of Action that is Life.

I spoke to you at our last meeting of the Beauty that is Joy just as I had spoken at another meeting some time before about the Love that is Strength. To-day I would like to say to you just a few words about the Action that is Life.

You heard the reading which spoke of Sacrifice. Now that is part of this Action that is Life, and the intent of the writer is to show that sacrifice is the only true action, the only action thoroughly in harmony with the Divine Action, for the whole universe is an expression of the Sacrifice of God. He limits Himself, He puts aside His glory, as is said in the Christian presentation, "And for us men

and our salvation came down from Heaven." Of course, I know that that has been much misunderstood: that it has been distorted and twisted aside from its true meaning, and that it has been made to mean one incarnation of One Man once; whereas it means really the whole Divine Descent, the far mightier and grander conception that God is all the time descending into matter in order that we may come into being and may be raised from the levels of matter back to His own plane, back to Himself; and so it is for us—not to save us from an imaginary Hell, the product of a diseased imagination—but that we may come into being as separate beings, that we may become Gods in our turn also. That is why the Logos Himself, the Divine Word, sacrifices Himself by the descent into matter.

The difference between our ideas on that point and the ideas of the Pantheist is perhaps worthy of your attention. The Pantheist quite truly holds that *all* is God, that there can be nothing which is not God, and that is absolutely true; but I think he often forgets that outside of and beyond the universe which He has called into being; God exists as a mighty illimit-

able power. Some of you who have read the Eastern scriptures will remember how it is written in the *Bhagavad Gita*, "Having created this universe with a fragment of Myself, I remain." That is the doctrine of the Transcendence of God which is a necessary part of the other idea, the Immanence of God; but so long as He is expressing Himself through the lower matter, that part of His existence is an existence of sacrifice, because He is limiting Himself, voluntarily descending into these limitations of matter in order that a grand result may come forth in the end, in order that the Love of God may be made more perfect, because there shall be those intelligent beings upon whom that Love can be poured forth and by whom it can be intelligently returned. So the whole of the Divine Life as we know it is a life of sacrifice.

Now, it is only when man comes into touch with that Divine Life and understands it that he really begins to live at all for the purposes of his evolution, since for the unfoldment of the powers of the spirit it is necessary that man should descend into matter. In the descent into matter he must become an individual which is created at the cost of so much work, and yes, of so much suffering, too; he is intended presently to be a centre of spiritual force, a mighty focus through which very much more of the Divine Power and the Divine Love can be poured upon others. The individuality, therefore, is necessary. There must be a firm, strong centre made, and so, as far as we know, the only way in which that strong centre can be made, the only way in which in this universe it is being made, is through the development of the lower self through selfishness. So it comes that when man first comes into existence as an individual he is occupied in establishing himself as an individual, making himself certain as a point, and at first, of course, as a separated point. You must have the firmly built centre first before through that centre the Divine Power can pour out; but so soon as the centre is firmly established, then the selfishness which has been necessary, mind, for its development, becomes not

only superfluous but harmful. It is exactly like the scaffolding which is erected in order that a building may be put up. You must have the scaffolding first or you cannot have your building; but so soon as the building is completed the scaffolding is not only useless, but it is an eyesore; moreover, it prevents one looking out of the window; but you need the scaffolding, it would be impossible to do without it.

Now, the world has to a very large extent passed through that stage. Perhaps not the world as a whole, but those souls who are incarnating now in the higher and more advanced nations of the world have passed through the stage of selfishness and have acquired a strong individuality; but most of us have not quite reached the stage where we realise that the scaffolding to which we have got so much used is unnecessary and must be thrown aside. That is why many people are frankly cynically selfish, and, even if not quite that, are utterly self-centred—looking at everything from their own point of view. Those people are anachronisms: they are simply behind the times. It is no use being angry with them, because that is where they are. They have not yet realised that they have risen to a higher level in evolution. Of course, the savage is still to a large extent quite frankly selfish. For him that is necessary, he is still at that stage. The moment you raise him by education or training out of that, he is no longer a savage, and his next incarnation will be in some higher race.

We have reached the stage now where we should be realising the purpose of our existence. For that purpose, and for that realisation, we have been told of this life which is Strength, and of the development of the Beauty which is Joy; but we are told also that there must be Action—Action that is our life, not only our life, but the Divine Life, for Life is Love, and Life is Sacrifice. God's Life is Love and Sacrifice, and ours must be so too, when once we understand. Remember how the Lord Buddha, the Great Teacher of Asia, laid down for His people the necessity of right exertion. He told them quite plainly it is

not enough that you should be good, not enough that you should abstain from evil—He gave them many precepts as to the abstaining from evil—but said they must add to this, that they must not only be passively good, but must be an active force for good. That is true for us too, and the direction that that action must take is always sacrifice. That is a hard saying for many people. They say, "Why must I necessarily sacrifice myself or anything that I have?" The man who feels it that way has not yet realised the meaning of the word. If you will analyse the meaning of the word sacrifice you will find it is the old Latin: *sacer*, sacred, and *facere*, to make—to make holy. When you sacrifice anything you make it holy by making it an offering to God. You sacrifice maybe, so far as you know, for the sake of some loved one. It may be for the sake of your fellow men, for men often sacrifice without fully knowing what they are doing, knowing, I mean, how much they are doing. But everything which is sacrificed, everything which is done and given unselfishly, is thereby made holy and is an offering to God, whatever its primary purpose is, whether it is addressed to Him or some one of His creatures. For even then, remember, it is for His sake if it be for the sake of a fellow creature, for in that fellow creature God stands revealed, and the sacrifice made for one we love is made for the God in him, and therefore for the Deity of the universe. Men sacrifice without knowing it, without knowing how much they are doing.

Look at this present war. See how there you have men, hundreds of thousands of men going forth and spending their lives for an ideal, for the honour of their country, for the redemption of the pledge which it has given. Remember they had nothing to do with the giving of that pledge, they are not in that sense responsible, but the pledge is given in the name of the country, and every man therefore is concerned in its redemption. Those men are sacrificing themselves, their lives and all that is dear to them, and that is a sacrifice which makes them holy, which makes their offering an offering to

God as well as to the country. Such great occasions as these arise but very rarely in the history of the world; but you know very well what an amount of quiet, unostentatious sacrifice is always going on; how people sacrifice themselves for the sake of those whom they love; how many a child spends, perhaps, her life or his life in devotion to a sick and ailing mother; how, in many cases, some relation is nursed at the cost practically of the life, the whole time and existence of someone else, and that is cheerfully done with no thought, mind, of a duty to God, simply out of love to the sick one. All that is sacrifice, and it is, in the true sense of the word, something which is made holy—a life devoted to God as truly as though it were that of a monk or a nun—more truly, perhaps, than many such monastic lives are devoted.

There is a great deal of very true sacrifice which is unconscious of its own dignity, of its own stupendous power. For there is a power in sacrifice. So long as a man is working for the separated self alone, so long as he is heaping together money for the self, or trying to gather power for himself, he is not living the true Divine Life at all—he is living in a dream. It is only when he wakes out of that dream, and sees the world as it really is and understands the Divine Mind, that he really begins to live at all, because he begins to live to God, whereas before he has been living to himself.

The laws under which the universe works are unchangeable, irrefragable, and the man who works for the separated self gets the result for that separated self. You remember, perhaps, how the Christ once spoke of the Pharisees; He said they loved to show their devotion in the Market Place, and for a pretence they made long prayers that people might see how good and how holy they were. "Verily, I say unto you they have their reward." They got what they wanted: they did not ask that their prayers should be heard. They were not thinking of prayers, but they were thinking of getting applause in the eyes of men, of getting a good reputation. They got precisely

what they wanted, but they did not get anything else.

That is a thing which you perhaps do not always realise, that man always gets exactly what he really wants. In this scheme sometimes it takes long for it to come, but it comes. If a man desires greatly advancement for the separated self, wealth for it, power for it, he will get it. He may not get it at once. It may not come to him in this one day which you call a life, but it will come, and if he wants it for the separated self, for the separated self he will get it. That is the karma which many of us are making. Because man as a separated entity has sought for power and wealth, as a separated entity he must come back to have that power and wealth. But the man who, having learnt somewhat more, works for humanity as a whole, and seeks advancement not for himself, he also will get exactly what he wished. He desired nothing for himself; he will get nothing for himself, but the humanity for whom he desired it will gain the result of his labour. You know exactly how that works: you see it on the way down to individuality, and you see it on the way up to something greater.

On the way down, before man becomes a separated ego, in the animal kingdom, in the vegetable kingdom, he is part of a group soul as we call it, that is, one soul for a thousand—one soul for many, many animals of the same kind; and what each animal does puts a certain amount of experience into the whole lot, as it were, and all the animals born out of that group soul have the benefit of that experience. That is on the way down into differentiation, but that, of course, is unconscious. The animal does not know anything about the group soul, but finds within himself certain inherited instincts which he obeys. They come from the group soul.

We, knowing something about it, consciously understanding that we are not separate, but a mighty Unity, can contribute to the development of that unit. You know how often it is said in our books that every advancement made by an Adept, or by a pupil of an Adept, counts

for the whole of humanity, and not for himself alone, that the whole world is the better for every step He takes. That is actually literally true. It is not a mere poetic fiction. People so often think that the most beautiful ideas which are put forward are merely symbols. They are not mere symbols, they represent scientific fact. The man who works for the sake of humanity and gains his advancement for the sake of humanity as a member of the whole, and not as a separate self, does help the whole, and what we should call his karma—the result of his action—comes not to himself but to the humanity of which he is a part. That is what happens with our Great Masters. You have read that the Masters are bound by no karma, but karma is a law. It is a law like the law of gravitation, there can be none who is not subject to that, and therefore however great, however mighty, They must come under the law. Just because they have learnt that the separated self is an illusion, They realise Themselves as part of the whole, therefore They can no longer make the karma which binds, to make Them come back to receive the result of Their separated efforts. As part of humanity They make the effort—for the sake of humanity, and humanity reaps the benefit. Therefore all of us are being helped in that way little as we may think it.

The whole world is divided into the helpers and the helped. Through a thousand generations, perhaps, we have been dragging along among those who have to be helped—it is time surely that we took our fate into our own hands and joined the mighty army of the helpers, no longer a drag upon evolution, but someone who can help it, who can push it forward. You can be among the motive powers instead of among the weights that have to be guided.

That is precisely the position. To attain that we must have this Action which is Life, this Sacrifice which is Service. Give up the idea of having anything for yourself—anything for the separated self. Learn to hold all that you have on behalf of the humanity of

which you are a part. Learn to hold it, as, let us say, soldiers hold their weapons. They serve, perhaps, one of those big cannon, but they have no pride of property in that cannon, it belongs to them as part of the mighty army, and is to be used not in their private quarrels, but in the cause which that army represents. So everything which you have is to be held in trust for the humanity of which you are a part, and to be used for that. If you have wonderful talents do not be proud of them as an individual, as a person, but think rather, "I am a unit in this vast army of humanity, it is my duty to use this power which has come to me for that army, for the sake of it—to use it so as to help my brothers, to help to carry out the scheme for which we exist." If you have valuable property, if you have great riches, those great riches are given to you in trust, not for your own personal gratification, but that you may use them intelligently and wisely for the helping of mankind. Do not think of anything as your own, but only as to be used for the whole. You have greater treasures still, you have children of power and of strength. Never think of them as existing for you to give you pleasure, to be a comfort to your declining years. All that they may be or they may not. Remember, first, that all children are God's children, and that they exist for the sake of the humanity which they help, and for that you must train them, for that you must give them. Think how many a father, how many a mother have given their sons to their country in this great war. Think how they are letting their blood be poured out like water for the ideal, for the sake of the country. Remember, for the sake of humanity sacrifices are called for. Remember, we must realise ourselves as part of the whole and forget and throw behind us the dream of the separated self. They say that the whole Universe is the dream of God. Perhaps, but if so in realising His dream we become one with Him; if we have separate dreams of our own, then it is but a dream within a dream and useless; but if we can make ourselves part of His mighty realisation, then are we truly one with Him.

You see it in so many ways: the clairvoyant, of course, has an enormous advantage there. All these things which seem to you, perhaps, rather counsels of perfection, and difficult things to understand and to attain, to the clairvoyant are all physical realities as it were, because he sees other planes as you see the physical plane. Take a simple example. These different forces work in different kinds of curves, and when there is any thought of self in, let us say, affection, or devotion, or sympathy, the different colours are there, but the force which is poured out comes back again. It is poured out and it follows a closed curve; it may be a long ellipse, it may be only a circle, but it comes back. The man who has forgotten all about himself in unselfish sacrifice for another makes the open curve, the parabolic, the hyperbolic. His force rises up to God, and from Him comes back the response to humanity as a whole, the humanity of which this man is only a part. He is the unit in this far greater unity.

When he realises that, and when he works as a unit, then for the first time he really lives, then for the first time he can say "God's will be done for my will is one with His. I see now what He will have and I give myself to Him."

It is far away, perhaps, from some of us yet. We are not able to see it all fully, but surely any of us may realise the grandeur of the conception, and realise too that until we have seen that we have no true grasp of the world at all or of its purpose. When once you see the beauty of it, the pain of sacrifice—if there be any—is gone, and you see only the glory and the beauty of it. You see only that that which is offered is made holy by the offering, and that you who offer it make yourselves holy in that you give it. Then all action becomes service because it is done for the sake of others, for the service of God, and of the fellow men in whom God is enshrined. It is not an impossible idea; it needs only that it should be thoroughly understood that you should be able to begin to realise it in our daily life—to put it into practice our action which will become selfless because we understand the scheme. It is not im-

possible. No, it is not even difficult, there is a far greater joy in that sacrifice than in any other joy that man can know. There are those who do not yet understand, of course. The man who has never thought beyond himself finds it very difficult to see how there can be any joy in thinking beyond himself. Try it, and you will see. Try it, and you will enter into a life compared to which all other life is truly but a dream and a shadow. So it comes as the author has written at the end of this book:

"There is a power that unifies all and it is Sacrifice.

"Through action that is sacrifice comes life to love that is strength,

"And to beauty that is joy."

(You see it is only through the Sacrifice that you can learn how truly to love, and how to appreciate real beauty and great joy.)

Mr. Jinarajadasa says:—

"This is the way for all to tread, the path the One Lover has made for His Beloved.

"This is the third truth that you and I will teach, in His Name."

Remember, you who belong to the Order of the Star, you must not live in the past, you must not be among these anachronisms who have not yet realised the purpose of life, who have not yet truly come up out of the animal kingdom. You must be those who have realised humanity, who are pressing onward through humanity to Divinity. You must know, and to know is to love and to sacrifice. You must live in the future because you are looking forward to the Coming of the Great Lord of Love. You must live so now as to exemplify the teaching that He will give. Put the past behind you. We have risen through the animal kingdom. Do we need to live as animals? No, we are Gods in the making. Let us strain forward to the Divinity that lies above us and learn that through Love, and Beauty, and Sacrifice alone can we realise the Divine. And therefore alone through those can we become one through Him.

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#### MR. JINARAJADASA'S NEW BOOK.

Members of the Order of the Star in the East often inquire for a book—"a Star book"—which they can give to friends and inquirers who want to know what the Order stands for. There are several pamphlets and leaflets, but something more like a book is desired. One work to fill this gap in our literature is Mr. E. A. Wodehouse's "*A World Expectant*," which presents the subject of the Coming to the intellect. There will soon be published by THE STAR PUBLISHING TRUST, 240, Hope Street, Glasgow, a work to be entitled "*The Message of the Future*," which will present the ideals of the Order on their ethical side.

Into this new book will be gathered several of the articles which Mr. Jinarajadasa has already published in the *Herald of the Star*; there will be the article in the present number, "The World-Teacher's Message to a World at War," as also two articles that will appear in the forthcoming International Bulletin of the Order, and others.

It is hoped to have "*The Message of the Future*" ready before Christmas time. We are sure members will find it not only an excellent medium to convey Christmas greetings to their friends, but also a means of spreading a knowledge of the ideal of the Order.

# The Ethics of Buying and Selling

By Captain A. E. POWELL, R.E.

*[It is considered unprofessional for a lawyer or a doctor to advertise ; but it is considered essential for a business man to advertise. It is wicked to injure a man ; but it is a correct thing in business to drive competitors out of the market. What is the right and wrong of all these things? Why are there such contradictions in our civilisation? The author discusses these vital problems.]*

**O**N general principles, the exchange of commodities, the production and selling to others of articles which they need, for prices which they are willing and ready to pay, has nothing in it to repel anyone with the highest standard of ethics. There appears on the face of it nothing unethical or dishonourable about transactions of buying and selling, fairly and squarely carried out to the satisfaction of both parties. And yet in almost every civilisation, perhaps in every one, commerce has never been quite able to free itself from the suspicion of not being wholly and completely honourable, of not being strictly in accordance with the highest standards of ethics and morality, no matter upon how open, fair, and honourable a basis it may have been conducted. And so we find, in practically every race, a certain class of people who will not touch commerce. This class, moreover, is usually that class from which come rulers and leaders, men of learning and distinction, of culture and refinement, and who possess a code of conduct at least as high as that possessed by any other class. To give a few examples, amongst the Japanese there were, till recently, the Samurai, who would not under any circumstances engage in commerce ; in India, in the olden days, there were the two upper classes, the Brahmanas and the Kshattriyas, who kept aloof from commerce ; in European countries we find the same phenomenon ; the upper or aristocratic classes have the same prejudice.

There are many, of course, who would say that such an attitude towards lawful commerce is merely the outcome of vanity, of pride and arrogance. But is this really

so? Whilst recognising that these baser feelings very frequently constitute one factor, is there not perhaps some deeper reason underlying the repugnance for commerce which is so widespread amongst certain classes of all nations? It is possible that an impartial and impersonal examination of the principles upon which modern commerce is based will reveal that there is some real foundation for the feeling we have noted, and that the methods of commerce have not yet been altogether brought into line with the higher standards of ethics demanded in certain other walks of life.

Let us, therefore, consider some of the principal features of modern commercial methods and scrutinise them with some care in order to arrive at their ethical significance, and to see whether they are in keeping with those ethical canons which we are accustomed to obey in our everyday life, when dealing with our fellow-men.

If we could condense the soul of modern commerce into one motto or formula, that motto would be : " To buy in the cheapest market, to sell in the dearest." That is the whole law of commerce. This is the guiding principle running through all modern business ; the root idea upon which the whole commercial structure has been reared. To follow this principle faithfully and intelligently is to be a successful business man. To disobey it, to neglect it, to follow it less intelligently than your rivals is to be cut out, to be left behind in the race, in extreme cases to court financial disaster and ruin.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to follow up the many interesting and important lines of thought which spring from this fundamental axiom of

trade. For the moment, however, it should be pointed out that this principle of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest is merely another way of expressing the fact that we are to trade on other people's necessities : to pay them for goods, or for labour, the lowest possible price which we can compel them to accept, and to force them to buy from us at the highest possible price we can induce them to give. In other words, the greater the need for what we have to sell, the more are we to make them pay. If they are hungry, then we can extort from them a higher price for our bread ; and the more nearly starving they are, the higher mounts the price which we demand for the bread they need so sorely. The measure of their necessity is the measure of our opportunity to fleece them and to enrich ourselves.

This, on the face of it, is about as anti-ethical as anything could well be ; it is diametrically opposed to all the altruistic teachings of religion as well as the generally accepted ideals of fellowship and brotherhood. It is using our strength to domineer over the weak ; it is turning the poverty of the poor into a sharp weapon against themselves. It is trading on the helplessness of the helpless, on the misery of the miserable, on the hunger of the hungry, and on the wretchedness of the wretched.

And yet this is the bed-rock principle, the very foundation-stone of modern business. Such a fundamental error, such a travesty of every ethical canon, can be remedied only by a complete and radical alteration in the whole basis and viewpoint of commerce. But that is a matter which must be left for later consideration.

So far, our investigation into modern business has been somewhat disastrous : at the first blush we have discovered that the very foundations are rotten and based upon principles which it is scarcely too much to say are not only not ethical, but positively devilish. Let us now penetrate a little further, and pass in review some of the other methods of modern commerce.

One of the first duties to learn in commerce is to persuade other people to buy

from us. The sole object of the salesman is to sell as much as possible ; for is not this what he is paid to do, and does not his success in business depend upon his success in selling large quantities of goods ? It matters not to him in the least whether his customers really need the goods with which he tempts them ; it is not his business to point out to them how they could economise their purchases with benefit to themselves—how with a little care they could make the goods he sells them last longer than they are usually made to last. It is not his duty to point out that his customers cannot really afford such and such an article, but would be far wiser to spend the money upon something from which they would receive much more benefit. It is not his duty to offer them an article at a lower price, which is just as good, or is more economical at the price than a higher priced and more showy one. No ; his sole duty is to sell as much as he possibly can, in order to net as large a profit as he can. The consequences do not concern him ; his duty is to sell, and to sell largely. Consequently, if he is a good salesman, he studies his customers carefully, and brings to bear upon them every artifice of manner, every inducement of speech, every subtlety of argument, every display of sympathy and interest, and every show of desire to act in their interests rather than in his own, in order to achieve his end.

As a counterblast to the above somewhat severe indictment of the methods of the modern salesman, there is, of course, the fact that many men in commerce do honestly strive to consider their customers' interests as well as their own, and to sell a genuinely good and useful article which will be pleasing and satisfactory to their customers. But when all due allowance is made for this side of a business man's policy, there still remains the glaring fact that the more a man can sell the greater becomes his profit ; and whilst human nature is what it is in this twentieth century of our era, it is too much to expect men not to put their own interests on the whole before the interests of other people, who, in most cases, are practically strangers.

But let us pursue a little further this business necessity to persuade people to buy goods from us. Suppose we are dealing in articles which all experience and observation lead us to know are injurious to the purchasers ; what then ? We may be dealing perhaps in strong drinks, in places of low and degraded amusements, or in such articles as patent medicines or quack "cures," so-called. How are we to carry on business and make anything of a living if we do not push our wares, and induce people to buy them freely ?

In the stress of modern competitive business there are no halfway measures. It is sink or swim. If we do not push our business and persuade the public to purchase our wares, we go under ; the only way to keep our heads above water is to swim with the current, to do as others do, and push the sale of our goods with all the energy and ingenuity we possess. And yet in so doing we know full well we are often doing a deadly injury to those who deal with us. Any intelligent man knows that thousands of persons have their health ruined by patent medicines—the very goods, let us say, in which we deal and which we persuade others to buy from us. And then there is strong drink ; how many a useful life has been wrecked by clever salesmen, or saleswomen, inducing others to drink the stuff which the sellers know only too well, from daily association with its results, is often little better than a poison ? We are not here speaking from the point of view of a rabid temperance reformer, but we are merely using this familiar instance as a typical illustration of what may come, and what does come, from the necessity forced upon the man in modern commerce to sell as much as he possibly can of the articles upon the sale of which his livelihood depends.

But perhaps the reader may say, if the ethics of the position are not to his liking, he can at least leave the trade he finds obnoxious and take up some other and cleaner industry. Against this it may be urged that to do as suggested would be to leave the obnoxious trade in the hands of others who are more unscrupulous than

himself, and who will pursue their deadly vocation without any qualms of conscience to hold them back. If there must be such trades, then surely it is better for men of high principles to engage in them, rather than to leave them in the hands of those who possess duller consciences and who will not hesitate on any grounds of ethical principle to push their business to its fullest extent, caring nothing for the havoc and ruin that is strewed behind them, so long as they are successful from the point of view of business, and amass their profits satisfactorily.

Here we are obviously in a quandary. To engage in the trade is anti-ethical, because it becomes our duty and vocation to persuade others to buy what we know is not good for them—what we know in many cases is positively dangerous and harmful. To refuse to engage in the trade, however, is to leave the dirty work for others to do who are worse than ourselves and who will do more harm in it than we should have done if we had engaged in it.

The difficulty here appears to be fundamental, and to be inherent in the very nature and core of buying and selling as these are at present carried on in modern commerce. To remedy such evils it is necessary completely to revolutionise the tendency and direction of modern commerce, and to place it upon a totally different ethical basis. This, however, we cannot consider any further at this juncture. Let us continue our investigations and see if there are any other objectionable features inherent in the commercial methods of this our twentieth century.

During the last few years there has been a good deal of agitation about sweated labour: *i.e.*, about that class of labour which does not receive what is considered to be a fair and reasonable wage. As to the immorality of sweated labour everyone is agreed. We are all of one mind that the labourer is worthy of his hire, that honest labour deserves an honest wage. But with the best intentions in the world it is, in actual practice, a most difficult, and virtually impossible task to take part in the life of commerce and to keep

perfectly free from the taint of dealing in underpaid or sweated labour. And this for two principal reasons.

In the first place, it is not possible to define the exact point at which sweating commences. We have purely arbitrary and artificial standards, established by habit and sanctioned by custom, as to what this or that class of labour ought to receive. There are many employers of labour who know full well that the commonly accepted level of wage for a given piece of work is far too low to enable the workers to live a clean, healthy and happy life out of the proceeds of what they are able to earn, however hardworking and thrifty they may be. And yet, owing to the stress of competition, it is impossible for such employers to pay higher wages than they do; if they do so, the cost of their merchandise at once rises, they are undersold by their competitors, their trade falls off, and they are faced with ruin. The system under which they live is so powerful, has such complete control over all their methods, that they are held in its grip as in a vice, and can do very little to free themselves and improve the conditions of those who work for them by raising their wages, however much they may wish to do so. In other words, a man may know that this anti-ethical element exists in his commercial transactions; he may wish keenly to eliminate it and to improve the status of his employees. But the system is too strong for him; he is almost helpless to mend matters by himself; he could afford to pay the higher wages he is willing and anxious to pay, only if all other employers would agree to do likewise; and to arrange this is, as everyone knows, for all practical purposes, impossible.

The second reason why it is almost impossible to free one's business undertakings from the taint of sweated labour, is that trade now-a-days is so highly specialised, and one trade is so much bound up, directly and indirectly, with so many other trades, that if at any one point in the network of commerce sweating exists, it ramifies and spreads in so many different directions that large numbers of other

trades all over the country, often all over the world, are affected and receive some of the stain from the tainted source. Suppose, for example, that sweating existed in the ranks of those engaged in coal-mining; anyone then who makes use of coal, for domestic or commercial purposes, or who buys anything in the manufacture of which coal has played a part, *ipso facto* is involved to some extent in the sweated labour of the coal mine. He is participating in its results, being enabled to heat his house, to burn gas, or to buy countless articles a little more cheaply than he would if fair and proper wages were paid to those engaged in the coal industry. This being so, however much one may wish to keep one's hands clean from the taint of sweated labour, if sweating exists in any branch of trade, there will be hardly a single trade which is not in some way affected, or rather infected, and it is thus, once again, virtually impossible to keep free from contamination. The system is stronger than the individual, and if at any point there is something unethical in the system, then every individual is to some extent, however small and however indirectly, involved in the general sin. The evil done by a few thus becomes, through the machinery of commerce, an evil the responsibility for which spreads itself over the whole community.

Considerations of a similar character apply to trading in articles the production of which involves cruelty, not to human beings, but to other creatures. Such articles, for example, as many of the furs, feathers of birds, astrakhan, and many products of the animal kingdom, and as food stuff. Here, as in the case of sweated labour, the ramifications of modern commerce are so intricate and cover so wide a field that, however much one may desire to avoid the tainted articles, it is virtually impossible to do so. Moreover, one who in trade scrupulously avoided dealing in suspicious articles with that fastidiousness which was dictated by a keen ethical sense, would very soon be cut out by his less scrupulous competitors, and the cruelties involved in the production of the articles

concerned would thus tend to increase rather than decrease. Thus, all along the line, wherever our investigations lead us, we see that the hands of individuals are forced by the collective action of the buying and selling community, and that individuals are prevented by the pressure of the common system from living up to the standard of ethics which they would themselves prefer to follow. The unscrupulous dealings of a few tend to drag down all to their level; the moral are forced to conform to the ways of the less moral, the alternative being commercial failure and a consequent increase of power passing into the hands of those who wield it the least scrupulously.

Let us now pass on to scrutinise another of the principal features of modern commerce.

In selling goods, whether wholesale or retail, the primary object of the salesman is to sell. To achieve this end, it is his part to make the wares he has to sell appear as attractive and good as possible. It is not his business to call attention to flaws or defects or weak points; but rather to gloss over these and make them appear as insignificant as possible. It is his part to dilate upon the good qualities of his wares, exaggerating their virtues and minimising or ignoring altogether their deficiencies. It would be demanding too much of human nature to expect him to do anything else. In fact, how could any salesman survive the keen competition of his rivals if he told his customers the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about everything he sold them? There must be many cases where a salesman knows perfectly well that certain articles which he is in the habit of selling possess one or more radical defects; he must also frequently be aware that the products of some of his rivals are in many respects superior to his own. It is impossible, for example, that the manufacturers, employees and salesmen of each and every kind of typewriter, sewing-machine, bicycle, or motor car, or any other article of commerce, really, truly and honestly believe that their own particular line of goods is the best in the market—

better than all other makes; yet this is what you will be told by each one in turn when you go to buy. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say that if one manufacturer has a good word to say about the products of another manufacturer in the same line of business as himself, we may be virtually certain that there is some business connection between the two whereby the success of one reacts favourably upon the other.

It is, thus, almost unknown for a modern commercial man to give a perfectly truthful, unbiassed, and straightforward account of the goods he is selling to his prospective customers. However truthful he may be in private life and in his social dealings with his friends and acquaintances, all that is changed when it comes to business; here he works according to an entirely different, and, we venture to say, a much lower and less ethical code. His first and last object is to sell; to achieve this end he does as his fellows in business do: he suppresses truth; he exaggerates, he ignores, he asserts, whether he believes it or not, that his wares are better than anybody else's; in short, he does things which, if they were done in his personal dealings in social life, and amongst his friends where no questions of financial profit or loss were involved, would at once place him outside the pale of decent men and women who live up to the generally accepted ethical standards of to-day.

Closely connected with the last point dealt with is the whole question of advertisement. It is a commonplace amongst business men that advertisement is the life and soul of the great majority of modern businesses. If a business is to succeed, it must have an extended field of operations; to secure this, it must make itself known: it must advertise. In other words, it must be continually blowing its own trumpet, forcing itself to the front attracting attention to itself, and thrusting itself forward before the world.

Leaving aside for a moment the question of whether the advertisements blazoned forth are strictly truthful or not, let us briefly consider the general

principle of advertisement as a whole. In spite of the fact (or is it because of the fact?) that self-advertisement is almost a *sine qua non* of success in business, self-advertisement is utterly "taboo" in other walks of life. In fact, the very reverse is considered a virtue and a test of good breeding. Truly great men are the most modest and are those who, least of all, aggressively push themselves and their exploits to the front. To advertise oneself in social life as one advertises oneself in business is to court well-merited contempt and to lose entirely the respect of all people of nice feeling and culture. If a distinguished man, say, a politician, a man of letters, a scientist, an artist, or a soldier does anything which savours in the least of self-advertisement or self-aggrandisement, at once he loses prestige and is held to have done something ignoble and unworthy of a great man. If he persists in such conduct, he does himself irreparable injury in the eyes of the world, and whatever he may do in the future he will find it impossible ever to wipe out completely the unpardonable sin which he has committed against good manners.

Which of the two positions is ethically the better and the more upright and advanced—the self-assertion and self-aggrandisement of business, or the modesty and self-suppression of private life? On this point there can scarcely be two opinions: the one savours of vulgarity and coarseness of principle, the other of refinement, delicacy of feeling and culture. And yet, as modern commerce is at present constituted, it is virtually impossible to be a successful man of business without the self-advertisement which, in private life, would not be tolerated for a moment. Here, once again, it is not individuals who are to blame, but the system as a whole. One cannot blame individual householders for polluting the atmosphere in our large towns with smuts from their domestic coal-burning fires: it is the whole system of burning coal in an open grate as it is usually burned to-day, which is to blame. And so with the pollution of our mental atmosphere with the spirit and fumes of advertisement: with the soiling of our

landscapes, the marring of our streets, our railway stations, our omnibuses, even our newspapers and the books we read, with hideous, blatant, untruthful and sordid advertisements of every sort that human ingenuity can devise. For all this one cannot blame this or that individual; on the contrary, one cannot but admire the cleverness of the man who can make his advertising voice heard above the din and babel of the multitudes of other advertisers. The whole system is to blame for making such crude, such blatant, and such inartistic methods necessary for success in the business of commerce.

The other aspect of advertisement—the exaggeration, the general untruthfulness, not to use harsher terms—scarcely needs comment, or at least leaves room for no two opinions. Every thinking person must deplore these obvious faults and sins of modern advertising, and the host of mischievous results which necessarily follow from spreading broadcast over the world highly-coloured, inaccurate and often mostly fictitious accounts of this or that article which the advertiser wishes to sell to a gullible and an ignorant public.

Another feature of modern commerce which must possess certain distressing elements for men who are ethically sensitive and who wish well to their fellows, is that of competition. For example: suppose that in any given trade there are a large number of small tradespeople, each earning out of his or her business a small but sufficient livelihood. Then comes a man with either more brains, or more capital, or both, and sets up a similar business on a much larger scale than his petty rivals. With the power which his brains and his capital give him, he will probably be able to undersell the others, and before very long to capture their trade to such an extent that they are driven out of business and to all intents and purposes ruined. Their means of livelihood is gone, their little store of capital is consumed; what are they to do? How and where can they set up shop again, or what other occupation can they find by which to earn a living for themselves? As everyone knows, this is not a hypothetical

case, but a typical instance of a tragedy which has been, and which is being enacted many, many times during every year that passes—in fact, ever since the industrial revolution arrived amongst us.

The man who was the immediate cause of the slaughter of these small businesses, and the financial ruin of their proprietors, can scarcely be blamed for what he has done. He has merely performed a direct service to the community by substituting one efficient emporium for many small and relatively inefficient shops; his goods are cheaper and probably better than those previously supplied by the small shop-owners. He has done nothing that is not in accordance with the strict rules of business, and very probably he may be genuinely sorry for the havoc and misery his enterprise has produced amongst a set of people against whom he bears no personal ill-will of any kind. So far from this, in fact, that it is quite possible that he may be a real philanthropist, not desiring to inflict injury on a soul. And yet in spite of himself the system has proved too strong for him. He has benefited his customers, but he has ruined his competitors; he has performed a service to the community with one hand, whilst with the other he has struck a fatal blow at a small section of that community.

Thus, yet again, we find that the primary fault is with the system of modern commerce, rather than with the individuals who serve that system. However upright and well-intentioned a man may be, he cannot wield the machinery of modern commerce without inflicting cruel injury on people whom he does not desire to injure in any way whatsoever. The more efficient he is himself, the more will the less efficient suffer; by the very principles of modern commerce, the weaker go to the wall and the strong succeed. To succeed is to amass money and power; to go to the wall often means poverty, hardships and misery, not only to the one mainly responsible, but to many innocent victims who are dependent upon him for all that they have in life. That is the method of the juggernaut of modern commerce.

There is one other practice of commercial life which we may consider briefly—the practice of wielding monopolies, secret processes and patents in order to serve one's own ends in business. This, of course, is one of those axioms of business which are never questioned, but taken for granted by everyone as perfectly straightforward and "above-board." If a man makes a useful discovery; invents a machine; elaborates a process for doing this, that or the other thing; finds out, in fact, something which the world needs, something which will be of service to mankind; it is almost unknown for him to make a present of what he has discovered to the world, to utilise freely as it chooses. On the contrary, the usual practice is to follow the business maxim of extorting the highest price which the market is prepared to pay for the use of the discovery. For this purpose, the discovery is patented if possible, or, if it is not possible to patent it, the secret is kept so as to prevent others getting hold of it and making use of it.

The result of this system is that many of our most brilliant inventions are accessible only to those who are able to pay a stiff price for them—a price which, as everyone knows, is often out of all proportion to the cost of production. However useful the article or invention may be, however desirable it may be that it should be as cheap as possible, in order that anyone may secure it to whom it would be valuable, the sole consideration, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, on the part of those in whose hands the monopoly rests, is that of making out of their monopoly the maximum possible profit.

Once more ethics and business are at loggerheads. Brotherhood and profits are brought into sharp conflict, and pull in opposite directions. The first impulse prompted by the business instinct of the day is to hold as tightly as possible everything that can be of personal, pecuniary benefit to oneself; the first impulse prompted by the instinct of brotherhood is to give freely of all one has which will be of use and service to others. To follow the business axiom is to gather in riches

and become prosperous; to follow the principles of brotherhood is to fail in business and be trodden under foot by others less squeamish than oneself. Without any further elaboration of this point, it is abundantly clear that the whole system of patents and monopolies is anti-ethical and opposed to the elementary principles of human brotherhood and fellowship.

It would probably not be difficult to select many other characteristics of the commerce of the day and to show that they are contrary to the standard of ethics which we know and feel in our hearts we should adopt in our dealings with our fellow-men. However, the few points touched upon here will be sufficient to demonstrate the fact that the whole basis and system of modern commerce is such that it brings one at every turn into conflict with ethical considerations; and, however much one may strive towards human brotherhood in theory, when it comes to practice in the world of business, the rules of the game are such that brotherhood, for brotherhood's sake, is practically ruled out of court and rendered impossible.

To revert to our first observations, there is nothing intrinsically wrong, unethical or unbrotherly in helping to supply our fellow-men with the things which they need. On the contrary, this work is necessary in order that civilised life may continue at all, and it might be—and should be—a true service to the world to supply it with what it needs, promptly, expeditiously, efficiently and economically. Where we have gone wrong is in our methods; we have elaborated, for the conduct of buying and selling operations in the world to-day, a relentless, heartless and cruel machinery, and we have allowed this machinery to do its devilish work for a long time before its real nature has dawned upon us. Then, perceiving the hardships which it inflicts at this and that point, we turn round and blame the individuals who happen to be the immediate agents of the machine at those points. By far the greater portion of the blame, however, rests not with the individuals as individuals, but with the whole system—

for which the community as a body is responsible.

If we wish to improve a system, the first step is to convince all concerned that that system is bad and needs altering. We have aimed, therefore, at bringing home the conviction that a great change is needed in our commercial system before that system can in any sense be brought into line with those powerful principles and motives which are to-day coming so much to the front, and making for brotherhood and fellowship between man and man, and between class and class.

The reform of commerce constitutes part of that general social reconstruction about which everyone is beginning to talk, and a few to think and plan. On all sides people are feeling that after the war—or possibly even before that—we must set to work, as a nation and as a civilisation, to improve the conduct of our affairs, to better the whole social organism and to make life a far healthier and cleaner life than it has been in the past.

What the precise methods are by which this end is to be attained is as yet by no means clear. We are groping in the dark and feeling our way slowly and carefully. But the outstanding feature of the present moment is the eagerness of men to consider these questions, and the conscious desire to improve and raise the standards of our civilisation.

Piece by piece, social reconstruction will have to be carefully planned and thought out. Commerce is part and parcel of our social organism and social machinery, and will be raised and purified from its baser elements as the whole structure of Society is purified and placed upon a higher spiritual and ethical basis. The importance of the present epoch lies in the fact that so many new and progressive ideas of reform are floating in the thought-atmosphere of our day, and that men's minds are daily growing more and more ready to receive and consider ways and means of improving our civilisation and increasing the true wealth of nations, which lies in the health and happiness of their individuals.

A. E. POWELL.

# Our Monthly Gallery

## III. Angels in Christian Art

By HOPE REA.

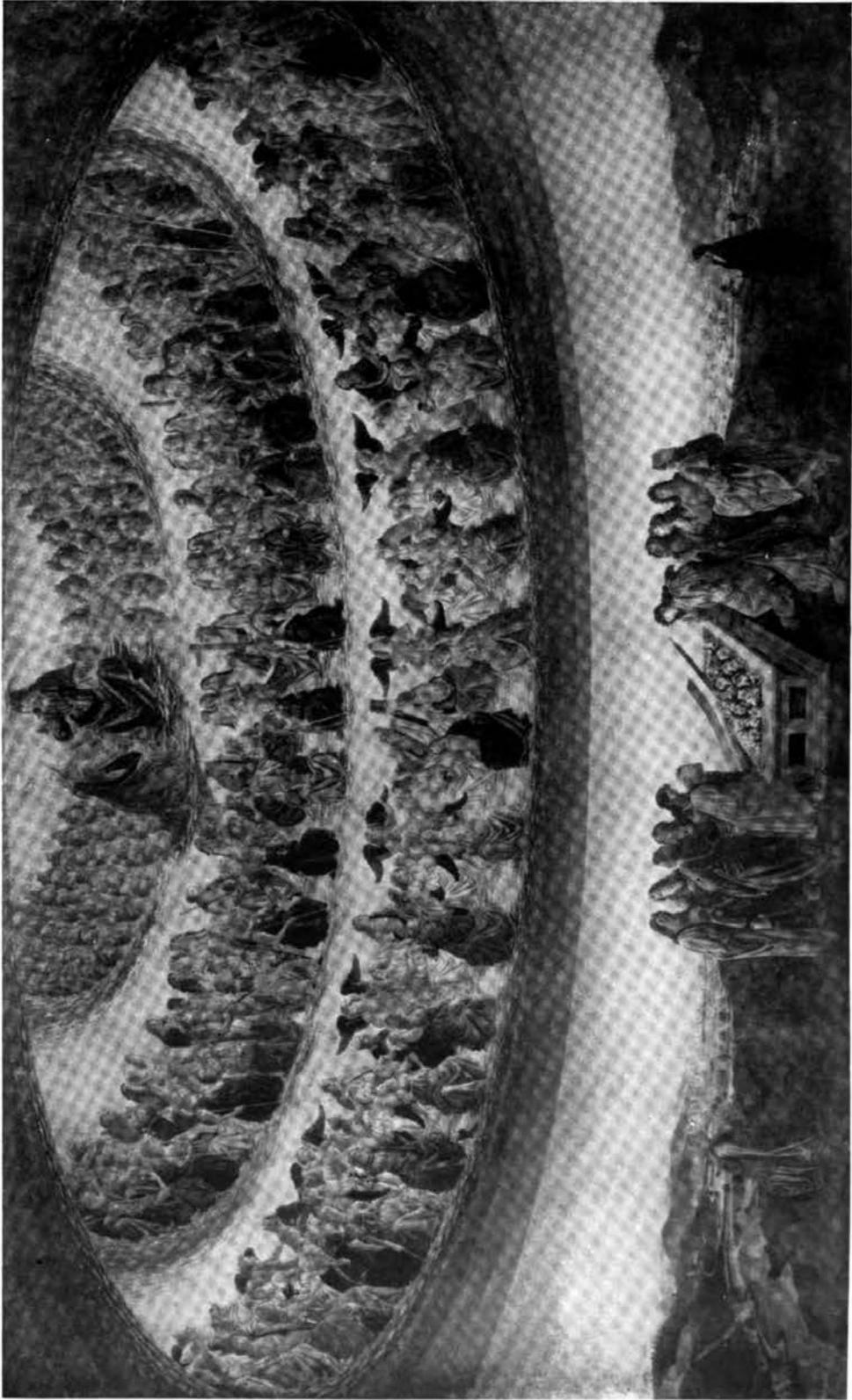
THE Indian word Deva, or Shining One, covers a great conception regarding the Universe, namely, that far from the human intelligences being the only ones pursuing their path of evolution therein, there are many others, not necessarily clothed in physical flesh, who subserve the Divine purposes, in varying degrees of activity, according to their respective functions, from mighty Celestial Powers, down to the little nature spirits of wood or stream or air. Western teaching has no such comprehensive title for the non-human intelligence, and the Protestant mind of the West has allowed the conception of such existences to become so attenuated as to be practically negligible; angel and fairy are alike relegated to the region of the fabulous, as much as the phoenix and the unicorn.

One of the benefits which seems likely to accrue from the closer relations that current events are creating between East and West is a re-statement in Western language of the ancient Eastern knowledge concerning non-human existences, and their play and inter-play upon human life and events. The mediæval artist, for the most part, reflected faithfully contemporary religious thought on the matter. The loftier section of this extra-human life under the generic title of "Angels" bulks very largely in Christian Art. At the lower orders of non-human intelligences the Church has been accustomed to look askance, and it was seldom that the Artist ventured on heterodoxy in this connection. What was not "angel" for him was "demon." The present writer, however, recalls a *Nativity* by the painter Altdorfer, who, with his whimsical, Germanic humour, introduces into his picture

a number of child-angels, orthodox in form, but undertaking the homely offices popularity associated with the kindly gnome or good-fellow, and they flutter about the Holy Stable making household preparation for the entertainment of the Child-Lord, in reality theirs no less than ours.

The Schoolmen, following more or less directly an Eastern tradition, pre-Christian in origin, divided the heavenly hierarchies into nine Orders. The Upper Hierarchy comprised Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones, these occupying the places nearest to God Himself, and associated respectively with the conditions of perfect love, perfect wisdom and perfect rest. The Middle Hierarchy comprised Dominions, Virtues and Powers, being in their turn concerned with universal government, with Divine miracle, and the frustration of infernal machinations. The Lower Hierarchy, consisting of Principalities, Archangels and Angels, were entrusted respectively with the guidance of nations, of cities, and of individuals.

The Mighty Ones of the loftier hierarchies naturally are but seldom represented individually in Art; the Angel and the Archangel, being the orders most directly serviceable to mankind, were more appropriately introduced into representations of human events. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Sacred and Legendary Art," cites an example of the painting of one of the higher orders. "In an old miniature" is represented "an angel having before him a lump of clay, a kind of *ébauch* of humanity, which he appears to be modelling with his hands, while the Almighty stands by directing the work." It is curious that this instance of God's making use of the agency of Angels in His creative work is stigmatised by the writer as a lapse into



THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

Painted by Botticini.



THE LAST JUDGMENT (the right-hand side).

Painted by Il Beato Fra Angelico.

Photographer, Alinari.



CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN.

Painted by Raffaello.



AN ANGEL.

Sculptured by Civitale.

an "ancient heresy"; rather it would seem to be quite in accordance with Church teaching, at this point in line with hoary tradition, and a wholly devout attempt on the part of the miniaturist to picture the Virtues carrying out their function in the Universe, in this case performing, under Divine guidance, the miracle of creation.

Our first illustration, until recent years attributed to Botticelli, shows a more usual treatment of the theme. Here the Heavens are opened, and we see within the Hierarchies, "in burning row," ranged in concentric rings of varying colour, those nearest the centre being the Seraphim and Cherubim, coloured crimson and blue, the hues respectively of Love and Wisdom.

The earthly background of this painting is of special historical interest. The walled town crowned with towers is a contemporary sketch of the City of Florence, the Florence of Savonarola, of the Medici, of Donatello, and all the glorious company of her unrivalled artists.

The Angels, strictly speaking the lowest Order among the Heavenly Hosts, are represented in Art chiefly as minor messengers, as choristers, or merely as celestial inhabitants, the counter-parts, in their own sphere, of ourselves on earth. Fra Angelico was perhaps the happiest in his treatment of these non-human beings; he achieved a type of extraordinary delicacy and unearthliness, neither male nor female.

Our second illustration is by "Il Beato," and shows the Angel as celestial inhabitant welcoming the Redeemed, into their special region of bliss, at the Last Day, after the words, "Come ye blessed of my Father," had been spoken by the Judge. This picture, as reproduced, is the right-hand part of an altar-piece, the centre of which is occupied by the Judge and attendant saints, the left hand by a representation of Hell. It is characteristic of the Painter that this latter section is crude and hardly more than indicated, as though his mind being attuned to other things could not concentrate upon that dreadful conception. On the Heaven side he lavishes tender thought and imagina-

tion. No. III. gives a curious form of representation of Angel life, frequently employed among the earlier Italian artists. Dante uses the expression "*uccello di Dio*" with reference to the mighty angelic messenger who wings his way across the dark waters to the gate of Dis, bearing God's commands. It would seem that the earlier Italian artists seized on the idea conveyed by the words "Bird of God"—winged intelligence—and in tenderer scenes modified it into an order of celestial fledgelings; over and over we find in both painting and sculpture little baby angel faces surrounded, as it were, with an aureole of wings, a suggestion of presences from another world—intelligence and motion, nothing more, a link between the seen and the unseen. The painting here reproduced is an early work by Raphael, who soon left this convention behind him as archaic. With greater realism in execution, however, the reality of the conception waned in the popular mind. Edward Carpenter's is doubtless not the only mind that has revolted against "Angels' wings," which, while symbolically perfect, realistically cannot but challenge destructive criticism.

Our last illustration gives an example of the unreal realistic Angel. It is the work of Matteo Civitale, and is in the Duomo of Lucca. But that quality of realism which its author possibly prided himself upon is what in a later age but serves to veil the reality from the inner vision. The Angel has hardly any place in serious modern Art, nor could such forms be more than a decorative or symbolic adjunct to any great work of Art, when deemed by the Artist merely as flowers of poetic imagination, or an outworn article of a primitive faith. To this there was one notable exception in the last century, that of the poet-painter William Blake. Nowhere in Art have the Angels of the Morning Stars sung together with more convincing joy than in his treatment of the theme. But then we must remember Blake was a Seer, and reflected in his Art those things which were made manifest to him by his power of vision.

HOPE REA.

# Saving the Future

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S. (Edin.)

[*Dr. C. W. Saleeby is a faithful disciple of the late Francis Galton, who invented the term "Eugenics." His writings on Eugenics are well known to all interested in the social welfare of nations. Dr. Saleeby calls attention to the need in England to preserve more than ever the lives of the new-born generations.*]

SINCE all individuals are mortal, upon parenthood and its products depends the destiny of all living races, nations and empires. The campaign for the protection of motherhood (which involves the protection of fatherhood, above all from the venereal diseases) and of infancy is, therefore, no less than Saving the Future, as I have long called it—the future for which our best are now willingly going to their glorious graves, too often before they have lived even long enough to discharge their natural function of becoming, as our best should, the fathers of the future which they are thus guarding.

The teaching of fourteen years of peace is to-day almost infinitely more urgent. The need was never so great in our history, nor in that of any empire, except, perhaps, the Roman Empire in the age of its incipient decline, when, having made the fatal bargain, it was about to die of megalomania. Last year had its political and military failures, deplorable enough. They were as nought when that *annus terribilis* is mortally and vitally considered, and found to be the most calamitous in our record. We lost in war some 90,000 of our best—half as many again as the customary annual deaths from tuberculosis, or from alcohol and its consequences, neither of which chief causes of mortality takes our strongest and worthiest like hideous war.

Though only births, as we have observed, can compensate for death, last year's was much the lowest birth-rate on record. The long and steady fall since 1876 showed an unprecedented decline, to 21.9 compared with the previous lowest figure, 23.6 in 1914. So much by way of compensation for our unprecedented military losses. Nor did we even succeed in the task of keeping alive such of us as were left at home, and such new lives as we chose to vouchsafe ourselves. The civilian death-rate, which had been rising since 1912, rose further. Apart from migrations, the difference between birth and death rates represents the increase of the population. Thus, in the last quarter of 1915 our natural increase of population was scarcely more than half that for the last quarter of 1913. As for infancy in especial, the first year of post-natal life, the mortality rose to a higher figure than since the hot summer of 1911. But last year there was no such excuse for the vast destruction of infant life, for which unprecedented sums of money were available, in the form of charity, maternity benefit and separation allowances. Never was there better proof of the truth that you can buy either life or death with money—as when a mother, whom we have omitted to teach in girlhood or to guide and guard in adolescence, buys beer or spirits instead of bread and milk, so that the nation's future is killed with the

very funds allotted for saving it. In Scotland last year the infant mortality rose to 128 per 1,000, a higher figure than in 1855, and the highest recorded since 1901. There was no meteorological reason, such as hot weather in the third quarter of the year. There was no epidemic of measles among infants, as has been asserted by some who do not know that infancy, in Public Medicine, is the first post-natal year, and no more; but vastly more money was allotted for motherhood and infancy, by means of charity, separation allowances and maternity benefit, than ever before in the history of any country. Of all that have appeared since I first began the public exposure of infant mortality, fourteen years ago, this is the most sinister and significant statistic. It consorts, of course, with the extremely low infant mortality of the poorest Jews, everywhere, whose motherhood has always been protected from the racial poisons.

Before the war our empire displayed a most startling disproportion between its area and population. To-day, hundreds of thousands of additional square miles are under our flag. The position requires the most serious consideration, alike whether we consider the case of all our Imperial predecessors from Babylon to Spain, or whether we merely look at the vital statistics of crowded Japan and then glance across the water to Queensland, so accessible and naturally desirable to her.

The task of what I would now call Imperial Eugenics, in necessary extension of National Eugenics, the phrase of my mighty master, Francis Galton, is to build up enough numbers of healthy and worthy young lives to inherit the blessings and to shoulder the burdens of our empire. With the most absolute and documented conviction I assert that if the birth-rate continues to fall, nothing can save us. That was not my belief when first the National Birth-rate Commission met, nearly three years ago, but it has been forced upon one partly by the evidence laid before the Commission, but far more by the movement of national life during the past three years, even apart from the war. Our rising death-rate since 1912 is another

*memento mori*—the inevitable consequence of the low birth-rate policy, which has all but ruined noble France. The rising death-rate is the natural consequence of the fact that our population is, as a whole, growing older, our numbers having been latterly maintained rather by keeping the elderly alive than by new births. Numerically the results may seem all right, for a time; but the elderly must begin to die off at last; and the call for military youth will fail of the response expected by the undiscerning, as in France, which, owing to the elderly age-constitution that follows the low birth-rate policy, is several army corps short of men of military age. We may thank her for the superb military skill and sublime devotion which have nevertheless saved her and us—and try to emulate them.

Our appalling wastage of such new lives as we have must cease. The antenatal and infantile loss, in these islands, must closely approach a quarter of a million of lives annually, in peace and in war, dwarfing even the losses of war itself which are but for a period. These perennial losses are not of the genetically worthless and inferior, as is asserted, for the convenience of their pockets and prejudices, by those whom, with convenient ambiguity, I have been accustomed to call the "better-dead" school of so-called Eugenists. The recent report of the Royal Commission has confirmed the teaching which I have long based upon the principles taught by my own teacher, Dr. J. W. Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, that what I call the racial poisons are immensely responsible for this national infanticide. Alcohol, and the hateful diseases of which, as the Royal Commission has necessarily reported, it is the never-failing ally, are continually murdering the future of our people. Glorious, abundant, instantaneous results follow from efforts made to reduce that infanticide. (If the reader would help, let him or her write to the National Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality, 4, Tavistock Square, W.C., of which their Majesties are Patrons, the President of the Local Government Board is President, and Sir

Thomas Barlow is Chairman.) Space does not avail for a discussion of these remedies for the saving of babies, which we associate with a number of great names appropriately beginning with B—Budin of Paris, Ballantyne of Edinburgh, Broadbent of Huddersfield, and Barlow of London. All fall under two principles—the very male idea, asserted by Plato, of eliminating the mothers as far as possible and saving the babies directly, as by municipal cows' milk, humorously called "humanised"; and the female idea of saving babies through their mothers, who are the natural and inimitable saviours of babies. The first can imperfectly save many babies; the second could and will perfectly save them all. It has given the Jews a unique racial record in the history epoch, thanks to Moses, one of the rare

men who have bi-sexual vision and beget the future accordingly.

Meanwhile, the voices of Dogberry and Dives are heard all over the land, saying thrift, which means thriving, and economy, the law of home life, when they mean parsimony; and urging us to a policy, essentially cannibal, of which the logical issue would be the eating of all our tender young mothers and babies, after driving them to death in munition works. These shameful proposals, already effected not a thousand miles from the Metropolis of Freedom, are not for saving, but for a fatal prodigality, an irreparable waste, at a crucial hour, of the burgeoning life which, in the last resort, as Wordsworth nobly taught in the "Prelude," is the only wealth of nations.

C. W. SALEEBY.

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## Au Maître

*Maître ! je viens à Toi les mains pleines de roses  
Et ce sont mes bonheurs et ce sont mes amours,  
Ce sont mes chants, qui de mes lèvres longtemps closes,  
Peuvent jaillir enfin dans la clarté des jours.  
Maître ! je viens à Toi, les mains pleines de roses !*

*Maître ! je viens à Toi l'âme pleine d'espoir,  
Car l'avenir sourit en entrouvrant son voile.  
Du cycle des Douleurs s'éteint le dernier soir,  
Et le ciel de demain n'est plus qu'un champ d'étoiles.  
Maître ! je viens à Toi l'âme pleine d'espoir !*

*Maître ! je viens à Toi le coeur plein de Toi-même,  
Car c'est Toi qui m'ouvris l'antique et droit chemin  
Qui va du gouffre obscur à la cime suprême.  
Quand j'hésitais, c'est Toi qui m'as tendu la main.  
Maître ! je viens à Toi, le coeur plein de Toi-même !*

SANDRA GOSSELIN.

# The Royal New Zealand Society for the Health of Women and Children

By "KARITANE."

*[In an article in this number, Dr. Saleeby calls attention to the neglect in England of infants and mothers when they most need care. What is being done in New Zealand is described in this article. It is satisfactory to know that there are cities in the world where a few think and feel rightly on this subject, and also are putting their ideas into action.]*

**I**N writing a history of the foundation of the Society for the Promotion of the Health of Women and Children in New Zealand it is necessary to give some idea of the master-mind directly responsible for originating this scheme (the teaching of mothercraft).

Over twenty-five years ago Dr. Truby King took over the control of the large mental hospital at Seacliff, a fine baronial pile of buildings beautifully situated on the sea-coast some twenty miles from Dunedin. There were over 500 patients committed to his care, and the entire charge of the large farming estate attached. I remember at this time thinking he must be quite a boy—he looked so young and slight, indeed almost frail, but he very quickly showed that no physical disabilities would prevent him from exercising his indomitable energies in whatever direction he for the moment chose; and that these were many and varied those of us who had the privilege to be acquainted with him at this time know well. I don't think Dr. King had any knowledge of farming before his appointment to the Seacliff Mental Hospital, but I know that in a very short time he had mastered the whole subject from the growing of crops to the rearing of cattle, pigs and poultry.

The splendid results obtained were all due to close attention to the simple and natural requirements, such as fresh air and proper food, etc. The cows gave more milk and of higher quality than before; the calves did magnificently, as carefully kept records showed.

In connection with the careful feeding of the cows, I remember one evening going into the enormous byre just about milking time and being intensely amused and interested to watch a cow, wearing, say, a blue label round its neck turn into a blue label stall and be fed from a blue-painted bucket—an ingenious device of Dr. King's to prevent any mistake on the part of the mental patients who acted as farm labourers. I was told that neither the cows nor the men ever made a mistake, and in this way each cow got the proper amount of food specially adapted for her particular grade or class.

The main object of these devices and experiments was to find out precisely the best quantity and class of food for dairy cows at various stages. One could not help being greatly impressed by the enormous demands made by heavy milking on the digestive powers of the cow. I was told that some of these mothers were actually yielding in the form of milk in a

couple of days as much solid material as is contained in a calf weighing half-a-hundredweight. No wonder the cows tended to lose weight unless very well fed and that they had to be given far more food to keep them in condition than the bull nearly double their size ; no wonder that all mothers need much more " keeping up to the mark " after the baby is born than beforehand if they are to fulfil the duties and functions of perfect motherhood.

However, it was not the mothers alone that received attention. Coddling of the calves was done away with, and they were taken out of stuffy sheds and put under a simple paling verandah, open to the sun all day, but carefully sheltered from wind. Here they slept all night, in the open air, even at midwinter, just as phthisis patients do nowadays. As for the feeding, the diet for the calves was laid down and systematically carried out by an imbecile who could neither read nor write, but who could follow the definite instructions given him week by week. Fed systematically in this way I was told that the calves gained on an average over 100 lbs. more in the first six months of life than they had gained previously ; and, more important still, none died, though previously many had succumbed to " scouring "—or, as we say of babies, " infantile diarrhœa."

I understand that the system I then saw in use has never been changed, and that the same printed diet sheets are in use at Seacliff to-day as were devised nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Next the pigs came in for their share of attention, with the result that Seacliff carried off all the prizes at the large annual Agricultural and Pastoral Shows held at Dunedin, until at last the farmers protested at the *Government* competing.

Special houses and runs were built for the fowls, similar care being taken and always with the same wonderful results.

Fowls at three months were sent to the Dunedin market weighing 4½ lbs., and the supply of eggs went up by leaps and bounds until it rose to nearly a hundred dozen a day in spring, and now I under-

stand the return from the poultry farm alone is some £1,200 a year !

The potato crops yielded equally remarkable results on the application of scientific knowledge of requirements and proper system.

All this time Dr. King was carefully studying the welfare of the patients confided to his care. The grounds were beautifully laid out and improved, sunk fences were arranged so that there was no " shut-in " appearance, and the full benefit of the glorious view stretching far out to sea and along the coast-line could be thoroughly enjoyed. A separate cottage for convalescent women was built, tastefully designed and carried out in every detail under Dr. King's personal and close supervision.

The application of these fundamental health principles conduced greatly to the improvement in the general health of the patients.

Dr. King's intimate knowledge of every patient was remarked upon by the Inspector-General of Hospitals in one of his Annual Reports, he said, " I am immensely struck with the intimate knowledge Dr. King shows with regard to all his patients. I have merely to mention a name and he immediately gives me a full history of each particular case."

I have wanted to make it quite clear that before Dr. King went into the question of the " Feeding and Care of the Baby," he had conclusively proved that Nature's laws as applied to plants and " animals " equally obtained with regard to the human race, but up to that time—some ten years ago—practically no attention had been directed to this fact. In a lecture delivered by Dr. King about this time on " The Feeding of Plants and Animals," before the Annual Congress of the Farmers' Union in Wellington, at which the Governor, Lord Plunket, presided, Dr. King referred to the feeding of children, and said " Civilisation is tending everywhere to undermine humanity, and, as I have said elsewhere, we have no reason to be proud of the fact that apart from dairy calves (which we treat rather worse than our own offspring) there is no

young creature in the world so ignorantly and cruelly nurtured as the average infant. There is no death-rate in Nature arising from maternal neglect and improper feeding that can be compared with human infant mortality. In this Colony alone a generally diffused knowledge and recognition of infant requirements and maternal duties would save to the community at least one life per diem, and would correspondingly increase the strength and vitality of the rest of the rising generation. Statistics reveal the appalling fact that with artificial rearing infant mortality may be as high as from five to thirty times the death-rate of children nourished by their mothers. Yet careless bottle-feeding is still resorted to by the majority of women."

In the leading papers and journals whole columns were devoted to the rearing of cattle and growing of crops, but it was only upon the inception of the Society for the Health of Women and Children that a Baby column was introduced.

On going more closely into the infant mortality rate in New Zealand, Dr. King was struck with the fact that out of 25,000 children born in this Dominion over 2,000 died annually. He then determined to take up the cause of the Mother and Baby.

With the help of his devoted wife he took in hand the babies first in the village, and then in Dunedin, having as an assistant a bright-faced, tactful and intelligent Scotch girl with no special previous training, but any amount of zeal and enthusiasm. They worked away quietly for two years, gaining results that proved without doubt that if the infant mortality rate was to be materially reduced, the mothers (actual and prospective) must be roused from their enforced ignorance and some system of education in mothercraft must be immediately introduced. At this time we fed our babies on any patent food recommended by our equally ignorant neighbours, and each mother had a different food to recommend. We tried them all in succession with disastrous results to our babies, who, even if they survived our want of common-sense knowledge, grew

up impaired in some way or another, malnutrition in some form causing defective digestive powers, adenoids, etc. As for natural feeding, it was never persevered with if any slight difficulty was experienced in the beginning, and "feeding-bottles" with insanitary long tubes were looked upon as the more ordinary and quite proper method of getting rid of our great responsibilities—responsibilities, indeed, for which we realise now to our shame we were quite unfitted. The question of feeding our infants was not our only source of ignorance, the hundred and one essentials that we now know to be necessary with regard to our own health and that of our babies were never even thought of, so that, in May, 1907, Dr. and Mrs. King called a public meeting in the Town Hall, Dunedin, for the purpose of forming a Health Society. It was attended by a large number of women who were eager to acquire a knowledge in mothercraft for themselves, and to form an association to carry on the educational work which would be necessary to achieve the results aimed at. Dr. King presided at the meeting and addressed those present, and, as a result, it was decided to form a Society to be entitled "The Society for the Promotion of Health of Women and Children," with the following aims and objects:—

1. To uphold the Sacredness of the Body and the Duty of Health; to inculcate a lofty view of the responsibilities of maternity and the duty of every mother to fit herself for the perfect fulfilment of the natural calls of motherhood, both before and after child-birth; and especially to advocate and promote the breast-feeding of infants.

2. To *acquire* accurate information and knowledge on matters affecting the Health of Women and Children, and to *disseminate* such knowledge through the agency of its members, nurses and others, by means of the natural handing on from one recipient or beneficiary to another, and the use of such agencies as periodical meetings at members' houses or elsewhere, demonstrations, lectures, correspondence, newspaper articles, pamphlets, books, etc.

3. To train specially and to employ qualified Nurses, to be called Plunket Nurses, whose duty it will be to give sound, reliable instruction, advice and assistance, gratis, to any member of the community desiring such services, on matters affecting the health and well-being of

women, especially during pregnancy and while nursing infants, and on matters affecting the health and well being of their children ; and also to endeavour to educate and help parents and others in a practical way in domestic hygiene in general—all these things being done with a view to conserving the health and strength of the rising generation, and rendering both mother and offspring hardy, healthy, and resistive to disease.

4. To co-operate with any present or future organisations which are working for any of the foregoing or cognate objects.

N.B.—The Society was started as a *League for mutual helpfulness and mutual education*, with a full recognition of the fact that, so far as motherhood and babyhood were concerned, there was *as much need for practical reform and "going to school" on the part of the cultured and well-to-do as there was on the part of the so-called "poor and ignorant."*

A strong representative committee was elected, comprising all denominations, including the Salvation Army, and arrangements were made to canvass for funds. From this meeting dates the foundation of the powerful organisation that is now spread throughout the Dominion.

We were very much indebted to Lord Plunket (then Governor of New Zealand) and Lady Plunket for their keen and active interest and valuable advice and help in the early stages of the Society's existence, and we are proud that they still take the keenest interest in our work and have extended it at Home.

The nurses specially trained for the Society's work have been known ever since the Society started as "Plunket Nurses."

Nurse McKinnon, the Scotch girl already mentioned, having been trained by Dr. King, was the first Plunket Nurse in Dunedin, and we owe much of the success of the movement to her enthusiasm and tact. Her mission was to call upon every mother who asked for advice and help for herself and her baby, and she very soon had her time fully occupied.

Dr. King's main aim was always to bring about the education and training in motherhood of the self-reliant and more intelligent and teachable mass of the population, but he never forgot that Society has a sacred duty to perform towards infants who have the misfortune to be actually or practically motherless

or whose mothers are under the cloud of misfortune or vice. He contended, against singular and, as it seems to us, very unreasonable, unjust and heartless opposition, that children born under these conditions, boarded out with foster parents in poor circumstances and beginning life under all manner of disabilities, would, if given a fair chance, respond readily to proper care, develop into normal healthy children and become in due course good and valuable men and women instead of dying or going to swell the ranks of wastrels and criminals.

With this end in view several of the most forlorn, neglected and emaciated babies that could be found in the homes licensed by the Government were taken to his private residence. These babies improved so rapidly under care and simple treatment that after a few weeks Dr. and Mrs. King generously offered to the Society for six months their beautiful little country house at Puketeraki as a home for babies suffering from malnutrition—a photograph shows the babies in the garden with their nurses. There were thirteen babies treated in this cottage hospital, and without exception they became splendid normal, healthy babies—a delight to everyone. It is most gratifying to realise that most of these babies were adopted by kindly people, and we have no doubt that they will grow up valuable citizens of the State, the chances of which were very remote at the beginning of their poor little lives.

The Karitane-Harris Hospital for babies at Anderson's Bay was established as a result of the success achieved in this small way with practically untrained help, although we should be most ungrateful if we did not refer here to the devotion and constant attention given to these babies by Dr. and Mrs. King. Puketeraki is some four miles from Seacliff over a rough and muddy road in winter, and Dr. King thought nothing of riding there at 12 o'clock at night if he felt his services were required.

The Society's permanent Baby Hospital was established near Dunedin in 1907. Besides treating cases of malnutrition,



HOME FOR BABIES AT PUKETERAKI, NEAR SEACLIFF, DUNEDIN, N.Z.



THE KARITANE-HARRIS HOSPITAL, NEAR DUNEDIN, N.Z.



SEWING CLASS IN VALLEJO INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR NEGROES.



GATHERING THE POTATO CROP.—VALLEJO INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR NEGROES.

etc., it was made the training college for the Plunket Nurses, who were now being required wherever a branch of the Society was established, and also for training Karitane baby nurses for private homes. A photograph of the hospital is shown. The Hospital is now the property of the Society; Mr. Wolf Harris, of London, having very generously made a gift of the buildings and grounds, together with a substantial sum of money for additions and improvements. It is situated in three acres of ground at Anderson's Bay—one of the most beautiful and sunny suburbs of Dunedin. We had to begin in a very small way, and the furnishings were carried out on the simplest lines. The Hospital comprised a six-roomed cottage with outbuildings, the latter proving very useful in providing rooms for the nurses. The floors were boarded over, walls white-washed, simple windows put in, and the rooms tastefully furnished.

It is not within the scope of this article, which deals wholly with the origin of the

Society, to enter into the progress, success and expansion of this Health Mission. However, it must not be thought that there was no opposition or antagonism in the early days of its existence, but the opposition was mainly due to a want of knowledge of the true aims and objects, and the conservative views held by some mothers with grown-up families, who were slow to avail themselves of the scientific education as applied to the care of the mother and baby. It is gratifying to know that we have won through. We have gained the confidence of the Government, who substantially subsidise the Plunket Nurses and Karitane-Harris Hospital, the general public who support and encourage us, and lately, to add further to our gratification, their Majesties the King and Queen have very graciously extended their Royal Patronage to the Society, which is now known as "The Royal New Zealand Society for the Health of Women and Children."

" KARITANE."

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Tous les sens, toutes les forces de l'âme et de l'esprit, toutes les ressources extérieures sont autant d'échappées ouvertes sur la divinité: autant de manières de déguster et d'adorer Dieu. Il faut savoir se détacher de tout ce qu'on peut perdre, ne s'attacher absolument qu'à l'éternel et à l'absolu et savourer le reste comme un prêt, un usufruit. . . . Adorer, comprendre, recevoir, sentir, donner, agir: voilà ta loi, ton devoir, ton bonheur, ton ciel. Advienne que pourra, même la mort.

Mets-toi d'accord avec toi-même, vis en présence de Dieu, en communion avec lui et laisse guider ton existence aux puissances générales contre lesquelles tu ne peux rien.—Si la mort te laisse du temps, tant mieux. Si elle t'emporte, tant mieux, encore. Si elle te tue à demi, tant mieux toujours, elle te ferme la carrière du succès pour t'ouvrir celle de l'héroïsme, de la résignation et de la grandeur morale.

AMIEL.

# An Industrial School for Negroes in California

By E. C. SHARPE

*[The tragedy of those Negroes who live among the white peoples is only known to the few who have gained the confidence of the educated among the coloured people. Backward though they are as a race, yet are they children, with us of the more advanced races, of One Father. They have served the white peoples, and there is a debt in return. One way of redeeming that debt is surely by supporting such an institution as that described below.]*

THE statement has been made that there is a marvellous growth in population of Negroes on the Western Coast of America, the census reporting about 60,000 in California. In order that an industrial training may be placed within reach of the race in that State, "The Vallejo Industrial and Normal Institute" for Negroes was established at Vallejo, a town about thirty miles from San Francisco, California, in October, 1911 and incorporated in 1912. The government of the school is invested in a board of three directors, A. M. Mason, James Thom and C. H. Toney, all being coloured men. The Principal of the school, C. H. Toney, left a government position in the navy to forward the interests of his people by founding the school. Miss Orange B. Bedell is his assistant. She teaches the pupils in music and domestic economy. The school is unsectarian.

The aim of the Institute being to give Negroes an industrial as well as a literary training, in addition to a regular collegiate course for both sexes the girls are taught domestic economy and sewing "that they may use their knowledge for practical purposes, and dignify housekeeping by the use of skill and intelligence," the boys being taught bricklaying, carpentry, blacksmithing, etc. There are at present twenty-five pupils, eleven being boys.

The grounds at present consist of a few lots and three small buildings, some school furniture, and sewing machines. The work of the institute has been greatly hindered due to the need of equipment.

Efforts are being made to secure means for the enlargement of the plant in acreage for agriculture in all of its departments, as well as mechanical art. The school is at present supported by voluntary contributions, but when the debt on the grounds is paid, it is intended to make the school self-supporting. The tuition is free, students only paying for board and lodging at a very low rate. A booklet is got out announcing the aim of the institute, and giving the course of study.

"All students entering the school must bear in mind that the aim of the institution is to best fit them as good, moral, and reliable citizens, capable of giving satisfactory service wherever employed; and to rely upon themselves for support."

Mr. Toney, the Principal, is untiring in his efforts to collect funds in various towns along the coast in order to keep up the institution, and to pay off the debt. He lectures in different towns on the subject of the negro race, laying before his people such ideas as having centres among themselves for social work of all kinds, founding hospitals for themselves, having their own educational institutions and charitable societies, thus forwarding the evolution of the race through individual work for it, for it is certainly only from within itself that the evolution of the race can come. In the meantime those of the other races who believe in Brotherhood as a reality, not as a mere theory, should be ready to stretch a hand wherever possible to help the climb of the coloured race towards a new race that is to be.

E. C. SHARPE.

# The Co-operative Activity in Denmark

By P. V. LANGMACK

Principal of the Testing Laboratory of "The Royal High School for Agriculture"  
in Copenhagen.

**T**HIS activity arose originally in agriculture, especially regarding dairy produce. In the eighties of the last century, agriculture was in distress.

The price of the then most important agricultural product, corn, had fallen so low, that it was impossible, with land burdened by mortgages, to carry on agriculture with any profit. The product had therefore to be changed, and stock-breeding replaced the raising of corn; at the same time, into the working method was introduced the community interest, which is the principle of Co-operative activity.

It had been observed that large dairies in comparison with small ones not only carried relatively smaller costs, but more easily produced good quality, and, furthermore, a big "brand" much better met the mercantile requirements. The main point, therefore, was to produce big "brands," and, after some groping, a solution was found in a regular association. The inhabitants of a district joined in building a dairy, fitted it with the necessary machines and implements, and engaged a manager to take charge of it. By adopting certain rules, they agreed to share all risks, the fundamental idea of such rules being that while each takes his share of risk and guarantees to deliver all his milk to the dairy, he also shares in all profits in proportion to the amount of his

deliveries of milk. These dairies were called "Co-operative Dairies."

The capital was supplied by arranging a loan from a bank, which loan was guaranteed by all collectively and each individually; this loan was gradually paid off, and the balance of the gross income, after deducting all working expenses, distributed in dividends among all the members of the association, in proportion to their contribution of milk.

Thus the production of the milk was the affair of the individual, but the turning of this into saleable products, butter and cheese, was the common interest.

The great advantage to agriculture from this co-operation was soon apparent; on the one hand, the quality of the products improved, and their prices advanced considerably, while, on the other hand, the expense of production was reduced to a minimum.

In the course of a few years, this system spread over the whole country, embracing all dairies, and, further, other branches of agriculture were conducted in the same way, co-operative pig-slaughtering buildings being erected for the preparation of the various pig products, co-operative egg societies formed, etc., until at last nearly all the branches of agriculture were conducted by the co-operative method.

The result of all this is that now agricultural products are the most easily handled of any; a Danish farmer has only

to place his fresh milk at the side of the high road in front of his house, and all responsibility concerning it ceases for him ; it is collected, turned into butter and cheese, transported to market and sold ; he has but to present his daily credit account for settlement monthly, and twice a year collect what surplus profit has accumulated to him for his proportionate share in the profits of the whole. Also he raises pigs, as many as he likes, drives them to the slaughter-house, not needing to ask if they are wanted, but receiving for them at once the highest price. So also in any of the agricultural branches, he has only to produce and is sure of sale, without having either the manufacture or a market to look after.

The economical advantage of this system finds its greatest proof in the fact that the gross income of Danish agriculture during the last thirty to forty years has been almost trebled, and this increase in income has in reality benefited society as a whole. But this is, perhaps, the least important result. For if a farmer wishes to obtain the greatest production possible, he must gain knowledge of conditions, methods, etc., which leads to further study, in other and more general branches as well, and thus an advance is made. And it is a fact that however many schools have been erected

for grown-up youth, agricultural, technical, high, in all parts of the country during the last thirty years, they have all been overcrowded.

But, still further, the ethical result of the co-operative system may be considered even the greatest benefit of all. Through co-operation each is incited, directly and indirectly, to give his utmost and best, as thereby the profit not only to himself but to all is increased, and people also learn to believe and trust each other, and this quite naturally since the benefit is apparent. It holds good in all conditions of life that when cheating is not worth while, it ceases of itself. And a co-operative system which not only renders imposture unprofitable to the individual, but which shows to all that confidence begets confidence, is of ethical value to society and of vital value to the individual.

No wonder then that from all countries of the world come people to study our co-operative system in order to introduce it into their own land ; it undoubtedly is one of the most remarkable social advances of our time. It is not a theoretical Utopia, but a practical reality which from circumstances, without preparation, sprang up in full vigour among the Danish farmers.

P. V. LANGMACK.

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He therefore who hath always been occupied with the cravings of desire and ambition, and who busieth himself wholly therewith, will of necessity have got all his notions mortal, and as far as possible he will become altogether mortal ; nor will he fall short of this in any way, since he hath fostered his mortal part.

But he who hath earnestly striven after learning and true wisdom, and hath been

fully trained and exercised therein, he, if he lay hold on truth, must, one would think, of necessity acquire an immortal and heavenly temper ; nay—so far, I say again, as human nature is capable of it—he will in no wise fall short of immortality : and since he is ever serving the divine, and hath the genius which dwelleth in him ordered aright, he must needs be blessed exceedingly.

PLATO, "*Timaeus*."

# La Crise Actuelle et la Venue d'un Grand Instructeur

Par ISABELLE MALLET

L'ORDRE de l'Etoile d'Orient, fondé il y a cinq ans, unit dans une même attente et un même espoir tous ceux qui croient à l'apparition prochaine d'une grande Lumière spirituelle devant éclairer à nouveau le monde. Beaucoup d'entre nous, membres de l'Ordre, savons que cette Lumière attendue n'est autre que le Christ lui-même, qui pour l'amour des hommes, se donne et revit parmi eux à des périodes régulières fixées par les lois gouvernant l'enchaînement des races et des civilisations successives. D'autres membres croient à l'apparition d'une grande Individualité religieuse, d'un Instructeur divin, sans vouloir préciser leur espoir. D'autres encore croient simplement à un reveil et à une régénération du monde, due au souffle de l'Esprit du Christ venant d'En-Haut.

Mais ces différences ont peu d'importance ; ce qui importe, c'est que nous soyons unis dans la certitude que l'Amour divin est plus vivant que jamais, qu'il peut et doit se mêler à l'histoire du monde comme il s'y est mêlé dans le passé et que *la Lumière vient*. Cette Lumière n'éclairera pas seulement à nouveaux le Christianisme mais aussi toutes les autres religions du monde et nous montrera leur unité fondamentale. C'est pourquoi l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient ne compte pas seulement des Chrétiens parmi ses membres, mais aussi un très grand nombre de Bouddhistes, d'Hindous, de Musulmans, etc.

Aujourd'hui c'est la terre entière qui attend et espère.

Il y a cinq ans, lorsque l'Ordre a été fondé, notre espoir était surtout une affaire d'intuition, il était incompréhensible sans celle-ci et nous faisait passer pour fous aux yeux de tous. Néanmoins, à la lumière du sentiment intérieur nous avons la *certitude* d'être arrivés à une de ces époques de transition marquant un point tournant et la fin d'une période dans l'histoire du monde, *et nous savions qu'à ces époques là, Dieu visite toujours la terre*. Bien des symptômes qui échappaient complètement à la masse étaient pour nous des plus probants et des plus significatifs : la vue d'une race arrivant à son maximum de civilisation, tandis qu'une autre apparaissait à l'état embryonnaire (la race Germaine et la race Américaine) ; l'usure et la lassitude dans tous les domaines de la pensée, dans la religion et jusque dans la science, celle-ci arrivant presque aux confins de ses moyens d'expérimentation possible ; les signes de décadence tels que la recherche extrême du plaisir et de la jouissance par une société sceptique et désenchantée n'ayant goût que pour la sensation à outrance, cette sensation fut-elle d'un raffinement quintessencié ou simplement violente ; les points d'interrogation et les problèmes surgissant de toute part ; questions sociales, luttes des classes, question d'égalité des sexes, féminisme ; problèmes commerciaux, etc., etc.

Mais, ces symptômes avaient beau être pour nous les signes indubitables d'une époque troublée, grave entre toutes, pleine de changements imminents ; ils ne pouvaient rien prouver à la masse, car pour voir leur importance et comprendre leur signification, il fallait en avoir comme le sentiment intime et intuitif. Aussi les gens du dehors auxquels les membres de l'Ordre faisaient part de leur conviction les regardaient-ils étonnés, trouvant que le monde n'allait ni plus mal ni mieux qu'à l'ordinaire et ne voyant aucune raison ni aucune nécessité pour la Venue divine annoncée par ceux que nous pouvons bien appeler les Prophètes de notre époque : Madame Annie Besant, présidente de la Société Théosophique, et Monsieur C. W. Leadbeater.

Mais depuis que la guerre a éclaté, les conditions sont bien changées. Nous ne croyons pas qu'il y ait un seul homme intelligent à l'heure actuelle qui puisse ne pas s'apercevoir que l'humanité traverse la période peut-être la plus troublée et la plus critique de son histoire.

*Le monde n'est pas à son état normal,* voilà au moins un fait indiscutable qui peut être admis par n'importe qui. De plus, les problèmes et les perplexités qui n'étaient perçus auparavant que du petit nombre, sont à présent exposés au grand jour par la guerre. Celle-ci touche à tous les domaines, met le doigt sur toutes les plaies.

Qui peut douter à présent de l'existence des grands problèmes industriels et commerciaux, devant le cataclysme effrayant amené non seulement par la surproduction des armements, mais aussi par celle des marchandises qu'il faut écouler à tout prix ? En religion, qui niera devant la navrante faillite de l'amour chrétien, après deux-mille ans de Christianisme, que quelque profonde vérité enseignée par le Christ a dû être négligée, déformée ou oubliée et que nous aurions grand besoin de la réentendre exposée par le Maître Lui-même ? Qui pourra soutenir que la conscience humaine ait jamais été aussi perplexe et scandalisée qu'à l'heure actuelle ? Elle se demande angoissée comment la haine pourra jamais disparaître après tout le mal que les

hommes se sont fait, comment ceux-ci ont pu ne développer la science que pour en faire un élément de destruction, ou le moyen d'un luxe inutile et inégalement réparti.

Comment sortir de ces impasses ? Qu'est-ce que le progrès, puisqu'il peut se passer de nos jours des monstruosité sans nom dignes des temps les plus barbares ?

Pourtant cette conscience humaine évolue, elle se réveille, nous en avons la preuve dans son désespoir et son indignation même. Jamais encore la guerre, les barbaries, les crimes, n'avaient été pour elle un tel objet de scandale.

Et dans les ténèbres présentes nous pouvons faire des constatations qui à notre point de vue de membres de l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient sont du plus haut intérêt.

1°. Cette guerre est moins une guerre entre nations qu'entre Principes opposés, entre l'Idée et la Matière, le Droit et la Force. Nous savons que la Lumière devant apparaître, les Forces mauvaises tentent un suprême effort afin d'entraver l'évolution du monde.

2°. Toutes les nations sont en train de subir une sorte de jugement, la guerre remettant tout au crible : droit, morale, justice, idéal religieux, elles doivent réfléchir coûte que coûte, confronter les problèmes qu'elles négligeaient et se décider pour l'un ou l'autre des Principes en lutte. C'est de leur décision que depend leur avenir et l'honneur qu'elles auront ou non de "servir" la Lumière. Ce jugement est donc nécessaire non seulement pour la défense immédiate de l'Idée et la destruction des obstacles qui entraveraient la marche en avant de l'humanité, mais aussi en vue de l'œuvre future de Celui que nous attendons.

3°. Nous voyons aussi que dans les deux "camps" en présence, les hommes ont chacun à leur façon l'intuition inconsciente des grandes vérités de l'heure actuelle. Même les champions de la Force brutale et de la science mise au service des fins égoïstes, *déclarent le moment venu où le monde doit être régénéré, rajeuni,* et ils se disent les instruments et les envoyés de Dieu sur la terre pour accomplir ses

desseins rédempteurs. C'est impie, mais combien significatif.

Quant aux champions du Droit et de la Liberté, ils luttent aussi avec la certitude de servir l'humanité, *et de préparer une ère de paix et de prospérité telle que le monde n'en a jamais encore connu.*

Nous discernons également dans chaque camp l'idée d'union mondiale future. Chez l'un c'est le rêve d'un empire universel créé au mépris de toute loi morale et au moyen de la force que nous discernons, chez l'autre c'est le rêve d'une fédération des Etats d'Europe et une possibilité d'empire mondial qui unirait les peuples dans la liberté et l'autonomie. Il est profondément intéressant de voir ainsi les mêmes idées éclore au sein de deux groupes en lutte et de constater qu'ils sentent chacun à leur manière et selon leur nature idéaliste ou grossière, le divin se mêler à la tragédie actuelle et l'avenir gros de changements imminents, dont le plus important sera l'Union.

C'est que l'un et l'autre, sans même s'en douter, et quoique cela soit d'une façon confuse et déformée, sont sensibles aux grands Courants d'idées et aux Forces

spirituelles qui, sur les plans supérieurs, sont déjà en pleine activité.

Oui, l'heure où nous sommes est indéniablement une heure angoissante et et solennelle entre toutes, d'où dépend l'avenir de l'humanité, mais son angoisse même est éclairée en quelque sorte d'une espérance profonde en je ne sais quel meilleur lendemain pour lequel le plus humble de nos soldats sent qu'il vaut la peine de mourir.

Beaucoup de gens disent avec pessimisme que rien ne sera changé après la guerre et que toute cette espérance est bien vaine et bien utopiste, mais nous, membres de l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient, savons qu'elle répond au contraire à la plus splendide des réalités. En effet, si les hommes étaient livrés à eux-mêmes, il n'y aurait guère lieu d'espérer que quoique ce soit fut changé après la guerre, nous connaissons trop leur faiblesse ; *mais la Lumière vient*, l'Ordre proclame cette bonne nouvelle depuis bientôt six ans. Et si toute notre civilisation sent qu'elle doit progresser ou mourir dans ce creuset où elle est jetée, nous, nous savons qu'elle souffre au-delà de toutes paroles parce- qu'elle enfante son Sauveur.

ISABELLE MALLET.

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## SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING ARTICLE.

The Order of the Star in the East, founded five years ago, unites all those who believe in the Coming of a great Spiritual Light. They are all convinced that Divine Love is more living than ever, and that it will again, as of yore, influence the history of the world at the end of one of its great periods.

Many were the symptoms that marked such a transition stage to the attentive observer before the war broke out : one race, the Germanic, was at the height of its civilisation, whilst another, the American, was in its embryonic stage ; the realm of thought, religious and scientific, had come to a deadlock ; all the usual signs of decadence were manifest, and a mass of

new problems was arising, clamouring for a solution : social problems, class struggles, the problem of the equality of the sexes, commercial problems, etc.

But these symptoms did not force themselves upon the attention of the masses. Since the war broke out, the situation has changed. Nobody now can say the world is in a normal state, nobody can deny that we are facing a changing order.

Certainly, if men were left to themselves our hopes might be vain ; we know too well their weakness. But the Light is dawning ; and whilst the world feels that the future means either death or progress, we know that this suffering is giving birth to a World Saviour.

## Thought-Songs

By DOROTHY GRENSIDE

## I.—A GREETING.

*Tenderly this day I greet you in my heart,—  
Tenderly I weave a cloak to carry Love to you.*

*Because the shining threads have weaved a net so closely round our hearts,—  
Because the Spirit in me calls to greet you in the Secret Night  
And starry gleams have bathed our meeting-place,—  
Because our ways have touched, in endless lives that sleep uncounted by us  
in the Bosom of the Past,—  
Because our Love shall one day lift the curtain that enfolds  
The couch whereon such memories await the mystic Kiss,—  
I reach and touch you in my heart to-day.*

*O little Star of Fiery Glow,—my prayers are yours.  
May they be strong to keep your tender light of soul undimmed by passing  
clouds of Night!  
May Love's deep In-breath build a little Shrine for Rose-winged Joy,  
Until Out-breathing, all is wrapped in Living Fire of Gold.*

*So tenderly I greet you in my heart,—  
So tenderly I weave a little cloak for you.*

## II.—O LITTLE CHILD OF THE MOTHER-HEART.

*I am the Pine whose breath outflows in a tender wave of Joy . . . .  
I am the scented earth,—cedar-brown and strong,—  
The heritage of countless droppings of the forest trees . . . .  
And every little laughing star of God calls to me in my heart :  
Calls to the Me that rests so quiet and so deep within,  
Saying in silver tones that thrill me through,—  
" Lift up your eyes, for you are one with us.  
You share our common life !  
O little Child of the Mother-Heart,—unbury your lowered head."*

DOROTHY GRENSIDE.

# “Mary Magdalene”

## by Maurice Maeterlinck

By MAUDE LAMBART-TAYLOR.

[*This is the concluding instalment of an article on a subject that gives food for thought. If a great World Saviour should now appear in our midst, how many of us will be like those Jews who accepted Christ because He helped them, and yet forsook Him because public opinion was against Him? “Many are called, but few are chosen,” but the great Judge is ourselves—our sympathy or intolerance, our courage or cowardice. Perhaps those we look down on now as “ignorant” may be the chosen, while we with our “culture” may prove to be the rejected.*]

### II

THE third act takes place in the house of Joseph of Arimathea. Nicodemus, Levi the Publican, Simon the Leper, Lazarus, Cleophas, Zacchaeus, the man that was born blind, Bartimaeus the blind man of Jericho, the man of Gerasa, possessed by a devil, the impotent man of Bethesda, the man healed of a dropsy, the man whose hand was withered, Simon Peter's mother-in-law, Mary Cleophas, Salome, the wife of Zebedee, Susannah, several nameless men and women cured by miracles, a few hunchbacked, halt, blind, lepers and palsied—all are assembled in the room where the Last Supper has taken place. Martha enters with the news that she has seen the Nazarene, “He was coming out of Annas' palace. . . . I followed Him to Caiaphas. It seems that they are looking for us. . . . They have a special grudge against Lazarus, the man raised from the dead. They mean to arrest all those who went with him. . . . They mean to stone us according to the law. They will persecute all those who come from Galilee.” When

Cleophas exclaims, “We are all Galileans,” it would be amazing, if it were not so contemptible; they all disclaim coming from Galilee. Such pitiful cowardice is shown by the people whom the Nazarene had loved and served, we shrink appalled as we read. There is not the familiarity induced by constant reading of the New Testament, and as Maeterlinck vividly describes in this drama the way all forsook him and fled, we realise the base ingratitude and ignoble timidity of the disciples in their Master's hour of need as we never before realised it.

A man cured by a miracle says, “He can do nothing for us because he can do nothing for Himself, and we can do nothing for Him.” A hunchback chimes in, “Yes, why does He not protect us? He is constantly speaking of His Father and the angels; where are those angels?” Cleophas asks, “Where are the twelve?” and Martha tells him, “Nobody knows. . . . They were seized with panic. . . . I have heard that Thomas and Jude have fled to Galilee.” Nicodemus inquires if she saw Mary Magdalene. Martha

replies, "No, but James met her. . . . She is mad with grief, it seems. . . . She was crying and tearing her garments and dashing her head against the walls in Annanias' palace. . . . The servants drove her away, and since then nobody knows what became of her. . . . A poor man told me that she was wandering in the Roman quarter."

In the second scene of the act, Mary Magdalene, Joseph of Arimathea, James, Andrew and Simon Zelotes come to the supper room. Mary Magdalene, though dishevelled, barefoot and with torn garments, is the only one who shows an evidence of courage and determination to save the life of the Nazarene. She tells them she has been unable to see the military tribune Verus, but that his friend Appius will send him to her as soon as he returns to the Roman quarter. Verus has said that it might be possible to save Him. When Joseph of Arimathea says to Mary, "No, believe me, Magdalene, He knows what He wishes. . . . He is determined to be destroyed. . . . He has confessed everything." Mary Magdalene exclaims, "What can He have confessed when He has done no wrong?" and Joseph tells her, "He admitted that He was the Son of God, and the King of the Jews."

When Mary Magdalene has done her utmost to arouse those assembled in the room, and Nicodemus falls back on the plea that the Nazarene does not wish anything done on his behalf, "We cannot do more than He wishes and commands, and He renounces His defences"; Mary affirms, "But you do not see that He does that to try your faith, your strength, your love. It was because He knew the cowardice of those who pretended to love Him! . . . Ah, men are great and heroic and proud. . . . The only men who have not fled, those who tremble least, the best of you discuss and argue as though they had to do with a measure of wheat, and the women sit silent and weep! . . . Well, what do you say, my sisters? Is not this the moment to show your love? And those whom He has healed, where are they and what are they doing? . . . You, there, who want to flee, blind Bartimeus, the

other from Jericho, the other from Siloam; those eyes which He has opened, you turn from me because I have the *courage* to speak to you of Him. We *save* those whom we *love*, we listen to them afterwards! I am delaying too long with those who are *afraid*! What am I doing here among men who will do nothing." Mary turns to go, but is resolutely stopped by Nicodemus; he tells her it will mean destroying the Nazarene as well as them. Joseph of Arimathea advises her, "Take counsel, Magdalene; think of Him, and reflect that if He heard you—" Mary interrupts, "Well, if He heard me, it would be as on the day when *that one* among you, *whom you all resemble*, reproached me with anointing His feet with too costly an ointment. . . . Have you forgotten what He said? . . . Whom did He declare to be right? . . . You have understood nothing! For months and years you have lived in His light, and not one of you has the least idea of what I saw, because I *loved* Him, I who did not come until the eleventh hour; I, whom He drew from lower than the lowest slave of the lowest among you all." It is upon this scene Verus enters, and at the sight of the strange assembly he stands dumbfounded on the threshold.

In the third scene Mary Magdalene runs to meet Verus, fully confident in his courage and prowess, and expecting that he will undertake the Nazarene's rescue. Verus expresses astonishment that he should find her in such a society of cripples, vagrants and evil-smelling people, and desires a private interview. He tells her Appius had told him she had been looking for him, and he hastened to her at her first summons. Mary tells him of the arrest of the Nazarene and of the cowardice of His followers. Verus informs her that it is not now a question of arrest or ill-usage, but of imminent death; that he has seen the Procurator, Pontius Pilate, and that he had put the fate of the Nazarene into his (Verus') hands.

Mary Magdalene is delighted, for she thinks that, of course, He will be saved; but Verus shows himself now in his true colours. He tells her, "Had I known nothing what-

ever of your adventure, my choice would not have been in doubt; I should, while more or less pitying Him, have sacrificed the wretched man to the public tranquillity—it is the sovereign law of the empire—but now—" Mary in her innocence still thinks he is for saving the Nazarene, and continues the sentence for him, " But now it is different; you know Him, you know everything. . . . There is no excuse for a moment's hesitation, it would be monstrous." Verus at once disillusioned her: " Indeed, there is *no* excuse for a moment's hesitation; shall I, to snatch a favoured rival from a well-merited death, for the second time lose the only woman I love or can love?" Mary cannot believe that Verus can contemplate such a preposterous crime, that he can wish to destroy Him out of a spirit of revenge. " There is, there must be something else." Verus tells her, " Yes, there is one way of saving Him. I do not ask for what one gives to the poor. . . . And besides, I have had enough of these evasions which lead to nothing, and of those shuffling phrases. Ah! much I care for justice, and a vagrant more or less in the world, and my own fate and my own exile! . . . Have you not understood that it is you I want, you alone, and all of you; that I have wanted you for years and that *this* is my hour! . . . It is not beautiful, I know, and it is not as I dreamt it! . . . But it is all I have, and a man takes what he can to make his life! We stand here face to face, with our two madnesses—which are more powerful than ourselves—and cannot recede; we must come to an understanding. *The more you love Him the more I love you*; the more you wish to save Him, the more I wish to destroy Him. We *must* come to an understanding. . . . You want *His* life, but I shall have *you*, before *He* escapes His death. . . . Is it understood? Are we agreed? . . . Say no, if you dare, and let His blood be upon her who has brought Him to this pass, and who is destroying Him twice over."

Mary, out of the trouble in her heart, utters " Ah! So that was it! Ah! So it was that which caused me just now, while you

were speaking, to have no confidence, despite my confidence. . . . It is so strange, so monstrous, so remote from us! . . . One needs a little time to understand! All one's thoughts become deranged and one's soul falls like a stone in a well. Ah! you do not understand! And to think that scarcely anyone, not even those who loved Him, would understand better! Am I, then, the only being who has seen into His soul? . . . And yet it is not so very difficult. He has spoken to me only three times in my life, but I know what He thinks. I know all that He *wishes*, I know all that He *is*, as completely as though I were within Him, or as though He were there, near me, fixing upon my brow His glance in which the angels come down from Heaven, as on the evening when I kissed His feet and wiped them with my hair."

Verus urges her to fulfil his will and the Nazarene will be saved, but she looks at him with horror, and the temptation with which Mary struggles is portrayed in strong and realistic terms. The scene is too long to quote entire, but amongst other things, Mary says: " Were I to yield but for a moment under the weight of love, all that He has said, all that He has done, all that He has given would sink back into darkness, the earth would be more deserted than if He had not been born, and Heaven would be closed to mankind for ever. I should be destroying Him altogether, destroying more than Himself, to gain for Him days which would destroy everything." And again, " But you come to ask for all that He has given; and what He has given is much more than His life, and lives more in our hearts than it lives in Himself. I would do it, perhaps, if my soul were alone; but it is no longer possible, and God would not have it. Let me contemplate . . . let me listen to other things. I do not yet love Him as He would be loved. In vain I raise my eyes to His Heaven of Light; I see only His death, His sorrows, His sufferings. . . . His steadfast face . . . His eyes that lit up all He looked upon . . . His mouth that spoke unceasingly of happiness . . . His feet which I have kissed, lifeless and

icy cold. Verus, Verus, have pity, I cannot bear it."

But Verus has no pity, he tells her. "They shall know who has betrayed their God," and, flinging the door open, tells the persons assembled in the supper room of Mary's refusal to save the Nazarene. They at once surround Mary Magdalene, trying to shake her in her decision, even threaten her with death, and accuse her of receiving money to deliver the Nazarene to death. Mary remains silent through all. Suddenly an uproar in the streets drowns all the imprecations and threats. It is the sound of arms and horses; they think the Romans are coming to arrest them and fly madly round, wondering where to hide. They put the lamps out and cower in corners, Verus satirically exclaiming, "It is a noble spectacle, and I long to see it out." The uproar outside means the tempestuous Via Dolorosa of the Nazarene. The blind man of Jericho has climbed up to the window and calls out, "He falls . . . . He has fallen . . . . He is looking at the house. . . . ." Verus addresses Mary with the words, "I still promise you," but Mary Magdalene, in a voice, as we are told, full of peace, full of divine clarity and certainty, simply commands him "Go!" The curtain falls as the Jericho man calls out again, "He rises to His feet! . . . . They drag Him along," and the shouts of "Crucify Him" are renewed in the street.

We close this last book of Maeterlinck's with a great desire to know what eventually became of Mary Magdalene, and to those who have read Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World" there is a satisfaction to the imaginative to visualise Mary as *he* describes her. Edwin Arnold relates that Pontius Pilate and his wife are riding through Palestine, and as they ride the associations of the locality renew the poignant remorse of the Roman Governor. The only house in the barren and desolate region is Mary Magdalene's, and when they are lodged and housed they call for the mistress of the house, and Mary appears. To quote from Edwin Arnold's poem:—

Thus met

She who most loved Him, *he* who rendered Him  
To death—Pontius and Mary,  
One tall and proud and fair; illicit past grief  
Had dimmed the lustre of those large dark eyes  
Bent upon Pilate. Now most meek  
The proud, pale bended face; the folded palms,  
The knees touching the pavement, as she said:  
"The Roman Lord, who may command, hath  
prayed

Speech with his servant; she must needs obey.  
Hostess and subject, I am Miriam!"

"Wottest thou who I am?" asked Pontius.  
The flames of those old fires a little leaped;  
The fair hill shook again with bygone storms  
One moment, while she murmured: "Time  
hath been

When with a curse, or by my girdle knife  
The answer of thy handmaid had been given.  
Now I have *grace* to say I hate thee not,

But pray *His* peace for thee. Did He not pray  
'Father, forgive them?' Yea, I know thee well.

'Twas thou didst send my Master to the Cross."  
"Hast thou forgiven, who didst love Him so,  
That which my well-worn soul, careless of blood,  
Pardons not to itself?" quoth Pilate.

And Mary said: "I could not love Him so  
Nor rightfully worship Him, nor live to-day—  
As always I must live—on the dear food  
Of His true lips, nor trust to go to Him  
The way He went, if I forgot His word—

'Love ye your enemies.' Remembering that  
I bear to look upon the Roman Lord!  
Remembering what we heard Him say at last,  
'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

Then follows the expression of eager quest by Pontius to know the truth about Jesus, and Mary's telling him the whole truth with bravery and serenity, until

Many drew into the Marbled Court  
Silently, one by one, hearing those words  
Fearless and sure, spoke high to Pontius,  
For 'twas as though the Angels' song anew  
Found echo in our air.

The interview is interrupted by the arrival of one of the Wise Men from the East, the sole remaining one of the three who worshipped Jesus at His birth. Pilate leaves in anger and haste. Mary is again called upon to relate all the events of the life of Jesus to the stranger from the land of Buddha. The book on the "Alabaster Box" is too long for me to quote, but it visualises the whole scene for us. Mary concludes the relation of this incident in her life by saying:—

And from that glad hour  
Followed I Him, and ministered to Him  
And found myself alive, who had been dead,  
And saved by love, who dwelt so lovelessly.

And in the last sad, tragic scene Mary solemnly impressed it upon the mind of the wise Eastern :—

Yet measure—if thy mind can measure this—  
How lost we stood, defeated, abject, shamed.  
Those Twelve—with Judas one ; and all the rest  
Fled at Gethsemane ;—and I, and she  
Who bore Him, and the woman ministering ;  
And some poor, few, sad, fearful friends aloof,  
Afraid to grieve, because of those stern spears ;  
Shut from the shaking Cross, whispering their  
    woe  
Lest Galilean country tongues betray,  
And they be known—like Peter—for His sheep.  
We to stand weeping there—His sad, shamed  
    Church—  
The last, scorned ruins of the large scheme  
    planned  
To take the whole World by the Hand of Love  
And make all flesh One Father's family.  
Ah ! never since tears rolled—since human  
    hearts  
Beat quick with hope, to break in black despair  
Lay Love so wingless, Faith so quite forlorn  
As that dread day on guilty Golgotha.

According to the traditional teaching of the Church, Mary Magdalene is recognised as the same Mary who was sister of Martha and Lazarus. Lazarus became the first bishop of Marseilles. Mary took her name Magdalene from the country where her castle was situated. After the Ascension, Lazarus, Martha and Mary, with three others were sent adrift on the sea in an open boat, without sail, rudder or oar. They were saved by a miracle and the boat landed on the coast of France where Marseilles now stands. Mary Magdalene began to preach to the Pagan dwellers of the district. Afterwards Mary lived a life of solitary penance for thirty years in the desert, and it is this event which has given us our English word *maudlin*, which originally meant “shedding tears of penance.” By this penance, rigid fasting, and severe self-discipline, Mary in her later years saw beautiful visions. Angels carried her to regions where she could listen to celestial harmonies. Another tradition is that Mary Magdalene established a House of Religion at Marseilles.

The first impression which appeals to us upon reading Maeterlinck's version of Mary Magdalene, is the reality of the occurrences, just as if we had lived in the time when this greatest event in all history

happened, and had taken part in the tempests and reactions. He invests the traditional teaching of the churches and the story of the New Testament with the palpitating vigour of contemporary existence, and the freshening atmosphere of a history never related before. He tells the story with purely human interest, and yet with an exalted power of imagination which suggests the element of divinity. All through the play Maeterlinck himself speaks through the lips of the old and wise Silanus. His realisation of the mystery of Nature and the soul is the greater miracle. Note how Silanus says, “If all the dead who people these valleys were to rise from their graves to bear witness in His name to a *truth less high than that which I know*, I would not believe them. Whether the dead sleep or wake I will not give them a thought unless they teach me to *make a better use of my life*” ; and when the Magdalene leaves Verus to follow the Christ, Silanus exclaims, “It is true, this is as surprising as the resurrection of the dead man.”

For Maeterlinck, the Soul's aspiration towards the highest ideals, notwithstanding every temptation of the flesh, and obstacle of environment, is a greater miracle than the raising of Lazarus from death. The test of truth is not in external actions, but in its effect on the inner life. The value of a religion depends upon its influence in promoting moral and spiritual virtue ; and the power of Christianity is shown forth in strong relief in the tragic scene which takes place between Verus and Mary Magdalene. Verus will save Christ at the cost of Mary's demoralisation. In the anguished struggle in Mary's mind between her desire to save her Master, and the conviction that if she yields herself to Verus she dishonours Him more by failing to follow His teaching, we have the throes of her Soul's evolution. Gradually has she been led to see the Light. First, hating Christ and His followers with the passionate dislike of a stricken conscience ; then, overwhelmed by the kindness and tenderness of her Saviour's words and manner towards her, she misapprehends the new-born love within her Soul and

thinks the chastened feeling arises from a dawning love for Verus; but when the test comes she realises that it is a great spiritual love for nobler ideals which assails her. All merely physical passion is slain and she develops the spiritual power of renunciation. In spite of obloquy and scorn, misunderstanding and invective from all who once loved her, she maintains a fearless serenity and undaunted calm.

We, as Members of the Star, in the approaching struggle, must develop this same spiritual power of renunciation. If we are amongst those who will know the World-Teacher when He comes, we shall rejoice to suffer in His name. It will be an unsurpassing moment in each of our lives when the opportunity arrives to shield Him from harm; when we are called upon to bear with courage and gentleness the contempt, perhaps, of those very dear to us, as well as the ignominy of the world. How often have we, who have been affected by the New Testament narratives of Christ's suffering and crucifixion, wished we had been there, and we have thought how differently we would have acted. We think we could never have betrayed Him, never have denied Him, never would have forsaken Him and fled! Ah, dear friends, who can tell! We have yet to be tested. In preparing the world for the Coming Teacher let us not forget the needful preparation in our own characters. Even now we must eliminate personality; we must strive to be true to our own ideals, and learn to be willing to endure the opposition and ridicule of relatives and friends, the denunciation of enemies. In our home, business and social life, we must be living examples of gentleness towards intolerance, of devotion to every claim that demands our service, of faithfulness and constancy to the memory of our Lord of Love. Then shall we realise the neces-

sary fortitude and cheerfulness gladly to suffer for, and perhaps with Him, when the hour of trial arises.

In the drama of Mary Magdalene, Maeterlinck conveys his conviction of the ascendancy of the *Intuitional* knowledge. Mary, when endeavouring to arouse the courage of the cowardly throng, calls out, "You have understood nothing! For months and years you have lived in His Light, and not one of you has the least idea of what I saw because I loved Him, I who did not come until the eleventh hour; I, whom He drew from lower than the lowest slave of the lowest among you all." Love and compassion are the supreme inspiration of truest womanhood. Love is the *revealing* of the Law, and when love develops the emotional impulses toward the loftier heights of spiritual ascendancy, intuitional force is increasingly evolved.

It is this spiritual love which will enable us to know the World Teacher when He comes. It is the development of this spirituality which can alone make us faithful unto death.

Is not the Vision He, tho' He be not that which  
He seems?  
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not  
live by dreams?  
Earth—these solid stars—this weight of body  
and limb,—  
Are they not Sign and Symbol of thy division  
from Him?  
Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the  
reason why;  
For is He not all but thou that hast power  
to feel "I am I."  
Glory about thee, without thee; and thou  
fulfillest thy doom,  
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled  
splendour and gloom,  
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of  
man cannot see,  
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were  
it not He?

MAUDE LAMBART-TAYLOR.

# The Herald of the Star

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# Liberation

"A flight of the alone to the alone."—Plotinus

## I.

*When desires no longer wake,  
And the mind no more is troubled  
By dim thoughts that drift and shake  
Like reflections water-doubled ;  
When regret and hope have died—  
Then the journey may be tried.*

## II.

*When the seeking eyes are blind,  
Closed to horror and to beauty ;  
When the ears no longer find  
Music in the call of duty ;  
When self-sacrifice is done—  
Then the journey is begun.*

## III.

*When the heart is void of pain,  
Undisturbed by griefs or pleasures,  
Sees that all its joys were vain,  
And but dust its richest treasures,  
And forsakes them unafraid—  
Then the journey may be made.*

## IV.

*When the spirit rises free  
Far above delight or sorrow,  
Conscious only that To Be  
Knows no past and no to-morrow ;  
When the bitter is the sweet—  
Then the journey is complete.*

EVA M. MARTIN



By C. JINARAJADASA

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the head of the Church of England, has just preached a sermon which is a sign of the times. There is no new, wonderful truth of religion in his words; his sermon is chiefly noteworthy because the horrors of war have made him realise fuller some facts that non-theological thinkers have seen during the many years of peace. However, the Archbishop is courageous enough to speak out. He admits that the war had come upon the Christian world of Britain "as we carelessly trod the humdrum path in placid, easy acceptance of a creed which had said so much and meant to us so little." No wonder, therefore, that the following conditions should have become inevitable:

But there was another aspect of our common life—a characteristic which we overlooked, or forgot, or belittled. He meant the common, joint action which led to the formation of common habits, the establishment of a public standard which was followed without qualm or self-reproach just because thousands of people were tacitly adopting it, and they again were so adopting it because it was the common standard or usage, and, therefore, came naturally. It was this public standard which permitted such glaring wrongs to exist in past days as gladiatorial shows, the slave trade, the use of the rack

for obtaining evidence, the deliberate torturing of innocent prisoners, the horrors of child life in mines, or coarse cruelties like bull-baiting. How was it such things were so long prevalent? The fact that there were numberless transgressors came to be regarded as a justification of the sin. We had to get rid of the notion that the sin of a multitude invested each partaker of it with a sort of associated character in which he was himself irresponsible, that just as everybody's business was nobody's business, so everybody's sin was nobody's sin.

There is nothing so pathetic to observe in these days as that for the great religions everybody's guidance is nobody's guidance. Each religion has the teaching of Love; but who is there to teach us what love means *in little things*? We understand the general problem of loving humanity, and, even though vaguely, the less general problem of loving our neighbour; but the particular problem of love as a *practical* daily expression of spirituality is still a great mystery. It is when we come to the particular manifestations of love and brotherhood that there is an unreality about love. Yet Love is the law; and till the great Star of Love abides with us to teach us love in little things we must find out the little ways of love for ourselves.

They are really everywhere ; each can find out one after another the little ways of love as all things in life are tested with the one touchstone, " Will this make life for my brother men easier ? " Let me mention a few ways of love in little things. And first, love in the lecture room, since attendance at lectures plays such a great part in the lives of cultured men to-day. Then we shall continually think of our fellow men who with us make the audience ; we shall arrange to come early to take our seats, and not at the last moment in a crowd ; we shall not sit in the back rows because we are shy, leaving the front rows vacant, only to be filled up after the lecture has begun, creating distraction both to the lecturer and the audience ; we shall not sit at the end seats of an aisle necessitating others to push themselves painfully past our knees to the empty seats beyond us. And we shall observe this kindness to our neighbour, not only in the lecture room, but in the theatre, too.

Then, in these days of crowds, we shall instinctively train ourselves to behave so as to enhance the comfort of others ; if to purchase tickets for train or theatre we shall swiftly, without being ordered, take our places in line, because that makes for smoothness and absence of irritation ; we shall renounce the spirit of the brute by jostling and crowding, and regain our heritage as men through kindness and through delight in order and method.

We shall then think, too, of our juniors in the social structure, of those who serve us for pay. How often does it not happen that the house numbers are placed so that they are scarcely to be seen at night and a cabdriver has to peer to locate a house ? Why should he have that extra anxiety in life if, by a very little thought, we can make the number of such a size and illuminated in such a way as the driver will see it readily ? Why must a housemaid

sweep a room bending down with broom and pan, if she can do the work as well with an automatic sweeper that enables her to work without tiring herself by bending ? Would it not be love in little things to provide her with such sweepers as have already been invented which do the mechanical work with a vacuum or motor—or with anything else, it scarce matters what—so long as her bodily energy is called forth less and less for un-intelligent physical work and her mind is freer to direct that work to be done by a machine ?

When we know of love in little things, then shall we see the hate of the brute in a thousand and one things we have tolerated so long. Why must people stand outside a theatre for hours in a queue, simply because they cannot pay enough money for reserved seats ? Why should not seats be reservable by them, too, beforehand ? Then all would go to the cheap seats, says the business man. There was a time in London theatres when no seats could be reserved under seven shillings and sixpence ; later four-shilling seats, too, could be reserved, but not seats of lesser price ; now seats for half-a-crown can be reserved, but not yet for a shilling, not for sixpence. Yet the theatres have thriven all the time.

When we feel a little of real Brotherhood we shall know that to tolerate the causes of pain to our neighbour is an injury of him from ourselves. We shall then talk less of Brotherhood and Ideals, but delight in being a brother to elder and younger alike, and take a supreme joy in love in little things. And when, in a few brief years, the Great Brother comes and asks, " Little Brother, what did you do in My name and for Me ? " we shall then be able to look up and smile and say, " Great Brother, I loved men in little things."

C. JINARAJADASA

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*If thou want experience, follow the call of thy heart.  
If thou want contentment, follow the call of thy work.  
If thou want happiness, go not towards it.*

# What will He Teach?

By C. W. LEADBEATER

*[When one accepts the broad idea that the world to-day needs a powerful spiritual impulse such as only a World-Teacher can give, the question then arises: What will He teach? Will He found a new Religion, or only throw life into existing Religions? Mr. Leadbeater shows that one part of the World-Teacher's work will be to make us understand how to live what we believe. The power of common sense is the theme of this article, which is an address delivered to the Brothers of the Star in Australia.]*

**B**ROTHERS of the Star: This is again one of the meetings to which those who are not yet of us are admitted. Consequently we must fall back once more on generalities. You remember that at the last of such meetings I tried to explain to you why we expected the Coming of a World-Teacher. Just now many people willing to accept that idea ask further, "But if this be so, and if a World-Teacher is to come, what will He teach?" Now, truth is a many-sided thing. It is not commonly known in its entirety to any one man or to any one set of men, but still that truth is one from whichever side you approach it, and consequently the teaching which the great World-Teacher shall give this time cannot differ in its essentials from the teachings which He has given before. I know quite well that many people are brought up in the extraordinarily conceited idea that theirs is the only religion, that there is one religion known to a few people and that all the rest have been merely heathen superstitions which do not count. That is surely a most extraordinary, a most ridiculous idea, especially in face of the fact that

even in His last manifestation the Christ Himself did clearly say that He had other sheep not of this fold, and others of His followers—His more immediate followers and apostles—held and announced the same idea very, very strongly. You remember the great saying of St. Paul that God in sundry manners and at divers times had spoken in time past through His prophets, through His great teachers, and so, in these last days, He was speaking unto us men in a somewhat different way. Now, that idea is, of course, at the root of all this doctrine about the World-Teacher, that there is one continuous course of instruction being given to the world, although different classes are arranged for different types of people, and the form in which the teaching is put is different, in those different classes.

This matter of the many religions is precisely like the other matter of the many languages in the world. No doubt there are points of view from which it would be manifestly more convenient if there were only one language in the world. It would facilitate communications; it would be a very great deal easier in various ways; but mankind is diverse, men are different and various races and various

nations have at different times evolved for themselves different methods of expression—languages as we call them; and just in the same way as these different languages have been evolved, so have different forms of religious teaching been evolved. But the set of ideas that you are trying to express, that humanity is trying to express through all these different languages, is the same set of ideas; and just so the religious truths which are expressed through the outer forms of different religions are all the same truths. Sometimes one side is accentuated more than another because of the temporary necessities of the case, just as you will find in some of the more primitive languages the class of words dealing with one particular side of life is much greater in a certain language. You will find that the advanced, the more highly civilised peoples have words to meet practically any possible need, but in the case of the more primitive languages you will find that the men of the sea, those who live on the coast and gain their livelihood by the sea have an immense stock of words referring to that, to the sea and to ships and to steamers and everything connected with the sea, whereas they would be comparatively far less endowed with words referring to farming and agriculture. You will find, on the other hand, some inland races with comparatively few words referring to the sea and to boats and ships, but with a vast vocabulary connected with the tilling of the soil and so on. But, broadly, the great ideas are the same; and so in the religions, the great central thoughts are the same, but sometimes one virtue is accentuated by one religion more than it is in another, and the reason of that always is the need of the people to whom that particular faith came.

So, if we are trying to forecast what shall be the teaching of the World-Teacher this time, we must consider without any kind of doubt that the broad principles announced will be the same as ever. The form in which they may be cast will probably be conditioned by our special needs. There is a general opinion afloat, I find, that His teaching will largely be directed to the

remedying of social evils. I have no doubt that that idea comes from the very serious need that we have for rectification of these evils. No one looking round on the world as it is now could suppose that our present system had been successful. On the contrary, poverty is widespread, at least, in all the older countries. The different classes are in an embittered condition; instead of co-operating they are all in a state of hostility and of suspicion. It is quite evident that along those lines something new is required.

I have no doubt, because of the greatness of that need, something will be done along that line, and the teaching of a common-sense and of a brotherly attitude will surely form one aspect of the new religion, if you are to call it a new religion. I should prefer to say, rather, the new aspect of the truth. Surely He will have some way of His own, some way beautiful and convincing, of expressing these things that will very probably be quite fresh to us. But the truths expressed must be those which we all know now, because you will observe that our troubles—the troubles of humanity, I mean—at this present time, do not come as a rule from lack of knowledge, but from lack of application of our knowledge. There are many of us who know that the whole principle of mutual suspicion and hostility is entirely wrong. There are plenty of us who hold that this business of competition has been altogether exaggerated—that it is competition run mad, and that what is now required is a common sense method of co-operation. There are plenty of people who feel that, who know it; but what they do not know is how to adapt that knowledge to the conditions of life as they stand now.

We seem to have come to a pass in which common sense is the very last thing that is considered. I do not know why in our language we call that quality *common* sense, because it is precisely one of the most uncommon in the world. People are pursuing blindly their own selfish ends in many cases without seeing that in doing that—in pursuing what to them seems their temporary advantage—they are injuring the community as a whole and

therefore themselves as members of that community. Underlying that sense of separateness there seems to be an idea which makes it possible for men to believe that things which are unquestionably on the whole evil for the world and for any given nation can be gain for the individual. Many people seem to think that if they can make a little more money along some particular line, then that line is good, even though it is obvious to them that their money is being made at the cost of loss to the community as a whole. They think, "We do not care about the community as a whole: we care only for our individual gain." But they forget that they are part of the community, and if they enjoy and profit by something which is evil for the whole, certainly they themselves will suffer by that. They make a little more money, perhaps, but the price of living goes up to such a degree that that little more money is not of much use to them.

This is only a passing example, but there are many cases where people are blindly following self-interest, and they lack the wideness of view that would show them the great fact that what is evil for the whole can never really be good for any individual in that whole. So, surely, He will deal with this question of social evil, and it seems to me that in whatever form the thing may be put it will insist upon common sense and a wider view. Look all round and you will see how for want of common sense life is being made hard in so many directions. You know what are the principal causes of trouble and sorrow to most people. We may put aside for the moment the awful, grinding poverty which in at least the older countries is one of the most terrible features of life, which overshadows everything else, and think just among ourselves what is it that causes so much sorrow and trouble in the main? Very often it is absolutely our own attitude. We get ourselves excited, we feel offended at something which somebody else said of us, we are in a fever of excitement that we should outshine other people in some way, that we should have something better, richer, more showy than

they have. We are in a great state of excitement over the fact that we hope to have larger houses, to have more fine clothes, a bigger motor or something next year than this, and if we do not succeed we are annoyed and troubled and life is not worth living. There is a vast amount of that kind of thing—it has many forms. All that shows a lack of common sense. It shows a lack of other qualities as well. The common sense view of the thing would put all that trouble right. People worry so much about something that somebody has said to them or of them. It has hurt their feelings. Now, suppose you look at that from a common sense point of view and just see what harm that actual thing has done you. You discover that it has done you no harm at all. The way in which you can prove it to yourself is this. Suppose you had never heard of it: would it have done you any harm? Well, obviously, no. You would not have worried about it in the least. It is not what the other person did or said that did you harm. It is the fact that you knew about it and let yourself be disturbed by it. That is the real fact, and having heard of it, if you have common sense, you will just go on and act and speak as if you had not heard of it. The words spoken are a vibration of the air. They pass away and that is all. It is for yourself to say whether you will be troubled by it, whether you will take offence. You feel slighted because somebody did not speak to you or look at you, or did not recognise you or something. Common sense again. What does it all matter? Then he or she lost the advantage of your conversation, therefore the loss is all on the other side. I do not see why people cannot employ ordinary common sense with regard to all these things. It is so very obvious and yet nobody ever seems to think of it. The truth is they are not living according to their minds—according to reason; they are living according to their feelings, and that is not a sensible thing to do. Reason requires that we should take the sane and balanced view of life, and at once life will become very much happier. As an extension of that idea of common sense we must

acquire a certain view of the proportion of things. We must learn to understand what is important and what is unimportant, and then we shall find that nearly all the things which trouble people are among the unimportant things, and that the really necessary, the really important and the higher things are available for all alike. And if that be so, how foolish that we should waste our strength and our lives in worrying over things which, after all, do not matter. If you can take a higher and wider point of view you will find that, after all, so few things are really worth troubling about. Nothing, indeed, is worth your worrying over, unless there be some great principle involved in the matter, and even then you will do no good by worrying about it; you should just calmly make your decision, but to worry over things is absolutely futile and useless.

Equanimity is the most necessary of qualities. That is the way to peace, the way in which a man may live quietly in the midst of all the turmoil and trouble of the world. Turmoil is there, and trouble is there, but why should you let it affect you? In many cases it affects friends whom you love, but, even then, the kindest and best thing you can do to help those friends is to show them that you are not troubled, and that while you sympathise keenly with their difficulties you still see that there is a way out of all this. If we learn to look only for the higher things, these smaller matters drop into their right perspective, and one does not trouble about them any more. If we could only introduce common sense into our lives, it would make so much difference. I do not know why it is so very difficult. Of course, the cynic would suggest that people live in their feelings because, as yet, their minds are undeveloped. That is true, perhaps, in some cases, but even where the mind is developed it is often not allowed to control the feelings. People forget all about the common sense attitude. When a man gets angry, when he loses his temper, it is a commonplace to say he forgets himself. He not only forgets himself and his higher possibilities, but he usually forgets all that the common sense of the thing would show

him. He magnifies it to something of vast importance—some passing thing which, if he had chosen to ignore it, would have made no difference. You will all be familiar with cases where precisely that thing has happened. People magnify some tiny, unimportant matter into a thing of first-class magnitude, and then they proceed to argue about it, and to talk and act about it as though their very lives depended upon it. It is all want of common sense.

So it seems almost certain that one of the remedies for existing sorrow and existing unrest will be the suggestion of common sense and equanimity. True, greater knowledge helps us very much; when we know, for example, that the passions which rise within us are not ourselves, not any part of us, but are only the movements of the uncontrolled portion of one of our vehicles, then we take an entirely different attitude towards them. Instead of identifying ourselves with undesirable feelings we try to control them. A man in a passion does not know this, and, for want of the knowledge, he does not adopt the right attitude. Here is a case where a little study will help him. Again, with the vast amount of sorrow which comes with regard to those whom you call the dead, the sorrow felt for and with regard to those who pass from this physical world, can all be assuaged by knowledge. The moment you learn what has really happened, and what position this death holds in the longer life, sorrow of that sort simply ceases. You understand what is happening: you no longer feel the hopeless pangs which troubled you before. So, there again, is a case where the wider point of view would very perceptibly reduce the sorrow and suffering of the world. That must be part of the effort of the Great World-Teacher, to reduce the suffering of the world by removing its ignorance and by teaching it the qualities which enable it to live peacefully and without suffering. Some might say the great work of the World-Teacher must be to raise people's thoughts to higher planes. True, and also as part of His teaching to try to assuage the sorrow

of the lower plane, because until a man is to some extent lifted out of that he is in no condition to listen to higher teaching.

And so these ordinary everyday virtues must be insisted upon, must be part of this presentation. Surely He will hold very strongly before us the great idea of the Brotherhood of Man. That has been preached often before, indeed yes, but not realised, not felt. He will show us how we may live it. He will show us how this brotherhood should take away at once our attitude of suspicion and of hostility as I said just now, and should replace it by a feeling of love to all creatures, and a readiness to help instead of constant suspicion that the other man is going to injure us in some way. All religions alike have recommended such an attitude. I suppose unless you have thought specially of it you can hardly imagine the difference it would make in life if that were put into practice, if we took that attitude of always expecting the best instead of always suspecting the worst. Of course, the world is so very much a mirror of yourself. You get from it very largely that which you determinedly expect from it. If you expect from the men about you the best that they can give you, it is a very strong incentive, a very strong pressure put upon them, to make them give you that best; but if, on the other hand, you are always suspecting some evil, you are suggesting to the man that very evil which you suspect. You are putting into his mind your own evil thought, and you are very likely to get just what you expect. Suspect suspicion and ill-feeling and you will be met with suspicion and ill-feeling. Go in with the confident thought, "The man will do his best for me and will meet me fairly," and the probabilities are that he will. There are occasions on which you will be deceived along both lines. It is far better to be deceived a hundred times in expecting the best and the noblest from a man, than even once to do him the evil service of thinking him worse than he is, and making him act towards you as if he were worse than he really is.

So quite surely we will have this idea of brotherhood strongly propounded. The

wider view of life will include that. It will give us a much better comprehension of our fellow men. We are so ready to suspect now because we do not understand the other man's point of view. Most of all this suspicion and hostility comes from conceit. A man is conceited: he thinks that whatever is being done must somehow be done in regard to him. This is one of the most fruitful causes of the taking of offence. People are offended because someone passes them in the street. The obvious explanation is that he was occupied with his own affairs and did not see the other person. But that is about the last explanation that occurs to him. Usually he thinks, "Of course he saw me, but he pretended not to on account of so-and-so, and so-and-so," something which the other man never even thought of. That is the kind of way in which so many people go through life. They are always thinking about themselves, and you know the odd thing is that that very fact is not an indication as it ought to be, that the other man is also going through life thinking of himself, but instead of that it makes them think that everybody else is also thinking of them. The obvious lesson to be learnt from your preoccupation with your own business is that probably other people are equally preoccupied thinking about theirs. But no, they think, "I think of nothing outside of myself, and therefore the other man, I am quite sure, must be thinking of nothing else also." Very curious, but it is so, and you will see that that is the sort of theory on which people are living their lives. Someone makes some sort of casual remark about some fault. These people immediately think that it is especially aimed at them, intended to hurt their feelings. It is so, I have suffered by that sort of thing. I have found the most innocent remarks were misconstrued, because each person was so sure it was directed at him. You would hardly believe the extraordinary self-centredness of the average man unless you can look deep enough into your own heart to see how you stand in that matter.

The clairvoyant has an advantage in

that respect. He sees the thoughts pouring out from the man, and he sees just about how many of those thoughts come curving back again instead of going to do some good to someone else; they come curving back to the man himself, because it is with that main thought they were sent out. If you could all see that, you would act quite differently in a number of ways. You would get out of the centre of your own universe. It is a very bad thing to be the centre of your own thought circle. That is precisely what those who are learning something of the realities ought to do. They ought to get out of the centre of their own circle and put God there instead. Speaking to Theosophists I should say to the man, "Get out of the centre of your circle and put your Master in it, since He is to you one of the great manifestations of the Divine power," but to one who does not belong to our Society I should say, "God is the centre of every circle, and He ought to be the centre of yours, not you. Get out of yourself. Take yourself out and put something more interesting there. You will find it very much better and you will gain in happiness by doing so." It is very uninteresting to be always thinking of one thing and of nothing else. Widen your thoughts and so you will gain happiness and love, things very well worth gaining.

In order to gain that you will have to weed out quite a number of things you will find lying about as rubbish. You will find, for example, prejudices, bushels of them. Throw them overboard. I know some people feel that their prejudices are so much a part of themselves that if they got rid of them there would not be much left. That would not be an unmixed evil. Throw them overboard. A prejudice is always a misrepresentation, a misconstruction of a thing, therefore it is a fallacy. It is a thing that does not really exist at all. Your prejudiced view of a thing represents something that really never was in heaven or earth. Throw it overboard and perhaps you will see things as they really are. It is quite an advantage, you know.

There are so many of these things. The itch to interfere with other people's

business is another thing you ought to throw overboard. It is absolutely useless, for a man has quite enough to do to attend to his own affairs. It would be better if he would attend to them, but his one idea is to try to attend to other people's and to try and arrange their lives for them. Arrange your own life perfectly first, and then, perhaps, your example may be an advantage to other people.

Curiosity is another evil. Everybody is full of curiosity about the doings of his neighbours. No doubt it is complimentary that you should be so keenly interested in all that he is doing, but still one might suggest that there are better things for you to study. If you studied first what good you could do to your neighbour, then, it seems to me, that there would be some reason in it. But it is not from that point of view that most people are so curious.

There are so many qualities, time fails one. Fear is another thing that you ought to cast out of your life absolutely. Everybody goes through life being afraid of something, mostly they are afraid of what the next door neighbour will say or think. They are afraid of death. Sometimes a man is afraid he will lose his money or that he will fall ill. They are afraid of dozens of things. If any of those trials and troubles should come upon you, then that is what we call karma. It is the result of some action in your own past, and you must take it philosophically and bear it as nobly as you can. But at least wait till it comes, and do not bear it half a dozen times over beforehand through fear of it. Fear must be eliminated from your life. I am sure that the great World-Teacher will tell us this time, even as He has told us before, that perfect love casteth out fear.

In all these many ways our lives could be improved just by a little common sense. We who belong to the Star, we are setting ourselves to prepare the world, so far as in us lies, for His Coming. We might begin that preparation surely by casting all these things out of ourselves just to start with; then we shall be in a better position to receive Him, in a better position to make the most of the wonderful opportunity of His Coming.

You have read, I suppose, sometime in your life, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, or at least you have seen it, and you may remember the man with the muck-rake who was raking money out of the mud while a great Angel was standing beside him offering him all sorts of splendid possibilities of advancement. But he never even saw the Angel's outstretched hand, he saw nothing but the gold he was raking out of the mud. The coming of the World-Teacher Himself may be of very little use if you are not prepared to look up to Him and receive His gift. If all the

time you are raking in the mud, you will get very little of the good He will give. You must prepare yourselves to receive Him, you must put yourselves in a receptive attitude, and in order to do that you must clear away these lower things, so that you will have a nature upon which He can act, a nature which will receive Him and respond to Him when He comes; then you may hope to gain all that you can gain from that wonderful Coming, and also to have the still more glorious pleasure of helping others.

C. W. LEADBEATER

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## Rune of Hospitality

*I saw a Stranger yestreen,  
I put food in the Eating place :  
Drink in the Drinking place :  
Music in the Listening place ;  
And in the Sacred Name of the Triune  
He blessed myself and my house,  
My cattle and my dear ones,  
And the lark said in her song :  
Often, . . . Often, . . . Often,  
Goes The Christ in the Stranger's Guise,  
Often, . . . Often, . . . Often,  
Goes the Christ in the Stranger's Guise.*

# The Building of a Nation

## SOME FOUNDATION STONES

### I. Feeding the Children

By MARIAN E. CUFF

*All realise that the future of a State depends on the welfare of the children. Miss M. E. Cuff is an enthusiast who has had sound, practical experience; her article will be welcome in those many lands where the splendid activities of the City of Bradford on behalf of children have yet to be imitated.]*

**I**N many of the towns and cities of England to-day there may be seen each day at noon groups of children hastening, with eager feet, to the nearest school dining room to partake of an appetising meal, a meal served in pleasant surroundings by kindly men and women whose hearts, warm with love for the little ones, have prompted them to volunteer for this work.

Among the many changes for the better which recent years have brought, there are probably few more far-reaching or important than that brought about by the Provision of Meals Act of 1906.

This Act authorised the levying of a rate not exceeding one halfpenny in the £ for expenditure on the provision of food for children attending school, who would otherwise be insufficiently nourished.

At first the Act applied to schooldays only, but an amendment has since included holidays. The adoption of the Act by local authorities is optional.

To encourage its further adoption, and to ensure a high standard of working, the Board of Education now give a grant varying according to the efficiency of the provision made and the local need, up to one-half of the total cost.

One of the first places to realise the advantages that would be gained by adopting the Provision of Meals Act was the City of Bradford.

In April, 1907, the Lord Mayor (Alderman J. A. Godwin) kindly guaranteed to provide £50 with which to conduct an experiment in order to ascertain the effect of sufficient and suitable food on ill-nourished children, whose conditions of life were otherwise unchanged.

The result obtained by the experiment was such that none could doubt the gain that would accrue to the children, and so to the City, by inaugurating a well-considered scheme of school feeding.

It was with very great interest and pleasure that Dr. Ralph Crowley, at that time Medical Officer to the Bradford Education Committee, and the present writer conducted the experiment. The full report of this, published by the Education Committee, is out of print as a separate pamphlet, but has been reprinted by permission, for inclusion in the book issued by the National Food Reform Association, *Rearing an Imperial Race*, see page 366, also pages 7-20 for an account of subsequent working in Bradford.

The children concerned in the experiment (109) were selected by the Doctor from two schools in a poor quarter of the city, chosen because they were suffering from malnutrition due to insufficient or unsuitable food.

They were all periodically weighed, 40 being given breakfast and dinner each day for thirteen weeks, the remaining 69

being weighed only. The gain in weight, strength, and appearance of those who received the meals exceeded our highest expectation.

During the Whitsuntide holiday, of one week, the meals were suspended, and the sudden drop in weight (a loss which it took two weeks to regain) showed clearly the necessity for continuous feeding.

The meals arranged to be given were such as would provide a sufficiency of proteid material and of fat for growing children, in an enjoyable form, at a moderate cost—such meals as could be prepared with the simple equipment of a cottage home.

For breakfast, oatmeal porridge, served with treacle and hot milk, was provided, also brown and white bread and butter and hot milk to drink (half-a-pint per child altogether).

The dinners were varied each day, but all were hot, and consisted of two courses, one savoury and one sweet. Vegetarian food was served on Monday and Wednesday, meat being added on Tuesday and Thursday, and fish on Friday.

Not only in physique and energy was improvement shown, but also in general tone and good behaviour, and in increased ability to profit by the instruction given at school. The school dinner proved an important factor in forming habits of cleanliness, order, and gentle manners, as well as a taste for wholesome food.

The experience gained by the experiment formed the basis for the hearty adoption of the Act by the Education Committee, and on October 28th, 1907, the Central Cooking Depôt at Green Lane School was opened by the Lady Mayoress.

On that day the food, cooked in steam-jacketed pans, as shown in the accompanying photograph, was sent to six dining rooms where 670 children were served. The means of conveying the dinner is shown in another photograph. The motor-van is there seen packed with the boxes for carrying the bread, mugs, spoons and plates required; also the food, in the boxes and vessels which were especially designed to retain the heat for several hours.

During the first year dinners only were provided; but in the winter of 1908-9, owing to depression in trade, breakfasts were also given to the most needy children—a method which has since been continued.

The numbers to be provided for having greatly increased, the building was extended. Larger machines, worked by an electric motor, were installed, to replace the hand machines formerly used, and a large baker's oven was added to the equipment, which not only saves a considerable amount on the cost of the bread required, but is also invaluable for baking to perfection the meat, fish and fruit pies, and the cakes which are served on certain days instead of puddings.

How greatly the machines save labour and time, in mincing, chopping, peeling and slicing the various foods, is shown by the fact that a staff of sixteen men was able, during the time of temporary distress following the outbreak of the war, to prepare, cook, and send off from the one kitchen 6,800 dinners and 4,000 breakfasts each day, and also to wash up the spoons, mugs, and crockery used by the children.

It should be clearly understood that the meals provided are not only for necessitous children, but that any child attending a school under the Education Authority can dine at school by payment of the total cost of the meal.

This cost until recently was 2½d. for a two-course hot dinner! At present, owing to the increased cost of materials, 3½d. is charged.

This sum covers all administrative expenses as well as the cost of food.

The opportunity thus afforded of obtaining a good and cheap meal for their children is taken advantage of by many parents, and is especially useful in cases where the mother is at work away from home.

The Camp Schools at which, during the summer, most of the children in the city attend, are served with dinners from the Central kitchen, and throughout the year meals are sent to the School for Cripples and the Deaf and Dumb.

At the Open-Air School, and also at the School for Mentally Deficient Children, the meals are prepared on the premises.

The need throughout the country for the provision of mid-day school meals arises from one or more of the following causes :—

1. Insufficiency of food, caused by poverty.
2. Unsuitable food, due to the neglect or ignorance of the parents.
3. Inability to obtain the mid-day meal at home on account of the mother's absence at work.
4. The distance of the school from home being too great to admit of return.

This last difficulty applies chiefly to country districts and to schools of a special kind which serve a large area such as those for physically or mentally defective children, and also for Secondary Schools.

In Bradford, at the Open-Air School, three meals are daily given free of charge, the dinners there being even more substantial than at the dining rooms, for the outdoor life, and the long rest taken after the meal, as shown in the photograph, makes this desirable.

At the Secondary Schools the children pay for each course separately, 1d. for soup, 3d. for meat and vegetables, and 1d. for pudding. A choice of meat and puddings is offered each day. The food is prepared on the premises.

Reverting to the working of the Provision of Meals Act :—

The *method of organisation* will vary with the district, but wherever possible the preparation of the food at a Central Kitchen is greatly to be preferred to other methods, because it ensures a uniform standard of quality both of the ingredients used and of the cooking. This method is also found to be more economical, as much better value is obtained for the money spent.

In *arranging the dietary* the following points are of importance :—

1. *The Food Value* of the ingredients used. These must provide (a) sufficient *proteid* for the growing child. This body-building substance may be given in

the form of meat, fish, eggs, and milk, and also in peas, beans, and lentils ; (b) sufficient *fat*, which is best given in rice and other cereal puddings made with full-cream milk, or in baked or steamed pastry. All these items of diet are most popular with the children ; (c) Nature's purifying *salts* can be given by the inclusion in the dietary of fresh vegetables and fruit.

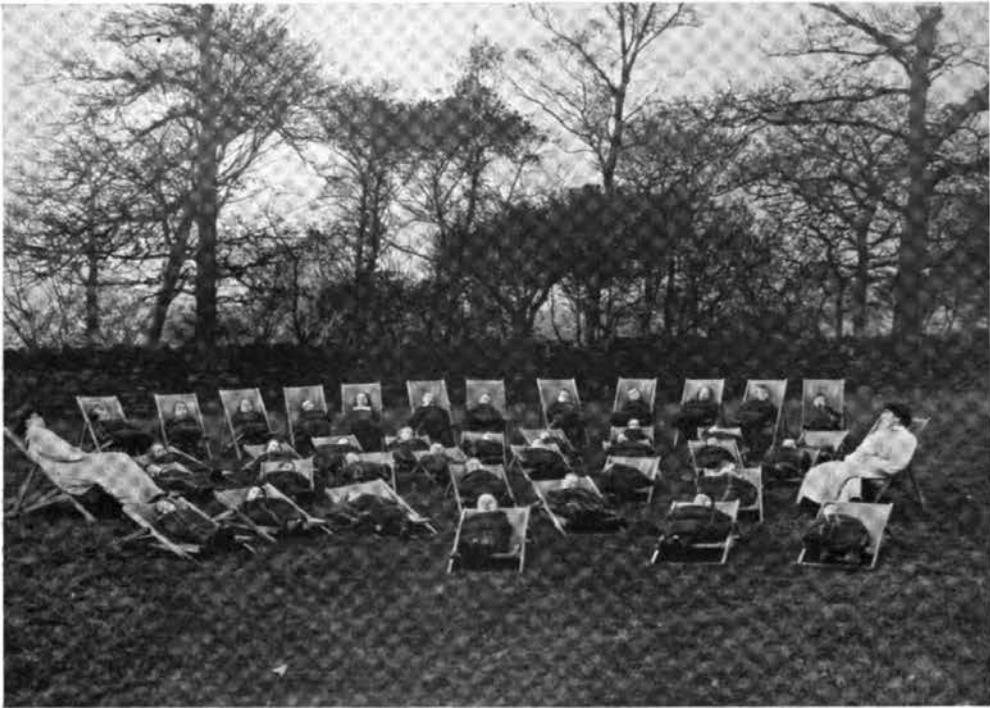
2. *Variety in the Menu*, which should be suited to the season of the year. In Bradford three menus are provided, for spring and autumn, summer, and winter. A different meal is given each day in the week.

3. *Palatability*. It is not always realised how greatly digestion is promoted by the enjoyment of the meal, nor how much good can be done in training the children's taste along healthy lines by making food suitable to their needs, appetising and attractive to them. Plants and flowers are a great addition to the tables, but the constant care they require presents a difficulty.

*Serving the Meals*. For this much common sense and sympathy are necessary, and only small helpings should be given to young or delicate children, and to newcomers, to whom this diet is often strange. All should be taught to eat slowly, and it is wiser only to give water to drink on request.

*The Educational Value of the School Meal*. So responsive to bright surroundings, kindness and orderly arrangements are the children that after a few weeks' attendance at a well-conducted dining room, little fault can be found with the manners of even the poorest and most neglected among them. In the Bradford Dining Rooms to every twelve children an elder girl or boy is appointed to wait upon them, and the bright faces of these monitors show clearly that they realise something of the joy of helpfulness. The youngest children are seated at low tables suited to their size, and the girls serving them can often be seen coaxing the little ones to eat.

Quiet talking is allowed, and more than one helping of each course ; but all understand that food asked for must be eaten,



RESTING AFTER DINNER.  
Open Air School for Delicate Children, City of Bradford.



A CHILDREN'S DINING ROOM IN A BRADFORD SCHOOL.



KITCHEN FOR PREPARING CHILDREN'S MEALS, BRADFORD.



MOTOR VAN AND FITTINGS TO TRANSPORT  
CHILDREN'S MEALS.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, OF DENVER, COLO., U.S.A.  
"The Father of the Juvenile Court."

and newcomers soon learn that unless the first course is *attempted* no pudding will be given, for all must try the food to learn how good it is.

When all are served the monitors enjoy their own meal. To every fifty children an adult also is appointed, one teacher taking the Headship of the dining room and being responsible for the conduct of the meal and the cleanliness and good behaviour of the children.

There are various opinions as to the advisability of the teachers giving up their noon-day leisure to help in this way ; but although the work is voluntary (a slight payment being given in recognition of their services) there has never been any lack of helpers. The teachers' interest in, and sympathy with the work, have been of the greatest help to the Canteen Subcommittee.

*The Selection of the Children* for the free-meal list. The names of children needing such help are notified to the Education Authority by the School Doctors, the Teachers, the City Guild of Help, or other persons interested in them.

The cases thus notified are then investigated by the attendance officer for the district, who reports upon them to the Canteen Committee. Until the war the basis on which aid was granted was that if, after deducting the rent, the total income of the family was shown to be less than 3s. per head per week, dinner was given free, if less than 2s. per head per week breakfast and dinner were allowed. These figures now stand at 3s. and 4s. respectively.

It is gratifying to note how ready the parents are to report any improvement in their circumstances which will enable them to pay something towards the cost of their children's meals. To meet this desire a scale of payment is arranged ranging from one-halfpenny to the total cost per meal. This readiness to pay what they can shows that the danger of lessening the parents' sense of responsibility is not as great as many think.

*Free meals* are only given to children whose parents *cannot* provide adequate nourishment from lack of means.

The work done on these lines by the Bradford Education Committee has aroused great interest in various parts of the world, and many have come across the water to investigate the methods and note the result, and, on returning home, have adopted them on an even larger scale than is here described.

Should any readers wish to study this question in its various aspects, and in relation to other places, the following books will prove helpful and interesting :

1. *School Feeding : Its History and Practice at Home and Abroad*, by Louise Steven Bryant. Publishers : Lippincott and Co., Philadelphia and London.
2. *The Feeding of School Children* (price 3s. 6d.), by M. E. Bulkley, B.A., B.Sc. Publishers : Geo. Bell & Sons, London.
3. *Rearing an Imperial Race* (price 7s. 6d.). Edited by Charles E. Hecht, National Food Reform Association, London.

A booklet entitled *Inexpensive Meals* has been published by the Bradford Education Committee. It includes the recipes now used for the School Dining Rooms, and can be obtained at 1d. per copy, or 9d. per dozen on application to The Director of Education, Town Hall, Bradford.

The Educationists and Ethical leaders of the day alike hope to form in the coming generation a healthy and vigorous mentality. When the importance is fully realised of laying its foundation in strong, well-nourished bodies capable of bearing the increasing strain of modern life, there will inevitably arise a greatly increased interest in this branch of the work of Nation-building. Much still remains to be done. May the near future see its accomplishment.

MARIAN E. CUFF

(Organising Superintendent of Domestic Subjects to the Bradford City Council).

# The Juvenile Court

OF DENVER, U.S.A.

By CLARA N. RAKESTRAW

*An Address delivered to the Order of the Star in the East at Krotona, Hollywood, Cal.*

*[This article describes the work done by the children's friend, the famous Judge Ben Lindsey, "the Father of the Juvenile Court," of Denver, Colorado. It is to the credit of the United States that her criminal administration is so open to reform.]*

THE Juvenile Court as a constructive institution in child welfare should be of interest to all helpers of humanity, and especially to Theosophists and to members of the Order of the Star in the East at the present time. Over and over again we are reminded that the children of the present need our best care and attention as they are the growing people and rulers of the future, and as we impress upon them the principles of justice and nobility, so will they be influenced to guide those who come under their care in the future. But do we think deeply and seriously upon this most important question with any idea of action in connection with it? Do we ever stop and try to realise what it would mean to humanity to have its children well guided and cared for morally and spiritually as well as physically? Are we sufficiently concerned to want to help in this care and guidance?

Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Now is it possible to keep this "Kingdom of Heaven" so active in the hearts of the children that evil tendencies will find no soil for nourishment? Not perfectly, perhaps, but experience has proven that, under proper supervision, childhood responds naturally to noble ideals and that boys and girls can be kept in the path of honesty and honour much more readily by appealing to this innate sense of nobility than by threat and punishment.

Those who have been intimately connected with the birth and growth of the Juvenile Court have always thought of it as a corrective agency built in the interest of childhood, a helping hand for the needy

child, and not an instrument of punishment as the ordinary person views it. The court is designed to help and protect those children who have either thoughtlessly or wilfully transgressed the laws of Society, and to help them on to the right path again with as little stir as possible. It aims to remove from the entire proceedings the idea of crime so that the child will not be hampered in after years by being reminded of his mistakes in that way.

With this thought in view it provides a court exclusively for children, thus removing them from any connection with older and more hardened offenders, and also makes it possible to remove from the court proceedings all the judicial aspects of the treatment of cases. The courtroom is transformed into a consulting-room. The judge and his assistants usually sit at a desk with the child and his father or mother, or perhaps both, sitting opposite. If there are no parents then the guardian or court officer takes their place. The case is carefully stated from the court records, after which the child is asked to tell his side of the story. If this does not correspond with the complainant's side of the case, he is carefully questioned about it and every effort is made to get at the truth of the matter. This questioning is done in such a way as to inspire his confidence and trust so that he will confess his fault and acknowledge his wrong action if there be any such wrong on his part. This is all done quietly and in a helpful way in the court which is conducted according to the original plan of constructive correction for which it was designed. The judge always emphasizes the fact that he is there as the child's friend and helper, not as his judge and punisher.

This confession is a long step in the direction of correction if rightly dealt with. If the child can be led to see his wrong and acknowledge it, there is then some chance to build morally in the right way. And if he has confidence in, and love for, the judge, he will accept him as his ideal or live up to the ideal which he presents to the child in his method of conducting the case, and the constructive process of correct character building is begun.

All sides are always taken into consideration in the disposition of each case, to the end that the child may be helped to become an honest, honourable citizen, free from the stigma and disgrace of criminal offence. This is one of the important things in the whole proceeding: *that the child should not be made to feel himself a criminal nor be considered such by others. He has made a mistake and will be helped by those in charge to correct it.*

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, who is called "The Father of the Juvenile Court," has probably done more for this institution than any other one person connected with it, and his court has been the ideal court to which the workers along this line of corrective work have looked for inspiration and guidance. It is said of him that "with reform in court and criminal procedure, . . . he has accomplished more than any other man now living. He is a reformer by nature, by training, and by observation. He has a profound moral sense tempered by a warm human sympathy, and both qualities have contributed about equally to the direction of his efforts."

He had the experience from childhood which showed him what such a court ought to be. His father died when he was eighteen years old and he was obliged to support his mother and three younger children. His whole life has been one of constant struggle against discouraging handicaps. One of his biographers says, "From the very cradle he was destined to meet difficulty and opposition at every step of his career. He obtained his education under a handicap; he made his living under a handicap; he won the high position he now holds in spite of powerful

opposition, and he carried out the reform work which made him famous in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles."

In his work for the Juvenile Court he has met with the most strenuous opposition from corrupt politicians and political enemies, and when they could not beat him at the polls because the vast body of reputable citizens, both men and women, stood solidly by him, they passed such laws as would hamper him in his work and strip him of his authority and power. At one time neither of the old parties would nominate him for the office of juvenile judge. But in spite of this the people re-elected him by 15,000 plurality. Twice the people forced his re-appointment to office by his bitterest political enemies.

When all these things are taken into consideration, the work which Judge Lindsey has done assumes wonderful proportions. Some of the best laws on the statute books of Colorado are due to his persistent efforts. We are told that, "His reforms in the city and state laws and particularly laws for minors, have been so radical and far-reaching that they are sometimes called the 'New Justice.'" These include a new probate code of great value, an improved registration law, a contributory delinquency law (the first in America), the first Master of Discipline law in America, conferring on teachers and schools power to settle many cases formerly brought to the Juvenile Court, a law forbidding charging children under sixteen years of age with crime, and one forbidding putting children in jail, a law giving orphans the right to \$2,000 of an estate before creditors can touch it, a law making all men legally responsible for the moral welfare of children with whom they come in contact, and a law applying Chancery Court powers of Probate Courts to protect property of children, as well as to protect their moral and physical welfare, a revolution in the old legal procedure. Then he has influenced the opening of public playgrounds and public baths, night schools, a summer camp for children, and a day nursery. But the most radical of all Judge Lindsey's

reforms is the Juvenile Court, the most momentous and far-reaching of recent civic reforms in its bearing on the welfare of the State—Judge Lindsey says the children are the State—a movement that has been taken up by other States, and is rapidly spreading to all civilised parts of the world. “He appeals to what is best in the child, to his pride in his own powers, and to his crude sense of fair play. The boy is not told that he is bad and must be punished, but rather that he is weak ; that he has failed to show himself a man, and it is necessary for him to show his strength to fight the enemy within himself, which, if he play the game fair, he can conquer. If he prove too weak to conquer himself, then he must go to the institution at Golden, Colo. He is not sentenced like a criminal ; he is led to admit that he ought to go for his own good. He is reasoned with in a way that appeals to his imagination. The whole course of procedure leads the boy naturally and unconsciously to see his mistake, and condemn himself. The most astonishing part of this novel procedure is its effectiveness.”

In every case where it seems possible in the well-regulated Juvenile Court, the child is placed on probation to some one—his father, mother or some officer of the court, and is obliged to report to the court at stated times during a certain period of time, and only when the case is especially urgent is he sent to a corrective institution. First offences are always probated unless especially serious, and if possible the children are always placed under the care of the parents with the proper supervision of the probation officer. In Judge Lindsey’s court when “it seems best for a boy to go to the Golden Institution, he goes voluntarily, without guard, under no surveillance, and without any restraint except his own word. Of 507 boys sent there in the past ten years under no surveillance, only five failed to report at the institution, and even they were reclaimed after a second attempt. A part of this happy result unquestionably should be attributed to Judge Lindsey’s personality. He is able to get at the heart of

a child in a way that is miraculous. He has addressed thousands of boys in the schools and elsewhere, and they all honour and respect him. He has a way of winning their confidence and holding their friendship and loyalty. Even the unruly boys look upon him as their friend, and appreciate that he is interested in their welfare. He understands boy nature and he makes boys understand him.”

This is the secret of Judge Lindsey’s success, no doubt ; he understands the child nature and commands its response to his sympathy with it. No juvenile judge is a success in this office without this remembrance of and sympathy with, youth’s problems. Many stories are told of how his boys in one way and another, in after years, showed their loyalty to their old friend. Some of these are told in his book entitled “The Beast.” In this book, too, will be found the story of his conflict with machine politics and the corrupt methods used to kill him politically.

Every Juvenile Court should have in connection with it a juvenile Home, well conducted by sympathetic workers, to which the children may be sent who have no homes, or no suitable homes, and also those children whose cases are awaiting attention. They should not be kept in a prison or be boarded out here and there. Much corrective work can be done in a home of this kind if it is a *real home*, and the court is thereby assisted in the proper disposition of cases.

In Los Angeles, Calif., the boys and girls have separate courts, the girls’ court being presided over by a woman judge, and all the assistants, court officials, probationers, investigators and volunteer workers, are women. The boys’ court is manned by men. This plan is found to work very well there, I am told.

Both courts are entirely private, only those being admitted to the hearings who are interested in the cases. However, if a person is interested in the work from the standpoint of service and social progress, he will have no difficulty in getting permission to attend the hearings.

On the morning that I visited the boys’ court there were perhaps a dozen boys

whose cases were to be called at that session. As I entered the room a little Jewish boy was trying to convince the probation officer that he was worthy of another trial. This was before the court opened, and he was taking advantage of his opportunity to speak to the court officer to whom he had been probated. He seemed to be trying to get him to make such a recommendation. This brought him to my attention, and when his case was called I was doubly interested to know how he would proceed with the judge. As soon as he was seated before the judge and the officer had stated his case, he began very earnestly to urge him to try him once more. He recited at length all the provocations which had occurred to cause him to violate his probation. The judge did not interrupt him, and when he had finished he said, quietly, "But, my boy, you told me the same story before; you made all these same promises. You have an awful temper and you don't seem to be man enough to tackle it properly." Quickly the boy answered, "Yes, I am. Try me once more and see." The judge did give him another trial, in this way: he made out the commitment papers to the boys' Reformatory at Whittier and put them in the hands of the probation officer, to whom he again probated him. Then he said, "Now, my boy, it is up to you to keep out of Whittier if you do not want to go there. Keep away from your old playmates and start out new again." "All right, judge," said the boy as he left the court room, looking as happy as if he had been given a new lease on life.

Three other boys had taken some candy which had been temporarily stored in an old barn. Some dishes which were stored in the same building had been taken at about the same time, so the boys were accused of taking both. All of them confessed to having taken the candy, but each protested that he had not taken the dishes and did not know where they were. After much questioning of each boy separately, the judge said, "Now see here, boys, those dishes were taken about the same time the candy was and from

the same place. Some one took them. The sentence which this court passes on you three boys is, to find out who took them and report to this court in one month." The boys looked their surprise and also seemed immediately to be interested in the case from a new point of view.

The girls' court of Los Angeles is held in the court room at the juvenile home. Here are examined not only the cases of all the girls but also those of small boys as well.

We hope the time is not far distant when we shall all be able to agree with Judge Lindsey in action as well as in idea that, "We must have a city of decent kids," realising as he did that, "a city of decent kids assuredly means a city of decent men and women." This can be brought about only by the earnest activity of those who are consecrated to all work which has for its purpose the betterment of humanity through the proper care and guidance of its youth. The Juvenile Court is the most far-reaching and humanitarian civic reform institution which we have, if carried on by those who are in sympathy with its aims and purposes and have the strength of character to carry them out. If not it loses much of its effectiveness as a corrective institution.

Many of our reform schools to-day are only so in name; in reality they are crime-breeders, criminal makers, and instead of teaching the children the principles of brotherhood, co-operation and good citizenship, as they were designed to do, they are places of punishment and torture, where the children are treated as criminals, cruelly punished in many ways for small or imaginary offences. Consequently they are filled with hatred of their fellows and love dies out of their hearts.

We should set ourselves resolutely against any and all institutions which beat and ill-use its children, no matter what the offence may be. Severity in punishment is no effective remedy for wrong doing and is contrary to orderly progress and growth in good citizenship, and destructive of all sense of honour and human responsibility.

CLARA N. RAKESTRAW

# The Perfect Hindu Marriage

By A. J. WILLSON

[Miss A. J. Willson has lived over a dozen years in India, in close touch with Indian life; what she says on Hindu marriages will interest all, as showing one scheme, which, however it may often fail, was meant once to be ideal.]

SEE her so plainly as I sit here in the gloaming and muse over the India I have known. The shy grace with which, when they believe they are alone, she looks up into her stately husband's face to see whether he is satisfied with their efforts to please their guest—a religious duty amongst good Hindus,—the utter disregard of each other when any one else is near, and yet the absolute confidence between them, cannot be imagined by a stranger. Because I know and love them both so well, I can sense all this; otherwise you would scarce dream they were related, except from the office each performs in the household. The tie between husband and wife in a perfect Hindu home is surely a very close and beautiful one, with a dedication in every trivial action and a sense of the closeness of the Gods and Ancestors that is wonderful to find in this material twentieth century.

Just because Hindus in their old books, and even in their modern ritual, have retained a clearer tradition of the days when the Devas walked the earth and guided men, there is very much that must seem incomprehensible to younger nations in the Hindu conventions and ceremonies. Indeed there is a good deal that Hindus themselves have lost the meaning of; and some that is obviously out of place and therefore keeps them back. But the more we understand, the more

we admire the original plans even where we cannot altogether admire the modern presentation. One such rite is the sacrament of marriage, disfigured as it often is by the modern accretions of child-parentage and compulsion. The West is now awakening to the fact that the future of the race, physical and mental, is within the control of the parents, so it is of great advantage for them to know as much as they can of the Hindu marriage ceremony and ideals to-day. Hindu boys are taught in all schools where *The Central Hindu College Text-Books of Religion* are used:

The welfare alike of the family and of the nation depends on the householder, and their happiness and prosperity are in his hands. A good husband, a good father, a good master, a good citizen, is the noblest of men. The home is the school of unselfishness, compassion, tenderness, temperance, purity, helpfulness, prudence, industry, right judgment, charity.

To prevent youthful religious enthusiasm turning to asceticism in those not yet ready to tread the hard path of return to God, the story of the two Brahmana youths is related and how Indra taught them:

Follow the household life! It is the field for the cultivation of virtues. It is sacred. Worship of the Devas, study, repayment of the debt to the Pitris (Ancestors) by the rearing of a family, and helping on new lives as we have been reared and helped—these are the austerest of penance.—(*Ibid.*)

Though this is the ideal put before the people it must, after all, rest ultimately upon the personal characteristics of each pair whether the home relationship is a happy one, and in any way approaching the ideal; in the East, as in the West, the worst customs can be obliterated by men and women wise enough to steer their own course in the midst of cramping fashions of the time, while the wisest laws will not prevent men and women from disobeying them and becoming reprobrates, or scolds.

The preliminaries to marriage vary locally. In some of the younger sub-races of our Aryan Root Race, the man picks out the woman he desires and tries so to please her that she may come to believe that life beside him would be a perfect one. This obtains generally in Britain, her Colonies, and the United States of America. In other sub-races, as in India or France, the parents arrange their children's marriages whilst they are still young. But though, roughly speaking, this division of custom exists, there are many exceptions, for we certainly find match-making parents in England and America, and love matches are far from being unknown in France and India. Investigation into the home happiness which results seems to show that there is little to choose between the two methods of finding life partners. In all these countries there are happy and unhappy marriages. It may seem extraordinary that such opposite methods work out the same until we remember that,

We've all been here before,  
Many a time, many a time!

It is difficult to conceive of a mutual attraction where there are no karmic ties from the past. Marriages are more literally made in heaven than most of us are willing to concede. No man can be brutal to his wife, or a wife neglect her husband, without incurring a future debt, while the partner who suffers has a chance to pay off once for all some of his own bad actions in the past if he can be strong and big-hearted enough to work without thought of retaliation.

There is, however, this to be said; in any given life there would, for the average person, probably be several equally eligible spouses possible from the karmic standpoint; those parents blinded by greed, or young men and women in the grip of passion, are liable to err badly in their choice of the best mate for that particular life, as far as lasting home happiness is concerned.

As the great object of marriage is to provide good bodies for the spirits, *jivatmas*, taking rebirth to carry on the race, we cannot be surprised at the elaborate astrological efforts to ensure suitable pairs, likely, when united, to make a good environment for their children to grow up in. To ensure a happy home the interplay of magnetic, emotional and mental forces between the parents must be harmonious and calculated to produce that joy of life that re-acts in well-being upon the offspring. Nowadays the family astrologers are consulted all over India when marriages are to be arranged. The time may not be far distant when enough of the ancient astrological wisdom will be recovered to make the horoscopes more reliable than they often are to-day. The nobility or baseness of the home life has much to do with the character of the children—heroes and saints, or primitive savages, can equally be attracted to birth by the environment provided for them—and the mutual sympathy of parents is of great importance.

All this and much more forms the hidden basis in the marriage ceremony of the Hindu, which is an epitome, as it were, of the history of the Aryan family, from the time when in its Central Asian home each new husband and wife bowed before the *Manu*, the All-Father, for His blessing, down to the present day.

Orientalists who have examined the old records have come across many of the bye-laws which make allowances for the weaknesses of humanity, so that no man or woman need be forced into a hypocritical life; such bye-laws form by far the larger portion of the codes and writings relating to family life and often hide the

strict, but beautiful, rules for the free men and women who, with open eyes, formed in the past, as they form to-day, the living nucleus of each race, insuring well-ordered families into which it is possible that advanced Egos can be born into bodies fitted for their use. Some of the portions of the old writings now translated into Latin, when properly understood in their scientific relation to the direct lines of re-birth of a particular entity in one family group, may be found to be of profound value. The whole idea of conception is raised from the haphazard result of impulse and passion, to the scientific application of laws, both of gross and subtle matter, by perfect specimens of the human race, imbued with a reverence for life and an understanding of our high calling, from Ishvara to Ishvara (from God to God); that sweeps away once and for all the false trappings that ignorance has invented to cover the nakedness of Truth.

But we will leave these more abstruse matters and only touch on the outer ceremony of marriage.

The hall, or room, or pandal, in which the ceremony takes place belongs to the present, but the central hearth around which the ceremony is performed reminds us of the long, long wanderings in tent and tabernacle before the Aryan tribes reached their present abiding places; and of how, when they could no longer go personally before their Manu and bow at His feet for the marriage blessing, their hearts turned to Him at the supreme moment of their lives, and conditions were made that should enable their prayer to receive a quick response. For no real Hindu marriage can take place without

the presence of the Race Manu and of the Race Leaders and Rishis, and Agni Deva, in the essence of pure Fire, provides Their appointed vehicle.

Appropriate mantras are appointed to create the vibratory waves that best convey the force of the Devas and Rishis, and these are recited by the priests as they feed the flame with sandalwood and pure and fragrant substances. Round the hearth, the abode for the time being of the Holy Ones, the young couple walk seven times, leading the one the other and repeating the marriage vows before the Devas.

The household fire was never permitted to die out and was lighted for each new couple from the marriage hearth, and we catch glimpses of the same sacred hearth fire amongst Greeks and Romans as well as the Norsemen—all sub-races of the great Aryan stock.

Because of this, and of much more that we have no time to go into, no one can be present at a Hindu marriage ceremony of a young couple of full age and remain unmoved. We at once understand that such vows cannot be broken and the idea of divorce is abhorrent to the genius of the race. Divorce belongs to unions for vice or passion, but the Guardians of the Sacred Fire have no place for it in their cosmos. Side by side man and wife pass through the four Ashramas (stages) of life, and no ceremony performed by the husband is perfect without the help of the wife. If death parts them, widowhood is no forced state of tortured asceticism, but a period of preparation for future union in the joys of heaven (Svarga).

A. J. WILLSON

# A Ballad of Vivisection

“ Slain from the foundation of the world.”

*The man before the altar stood,  
Alone and all alone ;  
And bent his head o'er what was spread  
Upon the altar stone ;  
That which the law of might and men  
Had given him for his own.*

*Alone he was, save for that form  
—To him no company—  
A speechless thing that he could bring  
And lay there ruthlessly,  
To aid the science that he served  
To serve humanity.*

*Humanity by science served ;  
A noble aim in truth !  
How should its priest for bird or beast  
Find place for thought or ruth ?  
When human good shall be the gain  
To think of beasts forsooth !*

*To think of beasts when knowledge seeks  
To rear her splendid head !  
To think of beasts when science feasts  
On proofs by anguish bred !  
Oh foolish sentimentalists,  
To foolish pity wed !*

*The form that on the altar lay  
Was still as still could be,  
Drug stupefied, by drug that lied  
In purporting to be  
A full and sure defence between  
That form and agony.*

*Firm clamped and bound, to seek to move  
Or head or limb were vain ;  
Drug bound or no, no sign might show  
How deep or sharp the pain  
That science in her might will mete  
In search of human gain.*

*If laid upon the lap of death  
That waiting form might be,  
Might nerve and brain be wholly slain  
And the dear life set free,  
That were a meet deliverance  
A deed of charity.*

*But science needs the living flesh,  
The living organ's aid ;  
The living nerve alone will serve  
To show how nerves are made.  
Not in the grave, but on the rack  
The victim must be laid.*

*The priest before the altar stands,  
Alone and all alone ;  
For to the priest the living beast  
Is as a lifeless stone.  
If aught there be of cruelty  
The purpose doth atone.*

*The knife is raised, the hand is firm,  
Steady and clear the eye :  
Then, in that hour of pride and power,  
Bursts from his lips a cry ;  
The knife falls from his hand, the sweat  
Upon his brow doth lie.*

*Oh where hath fled the helpless form ?  
Oh what is in its place ?  
No dumb dog lies beneath his eyes,  
But limbs of human grace ;  
And more than human in its power  
The beauty of the Face.*

*And more than human pity shines  
Within the wondrous eyes,  
And love above all human love,  
And wisdom more than wise.  
And not upon the science trough  
But on a cross He lies.*

*Oh not upon the science trough,  
But on a cross is spread  
The living Christ, as sacrificed,  
With thorns about His head.  
And all about the silent room  
The light is rosy red.*

*And in the silence of the room  
A voice falls, soft as rain,  
“ Say, why dost thou bind on my brow  
Ever new wreaths of pain ?  
Why must I each and every day  
Be crucified again ? ”*

"Not so, oh Lord, I follow Thee,  
 Seek human life to save ;  
 I seek the wealth of human health ;  
 I seek to rob the grave.  
 The beasts that have nor soul nor sense,  
 Their life alone I crave."

"I am the Life that lives in all,  
 The beasts, the birds, am I ;  
 Mine is the groan in every moan ;  
 I plead in every cry.  
 In each dumb thing that suffers here  
 I bound and anguished lie."

So soft the voice, so sweet the eyes  
 The man took heart again :  
 His sunken pride rose in a tide ;  
 He answered : " I would fain  
 Know if in beast and bird alone  
 It is Thou sufferest pain ?  
 Art Thou not in the human form ?  
 Not in the human cry ?  
 Shall beast and bird alone be heard ?  
 And shall the children die ?  
 Hast Thou no pity left for men  
 That Thou would'st pass them by ? "

"I am the weeping of the world ;  
 Who suffers, I am He :  
 The rogue's ill ways, the martyr's praise,  
 All grieve or gladden me :  
 And in the cruel deeds thou dost,  
 I feel the cruelty.

"No flower that blooms, no worm that crawls  
 But is of me a part ;  
 The hate that kills, the love that thrills,  
 Poetry, music, art,  
 All that men joy in, fail in, fear,  
 Lies at My very heart.

"And only as men rise above  
 Lust, cruelty and fear,  
 From height to height, till the true Light  
 From false light showeth clear ;  
 And midst the many lesser loves  
 The one Love groweth dear ;

"So only may the living Christ  
 From pain or shame be free ;  
 Since bad or best, accursed or blest,  
 Whate'er the deeds may be,  
 All that men do of foul or fair  
 They do it unto Me.

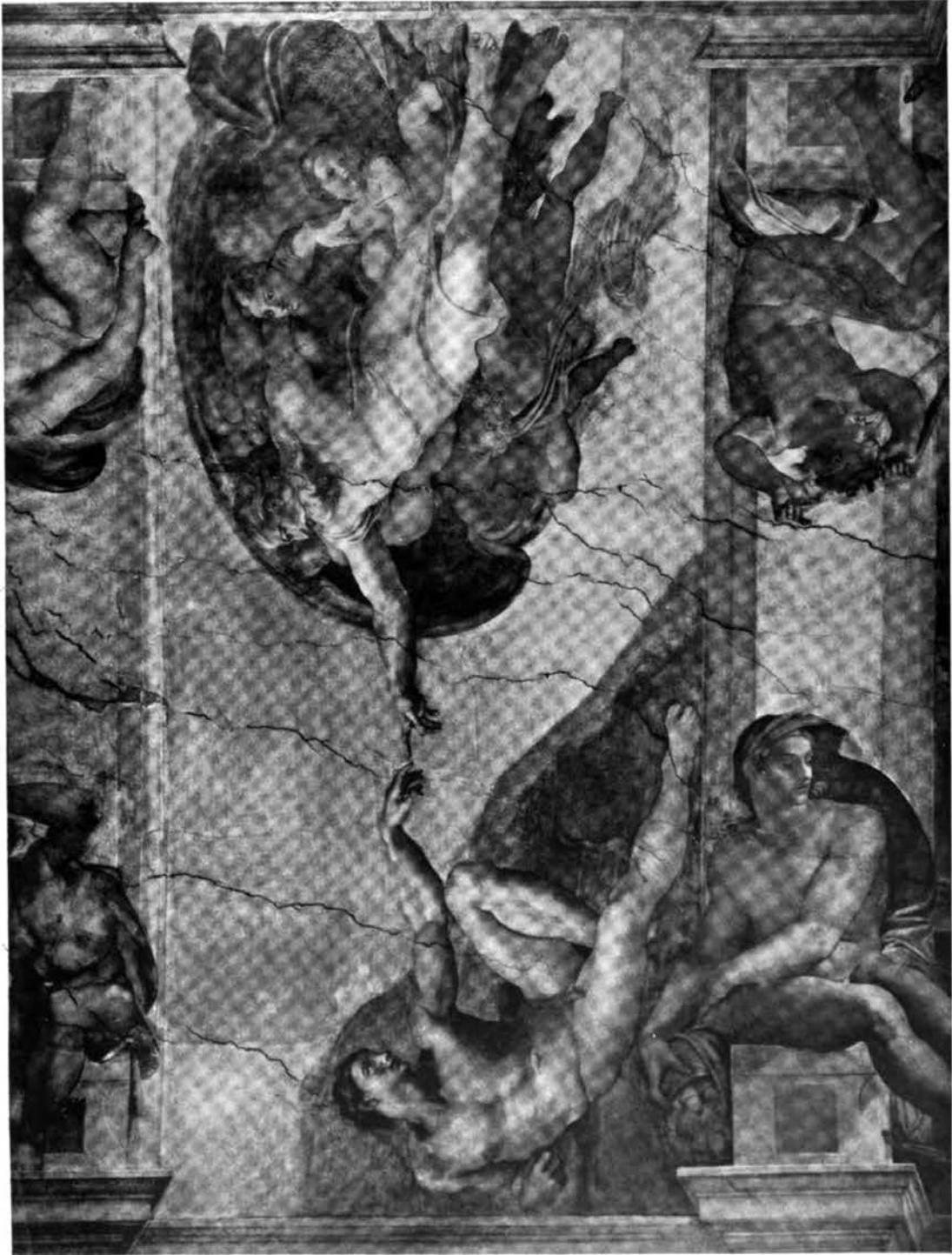
"If good ye seek by evil means  
 The evil strikes at Me ;  
 The very least of man or beast  
 That very least is Me ;  
 And inasmuch as ye help or hurt,  
 Ye help or injure Me."

All through the room a silence swept ;  
 The light no more was red ;  
 And all was seen as it had been,  
 Save that the dog was dead.  
 The man alone, but not alone,  
 Before it bowed his head.

G. COLMORE

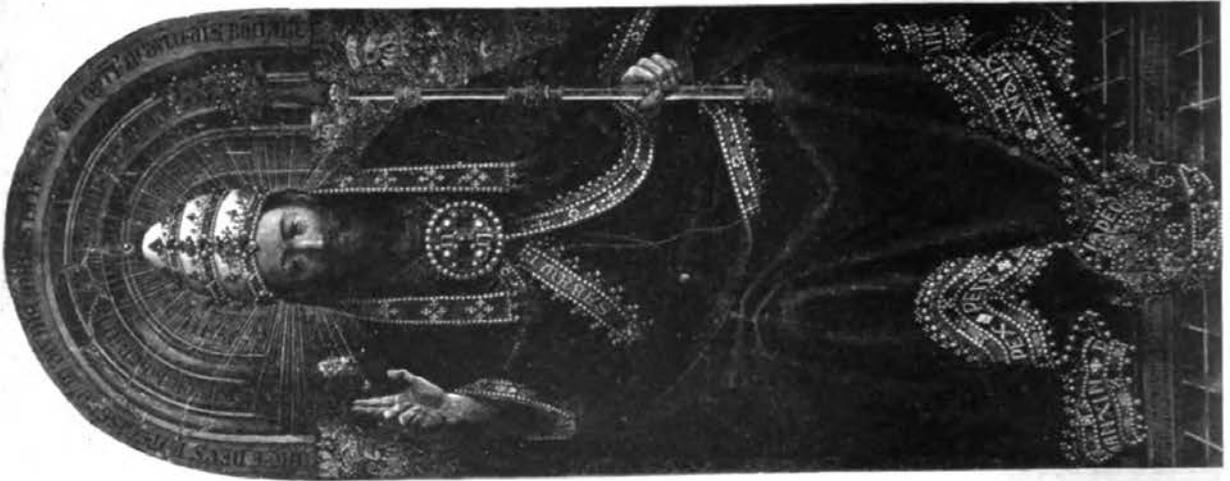
## A Little Word, A Little Song

If any little word of mine can make a life the brighter,  
 If any little song of mine can make a heart the lighter,  
 God help me speak the little word  
 And take my bit of singing,  
 And drop it in some lonely vale,  
 To set the echoes ringing.



THE CREATION OF MAN  
By Michael Angelo.

Photographer, Alinari.



UPPER PANELS OF ALTAR PIECE.

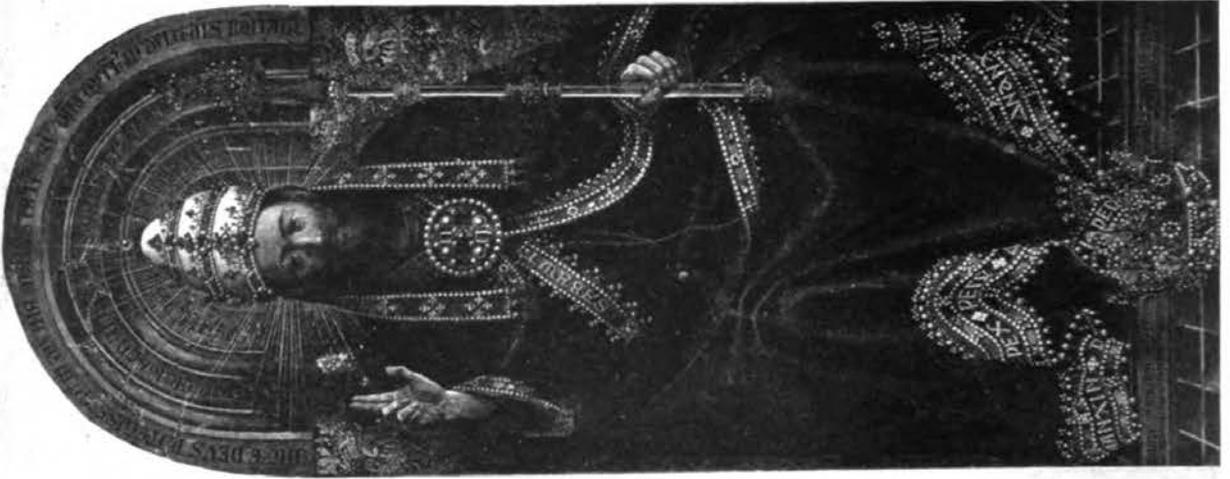


LOWER PANEL OF ALTAR-PIECE.  
The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb.  
Painted by the Brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck.





LOWER PANEL OF ALTAR-PIECE.  
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UPPER PANELS OF ALTAR-PIECE.



LOWER PANEL OF ALTAR-PIECE.  
The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb.  
Painted by the Brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck.



THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST  
By Verrocchio.

Photographed by Alinari.

# Our Monthly Gallery

## IV. Representations of Deity in Christian Art

By HOPE REA

THE representation of Deity is obviously an impossible task for merely human genius. The utmost that can be accomplished is some symbol or suggestive convention, so far accepted as to be generally understood. In Christian Art we find both. The anthropomorphic tradition from earlier classic art doubtless had some influence; the names given by theologians to the first and second Persons of the Trinity, the absolute identification of the Christ with the second Person, together with the story of the Baptism, served to fix the traditional treatment. Accordingly we have almost invariably throughout Christian Art an "Ancient of Days," a "Christ" in early manhood, and a Dove,—a Triplicity, each Person separately represented. To go behind the Triplicity to the Unity, the one God, was seldom, if ever, attempted, a wise abstinence on the part of the Artists. One instance alone occurs to the writer of any such attempt. This is a quaintly conceived "*mappa-mondo*,"—plan of the Universe, in the Pisan Campo Santo. Here, the Universe is depicted according to the geo-centric conception, in a series of concentric circles, Earth the midmost point, each circle distinctly named, Water, Air, Fire, Moon, the several planets, and outward beyond the "heaven of the fixed stars" to the *Primum Mobile*—an arrangement that may be seen in any diagram illustrating Dante's Divine Comedy, and again beyond that, the "Empireo" represented by a further nine rings, composed of lines of angels, the ninefold Heavenly Host. To right and left of this vast target-like arrangement, outside the outermost circle, appear the fingers of two hands,

at the bottom two feet, and above, a Face, suggesting that the whole immensity, round upon round, is yet held within the hands of God.

Of the Ancient of Days, the Father, no other work approaches in grandeur of conception to that by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the group The Creation of Adam (Illustration I.). Here we have the subject highly conventionalised, highly concentrated, sculptural in treatment rather than pictorial, no superfluous line, every one significant.

Adam lies stretched, inert, upon the earth, to which he, as yet, almost belongs, awaiting the touch which will raise him to his feet, a living soul. With the swirl of rapid movement, and creative power, visible in all the lines of His figure, the Father, with outstretched hand, is about to give that vivifying touch. Within the left arm of the Creator is indicated a secondary group, a unique conception—that of the as yet uncreated and unborn, there, but unmanifested.

In English we have a somewhat ungracious expression, made use of to an enquiring youngster: "Oh, that," we say, "was before you were born or *even thought of*." The corresponding expression in the gracious *lingua toscana* is: "But that was when you *were as yet only in the mind of the Lord*." This folk-phrase conceivably gives a key to the meaning of the shadowy group, held in the Divine Arm, "as yet only in the mind of the Lord." It may well be that this familiar expression suggested the conception, which, treated with commanding genius, transmuted the speech of the nursery into a masterpiece of art.

Any examination of Mediæval and Renaissance Christian Art reveals the vast difference between the concurrent developments North and South of the Alps. The most obvious point is that there is a certain sublimity of conception often attained in Cis-Alpine Art which is rarely met with in the Trans-Alpine. One of the most conspicuous exceptions to this rule is in the great altar-piece executed by the brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck, known as *The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb*.

The van Eycks were Flemings, both born in the latter end of the fourteenth century. Our second and third illustrations are taken from the centre portion of the great *Adoration*, which, at the outbreak of the present war, hung in the Cathedral Church of St. Bavon in Ghent.

In this altar-piece the two masters have put before themselves the task of representing Deity in His most intimate relation to humanity, and humanity's recognition of and response to that relation. In the upper portion of the central panel, which is all that our illustrations reproduce, we have almost, if not quite, life-sized representations of the Christ, the Virgin Mother and the Fore-runner. Christ, however, is of a most unusual type. His is no figure portraying early manhood, while as distinctly not an Ancient of Days; it suggests a mean between the two, combining something of the character of both. He wears the Papal tiara, as holding the position of Inner Head of the Church, yet the crown of sovereign dominion lies beneath His feet, marking Him King of Kings. There is, in short, taken with the treatment of the rest of the panel, a subtil suggestion of greater insistence on the "Very God of Very God," than on the inferiority "as touching His manhood." The idea that this may be so is confirmed by the representation of the Dove of the Holy Ghost beneath, and lower still the Lamb on the altar which of course stands only for the Christ, as such. Accepting this interpretation we have represented in effect a Trinity, but as it were with its "attention turned" for

the moment to the work of human redemption.

The symbolism of the lower part is simple and direct, once its language is understood. Earth is represented by a half Flemish, half Rhineland landscape, rich in all its proper beauty of verdure, flowers and the art of man. The mystic Lamb "as it had been slain," and yet "alive for ever more," stands on the sacrificial altar, blood from His wounded heart filling the chalice, while Humanity in grand procession, completed at either hand on wings not given in the illustration, is represented in all its ages and distinctive types, from the Patriarchs downwards, and approaching the altar in one combined act of adoration. Towards the centre are Martyrs, Virgins, Rulers and Ecclesiastics, Knights and other Seculars are depicted at a greater distance on the wings. Linking the worlds of seen and unseen are angels swinging censers, emblematical of the prayers of all arising to that Triple One-ness of whose redemptive activity the picture is a celebration,—an act of praise and worship.

Our third illustration is on a wholly different level, though Cis-Alpine Art, and Florentine. The painter is Andrea Verocchio. Here we have no true mystic element. Andrea's true eye (*ver occhio*) busied itself principally with technical excellence, carrying that to the point of subtilty, but hardly trenching on the field of the spiritual.

The Baptism here is an occasion for figure-study, the representation of the Trinity, a conventional addition to suit it to the demands of the situation the painting was required to occupy. But there we have the recognised symbols, though reduced to their lowest terms. There is the human "Son," painted with realistic fidelity, the Dove, and the Hands above as symbol of the "Father," doubtless suggested by the words: "Into Thy Hands I commit My Spirit."

According to tradition the attendant angels, obviously by another hand, were painted by Verocchio's pupil, Leonardo da Vinci.

HOPE REA

# The Motherhood of God

By F. EVERY-CLAYTON

**W**HEN one pauses to reflect upon the curious potency and charm of the word Motherhood—all that it stands for to the human heart, and all that it reveals to us of the Divine—one finds it strange that this aspect or quality should have no place, as regards a conception of the Deity, in orthodox Protestantism, and the many sects derived therefrom.

Although the Christianity of to-day is beginning to recover much of the beautiful teaching of the early Church, that for centuries has been lost to all but the chosen few, the idea of a feminine aspect to the Deity is not as yet generally accepted.

The fact that this doctrine belongs to the Lesser Mysteries (or the inner spiritual interpretation of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ) may account for its absence in the orthodox ecclesiastical traditions of our times; since it is well known that the inner teaching entrusted to the Church Fathers, and so ably expounded by such shining lights as Clement of Alexandria and Origen, became more and more restricted in its circle of adherents, until the Middle Ages saw it apparently quite extinguished.

Fortunately for the Church, a few earnest votaries have always been found to hand down the ancient truths to those fitted to receive them, and it would seem, from various signs, that the time is now ripe for this hidden knowledge to be once more given to the world.

It is in these Lesser Mysteries, then, that we find the doctrine and origin of the

Feminine Aspect of the Deity—the Eternal Motherhood of God. And so fundamental is the truth of this Divine Aspect that in order to trace it to its source we should find ourselves under the necessity of giving some sort of outline of the primordial cosmic process. But since to touch on such a subject, even in the most cursory manner, would require far greater space than we can claim, a few references must suffice to point out the universality of this doctrine.

We may begin by a reminder of the Female Aspect in the Egyptian Trinity, Isis the Spouse of Osiris and Mother of Horus. As a proof of the high estimation in which this aspect was held by the ancient Egyptians we may quote Mrs. Anna Kingsford, who, in *The Perfect Way*, writes:—"In historical remains of Egypt we learn from numberless sculptures, writings, and paintings, the goddess Isis held rank above her husband." Speaking of the Feminine Aspect in connection with Christianity she says:—"For it is there (in the Apocalypse) that the doctrine of the Woman receives its crowning recognition as the foundation of that true Christianity which those persistent suppressors of the woman—the world's materialising priesthoods—have so nearly extinguished." Again, in a chapter entitled "The Substance of Existence," the same writer refers to the above-mentioned aspect in the following terms: "As Life and Substance, God is Twain. He is the Life, and She is the Substance. She is not Space, but is the *within* of space, its fourth and original dimension, that

from which all proceed, the containing element of Deity." This great spiritual reality, of which human motherhood is the ultimate material expression, and the one most tangible to our limited perceptions, seems to have been comprehended with rare intuition by this illuminated writer.

In the works of the Christian Fathers also we come across this Dual Aspect, in the combined masculine and feminine elements of the Mythic Christ—the word "mythic" being taken in its true sense, as the outer manifestation of a substantial reality, and not in the ordinary meaning of a legendary tale.

In India the idea is very widespread, and many devotees prefer the maternal aspect, finding a greater inspiration in the protecting tenderness and devoted love it suggests, than in the sterner aspect sometimes associated with the name of Father. Amongst female devotees it is not uncommon to trace an attitude that regards the Deity as a little child, the devotee looking upon herself as the mother. This designation, "Mother of God," may seem passing strange to Western minds, and it is only through a broader comprehension of all that Motherhood implies, both subjectively and objectively, that we understand the identity in origin of these two attitudes of the Oriental mind.

The Christian Church has always addressed the Deity as "Father"; why should not the beautiful term "Mother" be equally employed? In this respect Christian Science, with its spiritual paraphrasing of the Lord's Prayer, voices the great truth in the opening words, "Our Father Mother God." In the Roman Catholic Church, although this doctrine of a Dual Aspect may not be generally taught in its more abstract sense, yet the feminine element in worship has its place in the adoration offered to the Virgin. This more concrete conception, although less exalted than the beautiful spiritual idea above referred to, serves to foster a sense of the sanctity of Motherhood, and to present a clearer conception of the Divine Womanly.

The Greek myths are also helpful in demonstrating the claim of womanhood

(and by implication motherhood) to reverence and homage. Indeed, the Greek art, that natural expression of the national mind, reaches its highest manifestation in those perfect female forms that constitute standards of beauty for all schools and ages. For in these Greek figures the sculptor has accomplished not only perfection of form, but he has also contrived to infuse into cold marble a wonderful spirit of beauty, the instinctive expression of what he knew to be Divine.

Such perfect expression is hardly to be conceived as possible without the hypothesis of the artist's intuitional knowledge of the inner significance of the Woman and the Mother.

Let us follow up the indications given by these outward expressions, and see if we can realize something of the mystery they veil. A reference might not here be out of place to two very eminent men of the last century, each in his own sphere an idealistic exponent of the sanctity of motherhood and womanhood. The one was a French writer, the other an Indian saint. In Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* we find a girl of the people, a veritable outcast, displaying for the sake of her child a heroism and self-sacrifice that are no less than sublime. In Sri Ramakrishna's attitude towards all women we perceive his recognition of the innate divinity of motherhood (potential or actual), even in that unfortunate class which is supposed to have forfeited all claim to anything approaching homage, and to which alike this saintly man would bow the knee, recognising, in however degraded a casket, the jewel of the mother instinct within.

It is this sanctity and beauty of Motherhood which has inspired poets and mystics of all ages to offer worship and homage to the Divine Womanly, for the faculty of intuition has revealed to them the inner and wonderful reality, of which the most perfect human expression is but a faint reflection. And to many of the saints of the earth—those ardent devotees who dwell apart in mystic communion with their God—the revelation of this beautiful relationship has become a substantial reality.

For whoso lives in loving and adoring contemplation of the Divine attributes, and feels himself to be in very truth the child of God, cannot fail to penetrate that inner mystery of Motherhood, and to experience a blessedness unknown to those who are content to remain in the outer court of purely intellectual contemplation.

Why does the Indian devotee call herself the "Mother of God" if not that she looks upon maternity as a sacred and beautiful mystery? When she clasps her babe in her arms, that frail being that is flesh of her flesh, life of her life, must not her inner spiritual sense be opened to perceive the wonder and glory of that perfect relationship by virtue of which we are called "Children of God"?

Perhaps at no time more than the present is it more opportune to draw attention to this beautiful aspect of Divinity, for surely there can be no greater comfort for sorrowing hearts than the realization that each single individual may in very truth seek refuge and peace in the infinite love and tenderness of the Divine Mother. The old Hermetic axiom, "As above, so below" (and the converse as a necessary corollary) is exemplified in this as in all things; and from the sweetness and beauty of earthly motherhood we may gather some foretaste of that inexpressible joy awaiting us when we realize to the full the blessedness of the "everlasting arms."

F. EVERY-CLAYTON

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## Meditation

*Know thyself. Demand of thyself, "What am I?"*

*Search out the errors of thy character, the weeds of self-satisfaction.*

*Harrow thy Soul to its uttermost depths, till thou canst truly answer,*

*"Am I of God?" "Am I of the earth?"*

*"Aye, I am indeed of God, but how deeply buried in the soil of materialism."*

*"Where are the beautiful flowers which should be springing from my life? The seeds of Love, of Charity, of Kindness, of Joy, of Help, that were given me for my garden?"*

*Buried deep down, and choked by the growth of Selfishness, love of ease.*

*Sometimes a small flower may appear, but how quickly spoilt by the pride which burns its beauty.*

*Thou who hast seen, clear the unsightliness away.*

*Cherish and care for the flowers.*

*Water them, tend them, with the gifts of the Spirit which alone is of God.*

*So may the Loveliness of God, and the Beauties of Earth, become One.*

L. M. G.

# Religion and Social Duty

By GEORGE WHITELEAD

I PROPOSE to consider the oft-quoted definition of the Apostle James on the question of what is religion. James affirms: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

As will be noticed, the above words have purely an ethical significance, for the phrases "God" and "Father" are only introduced as mere verbiage, having little or nothing to do with the duties enjoined. Is this much applauded statement of religion sufficient?

To keep oneself "unspotted from the world" is characteristic Christian holiness and usually, although not in this case, comes *before* any duty having relationship to the needs of our fellows, much as charity is preached as a Christian virtue. The injunction is good so far as it means that one must keep as clear of "sin" as possible by discipline of the will and conscience in resisting temptation when present, or even in keeping away from those places where "sin" abounds if we fear we are unable to resist whatever enticement is provided. But if it means, as it has too often meant to the early Christians, and as it still means to many thousands to-day, that we must attain personal holiness by shutting ourselves up in a monastery, or away from useful service in connection with the filth of the world, or by dwelling in a cave in the

wilderness as an anchorite, eschewing any form of pleasure for fear it were evil, or shunning even one's mother or sister as possible agents of the devil, we may be outwardly unspotted but in the heart we are morbid, and so far as actions go are as useless as dead stones. More useless, for stones can be put to some service, and, moreover, do not consume the labour of others.\*

This type of holiness resembles the silver tea-pot brightly burnished but never used for fear of tarnish, or the best room of the workman's home which is kept scrupulously dusted but is sacrosanct to every member of the household, simply a store place for the family treasures which are scarcely ever seen.

The social results of the anchorite's discipline are nil—that is, the good results. The evil results are to be found in the fostering of a pernicious ideal of human conduct which not only reacts unfavourably upon the mind of the hermit himself, inducing morbid phenomena not pleasant to dwell upon, but at the same time sophisticates many others into a conception of human virtue which, if universally followed, would not only lead to the extinction of evil but of the race itself. Sinlessness, if it implies also uselessness by a retirement from the work of the world, is not worth cultivating as a

\*[The Author forgets what is achieved by the power of thought and aspiration. The contemplative life is a powerful element in the world's progress.—Ed.]

human ideal. A mussel could attain the ideal with more success. And one might as well be born bereft of all human attributes as purchase immunity from sin-spots at such a price as self-extinction.

But if we add the other part of James's conception of real religion, we find some effort is necessary. We are to visit the widowed and the fatherless, and even if these dwell in sordid dens where dirt and vice are more noticeable than the sweet odour of sanctity, the truly religious soul will attend to the visiting and risk the contamination.

But is it enough to visit the afflicted ones? If the fatherless and the widow are such as a result of the ordinary course of nature which has interceded to take away a loving parent or a beloved mate, then by all means pay the visit and speak the word of comfort which kindly sympathy and inspiration, and perchance a memory of one's own soreness of heart in a similar contingency, suggest as wise and seemly. The word of encouragement spoken, go your way. It is not enough, however, to merely visit if the widow must face the winter's blast to win the sustenance the death of her partner has now withheld. If the crust is difficult to butter or even to obtain, more practical expression may well accompany the words of cheer.

But even deeper still must we probe. The words spoken, the material aid vouchsafed, then must come the soul-searching for ourselves. Why is the widow's grief so inconsolable? Why are the children's eyes so red? If it is merely the grief of loved ones for the mourned dead, which grief let us hope time will assuage, our duty ends with such consolation as poor words can give. But if the prospect of long days of anxious poverty, sombrely contemplated, adds its weight to the burden of woe, we must ask ourselves how far the burden can be lifted with maybe our own financial lever, and even then, I say, our duty has not ended.

Was the widow's man a coal-miner who perished in one of many explosions, which His Majesty's Inspectors assure us could be prevented if adequate precautions for

safety were taken by the mine owners, too zealous for profits to consent to any diminution by the purchase of accessible safeguards? Or was the accident caused by insufficient propping, insufficient because of the insane haste of the miner in order to earn enough wages at the reduced standard of remuneration to provide for the necessities of himself and family—remuneration much too small to allow of comfortable working for the miner, or for thoroughly efficient propping to ensure his own safety free from risk, if anything like a decent wage is to be won? Much coal is bathed in the blood of men slaughtered on the altar of dividend. Moloch claims his victims to-day *before* the fire is kindled! Is the widow weeping over the corpse of a victim of the railway system—a shunter whose life would have been saved by the automatic coupling which is admitted to be necessary and whose application in America has already prevented thousands of accidents which otherwise had been fatal? Or was the man one of those prematurely done to death in a pot-bank where leadless glaze might have been applied if the public would consent to pay, or the employers consent to lose, the few extra coppers necessary for ornaments and utensils which the abolition of lead in this connection would entail? Or again, was he gassed in a chemical hell; or nerve shaken by over-long hours of labour until his habitual sureness of touch deserted him as he adjusted a belt or a strap or a part of his machine in the overtime when, as the statistics show, accidents are abnormally frequent owing to the extra strain which the human organisation is unable to stand without nerve-flagging, muscle-slackening or brain weariness; or, maybe, was he a Lambeth artisan liable to die on the average, as Dr. Drysdale informs us, at the age of 29, whilst his middle-class brother is assured a probable 55 years of life as an average duration?

Was he weakened by consumption fostered by living in a house where, as an infant or adult, the air space was four times less than is deemed sufficient for

the health of a convict? Did he and six or seven others inhale for years the carbonic gases exhaled by the whole company in a small sleeping apartment big enough for one? Was his frame weakened, his lungs rent, his blood thinned, his nervous system devitalised by lack of food or inferior or tainted food such as the poor always consume, until his death could almost be foreshadowed in a few years' time? Did he consume commodities the cheaper varieties of which we learn are nearly all in the grasp of the food adulterator? Were his vegetables "greened" by the smearing of acids, his tea "polished" and blackened, his milk "preserved" and "creamed" with boracic acid, etc., his strawberry jam "pipped" with wooden pips or the "body" supplied with decaying turnips, his sugar improved with arsenic, his bread saturated with alum and prepared in vermin-haunted underground bakehouses, the material well sprinkled with the profuse perspiration of hard-driven men? Or was his coffee improved with any of the twenty-eight known adulterants from chicory to burnt liver? Did rheumatism rack his bones before he died, through his working for little pay as an outdoor labourer in rainy weather until his clothes dried and redried on his protesting form many times per week? Or did the leaky roof of an agriculturist's hut in winter, shared maybe with another family of young and old, help to undermine his constitution; and then did he toil like a beast under the summer sun for abnormal hours for his 12s. 9d. per week?

And how much did long hours and short pay, bad food and little food, high rents and low wages, too much unemployment or too much work, sometimes at unhealthy occupations known to the compilers of industrial statistics, significantly enough, as the "drunken trades," whose artificial conditions prepare the way by impairing the vitality of body, mind and character for the surrender of self-respect after which the victim seeks solace for the unequal struggle in the public-house? The attraction of this refuge

is also aggravated by the alternative of a cheerless home and a nagging wife whose early bloom has for ever departed before the cursed blight of poverty. This step taken inevitably enough leads to hardship's increase.

It is very conceivable that the widow's afflictions were caused by a commercial war made possible by the lust for power or foreign trade, a "place in the sun," "extension of the Empire," more "spheres of influence," opportunity for foreign investment of the capitalist's profits only possible by the home worker's underpayment, or a cynical desire to bring a backward nation into the effulgence of civilisation's rays, to introduce in many cases along with other dubious benefits, factory smoke and drunkenness, prostitution and disease, hurry, greed, and tawdry finery, into regions where before these appurtenances of civilisation were unknown.

To visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction is not merely to mutter pious platitudes about "God's will be done" and the better land to which the dead has gone, whilst picturing the heavenly joys, to partake of which, we, however, are very anxious to postpone; nor even to utter sincere words of comfort straight from the heart. We have a further and greater duty, and if we do not ask ourselves how far the widow's trouble is *socially* inflicted, and how far *we* can prevent its descent upon others by rationally conceived laws based upon justice, we had much better stay at home. If the widow's grief and her children's tears do not stab straight into our conscience with the question, "What can I do to be saved from further helping to murder victims of that commercial greed called 'competition,' the mere toleration of which without protest indicts me as a willing accomplice to bloodshed, theft, and social immorality of every description?" No personal holiness on the one hand, or dispensing of charity on the other, can save any one of us from being enveloped in the cloak of cant instead of in the sweet sanctity of religion.

# Baranasi (Benares)

By HARENDRA N. MAITRA

**A**MONG the greatest monuments of achievement of the Hindus are the sacred cities of India. These are those places consecrated by sacred memory, to which pilgrimages are made from time to time ; and people regard it as a privilege even to die on one of these spots.

There are a hundred and one such places in India, where many pilgrims, having gone, remain for the rest of their lives. In the days before the advent of railways, our ancestors used to make their wills before starting on the pilgrimage, and to bid farewell to their homes and their children. This no longer happens, but still the journey is made with equal reverence and zeal.

Since ancient times *Baranasi* has been known by many names. One of its popular names at the present time is *Kashi*. A Chinese pilgrim, writing in the year A.D. 400, calls the place *Po-lo-nai*—which seems to correspond with a spoken form of *Baranasi*. Up till the year 1193 it was a typical Hindu city, but in that year it was taken by the Mohammedans, and now 28 per cent. of the entire population of the city is Mohammedan. The Hindu temple, beside which stood the Asoka Pillar, was long ago converted into a Mosque.

The Hindu temples of *Baranasi*, which are over 2,000 in number, are remarkable both for their architectural merit and for the fact that they have preserved through the centuries the atmosphere of the religion and civilisation which witnessed their erection. The most historic temple in the city is the Temple of *Visveshwara*,

generally known as "The Golden Temple," from its tower and dome, which are covered with plates of gold, the gift of the Maharajah Ranjit Singh, the "Lion of the Punjab."

However, besides the Hindu temples there are hundreds of mosques built by the Mussulmans ; and at the present time the inheritors of these two great civilisations, having learnt to adjust their differences, are living at peace with each other and sharing their common inheritance. Not only so, but they recognise that their city is enriched by the presence of a few Christian churches ; for Christianity also is part of that newer and more catholic faith which they are handing on to their children and to many generations yet unborn. It is certain that the evolution of the future religion of the world will take place out of the federation of existing faiths ; and it may be that *Baranasi* will herself see something of this evolution.

There are many holy places which must be visited by the pilgrim, and where he must perform sacred rites for the good of his soul. To the onlooker these will appear mere matters of form ; but the devout student of religion will see in them some of those innumerable symbols which were at one time necessary for the purification of the body and of the mind. No system of religion has yet been able to stand without the use of forms and symbols of some kind, though these cease to be useful if they lose their true significance in the minds and hearts of the people.

*Baranasi* has been a seat of learning from time immemorial. A writer, describing it in the year 1667, says : "The town

has no colleges or regular classes, as in our universities, but rather resembles the schools of the ancients, the masters being dispersed over different parts of the town in private houses, and principally in the gardens of the suburbs, which the rich merchants permit them to occupy. Some of these masters have four disciples, others six or seven, and the most eminent may have twelve or fifteen; but this is the largest number. It is usual for the pupils to remain ten or twelve years under their respective preceptors, during which the work of instruction proceeds but slowly." And in *Baranasi* to-day there are hundreds of students of the old Hindu type who read and study the different *shastras* under the guidance of reputed scholars of Sanskrit.

But the most interesting figure that has ever aroused a desire to know the inside of the Hindu faith is that of the *sannyasi*. His yellow robe, his bald head, his *kamandula* (wooden water-pot), and his *danda* (a long stick) have aroused the wonder of all the world. There are *Sannyasis* of many different schools of thought, and their religious practices vary accordingly. There are the schools of *Shakta* and *Shaiva*, of *Vaishnava* and *Ganapatya*; in fact, there are hundreds represented in *Baranasi* and exercising their influence upon the public thought.

In all Hindu places of pilgrimage, the women have entire freedom, and go about without restriction to the temples, the

bathing *ghat*, and the different *maths*. For this reason, European visitors to *Baranasi* have often received the impression that their Indian sisters enjoyed as much freedom as the women of their own countries. There were in the past, and there are still to-day, many learned women holding schools of *shastra* for both men and women. One of these, who was particularly respected, was a learned Bengali lady, Hathi Vidyankara, who used to teach the *shastras* at *Baranasi* at the beginning of the last century.

Finally, the whole atmosphere of *Baranasi* is, as we have said, essentially religious. Early in the morning the men and women go to the sacred Ganges to bathe and to visit the shrines, where they perform *puja* (worship). They would not dream of taking so much as a drop of water until that is accomplished—a condition of things difficult to realise in a Western country, where breakfast is the first ceremony of the day! All through the day there is heard throughout the city the music (strange to European ears) of the *nababah*—which was introduced into India in the days of the Mogul Emperors.

In the evening all assemble on the *ghats* of the Ganges, where they play, read, and discuss such matters as politics, sociology, and religion.

Thus closes a day in that city which is an embodiment of the Hindu genius.

HARENDRA N. MAITRA

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*Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,  
Whose words are always true,  
That keeps the law of kindness still  
Whatever others do.  
Blest be the hands that toil to aid  
The great world's ceaseless need—  
The hands that never are afraid  
To do a kindly deed.*

# “Whatsoever Things are Lovely . . .”

By C. V. MADDOCKS

**W**HEN our Divine Brother took up His great work as Supreme Teacher of angels and men, we are told that the first lessons He taught were those of Love and Beauty. To India as the Child Krishna, He brought a revelation of Divine Love, while His messengers were inspiring the men of Greece with the ideal of Beauty. “The glory of Athens was the glory of the Lord.” In those days men saw the Divine in all graceful and lovely forms, and worshipped Beauty Herself as Divinity. Among the greater souls, the outward beauty was realised as attaining to full perfection only when it served as the expression of inward loveliness. Thus it is recorded of Socrates that one day, on rising from his seat beneath a shady plane-tree, he uttered this prayer: “Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods that haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul, and may the outward and the inward be at one.”

Plato taught of the Divine Beauty under the name of Aphrodite Urania—the heavenly or spiritual Loveliness.

But gradually the worship of beauty and harmony, both outer and inner, led, with many, to a self-culture which designedly left out all consideration of, or for, the weak, the poor, the helpless. Two of the great schools of thought of the time, the Epicureans and the Stoics, different as their outlook on life appears to have been, agreed in deliberately refusing to consider benevolence as anything but a

weakness. The Epicureans, regarding pleasure as the chief end in life, tended to become self-indulgent and regardless of anything but their own well-being; and the Stoics, indifferent to pleasure as to pain, admirable as they were in their self-control and dignified calm, found no place in their system of thought for the gentle virtues of pity and compassion. At a later day so great and good a man as the Stoic Epictetus could speak of those who were “guilty of the weakness of compassion,” and could urge his hearers to purge themselves from the “vice.” He bid his disciples to “lay aside such reasonings as these: ‘If I do not correct my servant he will be good for nothing.’ For,” he adds, “it is better your servant should be bad, than you unhappy.”

Thus the love of Beauty and Harmony was leading many to an outlook on life which was self-centred; in which nothing that was wanting in grace of form, either mentally or physically, was tolerated, and in which the unsightly and maimed, the weak and poor, were of no account.

It became necessary, therefore, for the World-Teacher to give a new lesson to the Western peoples, to lay stress on a new aspect of Truth, and in the land of Palestine the teaching was given.

“Hitherto,” rang out the Divine Message to the Western world, “you have seen Me in the tree and the flower, the sparkling waters of the sea, and the blue depths of the sky; in the fleet strong limbs of men, and the graceful beauty of

laughing girls ; in all that charms the eye, attracts the mind, and captivates the heart. Henceforward you shall learn to see Me in the poor, the lame, the outcast, the despised, the helpless ; in serving them you shall serve Me. Learn that to Me every soul is infinitely precious, whether its outer form be fair or no. Learn that only those who give themselves for others are able to find the One Beauty for which they seek. For It is hidden in the heart of all, and in serving all they will find the One. You have learned the beauty of joy ; learn now the beauty of sorrow, the beauty of self-sacrifice."

And for many a long century man has striven to learn his lesson. Many and terrible have been the failures, and yet, little by little, the great ideals of Compassion and Self-sacrifice have permeated the world's thought. The sick have been tended, many and various efforts have been made, and are being made, towards the relief of the sufferings of the poor, and throughout the ages noble men and women have given in uttermost sacrifice all that the world holds dear in order to help and teach their fellows.

In the painful striving after these new ideals, much of the old teaching has, necessarily perhaps, been forgotten. Man has lost touch with nature, and has thereby forfeited much of the joy in life of the ancient days, the joy which felt a unity with all the world, a fellowship with the whole creation. In dwelling on the pathetic beauty of the Man of Sorrows, that touching and compelling Figure which dominates Christendom, another aspect of the same Figure has almost been forgotten. It is that of One Who said that He came in order that we might have Life, and have it abundantly ; Who taught that man should live in happy confidence in a Father's love, neither brooding over the past nor dreading the future, but, like the flowers of the field and the birds of the air, living perfectly each moment as it presents itself.

How shall this joy and feeling of unity be regained ? Surely it will be by following the appointed path of self-sacrifice, for the heart of self-giving has ever been joy.

Centuries ago, St. Francis of Assisi, having renounced all for love of God and man, went singing through the Italian woods and fields for pure gladness of heart. He loved all creatures, and rejoiced in their beauty, greeting birds and flowers as little brothers and sisters, while yet his deepest tenderness was given to the sad and suffering among his fellow-men. And is not this spirit in harmony with that of Him Who bade His disciples to consider the lilies and remember that not one sparrow is forgotten before God ; Who, on the eve of His own great Self-sacrifice, prayed for them that His Joy might remain in them, that so their joy might be full ?

Nowadays it seems that a great testing time is upon us. It may be that the Teacher wishes the lesson of self-sacrifice to be impressed upon our hearts for ever. Millions of lives are being unselfishly given for others, millions all over the world are showing a love and courage and devotion which are utterly wonderful. No saints are they in the ordinary sense of the word, and yet the cheery spirit of our soldiers and sailors—yes, and of the women who have given those whom they love best—is one of the beautiful things which the war, with all its horrors, has revealed to us. And to some, with the utter yielding of the personal self, comes a wonderful feeling of kinship with the whole world. Thus Julian Grenfell wrote, shortly before his death on the field of battle :—

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth ;  
And find, when fighting shall be done  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-star and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together  
They stand to him each one a friend ;  
They gently speak in the windy weather ;  
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

\* \* \* \* \*

The thundering line of battle stands  
And in the air Death moans and sings ;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

These, surely, are the words of one who has fully learned his lesson, and has found the joy and beauty of self-sacrifice ! If so many have, in part at least, learned the lesson which was set in Palestine, it may be that when that Great Teacher comes again to this poor broken world of ours, He will teach us to combine the various ideals which He has set before us, as hitherto we have not been able to do. To learn to realise the Beauty which lies at the heart of all, whether in joy or sorrow ; the Unity of all life, whether in Nature or in man ; the Giving which is only painful to the lower self, but in its essence is the very Joy of the Lord ; the Love which sees reflected in all, however humble and unbeautiful the outer form may be, the Face of the One Beloved, and finds His presence everywhere ; such may be our happy task in the days to come.

Still is our world in the grip of the

bitter wintry weather ; hardly can one dare to think of the lovely Spring-time which our Divine Brother and Lord will surely bring to us. Yet the coming of the Spring is already beginning ; the sap is beginning to rise in the hearts of mankind in the longing and striving for a higher, more beautiful, more brotherly civilisation. And this longing is the promise of its own fulfilment.

Not yet the flowering time—only now the blind upward striving of the growing plants towards the light. Cold blustering winds and snow-storms of earliest Spring, yet—

. . . to earth's life and mine some presence  
or dream or desire  
(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a  
moment and goes.  
Rapture of life ineffable, perfect—as if in the  
brier  
Leafless there by my door, trembles the sense  
of a rose.

C. V. MADDOCKS

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## The Call

*I know not who thou art calling alway.  
Into my soul thou enterest, and there,  
With voice above all thoughts and through  
all care,  
Dost call insistent. And I must obey.  
Thou callest with Love's voice, with Beauty's  
lure,  
In the young Springtime, in the Autumn fall.  
Amidst day's joys I hear thy clear, sweet call,  
And in the night thy whisper, still, yet sure.  
Thou callest when my yearning soul is numb  
With loneliness and craving, and the far.  
Thou callest when vain hopes have set their  
bar  
Across my life, and all my heart is dumb.  
Thou callest, God being very near to me.  
Almost I see thee, feel thee, O thou power  
That drawest on, my life to thee, each hour,  
Ay, and to God ! . . . Call. I will follow thee.*

VIOLET GILLESPIE

# At the Cross Roads

By PHILIP TILLARD

**W**HATEVER may be the outcome of the present war, some settlement of differences must ultimately be reached. Peace, when it comes, will be either a temporary respite from open hostilities, till the defeated party again feels strong enough to tempt the fortunes of war, or the basis of a more permanent agreement which may revolutionise international politics. Which of the two it is to be will depend on Western civilisation in general, and on the victorious side in particular.

During the period of history dating from the Renaissance onwards one can trace the rise and gradual development of a policy that is now the shibboleth of modern statecraft: the "Balance of Power." The niceties of adjustment necessary to prevent the excessive accumulation of power in the hands of any one nation or group of nations has proved an arduous and seemingly unending task. No sooner has one danger been removed, when another has arisen, often from that very nation that has been the chief instrument of the temporary adjustment. On the whole, though, this theory of the "Balance of Power" has answered its purpose well. Weaker nations have been protected from the aggression of stronger, so that the individuality of each might be developed to its greatest extent, and civilisation as a whole benefit from the contributions to its progress given by the individual State.

In the past this has been good, for the development of Individuality has been the Law of progress for the world at the point of evolution it had reached. But in time the world outgrows its civilisation and requires fresh lines of expansion, and that such a turning-point in the history of mankind has now been reached is evident to all who have eyes to see. Progress will not adapt itself to any bed of Procrustes: it demands new outlets for its energies, new methods of dealing with old difficulties.

Now, among the old ideas to be discarded is that of the "Balance of Power." However useful it may have been in the past, further continuance of it now can only prove disastrous. This is clearly shown in the case of Alsace-Lorraine and the Balkans, where each attempt at adjustment of the balance has merely sown the seeds of future discord. What they have proved in the past, a Belgium or a Kiel Canal might be in the future. The defeated party, nursing his often most justifiable grievances, bides his time and intrigues to reshuffle the Great Powers to its own advantage; while the victor is forced to watch jealously over his gains and ever be on guard against fresh attack. The division of Europe into armed camps breeds mutual suspicion, and the increasing burden of armaments falls heavily on all alike.

The only alternative to international competition is international co-operation, the substitution of a Federation of

Europe for the policy of the "Balance of Power." Such an idea is not so Utopian or unfeasible as many imagine. Combination on federal lines already exists in America, Germany and some of our Colonies, and its success augurs well for its adoption on a wider basis. Again, the revolt of the peoples of all nationalities from the horrors of a modern war, especially on the conclusion of peace when its effects will really begin to be felt, will be a powerful factor towards making such an action possible.

Both Germany and the Allies acclaim that they are fighting for the cause of humanity. Here will be a chance for the victor to prove that his assertions are not empty words, and by a generous use of victory to pave the way for the peace of the world. This peace a Federated Europe would go far to secure. It is a significant fact that Germany, if not for entirely altruistic

reasons, has already declared the necessity for abandoning the policy of the "Balance of Power," which, as the Chancellor justly said, is "the hatching oven for wars." So true is it that Nature uses all alike to carry out her plans.

The initial difficulties of forming a European Federation will, of course, be great, and perhaps at first appear unsurmountable; but surmounted they will be, even if the world has to learn its lesson in the fires of another terrible war such as the present one. The Law of Evolution is tending irresistibly towards co-operation, and, though many may delay, none can alter its operations. The Age of Competition, though it dies hard, is doomed, while in its place is dawning, however faintly at present, that Age of Brotherhood and Co-operation which is the hope of all nations.

PHILIP TILLARD

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## The Light of Lights

*Through all the clouds that gather round thy  
soul,  
Trust thou the gleam of that far-shining  
thing,  
Lighting all dark that falls, all mists that  
cling:  
Which was before thou wert, naked and clear,  
Burning from Always, when this flickering  
Here  
Was but a spark of that eternal Whole.  
From its still fires the flameless light doth  
flow,  
From its unswerving depths shines one long  
beam  
Transcendent, piercing every vapour-dream.  
Thy soul-light glimmers faint in life's wild  
sky,  
A failing star; so shall it look more high,  
And find God's light. Then thou at last shalt  
know.*

VIOLET GILLESPIE

# The Angels at Mons

*A Statement by Private John Easy of the 9th Lincoln Regiment*

I WENT out to France with the 3rd Division, 9th Infantry Brigade, on August 5th, 1914. We sailed from Southampton on a very small boat which was scarcely large enough to carry half her cargo comfortably, called the *Norman*. We arrived at *le Havre*, after a favourable journey, at about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 6th. Here we lined up at a coffee-stall, at which our Company Officer kindly stood "treat"—but, alas! not one of us could drink the coffee provided!

Having rested, we were formed in column of route, and marched to a camp about five miles distant. It was a terribly hot day, and five or six men fainted on the way; these fainted from the effects of inoculation, which necessary operation had been carried out two days before we sailed from Southampton. I think we remained three days in camp; then we received the order to "strike camp" and we were off in no time—where, none of us knew.

However, after a number of long and trying marches (the nights being spent mostly in cowsheds and haylofts) and tedious train-rides, consisting principally of changes, we at last arrived at Mons. Here we saw such a display of flags as I have rarely seen—in the streets and flying from the windows—red, white and blue—blue, white and red—and black, yellow and red. One would have thought there was to be a wedding presently—instead of fearful murder. . . . All the Belgian people were sitting on the walls and gate-posts, and hanging out of their windows, shouting: "*Vive l'Anglais!*" as though

their lives depended on it. But a number of the women were running backwards and forwards between the ranks, distributing beer, coffee, bread and cheese, chocolate, biscuits, cigars and cigarettes.

We thought then that we were going straight through Mons, but when we got to what seemed to be the middle of the town we halted and formed up in a big, open square which looked like a market-place, and once more removed our packs. Again those tireless Belgian women came round the ranks—it seemed to me that they must have cleared their larders and store-cupboards for our benefit! We only wished we could understand what they were saying to us!

"Put on your packs!" came the order. "Slope arms!" "*Click!—thump!—bang!*" went every man's rifle simultaneously and the people stared.

"Move to the left in fours!" came the warning again. "Form fours!" "*Click!—click!*" and the onlookers smiled—a proud smile it was.

"By the right, *quick MARCH!*" We had started.

"We're off the wrong way!" said my left-hand man, "we're going back!"

But we were not going back; we went into billets for the night. My Company was billeted in a theatre. The word came round that we had two hours' leave, but boundary marks were set in case of emergency.

We went off to have "a good time." And we had one. But not for two hours. In fact, barely an hour had passed when a Scottish sergeant, whom we called Jock, came round to warn us to return at once.

"What's up?" we asked.

"Up? There's plenty up!" replied the sergeant. "Get your packs on, and fall in, quick!" And that was all the information we could get.

Hurrying and shuffling, we were soon in some kind of formation.

"Double march! Right wheel! Left wheel! *Halt!* Take off your packs! came the orders, all in one breath!

We were now on the outskirts of Mons. Practically all we could see was a long line of tall trees. Saws, picks, shovels, axes, hammers and chisels were served out.

"Hew these trees down. Dig this road up. Fill these sandbags. Bring those carts here. Bring those bricks along. Pull those walls down!" Such orders came thick and fast, and soon we had a safe barricade right across the main road. No. 16 platoon—to which I belonged—was ordered into a public house facing the main road through the town, which we had barricaded. To make our stronghold safe, we commenced pulling pianos, bedsteads, oak washstands, etc., into position in front of the windows. Then we watched and waited.

"*Bang!*" It was our own gun which spoke, and I had just time to withdraw my head from a window through which I had been looking before the Germans replied—for a shell fired down a street leaves little room for heads! Looking through another window, however, I saw hundreds of grey uniforms. A good many Germans had fallen, but only one of our men had been hit—by a ricochet—when we received the order to retire. We retired to the next barricade, and thus fought our way out of Mons, which thus fell into the hands of the Germans. This was the end of the first day's fighting.

Night came on, and we thought we were to retreat under cover of the darkness, but instead we halted for an hour and then turned once more to face the enemy. We relinquished Mons altogether, and, taking up our position, began digging trenches. But the Germans soon discovered where we were, and it was not long before they had their guns trained on us from the exceedingly strong position which they

now held. Thus, when morning came, they immediately began digging us out of our hurriedly constructed trenches with their "Jack Johnsons." Even the worms in the ground must have had little rest. Their huge shells continued to plough up the ground at short intervals, until at last we had a chance to retire. But then we did not retreat very far, and the shells continued to follow us the whole way. A man I knew well came to me covered with blood; I asked him whether he had been hit, and he replied:

"No, it's Smith. He was blown to bits, and all the blood went over me."

When we reached our next barricade, it was worse than ever. The street was very narrow, and our officers now saw that we could hold out no longer, so we prepared to fight a rearguard action—a certain number of us, including myself, remaining behind to cover the retreat of the main body. We looked at each other and it seemed like good-bye, but we settled down to our work and no one grumbled. When the main body had got clear away, it would be *sauve qui peut!*

Each man took steady aim. It was marvellous to see them—grimly standing up against such odds! All the time the German guns were hurling shells after our retreating force, and all the time houses, hospitals and huge buildings were falling and crumbling like dust before the wind. Meanwhile there we lay: a steady "*plop! plop! plop!*" vouched for the fact.

Each moment our strength grew less. Our main-guard had by this time got clear with few casualties, but as for ourselves—well, it was a case of sacrificing the minority to save the majority. Did no one care what happened to us? we asked ourselves. Were we to be crushed and mocked by those blood-sucking vampires? Nearer, nearer, came that grey mass, bent on our destruction.

"Here they come! We're done!" we said to each other, and finally gave ourselves up for lost. Three hundred yards away were they now, sweeping down upon us. Then two hundred yards.

Then it was that the strangest thing, surely, in all history happened between

ourselves and the advancing Germans. For a long line of white, angelic forms swooped down and formed a kind of barricade between the opposing forces. There they stood majestically, seeming to us to defy the Germans. Not a sound could we hear—only now and then a cry as of terror ; this put confidence into us, and we knew that we were saved. We were saved by the intervention of Providence.

We now began to retire, and, looking back, we saw that that majestic barricade was still there, now making beautiful movements. Before turning a corner, we again looked back, but this time they were gone.

We heard afterwards that several Germans were picked up dead but unwounded. Whether this was true I do not know—but we can vouch for what we saw,

and for myself it seems to me to show that we are God's chosen people, and that He is helping us to fight for what is just, pure and holy. I may add that before this I myself was nothing much of a Christian, but that now I believe with all my heart.

The next day we found the remainder of our Division—and very much surprised they were to see us !

Later, I saw this same vision whilst in hospital at Angers with tetanus, and I knew then that I should recover. I was in the historic retreat from Mons, living on raw carrots and fruit, and with very little sleep at night. I was also in the subsequent advance, and received a shrapnel wound on the Aisne. In conclusion, I do most solemnly affirm that every word that I have written is true, no matter whether it is believed or not.

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# The Legend of King Vipashchit

From the *Markandeya Purana*

Adapted from the Sanskrit by SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY

**T**HE story of this king, as related in the *Markandeya Purana*, is so closely connected with that of the Brahman Sumati that one cannot be told without bringing in the other. In fact, the two stories interweave so as to form one complete whole.

Sumati, who was of the family of the great Rishi Bhrgu, had been a very wicked man in his former birth. He was then a Vaishya, and always made a point of preventing thirsty cows from going to the brook to drink. For this he was condemned to visit after death the dark and dreary regions of Hell, there to endure the

torments to which sinful mortals are subjected as a punishment for their wicked acts on earth.

These dolorous regions, as Sumati (who seems to have had a lively recollection of his former state and being) related to his father, blazed with ever-burning fire and brimstone. The deep darkness of these regions thus being made visible, they disclosed sights which even the boldest of human beings could not but behold "with shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast." There iron-beaked birds were tearing out flesh from the bodies of the sinful, while fierce-looking ministers of Death were constantly belabouring them with stout

iron clubs and deluging the place with their blood. This was the ordinary mode of punishment, but there were other punishments besides.

Sumati went on to say that, while in Hell, he, too, had to endure these torments. But one day, when the cruel ministers of Death were giving him great pain by bottling him up in a gigantic jar, full of burning hot sand, and he was writhing in agony, suddenly a sweet, cooling breeze commenced to blow—very different to the malodorous, parching air which usually filled those regions. It was like the fragrant wind which blows from Araby the Blest. This unlooked-for blessing had such a healing effect upon the miserable dwellers in those horrible regions that, marvellous to relate, all their pains and sufferings were clean cast out of them as by a potent magical spell; and like the rest, he, too, became perfectly free from pain, and, forgetting all his torments, found himself in a condition approaching heavenly bliss.

This sudden change in their condition took the doomed beings quite by surprise, and while they were wondering how this was brought about, they saw a tall, majestic figure approaching them, escorted by a dark-visaged minister of Death. This being, on witnessing the suffering around him, said to his guide :

"Oh, Servant of Yama, I am he who was King Vipashchit of the renowned family of Rajarshi Janaka. All the time that I held sway on earth, I ruled over my subjects with justice, wisdom and moderation, treating them as though they were my own offspring; I performed many *yajnas* as prescribed in the *shastras* for kings to perform; I never fled from the field of battle, but always faced the enemy with a bold front; I never turned away beggars from my door; I never failed to render honour where honour was due; I never chastised my subjects, nor showed cruelty to servants or dependants; I never coveted the wealth of others—why, therefore, am I made to come to such a region of dire suffering?"

The minister of Yama, after mention-

ing one slight offence committed by the King while on earth, thus consoled him :

"Maharaja, it is for that petty offence that thou art sent to have a glimpse of this dreaded region; but that mere glimpse is sufficient expiation of it. This day thou art washed clean of it, and hast become perfectly pure and stainless. So come now, to enjoy, as reward for thy virtue, peace and happiness in Vaikunta for all time to come."

Thus comforted, the King was about to leave the place in the company of Yama's agent when he heard a loud, plaintive cry arising from Hell, repeated by many voices :

"Maharaja, be so good as to remain here yet a little longer! The gentle breeze that is blowing, on coming into contact with thy body, proves a salve to our sufferings. Thy companionship has brought unthought of relief and joy to our painful hearts!"

King Vipashchit, on hearing these piteous supplications, asked his guide :

"Tell me—what good thing have I done by force of which these miserable beings feel relief from their sufferings in my presence?"

"Maharaja," the minister replied, "it is because thou hast maintained thy body barely upon the crumbs of food that remained after satisfying the gods, thy ancestors, thy suppliants and thy dependants that the very air, on coming into contact with thy body, becomes capable of such good. But come now, accompany me to Vaikunta, which is thy proper resting-place."

Upon this the King replied :

"It is my belief that the happiness which springs up in one's heart from bringing peace and comfort to the hearts of the wretched and sorrowful is such that none in Heaven or in the mansion of Brahma experiences its like. If simply by remaining near these miserable creatures I can relieve them of their sorrows, then I shall surely do better to remain here throughout eternity. I need not go to Heaven."

Then the agent of Yama said :

"Maharaja, by thy good acts thou hast acquired merit without stint or measure—why shouldst thou dwell with these sinners? They are suffering for their own wickedness. Leave them; come with me to the blissful region of Vishnu, and there enjoy for all time to come the fruits of thy good and holy acts."

But these encouraging words did not produce the desired effect upon the mind of the King, who, again addressing his guide, said:

"All these poor creatures are suffering terrible agony—I cannot leave them, seeing that by my presence they are relieved, and even enjoy happiness in this place of woe. It is well to show kindness even to foes if they are in danger and seek help; shame be on him who is averse to doing so! Vain and fruitless are his charitable acts, religious musings and austerities, who, on beholding others in pain and misery, does not stretch forth his hand to succour them. If, therefore, by allowing my body to be scorched by the fierce fire of Hell and bearing the pangs of hunger and thirst I can relieve the suffering of these others, my position will be as one of heavenly bliss. If through my suffering alone all these poor creatures may enjoy peace, I shall deem my life a blessing. You may go, but I will not."

On coming to know of the King's unwillingness to go to Heaven, Dharma and Indra came down to persuade him. The agent of Yama told him:

"Maharaja, the great gods Indra and Dharma have come to take thee to Heaven; now, indeed, thou must go!"

But the King asked of the gods:

"What amount of merit have I acquired?"

Then Dharma replied:

"As drops in the ocean, stars in the firmament and the sands on the shore of the Ganges cannot be numbered, so the amount of merit thou hast acquired is measureless. This day, by thy showing compassion for the suffering denizens of Hell, thy vast store of merit has been augmented times without number. Come, then, with us, to enjoy the fruits of thy good deeds, and leave these sinful creatures to suffer for their own wicked acts."

But the King replied:

"O Mighty Ones, if I stay not to relieve the sufferings of these beings, who would court my company? So, making a free gift of the merit I have acquired, I pray that these suffering sinners may be relieved of all their pain and misery for evermore!"

As these noble words left the King's mouth, flowers fell in showers from Heaven, and the sinners were relieved of the torments of Hell.

"Maharaja," said Indra, "by force of all this merit thou hast gained a seat in the happiest and best of worlds," upon which the two great Gods proceeded with King Vipashchit towards the highest Heaven, which is Vaikunta.

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY

# How I Became an Esperantist

By H. B. HYAMS

**N**OT from a desire for international brotherhood did I in the beginning become an Esperantist, nor from an understanding that Esperanto is the logical result of language evolution. It was only afterwards that I came to realise that world-wide fellowship and Divine Wisdom were embodied in this beautiful language. I commenced to learn Esperanto without having any very strong motive for doing so. It seemed to come in the natural course of philosophy, just as sunshine comes in summer. But I can understand how strongly it must appeal to people who have been striving for years to break down national barriers between countries, how the "winter of their discontent is now made summer" by this glorious language.

My very first acquaintance with Esperanto was in the shape of a few lines of the language itself in a weekly paper. I glanced at it with a little curiosity; its many "j's" struck me as being rather ugly. Then the thought came, why not look into it. So I wrote away for a lesson-book and a copy of the translation of *Hamlet*. Needless to say, the latter was useless to me, but the lesson-book was very useful. My being quite inexperienced in regard to the learning of languages was the cause of my trying to start with the Omega as well as the Alpha. However, the logical qualities of the language at once pleased me. There was reason for everything. Being truly British in my lack of linguistic ability I found the simplicity of Esperanto very attractive. In the light of the little Esperanto terminals the irregular French Verbs of my school days appeared as hideous nightmares. I learnt the six verbal endings in Esperanto, and the whole of the usual

verbal difficulty was annihilated. I became more interested in this simple language. In my school-days I had suffered for my inability to spell. I reasoned that to give the same sound to different letters in cat, kitten, quay, tax and tacks was absurd. Out of ten years of my school life I think one tenth was taken up with punishments for my reasoning faculty in giving the same sounds to the same syllables and letters. Esperanto does not cause a child to be punished in this way; it develops the reasoning faculty; spelling cannot be wrong when one syllable always has the same sound. I studied the rest of the lesson-book and found the other usual language difficulties also annihilated by means of simple suffixes and the use of common sense. Here at least was a language in which one could reason; no man learning Esperanto would be tormented by difficulties of illogical qualities which are found in all national languages. After the first week in which I had given a few hours each day to the study, I wrote in Esperanto to a Frenchman in France, whose name I saw advertised in the *British Esperantist*. In due time I received a reply. It was easily read and from it developed a correspondence which lasted for several years. After two or three weeks' study I was able to use this language in correspondence with foreigners, a language in which there could be no misunderstanding on account of idiom and other illogical elements. But as yet I had not heard the language from the lips of anyone and I had not spoken it myself. However, a few days spent with an Esperantist showed me that there were no difficulties as to speaking. A book of addresses of British Esperantists gave me hundreds of friends all ready to use the language with me and offer whatever help I wanted.

After nine months from my first acquaintance with the language a visit to the International Congress at Antwerp gave me a new experience. At that Congress there were present about 1,800 Esperantists from all parts of the world. We had all kinds of meetings, concerts, theatricals and excursions. Scientists, doctors, dentists, photographers, students, theosophists, socialists, spiritualists, and many other -ists met together and held their own special meetings with a view to helping international relations. It was a new land—Esperanto-land, in which each member of a nation had lost for the time being his nationality, and had intercourse with the others on a *neutral* platform. It is often suggested that English will be the world language of the future. But that is not possible owing to national jealousies. If English were to become the world language that would place a premium on English culture and give an unfair advantage to English-speaking peoples in the commercial field. Just as the world has not permitted England to become the workshop of the world, so in the same way it will not permit the English language to be the world language. It would also necessitate an army of English teachers in all the secondary schools on the earth. The English language is not connected with the Peace Ideal, while Esperanto is. English could not become a *neutral* instrument for international intercourse as was Esperanto at the Antwerp Congress. In all fields of activity it was shown that Esperanto was a splendid instrument. At a large hall there was an exhibition in which all business of selling, etc., was done in Esperanto. The cafés and restaurants had their menus in Esperanto and the waiters spoke it; even the policemen and post-office officials became Esperantists. This Congress lasted a week, but many congressionists stayed on to visit other parts of Belgium with the help of Esperanto. I stayed on for two weeks, and during four or five days was in Malines knowing only Esperanto as a means of communication.

To visit a Congress is a new experience

which cannot be expressed in words of a national tongue; Esperantists sing of this new experience, this new fellowship, as the *Nova Sentio*. Since the Antwerp Congress there have been yearly Congresses, each time growing in importance, but from a personal point of view one's first Congress is the most important, for it is there that one first becomes acquainted with this new international fellowship.

After that Congress I commenced to dip into the Esperanto literature. Works by Turgenev, Molière, Gogol, Schiller, and about 1,500 other books I found waiting for me, and scores of international and national Esperanto magazines came into my hands. I joined the *Universala Esperanta Asocio*, an organisation which has delegates in all parts of the world all ready to help fellow Esperantists. The work of this society in the present war has remained strictly neutral, and its extent is shown by the following statistics of its correspondence: in 1910, 23,940; in 1911, 34,355; in 1913, 39,688; in 1915, 97,415.

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If it is true that an Englishman only knows his own country after he has become acquainted with other lands, it is equally true that an Englishman's acquaintance with his own language becomes improved from a knowledge of Esperanto. Tolstoy said that the necessary efforts to be made in acquiring this simple language were so slight, and the accruing advantages so enormous, that it behoved every civilised human being to make the attempt.

However, above all advantages economic, commercial, scientific and artistic, is the fraternising effect of Esperanto. This must be experienced before it can be understood. Then will the newborn Esperantist say of his language:

"Thou hast made me known to friends whom  
I knew not.  
Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own.  
Thou hast brought the distant near, and made  
a brother of the stranger.  
When one knows Thee, then alien there is  
none, then no door is shut."

H. B. HYAMS

# The Bahai Movement

By HARENDRA N. MAITRA

**A**BOUT a couple of years ago the writer had the privilege of meeting Abdul Baha in London. He had come unexpectedly with a group of people—men and women—to a house at Hampstead where Bhai Promathalall Sen of the New Dispensation was conducting a service. There was a good sprinkling of London Indians—students and residents—and some very notable English thinkers and leaders of progressive movements. After a few minutes, Abdul Baha came forward and exclaimed: "*Marhabbah, Marhabbah*" ("Well done, well done!"). A lady present translated the Persian into English, to the joy of everyone else in the room.

That little meeting of faithful men and women will never be obliterated from the mind of the writer, and indeed soon awakened in him a keen desire to know and study further the principles and progress of this great religious movement.

It was in the city of Shiraz, in Persia, that this great new religious movement, with its wonderful message of unity, was born.

In the year 1819, a child was born in Shiraz, by the name of Mirza Mohammed Ali, who, when he was twenty-four, took to himself the title of "*Bab*"—which means "door." But on account of his new teaching which largely revolutionised the orthodox opinion of the time, he was seized, thrown into prison, and ultimately shot at Tabriz in 1850.

All the leading members of the faith were then either imprisoned or executed. Amongst those imprisoned was a wealthy

Persian noble, who was widely known and respected as "The Father of the Poor in Teheran," and who later came to bear the title, *Baha'ulla* ("The Glory of God"). He was imprisoned for about four months with a thick chain about his neck. Then the Government, being unable to substantiate any charge against him, were forced to release him, but confiscated practically the whole of his property and banished him to the remotest borders of Persia. He lived at Baghdad for a period of seven years; but his faith spread like wildfire and converted many men and women to the new life.

The Sultan's Government then summoned him to Constantinople. He was there for some months, but by the order of the Ottoman Government was banished, with his family and companions, to Adrianople. After staying there for three years they were sent to a most unhealthy town called Akka—which the authorities confidently expected would kill these firebrands. For two years seventy of these men and women were confined in two rooms, the charge against them being that they were to be ranked with the nihilists and heretics. Finally they were released, and allowed to reside within a radius of about eighteen miles. But Baha'ulla died in 1892, at the age of seventy-five, his mantle falling upon his son, Abdul Baha, known also as Abbas Effendi.

The religion of the Bahais is a living religion of faith and spirituality. The first duty of man, they say, is love to God and man. "*Khodah*" and "*Mohabbet*" are the two words they are continually

uttering; they mean "God," and "Love."

"Love for men," says Abbas Effendi, "is love for God. To serve men is to serve God. My sign is this, that I serve the people." Probably his two greatest sayings are these: "Ye are the leaves of one tree, the fruit of one tree: be ye kind to one another"; and, "Man has two natures—a higher nature, which is divine, and a lower nature, which is human. The higher nature is the inspiration of God within us; the lower nature is the slave of sensuous pleasure, desire, attachment, and ignorance; the struggle which Jesus experienced was that between the higher and lower selves. In this struggle Jesus perceived that the things of the senses and of the world are impermanent and futile. He conquered his lower nature, and his higher self—that which was of God—became ascendant: then it was that He said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

To a Bahai heaven and hell are not places, but conditions of the mind and heart. The ethical code of the Bahai religion may be summarised as follows: there is no place of honour for the priesthood; begging is forbidden; all enemies are to be forgiven; evil is not to be met with evil; above all it is held that where there is contention there cannot be the highest conception of truth.

A seed containing within itself tremendous energy has been planted, and we may well expect that the fruit and the flowers will be great. The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church, and the leaders of this movement have shed their blood, not for the glory of their own names, but for the glorification of truth, justice, and love. They have striven to plant the banner of freedom in the heart of man.

They have gathered together the four quarters of the globe in the love of one God.

The Moslem from the Koran hears the Truth that he must learn;  
The Hindu in the Vedas sees the way his feet should turn;  
In Moses and the Prophets the Jew restores his soul;  
The Christian in the Gospel finds the life which is the Whole;  
And all may read the self-same speech, no matter what the scroll.

That God is one; that men are one; that faith is e'er the same;  
That Love is still the nearest word to hint the Nameless Name;  
This is the creed of the East and the West, when you plumb the depths, my son;  
For the Word of the Lord is Unity, and the will of the Lord shall be done;  
Hands are black, white, yellow, or brown, but the hue of the heart is one.

HARENDRA N. MAITRA

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*Small service is true service while it lasts,  
Of friends however humble scorn not one;  
The daisy by the shadow that it casts  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.*

WORDSWORTH

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# Brotherhood

(A TRUE EPISODE)

*Back ebb'd the crimson tide of war, whose waves  
Left stranded piles of human jettison  
Upon the field of death. Remoter now  
The urge of battle save where a distant gun,  
As if to toll the passing of a soul  
Into the Great Beyond, still sullen boomed.  
Here, midst the human wreckage, all alone  
On mercy's errand bent, a figure came,  
His quest to find if any lying there  
Followed the Ancient Faith that God of old  
Gave to His Chosen People.  
Sudden, a voice beside him: "Vite, mon père,  
Un crucifix . . . se meurs." The other stopped,  
And stooping saw the shattered form of one  
Who, ere he passed, had craved the benison  
Of Holy Mother Church. In need so great,  
Without a moment's thought of clashing creed,  
The Rabbi turned and searched among the dead  
For one around whose neck on tiny chain  
Suspended hung the emblem that he sought.  
This found, he hastened back, and, kneeling down,  
Pressed to those dying lips The Master's form,  
Murmuring such phrases of an alien faith  
As he could call to mind. While busied thus,  
He heeded not the warning note that told  
The approach of a stray shell, which not by chance—  
For Heaven knows no Chance—had chosen him  
To consummate by death the Sacrifice  
That made him greater than the Creed he preached,  
And linked him with the Brotherhood of Man.*

PHILIP TILLARD



By C. JINARAJADASA

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

**I**T was Rousseau who said, "Do you want to know what the men are like? Study the women." The truth of this is just dawning on the world, and a few here and there are beginning to realise that most of the evils we suffer from in our social and economic life would disappear if women were to enter into national life with political rights. In a few countries women have equal political rights with men, and not a single country that has given women the vote has had cause to regret it. There is no going back with this reform that has at last become a fact in the social life of the most advanced nations; there are many nations yet to fall into line, but fall into line they will sooner or later.

But if, after all these many generations that men have dominated political life, the result for each nation is all the vivid contrast of wealth and poverty, of happiness and misery that is a nation's life to-day, what will be the result after the women enter political life? I fear very much that there will not be such great fundamental changes, unless the women modify something of their present nature. It is because men hitherto have been "mere men" that reforms have become

imperative; it will be just the same with the women, if they continue to be the women of to-day.

One evil result hitherto of civilisation has been to over-emphasise the sex element in life; the man has prided himself on his masculinity and the woman on her femininity; each has tried to gain power over the other, using such bodily attractions as nature gave to each. We have carried into human society the instinct of the animal world to make the propagation of the species the sole purpose of individual existence. When uncurbed by the knowledge of the soul's higher purpose, this instinct has with men given rise to the idea that each sex must fascinate the other, that there must be a man's way of thinking and feeling, and a woman's way, each sex naturally presuming that its mode is superior to the other's.

It is a curious fact that the more highly organised economically a nation is—according to existing ideas of economics—the stronger has become the emphasis on sex, with attending evils. One special evil I have in mind is the multiplication of many objects considered quite indispensable to our life. Not long ago in one

of the large shops of London, I was much struck by the fact that one whole long counter was devoted only to ribbons ; I presume not less than 500 varieties were on sale, and we must take for granted that the manufacturers would not make them all except for the women demanding them. Similarly, too, I noted in a commercial traveller's sale room at least fifty varieties of pocket-books ; I have been informed by a cigar manufacturer that in normal pre-war times he made about 200 distinct varieties of cigars, and, of course, this plethora of pocket-books and cigars would not be manufactured but for the men demanding them. Now it is true that Nature tends to "vary," and so it is not un-natural for us continually to demand changes in all the things we need in life ; but then comes the moral evil in all this fierce demand for variety as the test of life that each new variation we demand adds to the keenness of the struggle for life of millions who are less equipped for that struggle than we are ourselves. Surely women's dress need require no more than at most a dozen varieties of ribbons—if ribbons are indeed needed—nor need men's taste for smoking require more than three or four varieties of cigars—if men must smoke. The moment we add to the small number of things requisite for our rational happiness, we intensify the struggle for life, and make life hard for thousands of our fellow-men. Because machines will make myriads of things, we think we must choose our few dozen necessities from a myriad ; we make no protest, for we have not thought or felt on the matter.

If women are to be, with their political power, better servers of humanity than men have been, they will have to make one sacrifice, which is to make a stand against all the hardships that fashion involves to the thousands who suffer because of the standard of life set for

them by those who follow fashion. It is only by women realising a higher purpose in life than that hitherto achieved by the majority of women, that fundamental reforms will come ; if womanliness only means to be sufficiently feminine to conquer the masculinity of the man, sooner such womanliness disappears the better. If we could abolish the fashion columns of our newspapers and magazines, women would readily find out spiritual modes of womanliness that will far transcend the material modes they cling to to-day. We could then relieve the great pressure of existence on the millions to-day in our communities. Needless to say, men need to make similar sacrifices ; but men have not hitherto. Women have the opportunity now to teach the men too ; will they take the opportunity ?

There are tens of thousands all the world over who look to the coming of a World-Teacher to usher in a true civilisation. But can He do it, if those who believe in Him are still of the world's world and not of His world ? To be of His world means to live with all men and for all men in utmost friendliness and harmlessness ; it is one of the ghastly aspects of modern life that even the kindest of us does contribute indirectly by his needs to many a horror and cruelty. Still, Brothers of the Star can in His name do something to minimise the fierce struggle for existence ; they can make their lives simple by not demanding the continued variations of life round them. So shall they find in their simple lives an orderliness and peace that is not theirs but a great Elder Brother's. For it is He that suffers martyrdom in the slums ; it is He who finds life so hard because some of His little brothers demand so many things in life ; would He not then be grateful if life were made easier for His other little brothers in factories and slums, and so made easier for Him too ?

C. JINARAJADASA

# Old and New Ideals in Education

By C. JINARAJADASA

*A Lecture delivered to the Theosophical Fraternity in Education, London, September 26th, 1916*

**I** DO not know whether there is anyone who is such a sincere admirer of England as I am, because most of the things that I consider useful in life, so far as my character is concerned—such things, at least, as I have not brought from my own past lives—I have derived from England; and so I appreciate very profoundly the elements of culture that this race has built up. But there is an element ingrained in the culture, not only of this nation, but of other nations of the West, which continually irritates one, an element which has seemingly become part of education, which at once shows you how little is understood of real education. When you are present at a great concert, where the audience is composed of sincere lovers of music, when a piece of music ends with heavenly chords, it is invariably the case that the auditory, the public, presumably knowing something better than that heavenly music, add to it a most infernal noise by clapping. How can one think that a person is educated when his æsthetic sense has not yet awaked to the utter barbarity of such a proceeding? Now, it is a thing like that that makes me want to change the conditions of education.

This problem is becoming more and more pressing because the world is changing. There are new opportunities coming, and unless we train our boys and girls to take those full opportunities to live the

splendid life that is dawning on the world, we shall not have had anything like a real education.

Let me briefly, in the beginning, survey some of the old ideals of education.

Now education, very broadly speaking, is a matter of instructing a person what to do and how to do it; for as we live in life things must be done, and they must be done so as to add to the usefulness of life and to its serenity.

Now, when we look at the savage stage we find that there is already a certain education, but that education is to teach the savage how to fight, because the need of the community in which the savage lives is to protect itself against aggression from other communities.

The great principle, then, with which we start is the training of the individual so that fundamentally his services shall be at the command of the State. In the savage, then, we have that teaching with regard to hunting and fighting.

When we come to civilised communities there is the thought of the individual in the community as the citizen, as the unit of the whole. In the various civilised communities that have appeared so far in human history, you will find certain definite types of education, and I shall take for very brief examination some of these types.

Let me first of all take the Hindu, an education about which very little is known

outside of India. In India you have a social organisation which, in the past at least, used to run in extremely smooth grooves. The people are divided into castes; practically the element of competitive struggle is limited to each caste and its caste organisation. There is, therefore, a certain serenity possible in life. The aim of that civilisation, therefore, has always been holiness. How did they try to achieve this holiness for the individual? (I must mention in passing that Indian education was constructed for only the three higher castes; therefore there is an element of deficiency. It was not what may be called a truly national education; it was a clan education.) In the typical Hindu education the aim is holiness, and the method is, first to bring the child under the personal influence of the teacher; so that you find in the old days, and even now sometimes, that the child leaves home and goes and lives with the teacher as one of the teacher's own family; and living with him the boy does the housework, fetches the water, sweeps the garden, while he is being taught the various things that he must learn to be an educated man. What is taught is interesting, because subtly you will see true elements of education there.

The boy is taught, of course, the sacred Scriptures, because in India religion permeates every action of life. He is taught the Vedas which he must memorise. But after having learnt the sacred writings he must learn also certain additional things. It is these additional things that are important, because they round out the intellectual nature of the boy. Grammar is studied not in order that he may read and write, but as a science in itself. There is a splendid system of dialectic in connection with Indian grammar which brings almost a scientific training to the mind through grammar. Then the boy must know all about poetry, how to compose poetry, what is good poetry and bad poetry, and all about metres. Then the boy must know all about ritual; the ritual ceremonies of the religion are in themselves a science. Then he must know something of astronomy; and he must also know the

nature and quality of sounds, and the stories of the myths of his religion. All these definite studies are organised with the aim of giving a synthesis, of bringing the individual to a centre in life, so that life is not a series of disjointed parts, but is grasped by him as one whole. This one whole, the Hindu synthetical aspect of life, is seen in the sense of the unreality of the universe round man and the reality of another universe which the individual has to discover. The aim, then, of this particular education is to make you see each event in life as only reflecting a larger event, of seeing a transitory quality in all things, so that you may develop within you the vision of what is permanent. Necessarily, therefore, in the Indian ideal of education there is no attention paid to the development of the body, there is very little æsthetic quality, there is no training in art; song and dance play no part; they are all outside the limitations that Indian education imposes upon itself. But remember that the aim and ideal of the Indian type of education is for the individual to discover himself as a fragment of reality.

Then consider Greek education. The Greek is not interested in the other world problem; he is essentially interested in the problem of this world. Therefore it is that the individual is brought forward in a special way and the whole aim of education is to bring out the individual's own nature. He has, therefore, to develop his feelings about things, and the judging of things, trying to discover from within himself the standard of judgment. He is not to be a traditionist; he has to discover for himself the right and the wrong concerning things in the world.

The Greeks held that the individual was for the State; and in Sparta especially they legislated about everything almost to excess so as to make the individual realise that he lived for the State alone. The Spartan civilisation flourished, gave wonderful strength to the character, but was fundamentally a failure because it was adapted to certain temporary conditions only; it could not assimilate the elements of civilisation that succeeding

generations brought to Sparta. Sparta, for instance, had early a system of public schools like those of England, where boys were drafted together, and had the peculiar public school spirit of to-day; and it made strong, brave, courageous men. But it did not develop their imagination: it made them unable to respond to the new forces round Sparta, and as those forces became too strong Sparta practically disappeared.

At Athens we see the other side of the Greek civilisation. The Athenians were not less strong with the idea that the individual was for the State, but they considered that the individual's fullest efforts could be brought out in the service of the State by giving him the fullest freedom as an individual. This freedom was by setting him free from intellectual and emotional limitations. Hence, therefore, we find in the education of the Athenians important emphasis laid upon song and dance and gymnastics, on philosophical discussion, and on the ability to express oneself in words. The whole scheme was to bring out the individual and to gain his co-operation with the State's purpose from within the man and not by imposing something from outside as in Sparta. It was the versatility of the individual, it was the spontaneity of his nature, and not being curbed from outside, that the Athenians aimed at. Their civilisation put forward as the aim of education a certain harmony, a certain "musical" quality, as they said, meaning thereby an understanding of all the Muses, so that the individual gained a synthesis of life, stood at the centre because he knew something of everything. That was the way that the individual was brought to the centre in the Athenian civilisation.

Let us now pass to the Roman. The Roman was quite different in temperament. He was not imaginative and did not desire to be. His education aimed at making him prudent and self-controlled, not vacillating in temperament, but sober, reliable, full of honour for the pledged word, with a sense of law in life which he himself was expressing. Therefore it is that the Roman education brought out

especially the quality of judging things by their practical values. They were not theorists, and they did not specially care for ideals, but for whatever brought about practical changes in the State the Roman was specially drawn to.

We have then the Roman ideal very clearly in that of an Empire builder; he was a splendid colonist, he was a pioneer; he could carry the strong, self-contented attitude of the Roman away from Rome into the colonies of Rome and there build a little Rome. The great ideal of the Roman was to be a just ruler so that through his actions there should be righteousness and justice.

It is later that Christianity comes with ideals of education which put emphasis on a part of man's nature on which emphasis was not laid in Greece and Rome, and that was the moral nature of the individual. The whole thought was that man existed to develop a sense of his relation to God, that all life's activities were to be seen in the light of the great problem of salvation. All monastic schemes of education had this in view. Man was to be trained from the little boy to the youth, and to the grown man, to feel himself as the server of God.

Lastly we have had, since the days of modern science, a new ideal of education. It was impossible to carry on the old ideals of Rome or of the Middle Ages when modern science appeared on the scene: for science brought so much knowledge of facts; above all things it brought power for man's use, and it was necessary to train the individual to use the power of those facts round him; and we began then a certain scientific curriculum of teaching in the higher schools with something of botany, zoology, chemistry, and so on; and we arranged a curriculum from the higher schools down to the elementary schools with a view to children being qualified later on to understand the work of the scientist in the scientific field.

In the education of to-day you will find that science plays a very great part; at any rate the scientific method, if not what may be called the actual crude facts of science. Each child is given something of a general

knowledge of the evolutionary process, and his education is guided so that he may discover for himself some special branch. When a boy leaves school he is supposed to have a general knowledge, and then he must specialise into law or into engineering, or into classics, or into medicine, as the case may be.

Now the great contribution of the scientific method is the training of the mind to handle facts. In all the education up to the days of modern science, where facts were given, they were stated in certain broad general principles; the mental training was one of deduction. But when science began, influenced necessarily very largely by the work of Francis Bacon, there appeared a new way of training the mind, so that facts are now presented, and an axiom or hypothesis is made about them; then conclusions are drawn, and more facts are gathered; then a wider hypothesis is made; thus the inductive process of the mind has become to be the fundamental method of education.

If you look at all these ideals in education, from the Greek or the Indian to those of the present day, you will find that very, very largely memory plays a great part; that is, people are expected to memorise thousands and thousands of facts. In the old civilisations the facts gathered were stated in various formulæ, in poetry, in all kinds of tradition. To-day, it is not quite that; nevertheless, there are facts that one must know, of arithmetic, of geography, of travel, of history, and so on and so on, and memory is very considerably drawn upon in education. What is given as education is still something that is imposed from without. We have a definite scheme of studies; we have the view that children shall study this subject and the other subject, and shall study in this way or the other; all these things are mapped out in departments, and for the most part what is the education for the child is something that is brought to the child from outside.

It is this outside scheme of education that was considerably modified when there began the great movement led by Pestalozzi. Pestalozzi, and before him Rousseau

and Froebel, and in these days Madame Montessori, have brought to us the conception that education must be so imparted that it is not a thing imposed from without, that it must not be so largely a thing of memory; and we have very briefly the ideal that the child is to live for the child's own sake while he is a child, that he is not specially to live for the sake of the State, or for the sake of the higher schools he is going to later on. He must live his own life, he must be trained to understand his own interests. What is important is not that the child should know a certain series of facts, but that the child should be trained to handle the material of the child's world.

Needless to say this is a wonderful step in advance from any kind of education up to the time of Pestalozzi and Froebel. There may have been something of this method in former civilisations, but, so far as we have historical record, for the first time now there is the recognition in education that the child is to live his own life and in his own way. Education, then, is for the child's sake and the child must not be for education's sake.

And perhaps an equally important point is that the child has a right to his own experience and judgment; the judgment of the child, and the value of his experience is for the child as great and even greater than the experience of others. Not so long ago in school if a child asked a question we smothered his doubt by a great statement: "We grown-ups we have solved the problem, therefore the solution is here for you." But, as you know who are teachers, the truer method of education works upon the principle that the child's judgment is the best for him. We must try to guide his judgment, but we must not suppress it by the imposition of our judgment from without.

With all these qualities of the more advanced ideas of education, you are all aware of the way that new elements have been brought in like Nature work, like the use of the various organs of the body—the hand and the foot, the ear, the voice; all these very striking things one notices in education to-day, tending to

bring out more and more of the individuality of the child.

Education, then, hitherto, has produced wonderful results. Each system has its own idea. But they have all certain common characteristics. The first and the most important is that they carry on the old spirit of the savage. That may seem a strong statement to make ; but I mean it in this way—that all the education that we still have has the great aim of the individual succeeding in life by the spirit of competition. We make our education to qualify a man to be a merchant, to be a fighter, to be a lawyer ; always underlying our education there is the conception that each man must make a success by forging ahead, by pushing the weaker out of the way. What we consider mainly in our educational ideals is success, of that particular kind which comes in its crudest aspect in the life of the savage. That is one reason why it is necessary to change the ideal of education.

And the second thing that characterise all these forms of education hitherto is that they deal so very much with the mentality of the child. So many facts are poured in from outside. The child's senses are developed as in the kindergarten and other methods, the child's mind is developing as in the later stages : but all the time it is the mind of the child, it is the inductive faculty of the child that is appealed to ; the child must continually examine facts, a large number of them ; he must guide himself only by such examination, and he must not plunge outside such facts.

These two qualities—this competitive spirit instilled into the individual, and the special emphasis laid upon mentality as the instrument of knowledge — have brought about a failure in education which those who thoughtfully look into the problem of life can see.

Take, for instance, the whole attitude of men to-day who have been educated, who have gone through the Universities and public schools. You will find for the most part, perhaps in the case of ninety out of one hundred, or of ninety-nine out of one hundred, that it is an attitude lacking in synthesis. The man has not what

I shall call the sense of eternal and permanent values. He comes out of the schools and Universities a far more confused individual than he was when a child. He has been surrounded by problems, doubts, sarcasms, so to say, about life ; his mind is appealed to so that he distrusts himself ; his mind is not trained to see the hollowness of the doubts surrounding him. So he comes out into life lacking a synthetic character.

The modern individual is far more a doubter about facts than a believer in facts. And this is inevitable because of the present position of science which dominates education. There was a time when modern science, when it began, gave a breadth of culture such as the Greeks had. The Greeks in their Athenian cities were able to know a little of everything because there was not so very much to be known. You could know in the course of a few months' study the main ideas to be known about music, about architecture, about physical science, about grammar, about philosophy. In the course of a few years you knew all there was to be known and you could come to your final judgment. You could stand in the centre as an educated man, full of enthusiasm, and full of the synthesis which you had made.

Science attempted to bring a new synthesis which was not that of religion. It was the synthesis of natural facts. When science began, soon after the time of Bacon, there were not many things known of the facts of Nature, and you could very quickly know them all. Even one hundred years ago you could add to what knowledge you had of Latin, Greek, and the literature of the past, all the knowledge there was to be had of modern science ; and you were truly an educated man then, because you had a certain synthesis.

What is the position to-day ? No individual can know all the facts that science gathers, not even the professors themselves. Science has become so much broken into parts that if you are to be a worker in science, to be interested in science you must quickly specialise in one

particular department; and the result is that the broadening character of science has almost gone. The great professors themselves know this loss. There are many who know that if they are to do their work in life as scientists they must specialise, though as specialists they lose grip of the general trend of science.

Let me read just these few words from Darwin's *Autobiography*. Darwin specialised, and very quickly he found out the curse underlying our magnificent modern science. In writing to Hooker, this is what he says:

It is an accursed evil to a man to become so absorbed in any subject as I am in mine. The commonplace man is *not* conscious of it, he obtains his heart's desire, if he works hard enough, but God sends leanness withal into his soul.

It is this leanness then that is so characteristic of modern education; because if you are going to be educated you must know something of this part of science and the other part of science; you must know something of languages, something of literature, something of travel, and so on; and there are so many things to be known that the individual cannot handle all the myriad facts that are crowding in upon him every day and every week. There is so much to be known that the inductive process can no longer carry us further, because the inductive process, to be true, means that you must know all the facts. If in every scientific journal, in every book that is written more and more facts are to be given to you, then life is not long enough to read the journals and books, to analyse and weigh the facts. Therefore it is that the failure of modern science is beginning, because the mental equipment of the individual is not enough to handle the great problem of life. We must have some faculties developed within us by means of education which will enable us to get hold of life in some new way. For we must come once again to the centre, and you cannot have a man educated unless he looks at the problem of life from some kind of centre. It does not matter if the centre is ancient India, or ancient Greece, or of Christianity; so

long as you stand in some kind of centre of your world you can claim to be an educated man. But in these days Hinduism will not give us the education we want, nor Greece, nor Rome, nor Christianity, nor science. Each of these will give us something. Yes, because the past has its value for the present; but we want something totally new in the present. The new ideal of education must be to bring the individual to the centre, and so to enable him to grasp the laws of life, not by the inductive process, but by some other process.

This other process is the intuition, and intuition is equally a grasping of laws and processes, as also a mode of coming to the centre. It is for the lack of this intuitional quality that in a country like England education is so very, very limited, and the character of individuals only half developed. There is nothing so splendid as the education that is to be found in England if you are going to be a fighter, if you are going to be a coloniser, if you are going to be an organiser. Wherever there is the element of struggle coming in it is English education that is probably the finest to make you succeed. But it is not so good where there is no struggle necessary, where the problem of life is different, where there is nothing opposing violently in a brutal way. When there are new, peaceful elements coming into life's problem, then it is that the lack of imagination that is so very characteristic of England brings complexity and difficulty.

If you look at the work, to take a typical instance, that has been done by England in India, you will see the good side of the English character, and equally the side that is weak. The good side it is that has organised India, with its many races, into a splendid one Land with certain definite methods of order and government, and there probably could not be a body of men who are more self-sacrificing and more devoted to duty, more whole-hearted in their devotion to their conception of their work than the members of the I.C.S. You see in certain ways the glorification of England and her

ideals in the work hitherto done for India, because it meant fighting against conditions of disorder, bringing about method where there was no method—all kinds of things that involve the colonial spirit, the spirit of the pioneer, the spirit of the ruler and law-giver.

But now has come the problem in India where India does not need any longer to be ruled in the old way; all disturbed conditions have settled down, the people are awakening, and they demand a new conception for themselves of self-rule, self-government. Now there it is that the Englishman fails to see the greater possibilities. His imagination works only in those particular fields where he is called upon to suppress, and where there is anything to organise, involving resistance from outside. But where there is a people who desires peacefully to bring about modification, then it is that through lack of imagination the Englishman does not readily see what is due.

I do not think people here would notice certain of the disadvantages of English education unless they have lived in another land, like America, and have watched and assimilated something of the character brought about by American education. After several years living in America and seeing a good deal of American boys and girls, it was one of the most striking experiences for me afterwards to go over to Canada to see there something of the English character. There are a few Canadians, rather a few English who have settled there, who still keep up the old English custom of a boy saying "Sir" to his father, and all that sort of thing. I remember an English boy in Canada, and it was with wonder I looked at him, he was so—stodgy. He was a splendid boy, but it was as though his spirit was bottled up. You know how difficult it is for English people to express themselves, especially if they have to speak or to write. There are other qualities that make for the greatness of England, that make for all that is lovable in the English character; but I am ignoring them for the moment, because I want to point out to you that there is a peculiarly bottled-up,

stodgy quality that one may notice in English men and women. I lived eleven years continuously when a boy in England, without observing this, or realising what a different type of education could do. It was later I began to see that the old English education was not the most perfect. You will see this at once, too, if you look at the way in which English people cannot express themselves clearly, or think clearly. Take any copy of *Punch*, look through those quotations from newspapers and you will see things expressed in all kinds of muddled ways. This shows, I think, that people in England have not been taught to think clearly. There is one criticism I could well make with regard to all English education, and I have had a good deal of it. I went through something like four years at Cambridge and took my degree, but it was years afterwards that I began to find myself. That education only plastered certain things on to me, though it showed me truly where I could dig for certain kinds of knowledge, but that which is individual in me the education did not bring out. I believe some of you know my writings, and so many people say that I write such good English, such clear English, and so on. I can assure you I do not owe anything of it to Cambridge or to England; I owe it to a brief period of residence in Italy. I went to live in Milan and did some university work there, and for the first time, living with Italian people, and working in an Italian university, I saw the problem of literature. In England I have studied Greek, I have studied Latin; it was only when I was in Italy and read the Italian translations of the Greeks and Romans that I began to see the beauty of Greece and Rome. England taught me to know about Greek grammar. But in Italy people were not specially interested in the grammar side. In university study they asked: Why did this or that writer express himself thus? What did he mean by it? When you studied Virgil or Cicero in England your teachers were not specially interested in the psychology of the thought; they were interested in the construction. You see at once the difference.

So you realise that we must have a new way of handling the problem of life. I think I may say that to make what I do now of life I have had to be educated in India, in England, in Italy, and in America. It is after living in these several countries that I now begin to see something of how to understand life and to make use of it. Well, it is not possible to send all people to live in these various countries. We must evolve some scheme of education that will bring, in the course of a few years, something of that synthetic standpoint.

I have mentioned in the old ideals of education, that underlying more or less all of them was the theme of competition and of success through competition. This is inevitable so long as the world lives on in the spirit of competition. But there are new ideals dawning on the world and a new life.

Let me first say a little bit about this new life, for from that comes the new ideal. We are all aware of the great reconstruction that is taking place, and it is a far bigger reconstruction than people realise. There will come within the course of the lifetime of certainly the younger amongst us such a change in the world as will abolish partially the spirit of competition. Look in England even now at the way in which things are being nationalised. I know nothing so striking or so significant of the future as the way in which England has of late nationalised brains. What else did England do when a few weeks ago an Order in Council was passed giving the right to a Government Department to get at all the secrets of all the patents of England? Well, at once you will see that is a great step forward, that on behalf of the nation there shall be nothing secret in any process. That is what I mean when I say that England has nationalised her brains. She has nationalised also other things.

It is not such a far-off dream then that in this land, for instance, there will not be that intense struggle for existence which we have to-day. And that which will happen in one country will happen in the whole world. We shall turn over a leaf

in the world's history and begin to write a new page when men's high nature will be developed not by competition, but by the spirit of co-operation between class and class, community and community, trade and trade, nation and nation.

This is the great new life that is dawning on the world, and it is because there is that great new life, and because the old inductive method is no longer efficient, that we must have a new ideal. And this new ideal will be first to develop in each person the intuitive character so that he will come to his synthesis not by the inductive process but in a new way; and secondly, to make him use, as fully as possible, the opportunities of the world that is dawning, the world that is not going to be a competitive world.

My theme is "The New Ideals." I will grant you frankly that these ideals may seem a little bit impossible if you compare them with the possibilities of this present year; but if you compare them with the possibilities of ten years hence you will find that my idea of education is perhaps the only fruitful one for that time.

We must have an ideal which makes the individual slowly put aside this instinct of competition and slowly makes him unite as a man with his fellow-men, and as one of a nation unite with men of other nations.

How shall we develop these intuitive attributes? Because the moment you have intuition flourishing within a person then he rises above the limitations imposed upon him by class interest, by trade interest, by national patriotism, and so on. These things he sees in their proper place, but he will not be bound by their limitations.

For this new education there must be the material of education and there must be the method of education; and it is of these I shall speak very briefly.

First, then, the material of education. We are bound to be scientific; we cannot do without that phase of education, but what we want is not quantity but quality. We must eliminate, so far as possible, the multitude of facts, and simply present a few salient ones, those only that will bring

the element of synthesis. That has to be the work of the specialist, of the educators of the future.

Similarly in other subjects we must bring out just those few things, those general clues, that give the drift of things. In these days it is no longer necessary to read all the text-books of science to understand science. You can attend a Children's Course at the Royal Institution, and in the course of six lectures learn a great deal about the spirit of science, because there you have the greatest scientists teaching children. The educators of the future, then, must be those who are very wise indeed, so wise that they know how to make things extremely easy.

To give us then the general drift of things is one of the necessary elements of future education. For what we must teach people is how to find, and where to find, knowledge for themselves. In these days of encyclopædias what is the use of troubling to acquire certain knowledge and then memorising that knowledge? What is the use, for instance, of knowing all the atomic weights of chemistry when you can turn over the page of a book and find them printed? What is the use of knowing all about certain rivers upon which towns happen to be? You will find them set out on a map when you want to go there. All kinds of simplification is necessary. We must save thought. There are too many things in the world to think about, and we must not overload the mind with millions of facts. The really educated man is one who knows how to think deeply with very few thoughts. Therefore it is that we must arrange all our education for children from this standpoint of not crowding their minds.

Similarly with regard to what are called classics. There is no one who admires the classics of ancient Greece and Rome and India as I do; but there are wonderful modern classics that people do not seem to know much about. One of the greatest modern classics to my mind is the great Wagnerian Story of the *Ring*; that is a new kind of classic, a kind of classic which gives you the story of a system of ethics, the evolution of a world of men, and states

the problem with the intense psychology of music. I know nothing in ancient Greece or Rome or India as classic to equal that particular classic, and there it is for all.

We want to think and to feel as the best Greeks felt. Yes. But also with all the myriads of facts and experience gathered since the time of ancient Greece. The classics give broad, attractive, subtle generalisations about life. Well, there are many modern classics, some to be found in England, some, perhaps, in other languages. It is not necessary that a person should know more than one language, his own, to be educated. You may have a person who speaks half-a-dozen languages, but he is not necessarily educated. What makes an educated man is knowing his own language well, so that he knows, as Ruskin has put it, the aristocracy of the words he uses, their genealogy, and thus is able to move as it were amongst ranks of courtiers. So it is in a country like India. There are thousands of pundits who, though learned in only one language, the Sanskrit, are nevertheless extremely well educated; though they have hardly travelled out of one part of India, yet with them may be discussed almost any problem, just because they know their own language thoroughly well.

That can be said of very few people here in England. If only people knew English well, there are possibilities of expression in the English language that I presume scarcely exist in any other language. There are certain unique ways of expression in Italian, for instance; but if you know how to select your words, for strength or sweetness, no other language is necessary outside English. But, unfortunately, so deficient is this phase of education that what is taught as literature is such a dreary thing.

Another thing we must bring back to education is something that was ousted from it when Christian education began. In the education of Greece and Rome the events of the political life of the city and nation were a part of education. Christian education emphasising so much the moral nature, eliminated the study of politics or

the study of the interests of the individual with regard to his community. Well, we must bring back to education instruction concerning the community the child lives in. I do not say that he should learn about sociology in a technical way. The other day I happened to be in the city of Bradford, and there visited a hospital for little babies; in the wards could be seen some twenty or thirty babies. Would it not be useful to take a class of little children to see such a hospital? It is sufficient sociology for them to know that there are such institutions on behalf of children as future citizens. There are little suggestive things like that which might be included in education to bring to the realisation of the individual the fact of his being part of the community.

We have to restore, too, from ancient Greece the song and the dance, not songs and dances as now, but with that intense moral element about both that the Greeks felt, songs that are choral, dances which are in unison with others. For it is such things that bring a profound, controlling element over the desire-nature, over the unruly nature of the child. If you have an unruly child, put him with other children and organise rhythmic dances; he will learn to control himself. And if you have a person unable to control his moral nature, teach him how to sing, or to draw, teach him something of art; he will learn self-control.

We have to bring these things into education not as "extras," but as essential things, as the rudimentary parts of education.

And there is another thing; we have to teach children how to love. Love is one of the biggest things in life; yet there is no one to tell us what love is—how to evoke love from others, or how to respond to the love of others. This huge department of life is not a part of education to-day. Yet if you could only bring love out in the children, if you could make them understand this wonderful phase of spiritual and emotional life, then you would find, so strong is their intuitive nature, that when it comes to teaching them about religion there will not be many things you need to

teach, for you will find that the child knows instinctively what is the right religion and what is the wrong religion; for he has with him now an inner light, and he judges for himself. That is the element we want—not to impose religion from outside. We need to foster the imagination of the child. We need to promote the feeling of brotherhood with fellow-men of his own and of other nations. So long as what you teach emphasises the spirit of humanity, the spirit of brotherhood, you can teach that God came as Jesus, or as Krishna, or as Buddha, and so forth, as being the particular Divinity the child is to follow. These names do not so much matter if you have planned for a broad intuitive basis for the child. If you teach a child to reverence all religions, and if you tell him a few broad, simple facts and ideas about all the great religions, you will find, without doing more for him, he will be a profoundly religious man.

These, then, are more or less the material of this new education.

Now comes the method. In the method one most necessary element is the personality of the teacher. Something of the importance of this has been shown in the public schools of England. But even there, after all, there is not so very much intercourse between the boy and his masters. The greater truth comes in the old Indian idea where the boy went to live with the teacher, not in some separate house but really with him as part of the household. Once upon a time there came here to the West a wonderful ideal of manhood, and that was the ideal of Chivalry. The fine idea about chivalry was that the personal relation between the knight and the youngest squire was the fundamental thing. Let me read you what a page in the old days had to do.

The page began with simple service about the castle, especially in attendance upon the ladies. As he grew older he waited upon the table. This duty he continued to perform as a squire; and in addition to these, he was called upon for a great variety of personal services to his lord. All culminated in the office of "squire of the body," who was the immediate personal attendant upon the lord in battle and in tournament.

The page and the squire were supposed to

learn "the rudiments of love, of war, and of religion." The "rudiments of love" were courtesy, kindness, gentleness, pleasant demeanour, generosity, knowledge of the very elaborate formalities of conduct, good manners, pleasant speech, and the ability to turn a rhyme. Love was to protect the youth from the evils of anger, envy, sloth, gluttony and excesses of all kinds. The rudiments of love were to be acquired through service to the ladies and through the teachings of the minstrels. It often happened that to these accomplishments the squire added the ability to play the harp and to sing. In particular he was expected to devote himself to the service and the amusement of the ladies of the court. He participated in their hunting and hawking expeditions, in the entertainment of the court, perhaps by the reading of chivalric literature and by the game of chess.\*

There you have something that is very suggestive, for the great method of rousing intuition in the child is by playing upon him with the intuition of a real teacher. The teacher's influence is all penetrating. So, then, we must have a new standard for the teacher. Before he can be considered a qualified teacher he must show that he is one who knows love, and is one who has wise thoughts and kindly thoughts. And when you have such a teacher you cannot do better than bring into his life the children whom he is going to educate. That will mean a kind of revolution, for we must then have a new kind of life for the teacher. But this will come about inevitably as people realise how the intuition of the child is to be fostered.

And the work must be done as far as possible in the open air. The influence of open air makes a wonderful difference. In the city of Bradford I saw one of these open-air schools. On fine days they study in the woods. On other days they merely have a roof above; but the sides of the room are open. There you get the rudimentary scheme for the new education, because where the influences of the trees and the sounds of nature are not shut out there you will find the intuition is developed.

Then everything about the child in the home and in the school—remember that the master's place has become his home—

must be full of beauty; there must be rhythm and harmony of line and colour, for these subtle influences play upon the child and bring out the intuition.

One further element in the method must be the organisation of games in such a way that they do not promote merely physical prowess, but through them the child will primarily feel the inner beauty of self-control and comradeship, and thus grow in the power of intuition. You get a spirit that is good in football and cricket, but it is not the intuitive spirit. It is a beautiful spirit, nevertheless, of a kind that helps to mould the English temperament to be self-sufficient and self-controlled and so on. But in our future education the games must be such that through them the beautiful intuitive element predominates more and more.

Then, too, we must arrange our education so that as far as possible all exaggeration of the sex idea is eliminated. In the civilisation of to-day there is so much to foster the sense of sex—so many changing fashions, for instance. From childhood, unfortunately, we have the idea of the male or the female exaggerated to such extent that it gives a strong warp to both boy and girl. One sees less of that in America, where co-education prevails. With their co-education you begin to see an intuitive element, greater respect between sexes, and fuller co-operation. This method then must be incorporated into the new education.

Finally, there must be one great theme dominating the new education. The old education was suited to a world based upon a relationship that might almost be called that of master and servant. The conception of the family hitherto has been patriarchal. There is the head of the family, with inferiors under him who must obey. In the English household there is the father as head of the family; even the wife is subordinate to him, and certainly the children are. And it is only when the boy marries and makes a home for himself that he is considered himself a head. That is the ancient patriarchal, tribal idea, which has had its day. The new idea is fraternal; there is no head of

\* P. Monroe, *A Brief Course in the History of Education.*

the family except by courtesy, and there are no inferiors, for all are as brothers and sisters. Something of that is seen in America. In a typical American family there is no head. If the father were to *order* his son or daughter to do anything, the son or daughter would refuse. Nevertheless you see a beautiful spirit of co-operation, for right from babyhood the child is treated as an equal. The little girl treats her mother like a sister ; and as the little girl is in turn treated like a sister there is full co-operation achieved.

I need hardly say that one result of such a radical reform in education is that every kind of punishment must go. You cannot punish your equal. We have got to abolish the theory that because a child is a child therefore he must be regulated and legislated for. No. He must be studied, he must be co-operated with ; and we shall find that he does begin to co-operate if we put aside the old patriarchal conception of the home and adopt the fraternal.

All these things bringing out the intuitive element will enable us to make of our boys and girls worthy citizens. To their characters as Englishmen and Englishwomen, as patriots of their own country, we shall add the further character which enables the individual to feel a keen interest in the welfare of all humanity. For it is the life of all humanity that is going to be more and more the pleasant and beautiful thing for all to partake of. Whilst we make of our boys and girls noble Englishmen and Englishwomen, we must see that we develop within them the spirit of breadth and co-operation with all that is noblest in the whole world.

Is this ideal impossible ? It is not impossible. You can understand how practicable it is so far as the children of leisured people are concerned ; but the

ideal is perfectly possible even in teaching children of people of ordinary occupations. There must be carpenters and bricklayers and artisans ; but you will find that the men in these particular occupations will succeed better in their work in the future if the intuitive element is brought out, and if they know better how to co-operate with others. It is what brings a man nearer to his fellow-men that will become the most useful thing in the education of the future.

When all is said and done, it is not this world that makes us educated, but the inner world that we build within ourselves. The child has his inner world, that is why he is so happy, so sure, and so full of enthusiasm. Unfortunately, because our inner world has not been built up, or because what little we have of an inner world is so out of joint with the outer, we grown-ups are not people full of enthusiasm. But what is life to us unless it is flowing through us every moment of time, unless we grow from enthusiasm to enthusiasm, unless we stand in the centre ? He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day.

Those are the words of Milton, and they express what I feel is the achievement possible for education. But those words will never be realised unless we understand the new spirit dawning for humanity, and infuse into education the spirit of the world citizen who comes to wisdom and knowledge, not through mental processes, but through the processes of intuition.

These are briefly some of the ideals I see of Education in the Future.

C. JINARAJADASA

#### NOTE

This lecture on Education, published separately as a pamphlet, may be had from The Theosophical Educational Trust, 1, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C., price twopence, postage one-halfpenny extra.

#### OBITUARY

It is with regret that we have to announce the death from wounds on November 2nd, in France, of Captain H. J. CANNAN, D.S.O., late Manager of *The Herald of the Star*. At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Cannan resigned his post as Manager and volunteered. He was in the Royal Field Artillery, and was mentioned in Dispatches in January of this year, and received the medal of the Distinguished Service Order in July. May Light perpetual shine upon him.

# Une Aide Invisible : Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant-Jésus

By ISABELLE MALLET

[In these days when the Angels of Mons, the Comrade, S. George and Joan of Arc are mentioned amongst us as strengthening and consoling our fighting men, this short sketch of the making of a saint is of very special interest.]

**S**ŒUR THÉRÈSE de l'Enfant-Jésus est une des plus captivantes personnalités du monde catholique contemporain. Elle entra au Carmel de Lisieux dès l'âge de 15 ans ayant osé, pendant un voyage qu'elle fit à Rome, implorer le Pape en personne de lui accorder cette faveur spéciale. Elle mourut en 1897 âgée seulement de 24 ans.

Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant-Jésus peut être égalée aux plus grandes âmes mystiques car elle en est elle-même le type accompli. Sa courte vie ne fut qu'un élan d'ardente dévotion envers Jésus son Divin Maître. Elle disait avoir trouvé en Lui à force de confiance et d'humilité "une petite voie toute nouvelle" menant à la sainteté, une voie bien droite, bien courte qu'elle comparait à un ascenseur lui évitant les marches d'un long escalier. Modestement elle assurait que cette voie était atteignable pour tous et voulait le prouver aux "petites âmes," leur en faciliter l'accès, en ne faisant rien que celles-ci ne puissent imiter. Le secret, disait-elle, consiste à s'abandonner avec la confiance d'un petit enfant et à *aimer*. "Ma vocation c'est l'Amour." "Jésus se plaît à me montrer l'unique chemin qui conduit à cette fournaise divine."

Elle cultiva l'humilité, la charité, l'oubli d'elle-même jusqu'à un degré de véritable perfection et devint l'inspiratrice et le modèle de toute sa communauté.

Cependant, l'âme si modeste de cette humble "petite fleur," abritait les plus

vastes désirs. Elle s'en étonnait elle-même. "Comment une âme aussi imparfaite que la mienne peut-elle aspirer à la plénitude de l'amour ! Quel est donc ce mystère ? Pourquoi ne réservez-vous pas, ô mon unique Ami, ces immenses aspirations aux grandes âmes, aux aigles qui planent dans la hauteur ? . . . Malgré ma petites se extrême j'ose fixer le Soleil divin de l'amour."\* Elle voulait être sainte, elle voulait se donner au monde. Toutes les aspirations de service étaient en elle : "Être votre épouse, ô Jésus ! être carmélite, être par mon union avec vous la mère des âmes, tout cela devrait me suffire. Cependant, je sens en moi d'autres vocations : je me sens la vocation de guerrier, de prêtre, d'apôtre, de docteur, de martyr . . ." Mais toujours sa sainté délicate ainsi que les conditions de la vie cloîtrée l'empêchèrent de se livrer à toute activité extérieure : "Les œuvres éclatantes me sont interdites, mes frères travaillent à ma place et moi, petit enfant, je me tiens tout près du trône royal, *j'aime* pour ceux qui combattent." "Oui, mon Bien-Aimé, c'est ainsi que ma vie éphémère se consumera devant vous !" "Je serai l'amour ! . . . ainsi je serai tout." Son cœur en effet se consuma jusqu'à la mort le Maître qui "l'avait prise par la main afin de la mener jusqu'au sommet de la montagne de l'Amour."

Le 9 Juin, 1895, elle fit l'acte d'offrande d'elle-même comme victime d'holocauste

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\* *Histoire d'une Ame*, écrite par elle-même

à l'Amour miséricordieux. Elle voulait être, pour ainsi dire, l'hostie du sacrifice. " Je m'offre comme victime d'holocauste à votre amour miséricordieux, vous suppliant de me consumer sans cesse laissant déborder en mon âme les flots de tendresse infinis qui sont renfermés en vous, et qu'ainsi je devienne martyr de votre amour, ô mon Dieu ! "

Quelques jours après, comme elle commençait au chœur l'exercice du Chemin de Croix, elle se sentit tout à coup blessée d'un trait de feu si ardent qu'elle pensa en mourir : " Je ne sais comment expliquer ce transport, il n'y a pas de comparaison qui puisse faire comprendre l'intensité de cette flamme. Il me semblait qu'une force invisible me plongeait tout entière dans le feu. Oh ! quel feu ! Quelle douceur ! " " une minute, une seconde de plus, mon âme se séparait du corps. . . . "

Une fois déjà pendant son noviciat elle avait eu une expérience à peu près semblable quoique moins intense, elle dit cependant : ". . . . durant une semaine entière, je restai bien loin de ce monde, je ne puis exprimer cela, j'agissais me semble-t-il avec un corps d'emprunt ; il y avait comme un voile jeté pour moi sur toutes les choses de la terre. "

Sous les dehors d'une vie relativement facile, les souffrances de la petite Sœur Thérèse furent extrêmement grandes. Elle connut les angoisses du doute, les luttes intérieures, le martyr du cœur, mais sachant que " s'offrir en victime à l'Amour, c'est s'offrir à toutes les angoisses, " elle accueillit toujours la douleur avec une véritable joie.

Pour donner une idée des ardeurs de foi et de dévotion de Sœur Thérèse, nous ne pouvons faire mieux que de citer ces admirables passages de *l'Histoire d'une Ame* : " O mon Astre Chéri, je suis heureuse de me sentir petite et faible en votre présence et mon cœur reste dans la paix " . . . . " je sais que tous les aigles de votre cour me prennent en pitié, qu'ils me protègent, me défendent et mettent en fuite les vautours, image des démons qui voudraient me dévorer. Je ne les crains pas, je ne suis pas destinée à devenir leur proie, mais celle de l'Aigle divin ! O Verbe,

ô mon Sauveur, c'est toi, l'Aigle divin, que j'aime et qui m'attire. . . . "

" Jésus, laisse-moi te dire que ton amour va jusqu'à la folie. . . . Comment ma confiance aurait-elle des bornes ! " " Pour toi, je le sais, les saints ont aussi fait des folies, ils ont fait de grandes choses puisqu'ils étaient des aigles ! Moi je suis trop petite pour faire de grandes choses et ma folie c'est d'espérer que ton amour m'accepte comme victime ; ma folie c'est de compter sur les anges et les saints pour voler jusqu'à toi avec tes propres ailes, ô mon Aigle adoré ! Aussi longtemps que tu le voudras, je demeurerai les yeux fixés sur toi, je veux être fascinée par ton regard divin, je veux devenir la proie de ton amour. Un jour, j'en ai l'espoir, tu fondras sur moi et, m'emportant au foyer de l'Amour, tu me plongeras enfin dans ce brûlant abîme pour m'en faire à jamais l'heureuse victime. "

Malgré toute l'intensité de sa vie contemplative, elle ne perdit jamais de vue sa certitude d'avoir une mission active à remplir. Elle en parlait souvent, décidée à renoncer au repos céleste et à demeurer en contact avec cette terre pour accomplir son œuvre de charité envers le monde.

Elle fut malade de longs mois, quand la mort vint, elle l'accueillit comme une libératrice qui lui permettrait enfin de travailler et d'agir. Quelqu'un lui ayant montré au cours de sa douloureuse maladie une image représentant Jeanne d'Arc consolée dans la prison par ses voix, elle dit : " Je suis consolée moi aussi par une voix intérieure. D'en haut, les saints m'encouragent, ils me disent : ' Tant que tu es dans les fers, tu ne peux remplir ta mission, mais plus tard, après ta mort, ce sera le temps de tes conquêtes. ' "

Une autre fois quelqu'un lui demanda : " Vous nous regarderez du haut du ciel n'est-ce pas ? " " Non, " répondit-elle, " je descendrai. "

Quand elle sentit la mort approcher elle dit : " Je sens que ma mission va commencer . . . . je veux passer mon Ciel à faire du bien sur la terre. Ce n'est pas impossible, puisqu'au sein même de la vision béatifique les anges veillent sur nous. Non, je ne pourrai prendre aucun



Bouvard Fils

15, rue Garancière, Paris

La Servante de Dieu  
SŒUR THÉRÈSE DE L'ENFANT JÉSUS  
et de la Sainte Face

*Religieuse carmélite 1873-1897*

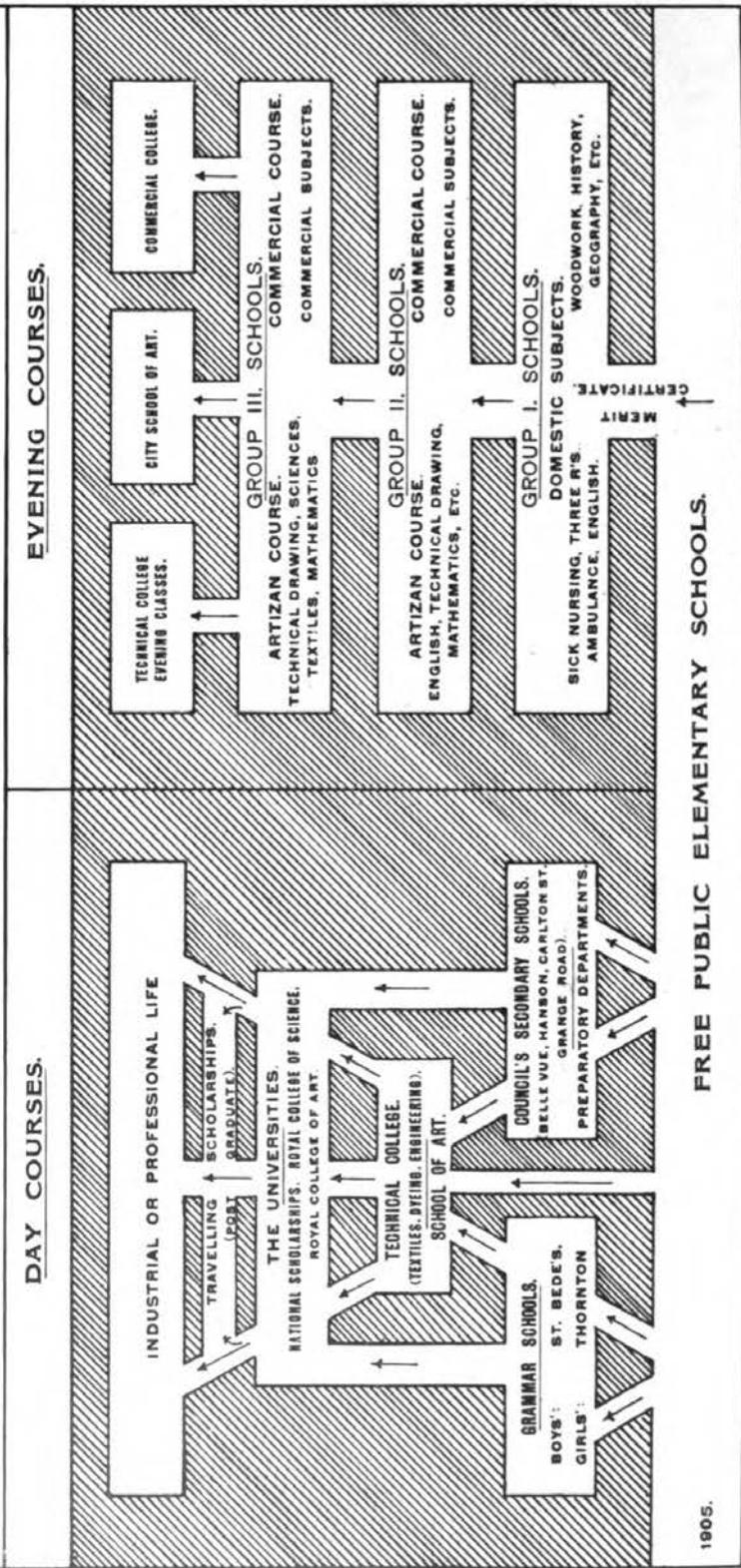
**Co-ordination Report.**

**APPENDIX A. CITY OF BRADFORD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.**

**SCHEME OF SCHOLARSHIPS.**

**DIAGRAM**

Shewing how BRADFORD SCHOLARS may be assisted by means of SCHOLARSHIPS throughout the whole of their SCHOOL CAREER.



*By kind permission of the City of Bradford Education Committee*

*repos jusqu'à la fin du monde !*” Et encore : “Après ma mort je ferai tomber une pluie de roses.”

Cette “pluie de roses” ne se fit pas attendre. Au lendemain même de la mort de Sœur Thérèse les phénomènes se produisirent et, depuis lors, n'ont pas cessé.

Aujourd'hui, celle qui vécut ignorée et dont la vie ne fut marquée par aucun fait extraordinaire, si ce n'est par sa véritable sainteté, est connue de la foule sans cesse grandissante de tous ceux qu'elle aide et guérit. Parfois elle apparaît, d'autres fois sa présence n'est révélée que par un suave parfum de fleur, mais toujours celle-ci purifie et console. Les “miracles” de la petite Sœur ne se comptent plus, tant est grand le nombre des maladies et des détresses soulagées par sa grâce.

Depuis la guerre, Sœur Thérèse est plus active que jamais et exerce avec zèle son ministère d'amour auprès des troupes françaises. Beaucoup de soldats ont senti son influence bénie, des blessés assurent l'avoir vue se pencher audessus d'eux sur le champs de bataille, aussi la “Petite Fleur de Jésus” comme elle est souvent appelée, est-elle devenue très populaire à l'armée. Il est vraiment touchant de penser que plus d'un rude combattant lui doit le courage, le réconfort et la paix.

Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant-Jésus, cette grande âme purifiée dans le feu de l'amour, compte certainement parmi les “Aides invisibles” les plus actifs de l'heure actuelle.

ISABELLE MALLET

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#### SUMMARY OF PRECEDING ARTICLE

To the list of Invisible Helpers we must add the name of Sister Theresa, the subject of the above memoir and one of the most captivating personalities of the contemporary Catholic world. Her short life was one of absolute devotion to the Infant Jesus and she died, in 1897, at the age of 24, full of a fiery ardour that could only find complete expression in that service, which is action: “To be Thy spouse, O Jesus! to be a Carmelite, through union with Thee to become the mother of souls, all this should content me; yet within I feel other calls: to be warrior, priest, apostle, physician, martyr.”

Her fervent spirit so impressed the Pope during her visit to Rome as a young girl of fifteen that, at her earnest request, he granted her the special favour of immediate entry into the Order of Mount Carmel de Lisieux; but in the seclusion of the cloister her ardent soul soon wore out its physical sheath. She was ill for many months, and hailed the approach of death as a liberation from the bonds that held her back from work and action. Like Joan of Arc she was upheld and consoled by inner voices, which assured her that after death she would be free to accom-

plish her mission and to make her real conquests and sacrifices.

“I will use my time in heaven to do good on earth,” she said.

Can we, who believe in the power of a perfect love, wonder that immediately after her death remarkable phenomena are said to have occurred, or that this girl, obscure in her lifetime, has a constantly increasing band of those who revere her for the aid she has extended to them, and the power of saving grace she has shown? Sometimes she appears to those she helps, at others her presence is only shown by a perfume of flowers that purifies and consoles those who sense it.

Since the War, Sister Theresa has been actively helping the French troops. Many soldiers have felt her beneficent influence, and wounded men declare they have seen her bending over them on the field of battle. She is very popular in the army, and many a valiant fighter owes his courage and calm to her. Truly may Sister Theresa of the Infant Jesus be counted amongst those souls, purified by the fire of love, who form the beneficent band of invisible helpers of our time.

# The Education Ladder: its Meaning and Value

By the Rev. ROBERT ROBERTS

[As an Ex-Chairman of the Bradford Education Committee, Mr. Roberts writes with the authority of the expert who can justify by facts the assertion that poverty should never bar the educational progress of the capable youth of the Empire.]

THE theory of the Education Ladder is no new thing in English history. By that metaphor is meant the granting of subsidies to deserving scholars, enabling them to rise from the elementary school, through secondary, technical, and art schools to any of our ancient and modern Universities. In some cases it even goes beyond this. It provides for Post Graduate Travelling Scholarships, enabling the student to enter any approved foreign University and to continue his studies there for a specified period. Its governing idea is that the Education Authority recognises that lack of financial means shall be no bar to any competent student achieving the best intellectual training and equipment the nation can provide. It seeks to attain this end by a scheme of graded scholarships covering the whole course of the student's educational training. By this means it is hoped that the nation's educational facilities of every kind shall be brought within the reach of the poorest deserving child in the land. The accompanying diagram shows the way in which the City of Bradford constructs its "Education Ladder."

Provision for poor scholars in Grammar Schools and Universities is an ancient and honourable custom in this country. Our "pious ancestors" endowed these institutions with a rich and generous hand. In Pre-Reformation England the number of "Free Grammar Schools" was far greater than is commonly supposed. Nor can there be any reasonable doubt as to what this term implied. "A free school meant undoubtedly a school in which, because of the endowment, all, or some of the scholars, the poor or the inhabitants of the

place, or a certain number, were freed from fees for teaching." (*English Schools at the Reformation*, p. 114, by A. F. Leach.) From the same authority we learn that these schools may be divided into seven classes. They are found connected with Cathedral churches, with Hospitals, with Guilds, with Charities, with Monasteries, with Collegiate churches or colleges, and some, though not many, were Independent foundations. The instruction given in them must not be judged by modern standards. Yet it was an education which fitted a youth to enter the University or one of the learned professions. Moreover, these schools in which such instruction was given were accessible to a much larger proportion of the then population of the kingdom than such schools are now. In 1377, the population of the country would not exceed  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions. Yet it is pretty certain there were at least 300 of these Grammar Schools in the land, and this gives a proportion of one school for every 8,300 people. It is not desirable to overload this little note with statistics, but one may be pardoned for citing the case of the County of Hereford. At the date already mentioned the population of the county would probably be some 30,000 in round numbers. The Grammar Schools available for this population amounted to seventeen. Now, if we assume that by the time of the Reformation the population had doubled, and if we further assume that, of the seventeen schools mentioned, a fourth might fairly be regarded as elementary, yet this will give us thirteen Grammar Schools for a population of 60,000 people. We are therefore justified in affirming that Pre-Reformation England was far better provided with these institutions

than it is to-day. And if we add to existing Grammar Schools the admirable Council Secondary Schools, there still remains a fairly respectable balance to the credit of the ancient educational provision prior to the Reformation changes.

From our modern point of view the worth of a system of secondary education depends on its availability for the whole child population of the land. The writer of these lines would be the last person to disparage the elementary school. He regards it as the mark of a standing as against a falling nation, and as being the deciding factor of the place we shall finally occupy in the comity of nations. But it still remains true that to arrest the education of a promising child at the elementary stage is a grave indictment of the national character. To the prevention of such a calamity we should increasingly apply the resources of the kingdom in money and wisdom. The reference already made to our past record in what may be called "secondary education" is intended to stimulate effort and to point the way.

One endeavour to reach that goal is the provision in certain Council Schools of what is here termed the "Education Ladder." It consists in the creation of scholarships of a certain money value carrying the scholar from the elementary to the secondary, art, and technical schools and, ultimately, to the University. By this means a deserving and promising scholar is carried forward through every stage of his mental equipment at a minimum cost to his parents. Education, as is well known, has now become a rich and varied reality. It embraces literature, languages, science, art, technology, and the domestic sciences within its ever-widening scope, but aims at remaining through them all a real education. In other words, while specialised in these several ways the educational character and value of each department of knowledge is kept steadily in view. It is not enough for modern education that the scholar should become a mere specialist in any one of the departments embraced within its ambit. The man is greater than the scientist or artist. To develop to its

utmost possibility of efficiency every faculty of the student, to make of him a living centre of active human potencies, alert and agile to meet the opening opportunities of the world—this it is which alone deserves to be called education. And these ascending rungs of the "Education Ladder," a well-constructed scholarship scheme should place within the reach of every child in the land.

Its lowest round is firmly placed in the elementary school. Thence the passage to a secondary school should be the natural and sure thing for every child of British blood. The nation has an unchallengeable right to expect this for all its children. No longer is the child a great and Divine gift to its parents alone. Such a gift it undoubtedly is, and their responsibility in the matter of its upbringing and training is immeasurably great. But the nation also is co-proprietor in every child born within its territory. It is an asset of priceless value in the national wealth and power, and the scholarship scheme from the elementary to the secondary school is the recognition of this national or municipal responsibility. During his passage through this secondary stage the scholar will gradually reveal to the watchful teacher some bias or preference for this, that, or another form of further training. Scholarships to these differentiated forms of special equipment will carry the student upward at the minimum charge to parents. Thence to any approved national University the road is cleared by scholarships, which are at once a recognition of past merit and an incentive to further devotion, and where very especial distinction has been recorded a travelling scholarship to any approved foreign University may be granted by the local authority. Thus from the elementary school to the national and foreign University the ministrant hand of the Municipality is stretched out to help the aspiring scholar. And should the ideal of such a provision be worthily realised, the nation would achieve the greatest saving that can possibly be conceived—the salvage of its human souls.

ROBERT ROBERTS

# The World-Teacher under Modern Conditions

By the LADY EMILY LUTYENS

*[When Christ last came in Palestine the Jews expected His coming ; but because He appeared as a teacher, and not as a conquering monarch, they refused to recognise Him. The same danger lies ahead of us now, unless we can train our intuition to know the highest when we see it, and broaden our minds to receive Him as He thinks fit to come, not as we think He ought to appear amongst men.]*

**T**HIS subject has already been approached in a very interesting manner by Mr. E. A. Wodehouse in his article on "Recognition" in the *Herald of the Star* for December, 1915. I should like, if I may, to contribute a few further thoughts on the subject, as it seems to me to be one which, approached with all reverence, is full of deep interest for members of the Order.

We cannot know exactly how the Great Teacher will appear in the world of to-day, or what will be the precise nature of the message which He will give, but there are certain fundamental principles which should guide us, I think, in the consideration of this problem. The first is that, if we may judge by His last advent, He is likely to appear amongst us to-day as one of ourselves, the man of to-day to the men of to-day, with no outer signs or tokens which will mark Him off from the rest of the world, and that recognition will therefore have to come from within rather than without. The second principle is that He is coming to help the *world* and not one race only or nation, one organisation, class or society, and therefore His mission will be world wide, and His message will meet the needs of the world, as well as the needs of the individual.

In a great deal of modern art an attempt has been made to depict the Christ amidst modern conditions, but, as a rule, this

attempt deals only with His surroundings, and the traditional figure is left in conventional Eastern draperies. It is curious to note in passing that although the garments are of the East, the type of face is of the West. Perhaps when He is really amongst us this picture will be reversed, and He will wear an Eastern body clothed in Western garments.

Mr. Wodehouse has suggested to us in his article that the Great Teacher will make use of modern conveniences for travelling over the world. I can picture to myself certain conditions which would follow one of His world tours. He would, of course, make use of trains, steamers, motors, etc., and His followers would organise for Him these tours, so that the largest number of people might be reached with the least expenditure of effort. Hence the importance of studying the art of organisation now, on the part of those who are training themselves to be His disciples in the future.

I can imagine that as He lands in any particular country, He will be met by newspaper reporters eager to secure interviews with Him ; His portrait will appear in the illustrated papers. I can picture the *Daily Mirror* publishing such a portrait with the title, "Portrait of the man who claims to be the Christ." Further, He may appear on a cinematograph film. This, perhaps, sends a thrill of horror through us, as a vulgarity impossible to associate with the Supreme Teacher, but imagine what

joy we should experience to-day if we could see represented before us in living pictures the Christ teaching on the hillside of Galilee. Is it more shocking that we should see Him to-day preaching perhaps under an Indian sky to an Eastern people, but lecturing also to crowded audiences in the cities of the West, New York, Paris, London, or Berlin. There will be reporters to record His words with shorthand and typewriter, and His great sermons or lectures will be flashed by telegraphy from one end of the globe to the other.

It is true there is a sense of shock in thus associating the Teacher of angels and men with the commonplace and vulgar trappings of our modern life, and yet it would surely be unreasonable to suppose that all these means of reaching and helping vast numbers of people would be neglected by Him.

There are those who, while conceding that He will come amongst us as one of ourselves in this modern world, prefer to think of Him as a humble toiler among the lowly and the poor, a carpenter, perhaps, as of old; those who image that perfect life lived out in all its beauty in some obscure village or town marked and recognised by the few, unnoticed by the many. There is a beauty in such a conception no doubt, but does it not represent something still of the conventional and traditional picture? If we agree that He is coming as the *World's* helper to deal with World-Problems, will He be able to help it best if born as an obscure and unknown workman, uneducated, friendless? The spirit of the Christ will be there, it is true, but will the form be the one best fitted to express the message He is coming to give to the world of to-day? Or will He need for that purpose a world-wide organisation through which to work, the greater opportunities of reaching millions which come through education and culture, and experiences of many phases of life, impossible to the average working man?

Are we not inclined to lay too much stress on the spiritual beauty of poverty? All social reformers are working to abolish poverty, and yet many people conceive it

as the most perfect setting for the Teacher of the world. Have the rich no problems or sorrows which need His compassion and love? There is a poverty, it is true, which belongs aright to all the Teachers of the world, which is, indeed, the mark of the Divine man wheresoever shown. It is the poverty which holds all possessions, moral and mental as well as physical, in trust for humanity. The poor who have learnt to hold nothing for themselves, who have risen above the personal self, into that larger life of the Universal Self, these are the truly poor, and also the truly rich. If the Christ were to be born among the poor, He would yet possess the wealth of soul which no money can give. If He were to be born a millionaire, He would still be poor with the Divine poverty which holds no wealth it does not share.

Let us not, therefore, make any mental picture of His possible birth and surroundings which will form a barrier in the time to come. As the world needs Him, so will He come, as of old, to "speak with authority and not as the Scribes," to show us, rich and poor alike, how God lives man's life.

Then to bring the picture nearer home, we, who are Theosophists, are quite ready to believe that the Great Teacher will stand apart from all orthodox creeds and religions, that He will re-interpret all faiths in His own sublime language. Are we equally prepared for Him to re-interpret our Theosophy? or have we orthodox views of Theosophy which will have to be broken down lest they become a barrier to our acceptance of the Lord's Theosophy.

Of one thing we may be sure, that because He is the greatest of all Teachers, His teaching will represent far more of the Divine Wisdom than we have ever heard, and therefore there may be much in it which we shall at first find it hard to understand.

We all need to grow in the *Spirit* of Theosophy, and not to allow ourselves to be bound by its forms.

The young people of to-day, who represent the spirit of that new age which the Great Teacher will inaugurate, give

already a different colour to Theosophy from their elders. They are less concerned with interpreting the *Secret Doctrine* than with applying its great principles to life.

So, in claiming the Supreme Teacher for Theosophy, let us be sure that we do not seek to confine Him within the narrow limits of our beliefs, but rather let our beliefs grow to His stature.

We are most of us equally sure that the Lord will be a vegetarian—I hold this belief myself, as I think the world has advanced far enough along the road of compassion to make it possible for Him to help it further on this road. But we cannot deny that if we are to believe the traditional accounts of His last advent, He ate meat with the people of His time, and so the possibility suggests itself that He might again find it easier to help the world by associating Himself with the majority in this matter of food. If this were the case, I can imagine how some members of the Theosophical Society would write and reprove Him for His action, pointing out that He was not acting in the spirit of gentleness, one of the principles of His Order of the Star in the East—others, on the contrary, would at once abandon the habit of vegetarianism, excusing themselves on the plea that if it was right for the Master to eat meat it must also be right for His followers. We have most of us yet to learn that difficult lesson—to follow Truth for ourselves and by ourselves, and not to abandon a great principle which we have accepted as our own standard of right—even though others ahead of us on the Path of spiritual progress may act otherwise. All men have *not* the same duties, as we must recognise if we believe in re-incarnation, and the

Elder Brethren may often act in a manner and for a purpose not desirable or safe to be followed by their less evolved followers. In consequence of these remarks I shall, no doubt, be accused of regarding the eating of meat as a mark of spiritual evolution! I am content to be misunderstood if only I can make clear the point I wish to emphasise—that is, are we going to judge the Great Teacher as we too often judge our brothers, by outer conditions, or by inner life?

There are vegetarians who would die rather than be a party to cruelty to animals by eating meat, and yet who break the law of kindness every day in their dealings with their fellow-men. There are people who eat meat and drink wine and wear furs who are yet often Christ-like in their lives. "Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?"

It is well, sometimes, to make a picture in our minds of the outer conditions which will surround the Great Teacher when He comes, and by that picture to test ourselves and our capacity for recognising Truth. Have we pre-conceptions which limit and prejudices which blind? let them go in His Name. There is only one certain way of recognising Truth, and that is by ourselves becoming truer. There is only one sure way of knowing the Christ, and that is by becoming like Him. Let His image dwell in our hearts, not in outer form, but in inner life. Let us go forth to meet Him in our brethren, and as we share in His great sacrament of love and service, we shall establish that link between ourselves and Him which shall inevitably draw us to His feet.

EMILY LUTYENS

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*"Learn compassion, learn tenderness, learn good thoughts of others rather than evil, learn to be tender with the weak, learn to be reverent to the great; and if you can develop those qualities in you, then the Coming Christ may be able to number you among His disciples, and the welcome that the earth shall give Him shall not again be a cross."*

ANNIE BESANT

# The Hidden Light

By C. W. LEADBEATER

*[In this lecture, delivered to the Order of the Star in the East in Sydney, New South Wales, in 1915, the underlying unity of all men is once more emphasised; for when the Hidden Light shines forth men naturally co-operate, and the rivalry that now keeps them apart disappears with the shadows of selfish separation.]*

THE report of the first few paragraphs of this lecture is very imperfect. But, after a few minutes, Mr. Leadbeater touched upon the doctrine of the Immanence of God, and spoke of the practical importance of a proper understanding of this doctrine for all those who are awaiting the Coming of the World-Teacher. He continued:

Christianity has emphasised certain special points. It has been an intensely individualistic faith. It has called upon its people first of all to save their own souls—perhaps I do it an injustice there: I should not say that Christianity calls upon people to do that, but the modern presentation of Christianity makes that its central point. There was an earlier Christianity, the Gnostic teaching, which recognised the broader issues, and did not so fatally narrow down the teaching. But assuredly there has been very much of that intensely personal element in what the churches have laid before us for many centuries now; and we in Europe (you know you belong to Europe so far as your thought is concerned, so far as your religious life is concerned, and so on) have lost the splendid breadth of the old religions. We have tried of late years to restore it by emphasising very greatly the Brotherhood of Man; but even in that doctrine there has been a certain reservation. It has been not so much, I think, the Brotherhood of Humanity as the Brother-

hood of Christians that has been especially put before us; and, even so, with yet further reservations that certain sects and certain divisions will be foremost and nearest to the Throne.

No doubt they were points which needed emphasis, although that idea has unquestionably been carried very much too far but it is assuredly good for us sometimes to return a little to the point of view of faiths thousands of years older than Christianity, and try to see what were their special ideas. If, for example, you look back to a religion which has faded entirely from the earth as a religion, although many of its ceremonies remain very widely among you under quite another name and absolutely unsuspected—the religion of Ancient Egypt, we shall find that its great central idea was this of the Immanence of God. Only they called it “The Hidden Light.” They whom we should call the pious people, the especially religious people, considered it their business to find that hidden light everywhere. They said the Divine power, the Divine force exists in every man, and not only in every man, but in every beast, in every tree, in every rock.

... “The Hidden Light lives: it is for us to see that hidden light: it is for us to help that hidden light to unfold itself in all its different forms.” Now you see at once that a religion which had that for its central idea differed widely from that with which we are most familiar.

Most unfortunately, in these modern days, Christianity has become intolerant of other ideas, so that most of us, I take it, (I know that I was) were brought up in the idea of one religion only, and, for the rest, there were a few Pagan superstitions in different parts of the world; but we had nothing whatever to do with those, except in so far as we might conceive it to be our duty to convert people from that and bring them into the light of truth. Of course I know now, and I hope that many of you also feel, that that is a very partial, a very ignorant attitude to adopt;—that all religions alike have something to say to us, and that only by studying them all can we gain a full idea of the truth that lies behind them all. Each one has a special facet of that truth to put forward,—that side, that presentment of it which is most needed at that special place and time in the world's history. But that in no way minimises the importance of the other sides or the other facets.

So there is this truth of the Coming of the Lord—the truth that He, the Lord, is coming all the time: that He is coming to light through His teachers all around us, and in that coming also we can help. That is the coming forth of day, the bringing forth of the Light within to unite it with the Light without.

How can we help in any way in this wonderful Divine Manifestation? We must realise first of all that we ourselves are a part of this. You began your service this morning by singing that splendid hymn to the Trinity, one of the finest perhaps of the ascriptions to Him, a kind of Athanasian Creed in miniature without the much misunderstood Damnatory Clauses (which have a perfectly true, genuine, real meaning, if only people understood them, but so often people do not). Now that Trinity is incomprehensible to man, of course, because it is Three and yet One, and you say, "How can that be?" There are no words of ours that can entirely express it. Perhaps the Athanasian Creed, with its description, is the best effort that has yet been made to put the idea of the Trinity before people; but no words can fully express the

Absolute Unity, and yet the separate Action of the Three Aspects of God which are called the Three Persons. It would be hopeless to attempt to go into it: that is a question to be treated by itself. It would need a vast number of talks and even then we could only talk round it: we could only aim at it, without showing forth its utter reality. But at least we can say something of the work which each of Those Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity does in connection with man.

Every one of you represents the activity of Those Three Great Divine Persons: each One has borne a part in making you what you are to-day—a man. You will find glimpses of the true doctrine in the Christian Scripture, and in the Christian Creeds and formulæ. But they have materialised and degraded the conception. They have insisted upon taking the great old formulæ, which described the descent of the Second Person of that Blessed Trinity into matter, and have tried to make it into the history of a man; and, of course, such a lowering of the tone of the whole thing, as that, is quite sure to lead to misunderstanding in a hundred different directions, as, indeed, it has done. So it has come about that what they have made into their central dogma is but a myth in the form in which they present it, although it is an eternal truth. It is wonderful in its real power; and the real power is far grander, and a far more glorious representation, than the restricted form which is usually offered to us.

Now, see what part has been borne by each of these Great Persons in the making of man. Remember, we speak not presumptuously, nor in any way blasphemously, but with the very greatest reverence, with the greatest appreciation of the wonder, of the beauty and the glory of the process which is sometimes called "Creation."

Creation is, perhaps, not a good word to use, because it has become identified with the very curious idea of making something out of nothing. It does not in itself imply that at all, but it does imply a process which no doubt looked like that; but the thing in reality is quite simple.

Suppose you have superheated steam pouring out from the spout of a tea-kettle, or from some pipe in connection with machinery—you cannot see anything. As far as you can tell by the means of sight, there is nothing there. If you put your hand there, you will discover there is something, but to your sight it appears as vacant space. Yet let a very little cooling take place and at once your superheated steam becomes vapour. There is vapour to your sight where there was nothing before. But that is not the creation out of nothing: it is the coming down to a plane, where you can see, of something which previously existed, but at a higher level. There never has been anything created out of nothing—nothing is the most unsatisfactory kind of raw material out of which to make anything. It is not to be done, but there are very many cases where you have material in so fine a condition that no physical sense can appreciate it; and that material can be brought down and condensed, until you can see and use it. That is what takes place in what is called Creation.

Now, what may be the origin of all things? One cannot pretend to say. All great teachers have spoken of that origin, and most of them have told us that it is wisest to let it alone. That the Buddha said, and He has the reputation of being the wisest of the sons of earth: "Look not for Brahm, the Beginning was Darkness."

Then He says, "It is no use looking for the beginning of all things, because you cannot understand. Take the thing as it stands, and let us work as we can with the conditions that we find. We can trace back the beginnings to a certain point, but beyond that—darkness."

It profits us little, perhaps, that we should try to study the origin of all. Science tells us now exactly what the Lord Buddha said 2,500 years ago. He said, "There are two things which are eternal—akasha and Nirvana." In these days we call them force and matter. Beyond that who can go? The Hindu books try to go further back and speak of a time when force and matter were one, and even so, the latest Science is drawing very near to that

—you know how even now they are labouring round the idea that electricity itself is the origin of all matter: that the ultimate atom (we cannot call it that quite)—the ultimate particle which they can reach is the electron, a certain mass or unit of electricity. We should tell them in Theosophy that even that has a body and a soul. It may be a charge of electricity, but it is occupying a certain kind of atom. However that may be, we begin with force and matter. Force causes the ultimate particles to join and build themselves into molecules, and so the chemical element arises.

That is done by the action of the Third Person of this Blessed Trinity, and that is why in your Creed you speak of Him as the "Holy Ghost, the Life-Giver, the Lord and Giver of Life." It is because He is the First to pour down life into the matter which before existed.

You have another side of that Myth when that matter is called "Virgin Matter"—or the Virgin Sea of Matter, and when you recollect that the Latin word for "sea" is *mare*, then you begin to see where the myth of the Virgin Mare arose, and how the Holy Spirit acts upon that Virgin Sea, and forth from that comes all manifestation.

"The Spirit of God broods over the Waters of Space" as Genesis puts it, and out of that chaos comes a Cosmos, an ordered world. That is the First Activity and that comes from the Third Aspect of the Blessed Trinity. You may say that He prepared matter so that it is no longer dead matter (if, indeed, it ever could be "dead" matter: we do not know, but at least it is living matter indued by Him). Into that living matter comes down the great Outpouring of Force from the Second Aspect of the Blessed Trinity, and that is the descent into matter of which all religions speak. He pours Himself down into the living matter, and out of it He prepares vehicles which can be used by animals and by men; for His alone is the power of combination.

The effort of the Third Aspect aggregates matter into what you call chemical atoms. But when they are to be joined

together into compound bodies, then you have the descent of the Divine Spirit into matter, so that It feels Itself behind this matter: very truly "for us men and for our salvation," because without such descent we could not be. And then, when all this matter has been prepared, and when the necessary vehicles are ready, then comes the final outpouring from the Father of Life, from the First Aspect of the Blessed Trinity, and from Him comes the spirit of man, the spark of the Divine Fire which is cast down into those vehicles and manifests itself through them. It is precisely because every one of you is a spark of that Divine Fire that you have an eternal, absolute Brotherhood with every other spark; that every other man or woman or child in the world is more than brother to you, because you came forth from the Flame and you are sparks of that very same Fire. Because of that great bond between us there is something in every other child of man to which we can appeal.

That was the Hidden Light which the Egyptian was always seeking. The motto of the Pharaoh was "Look for the Light," it being his business to find and develop the Divine Power in each one with whom he came in contact.

Here, then, is one clear way in which we can look for and help in the coming of the Lord: for the Lord is coming already into the hearts of men, if they will only unfold themselves and understand it and receive Him.

You have so many representations of that: you have seen Holman Hunt's wonderful picture, no doubt, of the Christ bearing a lantern, standing knocking at the closed, weed-grown door, saying: "I am the Light of the World." He knocks at the heart of every man for recognition, not only as the Christ in the Heavens, but also as the Christ in the heart.

All these ideas were familiar, were household words thousands of years ago; but now, when we propound them after centuries of this intensely individualistic Christianity, they seem almost strange and new ideas.

In Ancient Greece again, about the time of the Lord Buddha, the same idea was very thoroughly understood. They worshipped there Pallas Athene, the great Queen of Wisdom, but they recognised Athene in the heavens and Athene in the world in all around them, and also, and most of all, Athene in the heart of man. They recognised that Athene lived through us all and worked through us all, and that our business was to afford that Divine Wisdom a proper manifestation, for Pallas Athene was the Divine Wisdom: and to recognise it in others, because that is the part of true wisdom.

The man who has opened his own heart to recognise the Christ or the Divine Wisdom has already done much. He has made the junction between the God within him and the God without, to a certain extent, yet he is not truly wise unless he can take the still further step and recognise that God in the heart of every other man. So that we go back to the older faith, the older idea. We take up what the Mahometan means when he says "There is nothing but God: God is all and in all."

Of course, you have plenty of texts that say that, but somehow people do not realise it. They have been brought up on this other line, and the individualism is too intense. It may have had—I believe it had its place, just as you know selfishness had its place in the earlier evolution of man. In the savage stage selfishness was necessary in order that a strong centre might be built up. It was exactly like the scaffolding you put round a building: it is ugly and unsightly, but it is necessary for the construction of the building; yet so soon as you have erected the building your scaffolding must go because, if it remains, it is simply an eyesore. It hides the building, and, furthermore, it prevents the building from subserving the purpose for which it was erected: you cannot see out of the windows, they do not admit the light because of the scaffolding. It is exactly the same with this selfishness. It was necessary, no doubt, for man's development in those earlier, savage days, but

now it must be torn away. It must be cast away in order that the splendid individuality, which has been built apparently by its means, may perform the purpose for which it has been built. The purpose is that this great centre, which is so strong and so definite, shall be used for the outpouring of God's love and mercy upon man : so that His strength may flow out through these centres in a way in which without those centres it does not flow forth. We must not say it could not flow forth, for God is all-powerful ; but the truth remains that, though He can pour out His force where He will and as He will, as a matter of fact He does not so pour it out on these lower planes until vehicles are provided through which He can ray it out without waste of the energy, if one may venture to put it so : that is how it looks. Of the fact there is no doubt whatever, that wherever a man or woman or a child makes a centre of utter unselfishness out of which love is always pouring, then the Divine power behind uses that centre and makes it a radiant sun through which peace and blessing and strength and love do come out in a way in which, without that centre, they would not come out. That fact is clear.

It would seem that God Himself counts upon the help of those whom He has made : He counts upon the sparks to glow out gradually into flames and reach backward and upward to the Flame from which they came, the Primal Light ; He counts on us all, in our way, to be tiny lights—expressions of as well as reflections of the mighty Light which is the Father of all lights, "with Whom is no variableness ; neither shadow of turning."

If we would know the Lord, the World-Teacher when He comes, let us first learn to recognise the light in all those about us, for what will He be when He comes among us ? He will be the greatest, the most magnificent, the most splendid manifestation of that Divine Light that our eyes have ever seen. If we can recognise it in the smaller things about us, in the slighter manifestations of our brother man, then we shall recognise it without fail in that glorious manifestation ;

when He, the Sun, shall Himself descend, the lesser lights will know Him, because they are one with Him ; because it is the same Divine light which shines in every man who cometh into the world.

All these are words from your Scriptures. These ideas exist in all the scriptures of the world. They are, perhaps, rather more veiled in your own than in many of the older Scriptures, because your religion gave you this individualistic turn. That belonged to the Race development : it belonged to the development of that discriminating lower mind. Now we are passing on from the Fifth Sub-race, whose business is the development of the discriminating lower mind, into the Sixth Sub-race, whose great business will be the development of Intuition, of the power of synthesis, the power to see the reality underneath its various vestures ; to see the real light under all the vehicles through which it is shining.

It may be that your very individualistic form of religion was largely coloured or influenced by that racial peculiarity.

That other Sub-race is forming among you. Those who wish to understand its formation and to help in its work and take part in it, must try to reach forward towards the possession of its special quality, this special Intuition which synthesises and sees. So the coming of the new Sub-race and the Coming of the World-Teacher begin together.

These things all tend to show that we must develop within ourselves the power to see and recognise this Hidden Light, because that in us is the same as it is in all these others. So, by developing it within ourselves, by allowing it to unfold within ourselves we can best make sure of helping its unfoldment of all those about us.

It is the same Divine Life, absolutely, in all the kingdoms of Nature. It is on its upward way everywhere. Only in so far as we can realise this Unity and this wider life, shall we be able truly to take our place in the ranks of the men of the future. The selfish, individualistic idea that every man must fight for himself and for his own hand against all the rest, belongs to the past. The idea that co-operation of all sorts

must take the place of competition is the line of the future. How it will adjust itself exactly in all sorts of details remains to be seen. All this has to be thought out. But unquestionably that is the line:—to realise that we have no opposing interests, that wherever we seem to have opposing interests it is because we are looking at the vehicle, at the outer body and not at the soul.

Again and again I have told you that, though Christianity insists always that man has a soul, we should rather insist that man is a soul; and that since we all are souls, and all sparks of the same great Soul, then there is no real division among our interests, and that what is evil for anyone can never really be good for the whole.

Our true interests are the interests of the soul, and those are all the same.

These are things we have to try to understand, which we have to try to realise. The endeavour to realise them, the endeavour to grasp this Unity, to bring forth the Hidden Light, is the best of all preparations for the Coming of the Great World-Teacher. That will be prominently His work. If we can try to do a little of it here and now in our small way, we shall be all the better able to join in with Him and to understand Him when He comes to do it on a cosmic scale, with all the power and all the glory of the Son of God Himself.

C. W. LEADBEATER

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#### EDITORIAL

This November issue of the *Herald of the Star* is the last in which I can help in an editorial capacity, owing to my return to India. In order to carry on the work of the Magazine, the Editor has appointed an Editorial Board, who will henceforth be responsible for the conduct of the Magazine. The members of the Board in Britain are Lady Emily Lutyens (President and Sub-Editor), Muriel Countess De La Warr, Mr. H. Baillie Weaver, Mr. E. A. Wodehouse, Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. John Scurr, Mr. William McLellan, and Miss A. J. Willson (Secretary).

In each country where the Order of the Star in the East exists with a National Representative, there will be organised a *Herald* National Committee to co-operate with the Editorial Board in London.

In spite of the greatest difficulties the *Herald of the Star* has steadily made its way and given its particular message. But the Magazine is still in its early youth, for it is but just completing its fifth year.

The work it has already done to give the Message of the World-Teacher is not one-hundredth part of the work that yet awaits to be done for the world through its instrumentality.

If only the Brothers of the Star would co-operate to make the Magazine a success financially and otherwise, the Day of His Coming would be made nearer and nearer, for that Day depends on the readiness of the world to receive Him, and one way of making the world's thought receptive is by means of a magazine. As we make the Magazine worthy of Him in its outer garb and in the material it contains, He will give the inspiration its writers require, till the Magazine becomes a channel of His Life.

This is the true purpose of the *Herald of the Star*. May all the Brothers of the Star who have eyes to see and ears to hear accept the splendid opportunity that is given to them to-day.

C. JINARAJADASA



THE CHILD KRISHNA PIPING

Indian Sculptor unknown

Photographer,  
Miss Lydia Gay, Letchworth



THE CHILD KRISHNA TAKING BUTTER

Modern Wood Carving,  
from Madras School of Art

Photographer,  
Miss Lydia Gay, Letchworth



By Raphael

THE SISTINE MADONNA

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of Messrs. Mansel & Co.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD  
By Hans Memling

# Our Monthly Gallery

## V. The Divine Child

By HOPE REA

**O**UR first two illustrations take us into a fresh field of Art, and a totally different cycle of thought from the one to which we have hitherto confined ourselves in these papers.

No. I. is a photograph of a small South Indian bronze recently found buried with a number of others in some up-country locality in the Province of Madras.

It represents Krishna, the Divine Boy Flute-Player, that One to whom the Indian heart turns with love and devotion, as ours in Christendom has been accustomed to turn to the Child Christ.

“Whenever there is decay of righteousness, O Bhârata, and there is exaltation of unrighteousness, then I Myself come forth. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of evildoers, for the sake of firmly establishing righteousness, I am born from age to age.” So, it is recorded, spoke the elder Krishna in the great Epic age of Indian history, and the most sublime romance of all time, as far as we are able to recapture it from the mists of the ages, is that of these recurring Comings of the World-Teacher, at the times when the world’s great needs have called Him forth.

The Child Krishna-incarnation is one of peculiar interest and significance, and as the Christian season of Advent approaches, a reminder of a still earlier Advent may not be altogether inappropriate.

The story of this incarnation is that He came as a child, and passed away while still a youth, lived His short life among simple country folk, the keepers of flocks and herds; that as a Child He went in and out among them, their playfellow, their Child Lover, impressing upon them the might of His love rather than the splendour of His power.

As regards our bronze group, we cannot but note a certain restraint in its composition; its pyramidal silhouette and the proportion and general disposition of its masses, as such, have the character of fine sculpture. It is only when we come to examine in detail the forms which compose the masses that we fully realise that we are in, to us, a new world of artistic expression. These details are simple, the Child leans against one of the cows of the herd, in an attitude both natural and graceful; the modelling of the cow is good, and its action charming, as it turns its head to lick the upturned heel of the loved Child-Friend. Krishna, as He rests, is playing His flute, symbol of His unspoken, yet heart-compelling message; as He plays, we see all nature responds; the tree behind has bent its branches over Him, to form a canopy, skilfully conventionalised by the artist into a lovely broken pattern; twisting within its branches is indicated the life of the wood, gathered to listen to the divine notes, while up the plinth clamber, as eagerly, other cows, and His mother-lovers the faithful *gopis*. The

group synthesises with true art the main elements of this gracious Child-Advent, the irresistible appeal of its very weakness, the weakness of the child. When, however, we begin to analyse the parts of the composition we pause, the figure of the Krishna is a challenge to our Western canons of criticism, by reason of its disproportion to all the rest. The plump-limbed baby form is gigantic in comparison, dwarfing even the cow against which it leans. In order to understand, needs must, as far as we are able, enter into the mind of the artist. Obviously his main pre-occupation has been the spiritual significance of the representation, the transcendent quality of that special Child, and rigid canons of form melt in that glow. The great elusive mystery of incarnation, and that at its highest pitch of wonder, that of God as man, must somehow be suggested, translated into terms of form and mass, so with bold, if naïve, symbolism the baby figure grows under his hand, surpassing in actual size the little mortal forms around, and we see the idea expressed by means of literal proportion, as He appears to the artist's spiritual vision, and to the eyes of those others, His worshippers among the simple *Gopis*, in "His own familiar form" and yet apart and different.

Viewed from that standpoint, with Western canons for the moment put aside, the true beauty of the little group becomes increasingly apparent, and we realise it to be an example of devotional art of high order, conceived in obedience to the conventions permitted in that school of art to which it belongs.

Illustration II. is a simpler effort, a little piece of modern wood carving decorating a watch case. It represents the Child in one of the small, familiar acts which seem to have so endeared Him to the women who lavished on Him their love and worship. His home, apparently, was in any one of their houses that for the moment was convenient, as in all alike He was the most welcome guest, and in all His wants were supplied with eager joy. The scene represented is one often dwelt

upon. He finds in some cottage a bowl of butter, and helps Himself to its contents, delighting its owner with the knowledge that she had been so blessed as to have it ready for His need.

After the Advent in Palestine, Christian theologians were inclined to emphasise that aspect of the World-Teacher's life which is covered by the words "the Man of Sorrows," yet there are others to whom the Child aspect makes an almost stronger appeal, and who in heart range themselves with the shepherds and sages before the little One lying in the manger.

Among Christian artists, Raphael, and, especially in the painting here reproduced, attained by some magic of his own, the greatest measure of success in portraying the Divine Child. He Who is held in the arms of the Sistine Madonna suggests divinity in a profound degree. It is not the perfection of baby form which creates the impression; after careful scrutiny we find it is rather effected by the expression of the eyes which, by their depth and gravity, conjoined with all the rest, convey the deep symbolism of the picture.

In the eyes of the child lies always the veiled promise of the future, and here in these grave yet not unchildlike eyes we see an immeasurable promise and potency, raising the thought beyond even the life-story of the Christ, into the realm of the eternal mystery of spiritual birth and mystic growth, towards the destined goal of every child that is born of woman. Or, again, with a change of mood we may see in Raphael's infant Christ, not the divine Child alone, but, as it were, shining through His form the divinity of all childhood, at once concealing and revealing its unknown content and possibilities.

In our last illustration the artist has busied himself with the setting rather than with the idea, the result—a Christ ecclesiastical, a contradiction in terms. Sea-water, though held in the fairest of cups, ceases to be part of the boundless ocean, ebbing and flowing for the purification and regeneration of the earth it embraces.

HOPE REA

# Children and Early Impressions

BY J. C. GRAINGER

*[District Superintendent, Board of Public Welfare, Kansas City, Mo. There are valuable hints in Mr. Grainger's article for those who are awake to the importance of the best surroundings for our children, representing, as children do, souls whose usefulness in their present incarnation can be helped, or hindered, by the conduct of those around them.]*

**I**T is always an interesting question how far the traits that a man is known to have may be said to be the result of inheritance and how far they are the product of his early environment. In some the natural bent of the character and personality are so strong that environment seems to exert but little influence. The life has within itself so many elements of persistence that it goes steadily on in the bringing to full fruition that which belongs to it as its heritage, and is never shaped or swerved very much by anything external. We say such seems to be the case, for the truth probably is that every man is, as Whitman in his egotism said he was: "the acme of all things accomplished," and also the resultant of the currents of life by which he is touched, especially in the days of his childhood and youth. Then, too, we are apt to read into a man's early life those qualities which we know him to possess in his maturity, so that around the childhood of many distinguished men a mass of legendary story is thrown by biographers and others who seek to account for their fully developed character.

Nine men out of every ten are slaves to the fiendish and cunning monster called circumstances, or surroundings.

Human life might be compared to tree or plant life. In order to thrive it requires certain degrees of moisture, temperature and also a certain kind of soil.

Plant a lily or some other flower out on a barren or desolate prairie and how long will it retain its fragrance and beauty? In a short period of time it shrivels up and decays and passes into oblivion. So it is with most members of the human family. We are as weak as the lily or some other hot-house plant. In order to rise to our fullest heights, we must have every gate of misfortune arrested and every beam tempered or we, like the lily, pass into comparative oblivion. Instead of us all imagining that we are creatures of circumstances, it would alleviate our minds greatly to think that we are creators of our circumstances. Our lives and actions build an existence out of circumstances. From the same bricks and stones one man erects palaces, another hovels. They both had the same building material, but what a contrast is displayed in the appearance of the buildings! Many times in the same family and the same circumstances one man erects a colossal structure, while his brother, weak and vacillating, exists eternally amid wreck and ruin. The very stone that was an obstacle and stumbling block in a weak and susceptible man's path often proves to be a stepping stone to success and greatness of character for one who is strong and not so easily influenced.

In *Parental Responsibility*, by M. Eleanor Kearney, published by the Daughters of Zion, are found the following gems of wisdom:

Many a youth and maiden gone astray from paths of rectitude can trace their downfall to the lack of parental vigilance; for vigilance is the price of many things besides liberty. It is a parental duty to acquaint yourself with all that enters into your children's lives and forms their habits; and this watch-care must begin with their first consciousness. It is far less trouble to begin early to form, or to guide the formation of the child's habits, than it is to break them of wrong ones which they ignorantly form. The children must attend the public schools and it is not possible to exclude them from all undesirable associates; but we can and should make ourselves acquainted with those whom they make their intimate companions in order that we may meet the traits of character against which we would guard our own. . . .

The aim of our teaching should be to fortify them against the evils that they are bound to meet in the world, rather than to seclude them, or keep them in ignorance. Teach them that all the habits that they acquire in childhood will grow with their growth and strength, until those habits control their whole lives, making those lives righteous or unrighteous, according as they become addicted to habits that are good or evil. . . .

Insist on truth in all their statements. Never pass over untruthfulness in matters however small; little lies become great ones in time. Do not make promises where the ability to perform is doubtful; nor threaten them with that which you never mean to perform, such as breaking their heads, or whipping within an inch of their lives. . . .

We become the companions of the heroes and heroines of our reading, whether in history or fiction. We enter far more intimately into their thoughts and feelings than it is possible to do with human companions of flesh and blood; and the persistent association of our minds with unholy thought, speeches, and deeds will leave their impure impress upon our own souls. Be not deceived, for "evil communications corrupt good manners" as oft in books as in life. . . .

There is still more involved in this home education, that all parents called to be Saints must take heed to:—the care and usage of the body as a part of their moral and spiritual instruction committed to your hands. Few are aware of the very early age at which immoral practices begin. The only safety is in being ahead of the evil powers in your teaching, as the Lord commanded Israel: "Rising up early, and teaching them." Teach them that all functions of the body have their proper and ordained uses, and that the abuse of them will deprive them of such usages, by preventing the physical and mental development of manhood and womanhood, and causing disease and decay. This teaching can be accomplished without any gross references, or violence to modesty.

All this takes time, but nothing that is excellent can be wrought suddenly.

And in their leaflet *The Influence of Companionship*, by the Daughters of Zion, we find:

The child of tender years and even the youth is not wise enough to choose companions unaided, and as nothing can be of greater importance than the kind of company he keeps, it follows that the watch-care of the parents during all the years up to young manhood and womanhood is required to prevent the choosing of such companions as would do them harm and to encourage the choosing of such as will prove to be helpful.

Do not let any sophistry mislead you in this matter. Professor Everett, of Harvard University, holds that hypnotism is but an exaggerated form of the silent but powerful influence which is constantly being exerted by human beings in their companionship one with another. "The suggestions made by our ordinary companions," he says, "simply perhaps by their ways of speaking and acting, tend to exert a like influence. They control us less because other influences are working in other directions; but almost every young person who falls into bad habits shows that these suggestions may sometimes get as complete control of a person as is the case in hypnotism.

Besides what are called "bad habits" there are other habits hardly less bad that are caught from one's companions. Such are habits of frivolity, of unkind gossip, and whatever may tend to lower the standard of our lives.

Good habits of life, of thought, and of feeling are helped as truly by good companionship as they are hindered by bad.

If the nature of the companions among whom we live has such an incalculable influence over us, we see what power we have to shape our lives by the right choice of companions. . . .

Children naturally incline to imitate and soon fall into the ways of those with whom they associate intimately. There is an old and familiar saying that

Vice is a monster of deceitful mein,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,  
We first endure, then pity—then embrace.

The boy who has been taught that it was wicked to swear or use bad language of any kind if allowed for a time—and not a very long time either—to make companions of such as swear and are profane, soon loses the disgust and horror he felt at first, and before long can equal his companions in the readiness with which he uses the same kind of language.

Give the children something to do, for idleness is an evil agent. A wise teacher or

parent will be patient with young law breakers.

A physician is not angry at the interference of a mad patient, nor does he take it at all ill to be railed at by a man in a fever. Just so should a wise man treat all mankind, as a physician does his patients, and look upon them only as sick and extravagant.—*Seneca*.

Ruth Cameron says :

There is one weakness that it seems to me if I were training a child, I should try to help him to grow up without—and that is the weakness of inaccurate statement.

The famous Dr. Johnson is reported to have said :

If the child says he looked out of this window when he looked out of that—whip him.

I certainly should not advise any such strenuous measures as that, but I do think it is a good thing to make a decided effort to teach a child the habit of accurate and exact statement.

Teach him not to be specific unless he can be accurate : not to say, "I walked four miles," or "I came home at 5 o'clock," unless it was exactly four miles or 5 o'clock.

Teach him if he is only speaking broadly to say "about," or "somewhere near," or any word or expression that denotes approximately.

And, above all things, try to keep him from acquiring that painfully prevalent, slipshod habit of exaggeration.

The famous boy who told his father he had seen "about a hundred cats scrapping down in our cellar," and then admitted, after a few searching questions, that, after all, he was only sure of "our cat and another one," has altogether too many prototypes not only in boy life, but also among grown-ups.

How many people's statements you take with a grain of salt ! "She told me she cleaned every closet and every drawer and cupboard in the house, and changed the paper on all the shelves, and washed all the china yesterday, but I don't believe her." "He says he is getting just twice as much money as he was last year at this time, but I guess if you take \$10 off that you will get nearer the truth."

I hate exaggeration. It is so bootless.

If you have the habit of exaggeration people will soon find you out, and then in self-defence will acquire a compensatory habit of deducting from your statements. Often they will deduct more than they ought. So everyone loses. "It is vinegar to the eyes," says Emerson, "to deal with men of loose and imperfect perceptions." That means exaggeration and inaccuracy, among other things.

Train your children to accuracy of thought and observation and statement, and you will have given them an equipment that will prove most valuable in all the relations of life.

#### TEACH CHILDREN ECONOMY

One great secret of success in life is contained in the advice of the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton that parents should teach their children the necessity of adjusting expenses to come within the limit of income.

The boy who is permitted to spend all his first earnings on himself is acquiring habits that may spell ruin for him when he is obliged to make his own way in the world.

The girl who has the privilege of "charging" her candy at the corner and her own hats and gowns in the department store is likely to grow up with a financial irresponsibility that will make her husband a bankrupt or a madman.

Every child should be taught to account for every dollar spent. Economy does not mean parsimony, but this is an era of prodigal recklessness, and foolish striving to outdo others in dress and style of living is one of the great evils of the times.

#### THE PASSIONS

No one can have observed the first rising flood of the passions in youth, the difficulty of regulating them, and the effects on the whole mind and nature which follow them, the stimulus which is given to them by the imagination, without feeling that there is something unsatisfactory in our method of treating them. That the most important influence on human life should be wholly left to chance or shrouded in mystery, and instead of

being disciplined or understood, should be required to conform to an external standard of propriety, cannot be regarded as a safe or satisfactory condition of human affairs. And still those who have the charge of youth may find a way by watchfulness, by affection, by the manliness and innocence of their own lives, by occasional hints, by general admonitions which every one can apply for himself, to mitigate this terrible evil which eats out the heart of individuals and corrupts the moral sentiments of nations. In no duty towards others is there more need of caution and self-restraint.

That young man whose inner life is passion swept, one tidal wave of fierce temptation hot on the heels of the last, until all the moorings are snapped and he driven rudderless out to sea, if he is to regain control of his spirit and ride masterfully upon that sea he must have the influence of early impressions of peace, virtue and holiness.

That young woman who should be as attractive and womanly winsome in the society circle where she moves, as God means her to be, must be able to shape her lips into a gently uttered, but iron-ribbed "no" when certain well-understood questionable matters are presented to her. This rare pervasive ability should be given to her in childhood.

It takes vigilance and Divine help to keep the body under control: the mouth clean and sweet, both physically and morally; the eye turned away from the thing that should not be thought about; the ear closed to what should not enter that in-gate of the heart; to allow no picture to hang upon the walls of your imagination that may not hang upon the walls of your home; to keep every organ of the body pure and undefiled for nature's holy function only. This vigilance and Divine help may be brought about by intelligent early instruction and much fervent prayer.

#### THE ORIGIN OF OUR MORAL IDEAS

To each of us individually our moral ideas come first of all in childhood through the medium of education, from parents

and teachers, assisted by the unconscious influence of language. They are impressed upon a mind which at first is like a waxen tablet, adapted to receive them, but they soon become fixed or set, and in after life are strengthened, or perhaps weakened, by the force of public opinion. They may be corrected and enlarged by experience, they may be reasoned about, they may be brought home to us by the circumstances of our lives, they may be intensified by imagination, by reflection, by a course of action likely to confirm them. Under the influence of religious feeling or by an effort of thought, any one beginning with the ordinary rules of morality may create out of them for himself ideals of holiness and virtue. They slumber in the minds of most men, yet in all of us there remains some tincture of affection, some desire of good, some sense of truth, some fear of the law. Of some such state or process each individual is conscious in himself, and if he compares his own experience with that of others he will find the witness of their consciences to coincide with that of his own. All of us have entered into an inheritance which we have the power of appropriating and making use of. No great effort of mind is required on our part, we learn morals as we learn to talk, instinctively, from conversing with others, in an enlightened age, in a civilised country, in a good home. A well-educated child of ten years old already knows the essentials of morals: "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt speak the truth," "Thou shalt love thy parents," "Thou shalt fear God." What more does he want?

#### ON THE SPOILING OF CHILDREN

Teachers are almost invariably the object of bitter criticism, much or most of which is wholly unjust, and almost all of which could be avoided if parents would take the time for personal investigation. Most men are unable to get away from business during school hours, and mothers won't take the trouble. Was there ever a boy or girl, not under discipline, whose eye did not light up with pleasure at the sight of a parent entering the school room?

Was there ever a teacher who did not welcome a visitor who came not to blame but to learn what was going on? It is ignorance of conditions which is responsible for much of the fault-finding. The real faults are seldom mentioned.

The truth is, we parents are selfish. We are neglecting our children and trying to salve our own consciences by blaming others. No matter how much money is spent, no matter how good the system of administration adopted, we are not going to get very far unless parents take hold and do more of their proper share of education. In reality the teacher is only the parent's helper. It is not wholly an ideal condition to have children in school at all. The home is where they should get their best education, and where they ought even now to get the most of it. The school of to-day is a rather crude invention for accomplishing the greatest good to the greatest number, and it is of value only as we supplement its work at home. That is where the trouble arises.

But while we are selfish, we are an affectionate people. We spoil our children. We let them do pretty much as they please, in reasonable limits, so long as they do not bother us. The intelligent parent who spends ten minutes a day with each child in loving discussion of matters which interest the latter is not likely to have much trouble. Some parents do this, but it is safe to say that the majority do not. Isn't the teacher hired for that sort of thing? In any event, you are too busy, you must hurry off to the theatre or to some social engagement. But it is not wholly from a lack of time or inclination. In these days parents seem to have a feeling that they are not very good advisers for their own children, and have a sneaking hope that the schools will make up their own deficiencies. Until such conditions are changed there is going to be no improvement.

#### MAKE HOME A FUN CENTRE

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the

musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night.

When once a house is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in pool rooms, saloons, gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other less profitable places.

Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half-an-hour's merriment round the lamp and fireside of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

A child feels and understands the spirit and temper of the home. It knows when it is welcome and when it is not by the home spirit. It rests contentedly in the spirit of a loving home. But only in a small way does it know the personal characteristics of father and mother. Later the child learns the genius of mother for love, truth, beauty, character and wholesomeness; and the genius of father for organisation and execution and for honour and justice. It is then that the child ceases to be a child and rises above the impersonal spirit of principle and law and attitude and type and order, all of which belong to a well-established home, and communes with father and mother in the atmosphere of a personal spirituality. Jesus Christ has brought this highest of all the spiritualities to light and His church must know the place and stand for the necessity of Christian spirituality in the life of man.

I think we may assert that, in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received and the experiences they have had. It is on education that

depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn by different canals in quite opposite courses ; so that, from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other. And with the same facility, we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.

We all need an example to follow. Our heavenly Father has provided for our necessities in this respect that we have his word and messengers to lead us. The world says with Emerson, "If you would lift me you must be on higher ground."

"See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee in the mount." That vision and that charge were given to Moses ; the lessons which they

teach remain for our profit. We may profitably trace the parallel between *our work* and that of the Hebrew leader, and remind ourselves that to *us*, as well as to him, is committed a work of incalculable importance ; to us is given a Divine pattern for our guidance, and upon our ears also falls the solemn charge to follow faithfully the heavenly pattern.

All of us are builders, builders for time and for eternity. The building of the sacred edifice of character, which is to be a holy temple for God to dwell in ; the raising of the stately structure of a life work which shall be enduring as the years of God ; the laying of secure foundations for that heavenly home in which we all hope to dwell, these are the high and heaven-appointed employments of our earthly years.

By constancy of purpose in following the pattern of Jesus the Christ, we will succeed in bearing the full fruition of our early impressions for good.

JOHN C. GRAINGER

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## Beauty's Dwelling

*Now Beauty will live with me, for I've all  
My mansion cleansed and perfumed for her use,  
And cleared of all that could the least recall  
How once it was th' abode where sore abuse  
Of all a home should be for Beauty's dwelling  
Was practised—shame be in the telling.*

*Since then I have rebuilt it stone by stone,  
Made fresh and new each wall and roof and floor ;  
Put windows in it, too, from which alone  
Wide prospects open : yea and furthermore  
Fresh air and sunlight enter, and renew  
All life within that structure through and through.*

*And chambers large and lofty, with soft beds  
Where tired wayfarers may sink to rest,  
Who'll prove kind angels when they raise their heads,  
And unawares place me among the blest,  
For having welcomed them, and entertained  
The stranger wand'ers who have there remained.*

MARGARET M. LANG

# Our Hope as Aryans

By A. J. WILLSON

*"Nought is new or strange  
In the Eternal Change."*

ROBERT BRIDGES

**P**ARTICULAR interest has been aroused in the Hindu religion and customs, which are thought by some to give the nearest glimpses we can obtain to-day into the doings at the dawn of our Race.

We have grown to recognise, through the early investigations of men like Grimm, Max Müller and Huxley, not to mention such interior researches as are embodied in *Man: Whence, How and Whither*, that one great Aryan Root Race has spread from a common centre into various sub-races, including such seemingly opposite types as the fair Scandinavian and the dark inhabitant of Southern Europe and the darker dweller in Southern India, in all of whom their Aryan descent can be traced by language, shape of head and other signs known to the learned in such matters.

We find that the Aryan tribes that wandered out westward from their central Asian home, and those that crossed the Himalayan ranges southward, have followed such diverse developments that they now meet without recognising each other; and this from two main reasons:

1. The Western going tribes seem to have lingered in various centres on the way, long enough to grow into overpoweringly strong nations, before, from the region of Cracow, they radiated out over Europe; thus their overwhelming numbers minimised the effects of inter-marriage with the older stock, which was

gradually digested by the more virile new-comers.

2. Christianity has now swept over the whole of Europe for 2,000 years and has obliterated the ancient religions which followed the footsteps of the early leaders and were waymarks of the wanderings of the Aryan tribes. Odin and Thor are but names in our mythologies with Zeus and Jupiter. What they exactly connoted to the men of their day is lost to us. In the East it is otherwise; we still catch glimpses of the Bright Gods in the Rig Veda, and the *Code of Manu*, however interpolated, shows how the great Founder of the Aryan Root Race intervened to prevent His people being engulfed by the mighty and ancient civilisation that they encountered, which could probably compare favourably, in science at least, with the best of our present-day "Kultur." It is often remarked in India that we are only beginning to rediscover the ancient arts, and that aeroplanes and zeppelins are reincarnations of airships used in the wars of races whose very names are forgotten by history, though the *Ramayana* mentions their air vehicles.

The laws of Manu seem to have crystallised the race and prevented further intermixture of blood with lower races; and how necessary His interference was the wide ranges of colour amongst Aryans of the present day seems to show. The caste laws did their work in restricting choice in marriage within the Aryan fold, and the danger of the Aryan blood being dominated instead of dominating was averted, so that we find on investigation that India is Aryan as Europe is, while the

old caste laws, which once were shields, having done their work are now in danger of being turned into fetters to delay progress. That danger, however, shows signs of passing away with the rally of the nation round the Standard of Hope that the ideal of Home Rule unfurls.

The very fact that the early Aryans in India had a long and strenuous struggle for predominance made them guard as sacred every relic of their race and birth-place, and, in consequence, they have preserved direct links with the past which the Aryans of Europe lost in their wanderings and in their comparatively easy

dominance of the Fourth Root Race they superseded.

This is why to so many India is a Sacred Land. The fact that she has kept the origins of our Root Race more alive than Europe has done gives us a vital reason for helping India to take her place amongst the Nations. It is not by chance that India, in spite of all her chafing at Britain's persistent leading strings, elected wholeheartedly to help the Allies. She senses the hope of the Future in progress made possible by individual freedom for Nations as for Men.

A. J. WILLSON

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# The Indian Stage

By H.

**D**ESPITE the caste system in India, Hindus have always overleapt its boundaries where spiritual greatness was concerned. Outcastes such as Pariahs, "untouchables" by the higher castes, have, by intense devotion to God, become recognised saints, and are honoured as such. Their stories are told in the households and their names are preserved from generation to generation.

The story of such a one, Nanda by name, was lately staged in Madras by the Suguna Vilas Sabha, an amateur dramatic company, composed of well-born and educated men, who for the last twenty-five years have devoted themselves to the improvement of the vernacular stage.

During the period, the company has developed some really fine actors, who

would be recognised as such on the European Stage, and they do much to educate the people by plays of high aim, admirably presented. The staging, so far as the scenery and mechanism are concerned, cannot in any way be compared with that of Europe. These are simple, and need much aid from the imagination of the audience. But the acting is good, and the bye-play far more natural and unforced than is usual in Europe, and there is no "playing to the audience"—in this the Indian reminds one of the Wagnerian dramas.

## THE PLAY OF NANDA

*Nandénar* is founded upon an old story well known to every Hindu, but its appearance at this critical time on the stage is very significant of the upheaval

amongst the people. Their intense desire for Self-Government is opening up the minds of the people more than anything else could do to their own treatment of the submerged classes.

Nanda, the hero, is the Pariah servant of a typical Brahmana landholder in a Southern Indian village. Nanda protests against the degraded form of elemental worship in his village, where drinking has much to do with inspiration, and the scene is very effective when he breaks in upon their orgie before the village elemental shrine and drives off the worshippers in indignation. In revenge they complain of him to his master, the Brahmana, so when Nanda applies for permission to go to the great Shiva temple of Chidambaram, he is haughtily refused. The scene culminates where the master tells Nanda that, as representing God, he, a Brahmana, is quite good enough for an outcaste to pay his respects to. The scene of the well-cared-for Brahmana chatting with his wife after dinner, master of himself and of all around him, and the entrance of Nanda, cringing, humble, waved off for fear of pollution when he throws himself at the feet of the Brahmana, and treated with more contempt than would be shown to a household animal, is very effective. Nanda persists as do his kind in India, blunted by scorn to refusals, with the natural result that when he appears just when the Brahmana is put out by a heated argument with his wife over family ceremonial, the wrath of

the master falls on him, and he is told that the field in his charge must be ready for harvesting before he can go to Chidambaram.

In despair Nanda prays, and his agony of mind at missing the festival opens his inner sight. Maha Deva tells him the fields shall be ripe in time. He recovers consciousness, looks, and behold! the fields are whitening for the harvest, that erstwhile were newly sown.

Then comes a wonderfully well-played scene, where the Brahmana is brought face to face with the miracle, and his haughty confidence in being the sole chosen of God slowly melts. The acting was very fine in its controlled power here. The inner nature changes, not the outer, and he sees the wonderful devotion of Nanda shining through the mask of suppliance that blinded, as it would any of us, by its cringing servility. The weight of the ages of oppression that engendered such servility falls upon him in crushing force. He sees the God he serves in the humble form before him, and the proud and brilliant man, disregarding all pollution, clasps in his arms the humble devotee, Pariah as he is, acknowledging him as his spiritual superior. The curtain falls on them clasped in each other's arms.

India is waking up, is she not, when these are now the plays her own sons put before the people?

H.

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### "THE MESSAGE OF THE FUTURE"

The above is the title of Mr. Jinarajadasa's new book, just published by the Star Publishing Trust, 240, Hope Street, Glasgow, price Two Shillings. The book is a collection of the writings of Mr. Jinarajadasa which deal with the coming of the World-Teacher. Its contents are as follow: *The World-Teacher's Message to a World at War*, *The World-Teacher*, *The*

*Coming of the World-Teacher to the Individual*, *The World-Teacher as the Source of Mysticism*, *Children's Playhouse*, *God's Sunshine*, *In the Starlight*. The book can be ordered direct from the publisher, or from the Star Book Shop at 314, Regent Street, London, W., or from the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, or from any bookseller.

# The Cosmic Urge in Social Betterment

By AYLMER HARDING

*[The new Sub-Race that is beginning to appear in sporadic cases in the countries colonised by the Aryan Root-Race is already attracting the attention of the observer. All efforts after physical and social betterment in America deserve our especial attention as indicating the growing tendency in our times for the wealthy and wise to use their power and wisdom to raise the weak and the poor.]*

**I**T was Thomas Lake Harris who, fifty years ago, gave utterance to the prophecy that the light of morning should arise in the West—west of the Sierra slopes. California, garden of beauty and eternal summer, upon whose shores the lazy Pacific throws herself in great, slowly-moving, sun-warmed billows, has during the present year presented to the world at large a programme of such progressive magnitude that 18,000,000 of the inhabitants have stopped to gaze in wonder at the glories of the Great Exposition.

In San Francisco, the Mecca of Western Progress, the morning light appears, and great have been the assemblies gathered to usher in this light. Herein are mighty forces at work in touch with great master-minds incarnate and discarnate. San Francisco is the great Western Centre for Occult Thought, and the waves of Time beat here upon the shores of Materialism, and are undermining them.

The present writer, accepting the invitation to contribute subject matter upon new lines and dealing with little-known movements, desires to promote the cause of one that bids fair to become a great national movement for common betterment, namely The Physical Betterment Association, whose princely offices occupy

a large area in the Mills Building, a giant structure in the heart of the risen city—destroyed by fire and resurrected by faith and enterprise.

This movement has been in existence one year and has already influenced the lives of 600,000 persons at the Exposition, where a large auditorium is filled daily by vast throngs who attend the Race Betterment Conference. The objects of the Physical Betterment Association are primarily educational, and intensely practical, and are being carried out by means of organised lectures for the purpose of teaching the Laws of Health, physical, mental and moral. The Association aims to reach and serve the man in the shop, factory and office as well as the well-fed, prosperous and sleek citizen of wealth and title.

Land has been purchased 1,500ft. above the sea some 30 miles away, where a vast Sanatorium and College will be erected in a few months, and where those interested, or needing help, may be treated for all known diseases, and may equally be afforded opportunity for learning the Laws of Life and Health until qualified to serve as teachers and help others.

The writer of this article has been a student of Sociology for a quarter of a century, and has grown grey in the study

of the problem how best to serve Humanity.

The Martinist Order, the Brotherhood of Illuminati, the Rosicrucians and other great souls are working on this Western Coast along these lines and are urging the social conscience and the consciousness of those fitted to respond, along lines of least resistance, to a point where we may look for and expect great awakenings in the not distant future.

The orthodox churches slowly bend to the awakened will of the masses who begin to think for themselves. Great issues are at stake, and once more the light dawns in the Golden West.

We are seemingly torn asunder by a thousand cults. They are but cells in the grand Body of Humanity, and the consciousness of each is the consciousness of all. We work towards Unity, for from Unity we came and to it we must return. We who know of our Spirit-birth and of our endless life, see with the eyes of the seer that "not by might nor by power," but by the Spirit only can the work be truly carried on—the work of social emancipation and individual realisation. Some of us incline a shade too much to the ideal, and forget the world of form in our clinging to the world of Spirit. We live, meanwhile, in a world of form and we desire that we may glorify this world of form by the beauty of Spirit outwardly expressed.

The time has come to sink all differences and reach the mass. The War in Europe is teaching democracy; let us work for a truer democracy in the cause of peace.

To reach and serve the mass we must become one of them. We must even reach the fishermen, and we must, if need be, live their life and know their needs, their sorrows and their joys. We must know their poverty, their heart-aches, and enter the world of form where their idols take the place of the ideals of others. This world of form needs physical betterment, and, as we change this world of form and help to make it more responsive to the

world of Spirit, we shall contact great spheres of power and Cosmic Purpose once again, and lift the race out of its sordid suffering and pain.

Some of us work almost wholly upon the thought-plane, content to send forth with justly calculated momentum and direction thought-forms that shall modify and change the denser thought quality on the lower planes. Some of us work along the most objective lines, fashioning crude matter into useful shapes; and we who do this plead the cause of labour and the Cause of Labour is a part of our Cosmic Urge, too.

Some of us look for a Star to rise—a mighty Spirit-filled Messenger of the Gods, and this is well, for the world waits hungering for Truth, and cries "peace," and there is no peace; and we need some answering call from on High to draw us nearer home.

Some of us seek so to mould the home and family life, that waiting souls shall come to earth and dwell, each cradled in a mother's love, and this we call Race Development and Eugenics. Yet, chiefest among all is the realisation of the kingdom within, and there are those of us who strive to show wherein this kingdom is and how it may be found. There are many steps upon Life's ladder, and there are those seemingly ascending towards attainment who lack the one thing needful—the right MOTIVE. The world is full of methods. Only as service is born of LOVE can that service be found to be truly wise. Genius is but infinite capacity for love, and he is the greatest genius who best serves his age by love. That love that serves, that seeks only to serve, must, through the cosmic laws, attract the channels where it can best express itself. We live in a world of form; let us glorify it by our Love and transform it into a garden of beauty wherein the Lord God may walk, and every path be peace.

AYLMER HARDING

# Philosophy and "Common Sense"

By S. B. DAY, B.A., LL.D.

[*Bigotry and bitterness of all kinds merely spring from our limited capacity to grasp the whole of that truth about each subject which it is the instinct of every man to aim at. How can we widen our outlook ?*]

WHEN the Athenians of old met in the Agora, the first inquiry was for some new thing, and this spirit of inquiry produced some of the noblest efforts of human genius. Ages have passed, and the inquiry here and now is not so much for some new thing as for some useful thing, something that shall bring money to the pocket and luxury to the home ; and the growth of this merely utilitarian spirit, which cramps the mind by forbidding everything which must appear to it to be barren speculation, may account for the bustling mediocrity which has been the distinguishing characteristic of literature for some years past. It is questionable, therefore, whether this continual cry of "*Cui bono*" may not defeat its own end, and, by opposing a constant barrier to the loftier flights of intellect, prevent the attainment of much good.

All finite things seem destined to pass through certain well-marked stages of existence, and Science, which is but the wisdom of many men, goes through the same course as the wisdom of one. It has its infancy when it believes everything it is told, its youth when it propounds rash theories, and its manhood when it examines and considers, rejects some of its early notions, amends more, and fixes at last on certain truths which are to be the guides of its maturity. The man acts on the firm principles which he has acquired in the midst of his early mistakes, and in like manner it is the glory of Science to become practical. It is wrong, therefore, to deride the apparently unproductive labours of the theorist, for until certain abstract truths are established (a process which may occupy many generations), there exists no ground for the subsequent labours of the utilitarian. Many a

life was spent in registering observations on the state of the heavens ere astronomy was able to hold out a helping hand to the mariner, many more in exploring the forces of Nature ere steam lent its aid to the traveller and the manufacturer ; and those who are inclined to scoff at intellectual science would equally have scoffed at the labours of Galileo, Newton and Watt when they first entered upon them.

In the realm of metaphysics, many unphilosophical doctrines have sprung up during recent years and have become a serious menace to morals and good government. The true way of avoiding the threatened danger would be to call real philosophy to our aid, but men's passions are too much heated in the struggle to leave room for calm judgment ; we are not sufficiently cool to be able to take careful note of the evils caused by our want of philosophy, though many are beginning to see that these are neither few nor small. Morals and politics have hitherto distracted us with factions : what is this but a proof that we are yet far from the right road in either ? For where the wise and the good take up different sides of a question it is evident that in each there must be some error upon which the opposing party fixes its eyes ; thus the truth in each is overlooked by the adherents of the other, and in like manner the error in each is overlooked by its adherents.

Each being right in his degree, they are obstinate in disagreement ; yet these very men who are bitter because they love truth would be ready, if they could once be brought to see that nothing human is perfect, that no human mind embraces the whole, to hold out the hand of fellowship to their opponents, that they might together become the light of the earth. Could any elevated ground be discovered whence they might both look

over the whole, and perceive that they had been observing different sides of the same building, the difficulty would be removed in a moment; for their opposition is resolute only because each conceives his adversary's object to be different from his own, and few have well considered that the human mind, made in the image of the Deity, has no delight in error or falsehood; that it errs, therefore, only because it perceives some truth in what is presented to it, and fixes its gaze too intently and too lovingly upon this to see the error which accompanies it.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that man (except in some extraordinary instance of insane depravity) embraces evil *qua* evil. However far he may stray from the right path, he is always led from it by some bright *ignis fatuus*, and wonders at the difficulties into which so fair an object leads him. For it should be observed that the horrors of vice and the consequences of an opinion are not the things which first strike the imagination; it sees only the present pleasure which invites, or the truth which demands assent. The judgment may be duped by the imagination, but good, not evil, is the thing sought.

Therefore, when men differ from us, it is not that they would reject the truth; they have simply looked at the other side of the building, and whilst we are talking of a door they may perhaps have seen a window. Thus the divine and the metaphysician are but looking at and seeking for the same truth—for it can never be too deeply impressed upon our minds that the truth is one. They travel to it by different paths indeed, and look at different sides of the edifice, but were they a little more patient they would soon find that they meet on entering, though they may have come in by different doors. It is well for men to accustom themselves to different aspects of truth in order that they may recognise it without strife, and acting upon this principle we may, perhaps, be allowed to sketch that side which is approached by the philosopher. In so doing, we shall avail ourselves of the aid of M. Theodore Jouffroy, who, finding his

country in a pitiable state after the excesses of the Revolution, strove, by presenting true philosophy to its notice, to eradicate the evils caused by the false.

As it is necessary first to clear the ground by defining what it is that we are seeking, we shall begin by endeavouring to explain to the satisfaction of the "*cui bonis*" what are the uses and objects of philosophy, and wherein the much-vaunted opposing doctrine of "common sense" differs from it.

"A very simple fact in human nature," observes Jouffroy, "explains the whole question. The difference between seeing and looking has long been remarked, for all languages have two words to express these two modifications of sight. The moment our eyes are opened to the exterior world, all the objects which are within their scope become manifest to them at the same time and without any mental effort. The whole scene before us is contained in this entire, but passive, view, but it is received confusedly and obscurely because we have not yet looked at it. What is looking, then? Instead of passively receiving the manifestation of the object, we seek it; we suddenly change from the passive to the active state; and why? Because till the object struck our sight we had no idea of it, but, having seen, we wish to know more. *Seeing*, therefore, naturally precedes *looking*: and this latter recalls nothing new, but merely remarks what was already known; nevertheless, it gives a distinct view of what was before but indistinctly seen, and thus clears and arranges our knowledge. If it embraced everything at once, it would take in nothing distinctly: it is therefore compelled to take all the parts successively in order to consider them more distinctly: *i.e.*, it arranges them.

"Now, this double kind of knowledge is not, as some have thought, a law of the organs of sight only. It is a law of the whole intellect, for all intellectual processes are conducted in the same way. Before we became sufficiently master of our own mental powers to direct them voluntarily to the examination of a part of the reality, the whole—or at least as

much as is visible and conceivable for man, was in a *certain* degree perceived.

"From our first entrance into life our understanding is constantly acted upon by all kinds of impressions, and we have an obscure consciousness of all that it is in our power to know. Thus truth, good, the nature of things, and all other objects of philosophical research are constantly, faithfully but obscurely revealed to the human mind, and hence come the vague notions, the confused but entire belief in certain things, the indistinct but powerful feelings respecting matters of the highest import, which work almost unobserved in all classes of society and govern it at all times; hence, in short, arises what, when viewed as a whole, we call 'common sense.'

"But there is a class of higher intellect which cannot be satisfied with these obscure lights, these vague persuasions; who aspire to *know* what the world in general believes. And here begins philosophy.

"This is nothing but the successive enlightenment of different points in the map of ideas obtained from the general manifestation of things: the looking which follows seeing—or, in other words, the will questioning the understanding, asking it how much it knows and forcing it to give a precise answer. Thus the questions spontaneously and constantly arising in the human mind, merely because it sees the objects which surround it, are voluntarily proposed by philosophy and voluntarily discussed. *Looking* follows *seeing*, *reflection* succeeds *sensation*, and each of these shows its own peculiar character in the sort of knowledge which it bestows. The character peculiar to the simple act of seeing is extent and obscurity; by looking closely we distinguish objects more closely, but our view is narrowed."

The business, then, of philosophy is to take up successively the questions arising out of the objects around and the sensations within us, and to endeavour by concentrating our attention on each point to clear it of the obscurity in which it is involved. When James Watt was very

young, his aunt, after watching his occupation for some time, exclaimed: "*James, I never in my life saw such an idle lad as you are! Take a book and occupy yourself usefully, for you have been a whole hour now without speaking a word, and I do not believe you know what you have been about all this time: you have taken off, and put on, and taken off again the lid of the teakettle; you held first a saucer and then a silver spoon in the steam—and then you spent your time in gathering the drops upon each! Are you not ashamed of losing your time thus?*" Here was the decision of common sense. James Watt pursued his researches into the nature of steam, and the steam-engine, with all its immense results, was the consequence.

Fortunately for mankind, there are in every age some who, finding common sense insufficient to satisfy their longing for truth, have first sought and then boldly avowed to the world as much as they could discover of it. In almost every instance they have been met with obliquity and injury—for it is dangerous to be ahead of one's age. But as passion cooled, or the generation passed away which had taken an active part in the persecution of the innovator, the truth proclaimed gradually came to be looked upon with less distaste.

We now smile at the man who bows before an idol, and can hardly guess how dignified magistrates could condemn virtuous men to banishment or death for refusing to do so. Yet if none had dared to preach that "there were no gods which were made with hands," in defiance of contumely and danger, common sense would never have saved us from a perpetuation of the rites of Thor and Woden.

It is our boast that this is an age of enlightenment; it is time, therefore, that we should acknowledge our debt to philosophy; and that, rather than condemn "speculations which tend to no useful purpose," as the common phrase has it, we should receive every fresh truth thus obtained with gratitude, and register it as part of the wealth which we shall bequeath to our posterity.

S. B. DAY

# The Everlasting Garden

By D. E. HEWETT

**C**HILDREN were walking with studied quietness in an old garden. It was a day of happenings; the apple-trees had blossomed and tossed rose-white spray into the air and in a room facing the rising sun a little blind brother had been born. The first event lent a magical quality to the morning; the second seemed to have a subduing effect upon the usually high spirits of the children. Only to Pamela there seemed a mystical connection between the expanding of the blossom and the new life that had come into the house. A breeze, stirring the trees, sent petals, delicate in colouring as the dawn, floating over her. They seemed to whisper of some future happiness and she gave a little shiver that was pure ecstasy. In after years, an orchard in Spring-time never failed to awaken memories of the little brother she was to love so well.

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The children grew and developed in an atmosphere of healthy freedom. An old gardener unsuccessfully disputed with them the possession of the garden. In the Winter evenings they invaded their father's library and there were large, roomy attics at the top of the house that were recognised as their exclusive property. The garden was the scene of delightful games, innumerable adventures and occasional quarrels and reconciliations.

The little blind brother never provoked a quarrel. His serenity forbade even pity for his condition, and his father called him

a little Buddha. But a traveller who visited them said he was like Jizo, the beautiful Japanese boy-god. He understood his brothers and sisters and received confidences from them all. "He knows more deeply than the rest of us!" exclaimed John, in a flash of understanding.

John was intelligent; Mary was motherly; Alice had the face and form of a fairy and sang like a bird. Little Maurice was fat, freckled and always in mischief; Oswald was adventurous; Pamela was sometimes happier than all the rest of the children put together and often far more miserable. Waves of emotion seemed to break over her. Once she was discovered lying, face downwards, on the grass sobbing bitterly. To all enquiries she could only reply, "I don't know what is the matter, but I think something will happen to our garden."

That night a terrific thunderstorm wrecked the beech-tree that had been the children's pride. They awoke to a rain-drenched, storm-driven world; the trees still tossed in agony; there was pitiable havoc amongst the lilies and roses.

Certain aspects of Nature came to her as a revelation and would make her intensely happy for a time. She would sit crouched up on the window-sill, absolutely motionless, watching a sunset. The little blind brother, quick to feel another's mood, ran up to her one day. "I know you are happy. What are you seeing?" he said.

"The little purple clouds. They are drifting like dark violets in a sea of flame," she replied.

Oswald, the adventurous, was stronger and bigger than the other children. He loved climbing, and one of his most daring feats was to ascend to the top of a lofty pine-tree. He carved an inscription on the bark in very bad Latin to record this feat. He was the least studious of them all and rarely opened a book for his own pleasure. One day, however, he came across a line of poetry that fascinated and haunted him for the rest of his life. He would perch himself up in some tree gazing between the hills to where a line of sparkling water was just visible and repeat softly to himself in a voice of wonder:

"And leagues beyond those leagues—there is more sea."

Only three of these children were to pass beyond childhood. Death came again and again and beckoned to all save Oswald and Pamela and the little blind boy. The house and garden were sold and they went to live in a large city. Oswald sailed the seas and travelled in many lands. Sorrow and loneliness drew Pamela and her remaining brother closer together. She thought that the perfect sympathy existing between them must be the result of many incarnations, during which their souls had acted and re-acted upon each other. She was fond of Oswald, too, and it seemed as if the garden they had loved had left its stamp upon the three of them. Their souls had drunk at the same fountain and there was a look in their eyes that made people say they resembled each other, though their features were as different as possible.

Oswald thought of the garden by many a camp-fire, and during night-watches on the high seas. Rover though he was, he settled down at last and married and had children of his own. He made a garden for them and played games with them. Like all children they had their little reserves with grown-up people, and comrade though he was, he knew that he trod upon a different plane.

During one dark year, Pamela lost all sense of the garden, a fact that added to her sorrow. She became seriously ill, and one day morphia was injected to ease her pain. She felt the sharp prick of the

needle and a confused idea mounted in her brain. It seemed to her that she was about to take a journey, and she tried to say good-bye to the people watching round her. She found she was unable to speak, so smiled instead and closed her eyes. And through the doorway of sleep she passed into the garden she had lost. She saw the magnolia and the green lawns and the rambler roses. *They* were all there, too. Little Maurice ran up to her, his hands full of daisies; John was reading in the hammock; Alice sang as she helped Mary water the lilies. How gladly they welcomed her! She felt as if they had never been parted. But in the midst of her happiness, a strange feeling came over her—an inner voice seemed to urge her to leave them quickly. "Hurry! Hurry!" the voice whispered, "or you will be too late!" Maurice looked at her strangely and put forth a detaining hand. She broke away from him and ran, ran—and awoke to find herself in her own room. A crisis of some kind had been passed, and there was a look of relief in the nurse's eyes.

The little blind brother rarely spoke of the garden, but he smiled tenderly when the others mentioned it. Oswald said that in thinking of it he always recalled the homely sight of bees among the Canterbury-bells. Pamela spoke of the magnolia in the early morning with its great cup-shaped flowers drenched in dew. The blind boy was silent for a moment, then he said, "I always remember the wind whispering in the trees. I felt it and heard it. None of you ever saw it. We were equals there."

When he lay dying, Oswald and Pamela were with him. On the previous day they had spoken of the garden and Pamela had said, "Sometimes I lose all sense of it. I wish I could find the way back."

Now he called to her, "I am going back to the garden, Pam. I see a shining pathway." His face was transfigured with joy.

And as Pamela leant over him she knew that the name of the shining pathway is Death.

D. E. HEWETT

# The Herald of the Star

VOL. V. No. 12.

December 11th, 1916

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As "The Herald of the Star" includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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# Communion

*IF one should come to thee this Christmastide,  
A shining Messenger from HIM thy Lord,  
And say to thee: "Thy heart-gate open wide  
That HE may enter in." . . . .*

\* \* \* \*

*Then, if thou hast done justly with thine hand,  
And to thy fellows kept thy house-door wide;  
If thou hast followed Beauty with thy soul,  
Nor ever faltered, seeing HIM in her;  
If thou hast been Truth's servant, spurning Fear,  
And walked in tender ways, with Love thy guide;  
And never greeted Hate nor stooped to Pride,  
Nor ever let them thy soul-gate inside—  
Then may'st thou say, low bending, "LORD, come in."*

*Then shall the Fulness of HIS Beauty enter in—  
That Beauty which is this World's living Soul—  
And, shining out HIS Light thy chamber fill;  
Then shall HIS LOVE in rosy warmth expand  
Thine heart; till lo! shall be a miracle!  
Thy little chamber, full before, yet now  
Shall house HIS GREATNESS in its narrow room,  
And, lifted up, that little heart of thine  
Shall, undivided be, one with the Heart Divine!*

EVELYN G. PIERCE



By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

*[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]*

**I**N this month of December there will be celebrated among all Christian people the great festival which commemorates the birth of the Founder of their religion. The date, although recording an historical event, yet carries on a mystic tradition, for long before the Christian era a great festival was celebrated in Western lands at the time of the winter solstice, and the symbols which we use to mark our Christmas were taken over from the pagan world. Beautiful legends yet cling round the holly and mistletoe, legends connected with the demi-gods of the pre-Christian era.

All these legends and traditions have the same message to give to the world, the story of a mystic birth, of new life springing from death, the message of the springtime to a wintry world. Our Order is but young, and yet we, too, have had our sacred day, our Christmas festival which links us to the great traditions of the past, and gives us the right to be the torch-bearers to the future. On December 28th, 1911, the Light of the world shone forth for a brief moment in radiant splendour leaving a memory of peace and beauty not to be dimmed by the pain and

anguish of succeeding years. On that great day our Order was accepted by the Lord for whose coming we prepare, as His messenger to the world, and the Brothers of the Star were thereby linked to that mystic Brotherhood of the world's Helpers and Teachers. The Star we wear is the hall-mark of that high service, and in the power of the Star we are called to carry anew the message of peace and hope and joy to a war-stricken world. For our eyes have pierced through the midnight darkness, and seen the dawn breaking in the East, the herald of that new day when He shall come "in the might of His love and the splendour of His power," to give light "to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

In the light of the Star we can dream even now of the new world that is to be when the Great Reconstructor is amongst us, and plan already the reforms which our intuition tells us He will inaugurate, and the Brothers of the Star should be thus dreaming and planning all day long, and through our magazine give expression to those dreams. We live to-day amid the crumbling ruins of a civilisation which has been based on individualism, competition and materialism, and if we are to build

a better world we shall need some fundamental principle to guide us through the labyrinth of proposed reforms. The Teacher of the world has given us one supreme commandment, "Love one another, for Love is the fulfilling of the law," not the vague sentimentalism which has too often masqueraded under the sacred name of love, but that power which, as Emerson expresses it, "creates all things new," because it is a recognition of the unity of all life, from which follows the Brotherhood of Humanity.

Nineteen hundred years ago was this gospel preached, and how little it has been understood is proved by the spectacle of a world at war. Shall we not go forth and proclaim it again, proclaim it as the most practical as well as the most ideal Principle on which to build a civilisation? Let us try at least in these pages to bring all the problems presented to us to this touchstone of Love and Brotherhood. It will mean, as Mr. Jinarajadasa so beautifully expressed it in the October Starlight, beginning with "love in little things" before we can pass to larger schemes of reform. It will mean a fundamental change of outlook on life. Jeremy Taylor said, "where love ends, sin begins," and we might reverse the axiom and say that our social sins can *only* end where love begins, so we have first to learn something of what love *is* and then to fling wide the doors and let sin out and call Love in.

An outline of some of the problems which face us has been sketched by Mr. Jinarajadasa in the scheme for study and training for service printed in this issue. Perhaps I may recapitulate them a little more fully.

The first and most important question is the welfare and education of children, not only because they are to be the citizens of the future, but also because dear to the heart of the Lord of love are His little ones, and to-day, as of old, He is calling the children to come unto Him

and it is our duty to see that no outer conditions "forbid" them His presence. He calls to them in Beauty and Joy, but we have built barriers of pain and ugliness and ignorance which shut Him out; these barriers we must destroy, for the Great Brother has charged us to feed His lambs, and we have to make the conditions such that all children can grow as the flowers, with their faces to the sun.

We need also to consider the great industrial problems, the relation of capital and labour, employer and employed, the place also of women in the industrial world.

We have to think out new systems of medicine and healing in keeping with the spirit of Brotherhood, where our younger brothers, the animals, will no longer be exploited for the supposed benefit of mankind.

We have to deal with questions of penal reform, and the treatment of those handicapped in the struggle for life by mental and moral infirmities.

The amusements of the people, as well as their education, will need our attention, the reform of public houses, theatres and picture palaces. The question also of how to bring art of all kinds within reach of the masses. The problem of town planning and better housing is also vital.

In dealing with these questions, we invite the co-operation of all Brothers of the Star. We have a mighty message to deliver, we have a mighty task to perform, in changing the outlook of those who, while dreaming of reconstruction, are yet without the Knowledge which inspires our Order. The time is short for the work to be done, but we know that to those who work in His name strength and power are given. Therefore, Brothers, in this hour of the world's midnight, let us stand forth boldly and proclaim the message of the Star—that, though Faith be darkened, and Hope be dimmed, Love will yet shine forth over a reconstructed world.

EMILY LUTYENS

# Madame Blavatsky

et le retour d'un Grand Instructeur<sup>(1)</sup>

By E. DUBOC

[The fulfilment of certain remarkable predictions is indicated in this article.]

**J**E me propose de rechercher aujourd'hui avec vous si dans ses écrits, Madame Blavatsky n'a pas prévu, pour un avenir prochain, le retour d'un Grand Instructeur.

Ma causerie sera coupée, hachée, de citations nombreuses qui vous demanderont de grands efforts d'attention dont je m'excuse, comptant sur l'intérêt de ces citations, presque toutes de Madame Blavatsky, pour rendre votre effort plus facile. J'emploierai parfois l'abréviatif H. P. B. par lequel notre fondatrice se désignait elle-même, cette appellation ne diminuant en rien les sentiments de révérence et de gratitude que nous attachons tous à sa mémoire.

Dans le III volume de la *Doctrine Secrète* nous trouvons tout d'abord ce passage emprunté à la *Bhagavad-Gita* : (2)

L'avatar Krishna s'adressant à Arjuna lui dit : Toutes les fois, ô fils de Bharata que Dharma (la juste loi) décline, et qu'Adharma (l'opposé de Dharma) se relève, *Je me manifeste*. Pour le salut des bons et la destruction des méchants, pour le rétablissement de la Loi Je nais dans chaque youga.

Voilà déjà, une promesse de la descente périodique d'un Avatar ou d'un Grand Instructeur sur la terre, toutes les fois que les Pouvoirs Ténébreux, les Forces du mal, menacent de remporter la victoire. Nous

verrons plus tard que la même promesse nous est faite dans *Vishnou Pourana* quand les Forces du bien qui aident à l'évolution humaine sont en danger d'être entravées pour longtemps.

En vérité, ajoute H. P. B. en guise de commentaire, c'est pour le salut des bons et la destruction du mal que les Personnalités connues sous les noms de Gautama, Shamkara, Jesus et quelques autres naquirent, chacune à son époque, comme il est dit plus haut : " Je nais dans chaque youga."

Nous verrons tout à l'heure ce qu'il faut entendre par la renaissance d'un Avatar. Recherchons tout d'abord qu'elle est la signification du mot "youga" qui se traduit littéralement par âge, ou cycle.

Avant de vous exposer la définition du mot cycle je vais vous donner brièvement quelques exemples de cycles qui vous sont familiers.

Lorsque la terre, en un an, tourne autour du soleil, elle accomplit un cycle périodique, lequel renferme un grand nombre de cycles plus petits, ou cycles mineurs.

En effet, le cycle solaire d'une année contient 12 cycles lunaires d'un mois ; le mois renferme 30 cycles d'un jour, ce dernier cycle marqué par la révolution de la terre autour de son axe ; puis viennent d'autres cycles mineurs de plus en plus petits, le cycle de 60 minutes ou d'une Heure accompli par l'aiguille des minutes sur le cadran d'une montre, et le cycle de 60 secondes accompli en une minute par l'aiguille des secondes.

(1) Conférence faite par le Ct. E. Duboc, le 18 Avril, 1916, (Pleine lune de Chaitra) à une Réunion de l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient.

(2) B.G. IV., 7, 8.

Par conséquent, un cycle n'est pas autre chose qu'une période de temps, grande ou petite, dans laquelle les mêmes phénomènes de la nature, ou les mêmes événements se reproduisent suivant certaines lois, et d'une façon périodique.

Dans la chronologie Hindoue on attachait une importance particulière au cycle de 1000 ans symbolisé par le Phœnix et au cycle mineur de 5 ans dont chaque année portait un nom spécial ; mais le Grand cycle, le Kali-Yuga, cycle qui renfermait tous les autres avait une durée de 4,320 millions d'années.

C'est là un bien gros chiffre mais dont il ne faut pas nous effrayer, d'autant plus qu'il est facile de nous en faire une idée. Représentons un instant les années par des secondes, nous aurons un Kali-Youga de 4,320 millions de secondes ce qui fait tout simplement 136 ans—et nous pouvons dire que 136 ans est à la véritable durée du Kali-Youga, comme une seconde est à une année.

Voici ce que nous dit H. P. B. du cycle de 1000 ans :

Le Phœnix, symbole d'un cycle secret vit pendant 1000 ans, après quoi, allumant une flamme, il se consume lui même ; puis renaissant de ses propres cendres il vit pendant une nouvelle période de 1000 ans, jusqu'à 7 fois 7.

Les 7 fois 7 ou quarante neuf constituent, d'après H. P. B., une allégorie transparente et une allusion aux 49 Manous, aux 7 rondes et aux 7 fois 7 cycles humains dans chaque ronde et sur chaque globe.

Il y aura donc pour la ronde actuelle, sur notre Terre 7 Manous présidant à la formation de 7 grandes races, et aussi 7 Bodhisattvas ou Grands Instructeurs Spirituels, car il est dit au Chapitre IV. de la *Bhagavad-Gita* (1), que je vous citais tout à l'heure :

L'Impérissable Yoga de la Sagesse a été communiquée au Manou et au Bodhisattva de chaque Race.

Or la tradition et l'histoire sont d'accord pour nous dire que le Bodhisattva, le Grand Instructeur spirituel de la Race qui va venir, se manifeste dans un rameau de la Race qui précède, et qui porte le même numéro d'ordre. En d'autres termes, la Race qui va venir étant la sixième, le Grand

Instructeur que nous attendons doit apparaître avec le VI° rameau de notre V° Race.

Lorsque Madame A. Besant dans son mémorable Message de 1909 nous a dit que l'existence de ce rameau privilégié, berceau de la VI° sous-race avait été reconnue aux Etats Unis, elle se faisait l'écho de ce qu'avait écrit Madame Blavatsky en 1888 dans le III° volume de la *Doctrine Secrète* (1) dont je vais vous citer un passage :

La Philosophie occulte enseigne que même maintenant, sous nos propres yeux, la nouvelle race est en voie de formation et que la transformation se fera en Amérique, où elle a déjà commencé silencieusement à s'opérer.

De purs Anglo Saxons qu'ils étaient, il y a 300 ans à peine les Américains des Etats Unis forment déjà une nation à part. Ils forment presque une race, sui-generis non seulement mentalement mais physiquement. Ainsi dans l'espace de 3 siècles seulement, les Américains sont devenus une "race primaire" différant fortement de toutes les autres races qui existent actuellement : Bref, ils représentent les germes de la VI° sous-race. Ils deviendront certainement . . . . les pionniers de la race future.

Le développement de la VI° sous-race aux Etats Unis, implique-t-il que le Grand Instructeur dont la venue doit coïncider avec son apparition, doit descendre sur la terre aux Etats Unis ?

Implique-t-il qu'il apparaîtra sous les traits d'un homme appartenant à cette VI° sous-race naissante ? Nous n'en savons rien. Quant à l'époque à laquelle il apparaîtra, Madame Blavatsky nous le dira tout à l'heure avec une précision qui vous étonnera ; mais d'abord qu'est-ce qu'un Grand Instructeur Spirituel, qu'est-ce qu'un Bodhisattva, qu'est-ce qu'un Avatar ?

Selon l'expression de H. P. B. (2) :

Un Avatar est une incarnation divine. C'est la descents sur la terre de la Divinité manifestée. Que ce soit sous la forme de Vishnou, Krishna, Bouddha ou Jesus, un Avatar est la descende d'un Dieu sous une forme illusoire.

Dans quelles circonstances s'opère cette manifestation périodique de la Divinité ?

Le IV° chapitre de la *Bhagavad-Gita* nous a déjà enseigné que l'Avatar descen-

(1) *Doctrine Secrète*, III., p. 549.

(2) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. III., p. 55 & 56.

dait sur la terre quand les circonstances l'exigeaient pour le salut des bons et la destruction des méchants.

Nous venons de voir d'autre part que l'Avatar apparaissait toujours comme précurseur et comme Instructeur Spirituel d'une Race nouvelle dans un rameau de la Race précédente qui en est la racine.

H. P. B. nous le confirme en d'autres termes dans le III volume de la *Doctrine Secrète* (1) :

La combinaison des chiffres 4. 3. 2. qui figurent dans la durée du Kali-Youga de 4,320 millions d'années est un secret. Cette combinaison se rapporte au Pralaya des Races, lors de leurs dissolutions périodiques, événements avant lesquels, un Avatar doit toujours descendre et s'incarner sur la Terre.

Voilà donc une nouvelle indication, celle-ci relative au temps, à l'époque à laquelle l'Avatar doit descendre sur la terre ; et, ce qu'il s'agit de savoir c'est si nous sommes à la veille de la dissolution de notre V<sup>e</sup> Race.

En d'autres termes, quels sont les signes précurseurs de la décadence d'une civilisation, de la dissolution d'une race ?

Voici comment ils sont énumérés et définis dans *Vishnou Pourana* (2) :

Plus d'observance des règles antiques ; perte des croyances ; attraction vers les choses de la matière plutôt que vers celles de l'Esprit ; augmentation des charges ; diminution des biens de la terre ; affaiblissement de la vitalité dans les trois règnes.

Il n'est pas besoin de longs commentaires pour montrer que ces signes précurseurs de la dissolution d'une race, tels qu'ils sont définis par *Vishnou Pourana* s'appliquent tous à notre époque, et qu'ils semblent écrits d'hier tellement leur actualité est saisissante.

*Abandon des règles antiques !* Ne suffit-il pas en effet, qu'on s'avise de parler de tradition ou de Sages Antique pour que la foule et les savants eux mêmes haussent les épaules ?

*Perte des croyances !* N'entendons-nous pas tous les jours, les Eglises se lamenter et se plaindre que la foi s'en va ?

*Attraction vers les choses de la matière !* N'est-ce pas la philosophie matérialiste qui

domine aujourd'hui encore dans la science et la vie sociale ?

*Augmentation des charges !* Le fardeau de la paix armée était déjà très lourd ; mais que vont devenir les impôts, même pour les vainqueurs, à la suite de cette terrible guerre ?

Tels sont les signes ethnologiques et d'ordre social qui d'après les écritures sacrées de l'Inde, semblent annoncer la dissolution de la Race actuelle, dissolution qui doit être précédée de l'avènement de la VI<sup>e</sup> sous-race berceau de la Race future et en même temps, centre d'élection du Grand Instructeur dont il a été dit : "*Je nais dans chaque youga.*"

Mais ce n'est pas tout, H. P. B. signalait déjà des signes précurseurs d'ordre physique et géologique lorsqu'elle écrivait en 1883 dans le *Théosophist* :

Nous serons bientôt à la fin d'un cycle géologique et autre. Des cataclysmes se succéderont. Des Forces sont accumulées à cet effet, en divers points. Des populations seront noyées ou tuées par milliers. De nouvelles terres apparaîtront ; d'anciennes seront engouties. Des éruptions volcaniques et de gigantesques raz de marée surgiront. . . . .

Remarquez que ces lignes avaient paru avant l'éruption du Krakatoa dans le détroit de la Sonde et du raz de Marée qui fit alors 60,000 victimes ; bien avant l'éruption et l'éclatement du Mont Pelé à la Martinique, et de maints tremblements de terre qui se sont multipliés depuis lors en Sicile, au Japon où ils sont toujours très fréquents, et rappelez vous la destruction complète des deux reines du Pacifique, les Villes de San Francisco et de Valparaiso.

Dans le même ordre d'idées, j'emprunte au *Théosophist* de Décembre 1890, les lignes suivantes se rapportant aux applications de la Loi de périodicité. Elles sont citées par le Colonel Olcott et ont été écrites par l'illustre savant américain Buchanan qui découvrit cette science merveilleuse appelée Psychométrie. Le docteur Buchanan écrivait donc, il y a 26 ans, dans un Magazine Américain appelé *Arena* :

La période de convulsion approche. . . . .

Les troubles seront encore aggravés par la guerre qui aura lieu en Europe près du com-

(1) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. VI., p. 35.

(2) *Lotus Bleu*, 1897, p. 91.

mencement du XX<sup>e</sup> siècle, guerre qui sera le coup de grâce pour les gouvernements monarchiques. . . .

Ce n'est qu'en 1916 que le calme sera complètement rétabli. . . .

Tout sera bouleversé, la religion, comme autre chose. . . .

Le cycle de la femme approche. Il compensera amplement l'horrible tourmente qu'il va falloir traverser. . . .

" La nature se prépare aussi à entrer dans la partie : cyclones, dévastations, inondations, cours dérangé des saisons, étés sans chaleur, hivers sans froid, printemps glacés, tremblements de terre, à commencer par la côte du Pacifique, raz de marée, etc. . . . etc. . . .

On ne peut méconnaître la justesse étonnante de la plupart des prédictions du Docteur Buchanan, que le Colonel Olcott appelle plaisamment : le nouveau Jérémie.

Puisse-t-il ne s'être pas trompé en nous annonçant le rétablissement de la paix en 1916!

Il semble donc que nous sommes à la fin d'un cycle et à la veille d'un nouveau cycle. Nous sommes à une époque de transition. Nous sommes aujourd'hui les témoins d'une crise formidable, les témoins de l'enfantement douloureux d'un nouveau monde, et dans l'attente de l'inconnu, d'une chose que nous ne pouvons définir ; mais qui interviendra sûrement pour rétablir l'humanité sur des bases nouvelles selon les paroles de la *Bhagavad-Gita* : " Pour le salut des bons et la destruction du mal."

#### EST-IL POSSIBLE DE PRÉVOIR L'AVENIR?

Vous ne serez pas surpris si en présence d'un problème aussi ardu, je fais encore appel à la science profonde et aux lumières de Madame Blavatsky.

Les actes de la nature, sont tous cycliques et périodiques (1).

Ce qui veut dire que les actes de la nature, renfermés dans des cycles, grands ou petits, se répètent constamment d'un cycle à l'autre, suivant la Loi de périodicité. Or ce qui est vrai pour les actes et les phénomènes de la nature est également vrai pour les événements qui jalonnent l'évolution humaine, et cela nous fait entrevoir la possibilité de prévoir les

(1) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. II., p. 486.

événements eux mêmes en raison du perpétuel recommencement de toutes choses.

En effet, (1) comme les mouvements sidéraux régissent et déterminent réellement sur la terre, tous les événements, ces événements doivent se soumettre à une prédétermination basée simplement sur des calculs astronomiques.

Je résume ces deux citations de la manière suivante : Pour prévoir l'avenir, il suffit de posséder deux choses :

1° La connaissance des événements des cycles du passé ;

2° Il faut savoir lire dans les astres l'époque à laquelle ces événements doivent se reproduire.

Je continue ma citation : (2)

Or d'après Sénèque, Bérose enseignait à prophétiser les événements et cataclysmes future au moyen du Zodiaque. . . . Cependant les prophéties sidérales du Zodiaque se rapportent à des Lois périodiques de la nature qui se reproduisent sans cesse : mais, ces Lois ne sont comprises que par les Initiés.

Et pourquoi ces Initiés avaient-ils ce don de prophétie ? Etaient-ils des voyants ? Savaient-ils lire dans les Archives akasiques ? H. P. B. ne nous le dit pas. Ce qu'elle nous dit, c'est qu'ils possédaient des observations remontant dans les Annales du passé à des dizaines de milliers d'années.

Ils savaient que les événements des cycles passés devaient se reproduire dans le présent et dans le futur, et leur science savait encore lire dans le ciel, l'époque marquée par la Nature pour le retour de ces événements sur la terre.

Voilà le secret des prophéties de ces initiés.

H. P. B. nous donne quelques chiffres relatifs à leur connaissance approfondie du passé (3).

Diogène Laerte faisait remonter les calculs astronomiques des Egyptiens à 48,863 ans avant Alexandre le Grand. Martianus Capella corrobore cette affirmation en faisant savoir à la postérité que les Egyptiens avaient secrètement étudié l'astronomie pendant plus de 40,000 ans avant de communiquer leur savoir au monde. Jamblique dit : les Assyriens comme l'assure

(1) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. II., p. 442.

(2) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. II., p. 448 & 452.

(3) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. II., p. 449.

Hipparque ont conservé les souvenirs historiques de 27 myriades d'années soit de 270,000 ans, époque à laquelle fut engloutie l'île de Daitya, la dernière de l'Atlantide.

Voilà le secret des prophéties basées sur la connaissance des cycles du passé et des événements qu'ils renferment, événements qui doivent fatalement se reproduire, en vertu de la Loi de périodicité.

Nos savants n'arrivent-ils pas à prédire les éclipses de soleil et de Lune, le retour et la disparition des comètes et autres phénomènes périodiques. Mais leur science ne peut aller plus loin parce qu'ils ne possèdent des observations que depuis plusieurs siècles seulement.

Et nous mêmes, lorsque les ombres de la nuit ont plongé le petit coin de terre que nous habitons dans les ténèbres, nous savons que ces ténèbres ne vont pas durer, nous savons et pouvons annoncer à coup sur, qu'au bout de quelques heures, la lumière bienfaisante du soleil viendra de nouveau réjouir nos yeux.

Sur quoi nous basons nous pour émettre cette prédiction ?

Sur la Loi de périodicité, ni plus ni moins que les savants et les Initiés.

Lorsqu'au milieu des frimas de l'hiver, chacun de nous prédit que dans un certain nombre de lunes, le soleil deviendra plus ardent, que les arbres revêtiront leur parure de feuilles et de fleurs, et seront un peu plus tard chargés de fruits, sommes-nous donc des voyants et des prophètes ?

Sur quoi reposent ces prédictions qui se réalisent toujours, bien que nous ne soyions ni des savants ni des Initiés ? Uniquement et toujours, sur la Loi de périodicité.

Seulement, en raison de nos faibles connaissances, nos vues sur l'avenir sont limitées à des cycles qui n'embrassent que des fractions de temps très courtes : le cycle diurne du jour et de la nuit, et le cycle des saisons ou de l'année solaire.

Essayons d'atteindre un peu plus de précision en ce qui concerne des cycles plus grands ; et pour satisfaire notre désir d'en savoir davantage, reportons-nous si vous le voulez bien, vers Ceux qui en approfondissant les mystères du passé, sont parvenus à soulever le voile de

l'avenir. Revenons à la chronologie Hindoue, qui remonte jusqu'aux âges les plus reculés et demandons lui quelques précisions sur le Grand cycle, sur le Kali-Youga de 4,320 millions d'années.

A quelle époque remonte le début de ce cycle immense dont l'étendue nous donne le vertige ; mais dans lequel nous pourrions prendre quelques points d'appui sur les cycles mineurs qu'il renferme.

H. P. B. dans le III<sup>e</sup> volume de la *Doctrine Secrète* (1), citant le fameux *Traité d'astronomie Indienne et orientale* de Bailly, affirme avec ce dernier que l'époque choisie pour point de départ du Kali-Youga était une époque très réelle, voulant dire par là qu'elle était fondée sur l'observation de phénomènes astronomiques ; et cette époque ne remonte pas très loin, soit exactement à 3,102 ans avant J. C. d'après Bailly. En confirmation des calculs de ce savant, H. P. B. dans le II<sup>e</sup> volume de la *Doctrine Secrète* (2), nous dit que les Hindous font remonter le début de leur Kali-Youga à une conjonction périodique des planètes qui s'est produits 31 siècles avant Jésus Christ.

Or si à 31 siècles avant J.C., ou plus exactement 3,102 ans, nous ajoutons 1916, c'est à dire, les années écoulées depuis l'ère chrétienne, nous obtenons un total de 5,018 années. Il y a donc aujourd'hui 18 ans que le cinquième millénaire du Kali-Youga a pris fin, et il convient ici de se rappeler que parmi les cycles mineurs qu'il renferme, le cycle mineur de 1000 ans symbolisé par le Phœnix, et le cycle quinquennal, étaient tous deux des cycles secrets ayant une grande importance pour la destinée des races et des nations.

Or, au moment où viennent d'expirer les 5 premiers 1000 ans du Kali-Youga, la puissance du nombre 1000, et la puissance du nombre 5 se trouvent multipliées l'une par l'autre, et l'humanité se demande avec une angoisse mêlée d'espérance quels sont les événements annoncés pour cette époque prédestinée.

H. P. B. nous l'expose en ces termes par une citation de *Vishnou Pourana* : (3)

(1) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. III., p. 538.

(2) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. II., p. 448.

(3) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. VI., p. 38.

Lorsque les Principes enseignés par les Védas et les Principes de la Loi seront sur le point de prendre fin, c'est à dire de décliner, et que le terme du Kali-Youga (c'est à dire des premiers 5,000 ans) sera proche, un aspect de l'Être divin (c'est à dire une Avatar) descendra sur la Terre.

Telle est la prédiction contenue dans *Vishnou Pourana*, concernant la venue d'un Grand Instructeur pour l'époque actuelle, prédiction qui vient confirmer la promesse qui nous a été faite, au début de ma conférence par la *Bhagavad-Gita*.

H. P. B. nous cite encore dans le III volume de la *Doctrine Secrète* (1), la 4<sup>e</sup> Eclogue de Virgile, écrite 50 ans avant J.C., dans laquelle on a cru voir, bien à tort du reste, une prophétie se rapportant au début de l'ère chrétienne et à la naissance de Jésus. Voici d'ailleurs, la traduction du texte latin :

Il est venu ce dernier âge prédit par la Sybille de Cumès ; le grand ordre de siècles épuisés recommence.

Ce qui veut dire qu'un cycle étant terminé, un nouveau cycle va commencer. . . . " *déjà du haut des cieux descend une race nouvelle.*" Allusion faite 2,000 ans à l'avance au rameau Américain, germe de la VI<sup>e</sup> sous-race : " *Cet enfant dont la naissance doit bannir le siècle de fer.*" Or le siècle de fer, l'âge noir, n'a pas pris fin à la naissance de Jésus. C'est aujourd'hui seulement qu'expire l'âge de fer, avec le premier cycle mineur de 5,000 ans du Kali-Youga.

" *Les Dieux le verront partager leurs honneurs dans l'univers pacifié.*" Cette phrase ne peut, évidemment se rapporter à l'ère chrétienne, ensanglantée depuis ses débuts jusqu'à nos jours par des guerres continuelles.

" *Les temps approchent . . . vois la terre, les mers dans leur immensité, le ciel et sa voûte profonde, la nature tout entière tressaillir à l'espérance du siècle à venir.*" A quelle époque se rapporte ce grand évènement ?

Qui oserait, dit H. P. B., qui oserait soutenir que ces lignes prophétiques puissent s'appliquer, soit à la naissance de Jésus, soit à un moment quelconque

depuis l'établissement de la religion chrétienne ?

Et, en effet, l'âge de fer, le Kali-Youga n'a-t-il pas continué, sans interruption, ses ravages, depuis 1,900 ans ?

Et l'humanité endolorie, saturée de douleur se demande aujourd'hui plus que jamais : La Coupe de souffrance n'est-elle pas épuisée ? L'âge de fer, le Kali-Youga, n'a-t-il pas pris fin ? Ne sommes nous pas à la fin des temps ? Écoutons Madame Blavatsky qui va nous en donner l'espérance.

Parlant dans le premier volume de la *Doctrine Secrète* (1) d'un très vieux livre, dont l'origine se perd dans la nuit des temps, livre qui a trait à l'évolution cosmique, et à l'histoire des Races humaines, H. P. B. constate que ce très vieux livre s'arrête court, au commencement du Kali-Youga, c'est à dire, il y a 4,989 ans. Notons que l'auteur écrivait cela en 1889.

Mais, ajoute-elle, et j'appelle toute votre attention sur les paroles qui vont suivre, paroles qui par leur précision ont une importance que vous apprécierez :

Mais, en dehors de ce très vieux livre, il existe un autre livre qui en est la continuation et aucun de ses possesseurs ne le regarde comme très ancien, car il date seulement du début de l'âge noir, du Kali-Youga de 5,000 ans environ. Dans 9 ans (c'est à dire en 1998) dans 9 ans ou à peu près, finiront donc les 5 premiers millénaires du Cycle mineur qui a commencé avec la grande période de Kali-Youga. Et alors, la dernière prophétie contenue dans ce livre (le premier des annales prophétiques de l'âge noir, cette dernière prophétie s'accomplira).

Ainsi donc, ce livre qui date de 5,000 ans contient des prophéties concernant les 5 premiers millénaires du Kali-Youga, et H. P. B. fait allusion à la dernière prophétie contenue dans ce livre, prophétie dont l'accomplissement doit coïncider à peu près avec la fin du premier cycle de 5,000 ans du Kali-Youga, c'est à dire avec le début du XX<sup>e</sup> siècle.

Quelle est cette prophétie ? Essayons d'en pénétrer le mystère.

H. P. B. ajoute :

Nous n'avons pas à attendre, et plusieurs d'entre nous verront l'aurore du jour nouveau,

(1) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. III., p. 37.

(1) *Doctrine Secrète*, Vol. I., p. 32.

à la fin duquel, bien des comptes seront réglés et mis au net entre les races.

Ces derniers mots ne s'appliquent-ils pas à la guerre qui met aujourd'hui à feu et à sang toute l'Europe et une partie des continents voisins ? Quant à *l'Aurore du jour nouveau*, que plusieurs de ceux qui étaient contemporains de H. P. B. devaient voir, n'est-ce pas l'aurore du jour qui doit éclairer la venue de l'Avatar, annoncé comme nous l'avons vu, par les prophéties pouraniques et la *Bhagavad-Gita*, pour une époque qui ressemble singulièrement à la nôtre ?

En 1888, l'heure n'était pas venue de dévoiler ce mystère que H. P. B. hésitait à révéler au monde, cependant le secret de cette dernière prophétie lui a échappé et c'est Madame Blavatsky elle-même qui va vous le révéler.

Je vais terminer, en effet, par une citation dans laquelle se trouvent des allusions évidentes, non seulement à la venue prochaine d'un Grand Instructeur spirituel, dans notre XX<sup>e</sup> siècle, mais à l'Organisation de l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient.

Ecoutez les paroles de H. P. B., écrites non sans hésitation peut être et comme à regret, puisqu'elle ne s'y est décidée qu'à la dernière page d'un livre que vous connaissez tous, la *Clef de la Théosophie*, édition française imprimée en 1895, il y a 21 ans.

Si le mouvement actuel, représenté par notre Société remporte un plus grand succès que ceux qui l'ont précédé, le mouvement du XX<sup>e</sup> siècle trouvera une Organisation vivante prête à Le recevoir.

Notez que l'auteur fait une distinction, entre le mouvement actuel, celui de la Société Théosophique à ses débuts, et le mouvement au XX<sup>e</sup> siècle. Nous verrons pourquoi tout à l'heure.

La condition générale des cœurs aura été améliorée et purifiée par les enseignements théosophiques ; et, comme je l'ai déjà dit, les préjugés et les illusions dogmatiques auront disparu jusqu'à un certain point. Il y aura plus ; non seulement une littérature étendue aura été rendue accessible à tout le monde ; mais le prochain effort. . . .

Qu'est-ce que ce prochain effort qui se rapporte évidemment au Mouvement du

XX<sup>e</sup> siècle dont il était question, il y a un instant ? Ne serait-ce pas l'effort spirituel né au sein de la Société Théosophique, et dont le nom est sur vos lèvres ? C'est ce que la suite va nous apprendre.

*Le prochain effort*, dit H. P. B. *trouvera un Corps comptant un grand nombre de membres unis* (le mot unis en italiques dans le texte) et *prêts à accueillir le nouveau Porteur du flambeau de Vérité !* Vous entendez bien : *Le nouveau Porteur du flambeau de Vérité !*

Madame Blavatsky a-t-elle voulu désigner son successeur, c'est à dire le Colonel Olcott ou Madame A. Besant, qui étaient ses disciples, ses élèves, par cette expression solennelle et pompeuse : *Le nouveau Porteur du flambeau de Vérité ?* Cela ne serait ni dans sa manière ni dans son style. Et d'ailleurs, s'il en était ainsi, le mot Porteur serait écrit en caractères romains ordinaires ; mais le mot *Porteur* dans l'ouvrage, est imprimé en italiques, avec la lettre initiale *P* majuscule, et le mot *Vérité* est écrit lui-même avec un grand *V*.

Nul doute par conséquent que *Le Nouveau Porteur du flambeau de Vérité*, signifiait dans l'esprit de H. P. B. toute autre chose qu'une personnalité humaine quelconque, si élevée qu'elle soit, c'est à dire le retour prochain d'un *Grand Etre*, d'un *Grand Instructeur Spirituel*.

H. P. B. ajoute qu'un grand nombre de membres, unis entre eux seraient prêts à l'accueillir. Or le mot *unis*, lui aussi est imprimé en italiques, et il doit y avoir une raison à cela. Le mot unis, doit donc avoir ici une signification spéciale, et ne doit pas se rapporter simplement aux membres ordinaires de la Société Théosophiques. Ne pensez-vous pas qu'il se rapporte plutôt à des membres unis par un lien nouveau, par un lien plus fort, par le lien de la foi dans le Credo de l'Ordre ?

Parlant du Grand Etre qui doit venir comme *Porteur du flambeau de Vérité* H. P. B. ajoute :

Les cœurs seront préparés à recevoir Son Message, le langage qu'il lui faudra pour exprimer les nouvelles vérités aura été trouvé, une Organisation toute faite attendra son arrivée.

Quelle est donc cette *Organisation toute faite*? Est-ce la Société Théosophique? n'est-ce pas plutôt l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient? Les lignes qui vont suivre vont nous éclairer à ce sujet.

Donc: Une Organisation toute faite attendra Son arrivée et s'empressera d'enlever de Son chemin les obstacles et les difficultés d'une nature purement mécanique et matérielle. Réfléchissez un instant, et vous comprendrez ce que sera capable d'accomplir, Celui. . . .

La lettre initiale du mot Celui est encore une majuscule.

Celui auquel de telles circonstances tomberont en partage; vous pouvez en faire le calcul en voyant ce que la Société Théosophique a pu faire.

Voilà donc la Société Théosophique qui vient en parallèle, en comparaison avec cette Organisation toute faite dont H. P. B. parlait un peu plus haut. Ce sont donc deux choses distinctes, c'est pourquoi il me paraît raisonnable de croire que dans l'esprit de l'Auteur, cette Organisation toute faite, ne pouvant être la Société Théosophique, ne peut désigner autre chose que *l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient*.

Telle est la dernière page de la *Clef de la Théosophie*, page ultime dans laquelle

l'auteur, visiblement inspiré, et décidé à ne pas terminer l'ouvrage sans avoir livré son secret, a condensé en quelques paroles prophétiques, une vision de l'avenir qui lui était apparue.

Cependant, jusqu'à ces dernières années, c'est à dire jusqu'au Message émouvant donné en 1909, au monde entier par Madame A. Besant, ces paroles ne pouvaient avoir pour les lecteurs de l'Ouvrage qu'une signification obscure énigmatique. Aujourd'hui, au contraire, lorsque nous les examinons à la clarté de l'Etoile qui nous est chère, leur signification devient évidente et nous percevons nettement, nous reconnaissons que *Le Nouveau Porteur du flambeau de Vérité*, ne peut être que le nouveau Sauveur du monde, le *Grand Instructeur spirituel* attendu par nous tous; et, nous reconnaissons également que la *Nouvelle Organisation*, dont la tâche est de préparer Sa Venue, n'est autre que *l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient*, auquel nous avons le privilège d'appartenir.

E. DUBOC

(*Secrétaire trésorier de l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient pour la France.*)

#### SUMMARY OF PRECEDING ARTICLE

Did Madame Blavatsky foretell the near coming of a Great Teacher? In Vol. III. of *The Secret Doctrine* she quotes the verse of the *Bhagavad Gita*, which declares that when duty declines and injustice reigns, the Lord manifests: "I am born in every yuga." The yuga is merely a period of time, long or short, during which the same events repeat themselves, and certain signs are given whereby we may know when a great Teacher is coming, as He always does before the birth of a new Race. The sixth Sub-Race is now preparing, and earthquakes and convulsions of Nature are working to make ready the future home for the sixth Root Race. Just as our scientific men predict eclipses, so students of the Sacred Science can predict the birth of Races and of their Instructors. The Hindus place the be-

ginning of the Kali Yuga 3,102 years B.C., i.e., some 5,018 years ago. This means that we have just begun the second period of 5,000 years, as well as the shorter cycle of 1,000 years, and both cycles are deemed important for men and nations. H. P. B., quoting the *Vishnu Purana*, said that at that time an aspect of Divinity would descend on Earth. We had not long to wait, she told us; many of us would see the dawn of the New Day. The prediction by H. P. B. in the *Key to Theosophy*, that if the Theosophical Society were successful, the XXth century would find an Organisation ready to receive the new Bearer of the Torch of Truth, is held by Monsieur Duboc to point to the Order of the Star in the East, which is preparing to receive the new Spiritual Instructor.

# Maternity and Child Welfare

By E. J. SMITH

*[As Chairman of the Health Committee of the Bradford Corporation and author of "Maternity and Child Welfare," and "A Yorkshireman Abroad," Mr. Smith is in a position to give us valuable information upon this vital subject. This is the first of a series of articles from his pen which we hope to place before our readers. In the work of reconstruction which is before us, expert opinion is required, guided by the broad ideal of Brotherhood for which we stand. The problem is, how to make conditions that will attract big souls to take birth amongst us.]*

## I.

**I**T is probably no exaggeration to say the declining birth-rate that has taken place in England and France during the last forty years is responsible for the European War. Had it remained stationary the available forces in the two countries would have been such as to have effectually prevented Germany assuming the risk. If, however, she had been guilty of the incredible folly, there can be little doubt the war would now have been over, and we should have been numerous enough and strong enough to face the future without anxiety. But taking things as they are, and not as under more favourable circumstances they might have been, the significant fact will be apparent to the most superficial that the war is being won, not by those who for reasons good, bad and indifferent have evaded the God-ordained duty of continuing the race, but by those who have had children. And it will be equally clear that single men and women, and childless married people owe their security of person and property, and freedom from

anxiety, to a section of the community, which has so far been denied by the State it maintains and the industries it supplies with labour, that tangible recognition and concrete help without which the birth-rate will continue to decline and the State to decay. If the higher civilization we claim is to continue to wield its influence and power in the world, it must be obvious we cannot afford to allow our numbers to fall more rapidly than nations and empires which stand for meaner conceptions and grosser forms of life, but if actual experience is to be relied upon, they cannot be maintained unless drastic and far-reaching changes are forthcoming. It is, of course, impossible to do more than glance at some of the complex issues involved in the problem of maternity and child welfare through the medium of a magazine, and so the writer proposes to confine himself to a few aspects of the case which he believes are worthy of sympathetic and thoughtful consideration, and to a brief outline of the Bradford Scheme.

## 1. HOW THE SLUMS ARE MAINTAINED

In the great industrial centres in particular, and in working-class neighbourhoods in general, children are taken from school and sent to work far too early, with the result that they begin to earn money, not before many of their parents need it, but long ere they themselves understand its value, or can possibly profit by its use. In numerous instances this experience promotes a precocious spirit of independence that tends to destroy filial regard and creates indifference to parental control, which rapidly develops into disrespect and even defiance. The outcome is seen in street parades of towns and cities on Saturday and Sunday evenings, and in music halls, picture houses and similar places of amusement during the week. Girls in short frocks with hair hanging down their backs mix promiscuously with lads they have never seen before, and one need not dwell on the inevitable result of such loose relationships, or wonder when these young people pass by institutions intended to promote their mental, moral and spiritual improvement with supercilious scorn. Under such circumstances it is not surprising to find that, though these children reach years of maturity, they seldom arrive at those of discretion or become helpful members of society, contributing to the prosperity and well-being of the State. The girls are utterly undomesticated and therefore hopelessly unfitted to become wives and mothers, while the lads have no more conception of the responsibilities of husbands and fathers than they have of moral duties or spiritual obligations. The excessive spending money they demand out of their wages goes as fast as they get it, and in ways which tend to convert liberty into license, so that they begin housekeeping only when confronted by a forced marriage or open disgrace.

Their second folly is made easy by the specious but damnable hire system, by means of which they furnish a house far too lavishly for a few shillings, on the invitation and promise to be found posted in the shop windows of their victimisers, "You get married and we will do the rest";

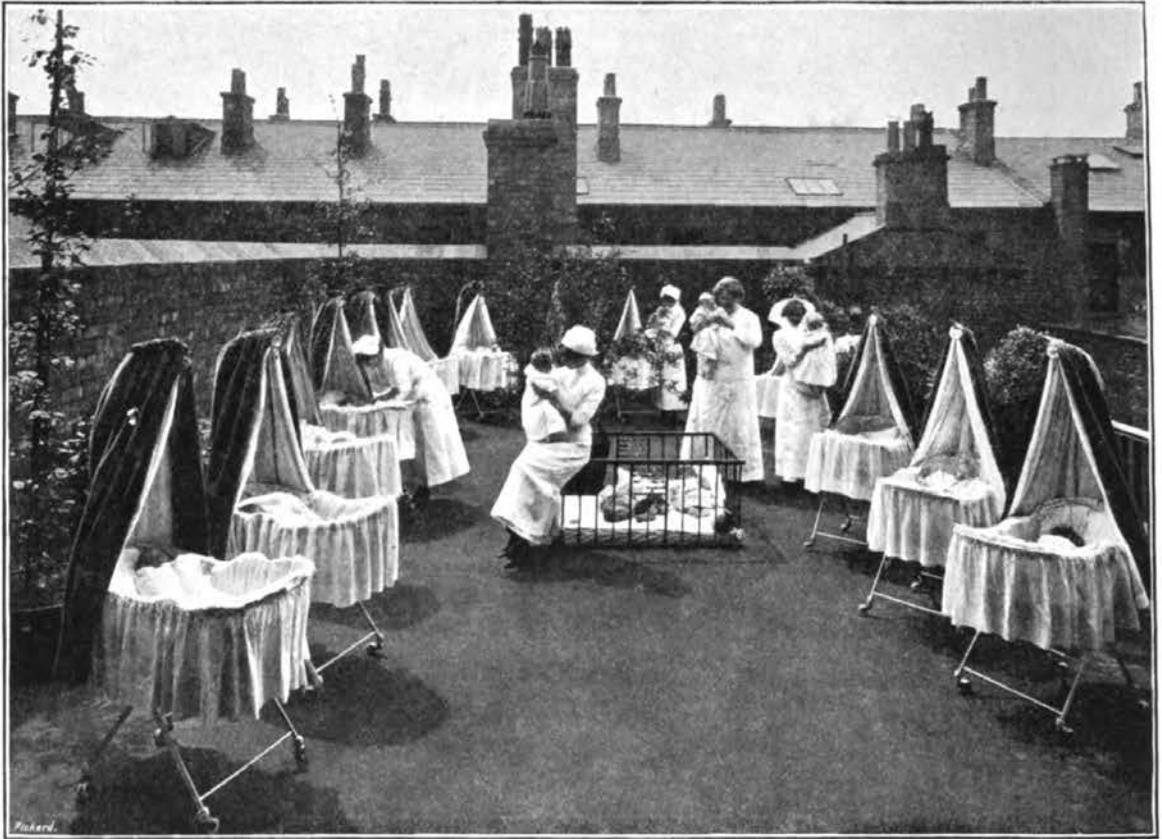
while their wearing apparel is got from clothing clubs on the same pernicious principle, so that all they have belongs not to them but to their benevolent victimisers, and the demoralising mill-stone of debt becomes a well-nigh insurmountable obstacle to the new life they have so culpably begun. By such means a considerable proportion of the man's aggregate earnings are mortgaged for years to come in the senseless belief that unforeseen circumstances can never arise, work will always be plentiful and health good. In the home, which is only hired to them so long as the weekly payments are maintained, there is neither system, cleanliness nor comfort, for the girl, instead of becoming thoroughly domesticated, has spent her working hours in the factory or other money-earning occupation, and her spare time in the streets, so that she neither knows how to keep a home, cook a meal, nor make a garment; and so the bubble bursts, and the folly of such an ill-regulated life and wasted opportunities dawns upon them when it is too late. Employment fails or sickness creeps into the dwelling and they are on the rocks, for the mother must go back to her previous occupation in order to keep the wolves from the door. The child is put out to nurse by those who have only a pecuniary interest in its welfare and the home becomes a mere lodging-house to which the three resort at the end of the day.

When the wife returns tired and weary, after a hard day's work, every duty in the home is waiting for her, and a neglected and, therefore, often sickly, child is needing the care that only a mother can give. The husband, lacking the good sense and moral qualities indispensable to his office, begins to look for his pleasures outside, and turns to the public house, the drinking club, the music hall, or the street, to find the attractions his home can no longer supply. Gradually the mother, unable to penetrate the gloom or see anything but one day of incessant drudgery and toil succeeding another, loses heart, gets sick of it all, begins to drift into indolent and dissipated habits, and before the new home has got fairly



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launched it has become a wreck, and three lives—father, mother and an innocent and helpless child are at the mercy of the cruel storm of adverse circumstances till the public life-boat goes to the rescue and brings them on shore, minus self-respect and the capacity to make a new beginning on better lines.

These, with an indefinite number of variations, reflect the experiences of the so-called parents of an ever-increasing proportion of the children who are to inherit the great causes with which our history will forever be associated, and who in their turn are to become the trustees of generations yet unborn. They constitute sad and disquieting records of parental folly and industrial blindness, and unless we are prepared by measures that will make it possible to put an end to the half-time system, and to raise the school-leaving age of children, to prevent the home life of the nation drifting from its moorings, the harvest of a low morality and self-destroying materialism will continue to ripen, and prisons, work-houses, and asylums, the living monuments of neglected childhood, be used to put out of sight and as long as retribution will permit out of mind the hand-writing on the wall.

## 2. WORK WAITING TO BE DONE BY THE CHURCHES

Amongst the section of the community to which we are now referring there is a real and urgent duty waiting to be done by the churches. Settlements, schools for mothers, and similar institutions, will never get close enough to this problem till they are transferred to the actual homes of the people they so devotedly serve. What one would like to see is at least one house, composed of two or three dwellings, in the very heart of every slum, staffed by relays of, say, half-a-dozen Christian men and women who are willing to live there a month at a time for the specific purpose of exhibiting, not ostentatious, but intelligent, tactful and sympathetic neighbourliness. The task is as difficult as the opportunity for redeeming service is great, it needs undying faith

in human derelicts, unquenchable enthusiasm and the Divine dynamic. Rents are higher in slums, when regarded from the standpoint of the miserably inadequate accommodation provided, than in suburbs, while food is dearer, owing to the poorness of quality and the small quantities in which it has to be bought, than in the best shops of great cities. Wages fluctuate between a comparatively low standard and nothing at all, and as licensing magistrates have always allowed the temptation to be greatest where the power to resist it is least, the public house is the brightest place in these poverty-stricken areas, and appears to be the best friend, as it undoubtedly is the worst enemy, with which these sorely tried people have to contend.

These conditions, coupled to the helplessness of ignorance and the power of bad habits give some idea of the work waiting to be done, but it would be a libel on the people themselves to omit to point out that the kindness of the poor to the poor is one of the miracles of poverty, and that in the aggregate they are much more sinned against than sinning. The need is for men and women with optimism, sunshine and hope; initiative, resource and adaptability to go into these houses—they cannot truthfully be called homes—set to work and with the insufficient means and almost total lack of facilities available demonstrate on the spot how to make the best of such heart-breaking conditions. To do that, and at the same time lead these social outcasts to look to, and rely upon, a Power outside of, and greater than their own, would be to fulfill the Master's injunction. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine what the presence of such good Samaritans would mean to people who have been neglected and despised till they ask only to be let alone.

A story-telling night once or twice a week in the new home occupied by these kindly neighbours would be like Heaven to the little urchins who in the meantime must look for their pleasures in foul gutters and filthy back-yards, while an occasional cup of tea in the same place, a common-sense solving of difficulties, bright advice and

cheery inspiration would be like the dawn of a new day to tired mothers struggling with adversity and sickly infants. In the same way the men folk might ultimately be induced to try an evening at the new home, where wisely directed social intercourse interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, and now and again a stirring recital, would enable them to compare results with those got at the "Blue Lion" or the "Spotted Ox." Indeed, the very presence of the new home would create an atmosphere that gives strength to weakness and willingness to try again. But it would do more, for it is in these very

places that a rapidly increasing proportion of the next generation is being born, and unless they can be rescued the day of retribution and suffering is sure to overtake us. It is work that "blesses him that gives, and him that takes," and if the best men and women in the churches would lay hold of it with devoted enthusiasm, organised religion would be converted from an innocuous profession into a vitalising Christian force. Are we courageous enough to build these lighthouses in the storm-tossed seas?

E. J. SMITH

(To be continued.)

II. "THE ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD" will appear in our January number.

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## The Two Christs

*"Brother, if your Christ be the Atoning Lamb,  
The only-begotten of the great I Am,  
The Rock of Ages cleft for you,  
And you say my Christ would never do,  
Brother, follow your Christ and give me your hand.*

*"Brother, if my Christ be the great Ideal,  
The possibility of the race made real,  
The lowly Man of Galilee,  
And I say your Christ would not help me,  
Brother, leave me my Christ, but give me your hand.*

*"Brother, if our Christs—both claiming the Dear Name—  
Turn out in the end to be One and the Same:  
The Love Divine that bleeds for all,  
Would our hearts rejoice to hear Him call:  
'Brethren, come unto Me, and come hand in hand.'"*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

# Christmas Eve

By Lieut. E. A. WODEHOUSE

I.

**S**TILL was it in the little curtain'd room ;  
 Without, the busy traffic had died down,  
 And in the quiet of that firelit gloom  
 There liv'd no echo of the feverish town :  
     Only a drowsy hum,  
     Heard intermittently from far away,  
     Seem'd like dull night's uneasy dream of day.

II.

Deep had I ponder'd, all that Christmas Eve,  
 The aching problem of a world in pain ;  
 Feeling in thought along the threads that weave  
 Its dreadful web of sorrow—till the skein  
     Seem'd, in its toils, to leave  
     Hardly a little space unmeshéd by  
     That universal net of agony.

III.

And, as I mus'd, it seem'd, that strangling net  
 Grew tighter with the lapse of year on year ;  
 Closer it wove its mesh, and closer yet ;  
 The crossing threads lay nearer and more near,  
     —Until, at last, they met !  
     And the whole world rock'd blindly to and fro,  
     Caught in those prisoning strands of helpless woe !

## IV.

For lo ! I saw, men grew—yet growth was pain ;  
 Knowledge they stor'd—and yet to know was sorrow ;  
 Even as they added to life's count, each gain  
 Was levell'd in a loss. They did but borrow  
 To pay in hopes made vain,  
 In faith unmann'd and deepening distress,  
 And ever, ever waning happiness.

## V.

O, fond illusion of enlightenment !  
 Progress,—what tragic mockery in that word !  
 When all that striving, all that toil, was spent  
 But to fit Misery with a keener sword !  
 When Wisdom's self but lent  
 New might to murderous Hate, contriving still  
 How best her children might each other kill !

## VI.

Alas ! how many a year since that first Day,  
 When for sad mortals Heavenly Love was born !  
 How much of growth !—Yet fiercelier rag'd the fray ;  
 Fierceliest of all this latest Christmas morn !  
 If ever men did slay  
 Their fellow-men in anger, blow on blow,  
 Ah ! with how wild a fury slew they now !

## VII.

Hark !—but an hour to midnight !—Yet full well  
 I knew, each several minute of that hour,  
 Each moment of each minute, some hoarse shell  
 Would leap on living men with murderous power  
 Out in that distant hell !  
 I knew that men must die, that men would kill,  
 Even in that vigil-hour of sweet Goodwill !

## VIII.

I knew, that feverish madness would not sleep  
 At sudden, hush'd remembrance of Love's Birth ;  
 No fragrance of sweet memories would steep  
 The senses of a torn and hate-rack'd earth ;  
 Passions so fierce and deep,  
 Fed by the heap'd fuel of age on age,  
 No draught from that celestial fount could suage !

\* \* \* \*

## IX.

Hark!—midnight!—*Christmas!*—*and a world at war!*  
 —Soft, I unlatch'd the casement and look'd out;  
 And lo! a night of many an earnest star,  
     That with deep eyes, half-wondering half in doubt,  
     Seem'd gazing from afar  
     To watch those iron gates of strife and sin  
     Open and let that gentle Pilgrim in.

## X.

Swift, in my pain, "O wondering stars," I cried,  
 "Where is that bright and peerless Orb, that shone  
 Your fairest, kingliest once?—O, hath it died  
     Consum'd in its own light, its office done?  
     Why hath it ceas'd to ride  
     Against this holy season, thronéd high,  
     —Monarch, as once, of all yon Eastern sky?"

## XI.

"Lo! Christ is born!—Where was His harbinger?  
 The holy Day is here!—Where shines its star?  
 O, think ye our sad earth is lovelier,  
     Or that her dark ways more preparéd are,  
     That thus ye send to her  
     No message, writ in heaven's own charactery,  
     To tell her that her King and Lord is nigh?"

## XII.

"O, haply, had such flaming sign been sent  
 To blaze athwart the forehead of the sky,  
 Men would have vail'd their swords in wonderment,  
     —The fever and the madness all laid by,  
     Their furious rage all spent—  
     And, at the summons of this holy Day,  
     Humbled their souls and turn'd themselves to pray."

## XIII.

Then, as I ceas'd, it seem'd from far away  
 Floated a Voice, more sweet than music is,  
 That mourn'd, "*Alas! alas! this holy Day  
 Lives but a day of shades and memories.  
     Faint is its light and gray,  
     The perfume of its sweetness all but shed,  
     Like dying flowers that droop above the dead.*"

## XIV.

“ *Yet, were the living Circumstance the same  
That wak'd the firmament to splendour then,  
—Were He to come again, as once He came,  
A living Man to dwell with living men—  
O, then that orient flame  
Would blaze anew ! Then should'st thou see from far  
Thronéd once more on high—His Eastern Star !* ”

## XV.

“ *The Hour, the Hour we wait ! We wait the Hour !* ”  
—So to a silence died that heavenly Voice :  
And, as it faded, something seem'd to flower  
Deep in my bosom, bidding me rejoice ;  
Kindling a new-found power,  
That turn'd my poor late doubts, my fears, to scorn.  
Courage and strength had come—for Hope was born !

## XVI.

The Hour ! The Hour !—Then should it live again,  
That Day of Promise ! It should dawn anew  
Even on a world of wrath and hate and pain !  
That web was not eternal !—O, 'twas true  
That ever-tightening skein  
Might be unloos'd !—It must, it must be so !  
Said not the Voice, “ *We wait* ” ?—And they must know !

## XVII.

Then, bearing still that quickening Hope, that leapt  
In the rich womb of my glad heart, I turn'd  
To where, but two hours since, I had mus'd and wept,  
—My fire-side chair. The little fire still burn'd ;  
And, in its warmth, I slept.  
And, sleeping, lo ! from forth its fitful gleam  
There stole into my quiet brain a Dream.

\* \* \* \*

## XVIII.

The War was over.—All its sounds were still'd ;  
 Even their very echo had died away ;  
 And lo ! the great World-Desert had been till'd  
 Until it was not.—Smiling green it lay,  
     With fairest fruits all fill'd ;  
 Shining with happier face than e'er it wore  
 In those remember'd, twilit days of yore.

## XIX.

For all that dwelt therein seem'd happy now ;  
 There was an added lightness in their mien,  
 A radiant light that liv'd upon each brow,  
 A joyousness that I had never seen.  
     Almost it seem'd as though  
 The centuries of storm and strife and strain  
 Had all slipp'd off—and earth was young again !

## XX.

And lo ! I noted a strange kindness  
 Softening each eye that rested on another ;  
 So warm, it seem'd, the stranger claim'd no less  
 Of welcome and of love than friend or brother ;  
     Till hardly might I guess  
 Which several link, 'mid all that I could see,  
 Bound each to each in that large amity.

## XXI.

And in their daily toil, I saw, men wrought  
 As though they lov'd it for the work's own sake ;  
 —Still for the perfect task their only thought,  
 Unwearying still the pain that each would take  
     To stamp the grace he sought  
 Upon each passing labour, great or small,  
 Whereto the busy, various day might call.

## XXII.

And nothing in that world seem'd mean or low,  
 So it were duty. Humbly each fulfill'd  
 The labour of his station, pleas'd enow  
 To be a partner in that happy guild,  
     Where—for each will'd it so—  
 The credit and the joy for all things good  
 Liv'd, shar'd by all in generous brotherhood.

## XXIII.

Little they crav'd of what was fugitive ;  
 Nor greed they knew, nor sharp ambition's stress,  
 Nor envy.—Lo ! to labour was to live,  
 And life was love, and love was happiness.  
 What faithful days could give,  
 Alone they sought ; and guerdon claim'd they none  
 Save for sweet labour well and truly done.

## XXIV.

So were they happy.—For there liv'd reveal'd  
 Unto the simple wisdom of their sight  
 A store of marvellous beauty, unconceal'd,  
 In commonest things. From these they drew a light,  
 Those things could never yield ;  
 Only a purgéd vision, clear and true,  
 Wrought on each object seen and made it new.

## XXV.

No holy days they kept ; for one and all  
 Were holy. In the circle of the year  
 Each radiant morn became a festival,  
 Each eve a time for rest and simple cheer.  
 No need for bell to call  
 Their thoughts to heaven ; for heaven was always nigh,  
 Hid in the heart's own inner sanctuary.

## XXVI.

It was a happy, blessed world, in sooth,  
 Whereon, in that strange wondering dream, I gaz'd ;  
 A world enchanted with the wine of Youth,  
 A magic world made young by Love.—Amaz'd,  
 I cried, " If this be truth,  
 Whence is this change ? What miracle, untold,  
 Hath so transform'd that grey, grim earth of old ? "

## XXVII.

—With that, it seem'd, my spirit's inward eye  
 Swept backward up the drifting stream of Change ;  
 And many a storied lustre pass'd it by  
 Of human lives, and onward still did range,  
 —Until, full suddenly,  
 A time it spied, when for a little span  
 There dwelt upon our earth—a wondrous Man.

\* \* \* \*

## XXVIII.

Wondrous he was, in sooth, yet in such wise  
 That men might half forget their wondering,  
 Seeing his gentleness.—As April skies  
 Do veil the power of the bursting Spring,  
     So from his shining eyes,  
 Unfelt as strength, felt only as soft light,  
 There flow'd a godlike and restoring might.

## XXIX.

Sweetly he moved his fellow-men among  
 And modestly : yet his great power was such,  
 That all men drank his radiance and grew strong ;  
 Each wintry heart new-blossom'd at his touch ;  
     And grief and hate and wrong  
 Melted like summer mists and pass'd away  
 Before the warmth of his compelling ray.

## XXX.

Even so, with something of a sun-like might,  
 Bringing all beauteous things to birth, he mov'd ;  
 And, as he pass'd, the ways of earth grew bright  
 With love.—Yet hardly might one say, he lov'd :  
     Rather he was pure Light,  
 And love and joy and peace the harvest were,  
 Which, in their flowering, show'd the light was there.

## XXXI.

There lay the wonder ! For whate'er he wrought,  
 He wrought by charm. So effortless it was,  
 The fruit of action seem'd to bloom unsought :  
 It had the magic power that dreaming has,  
     When, from a wayward thought,  
 Kindled into life, a whole world seems to rise  
 Obedient before the sleeper's eyes.

## XXXII.

And so men only felt, when he was by,  
 A deep contentment and a wondrous peace.  
 There stole upon them, though they knew not why,  
 A lightness of the spirit,—a release  
     From something hard and dry  
 That cramp'd the soul.—Softly from heart and brain  
 Was loos'd the world's intolerable strain.

## XXXIII.

And they that were in labour with sore sin  
 Forgot to strive and fret. He seem'd to guess,  
 And with unsyllabled magic he would win  
 The soul to sight of her own loveliness ;  
 Letting sweet daylight in  
 To pierce the folds of that sense-builed screen ;  
 And—in the very vision—she was clean !

## XXXIV.

And others, too, there were, whose secret breast  
 Was heavy with a load of aching fear,  
 Or with a burden of sick shame oppress'd,  
 Or blind with grief.—He had but to draw near,  
 And lo ! they were at rest.  
 Back roll'd those clouds of pain and fear and doubt,  
 And in the troubled soul the sun came out !

## XXXV.

And so with all.—He had but to come nigh,  
 To speak a word, to touch the hand, to smile,  
 To shed the gentle radiance of his eye,  
 —And all that in them lurk'd of hard or vile  
 Seem'd to fade out and die !  
 Yet with no gradual death, no fading seen ;  
 —Somehow it seem'd that it had never been !

## XXXVI.

'Twas not that they were different ;—they were still  
 Simply themselves. Only the tides that roll  
 The deep and silent ocean of the will  
 Seem'd sudden set towards another pole.  
 For now, instead of ill,  
 The gather'd volume of that secret flood  
 Heav'd silently about and made for good.

## XXXVII.

It was as though some powerful aid he lent  
 Unto the soul's own secret alchemy,  
 Helping her to resolve all compounds blent  
 Of fine and base, and lightly to set free  
 Each nobler element,  
 Stript of its alien weight of mingled dross ;  
 Making it pure by change, without self-loss.

## XXXVIII.

The strong man, touch'd with ruth, lost not his might ;  
 Only the current of his strength was turn'd  
 Still was the lion in him swift to smite,  
 The fiery blood o' th' heart as fiercely burn'd ;  
 Yet, from that hour, his fight  
 Was all for love. His strength was his to stake  
 But for the right and sweet compassion's sake.

## XXXIX.

Even lust's angry fires forwent no heat,  
 But shone anew in flame of purest love.  
 The pulse of self surg'd with no feebler beat,  
 But liv'd a mighty engine, strong to move  
 To selfless service sweet.  
 Changeless, yet chang'd, each ancient might liv'd on  
 To serve that inward transformation.

## XL.

—And so, where'er he mov'd, he left behind,  
 Like to the pathway of a streaming star,  
 A record writ in light. Souls that were blind  
 Saw with an undimm'd vision ; memory's scar,  
 Crusting the stricken mind,  
 Heal'd and dropt off ; new ichor flow'd in veins  
 Harden'd by self or wither'd by long pains.

## XLI.

Physician, Gardener, Alchemist !—What name  
 May fitliest clasp the secret of his spell ?  
 —And yet, what recks it ?—*That* was still the same,  
 Whereon the wonder of his magic fell.  
 Whatever word we frame,  
 It was the soul, the ailing human soul,  
 Which by his simple presence he made whole.

## XLII.

And yet, if choice of name were haply mine—  
 Might I but seek a casket, fairly wrought,  
 Wherein that sacred wonder to enshrine—  
 Lo ! I would think in music ; and my thought  
 Would be of song divine,  
 Of harmony all blent of golden tone,  
 Of melody more sweet than Orpheus' own !

## XLIII.

For O, when He did speak !—His words were few,  
 And oftentimes he hardly seem'd to teach.  
 —Yet taught he ; and all men, that heard him, knew  
 There was a heavenly magic in his speech ;  
     Something of wise and true  
 Beyond all words ; a wondrous charm that play'd,  
 Like to a hidden light, thro' all he said.

## XLIV.

And ever men and women would draw near,  
 As they would never tire of listening,  
 With parchéd souls, athirst for heavenly cheer,  
 To drink fresh life at that celestial spring ;  
     And each would seem to hear,  
 New-mingled in that voice, as in a chime,  
 Forgotten accents of an elder time.

## XLV.

Again, it seem'd, beneath a palm-tree's shade  
 The gentle Buddha sate at eventide  
 And taught ; again young Krishna lov'd and play'd,  
 Flute at his lip, sweet Radha at his side,  
     In green Brindâban's glade ;  
 Again the Voice, that spake as man ne'er spake,  
 Floated across the Galilean lake.

## XLVI.

And when, at length, that charméd utterance  
 Died in a cadence low and sweet and clear,  
 Men would sit silent in a kind of trance,  
 Still seeming, in that poiséd mood, to hear  
     Its sweet reverberance  
 In thousand faint tumultuous echoes roll  
 Deep in the secret chambers of the soul ;

## XLVII.

And then—arous'd from that deep ecstasy  
 To gradual-dawning sense of time and place—  
 Would turn unto each other with new eye ;  
 And each would, sudden, in his neighbour's face  
     A marvellous change espy,  
 —The light of something newly understood  
 Of beautiful and kind and wise and good.

## XLVIII.

'Twas even as though some thick close-folded veil  
 Had dropt away, revealing to the sight  
 The mystery of a fair and holy Grail,  
 Shrin'd in the living Spirit's inmost light ;  
     As though a fire, long pale,  
 New-kindled at the Soul, had stream'd like wine  
 Into those eyes and made them half divine.

## XLIX.

And, in that moment, suddenly grew clear  
 The sweetness of those common ties that bind,  
 For daily comradeship and mutual cheer,  
 All wandering human spirits to their kind.  
     How close they seem'd and dear,—  
 Those simple bulwarks of our lonely life,  
 The loves of parent, brother, sister, wife !

## L.

How sweet it was to live, surrounded by  
 Faces of such deep friendliness !—to move  
 Encircled by such gentle charity,  
 Encompass'd by the warmth of so much love !  
     And ah ! what loss to die  
 With eyes still seal'd—to die, and ne'er to guess  
 Life's wealth of simple, human kindliness !

## LI.

Earth, too !—this bosoming earth—how fair she was !  
 See, with how lavish hand her feast was spread !  
 What beauty without stint in flower and grass !  
 What wealth on hill and plain !—And overhead,  
     Dear God ! could aught surpass  
 The glory of that sky, so pure, so bright,  
 That canopy of ever-changing light !

## LII.

O, fair was earth !—And yet not only fair—  
 How kind a mother !—With what loving heed  
 She cater'd for her children ! With what care  
 Stor'd she her substance 'gainst their every need !  
     Keener, than mother's are,  
 Her wakeful eyes, the tireless ward she kept !  
 Hers was a love that watch'd and never slept !

## LIII.

—Then, in such thoughts enfolded, they would rise  
 And pass into the busy, peopled street,  
 Moving as men entranc'd ;—with wondering eyes  
 Gazing on all whom they might hap to meet ;  
 Noting the trees, the skies,  
 The houses by the road, the fields, the air,  
 —And marvelling how strange they seem'd and fair !

## LIV.

The world was chang'd !—Behold ! the shell was riven  
 Wherein so long their being had been pent.  
 Alas ! to think how fiercely they had striven  
 For hopes that could not bear accomplishment !  
 —Now was earth chang'd to heaven !  
 No more a world of yearning and pursuit,  
 But of sweet joys fulfill'd and present fruit !

## LV.

No longer would they seek, but they would live !  
 Theirs but to drain from life's o'erflowing cup  
 The joys it held ; to let each moment give  
 The pleasure of that moment ; to fill up,  
 Like bees, their Spirit's hive  
 With honey stolen from whatever flower  
 Fell from the bright lap of the passing hour.

## LVI.

Only to live, to live !—but that alone !  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 —O sweet Musician, thus it was thy spell  
 Wrought on those poor, bleak hearts.—Thy magic tone  
 Taught them what, erst, they dream'd they knew too well.  
 Thou gavest them back their own !  
 Thou gavest them back the world !—Long us'd to roam,  
 They op'd their eyes—and lo ! they found it Home !

## LVII.

Even as a maiden, lonely and unwoo'd  
 Finding a lover, flushes with sweet pride  
 That one should look on her and find her good,  
 —Knowing a beauty she had thought denied—  
 And, straight, throws back her hood  
 And walks with lighter step and head held high,  
 Meeting her neighbours with assuréd eye ;

## LVIII.

Or as a Poet, in whose stifled heart  
 The music long hath slept for lack of voice,  
 Finding one day the secret of his art,  
 Bursts into song, and straightway doth rejoice ;  
     Rending his soul apart,  
 To let that long-imprison'd melody  
 Fly upward to his lips and so be free ;

## LIX.

—So was it with those souls. That new-found light,  
 Once lit within, became an ecstasy.  
 From heart to heart it flew, and still its flight  
 Fann'd it to livelier flame—till gradually  
     It made a whole world bright.  
 Thro' the dim waste of human life it flew,  
 And everything it touchéd was made new.

## LX.

And so it came that, with unfolding years,  
 Was wrought that strange, new world, of which I dream'd,  
 —That world of happy toil, unstain'd by tears,  
 That world so joyous that it almost seem'd  
     A child of other spheres,  
 Earth rais'd to heaven, or heaven to earth descended,  
 Or earth and heaven in some strange union blended.

## LXI.

It was a world but better understood,  
 A world men lov'd because their sight was clearer,  
 A world made bright by no imparted good  
 But rich in its own wealth ;—and so, far dearer  
     To souls of earth's own brood  
 Than any heaven, however fair and sweet,  
 Wherein they might have walk'd with alien feet.

## LXII.

Men found the riches they already had !  
 They knew the beauty which was theirs of old !  
 And lo ! they learn'd, if e'er they had been sad,  
 It was because no voice had ever told  
     All that should make them glad.  
 —It was thy voice, sweet Singer, that unseal'd  
 That joy, and earth to earth's own self reveal'd !

## LXIII.

It was the beauty of a self-less heart,  
 That breath'd upon men's minds and made them whole ;  
 It was a gentle spirit's unstudied art,  
 Which into aching breasts so sweetly stole  
 And soothéd all their smart ;  
 The magic of a single perfect Life,  
 That heal'd a whole world's woe and still'd its strife.

\* \* \* \*

## LXIV.

I could not see—for lo ! mine eyes grew dim—  
 How in his life he fared, nor how he died ;  
 Or whether pain he knew, or peril grim,  
 Or unkind thought from envy or from pride.  
 —Perchance some hated him ;  
 —It may have been—Love's feet are rarely us'd  
 To tread the stony paths of earth unbruis'd !

## LXV.

I only saw the Light—the Light that stream'd,  
 Like to a mighty river, from its birth  
 In that sweet source, until at last, it seem'd,  
 With its deep flood it 'cover'd all the earth.  
 Only of that I dream'd,  
 —All other questioning sense extinguish'd quite  
 In one deep ecstasy of blinding light.

## LXVI.

Sudden, as I look'd, it seem'd, that glorious blaze  
 Was gather'd inward, inward, beam by beam ;  
 —Its far-flung shafts, darting a thousand ways,  
 Drawn to a single point ;—till, in my dream,  
 Its myriad, several rays  
 Were lost—and lo ! all mingled, from afar,  
 They took the semblance of a wondrous Star !

## LXVII.

The Star!—*His Eastern Star!*—O, then I knew  
 Whose Healing Power it was, had might to suage  
 A whole world's woe ; what Hand it was, that drew  
 The pattern of that nobler, gentler Age.  
     Sweet Voice, thou spakest true !  
 Lo ! on a world of strife and hate and pain  
 The Hour had dawn'd—and *He* had come again !

## LXVIII.

The agony of earth in her sore need,  
 The pangs of aching want, the lust of gain,  
 The rending tooth of envy, hate and greed,  
 The tears for widow'd homes and dear ones slain,  
     The groans of hearts that bleed,  
 Earth's children, wandering lone and far from home,  
 —Lo ! He had pitied them, and He had come !

## LXIX.

Aye ! He had come !—And lo ! once more there sprang  
 Out of the Star's deep heart that heavenly Voice ;  
 Yet not alone, for million-toned it rang.  
 —Even as the Sons of Morning did rejoice  
     And all together sang,  
 When first Creation burst upon their view,  
 So now again they hymn'd a world made new.

## LXX.

They sang an Age new-born !—And I could hear  
 That great celestial anthem swell and swell ;  
 Louder it rang and clearer and more clear ;  
 —Till, with a crash, it brake that dreamful spell ;  
     And on my waking ear,  
 Peal upon peal, tumultuous, was borne  
 The sound of bells that rang for Christmas Morn.

E A. WODEHOUSE

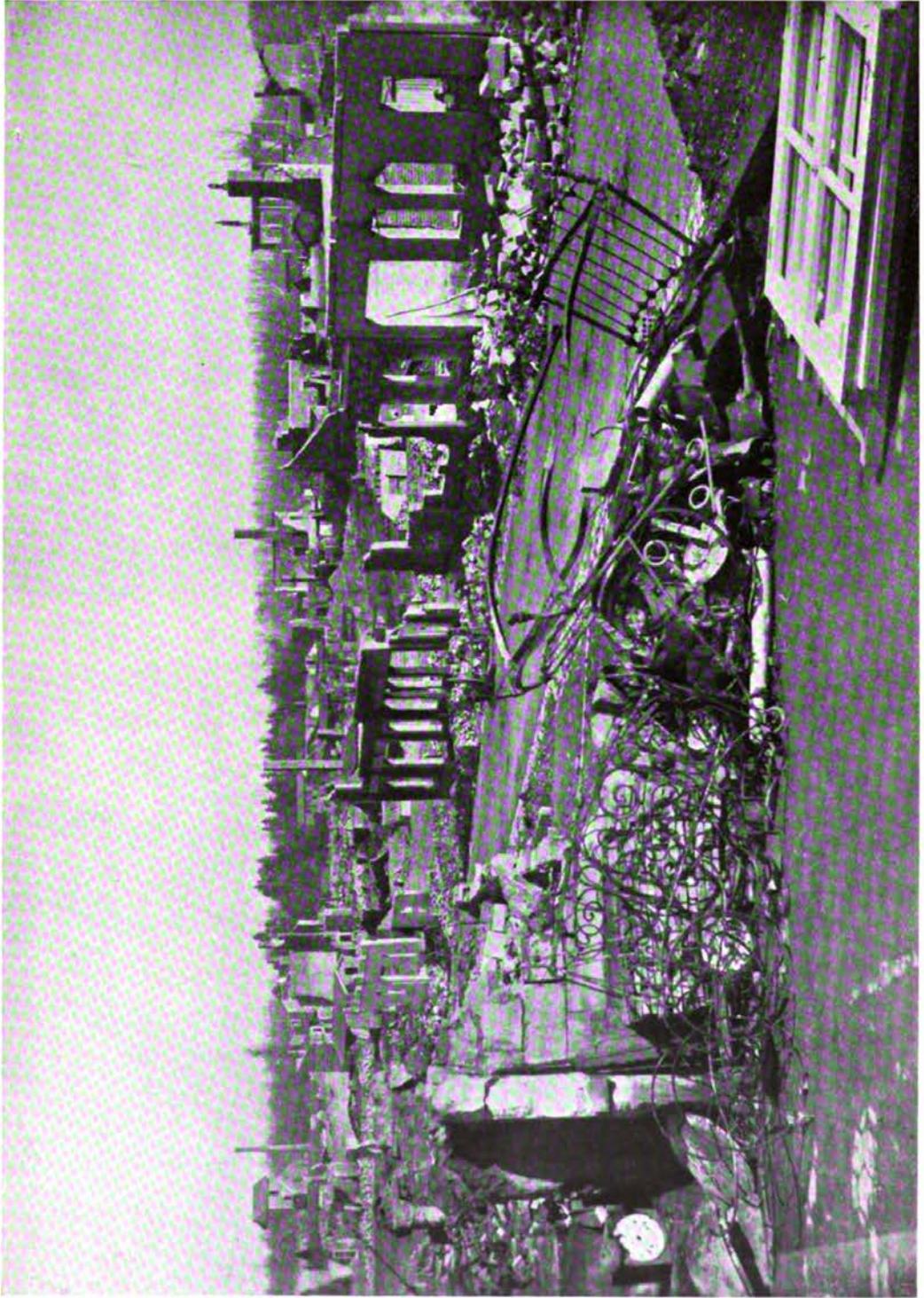
# France in the Remaking

By HUNTLY CARTER

*[The reconstruction of the houses and cottages destroyed during this War is occupying the attention of the French, and Mr. Huntly Carter here describes some of the structures on view in the Exhibition of Constructive Innovations, in Paris, this Summer.]*

FRANCE opened in June an Exhibition of Constructive Innovations, Ideas and Suggestions. This exhibition was organised by l'Association des Hygenists et Techniciens municipaux, under the able direction of M. Ed. Tijou. It was called La Cité Reconstituée, and was placed in Paris on the commanding terrace of the garden of the Tuileries overlooking the Place de la Concorde and facing the entrance to the Champs Elysées. Approached from the Champs Elysées the exhibition had the appearance of something between a field-barracks and a fair which has been suddenly dropped in a corner of extensive gardens, amid masses of trees and against the dignified architecture of one of Paris's most favoured centres. A long line of oddly shaped and picturesque structures were to be seen peering over the stone balcony of the gardens and looking anxiously across the Place de la Concorde as though trying to determine by what miracle they might relate their own familiar, humble and homely features to the singularly beautiful and superb ones of the historic "Place" kneeling in adoration at the heart of Paris. If, outside, this exhibition revealed unusual features, inside it presented aspects no less arresting. If one entered by the gate nearest the Tuileries one had an impression of a very new and somewhat

hastily constructed settlement resembling a mixture of a Polish Summer Village, a Summer Colony on the Pacific coast, a diminutive English garden suburb, a miners' camp, or one of those settlements which spring up mushroom-like in a night out West. There was first of all an embryonic main street passing between a long exhibition gallery on one side and chalets, bungalows, glorified shacks on the other. Then came a wooden bridge lifting one to higher ground and exalted ambitions, so to speak. Here a rural shelter draped with flowers greeted one and pointed graciously to the beginning of the main section of the exhibition spread out triangular-fashion behind a fifteenth century church which had been reconstructed to demonstrate the possibilities of a new material called Boizine, designed to replace wood and stone for decorative purposes. This section was divided up by parallel paths lined with portable structures, and with galleries and booths containing materials for constructing and equipping them, capable of being divided into five groups: (1) materials of construction; (2) furniture; (3) general decorations; (4) heating, cooling, lighting, ventilating and hydropathic appliances; (5) hygienic and sanitary appliances. All paths led to the main attraction of the Exhibition, namely, the "Village France."



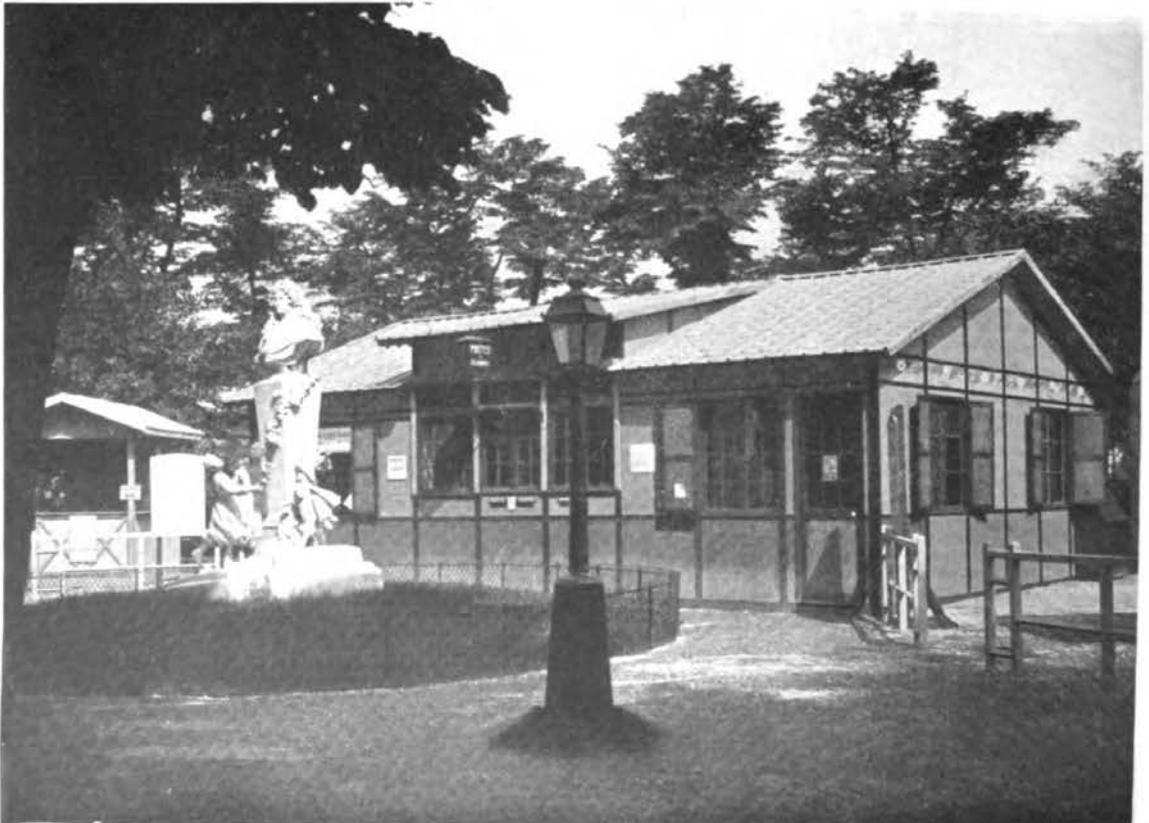
*By kind permission*

I.—DESTRUCTION : SEMAIZE-LES-BAINS, FRANCE, SHOWING DESTRUCTION IN THE WAR-ZONE.

*Photo by Geoffrey Franklin (Society of Friends)*



II.—RECONSTRUCTION: MODEL HOUSE, EASILY CONSTRUCTED—Paris Exhibition, 1916



This "Village" may be said to have been not only the heart of the exhibition, but the sum of its important features. It contained the root of the matter which the exhibition set out to teach municipalities, the public, hygienists and architects alike, by way of practical building proposals. For the philosophy actuating these proposals it was necessary to go elsewhere, as I shall do presently. In the first place, anyone could see it was meant to form a working model of a French agricultural or rural village of one hundred inhabitants, and that it was intentionally built by the Société Anonyme des Ateliers Borel, according to the ingenious system of M. Charles Auguste Roux—a system of interchangeable panels made of three layers of wood and coated with special paint—for this purpose. Thus it was first a collection of buildings exhibiting, in an extreme degree, a concern for economy, utility, comfort, health, regional aspect, and public and private interests; secondly, a bureau of suggestions for improvements of urban housing conceived under urgently necessitous conditions. In short, it was a practical model of a village suited to regional, social and individual requirements, that is to say, to the climate and natural surroundings of any part of France, and to the needs of inhabitants and tourist. Accordingly, it comprised a Town Hall adaptable to various purposes, legal, educational and so on (to cost 7,500 frs.), a chapel (6,000 frs.), a restaurant (6,000 frs.), a post-office (3,500 frs.), a covered market (1,500 frs.), five pavilion cottages (3,000 frs. each), five shelters or kiosks (1,000 frs. each) and five at 800 frs. each, ten farms (4,500 frs. each), one building for ten men, and one for ten women (5,000 frs. each). The whole costing 103,500 frs. There was also a hospital, and at the side of the post-office the Touring Club of France had erected a small furnished room which it proposes to attach to farms, and place at the disposal of tourists who wish to avoid hotels.

At first glance it was not difficult to mistake the "Village" for a newly constructed permanent affair of the usual regional order. But closer examination

revealed main points of difference. It was designed and constructed only to resemble the more durable forms, being, in fact, not constructed of stone or brick, but of materials capable of being put together in a few hours and rapidly transported from place to place if necessary. In fact, everything in the "Village" was presented with the same end in view, that of serving a new set of conditions moulded by emergency, economy, utility, comfort and rapid transit. Properly speaking, it was a "Village" *démontable*, or in plain English, a village on wheels.

Turning to other structures in the exhibition, one found they contained similar characteristics. They were constructed in sections to be packed up, carried about and put together. Therefore, their materials, whether patent bricks, wood and concrete blocks or weather-proof canvas, were addressed to portability, strength, lightness, and rapid removal. It was noticeable that some of the structures were designed on original lines, while others revealed old and familiar forms, like those of a seaside tent and a country bungalow which one detected trying to adapt themselves to new requirements. Generally speaking, the structures formed a defence of the principle of reconciling the occupational and other interests of the house-dweller to the necessities of urban conditions of life in such a way as to avoid depression, isolation and standardisation, as well as to overcome, as far as possible, the harmful and destructive tendencies of wet, cold, heat, fire, earthquake and so on.

Such, then, were a few of the features embodying new principles by the application of which both the organisers of the exhibition and the designers of the many and varied structures hoped to arrest attention and to promote the success of a new urbanist or regional movement. But it should be said that though these useful principles of utility, economy, health, comfort and portability were applied to every building they were not successfully applied in all cases. Some were not good models, some were too large, others too small; some were too extravagant for

poor people, and not elaborate enough for rich; some were made of materials that retained the heat or cold, others were badly lighted and ventilated; and some showed a tendency to be fantastic. Such was the case with one or two houses designed and decorated on extremist lines by groups of decorators. These contained rooms having specially designed colour schemes, some of which were much too aggressive and restless except for persons with peculiar temperaments. Like the many coloured flower-pots adorning the window sills, the colour-rooms could hardly be expected to adapt themselves to simple, homely and natural surroundings. Of course, a great deal of skill had been expended on these highly decorative houses, but, all the same, the decorators had forgotten to answer the vital questions, "Have we determined the number of natural features likely to surround these houses? Have we made preparations for bringing these features into each house, or will our colour and line serve simply to exclude them?" The appreciation of the principle of allowing Nature to decorate the house by providing wall-papers, distempers, floor coverings, and fitments and furnishings with tones suited to its requirements is the essence of country house decoration. I was struck forcibly by the many defects I have described, and I could not help thinking that some at least of them were due to a circumstance I have already noticed, viz., the want of co-operation among present-day artists. I mean the sort of co-operation that existed in the Middle Ages when master-builders did the designing and apprentices did the filling in without neglecting to add their own individual touches. I can imagine one or more master-builders at work on this exhibition, preparing designs having due proportion and variety for artists of all kinds to fill in, or, better still, for the house-dwellers themselves to complete if they possess the essential craftsmanship. Of course, the strictly proper way is for the people to build their own shelters and to gladden them with such colour and line as their simple emotions evolve. But I must not forget that we live in times of

emergency when perhaps deputies are required to evolve shells for the people. So not much can be said if the shells are defective.

There is one other friendly criticism which I might make with regard to these structures. I noticed that only here and there one yielded a fair internal air space, maximum of light, tree-space or even garden-space. It is true that most, if not all, of the houses were constructed to admit of rooms being added on the well-known principle of the expanding book-case. Still this does not remove the fact that not every room was designed to catch every ray of morning and evening that streams from the throne of God, as Ruskin would say; and that some of the prices were too high. That is to say, too high when compared with the cost of materials supplied by the Society of Friends. I dare say that Society had better value to offer by way of a portable hut because first-hand experience had taught its workers precisely to know what was required in this direction, and how to do just what was required. I fancy that many of the maisonettes and huts in the exhibition were rather the outcome of theory and of a honest desire for profit, than of observation, practice and charity. Anyhow there was a great difference noticeable in the purchasing power of £50. In the "Village" nearly twice this sum was asked for an unfurnished maisonette for two persons, while for the sum itself the Society of Friends provided materials for a simple wooden hut for a small family. Of course, the labour would be voluntary, and not charged for like that of the commercial maisonette. The hut I saw was somewhat larger, well made of strong wholesome planking, with firm windows and doors, sound locks and other fitments, well raised off the ground, and divided into three well-lighted, fairly spacious compartments forming two bedrooms and a living room. The interior was adequately equipped and contained some of the household requisites supplied by the Bon Gîte, a society specially organised to equip emergency structures. It is not possible in the space at my disposal to give a

detailed account of the relief work of the Society of Friends. I may, however, point out that it was conceived of as a work of love, whereas the body of the exhibition was more or less a business concern. The one was organised to afford instant relief on a basis of work to urgent and necessitous sufferers by the War ; the other, by a number of business firms desirous of selling their goods to advantage. It is possible, I believe, to study the results of this particular work of the Society of Friends in numerous reports. It should be added that the work has many difficulties, not the least of which is that of transporting building materials. The difficulty of obtaining wood has, I am told, been overcome by selecting wooded districts for building purposes. I observed that the same difficulty of transport had led to the invention of devices for converting local rubbish into building and other material. Thus, one engineering firm had conceived the idea of turning heaps of debris from demolished buildings into durable bricks, panels, etc. ; while another firm, in view of the ruinous price of coal had invented a device for compressing all sorts of household and garden rubbish, such as leaves and twigs, into fire blocks resembling peat blocks, thus providing a ready means of utilising home resources. I have indicated the disinterested nature of the relief work of the Society of Friends, and I ought not to turn from the exhibition to its aims without referring to an exhibit having a similar nature. I refer to Mr. Raymond Duncan's stall designed to call attention to the exhibitor's whole-hearted desire to help in the work of relief and reconstruction, and this on a basis of work and not of charity, and as it affects not a single individual or group, but all the sufferers by the War. Many readers will remember the nature and results of the admirable relief work organised in Greece during the Balkan War, by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Duncan, and how they unselfishly devoted their time and money to the object of replacing some of the horror and suffering by as much happiness as possible. We know that they proceeded upon the principles that work and

charity should be given, and that the work should be of a useful, educational and æsthetic character; while the work served to provide shelter, food and clothing, it should tend to evoke those fine characteristics in human beings which a passing machine age has done its best to suppress. Accordingly, they sought to re-introduce right ideas about hand-brain labour, and, for one thing, they set the stricken people of Santi Quaranta spinning their way into a world of subsistence and with more than a touch of goodness about it. I forget how many poor people they touched with the pride of life in this way, but it was a great many. It is in some such way as this that Mr. Duncan proposes to assist French and Belgian refugees, and I believe his proposal is assured adequate recognition and support. At his stall was to be seen a peasant woman spinning her way into public sympathy, while about her were examples of the beautiful things that hand spinning and weaving had called into existence.

Surveying the exhibition as a whole and in part, I inevitably come to the question, "What is the plain and obvious meaning of all these activities so clearly designed to demonstrate to anybody and everybody the desirability and practicability of certain ideas of utility, economy and cheapness in human shelter and its transport? Do they not mean that France is now preoccupied with a single and simple idea? That it is concerned not so much with the idea of recovering its lost departments—an idea which of course it always cherishes—but with that of re-peopling and re-clothing, as it were, those departments which have been recovered? And beyond this of preparing for each emergency as it arises while the War lasts?" Such was the question. For answer I turned first to a picture of war-stricken France, then to the conferences held in connection with the exhibition, and then to the annexe containing a civic exhibition under the direction of Professor Geddes. The picture I saw in imagination was this. Looking across France I saw the French nation absorbed in the task of re-housing thousands of refugees, and re-fertilising

devastated districts. I saw it working within the war zone, especially upon the battlefields of the Marne and Meuse, amid a scene of destruction that defies description. Reaching out in all directions were the ruins of hundreds of villages and small towns. Every house that stood was bare to the sky, every tree shattered, every stone upturned, every inch of soil torn, every garden a havoc of ruin, every field a field of ashes, every stream was crimson with blood, every paradise had indeed been turned into a hell deeply branded with the sign of the sword and fire. And I saw that out of this hellish wreckage little houses were springing up, emblems of peace like that borne by the dove over the wide waste of waters. They were little houses for two, three or four persons. And about them were gardens bursting into renewed vitality. But what struck me most forcibly was that each newly reclaimed district was being left free to put on its own characteristics if it liked. Indeed, looking closer, I fancied I detected a wonderful desire informing all these activities. It was a desire to mould each region into organic form expressing its true individuality. That is to say, a form different from all other regional forms but having a spiritual affinity to them. I wondered whether I had seen aright, for if so, the ideal I had detected was no other than that of regionalism. "Can it be possible, I thought, that I am witnessing the recovery, by France, of an ideal that has graced some of the finest moments of civic history, an ideal that is surely founded in peace? Are we about to enter upon another period of history in which regionalism and its many forms of art and craft will swiftly and entirely supersede political expansion and its wars of conquest?" For answer, I sought the conferences, and special articles by professors, architects and others.

The conferences were organised to consider and explain the meaning and aims of regionalism, and its problems and their solutions as presented by the exhibition. They were divided into three cycles: (1) "What is Urbanism?" (2) Social service; (3) The application of Urbanism to

the reconstruction of destroyed towns. The third cycle was given too late to be considered in this article. Besides these cycles there was a series of Monday conferences devoted to the general subject of "La Journée du Nord." The first was opened by M. Georges Risler, President of the Commission of Organisation of the Exhibition, who stated the principal aims of the exhibition as follows: (1) To place before municipalities and architects who are proposing to take part in the reconstructive work, the best plans for extending and removing French and other towns; (2) To present to architects and contractors new materials at special prices; (3) To demonstrate the economic results to be attained by the use of these materials. These aims and the deeper purpose of the exhibition were commended by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who made a tour of inspection accompanied by several distinguished town councillors. At another of these Monday conferences M. Charles Brun made a journey, as it were, to Languedoc and Provence in order to explain Mediterranean forms of art and their influence. A similar subject was dealt with in another way by Professor Fleure of Aberystwyth University. The professor was of the opinion that what he calls the Mediterranean civilisation, that is the civilisation coming from the Northern parts of the Mediterranean, originally made its way to England through France. England also owes its Middle Age civilisation (a regional form) to France, this being, in fact, the most magnificent among the many inspirational gifts France has made to England. Generally speaking, Professor Fleure was concerned with the origin of the Mediterranean civilisation and the transmission by France of its original impulses, anthropological, regional and religious. A third "journey" of utmost importance was "made" to Alsace by M. Emile Hinzelin, who indicated the incomparable regional features of a region whose beauty fascinated Louis XIV., and its deterioration under the heavy hand of the German. Regional problems of the occupational requirements of building, such as the kind of

regional environment best suited to, and other conditions necessary for, the re-establishment of farms, factories and so on, were handled by M. Rinzelmann, in an article on the subject.

It will be seen that the conferences bore mainly on the practical and obvious aim of the exhibition; their main object being, as I have said, to consider this aim in the light of practical experience and to deduce therefrom one or two working principles. There was a deeper law upon which I hoped I should find both the exhibition and the conferences firmly established, and which it would be their effort chiefly to illustrate, namely, the law of the dependence of true and noble peace design upon the regional ideal. So that, in suggesting the forward movement to the land, it would also suggest a movement towards lasting peace on the restoration of those natural occupations which are alone conducive to peace. Possibly this principle lay at the root of much that I saw and heard, but it was not obvious except perhaps in the annexe. Here Professor Geddes had placed his well-known exhibition of the evolution of cities—an exhibition to which I called the attention of *Herald* readers a year ago in an article on the Summer Meeting held in London. Since then the exhibition has been to India and has found its way back to Paris. It has been travelling about for

years, and by this time must be familiar to most persons. So I need not do more than refer to its comprehensive nature. This, as we know, enables it to be fitted to any aspects of civics like the one in Paris, where its philosophy of regionalism was of distinct value in bringing one to the foundation of the subject. The gist of what Professor Geddes had to teach about regionalism may be found in the "Le Play" anthropo-geographical theory that man has a geographical origin, and that each man has therefore definite regional characteristics, and consequently, given the right conditions men may be trusted to carve out their own regions in organic forms for themselves in perfectly peaceful ways. Theosophists will, no doubt, say that the theory does not go deep enough. Still I daresay it has a substratum of truth. Anyhow, those who wish to study it and how it has been extended to cities may do so in Professor Geddes' illustrated book, *Cities in Evolution* (Williams and Norgate). This work covers the whole ground of the origin and meaning of noble cities of past ages, the present degradation of cities and their possible restoration. Man has dishonoured city forms by banishing their souls. I think France is about to honour regions by restoring their souls.

HUNTLY CARTER

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*Let never sleep thy drowsy eyelids greet  
Till thou hast pondered each act of the day:  
"Wherein have I transgressed? What have I done?  
What duty shunned?"—beginning from the first  
Unto the last. Then grieve and fear for what  
Was badly done; but in the good rejoice.*

—PYTHAGORAS

# On Study and Training for Service

[*The following was a letter sent out by the National Representative of England and Wales to all English members in July, 1916.*]

Many Brothers of the Star are convinced that when the Great World-Teacher works in the world, His message will not be purely religious, but will be a call to active service in every department of life, so as to change existing conditions to reflect more the spirit of love and brotherhood.

There are among those who join the Order of the Star in the East, some who desire to equip themselves with knowledge and capacity, so as to be His helpers when He gives the particular lines of reform necessary for a true civilisation. It is therefore necessary for these Volunteers to understand existing conditions, as also existing attempts at changing those conditions. If these Volunteers are to be of use to the Great World-Teacher in this particular department of His work, they must have a *positive capacity* to offer Him, in addition to their devotion and love. The growth of such a capacity must be by a knowledge of present-day conditions, and by a practical attempt to change them.

The National Representative for England suggests for those members who desire to prepare themselves in this special way, the following departments of national life as necessary for their understanding, in order that if called upon by the World-Teacher, they may prove intelligent and efficient workers. *It is not suggested that any individual member should take up all the departments, but that each according to his temperament select one or more of them, as his special contribution to the great work of the future.*

Those members who select a particular group will be put in touch with each other, and, as opportunity occurs, guided by some elder student in their work.

C. JINARAJADASA

The knowledge to be acquired concerning Social Reconstruction falls into two main departments: first, that of knowing what are the conditions to be studied, and second, what is already being done or suggested to improve them.

The Principal Divisions of both departments are as follows:

## I. CITIZENSHIP AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

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| <p>(a) CHILD WELFARE:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Educational Methods</li> <li>Crèches</li> <li>Schools for Mothers</li> <li>School Clinics</li> <li>Play Centres</li> <li>Juvenile Offenders</li> <li>Infant Mortality</li> <li>Treatment of Feeble-minded</li> <li>Boy and Girl Scouts</li> <li>Infant Welfare Centres</li> </ul> | <p>(d) HOUSING AND TOWN PLANNING:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Slums</li> <li>Utilisation of Open Spaces Schemes</li> <li>Co-operative Households</li> <li>Garden Cities (schemes in various countries)</li> <li>Hostel and Tenement Schemes</li> </ul> |
| <p>(b) POVERTY AND POOR LAW:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Poor Law Administration</li> <li>Pension and Insurance Schemes</li> <li>Labour Colonies</li> <li>Shelters</li> <li>Feeble-minded (Asylums, etc.)</li> <li>Almshouses</li> <li>Workhouses</li> <li>Rescue Work</li> <li>Unemployment</li> </ul>                             | <p>(e) FACTORY CONDITIONS:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Hours and Conditions of Labour</li> <li>Canteens</li> <li>Women and Children in Factories</li> </ul>  |
| <p>(c) PENAL REFORM:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Prison Methods in various Countries</li> <li>Probation System</li> <li>Penal Colonies</li> <li>Women Offenders</li> <li>Prisoners' Aid Work</li> </ul>   | <p>(f) WOMEN WORKERS:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Sweating</li> <li>Hours and Conditions of Work</li> <li>State Aid for Expectant Mothers</li> <li>Endowment of Motherhood</li> <li>Women's and Girls' Clubs</li> <li>Recreation Rooms</li> </ul>      |
|  | <p>(g) TEMPERANCE REFORM:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Canteens and "People's Palaces"</li> <li>Gothenburg System</li> <li>Local Option</li> <li>Temperance Colonies</li> <li>Drink Legislation in various countries</li> </ul>                         |
|  | <p>(h) PUBLIC RECREATION:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Theatres</li> <li>Cinemas</li> </ul>   |

## II. KNOWLEDGE CONCERNING REFORM SCHEMES ALREADY IN PRACTICE.

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| <p>(a) SOCIALISM AND REFORM SCHEMES<br/>GENERALLY.</p>       | <p>(d) LABOUR AND INDUSTRIAL ORGANISATIONS.<br/>Trade Unionism. Trusts and Capitalistic Schemes. Co-operative Societies.</p> |
| <p>(b) EDUCATION.</p>  |  |
| <p>(c) NATIONALISATION AND MUNICIPALISATION<br/>SCHEMES.</p> | <p>(e) INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.</p>  |

## Books recommended for Study

NOTE.—These Books may be obtained through *The Star in the East Library*, 314, Regent Street, London, W.

## I. SOCIAL SERVICE AS A WHOLE.

Many students will wish, before choosing particular lines of work, to survey the field of social work as a whole. For that purpose the following books are recommended :

- "ADULT SCHOOL SOCIAL SERVICE HANDBOOK." (National Adult School Union, 1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, S.W., 5d. and 7d., linen covers, post free.) This contains, besides valuable information as to different lines of work, lists of books arranged under different subjects, and a list of Societies classed under types of work done.
- "SOCIAL WORKER'S ARMOURY." (Brotherhood Publishing House, Holborn Hall, E.C., 2s. 6d.) Contains articles of information and suggestion by experts on different lines of

work, and is compiled with a view to practical service.

- "BIRMINGHAM GUIDE TO WORKERS ON SOCIAL SERVICE." (Brotherhood Publishing House, 3d. post free.) A cheap but comprehensive summary of suggestion and legislation bearing on practical work.
- "THE YEAR BOOK OF SOCIAL PROGRESS." (Nelson, 2s.)
- "THE SOCIAL WORKER'S GUIDE." Rev. J. B. Haldane. (Pitman, 3s. 6d.) A useful encyclopædia.
- "LABOUR YEAR BOOK." (I.L.P., 1s.) Extremely valuable as a summary of present legislation and social organisations.

## II. GENERAL.

The following are recommended by way of general introduction to the study of social development :

- "THEOSOPHY AND SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION." L. Haden Guest. (T.P.S., 6d.)
- "UNTO THIS LAST." John Ruskin. (Everyman, 1s.)
- "THEOSOPHICAL IDEALS AND THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE." Mrs. Besant and others. (T.P.S., 1s.)

- "MUTUAL AID." Kropotkin. (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.)
- "ESSAYS," and "DUTIES OF MAN." Mazzini. (Everyman, 1s. each.)
- "SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND." A. Guest. (Bell, 1s. 6d.)
- "THEOSOPHY AND MODERN THOUGHT." C. Jinarajadasa. (T.P.S., 2s.)
- "THE SCIENCE OF SOCIAL ORGANISATION." Bhagavan Das. (T.P.S., 3s. 6d.)

## III. CITIZENSHIP AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

## GENERALLY :—

- "PRIMER OF ENGLISH CITIZENSHIP." F. Swann. (Longmans, 1s. 6d.)
- "CITIZENS OF TO-MORROW." A Handbook on Social Questions. S. Keeble. (Culley.)
- "I SERVE." Green. (A. & C. Black, 1s.) For moral instruction.
- "LESSONS IN CITIZENSHIP." (Civic and Moral Education League, 1s. 6d. net.)
- "SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND HOW THEOSOPHY SOLVES THEM." A. Besant. (T.P.S., 1d.)

## (a) CHILD WELFARE :—

- "MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE." E. J. Smith. (P. S. King & Son, Orchard House, Westminster, 1s.)

- "CHILD LIFE AND LABOUR." Margaret Alden. (Headley Bros., 1s.)
- "WASTAGE OF CHILD LIFE." J. Johnston. (Fifield, 1s.)
- "BOY LIFE AND LABOUR." A. Freeman.
- "SCHOOL CLINICS AT HOME AND ABROAD." L. D. Cruickshank. (National League for Physical Education, and Improvement, 2s. 6d.)
- "THE CASE FOR SCHOOL CLINICS." L. H. Guest. (Fabian Society, Tract No. 154, 1d.)
- "THE HEALTH OF THE STATE." Sir G. Newman. (Headley Bros., 1s.)
- "STATISTICAL ANALYSIS OF INFANT MORTALITY AND ITS CAUSES IN THE U.K." Helen Blagg. (King, 1s.)

- "THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC." George. (Appleton.)  
 "THE JUVENILE OFFENDER." Douglas Morrison. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)  
 "THE YOUNG GAOL BIRDS." Russell & Rigby. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)

## (b) POVERTY AND POOR LAW :—

- "THE POOR LAW REPORT OF 1909." Helen Bosanquet. (Macmillan, 1s.)  
 "POOR LAW COMMISSION, 1909: MAJORITY AND MINORITY REPORTS." (Fabian Society.)  
 "THE POOR LAW." T. W. Fowle. (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.)  
 "THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF POVERTY IN ENGLAND." Ald. W. G. Williams, J.P. (Brotherhood Publishing House. 4opp., 1d.)  
 "FOREIGN SOLUTIONS OF POOR LAW PROBLEMS." Edith Sellers. (Marshall, 2s. 6d.)  
 "POVERTY." W. Reason. (Headley, 1s.)  
 "PROBLEMS OF POVERTY." J. A. Hobson. (Methuen, 2s. 6d.)  
 "CRIME AND INSANITY." Dr. C. Mercier. (Home University Library, 1s.)

*(Re Insurance Schemes)—*

- "REPORT TO BOARD OF TRADE ON AGENCIES AND METHODS FOR DEALING WITH THE UNEMPLOYED IN CERTAIN FOREIGN COUNTRIES." D. F. SCHLOSS. 236pp., 1904, Cd. 2304. (King, 1s.)  
 "LABOUR COLONIES IN ENGLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT." P. Alden. (P.S. King, 1d., 29pp.)  
 "THE UNEMPLOYABLE AND UNEMPLOYED." P. Alden. (Headley, 1s.)  
 "CITIZENS' GUILD OF HELP. Its Aims and Methods. The claims of Poverty on the service of the Citizen." A. H. Byles. (Citizens' Guild of Help, Rawson Chambers, Halifax.)  
 "ELBERFELD SYSTEM IN ENGLAND." A. H. Byles. (16pp., Guilds of Help Society, 77, Upper Thames Street, E.C., 1d.)

*Rescue Work :—*

- "THE GREAT SCOURGE." Christabel Pankhurst. (W.S.P.U., 1s.)  
 "FINAL REPORT OF ROYAL COMMISSION ON VENEREAL DISEASES, 1916." (Wyman and Sons, 1s. 11d.)  
 "THE PROBLEM OF PROSTITUTION." By Flexner.

## (c) PENAL REFORM :—

- "PRISONS, POLICE AND PUNISHMENT." An enquiry into the causes and treatment of crime and criminals. Edward Carpenter (Fifield, 1s. and 2s. net.) Apply also "Penal Reform League," 68A, Park Hill Road, London, N.W.

## (d) HOUSING AND TOWN-PLANNING :—

- "HOUSING." P. Alden and E. E. Hayward. (Headley, 1s.)  
 "THE HOUSING HANDBOOK UP-TO-DATE." W. Thompson. (P. S. King, 7s. 6d.) (Enquire of Housing and Town Planning Council, 41, Russell Square, W.C.)

## (e) FACTORY CONDITIONS :—

- "HISTORY OF FACTORY LEGISLATION." Hutchins and Harrison. (King, 6s.)  
 "FIELDS, FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS" Kropotkin. (Nelson, 1s.)  
 "CHILD LABOUR IN THE UNITED KINGDOM." F. Keeling. (Int. Assn. for Labour Legislation, 7s. 6d.)  
 "EXPERIMENTS IN INDUSTRIAL ORGANISATION." Edward Cadbury. (1912, Longmans, 5s. net.)  
 "WELFARE WORK: EMPLOYERS' EXPERIMENTS FOR IMPROVING WORKING CONDITIONS IN FACTORIES." E. D. PROUD. (1916, Bell, 7s. 6d. net.)  
 HOME OFFICE: FACTORY DEPT. Annual Report of Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops. Especially Report for 1914. Cd. 8051. (King, 1s. 2d.)

- "WELFARE SUPERVISION." Various Memoranda issued by the Ministry of Munitions of War.  
 "INDUSTRIAL CANTEENS." Ministry of Munitions Memorandum. 1915, Cd. 8133, 1d.

## (f) WOMEN WORKERS :—

- "WORKING LIFE OF WOMEN." B. L. Hutchins. (Fabian Tract No. 157, 1d.)  
 "WOMEN IN INDUSTRY FROM SEVEN POINTS OF VIEW." G. Tuckwell. (Duckworth, 2s.)  
 "WOMEN'S SHARE IN THE WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION AFTER THE WAR." (National Union of Women Workers, Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., 1s.)  
 "WOMEN AND POLITICS." Annie Besant. (T.P.S., 1d.)  
 "WOMEN AND LABOUR." Olive Schreiner. (Unwin, 2s. 6d.)  
 "OCCASIONAL PAPER No. 71." Contains useful information as to "New Employments for Women." (May, 1916, N.U.W.W., 2d.)  
 "THE FEMALE OFFENDER." C. Lombroso and G. Ferrero. (Tr., 1894, Unwin, 6s.)

*Sweating :—*

- "SWEATED INDUSTRIES AND THE MINIMUM WAGE." Clementina Black. (Duckworth, 2s.)  
 "WOMEN'S WORK AND WAGES." Cadbury, Matheson & Shann. (Unwin, 1s.)  
 "SWEATING." Cadbury and Shann. (Headley 1s.)

- "SWEATED LABOUR AND THE TRADE BOARDS ACT." Catholic Studies in Social Reform. (P. S. King, 6d.)
- (g) TEMPERANCE REFORM:—
- "ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN BODY." Sir V. Horsley. (Macmillan, 1s.)
- "ALLIANCE YEAR BOOK." (United Kingdom Alliance, 11, Tothill Street, S.W., 1s.)
- "OUR NATIONAL DRINK BILL." J. Newton. (U.K.A., 1s.)
- "FIFTY DOCTORS AGAINST ALCOHOL." (Brotherhood Publishing House, 2s. 6d.)
- "PROBLEM OF THE CENTURIES AND SOME PALLIATIVES OF TO-DAY: A Study in Counter-Attractions." W. H. Theobald and A. F. Harvey. (Friends' Temperance Union, 1s.)
- "CASE FOR MUNICIPAL DRINK TRADE." E. R. Pease. (King, 1s.)
- "COMMONWEALTH AS PUBLICAN: Examination of Gothenburg System." J. Walker. (Constable, 1902, 2s. 6d. net.)
- "LIQUOR LICENSING AT HOME AND ABROAD." (Fabian Society, 1d.)
- "Local Option." D. Burns. (P. S. King, 1909, 1s.)
- (h) RECREATION:—
- "COUNTER-ATTRACTIONS TO THE PUBLIC HOUSE." (64pp., 1906, P. S. King, 6d.)
- "TEMPERANCE PROBLEM AND SOCIAL REFORM." Pp. 560-594: "The Need for Recreation." (P. S. King, 6s.)
- "CLUBS AND CLUB WORK AMONGST WORKING LADS AND MEN." C. W. Steffens. (P. S. King, 1s.)

#### IV. KNOWLEDGE AS TO PROPOSED REFORM SCHEMES.

- (a) SOCIALISM AND REFORM SCHEMES GENERALLY:—
- "IDEAL COMMONWEALTHS." (Routledge, 1s. 6d.)
- "UTOPIA." Sir Thomas More. (Scott, 1s. 6d.)
- "CIVILISATION, ITS CAUSE AND CURE." E. Carpenter. (Sonnenschein, 1s.)
- "NEW WORLDS FOR OLD." H. G. Wells. (Constable, 1s.)
- "TOWARDS SOCIAL DEMOCRACY. A Study of Social Evolution during the past three-quarters of a Century." Sidney Webb. (Fabian Society, 1s.)
- "THE CHANGING WORLD." A. Besant. (T.P.S., 3s. 6d.)
- "THE FUTURE SOCIALISM." A. Besant. (T.P.S., 2d.)
- "BRITAIN FOR THE BRITISH." R. Blatchford. (Clarion Press, 3d.)
- (b) EDUCATION:—
- "THE SCHOOL." J. J. Findlay. (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
- "THE NEXT STEPS IN EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS." Edited by L. Haden Guest. (T.P.S., 3s. 6d.)
- "WHAT IS AND WHAT MIGHT BE." E. Holmes. (Constable, 4s. 6d.)
- "A MONTESSORI MOTHER." (Constable, 4s. 6d.)
- "THE SCHOOLS AND THE NATION." D. Kerchensteuer.
- "THE CASE FOR CO-EDUCATION." C. Hodgson Grant.
- "THE TRAINING OF THE CHILD." A Parent's Manual. G. Spiller. (Jacks, 6d.)
- (c) NATIONALISATION AND MUNICIPALISATION SCHEMES:—
- "THE LAND AND THE LANDLESS." Cadbury and Brian. (Headley, 1s.)
- "FIELDS, FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS." Kropotkin. (Nelson, 1s.)
- "FARMWORK FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS." Harold Moore. (King, 6d.)
- "THE NATIONALISATION OF MINES AND MINERALS BILL." H. H. Slesser. (Fabian Society, 1d.)
- "PUBLIC *versus* PRIVATE ELECTRICITY SUPPLY." C. A. Baker. (Fabian Society, 1d.)
- "A NATIONAL MEDICAL SERVICE." Dr. Lawson Dodd. (Fabian Society, 2d.)
- "STATE PURCHASE OF RAILWAYS: a Practicable Scheme." Emil Davies. (Fabian Society, 24pp., 2d.)
- "THE ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD." H. D. Harben. (Fabian Society, 24pp., 2d.)
- "THE CASE FOR SOCIALISM." F. Henderson. (Jarrold & Son.)
- "LAND NATIONALISATION." A. R. Wallace. (Sonnenschein, 1s.)
- "STATE CONTROL OF TRUSTS." (Fabian Society, 1d.)
- (d) LABOUR AND INDUSTRIAL ORGANISATIONS:—
- "THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION." A. Jones. (Jacks, 6d.)
- "THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRY." D. H. Macgregor. (Home University Library, 1s.)

- "HISTORY OF TRADE UNIONISM." S. and B. Webb. With an elaborate Bibliography. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)
- "TRADE UNIONS." J. Clayton. (Jacks, 6d.)
- "SYNDICALISM." J. H. Harley. (Jacks, 6d.)
- "CO-OPERATION." J. Clayton. (Jacks, 6d.)
- "CO-PARTNERSHIP AND PROFIT-SHARING." Aneurin Williams. (Home University Library, 1s.)
- "TRUSTS AND THE STATE." W. H. Macrosty. (Grant Richards, 5s.)
- "NATIONAL GUILDS," and "THE GUILD IDEA." (National Guilds League, 16, Grosvenor Road, Westminster, 1d. each.)
- "NATIONAL GUILDS. An enquiry into the Wage System and the way out." A. R. Orage. (Bell, 5s.)
- "FELLOWSHIP IN WORK." Pogosky. (C. W. Daniel, 6d.)
- "INDUSTRIAL SYSTEMS AFTER THE WAR. The place of the Labour Exchange." (Fabian Society, 1d.)
- (e) INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS:—
- "WAR AND DEMOCRACY." (Macmillan, 2s. net.)
- "FOUNDATIONS OF NATIONAL GREATNESS: A Scheme of Study." W. C. Braithwaite. (Adult School Union, 3d.)
- "HISTORY OF WAR AND PEACE." G. H. Perris. (Home University Library, 1s.)
- "THE PROBLEMS OF THE WAR AND THE PEACE." Norman Angell. (Heinemann, 6d.)
- "INDIA: A NATION." A. Besant. (Jacks, 6d.)
- "THE WAR OF STEEL AND GOLD." H. N. Brailsford. (Bell, 2s.)

## NOTES.

Students who desire a fuller selection of works on any particular subject than is given in this leaflet will find helpful the classified lists given in the following bibliographies:

- "A GUIDE TO BOOKS FOR SOCIAL STUDENTS AND WORKERS." Alfred Rahilly. (Education Co. of Ireland, 89, Talbot Street, Dublin, 4d. post free.)
- "THE A B C ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS." (Keeble, 1s.)
- "WHAT TO READ ON SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC SUBJECTS." (Fabian Society, 1s.)

"LIBRARY CATALOGUE." (The Eugenics Education Society, Kingsway House, Kingsway, W.C., post free 6d.)

"THE CAUSES OF THE WAR: WHAT TO READ." (Council for the Study of International Relations, 6d.)

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SERVICE (1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, S.W.) supplies free of charge printed bibliographies (send stamped addressed envelope) on many special subjects of social work. The Institute also issues a Magazine, *Progress* (6d. quarterly) in which are given classified lists of latest publications.

# Our Monthly Gallery

## VI. The Nativity

By HOPE REA

THE commonest things often possess the greatest element of wonder, it being only our obtuseness which hides from us their true quality; the common fact of birth is truest miracle, and transfused with the richest symbolism. Man, says St. Thomas Aquinas, speaks by words, the speech of God is facts and events. Thus viewed, as speech of God, the primal fact of birth must be fulfilled with an infinitude of significances, and what lies implicit in every common birth is present in the Christmas birth, but amplified and enriched to the measure of Him who was then born.

Gospel and Church authority have alike established certain features, which through the ages have been deemed necessary for the artistic representation of the scene.

Lowly surroundings, the ox and the ass, St. Joseph, the Sages and Shepherds, with angels, attendant on the Mother and Child.

It is a curious coincidence that the first harbinger of the Renaissance of Art in Italy should be a panel representing the Nativity (Illustration 1). The sculptor, Niccolá Pisano, poring over the remains of Græco-Roman Art in Pisa, copied their form and style, and pieced together this quaint mosaic of old and new in method and idea, the fresh, young life of his time revealing itself in the treatment of his sheep and goats.

Another two hundred years or so, and we have Ghirlandajo's representation of the same subject (Illustration 2). A richly devised composite picture, in which are

introduced all the traditional elements. This work repays the closest scrutiny, its very realism suggesting an intuitive consciousness that the tale is one "written within and without," having eternal significances over and above any mere historical reality. Thus the landscape setting is extremely realistic, in effect a piece of Val d'Arno scenery; this brings the event to the painter's very door. In a time when archæology was among the chief pre-occupations of the artists, this touch of frank realism can hardly have been mere unconscious *naïveté*, but rather, one may fairly assume, because the deeper mystical significance was ever present in the artist's mind, a realisation that this Birth belongs to the Eternal Now. Hence the cavalcade of the Magi approach along a Tuscan road, and it is in the Val d'Arno that the shepherds hear the music of the heavenly host.

In the three shepherds who appear in the stable, we have character studies of the highest order. Rembrandt himself could hardly surpass them in subtlety of delineation. The simple man, who kneels with conventional acceptance of what he has been told, but with no vision of its vital import, together with the acute questioning face and pointing finger of his companion, tell their own tale; while the expression of dull disappointment, decorously veiled, on the face of the standing shepherd, completes the group.

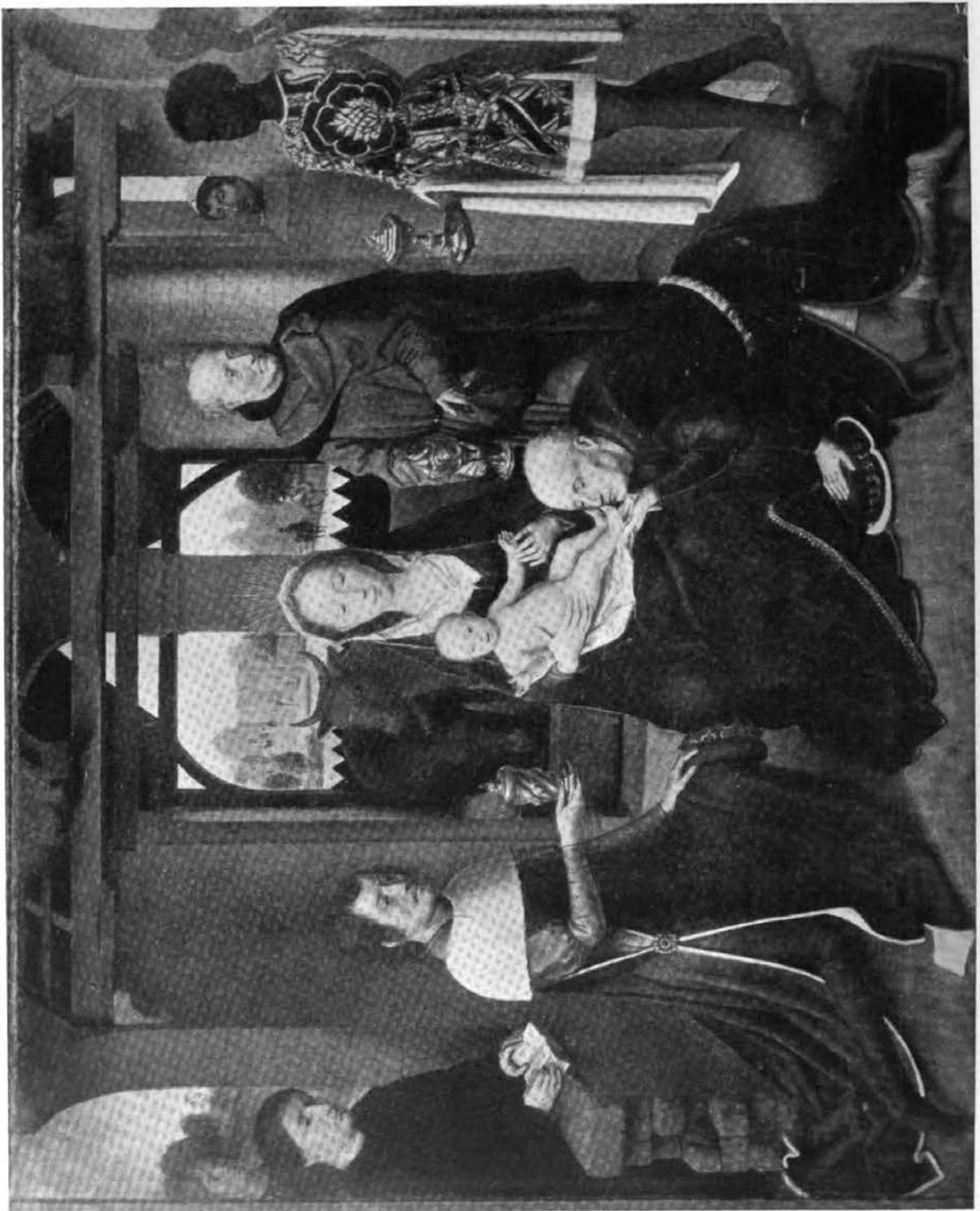
Ghirlandajo's shepherds are types, they have hurried in from the outer world to see that "thing which has come to pass," and for them it is no wonder at all, but



THE NATIVITY

Panel of Pulpit in the Baptistery at Pisa.

Sculptured by Niccolò Pisano.



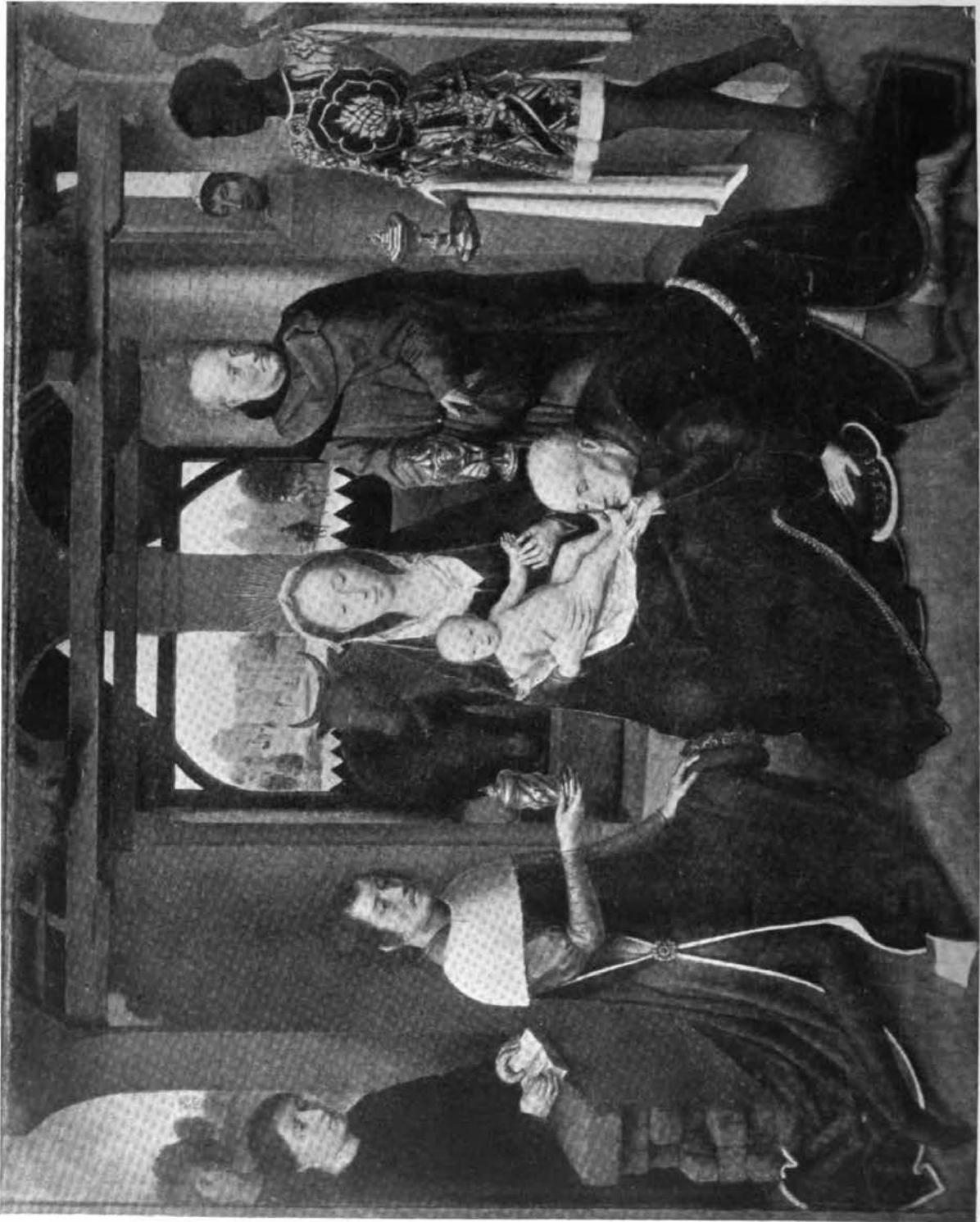
THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS  
Painted by Hans Memling.



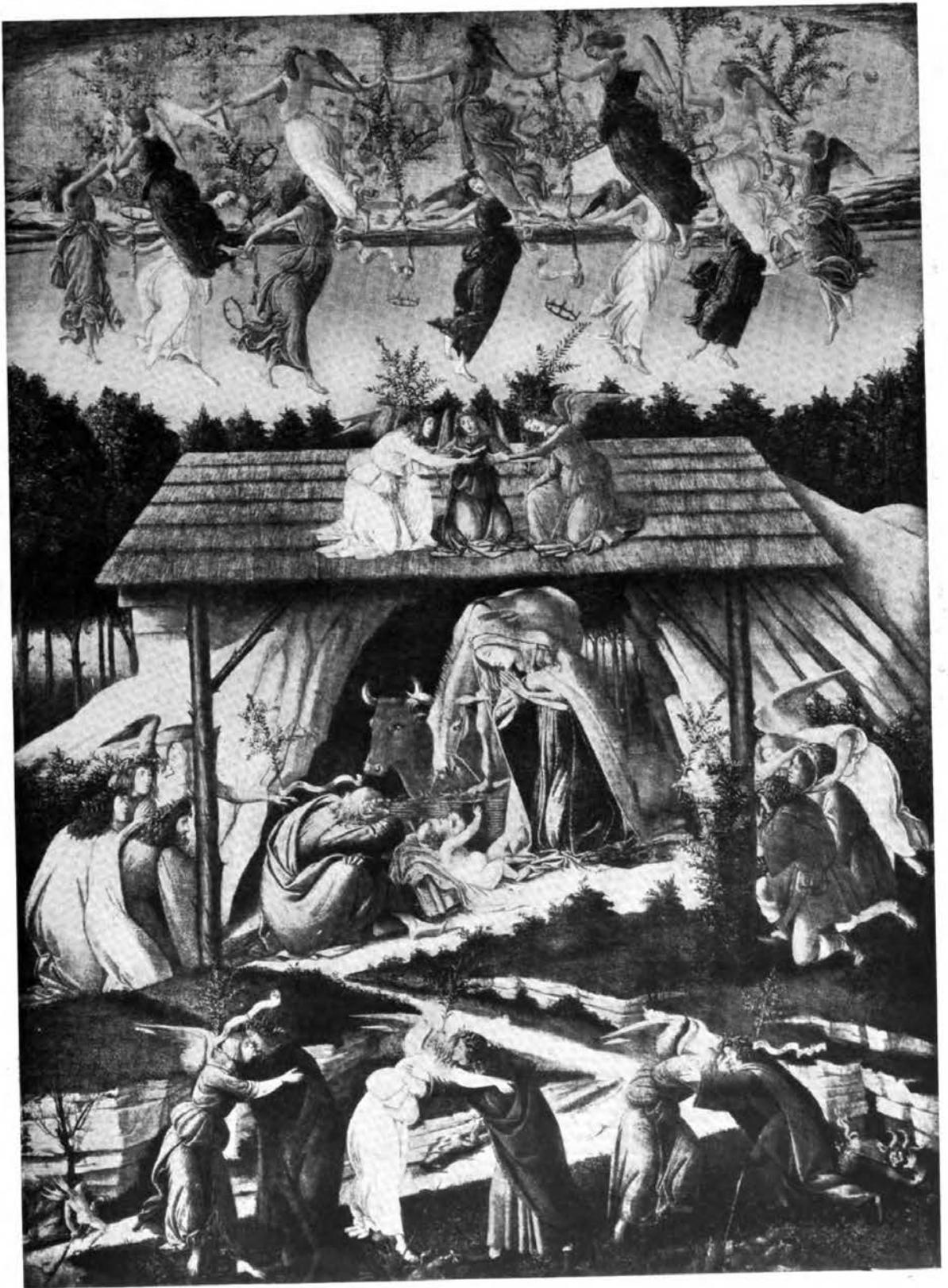
THE NATIVITY

Painted by  
Sandro Botticelli.

Reproduced by permission of  
Messrs. Mansel.



THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS  
Painted by Hans Memling.



THE NATIVITY

Painted by  
Sandro Botticelli.

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THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.  
Painted by Ghirlandajo.

only a young child and his mother, one too stupid, the others too clever to understand. Florence or Bethlehem, it is all one; in the heart alone the Child is born. To the elderly Joseph, who, greatly daring, had taken the plunge of faith into the unknown, has come the moment of vision. He sees, and seeing, has his reward. Mary's whole being is lost in the one realisation of the Son that is born, that full obedience has brought full response; the handmaid is resolved into the mother "according to Thy word."

Our third illustration is a work by Botticelli, painted in a time of great stress and difficulty, and its defects in execution may well be due to hurry and excitement. The religious mind of Florence had been strained to the utmost by the tumult of hope and bewilderment consequent on the preaching and subsequent martyrdom of Savonarola. What the conclusions of one storm-tossed mind we see in this picture.

The inscription on the top of the work is as follows, and is self-explanatory:

"This picture, I, Alessandro, painted at the end of the year 1500 in the troubles of Italy, in the half time after the time during the fulfilment of the eleventh of John in the second woe of the Apocalypse in the loosening of the devil for three-and-a-half years. Afterwards he shall be chained and we shall see him trodden down, as in this picture."

The painter's chosen symbol to express his hope is the *Nativity* viewed in its Eternal Now-ness; and rarely, if ever, has an artist infused into the traditional elements so much of mystical significance as Sandro Botticelli has done in this instance. That a deeper symbolism is intended, is suggested by the treatment of the stable, which is depicted as half cave. This, presumably, alludes to "the cave of the heart," the mystery-phrase denoting where the mystic Christ is eternally born, becoming the "Christ in you" of whom the Apostle Paul speaks. Here is introduced the eternal element of the story, transcending any historical one which it may possess. It is this, we think, which in the turmoil,

Sandro grasped as a sure anchor of the soul. Where in faith and obedience the "cave" has been prepared, the Child is born, and thence must follow inevitably further natural consequences. Evil reduced to its true proportions, its true nature realised, is seen to be mean, deformed, wholly ugly, and forced to disappear under the rocks of which the cave is composed. Righteousness and Peace, as naturally kiss each other, what else could happen? It is in the final analysis, only through unrighteousness that strife arises, and when the Child is born,—"Christ in you"—Heaven opens, and meeting with earth, the two become one. This surely is Botticelli's realisation, and, using the traditional pictorial elements, he transfers, through them, his inward vision to his *tavola*. In its upper part we see the vault of sky is opened, and downwards have come the Shining Ones circling in the unbroken rhythm which belongs to their accustomed world. The roof of the stable glistens with the gold of the Upper Jerusalem, the human and the divine have found at one-ment. Botticelli's *Nativity* is truly apocalyptic, an unveiling of the things of the Spirit.

Tradition, which sometimes, as we have seen, preserves a deep note of mysticism that might otherwise be lost, on other occasions, in a corresponding degree, adds a realistic quality to a given story. The completed *Nativity* legend tells how the bodies of the Magi were borne to northern Cologne for final burial. It is possibly owing to this that we have the greatest paintings of the coming of the Kings from the hands of Trans-Alpine painters.

Memling's work (Illustration 4) is a characteristic example of northern treatment. The Kings clearly show their reputed representative characteristics, those of Youth, Maturity and Age—while the Ethiopian type of the third King marks the comprehensive conception of the Showing to the Gentiles.

The face looking through the window is said to represent that of Memling himself, who executed the work for the Hospital of St. John in Bruges.

HOPE REA.

# Books We Should Read

A SHEAF. By JOHN GALSWORTHY

(William Heinemann, 5s. net.)

It is somewhere related that on one occasion when Wilberforce was speaking on the horrors of vivisection, a voice in the audience cried out : " Don't, we can't bear it ! " It was a real cry of pain, but Wilberforce's answer was that, however painful, the truth must be made known. This is, surely, also Mr. Galsworthy's belief. Like the great Churchman, he would purify us through pity and terror.

In those far-off, unbelievable days before August, 1914, his was the somewhat lonely voice crying in the Press against the barbarities of sport, fashion and science. With a moral courage, determined persistence, and fierce restraint, Galsworthy was fighting the battles of dumb creatures suffering from the thoughtlessness, vanity, covetousness, and easy complacency of Man. It is the same voice that speaks to us from this book—a sheaf of Galsworthy's public letters and articles which have appeared in various papers from time to time ; articles that tell us, in words vibrating with compassion and noble pity, of the sorrows of caged wild things, ravaged egrets, slaughtered cattle, tortured horses and dogs. Some of the appeals here would seem to be the very minimum of decent humanity. How is it that we, a humane people surely, turn a deaf ear ; that we lag behind most other countries in our laws concerning these things ? By everyone who has ever loved the faithful companionship of a dog, who receives willing and patient service from any beast—and that includes us all, who believes in the brotherhood and unity of all created things, that question must be asked and answered.

Monsignor Vaughan recently justified vivisection on the immemorial ground that animals were created for man ; and many of us, perhaps unconsciously, have the same belief. Without entering on the controversial question of our rights over animals, listen for a moment to an extract from Godet's Biblical Studies of the Old Testament :

" All the elements—air, water, earth—are saturated with life. Throw a plumb-line into the ocean ; before it has reached a depth of 230 fathoms it will have passed through eight different fauna. . . . . Crumble a piece of white chalk of a pound weight ; the dust in your hand will contain the remains of ten million creatures. Place a drop of water under your microscope ; you will soon discover in it a population of infusoria of which the number equals that of the human creatures that move upon the earth." Does this not shake us a little in our smug belief ?

Galsworthy's attitude to the animal world is as finely chivalrous as his ready championship of all that are weak and oppressed. He has a deep instinctive respect for the rights of the dumb creatures that share the world with us. Indeed, he holds that in our relations to them we have no right to disregard " those principles which our religion, morality and education fix as guiding stars of our conduct towards human beings." That is as fine as it is rare.

Galsworthy does not confine himself to our inhumanity to animals. Some of the most poignant bits of writing here are those that deal with the social outcast ; the human wrecks whom we condemn in thousands yearly to the horrors of solitary confinement in our prisons, to be, in some cases, slowly driven mad ; in most cases, injured permanently in nerve and brain. Surely the war has taught us, among other things, that the " criminal " when given a dog's chance, " makes good."

It seems particularly suitable that while we are deep in the tragedy of war, we should be reminded that peace, too, has its tragedies which, when the day comes for the remaking of a shattered world, shall not be forgotten and passed over.

In his general attitude to the life of to-day, Galsworthy is a pessimist. He sees too clearly the easy forgetfulness, the cruelty and blunted sensibilities to others' suffering, the insistent appeal of private

interest, to be anything else ; but in the larger, in the cosmic sense, he is a supreme optimist. He is no preacher of despair. His faith remains firm in the fundamental goodness of the human race ; in human love ; in democracy. Through present darkness he is sure of earth's ultimate regeneration.

The latter part of the book contains Galsworthy's thoughts on the war. Some of these war-pictures are almost unbearably terrible ; others have a poignant and haunting beauty ; all, however quiet

and restrained the language, are clearly the expression of suffering in a sensitive and imaginative soul.

The book closes with an eloquent appeal in the name of those millions, unripe for death, who have died ; of those others, maimed, ruined and bereaved, who must live ; that out of the reek and desolation of the present times may be born a better Future for Mankind ; a real deliverance which will make the whole earth one in Freedom and Humanity.

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THE NATIONAL BEING : SOME THOUGHTS ON AN IRISH POLITY. By "A. E."

(Maunsel & Co., Ltd., Dublin and London, 1916, 4s. 6d.)

To thoughtful men of our time, who find the outlook on the future of mankind so obscured by selfishness in every direction that they are sometimes tempted to despair of human progress, the pages of this little book will bring many a gleam of hope. Its mixture of common sense with high poetic intuition satisfies the critical mind, while it promises brighter light as we advance along the lines indicated. It is written especially for the infant State of Ireland, with her large agricultural population and her almost forgotten worship of ideals in the person of hero and saint, but its message is delivered from such a broad platform that it can be listened to with advantage far beyond Ireland herself, wherever problems of reconstruction are arousing the conscience of the people.

Because the author believes that "Civilisations are externalisations of the soul and character of races," he puts before us the task of creating such noble national ideals as will expand the soul of the people. He does not philosophise in fancy flights far above the heads of ordinary men, but takes up the task of creating noble national ideals by steady co-operation with those who, left to themselves, would by their stagnation effectually block all progress.

Ireland has few big cities, and the main industry is agricultural, so one great problem is how to bring to rural homes all

that which makes life worth living. The child of the peasant must find at hand all those opportunities of expansion which he now crosses the ocean yearly in thousands to seek. "A. E." points out that we must take Patrick exactly where he is now, and our work is to tempt him to self-expansion through self-interest until he reaches the point where he can realise that his well-being, individual and family, depends upon the welfare of all around him ; and that in co-operation with others, and not in isolation, lies his best chance of worldly gain. The good citizen is only an extension of the good neighbour and high ideals of nationality are gradually unfolded.

Thus beginning in a small way to help on things as they are, we avoid the dangers of inflaming the untrained mind with "abstract principles about justice, democracy, the rights of man and the like," which are apt to cause an emotional indigestion, and "often lead us into futilities, if not into dangerous political experiments."

It is one of the illusions of modern materialistic thought to suppose that as high a quality of life is not possible in a village as in a great city, and it ought to be one of the aims of rural reformers to dissipate this fallacy, and to show that it is possible—not, indeed, to concentrate wealth in country communities as in the cities, but that it is possible to bring comfort enough to satisfy any reasonable person, and to create a society where there will be intellectual life and human interests. We will hear little then of the rural exodus.

Direct communication once established in some degree between producers and consumers, in less than half a century the whole business of rural Ireland will be done co-operatively, as is more and more the case now in Denmark, Germany and Italy. All brotherly co-work, based as it is on the law of the advantages of mutual help, will be stultified if the activity be confined to one class; on the other hand, the movement must take in the great landowners and capitalists, and on the other it must extend a welcome to labourers who join the co-operative stores, credit banks, poultry and bee-keeping societies, and allow them the benefits of cheap purchase, cheap credit, and of efficient marketing of whatever the labourer may produce on his allotment. The growth of national conscience and the spirit of human brotherhood, and a feeling of shame that any should be poor and neglected in the national household, will be needed to bring the rural labourer into the circle of national life and make him a willing worker in the general scheme.

Our task is therefore :

To spread in widest commonality culture, comfort, intelligence and happiness, and to give to the average man those things which in an earlier age were the privileges of a few.

Those who walk the streets of our big

towns realise more and more that our present-day civilisations are but a nightmare, and that the country is the fountain of the life and health of a race.

A prophet, a statesman, a leader is wanted, who will excite the human imagination and lead humanity back to Nature and Nature's God.

Space fails us for all the quotations we would fain make about the national assembly, the civil conscription (whereby every young man should devote two years of undivided work to his country), and many another allied subject. The book is a thought-breeder and a sign of the reconstructive times we are entering upon in preparation for the coming of the World-Teacher. A certain level of national consciousness must be reached before men are sufficiently emancipated from the drag of material need to find time to listen, and the quickening power of co-operation upon the lines sketched out in this book will be great. As "A. E." graphically puts it :

Get the two mightiest bulls in the herd, put them opposing each other in a narrow passage, and they, being of equal strength, will reduce each other to feebleness. Let them unite together in their charge, and what will oppose them?

### AN ENGLISHMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS CHURCH

(Mills & Boon, Limited, 49, Rupert Street, London, W. ; 1s. net.)

This remarkable little book should be read by all Brothers of the Star. It is a striking indictment of the Church, and its failure to move with the "Time Spirit," but the criticisms are made in no harsh or unkind spirit, but rather seem to spring from a passionate love of the Christ as the Light of the world, and a longing that in that Light His Church should move forward to a fuller comprehension of the world's need. "Since the World is a World in motion, a World that halts not, neither turns about, but moves ever farther from ignorance and ever nearer to knowledge, so must it be that the Light of the World burns ever brighter on the World's Way."

The great idea of re-construction which is in all men's minds is rightly interpreted by the writer as a reconstruction which must be based upon a spiritual principle if it is to endure. "Out of the wreckage wrought by Godless war, war which all the Churches of the world have been

powerless to bind, men will build up a better and a juster world, a world wherein it shall no longer be a mockery to pray, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." And the writer makes the appeal to the Church to be the pioneers in such a work of reconstruction by dropping traditions and dogmas which "for the rest of mankind have perished in the flames of a world that was not good," and coming out to proclaim a new social order based on the Christ spirit of love.

In conclusion, I would quote this striking passage which will appeal most particularly to the members of this Order. "And to you who have given back to the Orient your Western Christ will come back again in the future an Eastern Christ Who shall become a World Christ, and you will love this true Christ with all your heart and with all your mind, and with all your soul. For, we needs must love the Highest when we see it."

# The Order of the Star in the East.

**T**HIS Order has been founded to draw together those who believe in the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher for the helping of the world. It is thought that its members may, on the physical plane, do something to prepare public opinion for His coming and to create an atmosphere of welcome and of reverence; and, on the higher planes, may unite in forming an instrument of service ready for His use.

The Order was founded in Benares, India, on January 11th, 1911, and has since spread rapidly. Its membership now numbers many thousands in all parts of the world, and includes men and women of all the great Faiths and of nearly every nationality,—all of these being united in the common expectation that the hour is at hand for the appearance of some mighty spiritual Leader and Prophet, who shall bring to our age the light and guidance that it needs.

The Order is, for practical purposes, organised on a basis of countries. Each country has a chief officer, with the title of National Representative, and under each National Representative are a number of Organising Secretaries. Smaller districts within the country are in the charge of Local Secretaries.

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Admission to membership in the Order depends solely upon acceptance of its Declaration of Principles (see page 3), and there is no other condition of any kind. Each member is absolutely free to think of the coming Teacher in any way he likes, to form his own ideas about the manner of His coming, and to work in the way which he himself thinks best for the preparation of the world. All that the Order asks of its members is that, while enjoying this liberty of thought and action themselves, they shall be equally willing to accord it to their fellow-members, to the end that there may be fostered within the Order that true spirit of tolerance and of co-operation which is the only spirit in which a world-wide work of this kind can be done.

Anyone who feels that he can accept the Declaration of Principles, and who wishes to become a member, should fill in one of the application forms which are to be found on page 3 of this leaflet and send it to the National Representative of the country to which he belongs. The applicant will receive in return, from the National Representative, a signed certificate of admission to the Order.

The Order has no rules, and no subscription, all expenses being met by voluntary donations.

One small expense there is, however, if the newly-joined member wishes to incur it. The Order has a Badge, viz., a silver five-pointed Star in the form of a pin, stud, or brooch, according to choice; and it is hoped that as many members as possible will try and make a habit of wearing this. The Badges are to be obtained from the National Representatives. If, therefore, the applicant desires a Badge, he should enclose a postal order for 2s., with 1d. postage, with his form of application for membership.

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The official organ of the Order is the *Herald of the Star*, an illustrated monthly review edited by the Head of the Order, Mr. J. Krishnamurti. This has an international circulation and belongs to all the Sections of the Order alike, although several Sections possess, in addition to it, their own national organs. The price of the *Herald of the Star* is at present 8d. per single copy and 7s. 6d. per annum; but these prices will be reduced, from January, 1916, to 6d. and 6s. respectively. All annual subscriptions should be sent direct to the Business Manager, *Herald of the Star* Offices, 1, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C. Applications for single copies should, in the case of countries outside the British Isles, be sent to the National Representative of the country. In the British Isles single copies can be obtained from certain newsagents or through Local Secretaries of the Order. When in doubt, however, the safest plan will be to apply either to the National Representative or to the *Herald of the Star* Offices.

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**E**NQUIRERS naturally ask why the Order believes in the near coming of a great Teacher. A full answer to this question will be found in the published literature of the Order. For present purposes, a brief word of explanation will suffice.

The belief in the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher is far from being, in the case of the majority of members of the Order, a matter of simple revelation. It is rather a belief

arising out of, or at least receiving its chief support from, a study of the times in which we are living, linked to a conception of all human history as the working out, under divine guidance, of a deliberate spiritual purpose.

They believe that it is part of the Divine Plan for human evolution that help should, from time to time, be given to men by spiritual Teachers lifted far above ordinary humanity in respect of wisdom, love and power ; and they feel that such help is to be expected most naturally in times of overwhelming stress and difficulty, when mankind is being beset by all manner of problems which it knows not how to solve ; more particularly, at times when the lessons of the past have ceased to be a sufficient guide and when the onward-driving force of evolution is pressing the world out into new and untrodden regions, into some new Order or Dispensation of life.

From time to time these great transitions occur. One age of civilisation closes and gives place to another. A new chapter opens in the life of mankind. It is then, they believe, that some kind of higher guidance is most urgently needed and that the Helper and Teacher is most to be looked for. For if there be any kind of organised spiritual helping of mankind, the help must assuredly be related to the need.

Now it is the opinion of very many members of the Order of the Star in the East that we are passing through just such a transition to-day ; that behind us one great age is closing and that before us a new age is opening out. The world, they feel, is at the dawn of a New Era ; and while, on the one side, the rapid stir and moment, the stress and the conflict, and the general breaking up of forms, denote the passing of the old order,—on the other, there is to be seen in the gathering idealism of our times, and in the general reaching out after a saner, nobler and gentler formulation of life, the promise of that fairer civilisation which is about to be born for mankind.

Many are thinking these thoughts to-day, even outside the ranks of our Order ; indeed, the great War has made them almost universal. That which the Order would add to this general looking forward is the idea that so momentous a transition may ere long find its embodiment and its highest expression in some Personality commensurate with its greatness,—that is to say, in some mighty spiritual Leader, who shall gather up the movement of the times and, by the power of His life and teaching, shape it into the civilisation of the age which is to be.

That in many of the great Faiths to-day, in varying forms, an expectation of this kind is spreading, and that it is being independently proclaimed by mystics and occultists in many different parts of the world, are facts which—although experience may have taught us to be cautious in dealing with such predictions—have nevertheless an interest and significance in the light of the possibility just mentioned. For if the world of men be linked on, as we conceive it to be, with an inner world of spiritual realities, it is only natural that, when an event of the profoundest spiritual significance is about to occur, some thrill of expectation, born in the spiritual nature of man, should press outwards into his everyday consciousness and make him dimly aware of what is impending. Earth's greatest Teachers have all been heralded by this curious sense of expectancy. And rarely perhaps has such expectation been more widely spread than to-day.

Believing, then, that a great spiritual Teacher is likely, ere long, to appear among men, the Order takes as its practical purpose the preparation of the way for His coming, basing its view of the necessity for this on the fact (which history alone is sufficient to confirm) that there exist, not only in human nature but in the nature of spiritual truth itself, many elements which go to render the contemporary recognition of even the loftiest spiritual greatness extremely difficult.

Realising this, and the tragedies which have been wrought in the past by the failure to recognise such greatness, as well as the glorious opportunities of service which the coming of such a Great One must open up for men, members of the Order wish, during the years which lie before them, to do all that can be done to prepare not only themselves but the world for the great crisis of recognition. At the same time they hope that, if only the right spirit of self-less devotion and co-operation can be cultivated, there may perhaps be built up, in this world-wide organisation of men, women and children—drawn, as nearly as may be, from every race and religion on earth—a body of willing servants, ready and waiting for the Master, who may be worthy to be used by Him when His great work of world-helping shall begin.

This two-fold task sums up the aim and purpose of the Order and is embodied, together with the statement of belief, in the appended Declaration of Principles. E. A. W.

## Declaration of Principles.

The Objects of the Order are embodied in the following Declaration of Principles, acceptance of which is all that is necessary for membership.

- (1) We believe that a Great Teacher will soon appear in the world, and we wish so to live now that we may be worthy to know Him when He comes.
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The following is a specimen form of Application for Membership in the Order. It may, if so desired, be cut out and sent to the National Representative of the country to which the applicant belongs. Names of National Representatives will be found on the cover of the *Herald of the Star*.

## Application for Membership.

(To be filled in or copied out)

To the Secretary.

Dear Madam,

*I wish to join the Order of the Star in the East and fully accept its Declaration of Principles.*

*\* The communications, papers, notices, need not necessarily be sent me in a closed envelope.*

*I enclose Postal Order 2/7 for my papers and badge*

which please send me in the form of a  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{pin} \dagger \\ \text{pendant} \dagger \\ \text{brooch} \dagger \\ \text{stud} \dagger \end{array} \right.$

Yours faithfully,

Please write very clearly.

*Printed handwriting or typewriting preferred*

Full name  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Mr.} \dagger \\ \text{Mrs.} \dagger \\ \text{Miss} \dagger \end{array} \right.$  .....

Address .....

Date .....

*\* If all notices of meetings and communications of the Order are to be sent in a closed envelope cross out the whole sentence.*

*† Cross out all words and titles but the one required. If no badge is required enclose 6d. for papers only.*

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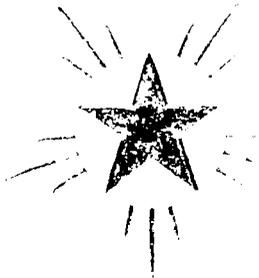
*(Advice as to further reading along Star lines may be obtained from the National Representatives or other Officers of the Order.)*

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*All members of the Order are recommended, on joining, to put themselves in touch with some organised Group, in order that they may get the full benefit of membership, and may learn, perhaps, to be useful in their own ways. It is not essential to belong to such a Group, but it is desirable ; and it will generally be found that membership in the Order will become, in this way, a more real and living thing. There is much work to be done, and at present only too few to do it ; and every member should come to feel his or her personal responsibility in this connection. Any member who is unaware of the existence of a Star Group in his vicinity should write to the National Representative for information or advice.*

leave guard for contents

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Edited by J. Krishnamurti.

**January 11th, 1916.**

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