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The Herald of the Star

VOL. IX. No. 1

JANUARY 1st, 1920

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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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W. B. Jones

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Publishing Offices: 6, Tavistock Square, London, W.C., England

This Magazine is registered for transmission to CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND by Magazine Post

Vol. IX. No. I.

Price 6d.

The Order of the Star in the East

The Herald of the Star is the official organ of the Order of the Star in the East, and is obtainable through the Officers of the Order in the various countries of the world. A list of these Officers is given on page three of the cover of this magazine.

The Order of the Star in the East is an organisation which has arisen out of the rapidly growing expectation of the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher, which is visible in many part of the world to-day. In all the great faiths at the present time, and in practically every race, there are people who are looking for such a Teacher ; and this hope is being expressed quite naturally, in each case, in the terms appropriate to the religion and the locality in which it has sprung up.

It is the object of the Order of the Star in the East, so far as is possible, to gather up and unify this common expectation, wherever and in whatever form it may exist, and to link it into a single great movement of preparation for the Great One whom the age awaits.

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.
- (2) We shall try, therefore, to keep Him in our mind always, and to do in His name and, therefore, to the best of our ability, all the work which comes to us in our daily occupation.
- (3) As far as our ordinary duties allow, we shall endeavour to devote a portion of our time each day to some definite work which may help to prepare for His coming.
- (4) We shall seek to make Devotion, Steadfastness, and Gentleness prominent characteristics of our daily life.
- (5) We shall try to begin and end each day with a short period devoted to the asking of His blessing upon all that we try to do for Him and in His name.
- (6) We regard it as our special duty to try to recognise and reverence greatness in whomsoever shown, and to strive to co-operate, as far as we can, with those whom we feel to be spiritually our superiors.

The Order was founded at Benares, India, on January 11th, 1911, and has since both grown and 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.

Information about its life and work may be obtained from any of its Officers, and applications for membership should be sent to an Officer of the country to which the applicant belongs. Each member receives, on joining, a certificate of membership, leaflet, and card. The Badge of the Order is a silver five-pointed Star.



EDITORIAL NOTES

THE present issue of the HERALD OF THE STAR opens a new Volume, and to all our readers, scattered over the surface of the globe, we send our greetings for the New Year. Let us hope that, in the coming year, this Magazine may fulfil, with increasing worthiness, the task for which it was founded; the task, namely, of proclaiming to the world our belief that there will come to the helping of mankind, in the near future, one of those Supreme Teachers who, from age to age, come forth from behind the veil to inaugurate a great new chapter of human life and progress; and the further task, also, of so influencing the thought of its times, that there may be many prepared to accept Him, when He comes—a few, to follow Him and serve Him to the death. That is the work which the HERALD OF THE STAR has been called upon to do; a great task, and one which entails an enormous responsibility. Were the circumstances, which attend it, ordinary circumstances, there would be much excuse for despair in the face of so gigantic an undertaking. But those who *know*, and those who sincerely believe, that the message of the STAR is a true one, will not despair. They will realise that there are forces at work, in these days, which are powerful enough to render possible that which would normally be impossible. The strength of the coming Teacher is even now behind all work which is being done for Him and in His name. Preparation of every kind is

urgently needed, for the time grows short. The HERALD OF THE STAR, therefore, which is, in a special sense, the public organ of this preparation, need not fear for help and inspiration. So long as it strives to play its part, its future is assured. It is with this feeling of strong confidence that it enters upon the New Year.

* * *

There are other reasons for this confidence. It is not a vague feeling; it is a definite conviction that the time has now come when the message of the HERALD OF THE STAR can be put forward with much more force and directness than has hitherto been possible—a conviction not, as we have reason to know, peculiar to ourselves, but one shared by many others. The hour, we believe, has come when this Magazine can proclaim boldly, and without equivocation, the belief for which it stands, with the certainty that there will be many more who will be ready to give ear to it than has been the case in the past. Something in the general atmosphere of the time has changed. The idea of the coming of a World Teacher has, as it were, drawn nearer to the world of physical things. It has reached a point when it has begun to take on something of the character of inevitableness—the kind of quality which makes people, when they hear of it, think “of course that must be true.” That being so, it becomes possible for the HERALD OF THE STAR to take on a character corresponding to this change. In the past it has been content to allow

its belief to be implicit in the general character of its contents. It has stood for progress and for idealism, but for no detailed or outspoken application of these to the event for which it looks. In future, the HERALD OF THE STAR will be, in the full sense of the words, a Star Magazine. It will concern itself, first and foremost, with the Star view of life, with Star beliefs and Star activities; and those who are drawn to read it will be drawn to it by its Star interest rather than by that which it shares in common with other periodicals.

* * *

We are of opinion that, so far from limiting the appeal of the Magazine or narrowing its circle of readers, this change will give it strength. The world is full of a vague idealism nowadays; there is little that is definite or that can give to such idealism a nucleus round which it can crystallise. A clear message, like that of the Star, will act as a focus for many aspirations and many dreams of world-betterment. The belief that a better age is dawning is an obstinate one in thousands of minds. In spite of the darkness and confusion in which so much of the world is wrapt to-day, in spite of the bewildering cross-currents and the general unsettlement, there are thousands who cling to the conviction that something great and good will result from it all; that the great War was not a mere incident in a meaningless concatenation of events, but that it was, in some way or another, *preparatory*; and that, sooner or later, the tangled threads will be gathered up and the way made clear for a new age of human progress. But where is the agency by which this is to be effected? That is the problem. Even the most sanguine cannot find, among the outstanding personalities of the day, the Master-Spirit who is equal to this mighty task. For it demands more than a statesman; it demands more than a social reformer. It demands a spiritual giant—one in touch with Realities that far transcend the customary outlook of the world's accepted leaders. The malady

of the age is, at bottom, a spiritual malady, and it needs, therefore, a spiritual solution. We need something, or someone, to lead us back to the great, simple things of life, to give us a new Ideal, a new view altogether of humanity and human problems; and our thoughts naturally turn to those great and commanding Figures, which have held this place in the history of the past.

A world which has seen a Sri Krishna, a Buddha, a Christ, cannot despair of the possibility of finding further Teachers and Leaders, in the time to come, great enough to solve the greatest of its problems. What has happened once can happen again. The same spiritual laws hold good, in this seemingly prosaic age, as governed the more romantic ages of the past. It is not that the poetry and the wonder of the earth are dead; it is that we have temporarily lost the poetic eye. But by slow degrees we are awakening to that vision again. Year by year the truth is being more clearly borne in upon us that this physical world is only a small fragment of a vaster Reality; and men and women are beginning to believe once again in the existence of a great spiritual realm of order and high purpose behind the outer world of phenomena. With such a belief the conception of the periodic manifestation of Great Teachers, coming forth from the world of Reality to help and guide those who dwell in the world of Illusion, is in full consonance. The greater the darkness, the greater is the need for light; the more bewildering the problem, the clearer is the demand for a wisdom profound enough to solve it. It is from a sense of the sheer magnitude of the world-problem to-day that the belief in the near coming of a World-Teacher will most naturally be born; and this is what is happening all around us at the present time. The Star movement has its foundation in one of the deepest strata of human faith—the faith in a beneficent world-destiny, which will never allow mankind to be crushed by its difficulties and trials, no matter how heavy these may be.

Supermen and World Teachers

By L. W. ROGERS

ONE of the prominent characteristics of the average man of our Occidental civilisation is his scepticism, his unwillingness to accept as a fact that which he can not test with one of his material senses. The assertion that Supermen exist, and that they play a part in human affairs, he is likely to receive with amused incredulity. Various writers have called attention to the Supermen in tradition, and the evidence of their existence which is to be found in the ancient literature and lawgiving that can not be consistently regarded as the work of an infant race. That is evidence not easily explained away by the sceptical. But perhaps the case may be put with stronger appeal to the incredulous by resting it upon the inherent reasonableness of the idea.

Evolution is now a generally accepted fact. There is no longer argument about it among educated people. There is, of course, difference of opinion as to whether it is directed by Superior Intelligence, but not as to the fact itself that the earth and the beings upon it represent a process of slow and continuous becoming. We are surrounded by a vast panorama of evolving life that presents an orderly gradation of development in both form and intelligence. It extends downward from man through a long line of forms that become less and less complex until the level of the simplest life is reached. How can we escape the conclusion that it also rises above man? It is assuredly no evidence that evolution stops with man merely because it there passes beyond the ken of the physical senses! It does the same thing in the opposite

direction even before it sinks below the level of insect life. To assume that man is the highest product of evolution would be as absurd as to assume that either the individual or the race has now attained the highest possible perfection.

Naturally enough we can not establish the fact of the existence of Supermen by the use of our physical senses, for their consistent place in evolution would make them independent of physical matter. We are therefore thrown back upon the use of superphysical faculties for evidence, and upon the inherent reasonableness of the idea. The very essence of evolution is a ceaseless becoming, a gradual rising from lower to higher levels. It would be utterly inconsistent to admit the fact of evolution while denying that there may be higher products of evolution than man. Huxley's well-known simile in speaking of the possibility of the existence of Supermen of such intelligence and power that a human being compared to them, would be somewhat as a black beetle to a man, shows that the scientific mind finds nothing astonishing in the thought. Another scientist, conspicuous for his success with electrical problems, has expressed his opinion on the subject more fully. Nicola Tesla writes : *

" We can conceive of organised beings living without nourishment, and deriving all the energy they need for the performance of their life functions from the ambient medium.

" There may be . . . individualised material systems of beings, perhaps of gaseous constitution, or composed of substance still more tenuous. In view of this possibility—nay probability—we cannot apodictically deny the existence of organised beings on a planet merely because the conditions on the same are

* The Conservation of Energy. *Century Magazine*, June, 1900.

unsuitable for the existence of life as we conceive it. We cannot even, with positive assurance, assert that some of them might not be present here in this our world, in the very midst of us, for their constitution and life manifestations may be such that we are unable to perceive them."

According, then, to this scientist it is not only possible, but it is probable, that we live in the very presence of other beings of whom we know nothing, and of whom we never can know anything through the physical senses, because they live in bodies composed of substance so tenuous that no physical sense would enable us to become conscious of their presence.

From this viewpoint the human level is merely a station on the evolutionary line, a grade in Nature's school, and the Supermen are one grade above us as the animal kingdom is one grade below us. It follows that we shall, at some time in the future, pass on to the superhuman level. Meantime what is the relationship between the Supermen and humanity? Would it not naturally be somewhat like that of Teachers and pupils? We can reasonably assume that, since the most highly evolved among human beings, the philosophers of the race, become the teachers and leaders of those less advanced, the Supermen have the same relationship to humanity. They are but the higher products of evolution, the Elder Brothers of humanity, and therefore their guardians and instructors. Is it not a most reasonable idea that from the Supermen have come the various religions of the world? Would that not satisfactorily account for the profound influence that great religions have had upon humanity?—an effect that could arise only from an application to human needs of a wisdom that was quite beyond human knowledge.

The argument that the various world religions can not have a common source because those religions differ is one that will not survive examination, for the differences never constitute a contradiction but only a variation that admirably adapts each religion to the needs of the particular civilisation to which it is given.

The difference between the world religions is largely a matter of putting emphasis on the thing that was most vital to the age and the people. One religion thrusts duty to the front, another makes purity the speciality, while still another has self-sacrifice for its keynote. It is much as though a corps of teachers in control of an educational institution should make mathematics the chief thing for one group of students, languages the important thing with another group, and art the dominant thing with a third group. That would not in the least indicate that the whole of the teaching did not come from a common source. To be most efficacious, statements of ethics must necessarily differ as the various civilisations differ. The difference between the Occidental and Oriental mode of thought is great. The Oriental has the metaphysical type of mind. The Occidental mind naturally runs along the line of the concrete. A truth put in a form most comprehensible to them might easily prove baffling to us, while the statement which we readily grasp might be meaningless to them. But it is not merely the type of mind that differs. One part of the human race may be farther along in evolution than another, and therefore religious teaching perfectly adapted to the helping of the one would be too far advanced to even engage the attention of the other. If we find things in the Mohammedan religion that would not help us it is no proof that it does not help them. Peoples differ as much as individuals differ, and to insist that they shall all be forced into the grooves of a given religion would be much like those who are Presbyterians, or Catholics, or Christian Scientists, or Theosophists, insisting that all the rest of the world shall adopt their way of thinking. Diversity is a fact in nature, and the coming forth of many religions from a common source is in harmony with that fact.

The founders of religions are, of course, Ambassadors from the Hierarchy of Supermen, coming voluntarily into incarnation as World-Teachers. Some of them must necessarily be greater than others,

and have a wider work to do. In our Occidental civilisation a vast majority of the people believe that the Christ came long ago and gave the Western world a statement of ethics; and if asked why that occurred they would say that it was because God's love for humanity was such that He sent His Son to teach them. If that is so, must He not have sent others for the same reason, and probably the Christ Himself before the time of that particular visit? The idea that a great World-Teacher should come only once is consistent only with the erroneous ideas about the age of the earth and the youth of the race that were common a half century ago. We now certainly know that the earth is very ancient indeed, and that great civilisations flourished upon it and passed away many thousands of years before the Christian era. How can we possibly believe that a great World-Teacher came only at that particular time? Why were the people then living in the world of any more importance in the Divine mind than the countless millions who had lived and died before them? Unless we flatly deny the scientifically established truth about the age of the earth and the antiquity of the race, we cannot escape the conclusion that the Christ had visited humanity before He appeared among men in that historic incarnation. It is equally impossible to avoid the conclusion that He will come again; for obviously a World-Teacher would come when the need appears and when the time is propitious. It is perfectly natural that

all religions should finally come to be out of date—that as a civilisation develops the life it represents changes even as do its outer manifestations, which are but its visible expressions, and becomes as different, in twenty centuries, as the modes of travel then differ from our railways and steamships. Few people will deny that the Christian religion is no longer the vital thing in the lives of people that it originally was. The spirit of the martyr is conspicuously absent. All the preaching and exhorting fails to change perceptibly the modes of life and arouse a spirit of self-sacrifice. We need the World-Teacher again as humanity has not needed Him since His last visit. He alone has the insight that a mighty compassion can give, and the wisdom to so re-state His former teachings, in terms of modern life, that they will again become a living force in the lives of the people. When has humanity's need of guidance been greater than to-day? The highest type of modern civilisation reverted to the law of the jungle, and the nations that would retain the holy truth of the brotherhood of man have been forced to fight against extinction in united resistance to the most powerful and efficient army that has ever threatened to enthrone Brute Force as King of the world. Surely, the world two thousand years ago had no greater need that a World-Teacher could supply than humanity has now, when the fury of the trained legions of hate is at last spent and our crippled civilisation must turn attention to the problems of life once more.

The Machine and the Artist

By W. G. RAFFÉ, A.R.C.A. (Lond.), F.R.S.A.

(*Art Master, Northern Polytechnic Institute, London.*)

EVER since Ruskin anathematised machinery and declared cast-iron to be a material wholly unsuitable for artistic purposes, art critics, artists, and perhaps much more frequently, would-be artists, have followed his lead and unthinkingly echoed the curse. Fortunately its reverberations become fainter and fainter, for in spite of the obvious fallacy of these assertions, we meet often designers, teachers, and students, who will volubly protest that, now the machine is paramount in all commerce, art is of necessity separated therefrom. Mechanics and art, they asseverate, have the nature of incompatible extremes, and as such will never get on well together.

If we now carefully examine their arguments, where any clearly exist, we shall find that as a rule they do not know very much about machinery and its possibilities, and sometimes not so very much more about art and design. For some designers, in their early and untutored stages, sometimes appear to think that any weird collection of colors they like to put together on paper can easily be run off by a machine into something worth looking at. Their faith in the possibilities of machinery and mechanical reproduction would be really touching, were it not for the abysmal ignorance it connotes.

Other artists, we find—usually with a living depending on handicrafts, and therefore somewhat biassed—who denounce all and any piece of machinery as a monstrosity. Anything “machine-made” is, in their eyes, drawn from the depths of Sheol, to be sedulously avoided and forever shunned. Now can we by any

means show these people that they are wrong in so despising the machine; that it is possible to produce both good and bad art by its aid, in precisely the same fashion as good or bad work is produced by handwork alone? And that is, by treating the machine in a proper manner—by realising its limitations, as well as by exploiting its vast possibilities.

It is now freely admitted, even by artists, that the ability to “design” is no mere gift of nature, but rather the well-considered result of plenty of hard work, properly directed. Here again, some artists, and even many teachers, seem to think that if a man learns to design at all, in any line, he can at once turn with success to its application in any other sphere of manufacture. He might just as well study music by learning counterpoint and harmony only, in youthful days, and expecting to “pick up” facility in execution on some particular instrument in later years! Knowledge of principles, while obviously accelerating eventual mastery, will not prevent his being compelled to learn separately each individual instrument. To this misunderstanding of the necessity of theory and practice going hand in hand is due the relegation of *practical* studies in many of our design schools, until too late; this, too, is the reason for the production of so many weird and wonderful “original designs” which sometimes confront our puzzled eyes! As Professor Lethaby says: “There is not nearly sufficient *purposeful* work, and too much useless ‘practice.’”

The young designer is painfully disillusioned when he leaves these schools, if not before; he soon realises a regular inability to sell his designs, not always, perhaps, because they are not practical,

but if not that, perhaps owing to lack of considered due economy in working them out on material. He realises there is something seriously lacking in his professional qualities, when the callous manufacturer tells him "Very nice! Very pretty! But no use to me, my boy!" That individual *may* have had a good art education—more likely not—but the eventual result is the same. Unless the designer has closely studied the machine, he merely wastes his time by trying to design for mechanical reproduction, for even if he succeeds, as he sometimes does, in getting his designs produced, the public has to suffer from them.

Even before the age of steam and electric power, art had long suffered from a meticulous distinction between the so-called "fine arts," and those tacitly labelled not fine, or "applied." But suppose we take the art of government, is it then "fine" when "applied?" Or only "fine" when theoretical?

The facts of the matter are: that the fashion of long-past years has become the accepted tradition of our own time, fostered by dead artists and their patrons, such as Sir Joshua Reynolds and his sitters. While in the Italian Renaissance an artist would, as a matter of course, accept and execute a commission for a design—and most probably the making as well—of a gold cup, or a medal, or even more trivial things, many modern artists would be insulted if asked to design say a piece of iron work. And many of them could not do it, either.

It is common now, for instance, in England to find that it may be considered that painting a figure in oils on a canvas is within the category of "fine arts," but to paint one designed for a magazine cover is considered merely vulgar and democratic! Yet what is the difference?

One is done often merely to satisfy the artist who perhaps yearns to "express himself," or it may be done to suit the sitter's ideas of the fitness of things. The other is done with the distinct *purpose* of use; it *must* be fitted for colour printing, or it is useless. But for some strange reason the former individual will

consider it quite in order to look down upon the latter, because his work is to be reproduced by some mechanical means before it reaches the public!

It is the fear and contempt for machinery and all that it involves which produces this curious state of mind. Yet our academic friend, if he thinks but a moment, will be forced to admit that the machine renders him yeoman service, in aiding him to avoid the "dirty work" which his fifteenth-century predecessors had perforce to do for themselves, or get their apprentices to do for them. For he cheerfully uses machine-mixed colors on a canvas machine woven, with machine-made brushes, to make a picture which is often surrounded by a machine-made frame, and for all this he is usually very pleased to receive machine-made money! Frankly, one is almost at a loss to account for the snobbish attitude thus displayed by some easel artists towards the work of their commercially helpful brethren. When one realises that, were it not for the printing machine, many of them would be yet unknown, one can only consider it the prejudice of ignorance, and not of knowledge.

Then, too, the use or abuse of machinery is a favorite theme with bishops and other professional theorists, who assert that it alone robs the people of the use of their brains. They almost suggest that we should do away with all factories and mills, and go back entirely to handicrafts. But presumably even these mechanoclasts would like to keep the railways and the ships and the printing presses? The care of machinery in itself is often a delicate art, as well as the proper use of it. Would these gentlemen, for instance, like to see a hundred men sweep a road by hand-brooms instead of one man doing it by motor power?

Does it not even require more brain-power to use the machine sweeper intelligently than to handle a broom? And is not the work undoubtedly better and more quickly done?

Without question, neither artists nor other men can afford to ignore or to despise machinery; we have it and it

has to be mastered. *It is not machinery that is at fault, but the PURPOSE for which it is used; to make profits instead of things.* Handicrafts are for the few, at present, and machine-craft for the multitude. Yet the beauty of the work sold to the crowd need be no less; if a thing be beautiful made by hand, is another thing necessarily any less beautiful when suitably designed for the machine? Sometimes, even, the difference between the two is so very slight that only the trained expert can distinguish them. And until we reach the standard when all are experts, let us have mechanically-produced beauty, rather than the careless ugliness which rules only because of the selfishness of artists who are afraid of the machine. Art has indeed few disciples and many critics; no enemies, but very many obstacles. Every material has at first been the chief obstacle—has mastered the artist. It has had to be stubbornly met, battled with, and conquered. Man has struggled to fashion his tools, from flint cutting flint, to diamond on diamond, and the shaping of steel by the powerful machines he has made. Every art is crude until the material in which it is expressed is conquered by the bending of matter to the purpose of the conquering mind, with a clearly defined end in view pursued unflinchingly. And now that men have invented powerful machinery which can twist iron like clay, they turn and say that these things are of no use to art, and will abolish it! What amazing folly!

They have used science to design and build these huge and powerful tools—but have not the art to use them—for the sake of life and art! They can do best, they aver, by the old methods, and want nothing better. They refuse to take advantage of the modern methods of spreading the knowledge of art and the love of the beautiful. They would keep art for the few.

The machine alone makes possible in these days the true democracy of art; only its power helping the artist can ensure that the humblest individual may enjoy the same forms of art as the highest,

even if not yet to the same extent. They can at least have the opportunity to enjoy art, for that alone eventually produces the ability to enjoy it. The machine is the connecting link between art and commerce—machine power makes world-wide trade possible. That it is abused is everywhere evident, but that does not alter the facts.

The lathe and the press, the drill and the power-saw, help our puny hands to accomplish not only that which may satisfy our own needs, but also, if we design such goods satisfactorily, to send them out for the well-being of all civilised nations. The barely credible power of the machine will make and take useful beauty to the uttermost ends of the earth.

In considering the place and use of machinery in our modern world, we are forced willy-nilly to the conclusion that, as we have toiled and struggled unceasingly to obtain it, now that we have machine-power we are compelled to use it. As relentless and unswerving as any natural law, it demands unceasing care and watchfulness; untiring in its power, if we pause but a careless second, it will as readily crush an arm, and tear the soft flesh, as do the work we have forced it to accomplish. It has no sympathy with tired hand or wearied brain—it seldom tires—far too cunningly was it devised to work with inexorable stroke.

To define clearly the essential differences between the work of the machine and that of the hand, we need not go far. The hand finds its difficulty in making two things alike—the two differ in spite of every wish and effort to make them undistinguishable—until the brain calls in to the aid of the hand some tool, more complex, which shall obviate that failing, as it is sometimes considered to be.

The machine does this task with supreme ease—it will as easily and as soon make us a thousand alike, as two; if there be no flaw in the material, we shall be unable to know the first from the last. But if we require them to be individually different the machine will inevitably fail us; its perfection is repetition, as the perfection of the hand is unavoidable individuality.

Each of these things is right, in the right place, and each must bow to the natural economy of production. Where thousands are required for thousands of people, the machine is the right way to produce them, all other things being equal. To make them by hand is to revert to ancient slavery, where an emperor had but to conceive a whim, and a million slaves toiled for years to satisfy it. Our modern slave is the power of natural forces, used by machines, not for the satisfaction of emperors, but for the liberation of the peoples. Art has been slowly changed from the luxury of the autocrat to become the necessity of the democracy, and science will satisfy all peoples with the aid of machine power, used and controlled by artists who understand it. With them there is less slavery than in Greece, where many slaves, under the supreme control of Pheidias, carved section after section of the repeated ornament, such as the egg and dart moulding, with a faultless accuracy and equality of dimension paralleled only by the smooth perfection of the machine. At the time it was a wonderful achievement, but, as an art, it was surpassed in handicraft by the Gothic builders, who made every part different, and required of every carver something of his own individuality. The Greeks made the slave into a machine; we would make the machine our slave. The slave may have had some individuality which when developed made him an artist—the machine has none, in that sense.

It has only the distinctiveness of a tool more or less complex with, it is true, certain idiosyncrasies that the user learns only by using it.

In handicraft, the little unavoidable irregularities, the tiny slips of the tools, are loved by many as evidence of the human hand in the fashioning of an object; they therefore stigmatise the often cleaner finish of machine products, the uncompromising line and form, as inhuman. Did they say superhuman, they would be more correct, for it is the astonishing truth that mankind has made with its hands machine tools which will do his

work more perfectly than his unaided hands, and which he yet despises for the perfection of their work!

The mechanoclasts also have some little difficulty in defining the exact point where a hand tool merges into a machine tool, for it is part of their creed that all hand tools are good and necessary, while the others are evil. But they are not all agreed, for instance, as to whether a lathe is good if moved by foot power, and bad if moved by motor; or if a bow-string drill is orthodox, and an electric drill an instrument of evil powers. And in their indecision lies their undoing, for it proves their objections to rest not on a true objection to mechanism, but on unconscious hatred of mechanical commerce, which is a different thing and could be as evil, if confined to handicrafts alone.

Another of their statements insinuates that machine work, in relation to hand-work, is of a shoddy nature, but here too, they are in error, for the machine, like hand tools, does just what it is made to do, no more and no less.

The making of shoddy work depends on the honesty of the workman and his employer, and not on whether he uses a machine or merely his hands. There was dishonest and slipshod work long before any machinery was used, as well as bad design. Antique work does not necessarily mean good work, still less does it imply good design. There is naturally more good antique work extant than bad, because the latter has obviously sooner perished or been destroyed. And bad work was in many places punished by more than the refusal to pay for the labour.

If a workman makes one piece well, it does not always follow that the second will be as good, though it is admittedly probable. But if the machine turns out the first piece correctly, the rest must naturally be the same. *Things of machine-craft and handicraft are either well or ill made according to the honesty of their making; and both beautiful or ugly according to the thought and care expended in rightly designing them to fit their proper purpose.* To do this, it must be insisted that the designer, besides knowing

absolutely the intended use of his work, must of necessity have a complete and thorough understanding of the machine—he must respect its limitations, he must realise and use its possibilities—he must know that he can do with it much that is impossible with his hands, and that it may fail if he asks too much in the direction of variety. In a word, he must study it till he masters it, whether it be lathe or loom, pressure-casting or printing press.

The machine, like so many other things, is a good servant, but a bad master. The machine is not necessarily the competitor of the fully trained and intelligent artist—it is his humble and obedient slave.

The appreciation of beauty in craftsmanship is not quite the same factor as the more personal appreciation of the beauties of form and color. The one is subject to reason, the other to "taste." A workman will often praise the "beautiful workmanship" where a layman can see nothing unusual. Beauty is not added "ornament." There are few pieces of machinery more intrinsically beautiful than a modern locomotive, whose very lines speak of inherent power, and whose frame and movement express strength. Yet no "designer" has been over the drawings, adding on "ornament," as at one time they did, and as bridge builders sometimes do even now, thinking themselves great artists! But if they did desire to make their work of interest they could get some cubist painter to cover it, and give much joy to the admiring populace, and thus gave an added interest, say, to Charing Cross railway bridge. And when they are tired of that novelty the painter can easily change the colors with every fresh coat.

The fine lines of a racing yacht prove that beauty is no thing of excrescent "ornament," but that it is more closely allied to fitness in function attained by perfect workmanship. And the same is true of the aeroplane.

Here the aid of the machine may be called upon in various ways. In the larger forms of man's work, such as the building of various edifices, in laying out

parks, in shipbuilding, many machines are used to make parts, and others to assemble these pieces; and where they are finally fitted into place, handwork inevitably comes into play, in its proper place, doing what the machine cannot perform.

In smaller articles—as, for instance, table lamps—if many are wanted, the parts are machine made and fitted together by hand, but if only one is required, it may be made entirely by hand and sold, naturally, at a more advanced price.

But by some curious inversion of thought, many of our manufacturers consider that the cheaper the retail selling price of the individual object, the cheaper the design must be, for that object. Hence we may witness the spectacle of hundreds of pounds worth of, say, a textile material going through machines costing ten or twelve thousand pounds, to be imprinted with a design for which the manufacturer has grudged giving more than four or five pounds! In these things the facts speak eloquently of the "business man's" appreciation of the value of good art and design! Yet he will admit that several miles of the product must be sold before the first costs are regained by him.

The manufacturer is to blame for much bad machine art, because he will not pay his designers sufficiently well to attract the best brains—many designers are actually not so well remunerated as the men in the workshops, yet they are supposed to have studied a great deal more! The manufacturer will, in fact, turn out any kind of rubbish so long as he can make a profit on it, while he will cease making beautiful things because the profit is less. But is the machine to blame?

Our societies of artistic persuasion should turn their attention to the question of this great essential of all the machine crafts—to have the very best designers obtainable. *Designs for mechanical reproduction should have very much more care and thought lavished upon them*—a design for handwork can be easily altered in the making and, if bad, is only

one. But in machine-craft design the machine, once started, goes on unweariedly grinding out miles of printed goods, or tons of metal parts, and the results go all over the country. We are now suffering from artistic blood-poisoning from machine design, and no amount of dosing with handwork will cure it—the cause must be removed.

It is useless to blame the buyer—he has to take what he is offered—he no more chooses the designs in the stores than he chooses the laws, which he

resignedly accepts, with scarce a murmur at the obviously bad workmanship of many of them—they will do, he thinks, until better ones arrive. It is for the artists, no less than manufacturers, to see that better goods do arrive; if they want other people's trade, they must surpass other people's goods.

There is always room and pressing need for the real artist, who must decide what is good, and what is bad, but he must be a man of understanding.

W. G. RAFFÉ.

“IDEAL” EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—Much has been written during the past two years in the HERALD on the subject of Education, and we have had pictures of various schools, all considered “ideal” from the point of view of the person or persons running them. But, in considering these “ideal” schools, there is to me always something lacking, and that is the opinion of the young people who have just finished their education. This is, to my mind, the weakness of most educational experts. They are generally old or childless, and children are to them subjects for experiment and interesting as such. Now, if we are to judge fairly, we need to know what is passing in the minds of the young people who are the subjects of these experiments. Most “ideal” schools are run by people who are to some extent “cranks” or “faddists,” people who have particular theories of life which they want to practise on their children. Theories of “self-government,” or specialised religion, or no religion, or theosophy which includes all religions. The object of schools of this kind is to turn out apostles of their particular creeds.

But how are the young people themselves going to feel about this apostleship? Do they want to enter upon life already tied up into parcels as it were and labelled “Theosophist,” “Socialist,” “Humanitarian,” as the case may be?

I imagine that most young parents have theories about their children's education, and desire to give them the environment which they have grown to think ideal, probably because it is the reverse of their own education. But, as middle-aged parent, I have come to realise that in the vast majority of cases the unfor-giveable sin in children's eyes is to have stamped

them with the label of “crank” and made them different from their fellows. It is far easier to break away from conventions than uncon-ventions, and children *must* break away from home surroundings; this is a law of Nature without which progress were impossible.

To the enthusiastic parent it is beautiful to think of their child being educated at a school where the school badge is Service. It is wonderful to see the little ones learning the lessons of self-government by making their own decisions and learning by their own mistakes. But what will be the feelings of that same parent in later life, when the child is made ashamed before its more conventional fellows by the remembrance of that school badge, and tries hard to conceal the fact that it has been branded by a sentimental ideal of a “crank” school? How will the parent feel when the child turns round and says “Why did you let me decide things about which I had no experience? What were you there for but to guide my ignorance by your wisdom, and to force me to do right when I chose the path of wrong?”

I would therefore throw this statement down as a “bone of contention”—“Make your children as like other children as possible; do not label them with your own particular label whatever it may be, but leave them to find out a label for themselves, unless, of course, your label happens to be that of the majority, in which case you are safe to do so.” Children will always forgive you for making them—ordinary, they will most probably never forgive you for making them in any way peculiar.

I do not invite educational experts to challenge my statement. I know beforehand that they will do so. But I invite the opinion of the objects of experiment, the young people themselves.

A PARENT.

A Recollection of Long Ago

By "DEEMAX"

(The following interesting experience is vouched for as genuine by the writer. Many of our readers will possibly have had similar glimpses of previous lives on earth, though perhaps not so striking and dramatic as this.)

REAL August weather. Corn ripening, gardens parching, especially on the dry soil of —shire. But to Helen, enjoying from the summer-house a view of ancient fir trees behind a dazzling laurel hedge that flung back its radiance to the morning sun, the thirst of the sweet peas, clematis, spireas, became non-existent. It was good to live, good to bask physically in the balmy air, good to bask mentally in precious letters already answered, good to know that any post might bring her another from the same hand. Presently a sentence, in one of those written some weeks before, arrested her attention and made her lay the letter down to think.

"How absolutely he understands me! We seem to have known each other always, instead of months; always. The very bottom of my thoughts seems our meeting ground. I wonder why. Somehow he makes me know myself. Is it the same with him? He feels exactly as I do about all the important things. I wonder how it is. One would almost say we had had the same experiences, and yet our lives have been so different! I can't conceive what existence would be without him. How *did* I ever live without him? If" She shuddered.

Peace had been signed, but fighting, besides horrors worse than the fighting of open warfare, still went on, and he, a soldier, though a scientist and politician, was in a position of peril. Obtruding thoughts sickened her, and she dropped her face into her hands.

Oh, would it all be darkness for ever? Could it be? Could love become such a cruel mockery? Having known him, felt at one with him, possessed these precious evidences of his love, could death be an end? She sank back in her chair and laid her hand upon the little pile of treasures at her side. A writing block rested on her knees; she took up her pen, to drown fear in an outpouring of heart, but once again her mind dwelt upon the three words which had stopped her reading, because they echoed an unspoken heresy of her own. Then, as she sat motionless the oak pillars of the summer-house became a white stone doorway, the glittering laurel hedge a row of white dwellings, the brown grass of the lawn, that formed a setting for a lily pond, a wide dusty road. She was sitting on a stool at a low table, a sort of slate or tablet before her upon which she seemed to have been making marks with an instrument in her hand. She noted that she was wearing a short tunic with a brodered hem, and fringe, open at the chest; and, catching sight of her reflection in a metal mirror, she saw that her hair was short and curly and that her face was that of a lad.

Footsteps sounded without in the street. A lad, somewhat older than herself, and darker of skin, stopped in the doorway and greeted her across the room, then, catching sight of another, whom up till now Helen had not noticed, called out, "Oh, Asyncritus, there you are! Didn't you know there was to be a special demonstration in the class to-day?"

"No; what is it?"

"We are to be shown how it is a man can move his arms. Make haste, or you will be too late. The announcement wasn't made till you had gone yesterday, so I came to make sure you knew."

"Many thanks."

The voice of Helen's companion was that of a man rather than that of a youth. It had a staid, rich quality that made older men turn and look at him when he spoke. Helen looked up at him as he came to the table, and saw an expression in his face which she could not read. She rose, putting aside her tablet.

"Do not come," he said.

He was some years her senior; taller, of a slightly different type, but clad in the same way. His dark hair was almost long enough to rest upon his shoulders, but the ends turned up before it reached them. Straight, black eyebrows, surmounting remarkable eyes, added to the commanding character of a noble face. Spite of his simple vesture, he looked what he was; the son of a ruler; the ruler of another country.

Seeing the question in Helen's face, his own relaxed into an almost tender expression as he again said "Don't come, Deuel."

Deuel did not dream of disobeying, but turned once more to study as the other left the house.

A great impetus had been given to the intellectual world by the studies and writings of Aristotle. Men in every country, where his fame had reached, were seeking into origins, reasons, methods of nature; and in this land the greatest school of learning was led by a professor who was considered unrivalled for the daring of his thought and the force of his intellectual curiosity. Many believed that he would transcend the great master.

For ten minutes the lad left in the house applied his mind to his work, none too successfully; then suddenly a sense of terror crept over him. Resolutely he put it away, but he felt a chill that was almost physical slowly pervade him. Asyncritus, who was all the world to him, seemed, to his suddenly heated

imagination, to have run into deadly peril.

"How absurd I am," he said aloud. "Can't he be out of my sight for ten minutes without my feeling as though the sun has vanished? What though I do owe my life to him—is that life to be like a log tied to his heels? That is what my selfish gratitude would amount to. He found me here ill, wretched; nursed me to health, helped me catch up with the learning of the class, taught me to love him as I never loved anything on earth—well may his name mean Incomparable!—and he is to leave me when this course is over. I must learn to bear his absence, learn to master this overwhelming. . . ."

But the lad could pursue his reasonings no further. Something smote into his mind as with a hammer. Asyncritus, his adored one, was in danger. Without another thought he flung down his work and ran like a hare to the building where the famous professor held his classes. Angry voices sounded as he hurried through the great deserted vestibule to the door of the lecture hall or theatre.

A long room, the door in the centre of one side; at each end tiers of seats for the student-audience; in the middle a couple of tables and a few stools. Opposite the lad, as he held aside the heavy curtain over the doorway, a remarkable group filled his horrified gaze. Upon a bench, with his feet rather towards the newcomer, lay a man of the slave race, his limbs and head strapped down by thongs; beside him stood the professor, an instrument in his hand that gleamed red in the light streaming in from the further side of the room. Confronting him, so that Deuel could see the magnificent indignation in his masterful face, stood Asyncritus, giving vent to a remonstrance whose fiery eloquence almost stemmed the tide of wrath that arose from the students—scions of a cruel race—who were eager to get to the end of the experiment.

"What do you propose to demonstrate by *this*?" cried Asyncritus, pointing to

the victim, the skin of whose upper arms was pinned back from two openings. "Not how a man moves, but how a man can no longer move his arms! Did we not know this before? Did it need this inhuman cruelty to a fellow creature——"

"A slave," interjected the professor, an expression of concentrated malice in his face that made Deuel realise his jealous hatred of the pupil whose penetration at times confounded his own. "A slave sentenced to punishment for insolence."

"Slave or no slave, a live, human being capable of feeling pain——" but here a storm burst that drowned the speaker's voice.

The lad, his very heart trembling within him, sought to make his way round to the end of the room to his right, but he found himself impeded and taunted with sharing the fads of the interrupter. The jibe roused his spirit, but the retort that rose to his lips found no utterance, for he suddenly saw Asyncritus seize the professor's knife and with lightning swiftness sever the victim's bonds, then lift him on to his feet. Pandemonium ensued. Deuel fought like a tiger to reach his beloved friend who, set upon by numbers, was yet maintaining himself free. But the lad's only success was in creating a brief diversion; brief, and worse than useless, for his assailants, spurred to still hotter wrath, perceiving that the chief offender seemed winning, left him for the greater quarry, and from a bench upon which he sprang Deuel heard an incredible order shouted by the infuriated professor.

Asyncritus, overpowered by sheer weight of numbers and almost torn limb from limb, was stretched upon the horrid bench, and held down by ten or more young men whose tiger instinct seemed to have been uncontrollably aroused by the spilling of blood. A thong was passed tightly round his throat so that he could not even turn his head. Then Deuel uttered a cry. At once the dark eyes of the victim sought in the direction whence it came, and singled out the lad's face

from among the savage countenances round him. The boy's eyes held those of the agonised man—held them, drew them, seemed to lure forth the very soul and spirit that shone through them. In that awful moment the two spirits seemed to mingle free as air; to melt into each other, to be unconscious of duality; to become one consciousness, one glorious force of love, joy, peace. Deuel knew nothing of what went forward, felt nothing of the cruel grip of a fellow-student upon his own limbs; knew only an ecstasy of union, of incredible, inconceivable love—of a century of bliss.

Suddenly the wonderful windows,—through which had flown this angel of Life, began to close; the light went out—the dark lashes met. Panting, suffocating, Deuel became aware of his material surroundings: of the slave standing with dangling, helpless arms, sobbing, choking, trembling, the tears streaming down his haggard face; of an ensanguined man brandishing a knife and declaiming something to a ring of elementary savages; of one of the savages holding down the victim's limbs collapsing in a heap on the floor; of another, standing near his head, turning sick, then, hastily undoing the thong that bound the throat and slipping his arm under the broad, bare shoulders. Deuel saw the lifeless head roll sideways. The man recoiled, trembling, heaving; then catching sight of the miserable slave he took him and led him away unnoticed.

Deuel's eyes fell upon a blood-covered mass, that had been part of the prince's body, and he knew no more. Darkness closed around him. There was silence in heaven. . . .

Helen's eyes perceived the glittering leaves at which she sat staring fixedly. Students, professor, white walls, the dear helpless face half-turned upon that awful bench, the hubbub of hideous voices, all resolved into the "dry-tongued laurels" and their "pattering talk." She had not been asleep. Her hand still held the fountain pen with which she had been about to indict a love letter;

the writing pad lay level on her knees.

Then, as her eyes fell upon the white lilies in the pond, out from among them rose a face—a composite face, part ancient Eastern prince, part modern soldier; and her heart thrilled to an utterly new idea. Trembling a little, she turned to the letter that, a few

moments—or was it centuries—ago had fixed her attention.

“No wonder you feel so keenly about cruelty. I, too, abhor it, especially in its scientific guise, and I mean to fight it tooth and nail as soon as there is a chance. You and I are absolutely one on that, as on so much besides. . . .”

SYSTEMS

IF there is one thing which History teaches us, it is to beware of “systems”; that is to say, of abstract reorderings of things born in the brain without being rooted in the heart. Nothing is easier to think out than such a system; nothing is more futile, if it do not spring from the emotions which it is, abstractly, intended to embody. It is more than futile; it is perverse. And the proof of this perversity is to be seen in the fact that the history of systematising is largely the history of cruelty. To be inhuman for the sake of an “ideal” of humanity, to be cruel for the sake of a conceptual “brotherhood,” is a monstrosity in Nature. Yet how often do we witness it! The only true social reformer is he who has first of all reformed his own relationship with his fellows; not he who neglects this and lets his energies run out into the chilly void of a so-called ideal of society. Man is ever greater than institutions. The basis of any true social order must always be that unsystematised goodwill which arises from kindness of heart,—the kindness of individual to individual, and all that this entails. Compared with this, all vaunted “systems of reform” are as dry bones and dust. Perhaps they can be more fitly likened to a mirage—alluring,

seemingly near at hand, yet ever illusory; eagerly sought by the inexperienced traveller but known and disregarded by the wise. That is why earth’s greatest Teachers have never preached systems. Their business is with realities; and so it is that they have always preached the simple, concrete doctrines of love and goodwill—love and goodwill between man and man. For they realise that, given these, system will inevitably follow, in the sense that there will ensue a harmony and order in life. They realise also that, without these, all talk of “systems” is vain and idle and that he who starts with a system, and not with a regeneration of the heart, is the dupe of his own purblindness. That is why the world needs a great Teacher to-day. Never was the din of the systematisers, of the “idealists of brotherhood,” louder in our ears than to-day; and never was it accompanied by more hatred, more unbrotherliness or, in some cases, more fiendish cruelty. The world needs to be rescued from these system-mongers; and it can only be rescued by an influence potent enough to draw men’s minds away from these unreal abstractions to the single thing that is needed—a change of heart.

A. K.

The Lost Voice

By E. VINCENT HAYES

I.

I MADE the acquaintance of Père Adrien in Rouen, and, among several strange stories that he told me, I have chosen this for the telling.

Jean Loustalot was simply one of the choristers at the Cathedral, and I do not suppose I should have particularly noticed him, if it had not been for the fact that one day his father came round to my apartments in a state of great excitement.

"My son!" he spluttered, "I insist as a parent, speaking to a priest, that you talk to him. He is surely going mad! He comes to me with a tale that he will not sing anywhere but in church. And after I have spent all the money I have spent! It is monstrous!"

"Who is your son, monsieur?" I asked.

"It is Jean Loustalot," he said. "He is in your choir. I have spent, and am willing to spend any amount to make him a great singer. It is impossible that he shall be so mad! I had an offer from a good impresario to produce him in a revue about to be shown. His sister, Thérèse, is already booked for this. It is a magnificent chance. Soon the boy's voice will break. But M'sieu Torry will look after him well. And the boy refuses! Says his voice belongs to the Church, and he has dedicated it to the Saints. It is incredible! I pray you, monsignor, prevent it!"

I promised the excited father that I would see his boy.

The next day was Good Friday; there was a Procession, and the choir walked immediately in front of the clergy, singing. One boy's voice swelled out in peerless purity; could this be Jean Loustalot, I wondered. When the service was over, while a few people still knelt before the veiled images, and only the Great Cross shone out in lonely terror, I spoke to this lad.

"What is your name, my son?"

"Jean, monsignor. Jean Loustalot."

"Your father has been speaking to me about you, Jean."

A shadow passed over the boy's face.

"Yes?" he said.

"What age are you, Jean?"

"I am just fifteen, monsignor. They tell me my voice will soon break. Is that really so?"

"It will certainly change," I said, cautiously. "But it will, with proper care, develop into a man's voice later on."

"I don't want it to break," he said passionately. "I want it always to remain as it is."

"That means that you don't want to grow up?"

"I would rather not grow up than lose my voice."

"Surely you want to be a man, Jean! Every boy wants to be that!"

"I do not. I want to keep my voice."

"Little Jean," I said, "a boy must become a man if he live long enough; he has no choice. You will not lose your voice if you are careful with it. There are a great many things that only a man can do, as well as great many things that only a man would care to do. Do the former and ignore the latter, and you will have no regret that you had to grow up."

"If I could only keep my voice!" he persisted.

"Is it true you have made some dedication of your voice to religion?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said. "I will not sing in revues, or theatres, or anywhere of the kind! Father need not pay for my singing lessons any more, if he does not wish to! The choirmaster will teach me all I want to know."

I sighed. He looked at me quickly.

"Surely you cannot blame me, monsignor?" he cried.

How could I? I simply shook my head.

"You are very young to take vows of that kind, Jean. The time might come when you will regret it."

"I shall never regret it!" he cried impulsively. "I have felt so happy since I gave my voice to God. I could not possibly regret it!"

I hardly knew how to advise; I thought the best plan would be to wait and see whether there was anything in this vow beyond a boyish impulse. Jean was quite emphatic that he would not sing in the revue.

I heard his voice, pure and exquisite, running like a silver thread through the heavy embroidery of the music for Easter Day. It was his to sing the Offertory Solo, and a thrill passed through me as the young singer broke into an Easter antiphon which was one vocal cadenza of quivering beauty. All that day, at all the services, Jean was singing.

On the Monday I saw him again.

"Surely you were tired yesterday, Jean?" I said.

"Why?" he asked quickly. "Did my voice sound tired?"

I smiled; always his voice!

"No, on the contrary. But you were singing all day."

"I am glad my voice did not fail," he said gravely. "I was so fearful yesterday morning lest it should."

On the following Sunday I noticed Jean in his place as I passed up to the altar. I thought he looked extremely pale. For a time his voice was not distinguishable, and I found myself eagerly waiting for it in some solo. It came at the Sanctus of the Mass, and I thought some angel sang the words: "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord." When the service was over and I was back in the sacristy, unvesting, I looked for Jean. I could not see him.

"Where is Jean Loustalot?" I asked.

The acolyte I questioned ceased scraping the dead charcoal out of the censer.

"Oh, Jean was taken ill quite early in the Mass, monsignor. His voice seemed

to break altogether. He had to go home."

"Surely I heard him sing at the Sanctus?" I said.

"Oh, no, monsignor. He was gone long before that. He had a solo in the Gloria and broke down completely. He seemed very ill."

I obtained his address, and made my way there. My name gave me an immediate entrance, and, after waiting for a minute or two, a woman came to me. She seemed deeply concerned.

"I am Jean's sister," she said. "I am so glad you have come. He is so strange. We are afraid there is brain trouble. We are so anxious. There is a specialist with him now. I think he is puzzled."

"I should like to see him at once," I replied. "Perhaps he has been working too hard."

"Yes, it is so foolish of him," she rejoined. "He lives at the Cathedral nearby. I think he has all the piety that is usually distributed among a family! The rest of us are not at all that way."

I made her no answer.

"He will get a religious mania if he is not careful," she added. "Will you come upstairs and see him?"

I went to the room where Jean was, and his sister left me there.

"My little Jean, what is the matter with you?"

Great tears ran down the lad's face.

"My voice!" he said. "It broke! As I was afraid. I could not sing! Ah, what a mess I made of to-day's service. I could have torn my hair for shame!"

"You must not think your voice has gone altogether, Jean," I answered. "You must have a rest. You will soon be better."

"You think it will come back again, monsignor?" he asked.

"Why, of course, Jean. You must not brood over it. You will make yourself ill if you do."

"I am ill now, am I not?" he queried.

"I should not say you were really ill, Jean," I said encouragingly. "Just a little overwrought. Do you feel ill?"

"I hardly know how I feel," he sighed. "My mind goes blank. My throat is

parched. I shiver and then I burn with fever. But I must be ill, because they have fetched the doctor, and he seems very sad about me."

"You feel worse since you saw the doctor, eh, Jean?" I said smiling.

"I don't feel better," he said.

"Is there another boy in the Cathedral choir with a voice similar to yours, Jean?"

He seemed pained at the question.

"There are several soprani, of course," he said.

"But you are the prince of them all, eh, Jean?" I remarked. "Well! Well! Why I asked was that at the Mass someone sang a solo and I thought it was you. But you had already gone."

After that, Jean seemed to lapse into a kind of dreamy unconsciousness; I called his sister in some alarm.

Just before I left he roused himself.

"Monsignor, I have been dreaming. I dreamt my voice came back and that I was singing beautifully."

"Of course it will come back," I reassured him. "You will soon be better!"

"I was afraid my voice was broken," he muttered.

"Jean," I answered, "don't you remember that you have given your voice to God?"

He leaped up in bed, wild-eyed.

"But I didn't mean Him to take it right away!" he cried.

"I don't want to imply He has," I answered. "I mean that, since it is His, you should not worry so much about it."

"I will try not to think about it," he promised, sinking back on his pillow.

That afternoon there was Vespers; there was a glorious setting of the Magnificat, and again I heard Jean's voice. Illusion, you say? Eh, well! Who can say where illusion ceases and reality begins in anything that has existence in time or space? I am simply telling my experiences, as I understood them and still remember them. I heard Jean's voice, although another boy sang, and when the service was over, I saw a girl's eyes fixed on me, eyes full of unnatural fire. There was such a question in their starry light that I almost stopped to ask

her what she had to say to me. I made haste to go back into the church when I had unvested, believing that girl had some message for me. She was still there, and as I passed she rose.

"Did you wish to speak to me, my child?" I asked her.

She breathed very hard.

"Monsignor, do you know Jean Loustalot? He is in the choir. I have not seen him this afternoon, nor this morning."

"He is ill. Do you know him?"

"I was afraid so. I thought I heard him singing at Vespers, and yet, when I looked, he was not there. It must have been his spirit singing. . . ." She crossed herself. "He must be very ill. If it was his spirit, he must be going to die."

Her words struck a chill to me.

"He is not so ill as that," I said.

"But you heard something, too, monsignor?" she cried. "I could read it in your face."

"I heard Jean singing all through the service, although he was not there," I replied.

Tears began to gather in her eyes, softening their brightness.

"Jean is going to die!" she moaned. "I am certain!"

"Do you know him, little one?" I asked.

"No," she said, "but I love him."

I looked into her pure virginal face.

"I love his singing, his curly head, his eyes, his smile, everything!"

"How old are you, my child?" I asked her.

"I am fourteen, monsignor. Will you let me know how Jean is when you go to see him?"

"Would you like to come with me, and see him?" I offered.

"Ah, no!" she protested. "I do not know him or his people."

Late that evening I went again to see Jean; he had recovered and was quite conscious, but was very depressed. He was sitting in an easy chair when I entered. After the usual greetings, his first question was:

"Did you find out if anyone did take my place in the choir this morning?"

"I think it was young André Jacolilot," I said. "Are you feeling any better?"

"I am not ill, monsignor," he said sadly. "I am broken-hearted. And broken-voiced."

I made no reply.

"Why has my voice been taken from me?" he cried angrily. "I have dreaded it for weeks. Every time I have gone into the choir I have trembled lest my voice should fail me. Why has my voice gone?"

"You think your voice is lost, Jean. You are very impatient."

"You cannot guess what I am suffering," he said, clenching his hands. "André will be pleased; he will be first boy soprano now!"

"Jean!" I said. "Is this the boy who vowed his voice to the Church?"

He began to weep.

"It is as though I was being mocked!" he moaned.

"Have you tried to sing since yesterday, Jean?"

"Ah! Do not ask me! It is torture!"

I tried to comfort him as best I could, but he wept on. I left him, promising to call again the next day.

I kept my promise the following afternoon. I heard a piano being played and the boy singing divinely. It was an excerpt from the Gloria of some Mass, and my heart jumped as I heard him. "His voice has come back!" I cried to myself. "How glad he will be!" "Do not interrupt him in his singing," I said to his sister as she came to greet me. "I would not disturb him just now. I will wait."

She smiled appreciation. "Poor boy!" she said. "He was so proud of his voice! But it is completely lost. It is painful to hear him, but it keeps him quiet."

I looked at her; in a flash I understood: the Gloria was not thrilling her as it was thrilling me, and the voice singing it was not the same in her ears as in mine.

"Jean is such an adorable little saint!" she said. "I suppose it will wear off, though!" There was a bantering challenge in her tone, but I refused to accept it. The beautiful voice of my dreams was filling the place with loveliest melody.

"Were you singing, Jean, just now?" I asked him as he bent over my hand.

"Singing you call it! Groaning rather!"

"Jean, listen very carefully to what I am going to say to you, and then make your choice. What we call the Soul is not something inside the body, smaller than the body. But the body is a little thing within the Soul, a Soul that is greater, finer, more wonderful in every way than the body can ever be. What we get in the body is only a small part of what there is in the Soul, this Larger Self, in which the body is. The songs that the Soul sings are far lovelier than any the body knows of. The Soul of the artist sees more beauty than the brain of the artist can receive, or the fingers of the artist give to canvas. You have not lost your voice in this Larger Sense. It is still yours, only in a far grander way than you dream of. I heard that voice just now when I came in. You sang divinely, better than you ever sang in the choir. Your sister did not hear you. You did not hear yourself. But I heard you. And I know another one who hears you as well. Now what will you do? Will you take back your dedication of your voice, and have it back to sound in the ears of ordinary men, or will you consecrate it, as you promised. And give up the imperfect echo of your true voice for the vocal cords of an angel?"

He shook his head.

"I cannot understand you," he muttered. "You are saying this to console me in my loss."

"Jean," I said earnestly. "You have been tested. You took a very rash vow. I am empowered by the Church to release anyone who takes a vow thoughtlessly which they cannot afterwards keep. I absolve you, Jean. May God give you your voice back!"

He shuddered and seized hold of my hand.

"No! No!" he cried. "I will not take it back! If you think—it is all right . . ." he faltered.

"Your heart says differently, Jean," I answered. "Do not worry. There is no guilt in what you have done. You did not

understand, that is all. You shall have your voice back."

"You believe that?" he whispered. "Oh, if it were only true!"

"Jean, it will come back to you in a month."

"Ah, I cannot, dare not believe it!"

"In one month, Jean!"

"You are angry with me!" he cried.

"I am not angry, Jean. Use your voice well, that is all."

He clung to my hand.

"You promise that within a month I shall sing again?"

"I promise, Jean, that within a month you will be able to resume your lessons for the development of your voice."

Jean's sister came into the room.

"The specialist is here—the new one, whom M'sieu Torry has so kindly sent. He wishes to see Jean."

I remained during the examination.

"An operation is necessary," said the specialist. "There are several ulcers on the vocal chords. It will not be very serious. The loss of his voice has affected the boy's general health. We will soon have you right again, my son."

"Doctor," he whispered. "How long . . . will it be before . . . I shall get my voice back?"

"We'll get it back very soon, my boy. In about a month."

Jean looked at me and burst into tears.

We talked together out of the boy's hearing.

"You think the boy will regain his voice?" I asked.

"I do not think there is any doubt. Of course it will undergo the natural change to a man's voice. But for an operation, I do not think he would ever have had a singing voice again. In addition, he would have had considerable trouble with his throat all his life."

"M'sieu Torry is so generous!" said Jean's sister enthusiastically. "He is standing the expense of the operation."

"I beg you not to mention, m'selle," replied the impressario affably. "It is for the boy's voice. He has a future. Music—it is my life!"

"It is too good of you, m'sieu," said Thérèse. "We can never repay you!"

"It will be Jean himself who will repay me by his devotion to art," said M'sieu Torry. "I see him as Faust, as Lohengrin, as Radames, as Rudolph. Thus shall I be repaid!"

"He is so fond of the Church!" said Jean's sister with a sly glance at me. "I doubt if he will ever give it up."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Jean's father. "I have already spoken to monsignor about it. He has promised to dissuade him from giving all his time to the Church. Of course, he can give some of his talent to religion. It will be a good advertisement for him. But entirely—it would be outrageous!"

"I believe monsignor would keep Jean all to himself if he could," said Thérèse playfully.

"He was living too much at church," said the boy's father. "That sort of thing is all very well in moderation. But I do not wish Jean to have religious mania."

"If you had seen Jean half strangling another boy at wrestling, and worshipping with hero-lovelit eyes the pictures of Carpentier, you would not think he stood in much danger of religious mania," I answered.

"But it has been very monotonous to hear him lately, about the services, about you, what you would think and what you would approve of. I could have obtained him an engagement in a revue, but no! The Church! Always the Church."

"As it happens, it is as well he did not take the engagement," I observed. "Well, I cannot wait now. I will call early to-morrow."

I heard Thérèse say as I went:

"The thing that would please him most would be to monopolise Jean altogether. I believe he has been trying to persuade him to give his voice to the Church, Jean seems to have made some sort of foolish vow to do so."

"I will see he does not keep it," said Jean's father. "Get a voice like that for nothing!"

"It would be a sacrilege against art," said M'sieu Torry.

Was it true that I had some secret influence over Jean, some occult, telepathic power that I could use? In fact, surely, all the time we are, all of us, influencing each other in our strong or weak way. And where we are strong in will and brain, we may be responsible for a lot of what happens in the world, though we actually do nothing that the senses can appreciate. And I began to picture to myself a world, invisible indeed to human eyes, yet real enough, and maybe, cognisable to some mysterious faculty of the soul. And this world's scenery, its phenomena, its inhabitants are not trees and mountains, the bursting of bud and the flashing of lightning, the strong brown limbs of man or the ethereal sweetness of a bird's song, but a world where thoughts have their home, build mountains of mind stuff, grow into flowers of rare beauty, flame into dangerous lightning or hover like angels of mercy over some fevered bed.

The next morning I made my way to Jean's home. His sister was radiant; the operation had been a complete success, and Jean was sleeping peacefully. The specialist had left special instructions that he was not to be disturbed. So, after expressing my delight at the success of the operation I withdrew.

I called the next day; again Jean's sister met me with her stereotyped smile. "How unfortunate! He was asleep again!" A suspicion crossed my mind that perhaps they wished to keep me from him. She seemed to guess that.

"If I wanted to see him specially, she would wake him, but the specialist had left very explicit instructions that on no account was he to be disturbed."

"I would not have him disturbed for worlds," I told her. "But tell him I have called each morning to see him!"

"Oh, certainly, monsignor!" she gushed. "It is so good of you to take such interest in him. Both you and M'sieu Torry have made things so much easier by your kindly thought."

I saw little Marie, the child who had also heard his voice in some mystical way, on the following day. She came to me shyly. In her hand was a little basket of purple grapes.

"I have brought these for Jean," she said. "How is he?"

"I have not been able to see him since his operation," I said. "But he is getting along all right."

I called again at the house. Would he be asleep this time, I wondered.

I waited some minutes before his sister appeared; she smiled in the same way, but seemed uneasy in her manner.

"Oh, monsignor, I am so sorry to tell you!"

"What! Is he worse?" I cried.

"Oh, no! No! But soon after you had gone yesterday the specialist came and M'sieu Torry. Jean had just woke when they came."

"That was fortunate!" I remarked.

"Was it not?" she said sweetly. "The specialist said the boy must go away as soon as possible. To regain his strength. He is at a very critical age, you see, and after an operation . . . What do you think dear M'sieu Torry said? Offered to pay all expenses for Jean to go to Trouville for three months. Can you imagine anything more magnanimous?"

"And when does Jean go?" I asked.

"He went straightaway, yesterday. You see, M'sieu Torry himself was going, so there was no time to lose. It was a great rush, but, of course, I could not let a chance like that slip by."

"I wish you had let me know," I said gravely.

"I am awfully sorry, really, monsignor, but there was no time to think of anything. Besides, it was just three, and I knew Vespers would be on. I knew you would not leave church for *anything*."

"Though Vespers was on as usual, I was not included in the cast," I rejoined.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I told father you would be angry; I knew you would. But at a moment like that there is so little time."

"I am not angry, m'selle. I can write to Jean. Can you give me his address?"

"I really do not know it at present," she said. "Father has it, but he is out."

"Ah, well! Jean is sure to write to me. I would like to have handed him this."

I held out the basket. "A young lady asked me to present them."

"How very droll!" she said. "Jean as a lady-killer already! Naughty boy! I will get father to send them on."

So I had to go back to little Marie.

"They have sent him away, little one."

Tears gathered in her eyes, and she clasped her hands together.

"He will come back. They will send your little gift on to him."

"I am so pleased! Because I thought he was dead. I did not hear him sing this morning as I have done ever since he was taken ill. And I was afraid."

Alas! he did not come back to Rouen for four long years. From Trouville he went to Paris, from Paris to Italy and to

England. Four long years! And in Marie's heart he remained the young Sir Galahad, the Knight irreproachable of the Holy Grail. At the conclusion of those four years he began to come before the musical world. Faint rumours reached me of some special mark of the great artistic public's favour for the young singer. He had a future. Critics admitted it. At present he had much to learn, but it was worth his while learning it. To Marie all that meant little. Perhaps I ought not to have almost deceived her, but I allowed her to think that he was really preparing himself to come back again to the Cathedral as its leading singer. To deal with a girl like Marie is extremely difficult, even for an experienced priest.

(To be continued.)

"UNBIND THE TEMPLE"

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—Reference has been made occasionally to the statement made by Christ in His trial before the High Priest and Sanhedrin, as to "the Coming of the Son of Man in the clouds with great glory," and esoteric interpretations have been attempted, such as "trailing clouds of glory, etc."; but an article entitled "Some Misunderstood Symbolism," by the Rev. T. Herbert Bindley, D.D., appearing in *The Interpreter*, proves in a most scholarly way that the quotation is from the Book of Daniel, and was nothing more than a symbolic expression for *the end of one era and the beginning of a new one*, and was perfectly well understood in that sense. It referred to an immediate happening "From this moment." He told his hearers of their own speedy doom. "Their judgment and His Kingdom, in this aspect of it, began from that moment." Dr. Wright, of Queen's College, Cambridge, deals with the saying "Destroy this Temple," which was alleged against Christ. In John's Gospel, the comment has been added "He spake of the temple of His body." Apposite as this might be to subsequent events, this comment, however it came to be inserted, has detracted from the real meaning of the saying. The word in the original is not "destroy," but "loose," "untie," "unbind." The same word is used in the Baptist's saying "The latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose," and it is used also of Christ's conduct towards the Sabbath. The Law of Moses had "tied" the Sabbath, and the Rabbis had tied it still tighter with their rules. Christ was accused of "breaking" it—literally "loosing" it.

What He meant was "*Unbind the Temple*"—set it free, deliver it from servitude. The worship with its slaughter of animals was more fitting for a devil than a Loving Father, and He did not hesitate to describe the Jahveh the Jews worshipped as the devil, "Ye are the children of your father, the Devil." The Temple worship was degraded by the blood sacrifices against which prophets of old had raised their denunciations as an abomination to the Lord, who required for sacrifice sincerity, "a broken and a contrite heart," true repentance. The Temple was like a slaughterhouse, and the disgraceful traffic in the outer court, which turned it into a cattle market, and gave opportunity for profiteers in changing the coin of the realm into Temple money for the collection, roused His ire, and He drove out the traffickers, and then He exclaimed "Unbind the Temple," and "in three days," in a very short time, "the true Temple will be established among you." There was much that was beautiful and edifying in the Temple ritual, with its stateliness, the vestments of the priests, the altar of incense, the music of the choir of Levites. All that He would have retained, He did not condemn that. Set the Temple free from cruel and superstitious customs, however hoary they may be. Will not that be the word of the Great World-Teacher everywhere, when He comes "to set at liberty," free religion from its trammels of orthodoxy, to discriminate between religion and theology? And what time is more appropriate than that which is now universally recognised as "the end of one era and the beginning of a new one."

ULLIN.

The Emotional Vision of Truth

By C. JINARAJADASA

WHAT we call Truth, that is, a realisation of the intimate essence of all facts, visible and invisible, of the universe, is a larger thing than can be grasped by the mind; we are wrong in presuming that the testimony and proof of our having discovered Truth is *first* an intellectual realisation and satisfaction. Truth deals with the Totality of life; that totality touches us not only in our intellectual nature but also in our emotional nature. Truth has a power of adjusting our complex inner natures, so as to give us a greater momentum as we proceed with the work of life.

Laws about certain minor facts of nature can be grasped by the mind, if stated clearly to the mind; we can in these days listen to a lecture on science and grasp its fundamental truths. But it is obvious that several generations of scientists have had to collaborate to make such a presentation in an hour's lecture acceptable to a mind trained in judgment. Similarly, the discovery of spiritual truth is due more or less to various generations of spiritual scientists; it requires therefore a long time before the facts of spiritual vision can be co-ordinated by one individual for himself in such a clear way that there is for him a sense of power coming from the facts presented to his mind.

There are many people at a stage where, for them, facts are too many to be quickly co-ordinated. While their minds see truth in one group of facts, another group of facts retreats to the horizon, and so seems for the time unreal. Hence follows a natural tendency to doubt and discouragement. But there comes a time, when the mind has been trained to survey a larger horizon of facts, and is also purified to reflect certain divine intuitions, that a great sense of reality slowly grows upon the consciousness when contemplating facts;

this reality, which is a vision of Truth as it relates to the seen and the unseen aspects of life, begins to affect every part of man's nature, and imposes its power not only on the mind, but also on the emotions, and also on other parts of our nature higher still.

We must therefore test a great philosophy not merely by the mind, because in that philosophy we are dealing with Truth as it affects the Totality of life, and not merely the mental activities of life. We must bring our emotions also into the question of the solution of Truth, and give as much value to what our emotions dictate as to what our trained mind says. And more than all, if we can get at that phase of ourselves which is higher than the mind, that is, the intuition within us, we must be guided first and foremost by the judgment of the intuition. For, if often the intuition seems at first not justified by the critical mind, as a matter of fact it will always be justified as more and more of the facts of life reveal themselves.

We must not be discouraged by doubt, because to certain temperaments doubt is quite natural. But, at the same time, we must not undervalue the peace we get through our emotions in those moments when we sense life more through the emotions and less through the mind. By training the mind, we can, when we want to, be independent of the mind, and experiment at the discovery of truth through our purified emotions. We shall then find, as some have found, that what we so discover are realities, and that as we understand more and more of the factors of life we are perfectly able to state, in terms of the most critical reason, the truths which we have discovered by a faculty higher than the reason.

In the search for Truth it is essential to enter into the larger life of humanity. Around us are sorrow and suffering, and we must contemplate them and let our hearts go out to understand this

problem of pain. For the whole of humanity is itself a great Divine Intuition, and if we can see that Mirror of God His great Cosmic Ideas, we shall find that we discover Truth not only in books and in nature, but also among the daily activities of men.

THE REASON WHY.

I live because I know it is Thy Will.
 The pattern Thou would'st weave were incomplete,
 Did I not humbly listen at Thy feet
 To hear the inner voice, when all is still.

The good that I would do is but Thy thought,
 The evil in me ceases to exist,
 When Thy clear spirit drives away the mist,
 And brings me near the goal that I have sought.

The world would say my life were wasted.—Thou,
 Who understandest all, would answer, nay !
 If it were so, how could I ever pray ?
 The leaf, until it dies, clings to the bough.

For every good or ill that comes, I know
 There is a cause ; and should I choose to track
 The reason why, then I must look far back
 Into the dim, dead years of long ago.

Then shall I find, when seen with clearer sight,
 That all that happens, every pain I bear
 Is but the harvest of some bygone year—
 The fruit of seed long sown, both just and right.

But having found the Path, though rough it be,
 Help me to walk with steps that falter not
 And eyes serene ; then, whatsoe'er my lot,
 I shall advance a little nearer Thee,

Until at last I shed this garb of clay
 And, standing free to wend my way above,
 I feel the rushing of Thy mighty Love
 Drawing me upward to the Perfect Day.

Then shall I rest beneath Thy shelt'ring hand
 Until my strength returns, and then to work.
 There is no time to hesitate or shirk,
 But I shall know in full and understand

The reason why, so let me not complain ;
 And, when it is Thy Will that I return,
 Give me a heart, and lips to speak, that burn
 With love of Thee, when I come back again.

And so let æons pass, until, at last,
 I shall attain the likeness of Thy Son,
 Through many a hard fought fight.—The victory won
 Brings Love Eternal, cancelling the Past. LIONEL PENSON.

The Ill-treatment of Wives

By L. A. M. PRIESTLEY McCracken

(Author of "The Feminine in Fiction," etc.)

A WEDDING is a pretty sight, when the couple are young and fair, and always attracts a crowd of eager onlookers. See how confidently the bride puts her hand in the bridegroom's before the altar, and lays it later on his arm, looking up with tender wistfulness as if she would say: "I have given you myself, will you be worthy the trust?" while, with ardent pride, bending towards her he seems to answer "I will be good to you," and so through the church porch they pass, amid congratulations, "into that new world which is the old."

He would be a Kill-joy indeed who could hint, at this auspicious moment, of coming shadows on their pathway; of clash of wills; of anger on the husband's brow and fear on the wife's; of that strong hand whose pressure is so loving now, raining fierce, passionate blows upon the shrinking body of her, who, in her bridal white, is turning like a homing dove to the man who has sworn to cherish her. Perish the thought! Such black images are incongruous while the joy-bells peal. Afterwards

Repulsive as the thought must be to every humane and civilised person, it is an undoubted fact that wife-beating is a common practice in all grades of society; the well-to-do, as well as the working class and slum husband, being addicted to this primal method of repression for the wife. The attentive reader of the daily Press finds ample proof of this statement as proclaimed from every police court, and in every divorce suit throughout the land,

and most of us in the circle of our personal knowledge—by hearsay, by confidences, by observation, and sometimes by intuition—are aware that husbands are too often dastards who chastise their wives.

Is there any human being in the wide world, since slavery was abolished, so absolutely in the power and at the mercy of another as the wife? In the days of the Suffrage agitation it was often argued that no sex or class was good enough to have arbitrary authority over another sex or class. But the husband is vested with practically absolute authority over his wife. The old law of Coverture is by no means defunct, however camouflaged it may be by common consent, and spreads its debasing tentacles broadcast over the masculine ranks. The rooted tradition in the male mind is that, body and soul, the wife belongs to her husband and no one has the remotest right to intervene between them. And there is good ground for this belief. According to the Common Laws of England "a wife is treated as the subject of her husband as far as her separate existence is recognised at all." And further, by the law of Coverture "the wife's duty is obedience to her husband in all things not sinful." "A husband," according to English law, "has a right to the custody and control of his wife. She is under his guardianship, he is entitled to prevent her from indiscriminate intercourse with the world." In addition, the circumstances and conditions of wifehood tend to make the husband's rule effectual and unchallenged. The wife is isolated and solitary, save for the man whose will

she may dare to dispute; she is weaker than he, and Nature has handicapped her; she is economically dependent upon him (few wives are financially independent, men have seen to that as a deterrent to insubordination); she dreads an open rupture for its humiliating exposures, and for the sake of her children, who, she fears, may be taken from her; and she has the feminine and innocent desire "to keep up appearances" before relations and neighbours, a desire that is, in effect, a buttress to the husband's power. Her position, as we thus see, is legally and actually, materially and socially, very straitly bounded, and while, in the case of a kind and generous husband, the bonds do not irk, in the countless cases of husbands who become indifferent and unloving, who are cruel or inherently bad, the wife is at the mercy of an irresponsible despot. Not long ago, in a London Court, a wife gave evidence that her husband—an officer—had beaten her with his heavy military belt until she fainted under the punishment. Quite recently a Cardiff wife, in the witness-box, said her husband knocked her down, kicked her, and otherwise ill-treated her. She was attended by two doctors and was in bed a fortnight. Evidence in a recent Belfast divorce suit, brought by the wife, revealed ghastly brutality on the husband's part. He beat her repeatedly, flung a cup at her and cut her face; kicked her both before and after the birth of one of her children, and on one occasion by rough usage broke her arm. Such cases could be multiplied indefinitely, but it is obvious that in a short magazine article examples must be few.

When we remember the assailant is the sworn "protector" of his wife, the man who solemnly vowed to "cherish" her, who won her by promises of love and devotion, and that she trusted herself unreservedly to him, the monstrous nature of the offence is evident. The assailant is brutalised and hardened, the victim is broken in body and spirit; character in both suffers, and home happiness is a mockery. We talk of the liberty of the subject. What liberty belongs to the woman whose body is marked by her

husband's violence? While in him—bully and coward as he is—we may truly say—

The express image of the gods is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or toad, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat.

Can the man who has so wantonly broken personal faith and honour with his wife be a good influence in his family and in the community? Can he forswear himself in one contract and be trustworthy in all others? Assuredly, though we plead for the wife's deliverance from cruelty, we plead for the man's sake too, and for Humanity's sake, and especially for the sake of the Home, and its nursery and little occupants—such valued assets in the national estimation—that such barbarity should cease. We have read much of atrocities during the Great War, but what atrocity of an enemy in warfare is morally comparable to the atrocity of the erstwhile lover, transformed into the wrathful husband, showering blows and kicks upon the shrinking, shrieking, distraught creature who cries for mercy to the man who, in Love's sacred name, has made her the wife of his bosom. Love is the crown of a woman's life, but it is often, alas, a crown of thorns!

Here is surely a social sore that needs assuagement; a reform of urgency and importance to be won; a grievance profound and painful, corroding and corrupting the life of the Nation at its core; a wrong to the dignity and honour of womanhood that should stir men and women of goodwill to action and to succour. We have shuddered at cruelty done to children and to dumb animals. We have formed societies to relieve and ameliorate their misery. Are wives alone to suffer hurt and none dare to rise in their defence?

Religion, justice, honour, humaneness, good feeling, call for redress in this matter, till the person of the wife shall be secure and safeguarded in her own home from physical violence and abuse at the hands of her husband.

In one of George Eliot's books she depicts with both pathos and restraint a wife-beating scene. Lawyer Dempster is quite a respectable man, looked up to by

his neighbours, and a keen man of business. Shrewd man that he is, he well knows that there is only one human being he can wreak his wrath upon and ill-treat with impunity. " 'I'll teach you to keep me waiting, you pale, staring fool,' Dempster said, advancing with his slow drunken step. 'I'll beat you into your senses.' He laid his hand with a firm grip on her shoulder, turned her round and pushed her slowly before him, along the passage and through the dining-room door. . . ."

"There was a portrait of Janet's mother—a grey-haired, dark-eyed old woman—hanging over the mantelpiece. Surely the aged eyes take on a look of anguish as they see Janet standing

stupidly unmoved in her great beauty, while the heavy arm is lifted to strike her. The blow falls—another—and another. Surely the Mother hears that cry—'O, Robert! pity! pity!'"

It is a poignant and moving picture, stirring something beyond pity—deep disgust and abhorrence in every true and kindly heart. Yet, alas! it reflects only too literally the tragedy in many an unhappy woman's life, who finds to her utter horror—following the delightful period of romance and courtship—the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde combination in the man she has married, and in whose tyrannical power law, custom and society have left her helpless.

L. A. M. PRIESTLEY McCracken.

THE JOURNEY OF THE WISE MEN.

Not by some mountain-guarded lake
Our ways in dream were drawn ;
Nor where, through the tall palms which shake
On castellated lawn,
From Sardis unto Sidon break
The silver tides of dawn.

Full well we knew the King of Kings
Should have a lowly birth,
The wind-swept straws His coverings,
His dais the deep soil's girth ;
For He, whence flower all the springs,
Must needs be near the earth.

With gold and myrrh and frankincense
Our hopes in vision smiled,
Until we found the region dense
By human life defiled,
And heard, through brawl of hate and pence,
The Laughter of a Child !

IRENE HAY.

Thoughts on the Times

THE DUAL LIFE

IS it possible for intellectual classes to devote themselves to the practical and urgent questions of social reform without losing some of their finer qualities in the contact? And, if possible, is it desirable? To both questions we would answer Yes, without hesitation, adding that there never was a time when their services were more needed than now. The answer to the first question was given B.C. 400 by Chuang Tzu, the greatest of the Chinese mystics: Outwardly you may adapt yourself, but inwardly you must keep to your own standard. In this there are two points to be guarded against. You must not let the outward adaptation penetrate within, nor the inward standard manifest itself without. In the former case you will fail, you will be obliterated, you will collapse, you will lie prostrate. In the latter case you will be a sound, a name, a bogie, an uncanny thing." And of these leaders of the dual life, he says: "They seemed to be of the world around them, while proudly treading beyond its limits. . . they saw in penal laws a trunk, in social ceremonies wings, in wisdom a useful accessory, in morality a guide. For them penal laws meant a merciful administration; social ceremonies a passport through the world; wisdom an excuse for doing what they could not help; and morality, walking like others upon the path."

For such a course both strength and weakness are required—the strength of resistance to outward influences and the temptation to allow the inner self to appear externally, to wear one's soul upon one's sleeve; and the weakness of water, which following the line of least resistance, penetrates here a crack, there a crevice, often baffled yet ever returning, and wearing its way at length through the hardest rock.

The greatest curse of art is its professionalism. If all artists in their wisdom did what they could not help, that is, wrote, sang, played or painted merely to express themselves, to deliver the message from within, not to extract maintenance from without, there would be no professional art. And if there were no professional art there would be no literary or other bogies frightening the public from the green by-ways that lead to nature, herding them upon the high roads of what they are pleased to call reality. The artist would be one of us—a tradesman, a farmer, a professional man. He would bring to commerce and all other callings of everyday just the very things that the world is crying out for and cannot get—love of truth, sense of proportion, feeling for beauty, and imagination's insight, on the positive side; on the negative, a hatred of shams and meanness, repulsion from the brute and scorn of the vegetable in man.

Yet to the present age this is merely a far ideal, and the fatal mistake of all idealists is that they expect the human race to be suddenly endowed with the attributes of a super-kangaroo and leap at one bound into the promised land. The way there is often very devious, and may take generations to attain. Not for a moment would we suggest that the time has now come for the thinker to become man of action, and thinker in his spare time. Only during the great war was such a thing temporarily achieved, when the young artists and poets were the first to volunteer—the young men whose lives were most precious to their country went, and many came not back. So they died with half their promise unfulfilled. Yes! We cannot replace them; there are gaps in the ranks that no man may step into, there are

companies without leaders, and platoons. Yet these vacant places are sacred. The dead captains and their men won a greater victory than we are able to gauge from our very nearness to the turmoil and splendour and terror of great events. Take poetry, the art of all others most despised in England, whose symbol is "John Bull." For one reader before the War there are now fifty, and why? Why did Christ conquer except through becoming man? And these dreamers and idealists were made men, who suffered and were reaped—the fine flower of the nations with the countless corn. And this is the lesson of their sacrifice, and the way of those who will follow them: If you have a message from the Gods, deliver it not from the Heavens, nor yet from any star that is therein, but from earth, as a man among men.

The very humble yet definite object of this article is to plead for more social service from the intellectual classes. Not that any one of these should forthwith set out for some Toynbee Hall or other Settlement, and cut himself adrift from his own sphere. The service required is at every man's door, even within it, and involves the breaking down of the artificial walls, the lath-and-plaster of intellectual pride between us and our neighbours. It means the giving up of a round of hothouses and close atmospheres—the same men and women meeting, the same discussion of you and me, with an interlude for the absent friend. Angles and circles are the symbols of modern coteries—the little sharp angles of individuality and the vicious circles of mutual admiration. The angles serve their use in keeping the common people at their proper distance, or occasionally in probing them for literary purposes. The great Mr. X. goes down, say, to a Cornish fishing village in search of local colour for his new novel. No one would mistake him for any other than a novelist in search of local colour. He is armed with angles at all points. He pricks the landlady and the fisherfolk and their wives and daughters, and probes into dark corners of the village alehouse, and

finally returns to Town with little samples of Cornish dust and native gore in his bag. Eventually we get to know all about Cornwall and the lives and morals of its people, as seen in the summer excursions of Mr. X. And yet it takes years of living side by side with country folk and constant adjustment to one's environment before we can perceive even a glimmering of true local colour. It is only through emptiness, through casting out all preconceived notions and ideas that we can take in local colouring—the souls of simple folk and their surrounding atmosphere and reproduce them with anything approaching truth. All men are collectors, above all the intellectual classes. There are hundreds of walking bric-a-brac shops scattered throughout the land, loaded with ikons and old lace and Japanese prints and worm-eaten furnitures and jade statues of Buddha, and everywhere dust—the dust of ages. The dust of India and China, of France and Italy, of Cornish villages and Arabian deserts! Dust attracted by dust, accumulating on dust, and, in the end, the collector himself to dust. And already the faint, cold winds of Democracy are beginning to blow upon the dawn. And, when they arise, the old night of ancient privilege will be scattered, and it will rain rookeries from the topmost branches of the social jungle. Nor will glass houses and exclusive tabernacles be held sacred from its cleansing wrath, or the dark repositories of any curio hunter. There will be one test of all intellectual and artistic effort—its value to humanity. Writing down to the public will be no more tolerated than writing for an audience of pseudo-Martians or some fin de siècle fellowship of the moon. We need not transfer our tiny candle-power to any star, for Democracy is a great warm sun containing within itself all light and heat and power. The little segments and societies and classes that broke away from its outer rim, to rotate at a distance, have long become cold and perform no useful function. They must either fuse or be fused with the parent sun.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!"

FOR those who write, as for those who understandingly read *THE HERALD OF THE STAR*, there can be no hint of mere lip service about the good and kindly old greeting of: "A Happy New Year to You!" We may be thinking of an epoch greater than that defined by the calendars for 1920, but we can offer and exchange this greeting with deliberate meaning and confident sincerity.

If indeed it be true that the entrance to Hades is paved with good intentions, let us rejoice and be thankful that those regions should have about them one beautiful and wholesome feature, at all events, and one that must cheerfully give the lie to any legend about the abandonment of all hope. Let there be no mistake about it; the man or woman who sneers at the making of good resolutions is no wisacre, but, rather, one who demonstrates his or her ignorance of human psychology. The more good resolutions that are formed the better, and, if the beginning of January is more favourable to the crop than other seasons, let us by all means do everything we can to stimulate the January sowing, leaving sneers to the weak of spirit who call themselves cynics. If the most of the New Year's good resolutions fail to survive the moon of their birth, that is no more than a reason for striving to increase their number and improve their quality. Because seed is lost in every sowing, we do not pretend that sowing is not worth while. And the making of good resolutions is in a sense more profitable than any seed-sowing, because, quite irrespective of what becomes of them, the mere making of them is a beneficial exercise, expanding alike heart and mind. So here's a health to all the makers of good resolutions in every corner of the globe, and the best of good wishes for long life and success to their resolves!

The year that lies before us is rich in promise of fruition. The year that is past—the first to follow the termination of the world's greatest war tragedy—

was rich in good resolutions, and the cynic who should claim that its high resolves were barren and of no worth would have to be singularly short-sighted and possessed of great hardihood. The value for mankind of all the resolution-making that followed the Armistice of 1918 is by no manner of means to be measured by the actually accomplished results of 1919, but must continue to be tested through 1920, and, too, in later years. To be just we must remember that many of the plans and resolves arrived at would represent gain and advancement for humanity even though every one of them failed to mature; (which it is already certain will not be the case) because the mere adoption of them demonstrated the full and frank recognition upon the part of the peoples and authorities concerned of many obligations and ideals not previously admitted. And that was a very important forward step. It is not possible in this place to attempt any cataloguing of these progressive moves, but every student of events will easily recall instances even from the records of the last months of the year, such as Japan's adoption of the Occidental principle of abolishing child labour, the favourable and even expansive findings of the investigators appointed to deal with plans for Indian Reform, the notable advances made by British authorities toward admitting wage-earners to a definite and practical share in the control and direction of the industries in which they earn their bread, provision made by belligerents in the late war for the material assistance of their former enemies, and many another development which should gladden the heart and stiffen the hopeful purpose of every reader of these pages. There has been trouble and suffering enough and to spare throughout the world during this past year; but he who can see no real advance accomplished in the period must blame his own lack of vision and understanding, for the advance is indubitably there, and, upon

the whole it was perhaps more substantial than was to have been expected of the first twelvemonth after the bloody maelstrom of Armageddon.

It need not be supposed that the progress made toward increased good-will and broadening charity (as well as clarity) of outlook has been confined to publicly recorded national or official action. Those who look for them will find many evidences in the year that is now behind us of similar advance made by and among individuals, in directions that are often overlooked by Press and public. Movement toward a League of Nations is emphatically good and hopeful movement; but equally inspiring are many instances that have not seen the light of print of personal and unofficial progress made in different parts of the world in the service of ideals far above those of mere material gain and prosperity. The other day there was a colourable approach to mutiny, a verging upon the edge of open insubordination, on the part of an English Life Boat crew. The reader may see nothing very hopeful or inspiring about that, because the inwardness of that little episode upon the storm-swept shores of the British Isles was never made public. But, once understood, the thing takes on the thrilling gladness of an Easter song. The official in charge of these salted veterans point-blank forbade the launching of their boat in response to a distress signal from the sea. The lifeboat had sustained such damage in efforts already made as to make it, in the official's judgment, no longer safe or seaworthy. In any case, the lifeboat from a neighbouring station was already on its way to answering the distress signal, and the official would not allow this crew to offer the sacrifice of its lives in a damaged boat, even in the sacred cause of rescue work. And it was upon that that the crew came near to mutiny. Their desire to offer up their lives in purely voluntary rescue work, to succour strangers they had never seen, made them forget the discipline of long training, and threaten open insubordination. And investigation

shows this splendid spirit of beneficent humanity to be far from uncommon in this particular life-saving service. The whole service is purely voluntary. There are 260 separate lifeboat stations round the coasts of England, and their maintenance (the work entails constant damage and loss) costs hundreds of pounds per day. But for just upon a century it has been going on, backed by no other sort of revenue than the free gifts of the public. There is no thought or talk of glory, nor a glint of any selfish motive among the men who, to carry on this splendid work give up their time by day and night to incessant fighting, not to destroy, but to save; to carry succour to all in peril on the sea. Here then is true chivalry, knight-errantry as fine as any recorded in the past, holding up its beacon to the men and women of this strenuous, troublous beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century; quoted here merely as an example, in the conviction that he who looks for it in the right spirit will find similarly hopeful and inspiring instances in every quarter of the globe.

Reflection upon these things should provide real stimulus to the making and the keeping of good New Year resolutions. It is of such stuff that all the world's heroism is made; and, not alone its deeds of commanding heroism, such as inspires whole peoples, but its acts of quiet and simple goodness as between single individuals, such as serve to mellow single hearts and smooth out the pathway that awaits the feet of those who follow us through life toward that goal of ultimate enlightenment and revelation the attainment of which each one among us can and should help to bring nearer. The simple ideal of the Boy Scouts, with their one kind act a day, has the root of the matter in it. Out of the mouths of babes— The sooner mankind can join hands in such endeavour, the sooner our Star must rise; the briefer the period of waiting and probation. And, since resolution must needs precede action, let us see to it that the right determinations are behind each wish for: "A Happy New Year to You!"

Short Essays on Star Work

By A MEMBER OF THE ORDER

I.—ON HOLDING VIEWS

THERE is a certain very important difference between membership of the Order of the Star in the East and membership of any ordinary organisation devoted to progressive thought or action. The difference lies in the fact that the Order has been founded to prepare the way for the coming of a Teacher, about whose teachings and whose methods it can at present know nothing with any certainty ; while the ordinary progressive or altruistic organisation arises out of, and is intended to promulgate, certain views of life and lines of action already known and accepted.

This difficulty is frequently disposed of, in the minds of members of the Order, by the assumption that certain lines of thought and action are so self-evidently desirable, certain changes in the world and society so obviously necessary for true progress, that there can be no doubt but that these will form a part, at least, of the doctrine of the great Teacher, when He comes. Within certain limits this is of course true ; and it is only on some assumption of this kind that we can lift ourselves out of the attitude of mere passive " waiting " and do something practical to prepare the way. But, as against this, there is also a possibility that the assumption can be made too hastily, and that personal interests and convictions can be too lightly dignified into anticipations of what the Master is likely to teach. The danger here is the greater, for the simple reason that none of us has room for many *real* interests. Temperament, circumstances and opportunity tend to hem us in and to confine us within a small circle. Most honest

enthusiasts are specialists. They have their " pet " cause, into which their energies naturally flow. It is quite easy, therefore, for any such enthusiast to imagine that his or her favourite cause will loom as largely in the purview of a World-Teacher as it does in his or her envisaging of the world.

The difficulty here is not so much one of the rightness or wrongness of any particular cause, as of the relative importance of the cause, in question, when set against the totality of the World Problem. We have, in the ranks of Star members, many who are vegetarians, humanitarians, Socialists, Feminists, apostles of new methods in education, and so forth. All these are admirable causes ; there is an atmosphere of progress about them all. But, when we are considering the work of preparation for the coming of the World-Teacher, we shall be wise not to assume too hastily that our particular cause is *the* important one, or that it will be in the forefront of His programme ;—even, that He will support our views.

It is possible, for example, that He will take into account the differing conditions in different parts of the world far more fully than we are accustomed to do ; also that He will hold that certain things are more important than any of these, taken alone. The only exception which might be made here is that of humanitarianism, because this is simply a generalised expression of kindness in all relations of life, for which we know He must stand. But with regard to any of the other causes mentioned, it is conceivable that His attitude will be one of tolerance and of making allowances. In

the case of vegetarianism, for example, He may lay this down as desirable for the more advanced and civilised portion of humanity, but He may not press it for the less advanced; we cannot tell. In the case of Socialism, or any other political creed, it is not only conceivable, but highly probable, that He will be less interested in forms of government than in the spirit animating such forms. A good monarchy, a good aristocracy, a good democracy are all good. The great thing is that there should be a spirit of brotherliness in the community and that its social conditions should be the expression of this. The question of the best *form* of government is one which must be determined by local and special considerations and is not of prime importance—from the spiritual point of view. Similarly, with regard to education, it is not unlikely that, for Him, the important thing will be that it should be informed by the right spirit and tone, not that this or that theory or method should be adopted. Possibly, in His view, the kind of teacher will be more important than the kind of method employed.

Turning to another sphere, that of Religion, it may reasonably be anticipated that He will recognise that there must be different kinds of spiritual food for different types of people;—that there are some people, for example, who need ceremonial and a highly ornate and highly organised religious life, while others not only have no need for this, but positively dislike it. Since He will come, when He comes, as a Guide and Teacher for all men alike, it is hardly conceivable that He will not provide for all; that, coming into a world of differences, He will not recognise and respect such differences.

The above are only suggestions and are intended to have no prophetic significance. They are put forward for consideration, because there are signs to show that a ready acceptance of differences and a sense of balance, in respect to opposing theories of progress and of life in general, are not always as evident in the Star movement as, perhaps, they ought to be amongst a body of people whose work it

is to prepare the way for the coming Teacher. The turmoil over the Liberal Catholic Church is an example. There are some who consider that this is *the* important movement, so far as the future is concerned. Others, who have a temperamental detestation of ritual and all that comes under the head of what they call “priest-craft,” are violently opposed to the movement and wish the Order of the Star in the East to have nothing to do with it. In all this the real question, which we ought to consider, is not whether we happen to like or dislike the type of thing for which the Liberal Catholic Church stands. Our business is, so far as we can, to prepare the way for the World-Teacher. Why should we condemn, out of our very limited knowledge, something which may prove to be the very instrument which He will require for a certain part of His work? On the other hand, why should those who support the Church—and there are some to whom these words apply—assume that any other kind of preparation is, comparatively speaking, unimportant? The whole question here is one of balance and perspective. Being ignorant, as we are, of what the World-Teacher will do or teach and of the instruments which He will require for His work, we should surely be a little modest in our judgments of approval or condemnation and endeavour to avoid anything which may prove an obstacle to Him, when He comes.

That is the whole point—not to put obstacles in His way; and the danger of “holding views” (to quote the title of this essay) is that our views may become barriers rather than helps. I know of a vegetarian who was profoundly shocked when he heard that Mrs. Besant ate cheese—since cheese contains rennet. Similarly I know people who are profoundly shocked if any criticism of the Labour Movement falls from the lips or the pen of a Star member. Members have resigned from the Order of the Star and the Theosophical Society because of Mrs. Besant’s work in India. All this kind of thing is very human, no doubt, but it is not sound preparation if pre-

paration means making oneself ready to accept a Teacher, about whose teachings one knows nothing in advance. It means, in two words, that acceptance will very probably be subject to His expressing views which are in accordance with one's own. The argument that He will be so evidently great that we shall be willing to accept from Him what we would not accept from another, is not, so far as one can judge, a sound one. The Jews expected a Messiah. They were in an attitude of anticipation. The idea was an integral part of their religion. And yet, when He appeared, they rejected Him—for the simple reason that He was not the kind of Personage, and His views were not the kind of views, that they expected.

The upshot of the whole matter is that the preparation of the way for a World-Teacher demands a certain openness of mind. Views about politics, about sociology, about religion, or education, are apt to be snares; and they are the more apt to be snares in proportion to the vigour and conviction with which they are held. The stronger the conviction, the more resolute will be the instinctive resistance to any teaching which may happen to conflict with it; and resistance, carried to a certain pitch, will mean rejection.

What then is required? Must we, who are members of the Order of the Star in the East, become intellectually negative and hold no theories about anything? Must we refrain from practical work, for fear lest, in the course of that work, we develop strong opinions?

In answering these questions, we must remember what it is, exactly, that we, who are members of the Order, set out to be. It is obvious that the whole world is being prepared, in a general way, to-day for the coming of the World-Teacher. If our work were simply the same as this, there would be no need for the Order. Surely our task is different. Our aim is to make ourselves into a body of disciples, or followers, ready to accept Him, when He comes, and to follow out His

instructions. This is our special work, and it includes, of course, the gathering in of others who wish to prepare themselves for this particular purpose. But whether it be to prepare ourselves to be disciples, or to prepare others for discipleship, the task remains the same. Our goal is a *personal relationship* and all that such a relationship implies.

If we turn to the well-known Principles of the Order, we shall see that this goal is implicitly assumed throughout. To form a link *now* with the Great Teacher; to treasure it in our minds and hearts and to project it into our daily lives; to practise the attitude of discipleship even now towards any one whom, in however lesser a degree, we feel to be worthy of it, in order that the attitude may sit easily and naturally on us later on; to consecrate the beginning and ending of each day to a personal appeal to His loving protection;—all these are significant of what our aim really is. We are not asked to hold these or those views. We are asked to tune our minds and hearts to a certain key—the key of the would-be disciple,—humble, devoted, faithful; in order that we may become responsive instruments, on which He can play when the time comes.

Such an attitude, if attained, would sweeten all the relationships of life; and that is all that we are asked to do, so far as our surroundings are concerned. It would teach us tolerance, so that we should reverence all good work done by others, even though it embodied views which we did not happen to share. And the constant thought that we were preparing to be His instruments, the channels of His infinite wisdom, would help to curb that narrowness and self-opinionatedness which is too often the accompaniment of the "holding of views."

To sum up, let us set our hearts right. When that is done, everything else will follow. The true Star preparation is, first and foremost, an inner preparation. Without this inner preparation our views will not help us, when the time of testing arrives.

A School Regional Survey

By M. M. BARKER

THE education of every child begins with a regional survey—with his or her individual and unaided exploration of environment, an environment at first limited to an extent at which we can but guess, and yet of unlimited possibilities to the tiny explorer to whom no help can be given. Indeed, may not all education be expressed in terms of the enlarging throughout life, and to an indefinite extent, of the widening circles of this personal experience of our environment? School education may be real and effective, or the reverse, just in so far as it helps or hinders these personal contacts and concrete experiences, and the dreams and ideals arising from them. Be that as it may, there have never been wanting teachers and schools who did this thing which seems so simple and so obvious; who used the real material at hand to supplement and make vivid the abstract knowledge of their books. In these days, we find the methods of regional and civic study being employed more and more widely, in elementary schools and in kindergartens, in secondary schools, and by the professors and students of our Universities.

As a method of school education, it is evident that regional survey may be used in various ways. For example, data may be collected, and maps and diagrams made by the staff from the local museum, the local natural history society, or other agencies; these results then to be used in any and every branch of teaching. Or the survey may be made, actually, by the children—they being themselves the explorers and “surveyors,” and (with some help, naturally, with the technique) recording their own observations. The two methods are not mutually exclusive, nor is any suggestion here made of the superiority of the one over the other.

But it is perhaps as an example of the second method that the Regional Survey of King's Langley has its chief claim to interest.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, long before any definite suggestion was made of their carrying out a survey of their region, the children of Coombe Hill School had been studying and working with, and in their environment. Occupational education in no half measures, actual experiences of earth and the pleasure and pain of the doing of real things, had long been the order of the day. They were ready for the concrete thing, as few groups of people, children or adults, could have been, in March, 1915. After a preliminary walk, the result of a request to be shown the country, a semi-open meeting was held, at which, and to an audience varying from adults to a child of seven, an attempt was made to explain, as fully as might be, the moral and social grounds on which the ideas of Regional Survey are based, and to present its ideals and aims. The suggestion was taken up with enthusiasm and the work organised chiefly by some of the elder girls, on whom came the real burden of carrying the survey through its initial and most difficult stages. To their enthusiasm, energy, and patience, are due those early results which, to the present writer at least, were simply amazing. For two years, with the help of very occasional visits, and written suggestions, they carried on, not only organising the survey right through the school, but also producing a great deal of graphic material themselves.

King's Langley lies on the west side of a valley on the southern slope of the Chiltern Hills. It is a “one-street” village on the high road from London to Tring, and the main line of the London and North Western Railway and the Grand Junction Canal go through it.

It is rather too sadly and definitely a way-side station, a place which travellers pass through. But on the top of the gravel and clay-capped plateau there once stood a royal residence of the Yorkist and Lancastrian kings; and in a corner of the park, adjacent to the palace, Edward II., "in fulfilment of a vow made when in peril of death," founded a Dominican Priory, which, at the Dissolution of the Monasteries, was found to be the richest of its kind in England. Restored for a short time as a nunnery under Mary, re-secularised and given into private hands by Elizabeth, the buildings fell gradually into greater and greater decay, until, some years ago, the remains—used as a cottage and a cowshed—passed into the hands of the present owners, were preserved and rebuilt, and entered on a new round of life as the home of the school.

Yet, in spite of their historic surroundings, when volunteers were first called for to undertake the various "jobs" that were to initiate the survey, almost all the children wanted to study the industries of the neighbourhood! and, under this heading, some very good work was done. The local paper, flour, and brush mills and factory were visited, specimens of their products obtained, and descriptions written, illustrated, and mounted for preservation. This was done, as was all the work, by children, hunting in couples or singly, by day—children out of school, or by occasional visits arranged, under guidance, for a whole class, or more.

The historical survey was rendered more difficult by our lack of sources of reference. To consult a library, a cycle ride of six miles to St. Albans, or of five to Watford, was necessary. Such visits were made by some of the older girls, and the notes taken then are still used constantly. They attempted to determine and show, by drawing and map, the extent of the palace and priory buildings, and also the mediæval elements that went to make up the life of the village. They made an excellent reconstruction drawing of the encaustic tiles, once the

flooring of the great Priory Church, now totally demolished, fragments of which are frequently dug up in the garden. They went far afield, and drew specimens of Norman and Gothic architecture found in the churches of the neighbouring villages; they attempted some study of local geology; they began a vegetation survey, and they actually made a house-to-house investigation of local housing conditions, and mapped them!

In the middle school various odd jobs were taken up. The canal was a very popular subject for study; so was the railway. Simple lists of local wild flowers and trees were made, and were beautifully illustrated. Wild animals and farm stock, inns and stables and poultry farms, were all investigated, and some result obtained, this generally taking the form of a written account of what was learned about the subjects, illustrated by coloured drawings. Afterwards, photographs were added to the record and, where the matter lent itself to mapping, maps were made.

The smaller children work in the "Barn." This really is a Jacobean barn which retains its wide double doors on each side, though part of it is rebuilt, so that the room extends to the wall of the old gatehouse adjoining it. Its inhabitants vary in age from five to ten years, more or less, and so individual work was not organised here. As a class, they made a model of the village. They "stepped" it, counting their steps, and making a plan, roughly, to scale. Then a model was made of clay houses on a paper-pulp ground. Succeeding generations all do something of the kind now, in the early stages of geography lessons, so that the notation of a map may never be a thing of mystery to them, but shall, from the beginning, mean just a shrunken landscape. The Barn children also entered on an exciting pursuit of wells! One can never know beforehand what will prove to be the magic talisman for any particular group of children. With these ones, it was wells. They would go time after time to see a well—a new one, if we could go far enough; if not, one already visited would do. The well might

be visible no more, but they would stand, thrilled, on the stone that marked the place where it once had been! When possible, we found the depth. If the owner knew it, well and good; if not, we measured it by letting down the rope or a string of our own providing. There was also the supreme (and limited) joy of throwing in stones and listening. The wells in the village were found to be 60, 70 and 90 ft. in depth; those nearest to us, on the top of the hill, were 200 ft. and over. The same was found to be true on the other side of the valley, while down the canal and by the river, there were no wells at all. Thus was a foundation laid for understanding that rather difficult phenomenon, the water-level in chalk.

Maps were very soon necessary, and copies of the 50 in., 25 in. and 1 in. to mile ordnance survey maps were provided for common use. A large supply of 6 in. to mile maps was specially printed for the use of the school, made up from two of the ordnance survey sheets, since King's Langley comes at the eastern edge of the one. In point of fact, nearly all the mapping was, and is, done on the western half of the map. The area surveyed is, of necessity, limited by the distance that can be travelled on foot, and, as a rule, limited also by the school time-table. It is only occasionally that the children, either singly or in class, can go exploring on the eastern side of the valley. Yet it is probably better to have the road, rail and canal in the centre of the map which the children use, rather than in the margin. The eastern side of the valley is the area they *see* daily, even if they do not go there.

During the first year or two there was no definite place for "Survey" in the time-table, but children were given time when possible, and when they asked for it; they also worked at it out of school hours. This early work, while astonishing both in quantity and in quality, was of necessity somewhat scrappy in character, and highly experimental. As an educational method, it was unproven, and it needed time for both staff and children to see what they could make of it.

Four years have now passed, and the character of the work has changed a little. We can now tell with more intimacy the story of its successes and failures, can realise the difficulties better than in the early days of newly-aroused enthusiasm, and can speak with more confidence of the possibilities of regional survey as a method of education.

Difficulties naturally arose as the elder girls, to whom so much thanks is due, left the school—to begin work of social importance in their own regions, most of them. The more permanent help by the staff became possible, and "Survey" was given a place on the time-table. This meant that work became less individual, and more the affair of the class; in some ways this was a distinct gain, and tended to greater synthesis. For example, under the system of individual and voluntary work, two boys might make a study of the canal, its traffic, working of the locks, connections with other water-ways, etc., with great enjoyment and gain to themselves, no doubt; yet the other children might know very little about it. They did try the plan of periodical meetings, with demonstrations of their "jobs" by various people; and from time to time exhibitions were, and are, held, with all the work done arranged in logical order, so that each bit is seen in its place and in reference to the whole. When a piece of survey is undertaken as class-work, this difficulty is considerably less, and yet individual initiative can be given its chance. For the greater part of a year, for instance, one class studied the village Church. It is a Gothic church of no very exceptional interest, save in containing the tomb of Edmund de Langley, Duke of York, removed to the village Church from the Priory on the destruction of the latter. There are also two good stone effigies and a few small brasses and some tiles from the Priory. Week after week, the class (the average age was about eleven) hailed the Survey lesson with: "Can we go down to the Church?" First they explored it in general; then they studied it in parts—one drew the

windows, another the doors, etc. They made a plan of it from the inside, and another of Church and churchyard. This last involved enlarging an ordnance map to the scale of a plan of the Church made by an older class, and was done by two children, with practically no help at all, who worked with the greatest steadiness and concentration. One drew the Jacobean pulpit, another the font; the tomb of Edmund de Langley, the effigies, and the interesting inscriptions on the floor were all tackled. One boy made notes on the notices in the porch to find out how the village uses the Church in the present time, and another studied the tower and peal of bells.

When finished, their notes, pictures, and plans were arranged and mounted on sheets of brown paper, and the whole were kept together in a portfolio. On days when we did not go to the Church there were lessons—history lessons of a kind—wherein we tried to get some idea of the part played by the Church in the life of a mediæval community, and of the vicissitudes and changes in its structure and function. This whole matter of the Church study was so exceedingly interesting that justice cannot be done to it here. By thus focussing our efforts on one object, the class worked with a feeling of common aim, and showed a keen enough interest in each other's doings. Yet choice of work was possible, and it was up to every one to show what they were capable of doing. Once the first enthusiasm was over, the characteristics of the children came out clearly, and presented their own problems. While some worked with conscientiousness and interest that never failed, and could be trusted to do so whether under supervision or not, there were also children who could not carry their job through, who could not be trusted to work steadily, if alone; who could collect their data, and yet not stick at the comparative drudgery of getting it on to paper. These, at the end, produced nothing worthy of being mounted with the other work. There were also the children whose boundless good-will,

interest, and industry, went with a lamentable lack of skill in technique, and an untidiness which made their contribution to the common result a sore trial to their comrades. Each child presented his own difficulties and problems and gave himself away all along the line.

In a slightly older class, also making some study of the Church, two became interested in heraldry, and made some progress with it, while rubbing the brasses led others to consider the question of costume.

The Priory itself, also, became the centre of some interesting team-work on similar lines. There is so little of the original building left, and the disappearance of most of the foundations is so complete, that our attempts at reconstructing the plan of the Priory are never very convincing. But enough remains to form a starting-point, a real contact thrilling with interest and possibilities. A comparison with other monastic buildings led to a generalised study of such communities, their functions and occupations, the officials and their duties, and the round of daily life. In the lessons, much use was made of whatever literature could be obtained to illustrate monastic life, such as the first chapters of "The White Company," and the "Chronicles of Jocelyn of Brakelond." Comparative study of abbeys and monasteries led to observations on mediæval town-life in general, with its markets and castles, trade-guilds, and religious and civic ceremonies. Blane's maps and other old town plans were used. Towards the end of the year, the children town-planned in plasticine, and dramatised in the garden the daily life of a priory.

This year, the same class is doing individual work, of their own choosing more or less. Some have attempted plans of "King's Langley in the Future"; others are mapping the village shops and different types of houses; still others are turning their attention to farm-animals and crops (a yearly job). A few are studying tracks, a line of research suggested by a nature study lesson during last term's snow. One boy in each generation

adds to the accumulating material dealing with the railway! This work, as has been said, lacks the focus which would be given by class-work concentrating on some definite object, such as Church or Priory, and cannot of course lead the *group* so far. That, however, matters the less, since by this time we are increasingly absorbing the survey with the general work and using the method, whether under that name or no. We are, in fact, realising in practice what we knew all along in theory, namely, that "Regional Survey is not a new thing to put into a full portmanteau; it is the portmanteau"!

Reference has already been made to the way in which, among the "Barn" children, regional exploration is used as a first step towards the reading of maps. Among the littlest ones of all there is no attempt at anything in the way of geography; only exploration—walks and hunts and games, in which they collect an increasing store of sense-impressions and a knowledge of the neighbourhood. Sometimes they are a scout troop, sometimes a primitive tribe; sometimes we call it "nature study," and go pond hunting, or we visit the flour mill, the forge, or the nearest poultry-farm. Later on comes mapping the walks from memory, making plans of the village, "stepping" it, and averaging our steps (involving much arithmetic, too), to get it to scale. Perhaps we make actual measurements with a surveyor's tape-line, when even "stepping" is realised as too rough-and-ready. Then the largest-scale ordnance map obtainable is introduced, to be studied, traced, used in walks, modelled; and replaced step by step by smaller scales, till the children are at home with Bartholomew's half-inch-to-mile maps, and can begin to imagine the country beyond our valley. They picture where the railway line cuts through the chalk hills at Tring, or where St. Albans lies in the next valley to the east of us. So they come to a study of the Thames basin, and England, and where you will. With all of this, of course, goes modelling of geographical forms,

and tales of volcanoes, and coral islands, and fossils—fitting into place somehow, one hopes, and arising naturally from questions, reading, etc. All this is done by any modern teacher of geography, and any such knows how carefully graded the steps must be; knows, too, the joy of feeling the children grow to an understanding of, and familiarity with, the use of maps, such as *we* have never known.

Beginning with a study of soils, a rough analysis of chalk formed a good introduction to the study of chemistry, but space does not allow of further description of this here. In our early days success or failure hung on the enthusiasm and courage of the elder children. Now we feel that a more real and solid foundation for future work is being laid, and an education for "citizenship" given, in the work of the younger classes. Most interesting of all at present is the "Barn's" work on primitive man, based on "The Story of Ab" (Stanley Waterloo), and the traces of "Ab" that we have found around us. The story was read slowly, a little each week, with much discussion and much enjoyment for all concerned. It just about spreads over the year. Each week, too, there is a practical class—it really is "Games time" so used once a week—and, as time goes on, many and varied are the things attempted, many the failures and difficulties, and astonishing the successes. None of the staff concerned were archaeologists, but such were very soon needed, and we borrowed help and information from wherever we could get it—chiefly from Saffron Walden. In the fields around we learned to know the "pot-boilers" and flaked flints, which proved to be fairly abundant. Some of the children have done some fearsome flint-chipping themselves, and made formidable weapons; while perhaps the greatest thrill of the year was a lecture by one of our visitors on the excavations at Grunes Graves. Then we wove a hut, cutting down ash and hazel staves in the hedges (with flints be it noted!) and planted them in a circle, tied them at the top, and wove branches, grass, and

climbing things in and out, producing thus a rude, bee-hive hut—a beginning of basket-making and of weaving. This term we find that the snow has broken it badly, but a wren has built her nest inside it.

In the garden, the Fourth Form dug a mighty hole, to investigate, in a geography lesson, the earth on which the Priory stands. They hoped, in vain, to reach chalk, but found, instead, a patch, many feet thick, of brick earth. This pit is now appropriated by the "Barn," and they make pots; not only make them, but bake them on a hearth of flints, in a bonfire—pots of the most primitive kind. They also made a stone "kettle" from a block of building stone, hollowing it out by chipping it with flints, and actually boiling water in it, very quickly, too, by dropping in heated flints. The resulting "pot-boilers" are quite indistinguishable from those found lying about in the fields, save for the black stain of fire on them. Rough grass-weaving, and the twisting of it to make a rope, was tried in the summer, and the pounding of wild oats to make flour. There is no end to the occupations suggested by "Ab." Naturally, they have dramatised the

book, indoors and out-of-doors, where a chalk pit was the best natural setting, and last summer term every child wrote a story, dictating it to another when not yet able to write. The arithmetic of the children begins by the counting of concrete things, generally acorns, and they name it, too, "Ab arithmetic."

This year we hope to make a combined effort to use the results of our four years' survey in a dramatisation of the study of King's Langley. Yet the true test of the Survey method is not here, but remains to be seen. Are these children growing into keen observers and great lovers of their own home regions? Will they determine to be "citizens of no mean city" wherever their city may be? Will they throw their energy and weight into the constructive work that shall, in the future, build up a fairer civilisation of peace than the world has yet known? We can only hope that it will be so, and work on in hope, yet remembering that whatever method of education we use, whatever path we tread to seek Utopia,

" if ye scour not well
Red rust shall grow upon God's great bell,
And grass in the streets of God."

M. M. BARKER.

APPOINTMENT OF NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE.

ENMAGYEE SAYADAW has been appointed National Representative of the Burmese Section of the Order of the Star in the East, in place of MOUNG THAIN MAUNG, deceased.

Star Work in Many Lands

WE continue this month the publication of Star reports from the Representatives of National Sections, giving these, as far as possible, in chronological order.

Italy.—Signor Emilio Turin, National Representative for Italy, writes in January, 1919, in rather despondent vein. The Star work is not so active as he would wish, everything depending upon a few earnest members. So keenly does he feel this that he speaks of the membership numbers—*i.e.*, 272—as “nominal” merely. The National Bulletin, *La Stella*, is kept going entirely by the financial help of a small minority of members. While recognising the National Representative’s difficulties, it should be remembered that Italy has, for the past three years, been engrossed in the War. She has had an invading army within her borders, and naturally it has been difficult for her people to think of anything else. The country, as we all know, is still in a most unsettled state, and there seems to be no small danger of her being involved in another war in the near future. It is possible that the part which Italy has to play in years to come is one about which we know little, and that her preparation for this may lie along other lines than that which we speak of as “Star work.” Meanwhile our best wishes are with the National Representative and with the small band of those who are striving against difficulties. It is not always the most successful work which is either the most useful, in the long run, or the most meritorious.

Egypt.—The Star Centre at Cairo is still affiliated to the British Section, Egypt having, as yet, no National Section of its own. The Centre started, with four members, in August, 1916, and had a membership of eighteen in June, 1919. During the War it was directed by Mr. William R. Gray, but on Mr. Gray’s demobilisation the leadership devolved upon Mr. Veronesi, General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Egypt. Meetings have been held weekly and are usually of a devotional nature. The late Capt. Herbert Whyte gave much help while he was stationed at Cairo, and Capt. Haden Guest lectured twice here and also in Alexandria. Many soldiers who were not members of the Order were interested listeners.

Argentine Republic.—The death of the late National Representative, M. Edmond Taillefer, and the appointment of his daughter, Mlle. Blanche Taillefer, to fill the vacant place, were announced in the December HERALD OF THE STAR. Mlle. Taillefer sends only a brief report on March 13th, 1919, to the effect that three

Groups have been formed, one in Buenos Aires and two in the provinces, and that the Section has a National organ, *El Mensajero de la Estrella*, which has up to the present given very satisfactory results. A letter from Mr. C. Jinarajada to the General Secretary of the Order, a few weeks ago, mentioned South America as the part of the world where Star work and the Star movement, generally, seemed to be most actively alive. More news will, therefore, be welcome from any of the South American Sections, telling us how they are progressing, particularly as we, in Europe, as a rule hear so little of South American affairs. For some unexplained reason the South American continent lies strangely outside our normal area of vision; strangely, because it can hardly be doubted that it has an extremely important part to play in the future. An article on the general spiritual conditions prevailing in South America would be an interesting contribution to the HERALD OF THE STAR. Perhaps one of the National Representatives will undertake it.

Chile.—Two other short letters have reached us from South America, one (dated June 2nd, 1919) from Chile. The former National Representative, Senor Don Antonio Carmona, left some time ago for the United States of America, and his successor has not yet been appointed. In order that a successor should be nominated, it is necessary that a name should be recommended by the Section and forwarded to the Head of the Order. Without information of this kind, it is impossible, at so great a distance, for an appointment to be made. We therefore request the members of the Chilean Section to take the necessary action. It is regrettable that the office of National Representative should have been vacant for so long, but the War, while it lasted, made all international organisation in the Order of the Star in the East practically impossible.

Brazil.—The other South American letter is from Major Seidl, National Representative of Brazil, and is dated July 14th, 1919. The membership of the Section is now 1,147. This is an excellent figure, and we should be glad to hear something about Star life and work in this country.

Mexico.—On July 27th, 1919, Madame Lucia Carrasco, who has been National Representative since the formation of the Mexican Section, wrote sending in her resignation. This is due to ill-health and other private circumstances, and Madame Carrasco declares her earnest intention of continuing to work for the Order and to serve its interests. The work in Mexico, as may be imagined, has not been easy. Not only has the political situation been extremely unsettled for several years, but the general public attitude is one of indifference towards spiritual things. “The attitude of

society," writes Madame Carrasco, "is indifferent towards everything but material progress and personal advantage." A successor to Madame Carrasco in the Office of National Representative will be announced in due course.

Spain.—The only item of news received from Spain is that the National Representative, Senor Don Manuel Trevino, has started an official Bulletin of the Order, under the title of *La Aurora*. Our best wishes go to this new publication. Every Section should try, if possible, to have its own national periodical. In this connection, all National Representatives are informed that they are at liberty to translate and use any article out of the *HERALD OF THE STAR* without the necessity of applying for permission.

Belgium.—We have received no official report from Belgium; but a letter has reached us from Madame Jeanne de Sturler about an organisation entitled *L'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Occident*, which she founded in preparation for the coming of a World-Teacher,—having formed this belief before she knew of the existence of the Order of the Star in the East. The Principles of her Order, as announced in a prospectus, are admirable. They include the assertion of the brotherhood of all members, irrespective of sect, religion, race or class; an outspoken declaration by members of their belief in the coming of a Teacher; and a continual direction of their thoughts towards Him in the endeavour to imprint His image on their hearts. The Prospectus states that the Order has been founded to work in close conjunction and sympathy with the Order of the Star in the East; but we understand that Madame de Sturler has since handed over the whole of her organisation to the Order of the Star in the East, bringing into the latter a membership of between 70 and 80 new recruits. This act shows the self-less nature of Madame de Sturler's work, and we trust that the Belgian Section of the Order of the Star in the East will have appreciated this and made her and her followers welcome. The Order, in various parts of the world, is fairly certain to receive large accretions, like this, in the years to come, consisting of bodies of people who have banded themselves together quite independently to prepare for the Coming of the Great Teacher and have then found out that there is a recognised organisation already existing for that purpose. The remarkable instance of Burma, to which we shall refer in a moment, is a case in point. All these additions are welcome to our ranks and are striking examples of the existence of our belief in quarters at present quite unconnected with our own Order. There is much information available, which we are not at liberty to publish, to show that the preparation for the coming World-Teacher is very far more widely spread than many of our members have any idea of. We shall know more of all this as the years go on.

Denmark.—Voluntary gifts to the Danish Section have, we are told, covered all the expenses for the year 1918-1919—a good sign, showing that the Section is in a vigorous and healthy condition. The total membership is now 347. Mr. Frants Lexow, Vice-National Representative, has continued his lecturing tours and has founded a new Centre in Aarhus (Jutland). Much propaganda literature has been published, expenses being met by a propaganda fund. One reason for the activity in this direction has been an anti-Star campaign, largely promoted by the clergy. One cleric has published a book, entitled *Antichrist*, and this has been much quoted in the Danish Press. It is consequently of importance, the National Representative writes, "to guide public opinion through fuller information, and the greatest possible spreading of our literature is surely one of the best means at our disposal." She concludes her report with a warm recommendation of the Norwegian *Stjernebladet*, which she states is, "after the *HERALD OF THE STAR*, the greatest of all the periodicals published by the Order in its thirty-six Sections." She is anxious for it to become widely known in Denmark, as she thinks it would be most valuable to members.

India.—The latest report from India, dated October 14th, 1919, is given in full below. India has for some time past had far the greatest membership numbers of all the Sections; but, as the Organising Secretary remarks, these figures are not entirely trustworthy, owing to the fact that about three years ago a medal was offered for the enlistment of members, with sad but not altogether surprising results! There can be no doubt that, when the World-Teacher comes, India will be one of the countries in which He will find the greatest personal response. Meanwhile the country is engaged in striving for political freedom,—a movement which is intimately connected with the great spiritual happenings of the future. The Bill, which (at the time of writing) is shortly to come up for its third reading before Parliament, is thus not the least notable piece of Star work to be recorded in connection with India, even though its physical plane promoters may, for the most part, know nothing about the Star. But that is true of by far the greater part of the real work of preparation which is going on nowadays. Such work is none the less useful because it is unconscious. Its place in the direct line of preparation will be seen more clearly later on.

The Organising Secretary's report is as follows:—

"Owing to various causes, some time has elapsed since a report of the Indian Section has been sent in. At the Calcutta Convention in December, 1917, it was decided that, work being rendered difficult by the long distances and different languages, it would be best to divide the country into Sections on a provincial and mother-tongue basis. Since then

the Sections have been organised. Adyar continues to be the organising centre with the Head-quarters Office, from which *Brothers of the Star* is issued, English literature distributed for sale to the Sections, and the Section Register (which is composed of all the groups with the names of all their Secretaries and the various Section Officials) kept. The result of the Organisation is already very satisfactory and a great increase in activity is shown. Now we hope in the coming year to become more united by all the different parts joining in the same propaganda, while at the same time continuing their local efforts.

"Membership.—It is difficult to say exactly how many members there are, but it is believed about 25,000. For though over thirty-three thousand have been registered, more than six thousand have been found to be spurious names, due to a medal scheme for enlisting members in vogue about three years ago. And the balance so far cannot be traced. The Tamil Section (comprising the Southern half of Madras Presidency) has by far the largest number, possibly 10,000; Mysore State follows with 2,544; while Travancore, Gujerat and Telugu (the northern half of the Madras Presidency) each approach 2,000.

"Journals.—Nearly all the Sections have their journals in their own mother-tongue. This has been found of great value in keeping members in touch with their own Head-quarters and the work generally. *Brothers of the Star* acts as a unifying agent and brings all the different parts into touch with one another.

"Propaganda.—There is a growing activity amongst our Indian sisters, and they are joining in far greater numbers. Some of our best working groups are those formed by the women themselves, and in one Section Report mention is made in connection with the newly formed ladies' group, that it proved the most prompt with its reply in connection with the conference and other matters. In every group they have, there seems to be great vitality and devotion to the work. Many members visit the temples, especially at the time of great religious festivals, and give simple discourses to the masses, and everywhere there is instant response and the message is received gladly. The same news comes in connection with work in the villages, which takes the form of a talk, often accompanied by music, and the lecturers always find great eagerness to understand. Many public lectures are delivered to the educated classes and a good deal of literature is bought. There is no doubt that the greatest response is among the young people, who show an entirely different spirit. Whereas the elders argue and raise obstacles, which have to be

removed out of their path for them, the younger generation are full of constructive ideas and wish to start at once building up the future and do not see anything to argue about in what, to them, is a sure fact. Much good work is done by conferences, both among members and among the general public, and it is noticed that there is an increase of activity in the groups on the return of those who have attended them. Other forms of activity are work in night schools, articles to the Press, and free libraries and reading rooms. This last is the means of reaching many people, as it gives them the opportunity of asking questions about the Star Order and of coming into touch with the movement."

ANNIE C. BELL,
Organising Secretary.

Burma.—Burma is an interesting country, from the point of view of the Star, because there has already existed in that country, for some years past, a great movement, in expectation of the Coming of a World-Teacher, quite unconnected with the Order of the Star in the East. One of the leaders of this movement is an Ascetic, Enmaguee Sayadaw, who is reputed to have 50,000 followers. Two other prominent men, who are also working for the Coming, are Bhikku U Pinnya Tha Mi and Kinthaw Kadow. Representatives of the Order of the Star in the East have lately succeeded in getting into touch with these leaders, and one very important result has been that Enmaguee Sayadaw has consented to be proposed as National Representative of the Burmese Section, in place of the late U Theing Maung Thain. The Head of the Order has now confirmed this appointment.

One of the Burmese members, Dr. T. M. Manickam Pillay, recently visited the three spiritual leaders, mentioned above, in order to enquire of them as to their beliefs and also to give them information about the Order. All three, he writes, were expected to take part in the Annual Convention of the Order in October last, but, as the letter was written before the Convention, we do not know whether they actually attended.

The letter contains some very interesting information as to the sources from which the three severally obtained their knowledge of the near advent of a World-Teacher. This information would be highly interesting not only to Theosophists but to members of the Order in general. Unfortunately the letter is marked "confidential," so that we cannot publish it without the writer's permission.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,
General Secretary.

(Reports will be welcomed from the following Sections of the Order:—Austria, Belgium, England, Finland, France, Hungary, Norway, Scotland, Spain, Sweden; Costa Rica, Cuba, Porto Rico; Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Peru, Venezuela; Java; Australia, New Zealand. Sections, whose reports have already been published or referred to in the HERALD OF THE STAR, will assist the work of co-ordinating the activities of the Order, if they will prepare further reports as soon as possible.)

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Vol. IX. No. 2

FEBRUARY 1st, 1920

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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. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 20 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 2d. extra). United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per ann. (Post free). U.S.A. and South America, \$1.50 per ann. (Post free). All Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to the "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

To the Brothers and Servants of the Star

Comrades in the Great Adventure,—

Never before, perhaps, in the world's long story, have so many people, of so many races, so many nations, so many religions, so many ages, turned their eyes in the same direction, seen the Star shining in the eastern sky, been moved by the same hope, uplifted by the same aspiration—the Coming of the Lord, the Jagatguru, the Bodhisattva, the Christ.

To some His Coming means the end of the world, burnt up by fire, to make way for a new heaven and earth. To others, the destruction of the present system and the millennial reign of Christ on earth. To others, the end of a concluded and the beginning of a new recurring cycle. To others, the end of an Age, the perishing of an outworn civilisation and the birthing of a new. To all, an ending and a beginning. “Behold, I make all things new.”

Those of us who look through the outer appearance of things and seek to understand their causes, have been able to gaze calmly on the turmoil and the earthquake shocks of the last five years, to hear above the thunder of the guns the still small voice, to see through the murk and dust of shattering explosions the steady shining of the Star. For the old must be destroyed, that the new may arise in its place; the ground must be ploughed if the seed for the harvest is to be sown.

*Around us all is changing, but the Purpose changeth never. Steady as the needle to the pole, points the Divine Finger to the Perfection of Humanity. Though the road be long, yet hath it an ending; though the distance be mist-enwreathed, yet the next step to be trodden is ever clear before our feet; though the Sun be below the horizon and the world be dark, yet we see the Morning Star that tells of his rising; though the darkness enwrap us, yet we work for the Day. Across the night, across land and sea, we call to each other:—
“Brothers! we see the Star. All is well with the world. We wait. We watch.”*

Auntie Berant



EDITORIAL NOTES

Our Protector's Message

Owing to the impending Christmas holiday the January number of THE HERALD OF THE STAR had to go very early to press. Consequently we were unable to include in it the New Year's Message from the Protector of the Order, which we print at the beginning of this issue and which reached us towards the end of December. Members of the Order all over the world will, however, welcome this stirring Message none the less because it appears a month after its time. THE HERALD OF THE STAR has, for the past two or three years, had the opportunity of publishing very little from Mrs. Besant's pen. But our loss, in this respect, is only apparent, since we know that the whole of our Protector's multitudinous activities, in these strenuous times, are directed towards the single great end which this Magazine is intended to subserve—the preparation of the way for the coming World-Teacher. Outwardly her main work for some time past has been devoted to the cause of Indian political regeneration; but none will have understood the true inwardness of this work, if they have not connected it with our belief, and Mrs. Besant's knowledge, that the greatest of Teachers will soon be amongst us. It is because India, the cradle of spirituality, has a great part to play in His ministry, and a greater part to play in the new world which He will found, that the destinies of that country have, of late years, practically absorbed the energies of the greatest of Star workers. The days of exclusively "western" civilisation are numbered. In

the vast reconstruction, which the world is soon to witness, one of the most prominent features, we are given to understand, will be the blending of East and West. For many decades there has been a marked thought-movement in this direction. The Great Teacher will bring this movement to fruition. For the first time in history we may expect a genuine "world-civilisation" embracing the whole of the advanced portion of mankind. To this civilisation Asia, after a long period of obscurity, has to contribute in equal measure with Europe; and of Asia India, in all that makes for the peculiar genius of that vast continent, is the heart. It is a truism of history that all great spiritual impulses have come from the East. It is probable that the near future will witness the greatest of these—the greatest, in the sense that the material to be taken up and remoulded is infinitely richer now than at any period in the past. It is almost as though the Western world had been set the task of elaborating and bringing to a certain pitch of perfection all that belongs to the purely physical and intellectual sides of life; and that, during this process, the great Spirit of Asia had meanwhile rested quiescent, biding its time, until the hour should strike for its reawakening, in preparation for the greater task of giving to this complex structure the soul which it has hitherto lacked. In the great Plan of world-evolution we see, as a rule, only parts; but the shaping Mind behind it sees the whole. It is not too much to claim of the grandeur and spaciousness of that scheme that there should be a

deliberate interplay of hemispheres, and that, as in some Symphony, parts of the orchestra should occasionally be silent in preparation for some great *tutti*. The political resurgence of India is only the prelude, and the necessary antecedent, of the greater reawakening which is to come. That is what makes Mrs. Besant's work in that country Star work in the truest sense. The time is not far off, as history reckons time, when India will be, in actuality, what she has always been potentially, the spiritual centre of the world—the living heart of the civilisation which is to be.

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The Message itself needs no editorial comment. Like everything that Mrs. Besant writes, it expresses much in a few words. It has the ring of conviction, the note of one who knows; and from this knowledge springs that unsullied optimism which is the natural outcome of a vision of the Star. Dim though our perception may be of the probable work of the coming World-Teacher, yet the knowledge that He is coming is sufficient to breed the faith that all is well. If we see but the ending of an age and all its attendant turmoil and upheaval, it is something if we can cling to the conviction that the end is not all. Sooner or later there must be a new beginning. Enough for us, if we feel that the coming of the Master will bring about that beginning immeasurably more swiftly than had it been left to the normal processes of evolution. The fact is that we are living in a time of mighty happenings. Forces greater than we know are directly shaping human events. In the world-situation to-day there are elements with which ordinary human prevision cannot cope. Things which would otherwise be impossible are to-day becoming possible. Energies which, to a superficial view, seem to be altogether beyond control are not only, in reality, under control, but are being wielded definitely for beneficent ends. It will probably be many years before we realise, in retrospective vision, something of the workings

of the great Plan. At present we can do little more than trust intuitively to that Plan and cherish a confidence in its ultimate fruition.

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The Coming as Part of a Great Process A member of the Order, in the second of the *Short Essays on Star*

Work which appears this month, draws attention to a point which is undoubtedly of importance—and that is to the very general tendency on the part of most of us, to look upon the coming of a great Teacher simply as an “event”—that is to say, as something destined to begin at a particular point of time and to end at another point of time. A little deepening of our thought on the matter will, of course, show that this is a somewhat materialistic and external point of view. So far from the advent of the Master being a beginning merely, it is, the writer of the essay suggests, rather the *central point* of a vast process, led up to and definitely prepared for during long periods of time and continuing long after the physical manifestation has ceased. From the occult point of view, the spiritual history of mankind is continuous. There are no sudden or isolated happenings. The movement of history is rather one of vast sweeping processes, great waves of directive energy, working themselves out through centuries and millennia. What seem to be special happenings are only climaxes, marking the periodicities of this mighty movement; and it is only human ignorance which marks them off as separate and obscures their relation to the whole.

The suggestion is worth careful thought, because it will, we think, be found, on examination, to be extraordinarily fruitful and inspiring. It will throw an entirely new light on what we speak of a “Star work” and will open up possibilities of which we have scarcely dared to dream, as regards our own share in this process.

The best corrective is to think of the coming of the World-Teacher as only a part of a greater Descent of the Spirit upon earth. It is the pressure of this

Descent which is breaking up the worn-out forms of the civilisation that is passing away. The same Spirit will build the civilisation which is to succeed it. The central point of the process, the point where (so to speak) it touches the physical plane, will throw out on to the screen of the world's history certain great Spiritual Figures, who will be the physical embodiments of the divine impulse, and amongst these One, the greatest of all, the Leader and focus of the movement. That Leader will be the great Teacher for whom we look. But He will not be alone. The manifestation which is coming will be rather that of an organised body of great souls, each playing his or her appointed part in the mighty scheme and all governed by one central leadership to which they look up and of which they are the immediate instruments.

The important point here is that the process, thus regarded, is seen as a vast movement of the Divine Itself, a movement so mighty that even a World-Teacher is only its Instrument and Servant, its appointed organ of expression. That which calls for the great Teacher into the world is a Cosmic Energy, pulsating with Its own rhythm and using the whole hidden spiritual machinery of life for Its purposes. And, being cosmic, It operates on an enormous scale, requires countless instruments to express It, and is far more than the manifestation of one Great Being, however exalted — although it needs such a Being as a focus. There is a well-known phrase in the Bible about the Spirit of God being poured forth on all flesh. This gives, in a few vivid words, the conception which we are here endeavouring, very imperfectly, to express. Translated into these terms, our Star belief ceases to be the belief in a single future event. It becomes the proclamation of a mighty process which is even now in operation and in which all, who can rise to the demands of the time, have a share by virtue of their own inner Divinity. The Spirit is being poured out upon all flesh and is even now subduing all things to Its purposes. Where It

encounters obstinate resistance, It crushes and breaks. Where, on the other hand, It finds a readiness to co-operate, all Its resources are at the disposal of every man and woman, to the extent to which each is able to avail himself of them. It is not therefore an isolated happening, with which the Order of the Star is primarily concerned. It is a vast organised process in which each individual has a part to play, if he will only grasp the opportunity; and behind each will be, for his using and to the limit of his capacity, the whole spiritual energy of the Movement. The writer of the *Short Essay on Star work* points out one way in which the Order, as a whole, might become the vehicle of this energy, and we commend this suggestion to the notice of our readers. But the possibilities are innumerable. Star members will be doing a good service to the Cause, if they will send in any suggestions, that may occur to them, as to ways in which the Order may work together as a *single organised instrument*. For there is undoubtedly a side of our work which has yet to be developed.

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The letter from "A Parent" in our January issue raises a very interesting question: Is it fair to our young people to give them an unconventional education? "A Parent" alludes to the increasing number of schools in these days, which the Philistine would class as embodying the idea of "cranks and faddists," but which to their promoters stand for the ideals of the future, and maintains that it is taking an unfair advantage of children, who by reason of their tender age have no choice in the matter, to subject them to educational experiments of this kind. Sooner or later the reaction is bound to set in, and the children will then turn on their parents and ask, somewhat bitterly, why they did not have them educated like everybody else. "A Parent" would seem to write from personal experience. His, or her, objection to "educational experts" of

the new type is that they are usually old and childless, and look upon the child simply as the *corpus vile* for experimentation in the latest "ideal" theories. They do the damage, but do not have to bear the brunt of it. By the time the reaction begins, the young person has usually left school, and it is the parents who have to face the uncomfortable problem of the child who wishes, only too late, that he or she had been given a conventional upbringing.

The letter raises so many issues that we hope many more readers will write in giving their opinions on it. "A Parent" would like the views of the young people themselves. If these are forthcoming, they should make interesting reading. There must be hundreds of boys and girls old enough to give some account of their experience, who have been at one or other of these "ideal schools." We hope that some of them will have seen the letter and will be moved to express their views on it.

Looking at the matter quite generally, the real problem would seem to be the conflict of ideals with psychology. Many of these "ideal" systems are impeccable in theory. But can we count on any young person going equably along the track laid down for him and passing into adolescence without some symptom of revolt? If reaction be a law of Nature, then it would appear to be better, in the long run, that the child should start conventionally and then react in the direction of the ideal, than *vice versa*. It may well be argued, furthermore, that, if he have anything of the "ideal" in him, sooner or later this must force itself through and may well be left to do so in Nature's own time and season. The strongest argument of all, however, is the argument from actual experience. We are making no over-statement if we suggest that there are very few cases, where a boy or girl has been brought up on spiritual or occult lines—or, in fact, on any "ideal" system—in which some kind of revulsion has not taken place with advancing years. There seems to come a point where the boy or girl becomes, as

though by some natural process, stale and "fed-up." The bright eagerness of early promise gives way to cynicism and distaste. The inspiration seems somehow to flag and then fail. So general is this phenomenon that there appears to be, at first sight, much ground for "A Parent's" contention that an ordinary upbringing is not only the kindest to the child but the most fruitful of ultimate results.

Are we then to condemn "ideal" educational systems as mistaken and unprofitable? This is where the crux comes; and this is where the views of our readers would be welcome. Take the Montessori system, for example. The "free self-expression of the child" is undoubtedly a persuasive and attractive ideal. If we believe in Reincarnation, our belief implies that the child has plenty to express. On the other hand, is not the parent or the teacher there to control and guide the child and to prevent it from making mistakes? Should the elder give up absolutely the right of compulsion? Take, again, the instance, mentioned by "A Parent," of a school whose badge is *Service*. Undoubtedly a beautiful idea. But how is it going to turn out in the long run? Is the child going to carry this ideal through life or is he, as "A Parent" suggests, likely to arrive at a time when he will be actually ashamed of it and think of it only as a piece of embarrassing sentimentality?

On questions like these we wish to be very careful, in these notes, of committing THE HERALD OF THE STAR to a view. The only suggestion which we would venture to make is that the practical difficulty of all "ideal" educational systems, as things now are, lies in the fact that the system is, as a rule, elaborated and applied before ideally suitable teachers have been secured to apply it in the only right way. In any "ideal" system of education the corollary is the ideal teacher. The higher we put the standard to be attained by the system, the higher must be the quality of the teacher. On the plane of ideals "systems" matters very little; what

does matter is the personal quality of the teacher and the personal relationship between teacher and taught. This has been recognised throughout the ages in all modes of education in which the pupil merged into the disciple. The teacher must be a Guru, in the true and exacting sense of the word. Only this, with all that it involves, will carry the pupil safely over the shoals and breakers of adolescence and unfolding. A system, no matter how "ideal," unbuttressed by teachers of suitable calibre, is doomed to inadequacy.

There is no suggestion here of disparagement of the many admirable and earnest men and women who are at present engaged in those educational experiments. All that we would venture to suggest is that any "ideal" system of education reaches forward to a time, possibly far distant, when the teacher will be an occultist, possessed of such extra-normal powers as will enable him to know very much more about the individual child than is possible under present conditions and to keep a much closer and more intelligent eye on the complex subtleties of its development. Until this time arrives, abstract theory must remain in advance of practical application, with all the difficulties consequent upon a lack of balance between the two.

One thing, however, it is important to remember here. Many of us believe that a World-Teacher will shortly appear amongst men; and this belief carries with it a conviction that much will be possible under His direction which is hardly possible now. Undoubtedly one of the pieces of work which has to be done, in anticipation of His coming, is to prepare moulds or forms which He can take up and use when He is here. From this point of view, the main usefulness of the "ideal" school consists in the establishment of a type of educational institution which can not only be rapidly multiplied, if need be, when the great Teacher is with us, but can be remodelled by Him and brought nearer to the ideal which it aspires to embody. Thus regarded,

its present failure or success would hardly appear to matter. Probably the whole range of modern idealism should be regarded as experimental only, in the light of the coming of the World-Teacher. The great point is that it should be released and rendered provisionally operative, even though our efforts to direct and shape it are comparatively clumsy and inadequate. The authoritative direction can be given later on. Meanwhile our business is to provide as many vehicles as possible for the Great One to use.

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A Remarkable New Year's Message We reprint below the notable New Year's message sent out to the people of the British Empire over the signatures of the British Prime Minister and the Premiers of Canada, Australia, South Africa, Newfoundland and New Zealand. Large numbers of our readers will already have seen it; but there are many who will not, and they will be glad to have this opportunity of reading a Message inspired by the deeply spiritual feeling here evident. Surely such a pronouncement is a sign of the times. It shows that the great truth is being perceived—that no reconstruction of the world's life is either possible or desirable, which does not take as its basis the spiritual relationship between God and Man. The Brotherhood of Man rests upon the Fatherhood of God. No truth is more essential than this for the dispelling of the many partial and limited conceptions of Brotherhood which are current at the present time. Not less notable is the assertion of the limitations inherent in State action. A Government can do many things, but it cannot legislate in the sphere of the Spirit. It can reconstruct; it cannot regenerate. The League of Nations itself, even when realised, can only be a form, a piece of machinery. Only in the birth of a true spirit of Brotherhood, based on the recognition of the common Fatherhood of God, can it become a reality and find its soul. We could wish that the world's leaders would

issue more frequently proclamations so wise and so sorely needed as this. In ancient Buddhist times in India, King Asoka adopted the plan of instructing his people by edicts engraved upon pillars. To-day the Press takes the place of the pillar. A series of pronouncements, circulated throughout the civilised world by the leaders of the nations, would be a useful antidote to the shallowness and materialism of most of the world's periodical literature.

The Message runs as follows :—

TO OUR FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The war, in shaking the very foundations of ordered civilisation, has driven all thoughtful men to examine the bases of national and international life.

It has become clear to-day, both through the arbitrament of war and through the tests of rebuilding a life of peace, that neither education, science, diplomacy, nor commercial prosperity when allied with a belief in material force as the ultimate power, are real foundations for the ordered development of the world's life. These things are in themselves simply the tools of the spirit that handles them.

Even the hope that lies before the world of a life of peace protected and developed by a League of Nations is itself dependent on something deeper and more fundamental still. The co-operation which the League of Nations explicitly exists to foster will become operative in so far as the consenting peoples have the spirit of goodwill. And the spirit of goodwill among men rests on spiritual forces, the hope of a "brotherhood of humanity" reposes on the deeper spiritual fact of the "Fatherhood of God."

In the recognition of the fact of that Fatherhood and of the Divine purpose for the world which are central to the message of Christianity, we shall discover the ultimate foundation for the reconstruction of an ordered and harmonious life for all men. That recognition cannot be imposed by Government. It can only come as an act of free consent on the part of individual men everywhere.

Responsible as we are in our separate spheres for a share in the guidance of the British Empire as it faces the problems of the future, we believe that in the acceptance of those spiritual principles lies the sure basis of world peace. We would therefore commend to our fellow-citizens the necessity that men of goodwill who are everywhere reviewing their personal responsibilities in relation to the reconstruction of civilisation should consider also the eternal validity and truth of those

spiritual forces which are in fact the one hope for a permanent foundation for world peace.

D. LLOYD GEORGE (United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland).

R. L. BORDEN (Canada).

W. M. HUGHES (Australia).

LOUIS BOTHA (South Africa).

R. A. SQUIRES (Newfoundland).

W. J. MASSEY (New Zealand).

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Unselfishness We wonder what our readers will think of the following communication, sent to us by a valued and highly respected correspondent.

Every religion inculcates the duty of unselfishness, the necessity of self-oblation on the altar of service. I am inclined to think, however, that unselfishness, as generally practised, is only an inverted form of selfishness and perhaps a more harmful one than that which is usually recognised as selfishness. If we come to analyse our own motives for action and dare to be absolutely honest, we shall generally find that the actions which appear unselfish, and are applauded by the world as such, really spring from self-indulgence; in other words, that we are unselfish because it gives us greater pleasure to be unselfish than selfish. It may be urged that, when this stage is reached, it means a great gain in spiritual evolution. But are we sure that we do not deceive ourselves? Unselfishness very often is only an acute form of weakness. It gives us personally pleasure to indulge other people at our own expense, because it is really a very easy and pleasant form of self-indulgence. The results of this passion for self-immolation may be, and often are, very harmful to our surroundings; nevertheless we persist in a course which gives us pleasure. It is a very common experience that an unselfish wife makes a selfish husband and *vice versa*. Parents often ruin their children by their own unselfishness. By sacrificing ourselves for those we love we may, as a matter of fact, be doing them as much injury as if we hated them. Unselfishness is often but another name for sentimentality, and it does not make for strength or real greatness of spirit. We owe a duty to ourselves as well as to others, and if we do not pay that duty to ourselves we shall be certain to fail also in paying duty to others. We are each of us in this world to express *ourselves* as perfectly as may be, to live our life to its fullest extent, to develop our talents and capabilities to the utmost. If we are always cutting ourselves in pieces we are failing in righteousness as much as if we try to cut others in pieces. We can none of us live another's life, we must live our own and live it fully.

The trouble with most people is that they have not the courage to look at themselves as they really are. Perhaps we can only live by being hypocrites and drawing a veil of pretended

beauty over our real ugliness. To be honest with oneself is the hardest accomplishment in life. Few of us really attempt it, the process is too painful. But when we do we shall be bound to find that many of the virtues we claim to possess are but vices after all.

To our mind, the writer raises a very interesting and quite permissible point, and we are more than ready to give publicity to the views expressed. The purpose of THE HERALD OF THE STAR is not to fill its pages with pious commonplaces but to discuss boldly all matters of spiritual interest. The question of unselfishness is one about which there is undoubtedly much prevailing looseness of thought and speech, and the writer of the above communication has done good service in bringing forward an unorthodox—and to some, perhaps, slightly shocking—view of this much-discussed virtue. Will not some of our readers state *their* views also? The subject is one which, because it is debatable, calls for debate. One way in which readers can help the Magazine and give it added life is by taking up any points in it, about which they hold personal views of their own, and sending us a written expression of those views. A vigorous Correspondence Section does more than anything else to impart vitality to a periodical. At present we receive few letters from our readers. We hope that, in the future, many more readers will write in about topics raised in the Magazine. Such letters are just as valuable as articles and much easier to write; and they have a liveliness of interest which a formal article often lacks.

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A Piece of Good Work

The theoretical objections which might be raised by some people to "ideal" schools, and which have been mentioned earlier in these Notes, do not,

of course, apply to philanthropic institutions whose purpose is to raise the level of the children of the poorer classes and to give them advantages which they would otherwise normally lack. One such institution has just come to our notice—namely, the Caldecott Community, East Sutton, Kent, England. The Caldecott Community endeavours to give a good general education to children of the working classes, an education which includes not only book-work but useful manual accomplishments of all kinds. Teachers and pupils live together and share in the work of the house, farm and garden. Out of the variety of practical subjects taught it is hoped that each child will be able to select a suitable profession. The promoters of the Community hold strongly that "the working class presents the very finest material of character for the educationalist to work upon," and that "no artificial barrier should be raised between the child and the adult, who is, after all, only an older child." They openly confess that the Community does not claim to be a Utopia, and that it often has difficulties. But they feel no discouragement at this. "If it be better to travel hopefully than to arrive, the Community is on the right road, for it travels gaily and with great faith." It has the best wishes of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

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Star Conference at Glasgow

In case the announcement made in this month's *Star Work in Many Lands* does not happen to strike the eye of some of our readers, we have been asked to let it be known, to all whom it may concern, that a Star Conference will be held at 13, Park Terrace, Glasgow, on February 14th, at 3 o'clock.

Character Building through Art

By C. JINARAJADASA*

IT must be a fact in the experience of most of you that, among the people whom you can recall, there are differences in the way in which they assimilate experiences. You will find that one person will be able to understand the meaning of an experience from its occurring to him but once, whereas another needs to have that same experience many and many a time. Some people can generalise a great truth of life or action from one experience, whereas others may need many repetitions of the same experience before they will grasp the truth. There is a proverb, "Once bitten, twice shy," but you will find that in the case of most people they have to be "bitten" a dozen times before they become "shy."

You will note this especially in the way that people respond to ideals. An ideal in a man's life is the result of many experiences which have been summarised by the Ego, and which has been built into his consciousness, so that it has become a part of his very life. For instance, Truth is an ideal, and we are taught by it that we should, in all places and in all conditions, be strictly truthful. Now take the case of two children who, under the pressure of the ordinary life of children, begin to utter little untruths; suppose you take them in hand and you tell them that to tell a lie is a wicked thing. You will find that one child will listen to you in all seriousness, will accept your ideal, and will try to adapt himself to that ideal; but you may find that the second child behaves in quite the reverse manner, and retorts, "Father tells lies; Mother

isn't truthful. Mother told the maid to say she was out, when she was at home, this afternoon." He will bring up in his mind all kinds of events in his experience which contradict the ideal which you offer him. Similarly you can take an aggregate of people, and propound to them an ideal of Brotherhood or Sacrifice. Some will profoundly respond, whereas others will rather doubt, and say that it is all right for a Utopian time, but not for this practical world of daily struggle; they will point out difficulty after difficulty.

You will find, then, that one thing which characterises people is the differences among them in the assimilation of experience. Some seem to have lived long, as if through many many lives of experience; and hence, whenever an ideal of conduct is propounded to them from any source, they respond, because their own inner life endorses the ideal as a fact of their own experience. You can measure the growth of Egos by the response which they make to ideals; especially can you measure the growth of an Ego by the amount of response which he is capable of in æsthetic ways, in other words, to the beauty of things.

There are, then, these differences of response. It is these differences which mark the simple and childlike Ego and the higher and more developed Ego. Now, in civilisation, we propound a certain standard of conduct, which is that of the highest Egos; and the aim of civilisation, under the guidance of its advanced leaders, is to give this high standard to all, so that all may come to accept it.

* A lecture delivered in Sydney, N.S.W., in August, 1919.

One aim of education is just this, to make people build into themselves certain ideal modes of thought and feeling and action which have been found to be absolutely essential to the higher life of the Ego. How is this to be done? It is done in two ways; first, by giving to the student the present and past generalisations distilled from the experience of souls who have lived longer, that is *more fully*, than we have. When, for instance, the Lord Buddha says, "Hatred never ceases by hatred; hatred ceases only by love," He is giving a generalisation from thousands of His own past experiences, and He propounds it therefore as an ideal of conduct. Similarly when Christ says, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," He knows by His own long experience that to do so is the swiftest way to one's own happiness. In secular teaching the principle is the same. In a scientific textbook we have the experiences of many scientists summed up in certain simple principles of science; in mathematics we give the student the generalisations of past generations of mathematicians. Past experiences are reduced to generalisations, and are then offered to the mind of the individual, so that he may grasp certain important principles.

Now, some people can grasp a principle straight away, but others cannot. These latter find the greatest difficulty in starting with a principle; they can only start with the manifold facts of particular experiences. You must present to them experience after experience, and so make them discover the principle for themselves. The first way, then, in education is to present generalisations to the mind.

The second way, or rather the second part of education, is to train the imagination. Now the imagination is the building faculty, and we train this building faculty so that all experiences are grouped and re-grouped by it, till the individual makes for himself a structure of ethical, philosophical, and scientific ideals, and lives in that structure of his imagination and feels at home there in a fuller way than he will in any one else's structure. If

we take education as it is found in the various universities, and if we examine all the best qualities of such institutions, we shall see that their education aims at a kind of perfection. The universities place before themselves, as the product of university training, a certain type of individual. Suppose we take the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, we may roughly say that their ideal is to make the man who comes under their influence "a gentleman and a scholar"—a gentleman who has definite, broad sympathies, and a scholar who lives in a world of mind built up of great generalisations. It has been said that the true university education enables a man to know something of everything, and everything of some one thing. In other words, he gains a general knowledge, in outline, of "God's Plan," and at the same time develops an attraction to some one part of that Plan, and he desires to become an expert in that part. Now, if we take the typical cultured man, one fact we can note in his consciousness is that he thinks in generalisations; he thinks in types. He thinks less in particular modes of thought or particular types of character, and more in general types of thought and character. Let me illustrate this. When a typical man of culture meets another, he classifies the other very soon in terms of a type. If he sees that his subject is serene in temperament, he will say, "This man evidently belongs to the philosophic type." If, on the other hand, the subject is sensitive and imaginative, but wayward and changeable, then he will say (taking various other things for granted, and in their true proportion), "This man belongs to the artistic type." If the subject is somewhat devotional, then he will see in him an element of mysticism. He may note that the person before him is unimaginative and somewhat mundane; but, in noticing all that, he will know by his knowledge of the type that this mundane individual has at his heart's root a great deal of loyalty and perseverance. He tabulates at once, as he meets individuals, in terms of types.

In the typical man of culture we can note a great deal of intuition playing on all about him. He comes to know things, not so much by the hard analysis of the lower mind, as by a process of the intuition. Now all culture is an attempt to find in the fleeting and the changeable that which does not change, that which is eternal. All our experience, from one standpoint, is an attempt to find the eternal in the temporary, the firm and the fixed in the changeable. Now, if we use, for this process of finding the Real amidst the Unreal, only our mind, only our ratiocination, only our lower mental, or even our higher mental processes, it will be a very long time before we come to truth; because, so long as we use only the mind as our instrument of cognition, we must have material for the mind to work upon, and the material for it must be placed outside it. We must first examine the facts from outside, and then only come to generalisation. But it will take many ages before we can have *all* the necessary facts placed before our minds. It has taken each of us many lives to come to such ideals as we may have now of righteousness, of sacrifice, of duty. If, then, we had only the mind with which to generalise and to find the Real amid the Unreal, we should need an unending series of lives before we could come to the full truth about life.

But there is within us another faculty, which enables us to cut short this evolutionary process of the mind. It is that faculty which we call in Theosophy *Buddhi*, or *Intuition*. We can, perhaps, understand something of this mysterious *Buddhi*, or *Intuition*, if we approach it from below; and I am going to approach it from the standpoint of Art. Art deals fundamentally with those things in existence which are real and eternal, and not temporary and illusory. Carlyle has described Art with a swifter phrase than anyone else I know; he has said, "Art is the disimprisoned Soul of Fact." A fact may be before us, and we know it as such by our mind, but that fact has underlying it, within it, more than its mere outer aspect; it has a "Soul of Fact," and Art

is that disimprisoned Soul of Fact. In other words, it is the function of Art, in all its branches, to bring us to the essence of things, which essence is eternal and not temporary. Now, let me show you how Art in all its various branches does bring us nearer to the centre, to the "Soul of Fact." First let me deal with one department of Art with which we are all familiar, and that is dramatic writing.

We have a great deal of literature, most of it, indeed, mere trash, for it presents facts before the mind just as does the cinematograph, which we go and see to-day and which we totally forget to-morrow. We can find no abiding interest in this spurious literature, for we have from it merely mind pictures. But here and there we have literature which arrests the imagination, which goes deeper down into us. Take, for example, one such book as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It is a romance which both children and older people read; it has a world-wide quality, and it has been translated even into Japanese, and the Japanese too find it interesting. Why? Because Bunyan presents types. Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, and Christian, and all the other characters who come there are representatives of humanity; and our imagination is fascinated by these types. Pass to Shakespeare's plays; Shakespeare's brain is throbbing with types. Hamlet is a type of the individual who vacillates, who sees what ought to be done but who feels helpless in accomplishing the thing. Take Romeo and Juliet. Why will Romeo and Juliet be a play that will always draw deepest interest from humanity? Because we are all Romeos and Juliets to some extent; and in this or other lives we shall all come to their experiences, if we have not already had them. Now suppose, when you were in the University, that the great professors, instead of teaching you the things that they did, had seen in you a budding Romeo, and had shown you in Shakespeare's play what were the fundamental weaknesses of Romeo, then you would have learnt how to avoid many of the frailties and weaknesses of Romeo when it came to your turn to enact that

rôle in life ; you would have learnt how to enact your drama with your Juliet, but not with the tragic end of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

We can learn then through literature, provided we have the proper teacher, a great deal about our future course of conduct in life. Take Homer, as a second example ; Homer's characters have a largeness about them which it is difficult to describe. It has been well said that, after reading the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, you think that all men are gods, for there is a certain bigness about the virtues and the vices of Homer's heroes. If you study the character of Ulysses as a type, if there is an expert in Art to teach you the mystery of Ulysses, you will understand a whole type of men represented by Ulysses. Similarly Hector, Ajax, Nestor, and others are given by Homer as representatives of types, and it is the ability thus to draw out types in humanity which makes the great artists in literature.

In all Greek drama of the best period we have this striking characteristic of revealing types. Why is it that we can have Greek plays in London to-day, and they will draw crowds ? The actors speak the ancient Greek thought in English ; but the thoughts, the situations, the emotions, are given to us in terms of types which exist in all humanity, and so the English public of London sees itself reflected in the situations of these grand old Greek dramas. That which makes drama great is the intuitive vision, and the graphic presentation, of types in humanity. One of the supreme artists in the literary world, who has drawn forth types from humanity, is Dante, the great Italian poet. Few writers have so fully thought and felt in terms of types, not only types of men, but types of thought, types of emotion ; and it is because of this wonderful intuitive quality, with which Dante is able to surround us as we read his poem, that he stands forth as one of the giants in the world of poetry and literature.

Another man who has this same profound quality of drawing forth types is

Richard Wagner. Most of you know Richard Wagner by his music ; his music is indeed very wonderful, but he was also a deep philosopher, and he observed humanity through types. If we take his great characters, we shall find that they have all, in some measure, a certain quality of a type, and that is why in their actions there is something symbolic. When a man bodies forth in his thoughts and actions a type to which he belongs, many things which he does have a symbolical quality.

Just as we have qualities in types, so have we emotions in types. Usually emotions will express themselves in you and in me in particular phases ; but we can, by purifying our own emotions, come to know the type emotion behind our particular emotions. Suppose we take affection. We are all capable of a certain degree of affection. Now the affection may be as between mother and child. But if we purify our affection, we can come, through it, to the generalised Love, which includes not only the affection of mother to child, but of wife to husband, of husband to wife, of son to father. We can come to all these generalisations of love, though we start from the one type of affection of which we are capable.

Now, very largely it is the function of the poet to give us generalised emotions. The poet deals with emotions, but he states them in terms of reason. There is a high reason which judges everything in the world with the true measurement of the perfect man, and the poet tries to get at this measurement of the high mind. He uses the emotions as his material ; but he presents to us, if he is a great poet, not the emotion of the particular hero whom he has before him, but the emotion of a type represented by that hero. Take, for instance, a poem which many of you may know, and that is the poem which Shelley wrote called "Lines written in Dejection." Now, that which makes that poem noteworthy is that its dejection tells of a type in dejection. It is not simply the dejection of Shelley himself ; he takes his mood and makes it a mirror to reflect the mood of dejection of thousands of

people. Take on the other hand a folk song which exists in Scotland, whose author is unknown, *O Waly, waly, up the bank*. It is a song of a maiden who has lost her lover; it is a folk song, but that folk song represents a type of emotion. You will find that what makes folk song, as too all folk music, is this curious quality of a type behind the thing presented to you.

In poetry, then, you have this quality of typical emotion. Take, as another instance, Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. He was thinking, as he composed it, of the grief caused in him by the loss of his friend Arthur Hallam; and one cannot help thinking that he exaggerated his grief a good deal; but he felt his grief *artistically*, and he so made his grief a mirror of grief generally; he so stated it in terms of pure reason, that Queen Victoria, brooding over the loss of her husband, when reading it felt comforted, for she felt her grief represented in *In Memoriam*. Why? Because it is artistic, and that means it presents a type emotion. Take, again, Tennyson's *Maud*. Why does practically every lover, when he reads *Maud*, find something of himself represented in the lyrics there? Because Tennyson is a great artist in words, and represents typical emotions.

Sometimes you can, through poetry, give a more lasting value to a mere matter of fact, to a mere scientific fact, than you can through prose. You know how there are certain daisies which are white outside, but which have a little pink ring underneath them; now you can present that scientific fact not baldly, but with a beautiful imagination, and Tennyson does it as follows:—

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have trod the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

The foot had pressed down the daisies, and as Maud went through the meadow you could see the little flush of pink behind her. What is a mere scientific fact Tennyson lifts to the high realm of imagination, giving to the fact a value both of beauty and permanence.

When poetry is studied from this standpoint, or it is taught to you, or you absorb it in this particular way, you learn from experiences which you yourself have not yet had. Remember, I told you that Romeo, our modern Romeo, if he were properly taught, could anticipate the experiences of calamity, and so avoid them. Similarly, through poetry, you can vicariously beget experience. You need not be a villain yourself, should a villain's suffering be necessary for your evolution, if you can understand the villains of Shakespeare. You can vicariously be Iago, or any other of his villains. You can vicariously be Lady Macbeth; and you can learn just as well as she did, if you know how vicariously to gain her experience. I want you especially to note this striking quality about Art; Art is a way of hastening experiences, by vicariously acquiring them.

In painting we have the same quality. Here we are dealing with something far less abstract than poetry. Sometimes in an historical painting we can find in it such a sense of dramatic values that it is as if the moving panorama of time were made to stand still, and were materialised there on the canvas. Take, for instance, some picture representing a great historical event, like the signing of the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America. You group your people in the painting in a particular way; but if it is done in the *right way*, then it is as if you told Time to stop, and the event that happened a century and a half ago was made to come out of the recesses of Time and stand before you to-day. In some great paintings—whether their subjects are really historical or not does not so much matter—they have this peculiar quality of stopping time. There is a picture in Florence, one which I specially remember, showing the procession of the three Kings carrying the gifts to the Christ; it is Benozzo Gozzoli's "Journey of the Magi to Bethlehem." Its artistic quality is such that it is as if the procession had just stopped that moment for us to see; it has a peculiar quality of holding time chained. In historical

painting, the greatness of the picture depends on the typical nature of the event.

In portrait painting we have once again the same quality of drawing out types. In this special department, the greatest portrait painters within my experience are those of the English school, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, and others. Why? Because somehow they saw through the faces of their sitters something of a type of temperament; and so their pictures have almost a veil of intuition round them, so that, if one is at all sensitive, the moment one enters a room where there is a Gainsborough or a Lawrence, one's eye is attracted to it at once. Now the English are mostly the ancient Romans reborn, and the Romans were especially great in portraits; they were not great in full figure sculpture, but they were very great in portraits in marble; they got out of the individual a type, and tried to suggest that type in the marble.

A far more mystical quality of types comes out in landscape. It may be an ordinary landscape which we have seen a hundred times, but the artist sees it from a different standpoint, which is very well described in a little poem by R. W. Gilder:—

Once,

On looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun—
A land of broad green meadows, through which
 poured
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea—
Thus as I looked, I know not how or whence,
Was borne into my hush'd expectant soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted
 man,
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

As we look at a landscape, sometimes it is as if the whole place were still, like the surface of a mirror, and a great thought-form were put before you, reflected on that mirror. We do not so much see the scenery or the objects, we are rather, as it were, looking through a window into an Infinite Mind, where the passing phenomena of nature are revelations of its laws of beauty and wisdom.

In sculpture we have something of the same quality of passing from the fleeting to the eternal. Consider especially the

great sculptors among the Greeks; they attempted to embody ethical ideas through the human figure. If they sculptured an Apollo, the statue represented both a divine thought and a God; at the greatest period of Greek sculpture, each sculpture was an ethical concept in stone. Pallas, Apollo, Hermes, Zeus were really great concepts in stone, and that is why the Greeks loved statues. Apollo might be to us a beautiful naked man, but he was not merely a beautiful man to the Greek, whose intuition looked at the figure of the God, and saw in the statue the power of the God's inspiration in the spirit of man. In all great sculpture there is this attempt to embody ethical concepts. Some sculpture, which we have to-day, depicts human events and tries to give us certain modes of thought and feeling; take, for instance, that of a soldier charging. If it is done by a great artist, he evokes in us through the sculpture a deep sense of admiration, and we do not look upon the soldier as one individual soldier, but rather as representing the soldier type. In our modern civilisation we have so moved away from the great and overmastering ethical concepts that our artists are not able to create them in stone. The time may come when we shall have a period of sculpture and architecture which will be like the great period of the Greeks, and we shall in stone and marble preach sermons of goodness and virtue to our citizens from our buildings, our park squares, and from every place where men congregate.

When we come to architecture, it is exactly the same. In that which makes for great architecture we have the same mystical quality of telling us of what has well been called the "bass notes of nature," those fundamental qualities of solid matter as it rises at the bidding of thought into a magnificent Parthenon. We see the quality of true architecture in modern days in such a building as the Taj Mahal at Agra; it is there as if some wonderful thought, which a great artist made in the higher mental world, had come down and materialised itself in marble. And, because it is such a great

thought, you can see many, many things in that building ; see it at sunrise, and it tells you one message of beauty ; see it in moonlight, and it is all mysterious and different ; see it in the evening light and it is different again. You can go a thousand times and see something new. Why ? Because it is a great piece of art. It is perfect. A great concept is there as, unfortunately, it exists in its entirety in very few buildings.

In architecture, there is rhythm in the light and dark spaces, in the size of the doorways, in the length and breadth of the cornices. We have musical time all the time in architecture. My friend Claude Bragden in America, who is himself an architect, has gone into the relation of music to architecture, and he has shown in his book, "The Beautiful Necessity," why it is that certain windows are beautiful, certain pillars graceful, and why certain proportions of light and shade give a sense of harmony and rhythm. It is because they are fundamentally expressing the message of music.

This brings me to the last of the great arts, and that is music. That it is the greatest of the arts has been recognised by all philosophers, because all other branches of art in a mysterious way lead up to music. We cannot describe the other branches of art truly, except in terms of musical thought. The highest thing that we can say is that they are harmonious, that there is a perfect tone about them. It is because in music we have a unity of subject and object, of the creator and the thing he creates, that there is in music such a spiritual quality. In music the end and the means seem inseparable ; its form and its matter are so inextricably blended that we can hardly separate them. Now, remember, when I think of music I am not thinking of all the trash which exists, which is reeled out on gramophones and such ; I am thinking of the real music. In music there is a fuller revelation of the archetype than in any other branch of Art.

There is a curiously close link between music and architecture. Architecture has well been described as "frozen music."

If you were to see the great cathedral in Milan you would understand the phrase "frozen music." In music we have also a high abstract quality, a quality I would like to call *not-human*, that is, something which transcends our human experience. You know they say that Chopin's Dead March denotes grief. I don't believe a word of it. It does denote *something*, for which the nearest label *we* have is grief ; but to my mind there is nothing of grief in it at all. It speaks of other profound emotions. The Siegfried Dead March of Wagner, full as it is of the incidents of Siegfried's life, yet denotes, as it were, the end of a scheme of things. And so it is in all great music. We have there *something*, but what that is we cannot tell. We can say that such and such a thing expresses joy, the joy of living, the joy of sacrifice. We give to music labels of our own experience, but I do not believe that those are the true labels ; but what the true ones are I cannot tell you. That is why Carlyle has said so very graphically that "music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that." What lies there we can hardly define, but we are drawn to "the edge of the infinite" and are more at home there than in this finite world.

Now in music we have once again the archetypes. If we take what we label a theme of sorrow, we shall find that it does not represent the sorrow of a particular individual, but the sorrow of a whole type of individuals ; when sympathy is bodied forth in musical phrases, as in some of the Wagnerian motives, it is not the sympathy for a particular hero or heroine, but it is a generalised sympathy. There is music which expresses love, but it is more an archetypal love, and so music appeals to a more hidden sense within us than can poetry or painting or sculpture. You will see, then, the drift of my thought so far, and it is that all branches of art lead us on first to types, and then to archetypes.

What are these archetypes ? They are the creations of God, the ways in

which He thinks and feels. God, in the high world of His Mind, on His cosmic mental plane, creates the archetypes, which Plato was the first among philosophers to reveal to us ; and we approach near these archetypes through the understanding we have of art. The more you so train yourself that you can appreciate art, the more you hasten your own evolution. You anticipate experiences thereby. You need not live fifty or a hundred lives before you come to perfection. You can shorten that number, till perhaps only a dozen or two lives are needed, because, by bringing out of yourself the Buddhic quality through art, you include what is outside your own experience, and so make it a part of your own inner consciousness.

Now, whenever the mind works it discovers laws ; but when you so discover laws there is this curious result, that you have, after all, come only to find that which was already within you. I think it is Emerson who, very truly, says, with regard to our discovery of laws through an examination of facts, that "all the facts of history pre-exist in the mind as laws." If, through the study of many dramas, you become utterly convinced that in certain situations self-sacrifice is the only logical happy action, that decision of yours is, in one way, due to a law discovered by your mind ; but in reality it was already there within you. That law is always in the mind of the Logos ; and had you awakened your Buddhic nature at any time you would have then known that law as a part of your own inmost being. That especially is the characteristic of art ; and that is why I am insisting that character-building can be hastened through the mind and emotions being made more and more acquainted with art.

To sum up what I have been saying ; if you understand art, cultivate it, and make it a part of yourself, you have first a knowledge of types, and you begin thereby to know more of humanity, and see more in humanity ; and you begin next to anticipate experiences. You so link men to you through art that their

suffering teaches you lessons, and their joys give you enthusiasm and strength.

Then, too, you begin to gain a wonderful purification. We have all, at our present stage of evolution, a certain quality of impurity. Now the Greeks understood about the drama that it was one of the ways of the purification of the people ; that, when in the hero there was brought out that which was best, you, watching, felt that which was best within you ; that, in the vice and villainy which were represented in the villain, you observed the quality of your own vice and folly ; and, as a doctor diagnoses a disease, so were you able, through the drama, to diagnose your own disease and to find out its remedy. That is scarcely the way we think of the drama in these days, and yet that is the high mission of the drama. Through it you come to purification.

If you are depressed take Shelley's poem on "Dejection," and you will find, after you have read it, after you have entered into its music, that your depression has partly vanished. Of course that which makes a great poem is the musical quality of the thinking, not the mere stringing together of words and rhymes. You can have a high type of poetry where there is no rhyme, where there is scarce any rhythm either ; the Japanese have a form of poetry in two or three lines, just a fragment of thought, and yet it is intensely poetical.

Whenever you can, read great poetry, and you will find in loving it and reading it that there comes to you a purification of your character. It is the same if you look at a flower ; you become purified thereby, for a flower is in a measure a divine thought. Love to look at a great piece of sculpture ; it gives you strength, it gives you purity. Something of those virtues which we struggle to achieve by hard mental toil we can gain through art.

Then you come to another striking thing—if you are fairly well developed in your artistic nature you are always young. You soar to eternal youth ; for, since art deals with archetypes, and the archetypes work through you, you grow into new imaginations. You cannot grow

old as long as you are creatively imaginative. You are as the gods, eternally young. Also, in a mystical way, as art works within you, you are the "little child" of whom Christ spoke, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." All the impurity which you have gained through your contact with matter disappears; you gain an innocence of mind and a wholesomeness of spirit through art. That is why at a particular stage of human development there is so much emphasis laid on the Buddhist development of the individual. Man must come back to the divine heritage which is his.

We can learn and grow and become the high things which philosophies teach us, not merely by the mind, but by training ourselves reverently before all the expressions of art. Especially you, who live in this young land,* where it is the hope that the intuition shall be the ruling

* Australia.

factor in the individual and not the mind, you must in every possible way foster the cult of beauty, not merely the beauty recognised by the eye, but beauty of speech, beauty of gesture, beauty of sound, beauty of everything around you. See that your children are surrounded by beautiful things. Eliminate from your nature everything which is unbeautiful, and you will find that you will enable more and more of beauty to be sensed by those around you.

You see now, I hope, how we are surrounded by wonderful aspects of beauty, if only we could open our outer and inner eyes to see them. I told you what was Carlyle's definition of art, "The disimprisoned Soul of Fact." I will close with another definition, by the French sculptor, Pr eault, equally fine, equally conclusive; it is: "Art, it is that star; I see it, you do not."

E. JINARAJADASA.

Nature and Art

NATURE is God's Art. All human art is an extension or development of this, an art within an art. Its truth, or untruth, depends upon whether it is a natural development of the Greater Art. Does it twist it awry, or is it an easy exfoliation from the main stem?

We could only judge Nature artistically, if we could see some deeper, more ultimate Nature behind, which stands in the same relation to this Nature as the latter does to human art. Perchance even the LOGOI may, when judged amongst Themselves, be more, or less, successful Artificers.

All art is selection. Any given universe, or art-product of a LOGOS, is only a solitary fragment selected out of the infinite wealth of the Divine Mind.

All Nature being art, everything which we, as human beings, look upon as "nature" becomes art also, and is to be considered in terms of an artistic process; and "human nature" comes under this category.

Our ultimate destiny, as individuals, is to be

each a perfect work of art fashioned by the Divine Artist.

The power of free-will enables us to be co-operators in this process, becoming more and more conscious in our co-operation as time goes on. We may dream with the Divine Artist, and our dream blends with His.

Character-building is thus a work of conscious artistry.

Hence the necessity of unifying our life—of subordinating it to a definite artistic aim. Hence also the determining importance of "type"; Type being equivalent to the medium employed in painting, and conditioning the end to be achieved.

Individuality is the equivalent of "style"—the idiom of self-expression. The Man should be no more imitative than the Artist. He must develop a style of his own.

Greatness is the same in both spheres. Mere skill can never give the "grand style." What we call greatness of character is the earliest hint, or echo, of the grand style of the acknowledged Masters.

W.

Occultism and Humour

By E. A. WODEHOUSE

STUDENTS of Hinduism are familiar with the striking phrase which speaks of the manifested universe as the *Lila*, the "sport" or "play," of the Divine. This vast field of evolution, teeming with innumerable life, this arena of conflict, of tears and passion and unceasing struggle, is "God's playground." What does the doctrine mean?

Two things it undoubtedly implies. One is the sheer joy of manifestation, the ecstatic outpouring of life. The universe exists by the outflow of Divine Love. In one sense, the self-limitation of the Divine Life by its imprisonment in the meshes of matter is a sacrifice, the supreme sacrifice of all. But it is also joy, for at that sublime level joy and sacrifice are one; and joy and sacrifice, treated as one impulse, are only another name for love. The highest love is ever the highest joy. We should impair our conception of the Divine, if we were to think of creation as linked with sadness or suffering. Rather should we dream of it as combining, in their absolute quintessence, all the joys of which mortals, in their fullest moments, obtain but remote and shadowy glimpses—the joy of the artist, the joy of the parent, the joy of the lover. Whatever the world means to the most gifted, the most keenly perceptive of men, it must mean infinitely more to God. For the manifested world is truly Himself, a fragment of His infinite Life projected and objectified, a portion of His own Being; and He knows it as such. Creation thus becomes something other than labour. It is lifted to the region of the labour so utterly delightful, so full of the joy of self-expression, that it becomes a *lila*, a divine game. For every game, even at our own lower level, is only labour transmuted by joy. It involves effort, often pain; but these are forgotten

in the excitement of joyous self-realisation. That is why games are, philosophically viewed, such an import factor in education and in life.

But the phrase has a second implication also. It suggests that life is, after all, not such a serious thing as we are wont to think it.* Viewed with a divine eye, it has its humorous side. Spiritually regarded, human life and human destinies have about them something of the nature of a joke; and the corollary follows that spiritual development, on the part of the individual, must consist—at least in one aspect—in coming to see this lighter side of things.

Rather a shocking idea, perhaps, to Western minds! We are accustomed, in the West, to take whatever has to do with the spiritual with a great deal of solemnity. Our religion, where it is genuinely felt, is too often a thing of frowning, of sighing, of self-repression and self-negation; of sadness, often of ferocity. We invest it with solemn airs. It has about it a black-coated, starched, self-conscious respectability. The idea that life, in its deepest regard, is really rather a joke, has never occurred to us. That this humorous envisagement of it should be attributed to God will probably strike us almost as an insult to the Divine nature. What? This vale of tears a joke? All this suffering and agony merely a jest? Do we go through all this merely to divert some Supernal Intelligence? Instinctively we bethink us of the bitter words of Gloucester in *King Lear*:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

A little thought, however, will show that this is a wrong way of taking the

* This is, of course, in Hinduism, connected with the doctrine of *Maya*, or Illusion.

suggestion. There can be love and pity in humour; a sense of the incongruous or the ridiculous can be combined with tenderness. Even a human parent can smile at the troubles of a child without withholding succour and consolation. This is perhaps the best analogy we can find. But there are many analogies. How often have we smiled at the mistakes made by a partially deaf person in his efforts to join in the conversation; and yet we have felt pity for him. The truth is that humour, one of the subtlest of psychological factors, is very frequently misunderstood. A few explanatory words on the subject are necessary before I pass on to the main thesis of this article—the thought, namely, that our spiritual growth can almost be tested by the amount of our life-experience which we are thus able to view humorously; that, in short, we have not really conquered life until we have come to see its comic side.

The usual definition of humour is that it is a sense of the incongruous. The definition is good, because it covers everything. Watts-Dunton, in one of his well-known critical essays, extends it to tragedy. The incongruity of the fruitless struggle of man with fate—the typical subject of tragic drama—belongs, he says, to humour. It is not merely a greater and wiser Intelligence which can detect this; the readers or spectators of the drama can see it also, because they too, by virtue of their position, are superior to the struggle which is going on before them. The complacent security of a tragic character, on the eve of a catastrophe which we, as audience, know to be impending, is a striking instance of this "tragic humour." We have here a hint of one essential ingredient which goes to make a situation "humorous" in this broad sense. It becomes humorous when we rise superior to it—in other words, when we view it from above. The typical humorous situation is one where we, as onlookers, can detect the incongruity, while the person chiefly concerned cannot see it. This formula can be applied, almost without exception, to everything which appeals to our sense of humour. The

essence of it is, in every case, an incongruity which *we* perceive, but which is not perceived by the person involved in it. The more seriously he takes it, in fact, the more humorous the thing becomes.

A formula as spacious as this can be applied to the whole of life. The things which the little child takes so seriously cause his elders to smile, because they realise the incongruity between this seriousness and the actual importance of the things in question. Raise the formula *ad infinitum*, and we can apply it, without irreverence, to God Himself. The things we pursue so solemnly, the things that matter to us so profoundly, our desperate efforts and strivings, our judgments whether of praise or condemnation—can we not imagine the Divine Eye viewing these with humorous toleration? Is it not, indeed, a saner and profounder conception of the Divine attitude than to attribute to God the passionate seriousness towards human shortcomings which is only the reflection of our own ignorance? Wisdom, combined with love, is ever tenderly humorous towards ignorance, particularly towards pretentious ignorance. How much must there be, in human life, to cause a smile—a gentle, compassionate, understanding smile—to any Being greater than human!

To the writer's mind, the only conception which unites the two facts of the incongruities of human life and the Divine Love is the conception of a compassionate humour. Life must be a *lila* to any Intelligence sufficiently removed above the human level to appreciate all its delicious incongruities. And this brings me to the point which I have chiefly in mind—namely, the relation of humour to spiritual development. Let us consider this, quite briefly, if only because it is for some of us, perhaps, a new point of view.

We have extracted one or two generalisations about humour. It is based, first of all, on incongruity. Secondly, such incongruity does not become apparent until we rise superior to it—in other words, until we are *detached* from it. And detachment comes with knowledge.

The corollary seems to be that, in this world of incongruities (and the whole relation of the spiritual to the material is one great incongruity), the more we grow in wisdom the more shall we see the humorous side of it all. This seems to me an exact statement. In fact, I would carry it to an extreme point and say that what is usually called liberation is only, from one point of view, complete detachment, in the sense of a final rising above the incongruities of life, and that with it must come a final and complete vision of the vast humour of mortal destinies, the great joke, the *lila* of creation.

So bold a statement cannot, of course, be left as a mere statement. One must buttress it with argument; and for argument I shall have recourse to the facts of human life, as they are revealed by occult science.

One of the corollaries of all that we learn from occultism is that most things are not nearly as serious as we are wont to consider them. Occultism is, beyond everything else, a great revaluation of values; most particularly in relation to the normal troubles and the normal objects of human life. If all that it tells us be true, then the leading feature of human life, as it is, is the enormously excessive importance which we attach to quite unimportant things.

Take the fact of death, for example. At its worst, a mere transition; at anything better than its worst, a release into a fuller and more vivid life; an enhancement, rather than a loss, of all that, for the human consciousness, makes up the experience of "living." And yet what grim seriousness, what sorrow, what apprehension, what despair, we waste upon this single phenomenon of physical dissolution! Surely a notable instance of humorous incongruity, and one which needs no exalted spiritual intelligence in order to become aware of it. The ordinary person needs only to be "dead" in order to see the ludicrous side of it. The mass of spiritualistic communications, which are coming through in these times, have all this one point, at least, in common—

that they see through the great hoax of apparent death. Arnold Bennett, in his remarkable novel "The Glimpse," speaks of the disgust of the (temporally) disembodied man, standing in the bedroom where his body lies apparently lifeless, at witnessing the caresses lavished by his wife upon the inanimate clay with which he feels he has now nothing in common. The annals of spiritualism are full of the same incongruities—the desperate efforts of the "dead" person to attract the attention of the relatives or friends who insist on mourning him as lost, when all the time he is standing at their side. From the standpoint of the so-called "dead," as from that of any occultist whose consciousness has transcended the limitations of the physical plane, death is one of the great comedies of existence; a joke which would be cruel, perhaps, for the ignorant, were it not for the fact that its very incongruity holds the surest prospect of joy and peace for the awakening human race. Where the incongruity is between a joyous reality and a sad illusion, we cannot justly call the joke cruel. The true cruelty would be if it were the other way on.

So much for the humour of apparent "death." What, too, of the efforts, the strivings and the troubles of the ordinary life? Occultism tells us (giving its reasons) that most of these are absolutely trivial and unnecessary. We strive for power, wealth, fame, physical enjoyment, and a host of other things, which are entirely unessential to our true life, and ninety-nine per cent. of our troubles arise from our failure to attain these utterly unimportant ends. Seen from above, our strivings are futile; our failure in achieving our ends, the best lesson that we could have. Surely, from the point of view of one who knows the reality behind the outward show of things, a genuine subject for humour; saved, here again, from cruelty by the fact that the reality is so far greater, so far more glorious than the illusion. Half the troubles of this world are nothing more than the troubles of children. To an all-loving, all-wise

Intelligence, there cannot but be something of tender amusement in the spectacle of them, in the sight of so much ado about nothing.

Occultism is lavish of these incongruities. We make so much, for example, of the single life-period, when in reality we have (if we only knew it) a long vista of human lives both behind and before us, and the single life is only a fleeting day in the age-long succession of our sojournings upon earth. Then again, how bitterly we are wont to resent misfortune or injury! How readily we blame our circumstances or our luck or attribute the whole thing to the malice of our neighbours! And yet, we learn from occult science, every one of these misfortunes is only our own past act, or emotion, or thought, come home to roost. The thought is not entirely without humour.

The list might be multiplied. It is sufficient, however, to state summarily that the ordinary human life, as lived by the ordinary sentient human being, is, from the point of view of the higher wisdom, a most diverting comedy. Man is so much greater than he knows. All this solemn quest of trivialities, all this pother about non-essentials, this agonising over the ridiculous,—from the striving after ephemeral advantages up to the crowning comedy of all, the great illusion of the man who considers himself a separate entity when his innermost life is really one with the life of all—all this is rich in humour. The gods may well laugh at the contemplation of the great *Masque*,—and laugh with love in their hearts, knowing that all is well.

This being so, what of the man who would strive to advance in the occult life? Surely one side of his advancement will consist in a growing appreciation of this *Comedy of Errors*. As he enlarges his consciousness and begins to re-order the customary values of life, so will he assuredly find more and more at which he can afford to smile. To pass out of illusion into a perception of reality is to see the amusing side of what is being left behind. Nothing so serious as an

illusion, while we are enveloped by it; nothing so little serious, when we have achieved our freedom from its spell.

If this, then, be one side of occult growth—as it logically must be—let us not attribute to it less importance than it deserves. For there are two very definite reasons why it may be considered of the very first importance.

One is, that it provides perhaps the healthiest and most wholesome *method* of occult unfolding. One of the dangers of practical occultism is the danger of overstrain. Everyone who is at all in touch with the subject is aware of this. Occultism, of course, implies effort, self-discipline, concentration of mind. There is, in it, a constant dualism between the Ego and the obstinate vehicles which it is endeavouring to bend to its will. In consequence of this it frequently happens that the aspirant takes the task, in a certain sense, too seriously. He puts into it too much bracing of the spiritual muscles, too much tightening of the lips and clenching of the fists; and the result is often a break-down. One way of avoiding this is to take the work altogether more lightly, with greater gaiety of spirit, with a keener sense of humour. Such a method is the *Jujitsu* of occultism. It achieves precisely the same results, but with a minimum expenditure of energy, and it has the great advantage of avoiding strain in the subtler bodies and keeping these in a condition of higher receptivity.

The second reason is, that no real victory of the higher over the lower is ever achieved until the humorous side of the lower is seen. Have we ever thought why it is that we hate ridicule, or humorous contempt, more than open opposition? It is simply because, implicit in the former, is a certain detachment and superiority. The man who smiles at us assumes more truly an attitude of superiority than he who engages us in conflict. The smiler looks down; the combatant puts himself on our level. The same holds good of the antagonism between the higher and lower selves. The higher has not really vindicated its

superiority until, with calm detachment, it can afford to smile at the lower. To take a simple instance—we most of us are keenly sensitive to what other people say or think about us. From the occult point of view this is a weakness. The person, however, who crushes this sensitiveness with an effort is not nearly so finished an occultist as the man who can brush it lightly aside with a smile. The one is still on a level where the sting is felt as real; the other has truly risen above it.

We have only to turn to the literature of occultism to find in it many a hint as to the necessity of cultivating the faculty of humour. The Masters, we are told, have, without exception, the keenest sense of humour, and it is definitely stated that, without such a sense, any considerable spiritual advancement is impossible. But the point is, perhaps, more clearly brought out in connection with specific difficulties of the occult life. Take, for example, the many difficulties connected with the physical body. These are among the first difficulties which the aspirant has to meet, and many a would-be occultist is reduced to a state of tragic despair over the conflict. Nothing is more provocative of overstrain; nothing more inducive of staleness, disgust and discouragement. The greater the struggle, the greater the sense of defeat and the more heart-breaking the difficulty of recuperation. What has the advanced occultist to say about these problems?

The keynote of all that has been said by those who know is that we should not struggle—for that only increases the strength of the opposition—but should simply detach ourselves. "Turn your thoughts to higher things"—that is the usual remedy suggested. But how to achieve this detachment? If it be merely a wrench, a desperate striving upwards, then we have still the very struggle which we are seeking to avoid. The answer is hinted at in many places. Its secret is: adopt an attitude of humorous contempt. Realise, say the wise, that this elemental essence, which is the cause of your difficulties and with which you are identifying

yourself, is *not* yourself; that it is something which has not yet reached even the mineral stage. Realise the ludicrous nature of the situation—this majestic combat between yourself, a spark of the Divine, and this inchoate, groping, rudimentary creature. In a word, detach yourself from it, and you will see the humour of it all. An airy, easy contempt is all that it deserves. Achieve this, and you are free. Your chains drop off.

The more genuine this contempt, the less hostile it will be, for hostility will drag you down again. An affectionate, amused contempt is rather what you should have. St. Francis, in addressing his body as "Brother Ass," hit the right note. Precisely the same note is struck in *At the Feet of the Master*. Treat your body, we are told, as the horse on which you ride; give it enough to eat of the right kind of food, and keep it well exercised and scrupulously clean. With such an attitude a feeling of affection is not only compatible but perfectly natural. I remember, years ago, a friend of mine in India, who is now well advanced on the occult path, telling me how fond he became of his body after he had reduced it to perfect control. "I feel I want to pat it and stroke it," he said; and the words contain a great truth. An affectionate, understanding detachment; a humorous contempt, mingled with love; this is the specific for most of the difficulties with which the occult aspirant has to deal. The Ego, we are told, feels this kind of contempt for the foolish, blundering personality; and, since the immediate goal of all practical occultism is the lifting of the consciousness to the level of the Ego, it can hardly be possible for the aspirant to travel far along this road without coming to share something of the same kind of feeling towards his lower vehicles and their environment.

One way of reaching this level of easy, untroubled detachment—perhaps the best way of all—is to put oneself on the side of the Divine. An excellent method, and a simple one, is to get hold of the idea that the world and human life are, after all, only a school. Treat everything that

happens as a lesson, and you will soon be able to smile at it. You are in the position of one with his eyes open. A trouble or a temptation comes along; you are on the *qui vive*; you say to yourself: "Aha! here is something from which I have to learn," and the very thought takes away the sting of the thing. The higher the level on to which you can think yourself, and the more your outlook on life partakes of the character of a bird's-eye view, the more will you be able to find amusement in things that would trouble and distress you at their own level. There is not a single occult doctrine of the first magnitude which, if thoroughly assimilated and digested into a mental outlook, would not at once convert the greater part of your lower life into a joke. *You*, the divine you, are safe; you are above it all. Look out on life with the eyes of that higher self, and you will at once see the amusing side of all the complex illusions which seem so formidable down below. Reincarnation, karma, the non-identity of the soul with its vehicles, the one-ness of all life, the growth of the soul to perfection through long ages of assimilated experience—all these have their humorous aspect when applied to the grotesque muddle and blindness of ordinary human existence. The man who has grasped them all, who knows them instead of merely believing them, and who is sufficiently master of them to live them out in his everyday life, has achieved liberation. He sees, he understands; and, understanding and seeing, his eyes are opened to the humour of it all. Detached from the world of lower things, he stands side by side with God, and with God appreciates, with heart made free yet filled with love and pity, the great *lila*, the delicious joke, the play of life.

Thenceforth he is in the position of the man who, knowing the jest contemplated against himself, is thereby immune from it. All the frolic illusions of the lower world are impotent to touch him, because he sees through them. The immensely successful jest of one vehicle

after another masquerading as the true self; the great hoax of the varied happenings of life, which pretend to come from without and are really only a man's own actions "come full circle"; the solemn bogey of death; the elaborate show of apparent limitation and weakness, veiling the true inner divinity of man; against all these he is armed and equipped. He can afford to regard them with a smile of amusement, for he has risen above them to that level of care-free detachment at which they cannot touch him.

Is it therefore an extravagant statement to speak of the occultist as the man who has arrived at a point when he can see the joke of life, or of the occult path as a journey in the direction of this vision of transcendental humour? I do not think so. I would go further and say that this conception of a humorous side to spirituality is one which has a claim to be emphasised, because it is so badly needed. Too much is said of the grim effort, the concentrated energy, the blood and sweat of spiritual progress. Why should there not be a spiritual Jujitsu, which conquers by yielding, which disarms by acceptance? Accept the facts of life, but stand detached from them. Become their master, not by fierce opposition, but by the deadlier weapon of a smile. It seems to the writer that there is much wisdom in this point of view; that, if more generally adopted, it would go far to retain that sweetness and that human-ness of feeling which are so often difficult to preserve in (at least) the earlier stages of occult growth; and, finally, that in the end it would give the completer and the more rounded development of character. We need grace and lightness of touch in spiritual things as in mundane. Above all, we need that delicate insight and sympathy which can only exist in conjunction with a keen sense of humour. Granted that life is, in large measure, a thing of sorrow, what we need to see is not merely the pathos of it, but the humorous pathos of it; and seeing the humorous side of it will enhance, not decrease, our store of love and pity.

The Lost Voice

By E. VINCENT HAYES

II.

HE came back to Rouen; he had written, promising to see me. Yet a week passed, and he did not come. I did not feel inclined to call upon his family, though I was eager to see what change the four years had made in him. I saw Marie at the close of the week, and found she had had a note from him. He had never forgotten her kindness, and wanted to see her and thank her personally. She cried with joy. "He must come round and see you, monsignor," she said. "I shall not speak to him unless he does!" I smiled gently. "He will come one day," I said. "Do not force him to come. Just let me know how he is and how he looks."

She came back the following day. "Oh, he was so tall! And bronzed! And strong!" He had taken Marie to a concert and then to tea. Marie's mother had accompanied them, and was greatly impressed. She had invited Jean to visit them.

"He sang! It was just heaven! His voice was deeper, but oh, so sweet! It took all my appetite away. But he . . . oh, he can eat! But he is such a big fellow!"

She looked at me shyly.

"I asked him why he had not seen you. 'He will come to-morrow,' he says. 'But there are so many things to do.'"

He did not see me on the morrow. Four days passed, and I did not see him or Marie. I began to wonder. . . .

Then, one evening, as I sat reading, a servant knocked at my door.

"A young man wishes to see you, monsignor," he announced. On the card he handed me was: "Jean Loustalot."

I rose quickly. "Oh, send him up!" I said.

Jean came in, hurriedly and breathlessly. He had grown to a great fellow, but his face was still that of an unblemished boy. That face was deathly pale now and quivering with emotion.

"Monsignor! They say Marie is dying! And that is my fault!"

I stared at him in amazement.

"Dying! Marie dying! And your fault? Why have you come to me like this, Jean?"

"Ah, forgive me!" he said. "I know I have neglected you. But, when they told me Marie was dying, when they refused me the house . . ."

"Refused you the house? Why, of what have you been guilty?"

"Guilty—of nothing! My conscience accuses me of nothing. But they cannot understand. Marie is so different to all other girls. . . ."

I opened my eyes; where had Jean gained the experience that enabled him to distinguish between Marie and other girls?

"I frightened her!" he moaned.

"Frightened her! And yet you say you did no wrong!"

"None, monsignor, I swear to you! She misunderstood. And now she cannot speak. They say she will die. Please go to her, monsignor!"

"You must tell me exactly what happened, Jean."

"I will tell you! Listen! I must be brief! You must come with me as soon as you can. You are my only friend. . . ."

"Tell me what has happened, Jean."

"I always longed to see the little girl who thought of me when I was ill. Who thought as you did, that she could hear my voice when I had lost it. When once I had seen her, I could not get her out of my thoughts. I saw her everywhere, her voice, her wistful smile, her hair of

sunshine. Monsignor, I wanted her. There was no evil in my heart. I felt rather that heaven had opened to me. She began to absorb all my thoughts. Her presence thrilled me ; I did not know myself for the same boy of a few weeks back ; there was a song ever in my heart when my lips were silent—and that was seldom. You will smile at the foolishness I tell you, but it is true. We would walk out together in the evening, when the sky was afire with glory—when it was dripping with stars. I cannot tell you what we said ; we said little or nothing that mattered, but I lived in heaven. Ah, this is folly, you will say, but we held each other's hands ; I would kiss her hand sometimes and sometimes she would stroke my hair. There was no evil in either heart. Then—one evening—in her mother's house—we were alone. God knows I had no evil in my heart, only the stir of something unknown to me. How can I explain, monsignor ! ” He flung out his hands to me with an appealing gesture. “ I suddenly became a man. Yet I plead before God and His Saints I had no dishonour in my heart—only—I bent to kiss her. There must have been something in that kiss to frighten her—it frightened me after I had given it—my heart banged as though it would burst and I trembled with the joy and the horror of it all. I murmured something to her—I do not know what I said, but she cried out with fear. First she drew herself from me as though I had insulted her ; then she seemed to melt into my arms. Holding her, I felt I was holding nothing, and all my senses swam. Then she shrieked and called on Mary to deliver her. She pulled herself away and flung herself on the floor, weeping. Her friends came running in. All she would say was : ‘ Take him away ! Do not let him touch me ! ’ Then she swooned, and I was left to face the slanderous thoughts and words.”

He bowed his head and shook, without weeping.

“ Ah, how I suffered ! Trebly suffered ! That spotless child ! That mother of hers ! And her brother ! They swear they will ruin my career.”

“ Jean,” I said, as gently as I could.

“ You did not realise you were dealing with a soul as fragile as that of a fairy and as white as that of a seraph. I must see Marie and alone—if possible, hear her tale. When she recovers she will doubtless exonerate you from all blame.”

“ She may never recover,” he groaned.

“ You must never see her again, Jean, unless she wishes for you. When she asks for you, you can go to her, never before. Is your love capable of that, Jean ? ”

“ Never to see her again ! ” he muttered. “ I have made my confession. Is that my penance ? ”

“ Yes, Jean, till she absolves you. Let her feel that you will not pursue her. Otherwise she may not recover.”

He sat up and thought, and his thoughts were bitter.

“ I will do as you wish, monsignor. Will you go and see Marie ? ”

And so he left me. I went to where Marie's family lived, and found them all confused, vehement, threatening. I went up to the girl's bedside, round which half a score of relatives gathered. As I stood watching her, Marie suddenly opened her eyes, and a wan smile came into her wax-white cheeks as she recognised me.

“ Monsignor ! ” she said.

“ Are you feeling better, little one ? ”

Again she smiled ; she did not move her head.

“ I do not remember. . . . ” A pained look came into her eyes.

Suddenly her features were drawn as in pain ; she stared wildly at us. Her face grew damp with sweat and her lips went ashed. Her mother bent over her, wringing her hands.

“ God's Name ! ” she cried. “ Monsignor, say something ! Do something ! Ah, Holy Virgin ! my darling girl is dying ! ”

It was too true. I could only whisper a few words of blessing, ere, with a slight shudder, she died.

The scene that followed haunts me still. That grey-haired mother, her eyes bulging with rage and grief, her hair disordered, almost dragging her eldest son on his knees beside the dead girl, and uttering words, awful and menacing.

"There lies your darling sister!" she shrieked. "Look at her, done to death by a villain! Remember, she has been murdered! Murdered with foul insult. That cur has killed her! Avenge her! Else you are no son of mine! Unless you swear by God and His Saints, by the Holy Sacrament, to avenge her, I disown you—you shall not even attend her funeral. Kill him! Kill him and take the consequences! Frenchmen will know how to judge your act! Every man will exonerate you, applaud you! If you let that beast live, you are a dishonour to your own sex!"

I was powerless to stem the cursing and the hate; I fled to break the news to Jean. He was waiting at my rooms.

"God pity you, Jean! She has just passed away!"

He reeled back and the look on his face made my heart bleed.

"Did she recover consciousness?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes, Jean, for a moment only. But she was not clear."

"She never asked—for—" his voice trailed off with a sob.

"Alas, no, Jean! She asked for no one."

"So they still believe I—insulted her?"

"Yes. And her brother has sworn vengeance."

"I am not afraid of that," he said contemptuously. He stopped. "Dead! I cannot believe it!"

He came to me early next day, his arm bandaged.

"The Vengeance has commenced," he said. "I was fired on late last night. I had to keep an appointment with a gentleman, and on leaving his house got into a dark, lonely road. It is very painful, but not serious."

"It would be better if you went into retirement for a while, Jean."

He smiled.

"I have already decided to do that. Not for a while, but for always. Marie's brother shall not have murder on his soul, monsignor."

"Where do you propose going?" I asked.

"Monsignor, do you remember once I vowed my voice to God? I have decided to renew the vow. I have seen the brother of a Trappist monastery, and the superior there will take me as a postulant."

I shrank back aghast.

"You, a Trappist! A brother of Perpetual Silence! You will never endure it, Jean!"

"I assure you it is true, monsignor. I am going to be forgotten. To try to forget myself. Say this to Marie's brother, 'I admire him for trying to avenge the supposed insult to his sister, and, if he will meet me in fair fight, I will show I am no coward. Then, if I survive, I will go to the monastery.'"

I conveyed this message to Marie's brother. He smiled derisively.

"I do not duel with poltroons," he said. "There are some offences which I would gladly meet a man in fair fight to expiate. Not a dastardly act like this. He is a murderer, but the law cannot touch him. Therefore I take revenge; I do not fight him. I simply kill him. It is not a matter for duelling. Tell him that."

Jean merely shrugged his shoulders.

"It seems it is he that is the coward. I have made my offer. I shall do nothing else."

Jean entered on his probation at the monastery a fortnight later; I went down and heard his beautiful voice singing at the Mass on the Sunday.

"Is everything all right?" I asked him.

His face was haggard, but his voice was steady.

"As well as can be. I was nearly poisoned last night."

"How, Jean?"

"By poisoned cigarettes. I had a packet of cigarettes sent me, ostensibly from an old friend of mine. One of the brothers called my attention to the peculiar smell, and I at once suspected danger. They were analysed; they were impregnated with a subtle poison."

"They know, of course, about Marie's brother?"

"They did not. They do now. They do not take such a lenient view as you do monsignor."

"I will explain the matter to them, Jean."

"Please do not. If they throw me out—well! Will you stay over-night?"

"Yes, Jean. And I must think out some way by which this persecution can be stopped."

"I pray you, monsignor, do nothing that would bring Marie's name into public notice. Her family are willing to avoid the tongue of gossip; so am I. I would face anything rather than that angel's fair name should be sullied by the slanderous tongues of those who could not understand."

The next morning I knelt in the chapel consecrated to the Holy Dead, praying for Marie. Then the Vision came. It seemed to me that someone I had not noticed had been kneeling before the altar just in front of me. That this being rose and turned round to face me. That, when my eyes had grown accustomed to the radiance of her face, I saw Marie.

"Thank you, monsignor," she said, "for thinking of me."

"You made one mistake," she said, again. "You offered a requiem for me. I do not need it. You should have offered it for Jean. He is suffering Purgatory, I should like to get him out."

I was not conscious of replying.

"Thank you, monsignor," she said. "Tell him I will pray for him. Will you ask him to sing? He never sings now. Ask him to sing to me."

I felt I wanted to ask her if she had anything else to say.

"Yes," she said, "there is one thing more. Tell him if he knew how good God is and how lovely, he would never be unhappy again."

She bent to kiss my hand, and so vanished. I rose and sought Jean; quietly I told him all.

"Believe it or disbelieve it, Jean. That is what I saw."

"I would rather believe it," he said. 'Listen for to-night. I will sing to Marie. With all my soul.'

So he did; his wonderful voice would have melted the hearts of the fiends in hell.

He greeted me the next morning, his face was more haggard than the day before.

"Her family have written to the superior," he said. "They have painted me pretty black. Probably I shall be turned out. I shall leave myself entirely in their hands."

"I will speak to the superior about you," I said.

He smiled wearily.

"As you please. Did you hear me sing last night?"

"Yes. Were you singing to her Jean?"

He nodded. "If you see her again, tell her," he said simply.

Again I knelt, my mass said, by the Altar of the Dead. Again that kneeling figure rose as out of nothingness, turned and bowed to me. Again Marie spoke to me.

"Thank you, monsignor. You have helped Jean a lot. But he is still in Purgatory. Oh, continue to pray for him!"

"But Marie, he is still alive. Why do you say he is in Purgatory?"

"Alive! Jean alive! Oh no, monsignor, you are wrong! Poor Jean is dead. I am alive, and so glad to be alive!"

I bowed, my eyes wet with tears.

"And why does he not sing to me?" she asked. "I told you to ask him to sing. Has he lost his voice again?"

"He sang last night—to you, Marie," I replied.

"I did not hear him. He does not sing as loud as he used to. I was here last night, but he did not sing. Ask him again."

I felt I wanted to ask her if she had any special message for Jean.

"Tell him that the grandest angel I have seen up to now is an Angel they call Death," she whispered, and so vanished.

Jean listened to what I had to tell him, with his head hidden in his palms.

When he looked up, he said:

"Do not say anything to them here about me, monsignor; promise me!"

"Not if you do not wish it," I replied.

I assisted in the evening at Compline, eagerly I waited for Jean's voice from the choir loft. It came with the first Psalm. There is a part of the last act of worship for the day which gathers into itself all thoughts of rest, sleep, security, and endless life beyond death. I had never heard Jean sing as he sang that night. As I bowed my head, it seemed a door opened in heaven and the flood of angelic melody came through melody and blinding light. It was as though a tired soul had fallen to sleep, with a contented sigh, on the Divine Breast itself. Surely Marie could hear that!

Would Marie appear again? I remained in the chapel after the service was over. Yes, she came as before; on her face there was a look of glad surprise and smiling gratitude.

"I heard Jean sing to-night," she said. "It was very beautiful."

"I am glad of that, Marie."

"And it is all due to you, monsignor," she went on. "You have been so good. Thank you so much for thinking about him."

"Have you a message for Jean?" I asked her.

Her face grew radiant.

"I have no further message, monsignor, thank you!" she said, and she was gone.

I went back to the monastery; several monks met me, their faces pale and agitated.

"Monsignor!" cried one. "Your friend, our young postulant, has been foully murdered!"

I fell back with horror.

"Murdered!" I cried.

"It is terrible! God have mercy upon him! He was found stabbed to the heart. A man called to see him. We heard nothing—most of us were in chapel."

"Surely he was in the chapel also!" I stopped.

"Oh, no, you are mistaken! This visitor came just before Compline."

Who Marie's brother hired to do the deed will never be known. It was certainly not the brother himself, by the description given. He quite easily succeeded in proving an alibi, when, later on, he was questioned. We buried Jean in the monastery cemetery. Would it not have been beautiful to bury him near where Marie lay? you almost ask me. Perhaps. Yet . . . listen! Maybe, then, you will not think the proximity of the two bodies matters much. On the morning we buried him, I kneeled again at the Altar of the Dead, wondering if Marie would come.

She came—for one brief moment—she bowed and smiled, and her face was doubly glad.

"Thank you, monsignor, for thinking of us!" was all she said.

E. VINCENT HAYES.

Thoughts on the Times

National Self-Consciousness

ALL theorisings upon the ideals embodied in the League of Nations rest fundamentally upon the factor of national self-consciousness. That it is a problem calling for the grave consideration of thinking men and women all over the world to-day, the daily press bears ample witness, and the subject is one of greater complexity than would appear at first sight.

What is national self-consciousness, and how is it attained? From one point of view the old tribal god of our forefathers represented a more complete coherence of the separate members of a particular tribe into a purposive and deliberate unity than is evident among races to-day, but the growth and intensification of individuality has widened and deepened the whole question beyond the range of example from a more primitive past, when, as the Russian philosopher Solovyof points out, there was hardly any division into nations at all, but the *civic community* (if not the world empire) was the most important factor in the collective life of the people.

National self-consciousness is another way of describing that "unity of being" which W. B. Yeats recently declared, in the *Irish Statesman*, to be the doctrine he would recommend to his countrymen, and there is no need in these days to emphasise the dangers of a house divided against itself. It is obvious to all thinkers that, if the League of Nations is going to accomplish anything at all for humanity, it must be composed of conscious, intelligent units in a co-ordinated whole, and not of the representatives of opposing interests and ideals. There are none of us who are not inspired by the ultimate ideal of Internationalism, but that will grow naturally as the result of healthy

nationalism. We have only to look at history to realise that nations prospered and were great only so long as they did not make themselves their final end, but served the higher, the universal ideal ends; the first thing, nevertheless, is for all to see that their own nation obeys the ancient oracle to *Know Itself* and its destiny, and the higher goodwill will then grow naturally out of this knowledge.

A nation will grow to self-consciousness as the minds and hearts of its people respond to an ideal based upon those great Principles of life which go deeper than class or party considerations, and are fused by unity of purpose into the "firme and lasting edifice" outlined in the *Leviathan* of Hobbes. Each nation has a particular rôle to play in the great drama of creation, a note of its own to strike, and the great archetypal plan of a World Federation will unfold itself only as each nation becomes conscious of itself as a reality, as a unit or an Ego, advancing towards an individual destiny, among others of its kind. The life of man's physical body is dependent upon the perfect co-operation of all its organs, each of which has a function it alone can fulfil, and this is an exact analogy of what I am trying to describe in national existence. The "soul of a nation" should have a consciousness as clearly defined as a man; otherwise, how can its destiny be fulfilled?

The conscious solidarity of a people is, of course, intimately associated with their religion. When all is said and done we most of us realise that *there* is the root of the matter; for, notwithstanding the persistent and overwhelming claims of external material life, every man, and, by analogy, every nation, has somewhere a longing for, and a memory of, the existence of spiritual law and

happiness. It is a true saying that Christ's "Kingdom is not of this world," but of an inner realm where are to be found those great Ideals towards which all classes strive and in which alone they speak with a united voice. When lassitude creeps over the external organisation of the spiritual life, then is the time for a nation to be forewarned of the danger pressing upon it, and for its prophets to make their most passionate appeals to the minds and hearts of the people; for, where there is inner vitality, there is never external ebb of force.

In every nation ideals find expression through great individuals, but that is not enough. They must come to expression through the minds of the people, or national self-consciousness will be as far off as ever. I do not believe that the true history of mankind is to be found alone in the biographies of its greatest men. Demos is a god who must speak through many voices and find his throne in many hearts before he comes to his own in the physical world. It may be urged with much truth that democracy is the ideal around which the peoples are going to range in conscious solidarity in the near future. Democracy is a fine word, representative of a supreme ideal, on every speaker's lips and every writer's pen; but one wonders sometimes whether it represents any really well-considered policy of the people. It seems still to be an abstraction, a form of thought not sufficiently understood to have become attainable yet in physical life, which, if disaster is to be avoided, must be realised as having its foundation upon spiritual principles of government whose ways are those of gentleness and compromise, rather than of class hatred and revolution.

An appeal, then, to the idealism in the hearts of the people is one step towards the goal of collective self-consciousness. Another, of rather more immediately practical application, is the development of a philosophy of co-operation which would still emphasise the value of competition and complete individualism, but only in proportion to their association in the quest of a great aim. In a book by an English man of business, who surely must also possess a deep knowledge of spiritual law, is to be found this:

"At certain crises in its affairs, a nation has the choice of two paths, and it is within its power to follow either. The fate of the nation depends on whether it take the path of its decline or follow the direction that leads to the realisation of its true destiny. On the downward path the disintegrating forces have full sway, and personal, class, or racial ambitions become stronger than national or imperial interest. The unifying principles depend for expression on their recognition by intelligent individuals; when understood, they provide fully for individual freedom and initiative, and co-ordinate all the diverse elements of the national and imperial life in a Voluntary Co-operation, so that they become the medium for the transmission of a higher Intelligence." ("British Destiny." D. N. Dunlop, 1916.)

It is this Higher Intelligence which must become incarnate in the various nations of the world, if the present generation is to see the dawn of that New Era of which so much is spoken. They must learn first how to speak with a unified voice, through their chosen representatives, and then resolve to live not for themselves only, but to render a service to the world as a whole. E. A.

Some Aspects of the Love for Animals

JUST before Christmas it was stated in some of the daily papers that the Offices of the Ministry of Agriculture in Whitehall were being thronged day after day by men and

women who brought with them dogs, large and small, pure bred and mongrel, old and young, and insisted upon taking up the time of the officials of the Veterinary Branch in an endeavour to explain

that their dog was an exception to all the rules laid down for the prevention of rabies. It might be quite right to prohibit the movement of ordinary dogs, but here were animals that, by reason of some virtues that had to be taken for granted, were incapable of doing harm to anybody and were immune from all the risks of infection. When it was stated that to rules framed for the security of the general public there could be no exception, however highly placed the applicants, however praiseworthy the animals, some of those who went away sorrowful declared that they would not leave London for their Christmas holidays, but would remain to keep company with their pets.

This incident, which only affects one city, is probably repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, all through the world, for wherever people have pets, be they dogs or cats or horses or birds, there is this very definite attitude of devotion. Of course there are many exceptions. There are people who only keep animals for what those animals are worth, and are prepared to sacrifice them as soon as they become unprofitable or even to turn them adrift when the expense of maintaining them becomes too great. All things considered, however, the tendency of those who have pets is to make very much indeed of them, and it is interesting to consider why this is. We know that one of the most sinister figures of the French Revolution was devoted to a cat; and, doubtless, if we could pierce the thick screen of fact, surmise and fiction that envelopes Bolshevik Russia, we should probably find many men and women, who stop at no crime, concentrating what they have to offer of affection upon some dumb animal.

When we come to look into this rather curious condition, a reason for it is not very hard to discover. The one thing in the world upon whose loyalty we can absolutely depend at all seasons and in all circumstances is the dumb animal, particularly the dog or the horse. In the case of the cat the attraction is more

often the house than the individual living in it, and it has been noticed on many occasions that the cat will remain in a house from which its owner has gone and will as soon grow reconciled to the new tenant, becoming almost as soon quite forgetful of the old one. The dog, on the other hand, gives its devotion absolutely; perhaps it is the one living thing in the world that has this priceless gift to offer. The owner may be rich or may be poor, who may sit at a banquet at a palace or satisfy his hunger with orts in a garret, it is all one to his dog. He may be old and to everything else in the world repellent, he may have all the vices, and yet, if he has succeeded in gaining his dog's affection, that dog will follow him anywhere and be quite content to share every form of privation with his master. The most powerful man on earth, the most beautiful woman are equally powerless to persuade the beggar's dog to forget his master. Above all, and perhaps this is the point that matters most, the dog has no critical faculty. Our best friends often deem it of advantage to our mental and moral health that they should expose our shortcomings; we cannot hope to escape their censure, and even in our misfortunes there is something, as a great French philosopher remarked, that is not altogether displeasing to them. The dog knows nothing more than the mere physical misfortunes, but, if his master meets one of these, he will certainly do all that in him lies to render assistance.

The result of this condition of things is that throughout the world tens of thousands of men and women have consoled their loneliness with the society of dumb animals, and while one is glad for the sake of the animals themselves, it is impossible to avoid the thought that in this act there lies a certain definite and regrettable lack of faith in humanity itself. The great cities of the world teem with child life that is often, as far as all outward and visible signs are concerned, regarded as superfluous by those who are responsible for it. Of such measure of love and affection as exists in the world

a very considerable proportion goes to animals. We would not have animals deprived of one jot of what they receive, because what we give in kindness to a minority we take away in cruelty to a majority. The man who is devoted to his pets will cheerfully kill or maim wild life, large or small, in pursuit of what he defines as sport. Our streets bear perennial witness to a thousand cruelties, while our cattle markets and slaughter-houses bear even more vivid testimony to man's inhumanity to beasts.

What the world needs is some fructification of the affection that now goes to dumb creation. It would be better for us all if those who concern themselves with the well-being of the bird or beast

that is their special pet would think of those of the same world family that are hunted, neglected or ill-used. From these they might extend their survey to all the beasts that perish for our sport and our pleasure, and from them the transition would be easy to the little ones of all the world. These might do so much to add to the humanity of a generation that is to come if now, in the season of their greatest need, they were to receive the kindness and the thought of the kind that are given so cheerfully to "the beasts that perish." It is not pleasant to reflect that we may owe a part of our devotion to dumb animals to the fact that they flatter our vanity as no child would ever do.

S. L. B.

Good Lanterns

WHEN Rabelais sped Pantagruel forth on his quest for the Divine Bottle, he laid it down as an essential that men, or supermen, engaged in such a search, should be provided with "good lanterns." Beneath all the ribaldry and the buffoonery of that imperishable adventure there lies a serious significance, which is heightened by the Curé de Meudon's choice of the lanterns that were to guide his explorers. As illuminating attendants he delegated Aristophanes and Cleanthes, the wittiest *farceur* and the most devoted *savant* of the ancient world.

Here, it would seem, is a truth vital to the present time, where a world, stumbling through obscurity, has proposed to itself, amid all its consciousness of failure, a search after some good thing desired. Rabelais' end in view may have been veiled, such was his love of paradox, under a grossly material disguise, but there is no mistaking his meaning. The modern world stands in like case. It gropes after the divine in some form, not, perhaps, clearly apprehended, but the object cannot be mistaken. For to-day, as for the age of the Renaissance, good lanterns are necessary. Is the provision, then, sufficient, and the choice just?

In one respect the present age seems to be giving the go-by to certain sources of light and guidance, which it will sacrifice at its peril. Modernity has fallen too much in love with itself; it betrays a haughty intolerance of the past, an intolerance begotten, for the most part, of ignorance. Changes in the system of education have tended to deprive men of that grounding in ancient wisdom, which steadied and fortified the public leaders of former times, and there has grown up a new race of influential persons accomplished only in the things that concern their own department. Their minds never escape from the political or administrative groove, outside which they can claim to little or no information. They do not step aside to refresh themselves at the perennial fountains of wisdom, not theirs is it to diverge into intellectual recreations. They throw off no subsidiary works in literature, history or philosophy; their public utterances are seldom enlivened with deft allusions or telling instances drawn from the masters of old time. Thereby the world has lost something of which it stands in need.

This is not to belittle modernity. Our more complex life, with its multiplication of problems, calls for a complete

acquaintance with every shifting phase. It is an age of facts. The plain business statement carries more weight than mere eloquence or literary charm of phrase. But a too complete absorption in the facts of the moment induces a lack of perspective and endangers the vision of those whose aim is to build for the future. The present can be interpreted only in the light of the past, and by that interpretation alone can the future be forecast. Our guardians have, more than ever, need of good lanterns. Those of to-day's invention may be bright enough, but if they are lit only by this age's brief candle, their beams will not pierce very far forward. There is a torch that has been handed on from antiquity from which some spark at least must be borrowed if we would rightly discern the forward way.

The ultra-moderns object that those lanterns have been tried and found wanting. They plead that times have so changed that the old light has no longer any power, if it be not actually misleading. But such an opinion is mere opinion in the Platonic sense, as opposed to true knowledge. It may be that the political teaching of Plato cannot be literally applied to instant problems, that his Republic is a fantastic dream, that he himself had no success when he found a chance to put his theories into practice. But to take this attitude is to miss the whole point of his doctrine. He was willing to admit that his Ideal State might well be impossible of realisation, but that was of less account for men than the belief that perhaps something like it was laid up somewhere in heaven, and that every citizen should strive, in his degree, to bring that ideal a little nearer.

With that in view, the whole aim and scope of the Republic appears in a new

light. It assumes a practicality which would commend itself even to this practical age had men been so directed from their youth up as to be able to receive the instruction. And therewith, Plato emerges not as an idle and pleasant dreamer, but as the subtlest blender of the speculative with the practical, in a word, he comes forward as a "good lantern" for those who grope their way towards reconstruction. He does not formulate a scheme possible of imitation, but he sets the mind in proper tune and awakens the political conscience of the individual. The same holds good of all who have thought greatly on the destinies of the human race.

The more reason, therefore, that our age should not yield to that drift which is sweeping it away from knowledge of the master-thinkers of all time. With the more specialised training in physical science, which has become indispensable, has arisen the danger of a new generation growing up with faith in nothing but blind mechanics. Study of the ancient tongues must, perhaps, fall into abeyance, but the spirit and content of those old literatures and philosophies must remain in the curriculum. The Science of "Civics," newly so-called, has, by the law of compensation, provided the opportunity for keeping alive the lessons of ancient experience and ancient wisdom. Rightly handled, they add zest and point to modern problems and lift the maxims and examples of the new economy into a rarer atmosphere, where the interaction of thought and reflection, moulding and mellowing the mind, educe at length the faculty of trained judgment. And the man of trained judgment is he alone who has walked by the light of good lanterns.

J. D. S.

Back and Forth

MORE than a year has passed away since the dawning of Peace. Slowly we are coming to realise the true significance of that great event, though it is still too early to gain the true perspective. Then, the cry was—"Victory!";

to-day, we are busy counting the cost. Then, it seemed to some that the "war to end war" had triumphed; to-day, we recognise that the ideal of world peace is still a long way off—how far we hardly dare think.

There is certainly much ground for pessimism. We look at Europe, and what do we see? A whole continent brought to bankruptcy and ready to dissolve into anarchy at the least sign. Starvation is rampant; disease is not only taking its toll to-day, but is jeopardising the future life of whole nations. Nationalism, in its evil form, has sprung up as a result of the collapse of Empires, and countless minor wars are in progress, producing a fertile soil for the exploits of military adventurers.

It is a black picture to be sure, but not so black as that presented further East. The collapse in Russia has been still more complete, and industrial dislocation, together with civil and external warfare, bid fair to bring about conditions that will set back the clock for centuries.

But the cloud hanging to-day over the world of nations is only one degree darker than the cloud that looms, sinister, over the world of Industry. The Social Problem, acute before the War, is infinitely more acute to-day. Labour then demanded a fuller life, and was denied it on the grounds that Industry would not stand it. To-day it puts forward the same demand with all the menace of a ultimatum, and Industry, judging by the old standards, is less able than ever to meet the demand. The seriousness of this deadlock cannot be exaggerated. It means that fundamental changes are inevitable. Whether they come by violence or by peaceful methods will depend upon the patience and the sagacity of all those engaged in Industry. This problem is not confined to one country nor yet to one continent. Throughout the world men are focussing their attention upon social and industrial relationships, and the thunder clouds of Unrest will only roll away with the passing of much in our present system that makes for injustice and misery.

Yes, there is much ground for pessimism, but there is also ground for optimism. Hope lies, not so much in the things that are visible, but in the things that are invisible. They are felt rather than seen, but they are none the less real

for that. Occasionally they come to the surface. There was, for instance, the International Socialist Conference at Berne, held while the Peace Conference was sitting at Paris. Here side by side with the conference of Governments was a conference of peoples, thinking not of revenge and reparation, but of better days that were dawning for International Democracy. It was not a truly democratic gathering it is true, but it came far nearer to the ideal than the Paris Conference, and because it came nearer to expressing the mind of the common people throughout the world, its eyes were on the future rather than the past.

Another great sign of hope is to be seen in the rising of the young people of the world. Forced by war to bear the burden and the heat of the day, they are now determined to play a large part in building the new world upon the ruins of the old. In England, in America, yes, and in Germany, groups of young men and women are banding themselves together for the purpose. They are in revolt against the philosophies and policies of the old men. They see them to be outworn, and they recognise that a new world can only be built on new foundations. In the welter of war they have learnt that fellowship and brotherhood are the things that matter, and the new world they envisage will be built on these and not on suspicion and greed.

It is signs like these that give hope to the believer in spiritual forces. The world is full of chaos and despair, yet, in a sense this very extremity is an aid to progress. The old ideas and systems have so palpably failed. You have merely to look and you see that they are bankrupt. The fierce light of war has revealed them in all their weakness. The world wants new ideas, new systems, and there is the opportunity of the restless spirit that is manifesting itself both in the East and in the West.

It is this thought, the thought of a world triumphant rising from the wreck of war that should fill our minds to-day. Only the power of a great ideal will be strong enough to bring us safely through the difficulties of the days before us. B. P.

Short Essays on Star Work

By A MEMBER OF THE ORDER

II. ON CONCERTED ACTION

A FREQUENT cause for a sense of discouragement, in connection with Star work, is the consciousness of lack of ability or opportunity felt by the individual worker. Only a few can be efficient propagandists, since this kind of work demands certain special endowments. Similarly, only a limited number have either the time or the capacity for active participation in any of the various lines of public "reform" work, social, educational or religious. The result is that many members of the Order of the Star in the East are oppressed by a feeling of ineffectuality. They would like to do something for the Order and for the world, but do not know where or how to begin. A regular attendance at Star meetings is, of course, something which is open to all. But there is a growing feeling—in the writer's opinion, well-founded—that attendance at meetings, succeeded by blank intervals, is enervating rather than helpful and soon leads to staleness and to the very common danger of mistaking words for realities.

What then is to be done to grapple with a difficulty which demands serious attention, if only for the reason that it is felt by probably three-fourths of the total membership of the Order?

I propose to leave till a later essay the question of the enhancement of the individual life by contact with the high forces working in, and behind, the Star movement—a subject on which a great deal might be said. In the present Essay I take the relationship to those forces of the movement as a whole. It seems to me that, if this could be more

clearly understood, there would be opened to Star members, in the mass, an opportunity of much useful and inspiring activity which would go far to solve the difficulties of the individual member. The subject of "mass activity," indeed, may well claim precedence of that of the activities of the individual, since, by all occult laws, the mass, or organisation, is ever more important than the sum of its parts. The position of the Star movement, as an organic whole, in relation to the forces of which it is one of the appointed vehicles, deserves careful study on the part of all members.

The coming of a World-Teacher, it is hardly necessary to explain, is not simply an event. It is the central point in the age-long process of a mighty spiritual energy—a point prepared for, and worked up to, for long periods in advance, and followed by after effects which need centuries, even millennia, in which to work themselves out. We speak of the Great Teacher as the Founder of a new civilisation. It needs only a little reflection to see that these very words imply a long and elaborate process, not only after, but before, the actual appearance of the Great One in the outer world of men. In the world of the Spirit the future civilisation must have been planned out long before the time appointed for its birth in the physical world; and even on the physical plane there must be a lengthy period devoted to the remoulding of the general conditions of human life, in order to make that birth possible. All this is only another way of saying that there must be a gigantic, purposive force in operation for ages before the actual event—a force which, we must assume,

becomes intensified as the event draws near, in the sense that it presses ever more vigorously downward into the world of physical things. The lowest point of the arc is marked by the coming forth, in human form, of the Great Teacher and Leader, who is to be the focus and expression of that energy amongst men.

Now, it is the universal belief of members of the Order of the Star in the East that this lowest, or central point of the arc has nearly been reached. Most of us expect the World-Teacher within a few years from now. This means that we recognise, in the light of what has just been said, that the Spiritual energy, which is preparing conditions for this culminating event, is at present at its highest point of potency. Nor have we far to look to find confirmation of this belief. The whole condition of the world at the moment bears unmistakable witness to the pressure of some mighty force. We have around us all the evidences of what is (in the literal sense of the words) an "epoch-making" crisis. A new epoch is obviously coming to birth, and its birth is being attended by all the throes, the anguish and the upheaval, which we should naturally expect at such a turning point in history. We need, in fact, nothing but the simplest faculty of observation to confirm the theory of spiritual dynamics, of the downward pressure of an irresistible spiritual force, to which allusion has just been made. It is the relationship of the Star movement to this transcendental energy, at this its highest point of intensity, which is to be briefly considered in this Essay.

In what respect does the Star movement differ, in this relationship, from the hundreds of other movements, great and small, in which the energy, in question, is finding expression to-day? Only, when we come to think of it, in one single point. It is not that Star members are more idealistic, more self-sacrificing, or more efficient than their countless fellows, who are, in one way or another, working for a New Age. It is simply that they have grasped something about the present world-crisis which others have not yet

grasped. In one all-important respect they have understood what it means. In other words, they have been able to relate themselves to it more intelligently and more truly.

This might seem a comparatively unimportant point at first sight, were it not for the profoundly significant occult law that "knowledge is power." The understanding of any one of Nature's laws is an essential preliminary to using it. The fact that Star members realise the ultimate explanation of the mighty process at work in the world at the present time makes it possible for them to utilise the forces behind it in a manner, and to an extent, quite different from that which is open to those who are still in the dark about it all. Knowledge is power, and what we should all try to bear in mind is that the Star movement is, by reason of its knowledge, in possession of a power at present largely unguessed at, but so stupendous that it only needs a determined effort to turn it to account to produce altogether surprising results. All that we have to learn is to "tap" that power; and this is a task which concerns the Star organisation as a whole to a far greater extent than it concerns the individual member.

Let me explain why this is so. These tremendous forces which, flowing from the region of the Spirit, reshape and reorganise the world, demand, like every force, vehicles of expression. We are all familiar with the way in which great natural forces are harnessed by machinery and are thus rendered operative and subservient to useful ends. The same law holds good with regard to spiritual forces also. They, too, need to be harnessed before they can be utilised and directed. In this way alone can they be rendered useful instead of destructive—for spiritual forces are just like other forces in this respect.

Where spiritual forces and their action upon living, intelligent beings are concerned, that which, in the case of a physical force, is represented by machinery is represented by *organisation*. An organised body of people is one which

combines unity with variety; unity of will, or purpose, with variety of function. It becomes most powerful when both of these attributes are most definitely developed, the finest type of organisation being one in which absolute unity of will co-exists with the utmost variety and the most highly-developed efficiency of function. Such an organisation is capable of assimilating and utilising an amount of spiritual energy altogether out of proportion to that with which any single individual could cope—the secret being that, from the occult point of view, such organisations are literally individualised entities, gigantic in scale, gigantic in power.

Fortunately for the world, there exists, and has always existed, an Organisation in which these conditions are fulfilled. The Great Occult Hierarchy, which holds in its hands the true government of human destinies, is a perfected organisation in the double sense of perfect unity of purpose combined with the highest efficiency of varied function. In this capacity it is the great medium through which all the Divine energies must pass, in order that they may become operative for the uplifting of the world. To employ the language of machinery, this mighty Organisation harnesses them, controls them and distributes them in such a way that they are turned to the utmost account for the benefit of mankind. In virtue of this high office, the Occult Hierarchy is, in very truth, the bulwark and preserver of humanity. It stands between mankind and the unimaginable forces of the Spirit. It is the veritable mediator between God and man.

All spiritual forces, therefore, which play upon our world, come through this transcendent spiritual machinery. But the need for organised vehicles does not end here. The force, even thus filtered through, needs to be captured and utilised by other organisations on lower levels. The more there are of these, and the more they are "organisations" in the true sense of the word, the greater the amount of force that can be released from above. That is why, at a time of special

crisis, (which always means a time of intensified spiritual energy), the existence of organisations capable of providing a further filter for this superabundance of energy becomes the greater. *The opportunity of the Star movement, at the present time, consists in the fact that, by virtue of its realisation of the meaning of the present crisis and of its wide and varied membership, it is capable of becoming a wonderful piece of machinery for the harnessing and distribution of the mighty occult forces which are at work to-day in connection with the near advent of the World-Teacher.* Little attempt has, perhaps, as yet been made to realise this aspect of its mission. But there can be no doubt that this was not only the true intention with which the Order of the Star in the East was founded, but that on its understanding, and its rendering effective, of this inner purpose its future success largely depends. *The next chapter in the history of the Star movement must be the history of how it came into consciousness of itself as a world-organisation.*

The reader will see, from the above, how the line of thought, thus far followed, helps towards a solution of that problem of the individual member from which we started. Granted that the individual member is often discouraged by a sense of his lack of ability, he is nevertheless part of a great spiritual organisation, and his true outlet is to be found in losing himself in the greater, concerted life of the whole. It is infinitely more important that the Star movement should discover its inherent potentialities than that the individual Star member should hit upon some appropriate line of work. It remains, therefore, to consider in what way the movement, as a whole, may come into realisation of its true life and power as a mechanism for the bringing down and utilising of the high spiritual energies which are even now pouring down through the great Occult Hierarchy in preparation for the coming of the World-Teacher.

The secret is contained in two words—*concerted action*. The movement must

learn to act together as a whole. And by "act," here, much more than merely physical action is implied. The opportunity for concerted physical action is, indeed, somewhat small, owing to the widely scattered nature of our organisation. But on the spiritual and mental planes distance is no barrier. On these levels the Order of the Star in the East is one body and can function as one. It is in this realm that vast opportunities for concerted action lie open to it, which have not yet been utilised, but which are ready to hand even now, if we care to take advantage of them.

We have already witnessed one unconscious manifestation of these higher powers in the remarkable spread of the belief in the coming of a World-Teacher which has taken place during the past few years. The idea is one which is being taken up by mind after mind for no ostensible reason except that it is "in the air"; and the fact that it is in the air is undoubtedly due, in a large measure, to the existence of an organisation on the physical plane, definitely founded upon this belief. The Star movement has done a great deal of unconscious propaganda since its inauguration some eight years ago. . . . What is needed now is that it should consciously take up and wield this power and that it should learn to fulfil the high occult function of preparing the way for the Coming Teacher by organised and concerted thought.

In order to do this, however, a whole-hearted subordination of the individual to the general plan is a first necessity. Concerted thought means discipline. It means a high sense of personal responsibility in each unit of the mass. It means the observance of fixed times for fixed efforts. But, given all these—and sincerity and enthusiasm should make them not unattainable—the Order of the Star in the East could embark upon a definite programme of activity far surpassing, in quality and power, anything which it has yet attempted, and one which would assuredly show itself rapidly fruitful of results.

Let me state that programme in its most ideal form at first; by which I mean the form which it might take if all the obvious human obstacles in the way of any such concerted effort were removed.

It is possible, in such circumstances, to conceive of the whole Order, throughout the world, selecting certain carefully synchronised times at which it would throw all the strength of its combined life, at one and the same moment, into certain thoughts for the uplifting of humanity. It might have definitely arranged times for "blessing the world," sending out, in one great impulse, a flood of loving, cleansing and healing thought to mankind as a whole. Or it might take some special thought, such as *Peace and Goodwill*, and arrange to reiterate this at stated intervals for a whole year. Or again, another task might be that of infusing through the world, in a series of thought-waves, that atmosphere of reverence and acceptance which is one of the most important of all conditions antecedent to the appearance of a Great Teacher. There are many similar ways in which it could work upon the mentality of mankind; and none of these are beyond its power, if only the Order could come to realise itself as a unit and assume possession of the vast possibilities which are open to it as such.

The first thing to do is to get the ear of every individual member of the Order, to make him realise his share in the general scheme, and to prepare him for a demand upon his co-operation in certain definite ways and at certain definite times. But I feel sure that, if the programme, let us say for a year, were definitely planned out and made public through the *HERALD OF THE STAR* or some other agency, members would be glad to help to the utmost of their ability.

There are several ways in which this synchronised action could be attained. The simplest would be that which allowed members to act individually without involving attendance at meetings, since simultaneous meetings, over the vast area covered by the Order,

would be almost impossible to arrange. But there is no reason why a particular hour should not be chosen, on the basis of Greenwich time, and a table published in the HERALD OF THE STAR showing the corresponding time in the various countries of the world, and the arrangement made that, at this hour, every member of the Order, wherever he might be, should concentrate his mind daily for a space of a minute or two, on a selected thought. Later on it might be possible to arrange for synchronised meetings, at least over a certain area, at which the same thing could be done in unison. Finally, on certain special dates—for example, the full moon of each month—it might conceivably be possible to organise combined action throughout the Order over the greater part of the world.

As a start off, the thought of *Harmony, Peace and Goodwill* might be taken by the Order for a whole year, because this is undoubtedly the great need of the world at the present moment, if the spiritual forces, which are waiting to play upon it, are to find an inlet and thus to be able to speed on the work of preparation for the Coming Teacher. Such forces need a calm, harmonious atmosphere in which to work freely, and no greater service could be done to the cause than any line of concerted action which helped to bring this about.

The above are only rough suggestions, which are here put forward for the consideration of the responsible authorities of the Order. But they are based on what, I cannot but feel, is a principle of the highest importance. If the Order of the Star in the East is an organisation, and an organisation with a high spiritual purpose, let it rally together for the kind of work which only an organisation can do and which is, according to all known occult laws, the best possible method of drawing down, concentrating and distributing spiritual forces. The making of the necessary arrangements would not present insuperable difficulties, and the goodwill of members could undoubtedly be enlisted to make the experiment

possible. Is it not worth trying—for the sake of the disturbed, divided and harassed world in which we are all living at the present day?

One thing we should remember. Such synchronised action as I have described would have, as its primary purpose, the releasing of spiritual energies which are already in being and which only require an outlet. We should mistake the significance of such concerted thought, if we were to regard it merely as the “generating” of force. The force exists—a force greater than we can comprehend. All that it needs is a vehicle—or, in the language used just now, a mechanism for capturing and distributing it. Our business should be rather to make ourselves receptive to the high energies which are already preparing the way for the Master than to think of ourselves as the originators of such energies. The forces of the Spirit are mightier than humanity. At best, we can only be vehicles for them. All they require is an open door through which they can reach our lower world. The Order of the Star in the East might well become such an open door. It has only to organise its life in such a way that it shall become a cosmos instead of a chaos, unified instead of scattered, working according to a plan instead of at haphazard, and in this way come into realisation of its own corporate being and of the immense power at its disposal.

The scientific employment of organised thought is a subject so little known or practised in these times that it is almost impossible to estimate what its effect might be, if definitely cultivated. All the more reason why our Order should take upon itself the office of a pioneer. The principle, we all know, is sound. Why should we not, therefore, give it a trial?

The Christ-Spirit is at work in the world to-day. Might we not offer up our Order, as a single vehicle, to draw It down and distribute It in blessing to mankind? Of all methods of preparation, this is the simplest, the completest, the most direct.

Correspondence

“IDEAL” EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest the letter from “A Parent” in your January issue, and I think there is much to be said for the point of view put forward by the writer.

I am not one of the “young people” who are invited by the writer to express their views. I am a parent myself and, in this capacity, consider that the last thing which I should do to my children is to segregate them prematurely into specially labelled compartments, even though I am myself a theosophist and a member of the Order of the Star in the East. If, when they come to years of discretion, my children wish to identify themselves with either of these movements, I shall be the first to express my pleasure. But I know well enough that, were I to force them into these things before they are old enough to decide things for themselves, the result would only be the kind of disgusted reaction to which “A Parent” draws attention. Personally, I would rather that my children became theosophists of their own accord and at their own time than that they should be tired and “fed-up” with all these things through being pressed into them at too tender an age.

As “A Parent” remarks, reaction is a law of Nature and must come sooner or later. Far better, then, to react *into* theosophy, or any other ideal movement, than to react away from it. My own opinion is that the promoters of “ideal” educational systems are often only too ignorant of what should be the basis of any educational system—namely, the mentality of the child. I say this without any disrespect to them, because I know from experience how genuine the enthusiasm of most of them is and how convinced they are that they are doing good work.

I am, sir,
Yours faithfully,
ANOTHER PARENT.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

SIR,—It seems to me that “A Parent,” who writes in your last issue about “ideal” educational systems, must have had an unfortunate experience with regard to her (or is it his?) own children. So far as I have seen anything of these “ideal” schools—and I am acquainted with several—the tone which one finds in them is altogether higher than that of the ordinary school.

It is absurd to say that high ideals should not be taught to children at the earliest possible age.

The earlier the better. Similarly, it is absurd to expect parents, who are (let us say) honestly convinced of the truths of theosophy, to withhold from their own offspring that which seems to them of such supreme value.

As regards the “inevitable reaction,” it will probably be found either that it is temporary only—merely a resting place before going back with renewed zest to the things learnt in early days—or that the child in question is by temperament unsuited to idealism of any kind. In this case, the early teaching will have done it no harm. It may, indeed, continue to act as a kind of subconscious influence, even when it has been outwardly rejected.

I particularly resent the labelling of these idealistic educational reformers as “cranks” and “faddists.” This is the merest Philistinism. In the general movement towards a better and saner interpretation of life, which is going on all around us in these times, educational reform must inevitably be included. Rather, I hold, should we honour those who are bold enough to make experiments, even though such experiments may not succeed in the case of every child who is placed under their care.

Believe me, etc.,
JUSTICE.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—May I venture to suggest, in connection with “A Parent’s” letter on “ideal” educational systems, that the people who are responsible for such systems are inclined to underrate the amount of character-training, of a true and genuine kind, which goes on at what they would call a “conventional” school. No one acquainted with any of the big Public Schools will deny that the real training which a boy gets there is through his association with other boys and the consequent “rubbing off of corners” which results. Moreover, every great school has its traditions, and the pressure of these does much to knock a boy into shape.

The safest of all ideals, for any growing boy, is to turn out a gentleman. Every great school, consciously or unconsciously, takes this as its aim. A sentimental idealism may set out with an apparently higher object in view, but it may quite well, in aiming at the stars, miss this more commonplace end—to the great detriment of the young person in question.

Yours obediently,
AN EX-PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY.

Star Work in Many Lands

I HAVE to express my best thanks to the National Representatives who have so promptly responded to letters sent out only a week or two ago, asking for reports. The result is that we have, this month, quite a budget of news about the Order.

May I hope that the Representatives of Sections which are further out of reach will send in reports on their own initiative. In a short time we shall, if all goes well, have a constant flow of news, from all parts of the world, reaching the *HERALD OF THE STAR* month by month, and the threads which were dropped in 1914 will again have been gathered up.

Scotland.—Miss Isabelle M. Pagan writes from Scotland:—"Star-work in Scotland has shown more signs of official life in this year of 'Peace' than it did during the War. A new centre—the *Annie Besant*—has been founded at Glasgow, bringing the number of Scottish centres up to eight. Twenty-two new members have joined, one has retired, and one has been transferred. Devotional meetings, social welfare work, and astrological study continue to be the organised activities, and there are groups of *Servants of the Star* connected with the most active centres. Most centres have also study groups. Among the books chosen for study are *A World Expectant*, *In the Starlight*, and *At the Feet of the Master*. The Forfar Lodge group has raised money for the Save the Children Fund, and the various *Servants of the Star* centres have been active in good works. Mrs. Wallace, 23, Cambridge Street, Glasgow, is secretary of this department. There are 278 actual members of the Order, and local groups in Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh, Forfar and Perth, as well as three in Glasgow. The former districts of the Eastern and Western Scotland are in process of sub-division, Mr. Gale remaining in charge of the registration cards for all, and Mrs. Hemstead assuming responsibility for the South-West. Pioneers in the Highlands and Islands are wanted, and the visits of various members to Iona—though unofficial—will probably bear some fruit."

Miss Pagan wishes it to be announced that there will be a Star Conference, in Glasgow, on February 14th.

Belgium.—M. le Professeur Jean Delville, the Belgian National Representative, writes that, since his return to his country after some years' enforced sojourn in England, he finds the

Order there in a rather difficult position. The situation of the country, physical and moral, is terrible. "Some of our best and most devoted members," he writes, "are dead; others are dispersed, and very many are discouraged by the dreadful events through which they have passed. Everything, indeed, has been upset here—physical conditions, feelings, ideas."

Mr. Delville's view of the *Ordre de l'Etoile d'Occident*, of which I made some mention in the January *HERALD OF THE STAR*, is not at all that which was suggested there. At this distance it is not possible to judge between the two, and it is perhaps better that the matter should be left open until fuller information is forthcoming on both sides. One may say, however, that it seems a pity that there should be any conflict between two organisations, both of them looking for the near Coming of a World-Teacher. The Order of the Star in the East has no monopoly of expectation, and there are other bodies, public as well as secret, which are preparing for the Coming in different parts of world to-day. The more we keep our eyes on the goal, the less shall we mind the existence of parallel organisations. If, as Mr. Delville suggests, the amalgamation of the Order of the Star in the East and the Order of the Star in the West has not proved a success, it is far better that the two should be separate and that anybody should be free to join the one which he prefers. Another problem which Mr. Delville mentions is that of funds. The Belgian Section has no money, and all appeals for contributions are in vain. This difficulty is an obstacle in the way of a project which he has much at heart, namely, the opening of a Star Shop in Brussels like that in London. M. Delville suggests that the English Star Shop might start a Branch Shop in Brussels and supply the necessary finances. I doubt if the British Section could spare the necessary funds; but I take this opportunity of drawing the attention of the officials of the British Section to the proposal.

Italy.—A very brief report from Signor Emilio Turin adds little to the report already published last month. The total membership is now 276 instead of 272; but the National Representative, as before, speaks of this number as purely nominal. "Longing for a time of good work in Italy," he writes, "I am waiting for it patiently." One would like to hear more as to what propaganda efforts are being made in the Italian Section. It has a bulletin, *La Stella*. But has it public lecturers or writers willing to write for the Press? There was a time when Italy had some very active workers. Where are the well-known names?

Switzerland.—The Swiss Section, writes Mlle. Brandt, has now a membership of 343. "The outward increase seems small, but we have found many sympathisers in the outer world, and hope that ere long the Star will shine brightly in our country." The Order in Switzerland has a *Guild of Active Service*, founded on the conviction that brotherhood and mutual co-operation are destined, in the near future, to supersede separatism and competition. The idea of the Guild is to gather together under one banner all who have the Ideal of Service at heart. Its watchword is: *Without action, thought is barren*, and its activities are grouped into (1) spiritual, (2) educational, (3) social and economic, and (4) political. The last named has organised lectures for workers and has mapped out the city of Geneva into districts, based on the existing parochial divisions, in each of which the Guild has been allowed by the Government to have a set of rooms. In these rooms, from 6 to 8 p.m. every evening, lectures, concerts, magic lantern shows and study classes of all kinds will be given to the labouring classes, as soon as the organisation is complete. "We hope thus," says Mlle. Brandt, "to brighten and spiritualise the lives of hundreds of our fellow creatures who, now that the War is over, are the prey either of discouragement or of the baser kind of pleasures." These evening entertainments were due to start with the New Year. It is good news to hear that the meetings of the Order are always very harmonious, and that on December 28th a great outpouring of force was felt.

With regard to the Community, of which mention was made in the December issue, Mlle. Brandt promises me further news at an early date. At present there seem to be certain financial difficulties owing to the low rate of exchange.

France.—Madame Blech writes that Star work in France goes steadily along. The membership is now 1,150. Apparently only 300 of these subscribe to the Sectional *Bulletin de l'Ordre d'Etoile d'Orient*,—which seems rather a small proportion. The *Bulletin*, edited by Mlle. Mallet, is reported to be doing useful work. There are 22 centres in the Provinces, of which five are dormant, but others are full of excellent activity. In Paris the two Organising Secretaries, Mlle. Mallet and Madame Manziarly, are always busy, and interesting meetings are held every Saturday. These meetings are open to non-members. On certain special dates (*s.g.*, December 28th and January 11th) there is a lecture or informal talk, with music. On Christmas Day the newly organised Star Choir sang old Christmas songs. The Star Office is always open to inquirers.

The Order of the Servants of the Star, Madame Blech reports, is dormant, all the young people belonging to the Golden Chain and Round Table. There is, however, an organisation called the Pink Star, composed of school children be-

longing to two city schools in one of the most populous parts of Paris. Lady members of the Order visit these schools every Thursday afternoon and talk to the children and organise games.

An E.S. Congress of the Theosophical Society is to take place in Paris on July 17th next. Madame Blech suggests that there might be a Star day at the conclusion of the Congress. It is possible (though I only put this forward as a suggestion) that the Congress might furnish an opportunity for the long projected International Star Conference, which was to have taken place in Holland after the War. Paris would be just as convenient a rendezvous as Amsterdam. Perhaps National Representatives of European Countries would send in their opinions of the suggestion. There is ample time to make the necessary preparations in the coming seven months, and we have every reason to hope that Mrs. Besant will be in Europe again at that time. But I should first like to hear what Madam Bleche has to say on the matter, and shall await a letter from her.

Holland.—The very remarkable work which the Order is doing in Holland, in getting into touch with the public outside its ranks, receives renewed confirmation in Mlle. Dijkgraaf's latest report, dated December 4th, 1919. The National Representative writes:—

"The Order in Holland is growing steadily, and shows much more vigour than it did a few years ago. The last meeting of the Local Secretaries was very well attended and showed much strength in the local groups.

"Our membership roll records a number of 1,105 members. We have 23 local groups, in each of which sub-groups are formed for meditation, study and propaganda. At the head of these departments are respectively Mrs. Schuurman, Mr. van der Leeuw and Mrs. van Maanen. The latter publishes, on behalf of the propaganda, a very useful paper *Sterlicht*, which is sent on a large scale to people outside the Order, and is very much in demand.

"Since the beginning of 1918 the Order forms part of two Federations, that for Brotherhood, which is meant to unite all movements having brotherhood as their base, and the Federation of Free Religious Groups and Societies, which is meant to bring all bodies together that feel religion as the common link, without feeling divided by differences in the form. A Congress was held, in which I was invited to speak.

"The results of the Federation have made themselves felt in the attitude of the Church (of which, of course, only the liberal sects joined) towards the Order of the Star. So I was invited last month to take the Sunday morning service in the Baptist Church in Groningen, where, after the sermon, the whole congregation listened, standing, to the beautiful Invocation. From all sides people and movements come to us to hear our message. So I have been asked to

preach the Christmas sermon for children in the Free Church in Amsterdam, and also to write an article in a well-known magazine, *Eigen Haard*, on the question "What possibility do you see in this period for the realisation of the Christmas idea in human life?"

"Our meetings are generally very well attended, and our literature is much in demand.

"On the whole we feel that the Order has a great work to do, and we realise that we do not work half hard enough to make ourselves ready for all its demands. But we resolve to try most heartily.
C. W. DIJKGRAAF."

Somehow one gets the feeling that the Dutch Section is one of the most purposeful and vital in the whole of the Order. Those who are acquainted with Mlle. Dijkgraaf are aware that it has, in this lady, a most admirable head. We cannot, also, but pay tribute to the remarkable broadmindedness which seems to characterise certain church movements in Holland, as evidenced from Mlle. Dijkgraaf's reports.

Germany.—It is a long time since a report of the German Section has appeared in the *HERALD OF THE STAR*. So far as the Order is concerned, however, our Star brothers are always our Star brothers, and it is, therefore, pleasant to get news of them. Fraulein Guttman's report is rather despondent in tone. She feels isolated and has many difficulties to contend with. But she is surrounded by a small band of faithful workers. The German Sectional Quarterly, the *Orden des Sterns in Osten*, is likely to cease shortly through lack of funds, but it is not yet quite beyond hope of survival.

Fraulein Guttman has some interesting remarks to make on the present state of Germany "Germans," she says, "feel that they have been

punished twice over, and the general mood is one of bitterness, sullenness and lost self-respect." She does not think that Germany will accept any Teacher coming from outside, although she herself feels that it is only help from outside, international help, that will set the country up again. Germany to-day expects her own Saviour—one who will spring from German soil and save both his own country and the world. So that the work of the Order of the Star is difficult. Nevertheless, Fraulein Guttman is desperately anxious to keep a centre of the Order alive in her land. "Brothers of the Star in the East all over the world," she writes, "can you, will you, help us to keep it?"

Sixty-eight new members have been enrolled since February, 1919. The National Representative would have gone about lecturing more than she has done, only travelling nowadays "is an indescribably horrid thing, besides being so expensive." New local secretaries have been appointed in Leipzig and Berlin, and Mr. John Cordes, the Austrian National Representative, has been giving lectures in different places with marked success.

The spiritual future of Germany is hard to decipher at present; but those of us who recognise the principle of world-brotherhood must surely feel that so great a country, filled with so great a vital force, will have a proportionate part to play in the mighty reconstruction which is to come. Meanwhile any tokens of sympathy and help which we can give to our Star brothers and sisters in Germany will, I am sure, be much appreciated and will be in keeping with the spirit of our Order and the service of Him to whom we are pledged.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,
General Secretary.

APPOINTMENT OF NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE.

Senor Don Jose Antonio Garro has been appointed National Representative of the Order of the Star in the East in Mexico in place of Senora Lucia Carrasco, resigned.

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. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 20 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 2d. extra). United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per ann. (Post free). U.S.A. and South America, \$1.50 per ann. (Post free). All Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to the "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

BY THE SEA

What never-ceasing music hath the sea !
The thundering bass and booming roar of foam,
Sustaining all the parts in order due,
Give note for note in natural counterpoint ;
And liquid melody of little pools,
With trilling backward rush on pebbly beach,
Unites to voice the symphony of joy.

Then, to fulfil the mystic harmony,
The landscape's beauty, many-toned, responds.
Those ruddy cliffs, crown'd with a living green,
Give back the joyful antiphon of praise ;
And starry flowerets on the gentler slopes
Raise sweetly tinted lips to meet the sun-god's kiss.

Now see the oncoming flood—
Note how the swelling billow, nearing shore,
Uplifts translucent walls of limpid malachite,
Whose glassy depths the veiled floor reveal
Of sunken rocks and stones all many-hued—
Soft brown and gold, and tender weedy green.

With steady forward heave, on rolls the watery mass,
Capped with a foam as coldly white and pure
As Winter's new-made snow ;
And rising high in air, with angry rush,
Breaks on itself midway, and graceful falls,
Mingling its glittering gems with the green flood below.

But oh ! how lovely ! when those snowy crests
Against the unyielding rock their legions hurl,
Which firmer and more steadfast seems to stand
To await the onslaught of the unceasing sea.

O age-long conflict ! fore-ordained by God
To manifest His purpose, strength 'gainst strength
In perfect balance, warring forces blent
In one harmonious whole.

Thus Nature teaches, thus, in human life,
May force meet force, in glorious equipoise ;
But that the rock's stern front had barr'd thy way,
Majestic roller ! None had known or guessed
Thy hidden power and beauty.

Then shrink not, struggling soul, when thou dost stand
On the dark shore of Life's unending sea,
Nor fright thee when the surge of thy desire
Breaks on the rock of duty and God's law.

Know that without this elemental strife
Thy life were reft of half its charm and power ;
But for this noble conflict thou wert not
The Man thou canst become.

So with high purpose strive, and thus fulfil
Thine ordered part in God's great Symphony.

F. EVERY-CLAYTON.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Are other Planets Inhabited ?

The report, on the authority of Signor Marconi, that for several years past messages have been received by wireless stations, which would appear to come from far greater distances than any attainable on our own planet, has given rise to much newspaper discussion as to the possibility of other planets in the Solar System being inhabited. To most people this is primarily a scientific question; but it is also, if we come to consider it, one of the profoundest philosophical and religious interest. In our ordinary thinking we are, as a rule, quite unaware how hopelessly geocentric we are. We speak complacently of "Man, the noblest work of God," never for a moment admitting to ourselves the possibility that there may be innumerable other orders of intelligent beings in the universe, as far superior to Man as he is to the animal kingdom. Our religion is equally geocentric. We imagine that God's chief concern is with Man—by which we mean the humanity of this single tiny planet in this single solar system; whereas, on the basis of probabilities (which is all that we have to go upon in the absence of direct evidence), it is extremely likely that, in the great world of universal Nature, man is of quite insignificant, even infinitesimal importance. It is equally possible that, even in the Solar System, there are many "humanities" far excelling our own. Some day we shall perhaps know more about all this. But it is a wholesome corrective, even now, to envisage the

possibility that Man is not nearly as important as he thinks. The corrective will be particularly wholesome in connection with our religious thought. What, for example, becomes of the claims of some of our religions (we are especially thinking of one) if it be discovered that not only are the other globes of our system inhabited, but that every star in the infinite host of heaven is itself the sun of a system, with (presumably) its own planets revolving round it, each inhabited by an evolving humanity? The honest thinker will not shrink from speculations of this kind. He will welcome them as a breath of fresh air, bringing life and freedom into the stuffy confines of religious thought; and they may add a relish of irony to such items of current news as that recently reported in the English daily Press—namely, that a bitter controversy is at present raging in ecclesiastical circles as to whether Dr. Jowett, a Nonconformist Divine, should be allowed to preach in Durham Cathedral. Verily Shakespeare was not far wrong when he said:

Man, proud man,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Nor was the philosopher far wrong who maintained that the study of astronomy should be compulsory in all Theological Colleges. Those who claim to be authorities on God and His ways are, as a rule, the least conscious of the immensity of God's work, as revealed in the universe about us. Could every would-be cleric be transported, by some magic agency,

out into space to a distance where the earth would appear as a mere point of light, he would return less impressed with the unique importance of the village church and less heated on the subject of its rivalry with the local chapel.

* * *

The Sage. There has been much discussion, from time to time, as to the correct definition of the Mystic and the Occultist. It has sometimes been said that Mysticism is a thing of the emotions, while Occultism is a matter of the will and the intellect. In a certain rough sense this is true enough, since the familiar mark of the Mystic is that of self-loss in a state of transcendental ecstasy, while the distinguishing feature of the Occultist is self-mastery—a self-possessed efficiency—on all planes. The Occultist “knows what he is about”; the Mystic very often does not. The Occultist keeps a certain sharpness of outline in all phases of consciousness; the Mystic tends to overreach all definition and to become blurred. So that the description may stand well enough, if we are seeking only the cruder points of contrast.

But there is a certain meeting-point between the two, which it is hard to label by any generic name, since it would appear to partake of the qualities of both. One may speak of it as “illuminated insight”—a condition of consciousness which combines emotional expansion with the utmost clearness of intellect. To this condition the best name that can be applied is that of “Wisdom,” in its highest spiritual sense; to the man who has attained it, that of the “Sage.” The Sage seems to be both Mystic and Occultist in one. He has that “cosmic consciousness” which is usually predicated of the Mystic, while, in his capacity to give an intelligible account of it, he shows out the “efficiency” which belongs to the Occultist. He is, moreover, equally fitted for the active or the contemplative life, since together with his grasp of great principles will go his capacity to apply these to the complex problems of everyday existence. He seems, indeed, to

represent a point of balance between the Occult and the Mystic types and, according as in particular cases he inclines to the one side or the other, so shall we apply to him one or other of the two names. If his wisdom express itself in an enthusiasm of love, it will seem to partake more of the typically Mystic quality; if it express itself more steadily—shall we say, more coldly?—it will appear to belong more to the category of Occultism. Definition in these matters is always difficult; it can aspire to little more than rough suggestion. What it comes to is that we have most of us an idea of a certain exalted state of spiritual vision which can, as it were, overflow in two directions,—in the direction of an all-embracing love, and in that of a crystalline wisdom. We feel that it can take both directions, because in itself it is compounded of these two elements. It is a blend of Wisdom and Love.

The ideal of the Sage, the man who has reached a level of vision at which Wisdom and Love are one, is perhaps the highest that humanity can conceive. It is higher than that of the Saint, since saintliness need not connote clarity of intellectual insight. It is higher than that of the most transcendent development of pure intellect, since this can be conceived of as devoid of warmth and sympathy. The Sage is, in fact, the culmination of every line of human growth and activity, the meeting-point of the philosophies and the religions, the veritable flower of the race. He is what all of us, in our loftiest aspirations, would like to be, and the thing from which all of us, as we are, are most remote. It is far easier to conceive of ourselves as sweetened and chastened into sainthood than as broadened and illumined into the commanding wisdom of the Sage. The Sage is the King of men, in whom are blended all the elements of spiritual greatness.

This pre-eminence of the Sage has its reflection in our yearnings. What we sigh for most of all, if we are touched with spiritual longings, is that luminous and comprehensive vision of life and of

the world which would resolve all doubts and antagonisms and enable us to find, in all that is, the material for an infinite, an indiscriminating love and joy. We feel sure, if we reflect at all on such things, that what is wrong with us at present is just our point of view. This jangled, harassed, dark and unintelligible world, in which we live, is only the world as it appears when looked at from our level or at our particular angle. Raise the level of vision, regard things from a different angle, and all this disharmony, this confusion and hopelessness, will disappear.

Perhaps the greatest need of the world, at the moment, is for the Sage. We need the help of some Intelligence which will calmly survey our turbid and seething problems and, while respecting the forces beneath them, show us whither those forces are really tending. We need, in a word, the help of Wisdom. If we look about us to-day, we find much cleverness but little wisdom, much practical efficiency of a kind, but little of that "skill in action" which derives its strength from eternal principles. There is none, among the ostensible world-leaders of the hour, who is not swayed by motives and temptations which would leave the true Sage untouched. Not one of those, whose position enables them to direct our contemporary life, has yet conquered life. A great field of action is theirs; but, in reality, they are little men.

The world to-day is aching for a Great Man; and that Man must be a Sage. A great saint might do much, but he would not be wide enough for the magnitude and complexity of the problem of modern civilisation. When, therefore, we are thinking of the World-Teacher who is to come, let us think of him sometimes as the Sage. This may seem a little thing, and we may persuade ourselves that we take it for granted. But it is really a great thing. It means that, in order to be useful to Him, we must not merely cultivate goodness; we must cultivate wisdom.

A Star member—by which we mean one who is seeking to prepare the way

for the Great Teacher—should be more than merely virtuous. He should have an intellectual grip on life. He should strive to rise to a level, from which he can view the maelstrom of modern life dispassionately, in the light of great spiritual principles. He should endeavour so to fathom any demonstration of the movement of the age that he can separate off all that is good and necessary in it from that which is accidental and mistaken. In a word, he must have a philosophy of his own—a difficult matter, but one which is clearly a part of the work of preparation. We can do much by thinking of the coming Teacher not merely as the perfection of saintliness but as a Sage, strong in eternal wisdom and grasping the whole problem of the age in His clear-sighted, discriminating vision. Such an image of Him will go far to get rid of mawkishness and sentimentality. It will impose a duty upon us, which all who are earnest will endeavour to carry out to the best of their ability.

* * *

A Request to our Readers.

Readers of the HERALD OF THE STAR will do a service if they will note carefully the following points:—

1. *Applications for membership in the Order of the Star in the East should be addressed, in all cases, to the National Representative of the country to which the applicant belongs. The names and addresses of all National Representatives are given on page 3 of the cover of the Magazine. Applicants who live in an unsectionalised country should, until further notice, write to the National Representative for England and Wales.*

2. *All subscriptions to the HERALD OF THE STAR, or requests for copies of the Magazine, should be sent to the Business Manager of the HERALD OF THE STAR, 6, Tavistock Square, London, W.C. 1, and to no one else.*

3. *The Editor of the Magazine deals only with Editorial affairs and should therefore not be written to in connection with any of the above matters.*

The Stress on the Trivial

By S. L. BENSUSAN

THERE has been of late a considerable stir in connection with suggestions, made by people of greater or less responsibility, that we are receiving communications from Mars or from the Moon. Into the value of the theories put forward, the man with an average measure of commonsense will find no inclination to probe, lacking all the necessary material for the formation of a sound judgment; a deprivation, by the way, that does not seem to have affected greatly the journalists who have ventured into the arena of speculation and controversy. But, presuming for a moment that we could get into relations with the Moon or one of the planets and that they could send an Intelligence down to this earth to take a critical survey of conditions, it is at least permissible to think that that Intelligence would be greatly misled by the outward and visible signs of our progress or retrogression. He would find little in the appeals that are made to the public to remind him, or them, that this world has passed through one of the gravest crises in recorded history, and has crowded into some four hideous years sufficient suffering, cruelty and bloodshed for a thousand. It may be, in those prehistoric times when Atlantis and Lemuria were submerged, that there were greater tragedies than those that have visited us of late, but it is equally permissible to doubt this, because tragedy always concerns the living; the dead pass beyond its reach. Consequently, if, as the occultists tell us, whole continents were submerged, there were but brief moments of agony followed, as far as the physical plane is concerned, by complete rest.

In the world to-day the aftermath of War on the Continent of Europe is

scarcely less terrible than War itself. Famine and disease are marching side by side over the vast areas that militarism has rendered infertile or has reduced to physical ruin. Unrest on a scale almost without precedent affects not only cities or countries but whole continents, Africa and Asia, perhaps in a little while America. The Deadly Sins stalk unabashed through all the centres of civilisation, and the men to whom the guidance of the ships of State is entrusted are at the mercy of elements with which they have never been taught to contend. Despite unexampled efforts they are drifting no man knows whither; they are the spectators rather than the masters of their fate.

In the midst of these conditions, and he would be more bold than convincing who would say that the foregoing brief statement is exaggerated, what would the visitor from the other world find? Where would he look for a plain statement of the conditions with which we are faced? It is hard to say. If he were to take up those newspaper gospels that are preached every twenty-four hours to the undiscerning, he would find a grotesque collection of trivial matters: the latest prize fight, the latest social entertainment, burglary, murder, robbery, or journey through the air; these perhaps find the place of honour. The price of food, the price of clothes, would be set out at length, together with reports from those tribunals before which tradesmen are solemnly instructed to return the penny or twopence that they are alleged to have overcharged. Somewhere behind these traders, the great ship owners, the great dealers in cotton and wool and meat and coal and the other necessities of life, overcharge their millions and nothing is said; and somewhere behind

them comes the echo of the laughter of that Spirit Ironic who pervades the noble pages of Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts." An inarticulate public is duped by the printed or the spoken word, perplexed, angry, baffled. Apart from these mere trifles, we find newspapers solemnly considering political questions, but never on the basis of national needs; always from the view-point of party politics. If Mr. X. be of their party, then all that he says or does is lauded to the skies, and if Mr. Y. be not of their party comment upon his actions or speeches is limited only by the laws of libel. The Intelligence from Mars might be pardoned for feeling in some vague fashion that it really did not matter whether Mr. X. or Mr. Y. was right or wrong, as nothing that either of them stood for could be regarded in any way as improving the condition of the world in which he found himself. The Intelligence might even be a little shocked to find that, while half Europe was short of food and suffering every evil that men can endure and, in part, survive, the great heart of the public was stirred less by the recital of these horrors than by a graphic account of the holding up of a post office and the abstraction of £3 7s. 6d. from the till, guarded by some garrulous old lady who had been interviewed by every newspaper in turn. The trivial would seem to have become the measure of the public mind, if not in truth yet in the estimate of those who cater for it.

Passing from the press to the public, it is possible to realise the same lack of interest in the larger question; the same avoidance of unpleasant facts. In every walk of life the prevailing desire would appear to be to eat, drink and be merry, to get as much and yield as little as the times permit. The old foundations of order and authority have been sapped, and no man would appear to face the future with real confidence. The march of world events is so staggering, so far beyond the comprehension of the average mind, that no attempt is being made to grapple with the salient facts. We find the world living from hand to mouth, content if it can enjoy to-day and reach

to-morrow, taking little or no thought for the day after.

That the rank and file should succumb to the uncertainty of the times and to the spirit of unrest that the War has engendered is reasonable enough, but that the leaders of men should have failed is a matter of the gravest importance. What we lack in these days is a united effort on the part of the leaders of thought the world over to serve the common need, the common good, and to point the way to the thousands of earnest folk who would respond enthusiastically to a call. Instead of this we have witnessed, particularly at the Peace Conference, an extraordinary determination on the part of nearly every victorious country to turn disorder to the best possible account, settle old scores and acquire new assets. In fact there has been no collective effort of any value to mend a badly broken world and, while statesmen have been concerned so largely with limited national interests or unlimited national revenge, the general public has been bemused with trivialities in every direction. History tells us that in the days of its Emperors the Roman populace was kept going with free food and circuses; kept going, but, it should be remembered, only for a time. One would not suggest that there are not plenty of good men in every civilised country, men who feel the crying needs of the times and are prepared to make a big effort to meet them. Unfortunately the field that these people can command is a small one, because they cannot reach the rank and file. There is no more costly adventure under the sun than the search for the public ear. A few statesmen can find it and a few newspaper proprietors, but in nearly all directions the statesmen, particularly those in office, are concerned with the political aspect of things and with little else, while the publicists have their own axe to grind, a reputation to build or to blast, a circulation to maintain, an interest to promote. It follows from this that throughout the world we find the stress on the trivial that gives this protest its name.

The rank and file of the world has work to do. It must rebuild; it must re-establish; it must adapt its life to the new forces that War has brought to birth. In all directions the need has arisen for a mental survey of new conditions. Before the War it was quite possible, even though it was not profitable, for nine-tenths of the world to carry out its pilgrimage without stopping to think: to do well or ill the job that the day brought forward and forget about it when done. The multitude was content to seek pleasure where it was to be found, and to leave the management of affairs to a very small minority. Perhaps it was lust of power that led this minority to encourage and even to cultivate the foolishness of the masses; to flatter, and to pretend to mistake popular clamour for intelligent utterance. Fortunately or unfortunately, the War has changed all these conditions, and now every man or woman who has a thought to give to the re-building of our civilisation possesses an asset of which every State stands in need. The era of the rule of the very many by the very few is passing. The time in which the very many can be prepared to play their part in the world is short. Almost before we know it, rule is going to pass from the few to the multitude, that multitude whom down to the present the few are steadily refusing to train.

The Intelligence from Mars or the Moon, or whatever the place may be from which signals have reached the Marconi Stations (?), would probably be puzzled by the extraordinary complacency that is exhibited in the great centres of civilisation. The poor may hide their poverty, but the rich are at no pains to conceal their wealth. While the greater part of Europe goes hungry the favoured parts feast to excess; while the whole Continent calls for re-building, those who are re-building are clamouring about their share in the profits to be made. The world goes short of essential foods. It is stated officially that in Great Britain alone if children under six years of age had all the winter milk they need, there

would be no milk for adults from the beginning of November to the end of February. This is grave news enough, but those who direct the business of the husbandman are seriously concerned with the question as to whether Nature should not conform to Trade Union regulations, and what is to be done with her if she preserves her own doubtless foolish but immemorial methods. The condition towards which we are drifting is so menacing that only the skill with which our opinion-makers stress the trivial can explain the lack of response to it by the community at large. The Intelligence from Mars, if that planet knows anything of speculative elements of life, would probably conclude that the leaders of thought on the earth are, like Mr. Micawber, waiting for something to turn up. They have a vague feeling that if crises are left alone they will right themselves by first intention, while if they are not going to right themselves, there is at least no wisdom to be found in meeting grave trouble half-way. "After us," they say, "the Deluge." So we drift along while the womb of time grows heavier and still more heavy with a burden that few have the courage to consider or to discuss. While events move towards what can neither be known nor estimated, we have prize fights, fashions, horse races, jazz bands, political speeches, developments in the cinema trade, and the prospects of shorter hours, more wages (paid in paper), and increased brewing. The Intelligence from Mars would at least admit that the rank and file is hastening with astonishing cheerfulness along the road to its appointed goal. The Intelligence may even be of opinion that such goal is nearer than most of the travellers would care to admit.

In the old days classes were sharply defined. Political interests had their lines of cleavage and national boundaries were guarded by armed men. The trouble that befell one section of any community was regarded as something that concerned no other save by the way of a little sporadic charity where such relief was called for. The truth that faces us to-day

is that the troubles now before the world are shared by all the world in common. The effects of War are felt far and near ; they reach the victor as well as the vanquished, and neutral countries almost as readily as those that were to be found among the belligerents. Consequently all who endeavour to maintain the barriers, to distract the attention of well meaning men from the things that matter, and to divert that attention towards things that are of no real importance, are playing not only a bad part but a dangerous one. The world is no more than one, and the trouble that besets it affects all the inhabitants of this planet in greater or lesser degree. It follows then that we are all concerned to find a remedy for the evils that have accumulated under the sun, and that the best gifts of every man and woman are required by every State in and out of Europe. To yield these gifts a man or woman must have what may be called the universal mind. He who has bounded his sympathies, his love of his fellow men, his concern for humanity by the arbitrary boundaries of a State can in no wise minister to a world diseased ; he can at best suggest some improvement that will be of local rather than of general application.

A great part of the trouble with which we are face to face, the chief cause in fact of the stress on the trivial, is that every occurrence is regarded from an intensely localised standpoint. America can see America's troubles clearly, and those of the rest of the world as in a glass darkly ; Great Britain can see her own ; India is concerned with India's wants ; Japan with Japan's ambitions. The leaders of all these countries have not only a strictly limited outlook, but if they venture to use what Sir Joshua Reynolds once called " the dilated eye " they are instantly called to heel by the great mass that has never learned to use its eyes at all. Yet it must be apparent to all who take the trouble to study the situation that, even though the war had not affected the boundaries of all countries, science, the telegraph, the telephone,

increased travelling facilities and the spread of education are working in their own silent but effective fashion to make this planet one in face of whatever opposition may develop. Against all the forces that are felt rather than seen, there is opposed the inflexible conservatism of a large number of perfectly honest and well-meaning people in every land who believe that no country is safe when it begins to concern itself with the affairs of another. As long as it was possible, Great Britain remained aloof from " entangling alliances," only yielding to the *force majeure* of continental development and intrigue. In like fashion the United States of America holds aloof to this day, and every country that declines as part of its settled policy to interest itself in questions relating to the welfare of the world at large, encourages its people to concern themselves with whatever is calculated to turn their thoughts from the larger actualities of life. It bids them march along the levels and leave the heights unassailed. There is a vague belief that behind all internationalism lie socialism, syndicalism, anarchism, " red ruin and the breaking up of laws," while, if the truth were to be told, the one thing that is associated with an international outlook is novelty. Its real political significance in the small mean sense of party politics simply does not exist.

That the universal outlook will develop despite all opposition and misrepresentation is certain. As men learn to understand one another they realise that their wants, aspirations, sympathies and troubles are not peculiar to themselves, and that under existing conditions, or conditions that certainly existed down to a very few years ago, the ill-will of a handful of people may plunge millions who have no personal quarrel into mortal strife. In the old days, when men cased themselves in armour and went out armed with lance and sword and battle-axe to do battle, excitements were many but casualties were few. Nowadays science has made war with the filthiest, vilest and most deplorably wasteful

infliction that the world can suffer from—and at last the world knows it. Again we see that what one nation lacks another possesses, and what the first nation owns in abundance the second needs. It follows that for nearly all the woes that war has inflicted on civilisation there is a remedy, if and when the world is a united body. The trouble is that the rank and file has very little opportunity of realising the truth and turning it to full account. There is a great effort needed to understand a great crisis of far reaching magnitude; it is no effort to develop the mind that can be fed on cinemas, fashion plate pictures and gossip.

So it would seem as though the world were awaiting the advent of the Supernormal Intelligence, no matter where from, that can so influence the foolish that they will turn from their folly and will begin to think; above all that they will realise that they are just a part of the Universal Life, sparks from the Divine Fire. To those of us who look, perhaps a little hopelessly, at the meaningless chaos of thought and action in the great centres of civilisation to-day, the advent of such an Intelligence might be regarded, in no irreverent spirit, as a miracle such as the world has not known for well nigh two thousand years.

SIGNALS

WATCH your dreams! Perhaps we do not sufficiently realise that some of them may be signals.

Were not these symbolic visions?

1.—A dream of a large, bare, barrack-like house. Up the steep stairs came an endless stream of worn-out horses. The dreamer knew that, with the awful patience of the dumb, they were trudging to their rough death. He knew that he had, in some way, won the right to save three, three only, from this pitiful procession of sad, weary beasts; and so three, at the head of the stairs, entered his attic room. In the face of the fourth, alas! the door must be shut, for no further power to save was his. So the stream of work-worn beasts passed on.

Awakened, the dreamer lay long, thinking over the vision, pondering it. The words "cruelty to animals" stamped themselves upon his mind. He remembered a new place of slaughter, an abattoir which was being built near, and wondered if the dream were a "signal." Whether such were the case or no, the result was a visit to the town authorities, and their adoption of the "Baxter Mask," which prevents the sacrificed animal from seeing

the horrors around it, thus ensuring the true and sure aim of the death-blow.

2.—A dream of a passing throng of men and women, in a strange, unfamiliar country. At the side of the road stood a little Figure—surely that of the Christ-Child! Young in years, with tender expression, He stood, raising His little arms in gentle pleading to the passers-by. Again and again the suppliant arms were raised, with always the same silent appeal to the hurrying throng—the wistful, radiant Face arresting the attention of the busy workers, who turned aside to lay glad gifts at His Feet.

Awakened, into the mind of the dreamer straightway came the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My little ones, ye have done it unto Me"—and like a flash came the thought of the "little ones," suffering, starving, in barren, empty lands.

Surely "a signal"—to be answered without delay. Again, most surely—for within a few hours came the human cry for help, pointing the way to strengthen the hands stretched out to succour the babes of those sad countries.

Watch your dreams.

It may be that the Master hath need even of thee. O. C. G.

The Key to Pythagoras

By WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

OF all the pre-Socratic philosophers Pythagoras is the most obscure; and this, besides the fact that he left no writings, is due partly to the multiplicity of his interests, and mostly, I should venture to say, to the misinterpretation of his supposed "theory of numbers," a theory which has fascinated many thinkers from the earliest days until now. Taken by himself Pythagoras cannot easily be understood, but if studied relatively to those other physicists who before and after him were speculating on the ultimate substance of Nature, he offers less difficulty.

1. The First Principle of Nature.

We must regard him as one of a chain of scientific investigators to whom was put a simple question: What is *arche*, or first principle of things out of which *phusis*, or the panorama of Nature, is made?

The first scientist, in order of time, who replied to his own query was Thales of Miletos. Water is that substance, said he; the second thinker was Anaximandros, who said to *apeiron*, "the boundless," "the infinite," "the unlimited," was the *arche* out of which Nature was made. We must understand this to mean, in the first place, that he rejected Thales' decision; for instead of choosing *one* of the objective, existing substances known to men, he decided to posit a substance which was prior to all known differentiated substances. If he had spoken very precisely he would have said that the world was made out of "undifferentiated substance," to which he could not give a better name than The Unlimited. The next answer, that of Anaximenes, is reactionary; he goes

back to *one* of the known substances, namely, *aer*, i.e., mist or vapour. But he was advancing on Thales; for obviously water, even in those days, was known to be a condensation of mist, though mist was not, without experiment, known to be a rarefaction of water.

2. Living Matter.

It is important to remember that the nature of these enquiries does not warrant us in thinking of the early scientists as "materialists"; though they are commonly classed as "physicists," this is because of their interest in *phusis*, or Nature. But from the first it is clear that the "matter" of Nature they seek to define is not dead but intensely alive; it is *hylozoon*. "All things are full of gods," said Thales, the first of the hylozoists, and yet he added "water is the material cause of all things."

If, now, we regard Pythagoras primarily and simply as a hylozoist, having put to him the same cosmogonic problem as that put to Thales, Anaximandros and Anaximenes, we may get some light. He rejected Thales and Anaximenes in their choice of the primacy of water and *aer*, and, as I maintain, fell back upon to *apeiron* of Anaximandros. But now, having accepted that decision, he raises a *new* problem, namely: *how* was the world made out of boundless substance? The answer must obviously be of a different character; it will not refer to a substance but to a *force*, a *process*, a method of operation which works upon substance. And, say the pundits—Aristotle included—Pythagoras decided upon "Numbers." But, having lost the true tradition as to the *question* to which "numbers" was said to be the answer, they were almost bound to misunderstand the answer

when it came: and perhaps with good reason.

3. A Law of Motion.

Pythagoras, as I have said, left no writings as his contemporary scientists have done, and perhaps this crucial word, transmitted orally, soon came to be misunderstood. I shall analyse it shortly, and hope to show that Pythagoras was the first of the physical philosophers to propound a Law of Motion to account for the creation of the cosmos. Herakleitos, who professed to despise Pythagoras, in reality followed him very closely. As to the much sought-for "substance" he decided in favour of Fire. In a certain sense this was reactionary, like Anaximenes' *aer*, for the choice fell upon *one* out of many substances, differentiated objectively, whereas both Anaximandros and Pythagoras had agreed to go behind them all to *apeiron*, the undifferentiated *arche* or first principle of the world. But, like Pythagoras, he shows that merely to know the substance was not enough; there must be a process, a motion. This idea was expressed by Herakleitos in his famous formula *panta rei*, "all flows," which must be extended as meaning that all things flow "down" from their original fiery condition through liquids to solids, and "up" again through liquids to primal fire. Herakleitos added a new and fundamental idea of "The One." *All things are One*, he said. Parmenides, following him, accepted the doctrine of The One and elaborated it in his own way, but rejected the theories of motion—of Herakleitos explicitly and of Pythagoras implicitly. He adheres to Permanency as a sovereign truth and thus interrupts and stops for a time the long philosophical conversation which had continued since Thales began to speak.

The foregoing remarks are intended to show how completely Pythagoras belongs to the cosmologists who preceded and who followed him. It is as a cosmologist that we must understand him first, as a man who believed himself to have discovered the process by which out of chaos there

comes a cosmos, an orderly world. And thus we come back to his "numbers."

4. The "Number" Family of Words.

As we are now about to attempt to grasp the meaning of the key-word of Pythagoras I must ask my readers to have patience during the philological discussion which follows.

According to the steady tradition the word used by Pythagoras to define the *arche* of the world was *arithmos*, Number; I have shown already that this is a mistaken view. The *arche* for Pythagoras was *apeiron*, the Boundless, unlimited, proto-matter; his second decision, then, relates to the process or law of motion which transforms *apeiron* into *peras*, or the limited objective forms we know. Let us, then, examine *arithmos* and see what sense we can get out of it. It belongs to a family of words as follow:

1. *arithmeo*, to count, to enumerate.
2. *arithmetis*, enumeration.
3. *arithmetikos*, one who enumerates.
4. *arithmetos*, counted.
5. *arithmos*, number, quantity, multitude

Can we feel any intelligible meaning steal into our minds as we contemplate these words? Personally, I cannot. The act of counting relates to things already in existence; one who counts, does not thus make things, and the abstract principle of number has no creative power. The later Pythagoreans, still struggling with their Master's unintelligible dogma, appear to have said that "things were like numbers rather than that they actually *were* numbers." According to Aristotle (*Met. A*, 8.990 a 5) the Pythagoreans held that the elements of number were the elements of things, and, therefore, that things were numbers, but such a statement conveys no concept to our minds. I could fill pages with discussion of the Odd and Even, the "number" of a horse, or a man or a soul, all of which are mentioned in the various commentaries, but the mere multiplication of nonsense by itself does not make sense. Our aim should be to start with sense—and this, I think, is possible by following a thread that leads us out of the commentator's labyrinth.

5. The "Rhythm" Family of Words.

If we were dealing with the English word "numbers" we could at once put our hand on the guiding thread by remembering that the word has another significance than that of abstract enumeration. Says Longfellow :

Tell me not in mournful *numbers*
Life is but an empty dream ;

and he gives a clue leading in another direction. It is possible that even in Greek we can follow it up.

There is a second family of words to which we now turn.

1. *reo*, to flow, the stream forth, to run ; this is the verb employed by Herakleitos in his famous dictum *panta rei*, "all flows."

2. *ruthmiso*, to reduce to time and measure ; to form, to modulate and arrange in due proportion.

3. *erruthmesomen*, to put in symmetrical order, to arrange.

4. *ruthmikos*, formed according to due proportion, rhythmical.

5. *ruthmos*

(a) primary significance : r h y t h m , measured movement.

(b) in dancing : modulated movement, gait or step.

(c) in marching : marking time with the feet.

(d) in music : the movement or time.

(e) in poetry : rhythm, as distinct from the metre.

(f) in prose : harmonious flow or cadence.

(g) in objects : shape, form or fashion ; also proportion or adaptation to their purpose.

(h) in psychology : disposition of mind, moderated temper, equanimity.

6. *eurythmos*, conformable to orderly movement.

7. *eurythmia*, perfect harmony, due adjustment of parts, regulation of the respective position of things.

8. *numerus*, the Latin equivalent of *ruthmos* (5 e, above), signifying rhythm in poetry, and hence the English

9. *number*, that which is distributed, sounds distributed into harmonies, metre, verse, especially as in the plural : "numbers."

6. Rhythm is Operation, Movement.

I suggest that we now turn away from the "numbers that are things, and things that are numbers" and devote our attention to the second family of words, and of these, especially the fifth in its varied significance. We at once get the impression of an *operation* as distinct

from an *object*. Rhythm is the imposition of special forms on the formless ; it is the measurement of that which flows ; it is the substitution of the symmetric for the erratic ; it is the reduction of chaos to cosmos, of discord to harmony ; it is the *distribution* of the "unlimited" into "limited" forms ; the passage from *apeiron* to *peras* ; it is the cosmological process from the One to the Many.

If we reflect that Pythagoras is stated distinctly to have left no writings and to have given oral instruction which was not to be divulged, it is quite easy to see how the word *arithmos* might have displaced the word *ruthmos* in the literary tradition. But, if we do not care to entertain such a hypothesis, we are not left without a solution, for it is clear that the first family of words is *derived* from the second, logically, if not philologically. When Rhythm has done its work upon the Unlimited and has produced the Limited, then—and not till then—there are both Things and Numbers simultaneously. And, happily, we are able to save the reputation of Aristotle by admitting that, after all, numbers are things and things are numbers ! The older family of words has reduced the younger family to relative intelligibility, and we are thereby enlightened. In this way many of the obscurities and riddles of the commentators' tradition about Pythagoras and his school may be cleared up, and I shall illustrate this by a single case. "Modern geometers," says Mr. Burnet, "regard points, lines and surfaces as limits ; but, as we have seen, the Pythagoreans thought they were a "Harmony" or compound of the Limit and the Unlimited." And so they are : the Limit is form imposed on the Unlimited, which is matter ; and the points, lines and surfaces are the "numbers" of position and extension which are produced by the peculiar motion of the rhythm operating upon the *arche*, or first principle of Nature. I do not pretend that all the puzzles of Pythagorean tradition would yield so readily as this one, but many of them would do so if we cared to take the necessary trouble.

7. The Rhythm of Sound.

We may now cast a glance upon Pythagoras as an observer and scientist, and try to divine how it was that he was led to frame his great cosmological generalisation. His year of "flourishing" is given as 532 B.C., when Polykrates became tyrant of Samos. He left the island and settled in Kroton in Southern Italy, where he founded a scientific school and a religious community; that he intended his science and religion to have social and political results—as Plato did generations later—may be taken as certain, but I cannot go into that matter now. The phenomena of sound greatly interested Pythagoras; taken alone, isolated from all other phenomena, they exhibit a general law which the philosopher was in process of discovering. Music in particular results from the imposition of form on sound in general, of "limit" on the "unlimited." The mechanics of music in regard, for instance, to the lyre, consist in the imposition of seven different degrees of tension or strain on seven strings of equal length. The *results* of this tension are seven different musical tones. In the case of the pipe or flute, the mechanics of music consist in the placing of wind outlets at particular positions in the barrel of the instrument; the result, here, is the production of as many different tones as there are outlets. It is, then, the imposition of "form," or limit, on the general "matter" of sound. Both the flute and the lyre are illustrations of *Ruthmos*—not merely movement, but "measured movement"; both illustrate the "distribution" of sound into its parts, into tonic intervals. But there is a still finer *Ruthmos* in each tone itself—namely, the vibration of the string of the lyre, and the vibration of the air escaping from the pipe. Both these rhythms, when established, are capable of being numbered, or counted, and Pythagoras was the first, we have reason to believe, to discover the numerical ratio for the notes of the scale; since his day the numerical ratio of the vibrations have also been discovered. I will only add, before

passing to the next topic, that I think on the basis of the conception outlined in this paragraph many of the supposed "mysteries of numbers" in relation to music as discussed by the Pythagoreans might be turned out of bathos into sense. The single idea I wish to convey here is that Rhythm was discovered by Pythagoras to be the creative process of sound in general and music in particular. *Ruthmos* creates objective sounds, and consequently also the *arithmos*, or number of them. Thus only things are numbers.

8. The Rhythm of the Body.

We may now pass to another order of things, which, according to tradition, occupied the attention of Pythagoras. By intuition, observation and deduction from musical phenomena, the philosopher applied the same ideas to the body. The art of medicine once practised empirically, was considered scientifically as a remedial art, as a means of restoring conditions already belonging to the body. Health, in fact, was the natural attunement or *harmonia* of the body. But the body itself, like every other object possessing "limit," was the result of the creative process of *ruthmos*; and different bodies—such as horse or man—each had a different *ruthmos*. Further, each body like each note as we now know, was based on an inner *ruthmos* or health of its own,—to preserve which was the art of medicine. Creation and healing, therefore, were not so distinct from each other as might commonly be supposed, for the man who knew the principles of the one would be guided in the operations of the other. Thus recreation is really re-creation. This explains the close relation between cosmology and medicine in the ancient days, and the fact that Empedokles and Pythagoras were both "medicine men" or supposed wonder-workers. We can be sure that Pythagoras believed himself to observe the law of rhythm in the body; in its symmetrical form, in its respiration, in its periodic sleeping and waking, nourishment, etc., and that he had the ideal of *eurythmia* or perfect harmony and due adjustment of the parts thereof.

The Pythagorean use of the word *isonomie* as the basis of health is very significant, for it means "equal distribution" of the elements of the body, a "sharing equally" and a resultant balance or poise which gives beauty and strength. It may be well to mention here the modern rediscovery of the presence of rhythm in the body and the mind, as demonstrated by Professor Dalcroze in the Eurythmic dances. In Theosophical circles we talk much of the "powers latent in man," and it is right to be reminded that among these powers is that of rhythm, the modulated movement in gait or step which can be measured and expressed by arithmetical numbers.

9. The Rhythm of the Soul.

Pythagoras must also have made research into the *ruthmos* of the soul, and this may have given rise to the later doctrine met with and refuted by Plato, that the soul is the attunement of the body. In his own way Aristotle adopted it by his view that the soul is the *entelecheia*, the completion or perfection of the body. In any case we can see how closely related were science and religion in the hands of Pythagoras. His special teaching of a psychological nature must have pointed out the natural *ruthmos* of the mind, and his remedial instruction must have been directed to its restoration as moderated temper, equanimity and serenity. We can at once understand the meaning of those fragmentary hints which come down to us about the Pythagorean Brotherhood and its discipline of silence; its practise of mathematics in order to attain to *mathesis* or reminiscence of all that which lies hidden in the unconscious mind. Here as elsewhere *Ruthmos* is the key-word that is likely to open what doors are still locked—not "Numbers": they will not help us until we understand what is that creative force which originates the things to which they are applied.

10. The Rhythm of Society.

The philosopher betook himself to one of the distant Hellenic colonies

because, as we have learned, the tyranny of the ruler was uncongenial to him. His scientific, medical and religious disciplines were doubtless co-ordinated into one system for a definite end. We do not know, in set terms, what this end was, but many indications go to show that it was to lead men, or a certain class of men, to a life of infinite significance. Just as at the Olympic games some men come to trade, some to compete for the prize, and some to look on, so Pythagoras is said to have divided men into three classes, lovers of gain, lovers of honour, and lovers of wisdom. The categories need not be questioned at this moment, but we do well to remember that Pythagoras was one of the first of the Greek philosophers to teach the doctrine of transmigration of souls. His school, therefore, was for both worlds. The political endeavour of his order was to introduce *isonomie* into Hellenic society, to enjoy an equality in rights and privileges, in other words to establish Order, or on the medical analogy, to re-establish social health by the elimination of all forms of social disease. But undoubtedly Pythagoras and his school looked beyond the horizon of the grave to another phase of existence on this earth, where, perchance, those who had formerly loved gain would now love honour instead, and the lovers of wisdom also will be multiplied.

Tradition has it that Pythagoras adhered to the aristocratic party, and was overthrown by the democrats, but there is no warrant for this belief. The probability is that like all those who endeavour to introduce rhythm into the Social Order he was misunderstood and mistrusted by both aristocrats and democrats.

11. The Rhythm of the Cosmos.

Pythagoras, as we know, applied himself to astronomy or the knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies. I need not here repeat the various discoveries attributed to him in detail, some of them in advance of the ideas of their

predecessors. What is certain, however, is that he must have looked for *ruthmos* in the heavens, just as he looked for it in the body, in mathematics, and in music. The traditional phrase "the harmony of the spheres" indicates a belief that the heavenly bodies occupy positions established according to numerical ratio; if so, this is another illustration of the operation of rhythm, which Pythagoras, once having discovered, must have seen everywhere.

It is somewhat remarkable that none of the traditional fragments of Pythagoreanism indicate the place occupied in the cosmos by an artificer, or creator. We may take it for granted, however, that the philosopher himself was deeply imbued with mystical feeling and theological thought, and probably, if we had his whole mind, we should learn from him that the various orders of rhythm

seen in the world are but radiations from the central wheel of life.

Our effort is now concluded; it has been to arrange the materials of the Pythagorean fragments in such an order that they yield, of themselves, certain synthetic ideas—namely, that the first principle of the material universe was an undifferentiated *hylozoön* or vitalized matter; that the creative process is rhythmical motion operating upon the matter and bestowing upon it its multiple forms; that the maintenance of symmetrical and harmonious form depends upon the maintenance of the original specific rhythm appropriate to each form. That the co-ordination of different rhythms leads to the maximum degree of order and harmony in the cosmos and human society. That the Divine mind is the designer of the Cosmos in all its forms and consequently in its unity.

LIFE

Our Life is but a strange and troubled dream
Through which we struggle blindly in our sleep,
Striving in vain some happiness to keep
And finding all things are not what they seem.

Like moths that flutter through an open door
Into a spacious hall of dazzling light,
We stay awhile—then out into the night,
Back to the darkness, where we were before.

How many times we enter, who can say?
A myriad worlds perchance, both great and small,
Seeking the truth and inmost good in all,
Until at last we find the only way.

O, Gracious Power, that sittest far above,
Direct our steps, that we may quickly see
The narrow path that leadeth straight to Thee,
O'ershadowed by Thy great and glorious Love.

LIONEL PENSON.

Rabindranath Tagore at Home

By JAMES H. COUSINS

[After four years in India, during which he was successively a sub-editor of "New India," and Treasurer, Vice-Principal and Principal of the Theosophical—now Wood National—College at Madanapalle, Mr. Cousins has been given a long vacation by the Indian National University, of which he is a Fellow, in order to accept an invitation to lecture on modern English Literature in the Keio University, Tokyo, Japan.]

MY way to Japan took me to Calcutta, the great port that opens out to all the world west and east from vast and complicated docks, and through a river bristling with reasons for delay and with not a few dangers from erratic sandbanks. Calcutta is only six hours from Bolpur, the station for Tagore's *ashram* of Shantiniketan ("Home of Peace"), and Shantiniketan is only two miles from Bolpur. I mention a different unit of measurement because time is an uncertain matter between the station and the *ashram*, and depends on whether a carriage with horses awaits you, or you have to accept the services of a bullock-cart.

I had heard that the poet was at home, but ill, and I thought it only proper to wire him asking if I might go and see him, as he might not be at all in a mood for visitors. The telegraphist in Calcutta advised me to direct my telegram otherwise than I had done. My way would mean its delivery only next morning, and I should not have time for a reply before my proposed start the same day. His way would mean delivery that night. It turned out, however, that the official way took the telegram two days. It reached Tagore after I had left Calcutta, and his reply did not reach me until I returned. Hence some complications in my visit.

A couple of miles before Bolpur I noticed a cloud (or rather a darkness) coming in the direction of the train. It

appeared to move rapidly, and its ground edge was feathery and living. It was a dust storm, the first real big dust storm that I had come across. We had just time to close the carriage windows when it struck the train sideways. We came to a stop on a tall embankment, and the oscillations of the train to the rhythm of the storm-waves made one speculate as to whether he would be on his feet or his head if a specially big wave came and managed to tilt the train beyond its centre of gravity. The world was blotted out by the dust, but a bullock labouring ghostily across a slightly thinner space in the gloom than usual gave one a touch of assurance that our centipedal animal would stand as well as its quadrupedal precursor in evolution. Rain came at the end of the dust storm, like a policeman when a quarrel is finished, and in a deluge I alighted at Bolpur.

I remained in shelter on the station platform nursing a very faint hope that someone would meet me. The telegram mystery was then still a mystery, and my mind had much to turn over in explanation thereof. A man approached me, and from the words *garry* (carriage, a term ranging from the most primitive vehicle to the most modern automobile) and Shantiniketan, I had a moment's thought that he was for me. But he was not. I could make that out by intuition, and indeed had to rely entirely on intuition and gesture in this matter since I knew no word of Bengali, and only two or three of Hindustani which, unfortunately, did

not apply to this particular crisis. There were English-speaking men in the station, but a system of reference from one to another for information was not encouraging.

After an hour the rain ceased, and as it was then only another hour from sunset and the rapid darkness of the tropics, I determined to take the bull by the horns, and go to the *ashram* welcome or unwelcome, expected or unexpected—any of which phases of emotion arouse out of a telegram that may or may not have been received, and a reply that may or may not have been sent. As it happened, it was two bulls, or to be accurate, bullocks, that I took by the horns. The *garrywala* (carriage driver) had then disappeared, but I got him hunted out of an impromptu sleep, at which such persons, by nature of their casual profession, are adepts. I had hopes, from the slender build of the bullocks, that they were runners. It happened, however, that they were not runners; they were not even walkers. They were habitual standers. Such ages probably elapsed between their engagements that they forgot how to go. I bundled myself into the bamboo carriage with my package of bedding, and at the first turn of my new wheel of fortune realised that I was on a springless affair that would announce every unevenness of the road to my spine. After some experiment I discovered two valuable pieces of information, one, that in a springless carriage the least springy position for the traveller is directly over the axle, and that the position that offers least surface to shock is the upright position assumed by stone images in meditation in temples.

The latter discovery led the way to another which helped me to pass some of the time more profitably than I otherwise might, the discovery that certain racial customs, which one looks upon ordinarily as racial virtues, are probably only secondarily and accidentally virtues, and really reactions against their contraries. Thus, the practice of meditation which one thinks of as a path to higher worlds is, in India, really a means of

escape from the confusion, the casualness and the awful noisiness of Indian life. Likewise, the position recommended in American books of Indian Yoga practice, instead of being an ancient and divinely-inspired posture, took its rise quite naturally from the necessity to escape the rigours of travel in bullock carts. At least the anthropologist might argue so.

A boy clad in a loin cloth sat on the shaft between the bullocks. When he shrieked and poked the bullocks with a stick, duplicating the shriek and the poke, so as to give one of each to each bullock, they walked as rapidly as a child. When he paused for breath, so did the animals. And thus I went Shantiniketan.

We struck the *ashram* sideways, as the dust-storm struck the train. I knew it was the *ashram* from a mile away by the number of figures moving energetically in a manner that suggested sport, for no human being would ever move so swiftly and apparently happily at work. It is right and proper that one should do something for nothing much more energetically than one would do it for pay.

There is an orthodox entrance to the *ashram* from the public road, but I did not discover it until it had become my exit. Some young bright-eyed boys came running to the back of my carriage, and peeped through the side edges of a piece of hanging gunny-bag that was used as a sun-shade. I caught the sound of two s's in quick succession, and this always tells me that my name has been spoken in secret. I smiled and said, "You knew I was coming?" They said they did, and that *Gurudev* (the name by which the poet is known to all who love him) was in his house. I had no idea as to which of the large number of houses around me was his. The biggest, apparently, of all, was to be mine, and there my pack was deposited while a tall student proceeded with the inevitable dialogue that follows the payment of a *garrywala*, the subject being the smallness of the amount paid, no matter how much beyond the reasonable fare that sum may be.

"Well," said Rabindranath in his high musical voice, as he rose somewhat wearily from a stretcher chair to greet me on his upper floor. "Well, we did not expect you until to-night. I got your wire this morning, and telegraphed straight back, but did not think you would get it early enough to come by this train." It was then six and rapidly getting dark, and he asked me to have tea with him on his verandah. Which I did. Nanda Lal Bose, the principal painter of the Bengal school after the two masters, Abanindranath and Gogonendranath Tagore, also came. I had been introduced to Nanda Lal in a restaurant in Calcutta a year-and-a-half previously. This was not the same person. I was confused, for I liked this person much better than the former one, though I had felt it my duty to like the former one because he was Nanda Lal, and not because I really liked him. I put some question on the matter of personal identity, and satisfied myself that the former was not Nanda Lal. I must have heard some name that sounded like it, and jumped to a conclusion. I explained to the poet my difficulty, and he solemnly guaranteed that this was the real thing.

After tea Rabindranath resolved to disobey all medical restrictions and take a walk through the *ashram* to show me the various points of interest. We talked of work done, but chiefly, as all live people do, of work to *be* done—extension of buildings, revision of studies to meet a growing comprehension of educational needs, and other things that gradually drew us away both physically and mentally from schools and students to wide spaces that stretched to the horizon, and to the discovery that "a poet has no business to be anything but a poet," and to a hut, in course of construction, where the discoverer of that truth will shortly retire beyond the earshot of his educational "mission" to be just himself, a poet. "At fifty a man should begin to withdraw himself from the details of society's obligations. At sixty he should retire altogether." I think the poet said that

he felt he could give his best still—or perhaps I knew this to be true by some inner contact.

The poet's own room is on the upper floor of a bungalow near the road, which road is not, strictly speaking, a road, but just a part of the earth's surface along which people have been in the habit of passing to and fro, for it has no defined margin, at any rate it has none in the dry season, though it may have one in the wet season when the paddy (rice) fields are covered with greenness. The room is furnished (if that is the correct word for absence of furniture) in the simplest possible way. There are no chairs save that in which he reposes now in his illness. His writing desk is close to the ground. He sits at it cross-legged. There is a large white cloth square on the floor stretching to one of the walls, and on it two large white bolsters for leaning against. A jar of water stands on a low stone table. There is not a picture on the wall. The doors and windows are open on three sides, unless when storm or rain come. Here, after our walk in the gathering darkness, we continued our talk. I squatted on the floor at his feet while he read some pages from a compilation intended to be of use to teachers of English to Indian boys. The idiomatic use of English by the Indian student is a matter of great difficulty. The use of a dictionary only aggravates the trouble. A boy once wrote in an essay that two friends *adhered* to one another, and when reproved flourished a dictionary with triumph showing that adhere was the same as *stuck*. So it is, but so also it is not, for friends are not postage stamps.

The electric light of the *ashram* was out of order, and the room was lighted by a single oil lamp. Into the mixture of light and darkness a number of white figures drifted and settled on the floor and around the verandahs. Then a very large rotund thing came in carrying a long thin thing with a round end. When I had eyes to scrutinise the room, I saw that the large rotund thing was the music master, and that teachers and students had gathered for singing. The

music master played with a bow on an instrument that sounded like the western violoncello, but with an intensely sweet, plaintive, nasal tone. The students broke into a chorus, and each time the very large music-master led off, it was like a mountain booming and being followed by a chorus of little hills. The poet joined in at intervals, and, generally speaking, acted as conductor, in Bengali. We had specimens of his own songs, of local folk tunes put to words by him, of the classical gymnastic variety of music beloved by the south of India. Solos, choruses, and, of course, the poet's "Morning Song of India," which he translated into English and taught to my pupils at Madanapalle during a visit in the spring of 1919, a beautiful and heart-lifting song which is now wandering about the south making musical legend for the future. The students were delighted to find that I could join in the song. It was my revenge for the poet's rendering of Tosti's setting of Swinburne's "If Love were as the Rose is," which Rabi Babu sang in our little sitting room at Madanapalle on a memorable night when the Goddess of Music was not far above our roof, and East and West spoke the "universal language" though, happily, with the mutual interest of different accents.

About half past nine the teachers and students melted away into the darkness. Then, to the intense surprise of my inner parts, the poet said, "Now you must have dinner." I had utterly destroyed a most healthy hunger at tea-time, as my food in the train all the scorching day had been limited to sundry iced beverages, by means of which perverse humanity secures personal discomfort for the sake of a few moments' illusion of coolness. But the poet insisted that I must have my daily ration, however irregular the hour might be, and as there are other things to consume besides food for the body when one dines with a singer of immortal song, I surrendered with but a poor show of fight.

This meal was laid in an inner room, leading off the poet's bedroom I think,

but I am not certain, and it does not matter. I did not visit the poet as a prying journalist in a lion's den, but as a friend, and I made no notes save those that my eye made when it was less profitably engaged than reinforcing the ear in attention to the poet's grave and gay conversation. I remember something like bookshelves, and an involuntary spring of interest in their direction, then a recoil to, what is infinitely better than many books, personal contact with their creator, and a question (and perhaps an understanding) as to why, in the home of Rabindranath, there was so little evidence of "Tagore."

After dinner I took leave of the poet for the night, and retired to my quarters, escorted by an assistant master along an avenue under trees, past dormitory cottages where young life buzzed and prepared itself for the great mysterious and sweet renunciation of life in sleep (which is humanity's daily rehearsal for the long sleep of death) by the further singing of songs appropriate to that solemnly happy event.

The verandah outside the rooms assigned to me was, the escort told me, the spot where most of the "Gitanjali" songs first sang themselves into Bengali. That being so, I was not likely to lose many precious hours of consciousness by indulging in mere sleep in such a place. Nature assisted me to keep awake by sending relays of pariah dogs to while away the first hours of the night, with false alarms of burglars mixed with somewhat acrimonious discussions of canine problems. When the dogs ceased the cuckoos (*kokils*) began, and taught me that it is no more wise to generalise on the time-tables of birds from a few local customs than it is to generalise on nations from the vices or virtues of a district. I think, however, that humanity has a lot of influence on the habits of the creatures associated with it. The human sounds of Shantiniketan *ashram* begin long before daylight; so do the songs of the birds. At Madanapalle the *kokil* gives his first shriek on his flute (as if for the first time in his life he had collided with a morning

and been astonished beyond words), just as the first splash of water tells of the students' morning bath around the hostel well. At Renigunta (a junction in Southern India where one has to wait eight hours for a connection) the crows and *minahs* follow the lead of humanity at temple festivals by keeping their music up all night, which habit has its consolations to the residents, for the bird that works hard all night is no more capable of intelligence and energy in its marauding avocation next day than a workman or a student.

My thoughts did not dwell on these things, of course, as I laid my body on a gigantic bed, and stretched my other bodies out to the place made sacred by the immortal birth of beauty and truth. The tree outside the verandah was, I heard, but a small slip of a thing when the "Song offerings" were being made. It is now a big shelter for the birds of the air, and I bethought me of a parable of a grain of mustard seed that became a great tree, and I knew that the interpretation of the parable referred no more truly to the Kingdom of God than to the Kingdom of Poetry, for in the language of the inner worlds, God is Poetry and Poetry is God. The first operation of God was Poetry—"God said," and the still unfinished poem of creation began. The first operation of the Poetry of Rabindranath is God, and the end thereof will be the same.

I arose at five-thirty next morning. The students were a while before me with their morning song. At six I wandered about, and came upon the students at the opening devotions of the school day, singing songs to the Divine Spirit under the shade of a row of fine trees along one side of a quadrangle of cottages. The songs over, the students went to their classes, not their classrooms, for there are not any but one for science, but to places at the feet of trees that put the students into the relationship of *chelas* (pupils) to the great fundamental *guru* (teacher) Nature. There was happiness everywhere, as there must always be where freedom rules.

I found the poet waiting for me to have *chotahazro* (early breakfast) on his verandah. He was in his garden, looking like a rishi of old in his white hair and long beard, his flowing robe, and slippers on unstockinged feet. We took another walk through the *ashram*. Now and then a boy would suddenly appear and touch the feet of the poet in an act, not, as I have heard critical westerners call it, of inhuman abasement, but of exaltation towards the level of the saintliness of their Master, as the Feet of God might well be the aim of the far-strained fingertips of aspiring humanity.

After breakfast, as many of the assistant teachers as were not engaged in the early morning session assembled in the poet's room, and we had much conversation of a very practical kind on points concerning better educational organisation and better ways of teaching, in which Rabindranath joined with vigour and long experience and deep wisdom. He is ever on the lookout, like a good sailor on the ocean of life. What is behind him concerns him mainly to the extent that it concerns the future. The present is the fulcrum of a mystic lever. The strength of the hand that uses it must be its own strength, derived from its own nourishment and experience, but its active point is beyond the present. Which thing is a symbolical phrase setting forth the whole substance of "National Education," and but another way of embodying the truth that is behind the poet's parable, "He walks in his own shadow who carries his lantern on his back." A nation's past is in its wrong place when it tries to be its future, nevertheless, the future must grow naturally, without break or distortion, from the past.

The local doctor's carriage and pair of horses drove up to the gate to take me to the morning train for Calcutta, and my ears treasure (along with another memory in another place) the sound of the poet's voice wishing me a safe journey to Japan, and a safe and speedy return to India after whatever interval the Gods have in store for me.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

The Sense of Something Wrong

By EVA GORE-BOOTH

PERHAPS one of the deepest and most universal of human instincts is that sense of something wrong with the purely animal life of man, which has from time immemorial haunted the subconsciousness of the human race. We find traces of it in almost all ancient religions; it is the stimulating force behind every movement towards moral reform. Called by different names in different ages and countries, this divine discontent may be described not so much as the result of any special Religion, but as one of the principal causes of the awakening of human beings to the effort of a religious life. It has given rise to many differing individual struggles towards the Divine Light, involving often enough strange asceticisms and forms of self torture, schemes of salvation, and systems of law and morality. We feel its presence both in the rather monotonous wail of the Jewish prophets for a lost righteousness and in the search of Buddhist for illumination and unity with the Divine. The Buddhist idea of Reincarnation, the long and desperate quest of the human soul, toiling on from life to life, and gaining by slow and painful degrees that enlightenment that brings deliverance from birth and death, conveys in itself a tacit condemnation of the material world, or at all events of the state of the natural man. The same condemnation can be traced in Christ's words, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

The Mahommedans have a tradition that every child is touched at its birth by the Devil, and therefore cries out; and indeed almost every religion has sought to explain the fundamental conception

of wrongness in things by myths and legends and symbolic stories.

Of such is the Buddhist legend of the beings, with ethereal bodies, who lived in a state of perfection before the world was formed and were then born as men, but only lost their spiritual nature and beauty when they ate a substance called *prithivirasa* (the essence of the earth), when their bodies became coarse and earthly. The story goes on to say how their food grew more and more gross. But it was not till they had eaten rice that they developed sex, which seems to have been regarded, as in the Old Testament, as the outward sign of something wrong, of some spiritual fall.

The story of the fall of Adam and Eve has been accepted from time immemorial, by millions of orthodox Jews, Christians, and Mahommedans, as a more or less literal or symbolic explanation of that mysterious Force that they have called evil, and personified as Satan or the Devil.

Whether this story was really an attempt, as it certainly seemed to Milton and to many of the theologians of the Middle Ages, to make women responsible for the sins of the world, or whether, as seems more likely, the story is the corruption of an older myth, in which Adam (Red Earth) is the physical body, and Eve (the living one) is the soul, or that subtler body, composed of the emotions and passions of the earth, that enshrines the will, it is an attempt to account for the wrongness and sorrow of human things by an enchantment and perversion of the will; the result of which was that the great subconscious urge of life-force, that should have been as a fountain

springing up into "Eternal Life," was diverted from its course to fritter itself away in sandy wastes and illusory emotional activities. Or to put it another way, as a result of a glamour cast by the serpent of Astral Illusion, man became ready to sacrifice his unity with the One Spirit, so that he might gain pleasure from the possession of the earthly fruits of knowledge.

A close parallel to this idea may be found in the warnings in the Bhagavad Gita against attachment to the fruits of action. Anything that gives to man the satisfaction of possession turns the River of Life out of its course. *Thy business is with the action only, never with its fruits; so let not the fruits of action be thy motive.*

Perform action, being in union with the Divine, renouncing attachments.

Pitiable are they who work for fruits.

Amongst the Greeks, who have so often been credited with light-hearted carelessness, the sense of something radically wrong in the human soul seems to have been in reality very strong. It shows itself clearly enough in that consciousness, not so much of a struggle between good and evil as of the working out of that inevitable tragedy, involved in the very elements of life, which is characteristic of the most beautiful plays of Ancient Greece. The Greek myths speak plainly enough. According to some writers, Proserpine, attracted too near to earth by the flowers of the senses, fell into fleshly incarnation and was swallowed up by the Hades of material life.

Again, it is easy to trace, through the beautiful myth of Psyche, the story of the human soul. The legend describes the terrible labours and adventures of Psyche, as the slave of the fleshly Aphrodite, her descent into Hades to find the secret of Eternal Youth, her disillusion and death, till at last she is reconciled to Eros and soars into unity with the Divine.

Those who see life in terms of Power, and Religion in terms of Discipline, have preferred to interpret these myths, like the Adam and Eve legend, as stories of sex adventure and of the punishment

exacted for disobedience by powerful and irrational gods.

But the great myths of the world are, like every real effort of what we call creative genius, works of the Spirit, glimpses of Reality, dramatisations of experience by those who are seeking truth.

In whatever manner we may interpret these legends, it would be hard to deny that in all of them is a sense of something wrong; that, in fact, they embody the idea of a fall from grace, or the haunting of a tragic fate, the clouding of the human mind by the mists of illusion; and that they teach men to account for the implicit sadness of human life by some fatal mistake or sin.

Of course this sense of something wrong always betrays the presence of an idealising element in religion. If you cannot conceive an ideal nobler than yourself, you will not feel that there is anything wrong in yourself. If there is really such a thing as a savage tribe that worships a fetich, a piece of bone or stone with magic powers, unrelated to any deity or idealisation, such a people is hardly likely to be overwhelmed with a sense of disharmony and falling away from the beauty of a lofty ideal. Again, a people which conceives of God as Almighty Power may have a dread of the consequences of disobedience, and deplore the sinfulness of the world and the terrible punishment that they suppose to be meted out by the Divine Tyrant to those who will not or cannot obey His arbitrary commands.

But it is in the nature of the worshipper of power to be uncritical, and occupied with objective and external affairs; and it seems likely that the full tragedy of human weakness is chiefly felt by those who are consciously seeking and striving for the reality of human and divine perfection. A deep sense of failure in the attempt to express one's intellectual ideas in one's character, would naturally work out into the conception of some inherent wrong, weakness, or ignorance in the whole animal life of man.

Plato seems to have considered this experience universal. To account for it,

he tells the symbolic story of how every man before his birth followed the procession of the gods to the celestial heights, and had one unforgettable glimpse of the Divine Truth before, weighed down by earthly desire, he fell into incarnation, to be for ever haunted by the lost beauty of the vanished Reality.

Plato's view seems thus to bear some likeness to that of more modern believers in original sin, in that he implies that, inborn in every individual man, is the consciousness of a fall, the sense of something wrong, which results from some mysterious experience common to the race.

He also implies that this condition is the result of a fall from a higher estate, a view held so strongly by Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists, that Plotinus refused to tell which was the country of his birth, looking on that event as the outward sign of a certain degradation of spirit. Such a point of view would doubtless have made short work of modern problems of Nationality and Patriotism. It is a far cry from Plato and Plotinus to the modern Revivalist; but we see the same instinct emotionally expressed in the passionate self-denunciation and sense of sin characteristic of modern Evangelists, as also in the self-abasement of Saints and Mystics in the Middle Ages. Indeed, all through the history of Christianity, this instinct has been insisted on by teachers, preachers, and writers, as the foundation of righteousness. And this is perhaps not to be wondered at, as one of the secrets of the extraordinary attraction of Christianity for people of all shades of intellectual and emotional development is, undoubtedly, the convincing picture it presents of a perfect human character, united to God, and showing the way by which humanity may regain its forfeited divine estate.

The emotional nature of this realisation is specially characteristic of Christianity. It does not usually appear among Eastern mystics and ascetics—perhaps because, to some thinkers, emotion itself seems part of the very illusion that hides from man his real self.

The emotionalism of Christianity is not to be found in any of the descriptions of Christ's own relations with the unseen. His serenity and sense of personal sinlessness seem to have been among the most striking marks of His personality.

Up to the time of His agonising death, He expresses no sense of failure on His own part in His relation to the Perfect and the Infinite.

But, in phrases such as "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness," He seems to have taught that man's emotional and desire nature should not be suppressed, but should rather be directed towards the ideals of the spiritual life; not because the state of desire was blessed in itself, but because it led to fulfilment, and, with fulfilment, it would naturally die, effort being swallowed up in victory.

And here Christ seems to have come to the same conclusion as Buddha and the ancient Indian books as to the transient character of the desire nature in man. For, when desire is satisfied, it ceases to exist. "Whosoever ever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."

The flood of emotional self-denunciation that has swept over the Christian Churches is perhaps more a result of the contemplation of the most beautiful and appalling tragedy that the world has ever seen than a deduction from the teaching of Jesus Christ. The fact that the divine perfection of human character was met by the spiritual and temporary rulers of mankind with a death-sentence of a peculiarly cruel and lingering nature, naturally gave people a very vivid and intense realisation of the clash between the Divine Wisdom and human instincts of authority and possession.

Be that as it may, the sense of something wrong in life has always been very strong among Christians. Indeed, it gave rise to many strange tenets of wrath and destruction, and was over and over again seized upon by the worshippers of power, as a means by which the human soul might be intimidated and subdued.

"What is the misery of that estate whereunto man fell?" asks the shorter Catechism. And the answer is, "All mankind, by their fall, lost communion with God, are under His wrath and curse, and so made liable to all miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of Hell for ever." The first sentence "all mankind, by their fall, lost communion with God," might have been written by Plato, and the truth embodied in it has been stumbled on by searchers in many lands and times. But the deduction, the attribution to God of angry passions and the desire for vengeance, is the characteristic doctrine by which the worshippers of power have established their ascendancy over minds haunted by a vague sense of uneasiness, of something wrong with human life. Those who are not very analytic, impressed by the idea of a powerful and angry God, easily confuse the sense of wrongness with a sense of weakness, or rather, of weakness in revolt. For, as in ordinary civil life, the revolt of weakness against power is always punished as a crime; those whose interest in religion is centred in it chiefly as a way of regulating conduct rather than of finding out truth, are eager to prove that, as God is Power and humanity is weakness, obedience is the one virtue of man and rebellion the unpardonable sin. But, terrified as you may be of disobeying, how do you know what you are to obey? Civil authorities make laws and publish them. But God does not publish His. If you go to the New Testament, or to the Buddha, or any great Teacher, you will not find any clear or definite instructions, only deep, mysterious sayings, that throw you back upon yourself and move in unfamiliar realms of thought. Here, then, comes in the opportunity of priesthoods and churches. They take upon themselves to interpret the mysterious will of a Power that does not scruple to exact terrible penalties for the breach of unknown laws. Poor human nature, convinced of its weakness in the grip of this awful and half-malignant Power, is thankful indeed to anyone who will

explain what it ought to think, and sacrifice, and do, to remain in harmony with the Will that rules the world. But if the instinct of "something wrong with the world," combined with the deification of Power, has, throughout history, helped towards the establishment of hierarchies and temples, priests and churches; it has also done much to inspire those who are seeking for truth and who can find no real satisfaction in anything short of the Divine Perfection.

Inspiring alike what might be called the "intellectual repentance" of the old wisdom Religions, and the "emotional repentance" of modern Christianity, it seems, in both cases, to open the door to a truer and deeper insight into "sorrow, the cause of sorrow and the end of sorrow." And it might be argued that, in the case of Buddha, a sense of something wrong with the world was the beginning of that quest for Truth which led to His final illumination.

But in all times and all countries there have been certain people who have felt none of these things. They have not been afflicted by the sense of sin. If they have not been of those who fear the wrath of God, neither have they known what it is to struggle vainly after a beautiful ideal. They have known neither intellectual nor emotional repentance. Indeed, they would probably think such states of mind morbid in the extreme. People with this outlook are usually happy and careless, wishing for nothing better than this life, and fearing nothing worse. They may be cheerful and pleasant companions, but they are seldom of that little company, the vital energy of whose thoughts has pierced the veil of illusion and brought to mankind good news of the beautiful Mystery beyond.

Poets of this school seem indeed to have felt at times a slight feeling of disquietude, perhaps because it is almost impossible for a poet to be wholly what is called "healthy-minded." But they have hastened to interpret this disharmony in a "healthy-minded" sense, attributing it for the most part to the artificiality of modern life, separated from

Nature by all the complicated and hideous machinery of civilisation. All "repentance" and intellectual readjustment seem to them futile and unnecessary. Their constant cry to the world is that a reconciliation between men's separate lives and the physical life of the earth is the only atonement necessary for humanity. Their words are full of such radiant half-truths, which could never satisfy anyone who has once felt the longing, described by Goethe—*im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, Resolüt zu leben*. In his beautiful little play of "Paddy Pools," Mr. Mallerin has expressed the idea that, if a man could make himself one with nature, sweep across the sky in the great rose-coloured clouds of sunset, struggle up to the light in the short green grass, wave in the wind with the trees, and frolic among the green things with "the Soul of all the Rabbits," he would be delivered from hatred and fear, and live a perfect and harmonious life. The question of death is lightly evaded.

"But I should always be afraid of being killed," says the child.

"Oh, you would not know what being killed means," says the "Soul of all the Rabbits."

In a sense, of course, few people would claim to know exactly what being killed means, but to say that animals do not share the human emotion of the fear of death seems a very unwarrantable assumption, in face of the extraordinary cunning that has been evolved in the effort to evade it.

Indeed, the great weakness of the idea of extracting all the poison from life, by a return to the unity of what one might call the animal soul, is that the very emotions, passions and sufferings, from which we are trying to save ourselves, are part of our animal heritage.

Hatred, fear, jealousy, cruelty, pain, desire, greed, old age and death are the facts that have produced, among human beings, the sense of something wrong in life. These are the common-places of animal life.

A hare will fly in terror from its enemies, a horse will shy at its own

shadow, a tiger will desire its prey with mad and uncontrollable desire in the same way that many animals desire their mates, whilst bears will hate and fight with one another for a little treacle. The knowledge of the emotional life of animals is so much a part of the sub-consciousness of the race, that it has materialised itself in many common expressions, such as, "as timid as a hare," "as savage as a tiger," while a stallion is a symbol of uncontrolled sexuality.

All the primitive emotions are common to animals; the difference only comes in when the emotions begin to be complicated and made stable by those brain re-actions which, though they may exist in a primitive form in some animals, it has been the special power and perhaps object of human development to evolve. In other words, though animals feel, it is obvious that they do not complicate their feelings, as we do, with conscious thought. Of course in this, as in all other natural things, there are no hard lines or limits, and people are often astonished and delighted to find traces of a rudimentary mental process in the behaviour of some favourite dog or horse.

Making full allowance, then, for that borderland condition in which the highest animal life seems almost to touch the human, it is yet generally true to say that, to solve the problem of human disharmony by making oneself one with nature, is to seek a refuge in the emotional and physical life of the world; and it is doomed to failure, because of the dominance in that life of those very forces from which human beings are trying to escape.

And yet this experience of reconciliation and unity with the visible life of the world is not to be lightly set aside.

Behind the coloured vibrations of Nature's rainbow prism of Beauty, does not the human soul, torn for the moment out of its garment of separateness, feel the still drawing of the Divine Light?

As the mystic poet "A. E." expresses it, we "begin with the grass to be bound again to the Lord."

And, indeed, the sense of oneness with nature is doubtless at times a very necessary stage on the soul's journey towards infinite and illimitable horizons. For the urge towards Beauty is fundamentally the same as the urge towards God. But the wholesale and final acceptance of the physical and emotional world, with its beauty and decay, its life and death, its loves and hates, its rewards and punishments, as the fulness of life, if it could ever be accomplished by the human race, is a very different matter. Presumably it would have two effects.

It would doubtless obliterate the sense of sin, and sweep away all the sorrow and struggle of intellectual or emotional Repentance out of the world. But it would also rob humanity of its noblest intellectual treasure of a Divine Ideal.

It is, of course, the direct opposite of the extreme doctrine of Plato and Plotinus, and of all those mystics, both Christian and Pagan, who have looked upon the very life of man as a fall from lofty destinies, a rather shameful degradation, the descent of Spirit into matter, and looked forward to death, the destruction of the flesh, as a liberator of the soul from cramping circumstances that hinder it in its free search for the divine.

Yet, even though this sweeping and wholesale condemnation of matter has been part of the creed of saints of all ages and religions, there are a large number of people, outside the ranks of the aggressively healthy-minded, who find it unconvincing in its rough and ready generalisations, and turn with relief to the gentler doctrine of the poets and lovers of our beautiful Star. Indeed, it seems to many a surly attitude of mind, that enables us to turn our backs on all the loveliness and delight with which this physical world surrounds us, to look upon a white rose as a poison flower, or a wood in spring as a playground of evil forces.

To see a fall from grace in the silver shining of the sea, and illusion in the cloud-shadows on the mountain, does not seem nearly as natural as finding,

with Prentice Mulford, "God in the trees," or, with Blake, "Heaven in a wild flower." The Founders of Religions seem to have sided with the poets.

Neither Buddha nor Christ failed to recognise a certain wrongness or perversity in animal life. And yet Buddha did not find illumination in the doctrine of the ascetics, nor did He hold that the starvation of the body freed the soul. And Christ considered the lilies of the field, and spoke of them, strangely, as creatures of faith, who had won beauty without toil, as the gift of God.

In explanation of the attitude of the healthy-minded, it is easy enough to see how, in the glow of revulsion from the harsh doctrine of the ascetics, the idea of the glory and sufficiency of material things takes hold of the human imagination. The modern assertion of "all's right with the world" is the natural reaction from the old doctrine of "all's wrong with the world." Between these two there is a very real antagonism. It is as useless to deny that the cat killing the mouse, or the wasp torturing the beetle is as much a part of Nature as twilight on the sea, or autumn woods, as it is futile not to see the loveliness of a primrose, because a hawk pounces on a singing bird.

It is to those who are sensitive to all these facts, who love the earth, and yet find themselves loathing the results of will and desire, the appeal of religion is strongest, claiming as it does to hold the secret of regeneration and transmutation. People who find themselves forced to realise both the divine loneliness of the human spirit, and the kinship of the human soul with the Soul of all the Rabbits, will naturally turn for enlightenment to those thinkers who have realised most vividly the conflicting elements which go to make up life, and to throw light on the dark and difficult path which all must tread who are eager to bring their wills into harmony with the Spirit. For they hold that, whatever is wrong with the world, it is not the inherent wickedness of matter, but is the result of a mysterious perversion of

the will, and that the final reconciliation, which is the conscious or unconscious object of all religion, can only take place when the human will is united to the Will of God. Thus Jesus Christ taught His disciples to pray constantly "Thy will be done," perhaps because the intense repeated wish involved in prayer reacts on itself, and develops into will.

Obviously, when the wills of men are in harmony with the Divine Love, there will be among them no more fear, hatred, greed, anger, lust, uncharitableness, or contempt. And there will no longer be anything wrong with the world, but soul and body will be reconciled to Spirit, and this beautiful material star will be free of the curse of misdirected desire. In Christian phraseology, the world will be redeemed.

This conception of the will as the Achilles' heel of the human race is not confined to Christianity. The Dhammapada tells us that the law of Buddha is one "of universal love, which forbids the taking of Life," and the training of the will, the extinction of fear, lust, anger and greed are over and over again insisted on as necessary for those who would enter the Path.

"As the Vassika plant sheds its withered leaves men should shed passion and hatred."

As in Christ's teaching, the will must be brought into harmony with Universal Love. He who seeks enlightenment must first give up anger, malice, killing, greed, lust, and all attachment to the objects of sense. Then "freed by the Truth, in perfect peace, he finds refuge in Nirvana." One thing is clear—that, to attain a final escape from what is wrong with the world, a man must first of all revolutionise his will, he must give up all evil desires, and be moved "by good will to all the world."

Where that escape leads is another matter, and a question surrounded by doubts and controversies. Meanwhile, marred as this material world is by evil, pain, and death, its inherent beauty and joy are still immortally alive and glamorous. Indeed, the sight of the sunset alone, reflected in the shining waters of this mysterious star, seems to offer a refuge and a justification for the idea, so dear to some of us, that it too may share in the divine destiny of the Spirit.

"For So God loved the Kosmos."

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

MEDITATION

To-day I will dwell in the temple of beauty and joy.

On my way thither I will revel in the glories of Nature—of forest and stream, of mountain and sky. The stumbling child I will set upon its feet. To the struggling brother or sister caught by the wayside in the ugly mud of ignorance, I will stretch a helping hand. About the shoulders of tired old age I will place the cheering arm of strength.

In the outer court, whatsoever my hands find to do, whatsoever my heart finds to love, whatsoever my mind finds to create, that will I essay beautifully and joyfully. Whatsoever is sorrowful, that I will endeavour to brighten by sympathy and understanding. Whatsoever is unbeautiful, that will I not see, because I shall be looking beneath the surface for the life within, which is infinitely beautiful.

And in the inner shrine of the Spirit I will seek the vision of the Divine, the inspiration of the Beauty of all beauty, the Joy of all joys.

EMOGENE S. SIMONS.

Amongst the Young

Some Glimpses of School Life

By WILLIAM PLATT

(Principal of the Home School for Boys and Girls, Grindleford, Derbyshire).

I.—THE ROMANCE OF THE BOY AND GIRL

HE was a delicate little chap, nervy too, and somewhat morbid; an orphan, who had been brought up by two very kindly maiden aunts. He had been sent to boarding-school, and had perhaps hardly received enough attention there; at any rate, he had been badly teased for his oddities, till, in his unbalanced way, he thought every other child his enemy. Then, at nine years old, he was sent away to a co-education school in the country, where it was hoped that the calm, healing beauty of Nature might tune the overstrung nerves that jarred in his sensitive little frame.

Something of this was doubtless accomplished, with much patience; but that part of the matter is merely introductory to my story. Let us press on, till we see our youngster, at the age of ten-and-a-half, only slowly emerging from that cave of morbid imaginings which had shadowed the native sunlight of his life.

It was at this age of ten-and-a-half that the great illumination came. There arrived at the school a dainty maid of about his own age; a timid, trembling little creature whose shy eyes seemed made to call out all the chivalrous boyhood of the true boy. At any rate, such was the effect, not only upon our young hero (whom we will call Frank), but also upon a clever, assertive little lad of the same age, the masterful Munro. Frank, not yet used to feeling at home with other children, hung about mutely in the background; Munro, whose affinity was with the dominant chord, began to show

his interest by demanding, in her presence, the first place in everything. Suddenly, our shy heroine showed herself in a new light. One afternoon, while out on a walk, she took a quick, unexpected run, and cleared at a bound a stone wall nearly a yard high. It was an athletic feat, such as few children under fourteen would have dared to attempt, and revealed at once, to the judgment of the mistress in charge and to the instinct of the children, that the girl who had accomplished it was an athlete born.

From that moment Ruth became one of the most popular children in the school, and the position, thus won by her unexpected prowess, she retained by her sweetness and charm. And keener than ever raged the rivalry between Frank and Munro for her favour.

Till that time, Frank had been the coward of the school. It lay amid bold rocky hills, on the slopes of which there were climbs, not dangerous, but certainly sporting. From all such adventures the boy had, up till now, shrunk even with hysterical tears. These very hazards were the delight of the agile Ruth, whose grace and sureness of foot were as of a young deer exulting in its native skill. What would Frank do? he who had almost screamed at easier scrambles. To the astonishment of all, he followed her, nervously at first, but soon with a sense of new-found exultation. He practised assiduously in the swimming bath, till he began to excel; he discovered, for the first time, that cricket was worth playing. But he drew the line at dancing, wherein he was content

to watch Ruth, who was indeed a queen of the rhythmic graces.

The rivalry between Frank and Munro had its comic side. Whenever these two worthies met, out of school hours, a most gladiatorial slanging match was certain to take place. Both the lads were quick and imaginative; and no one who lacks direct experience can have any real idea of the enormous resources of pertinent and impertinent insult which are in the command of a lively boy's tongue upon such occasions. In this daily rivalry of rudeness, Frank soon began to outshine his rival; his imagination was quicker; he began to revel in the scintillating ability that enabled him almost always to turn the point of his antagonist's rapier. Even to a grown-up person (if sympathetic to the young) such encounters were vastly amusing; to the children they afforded unfailing delight. Frank suddenly found himself becoming popular, and the difference which this made to him was naturally both great and important. He was no longer the hermit of the school; had not the captain of the cricket eleven openly dubbed him "a jolly decent kid"?

Unspoilt by the real compliment of this active rivalry for her sake, Ruth behaved with sweetness and discretion. I never saw her other than kind and

gentle with either or both of the boys. Thoroughly capable of enjoying their verbal encounters, her wise and friendly smile softened and could never aggravate the broil. Never had rivals a wiser, gentler or discreeter belle. In this case, certainly, she who was admired was worthy of all admiration.

* * * * *

Munro left the school about a year later; Frank another year. He had become almost foolhardy in his courage; I myself have seen him beat a wasps' nest with a stick, for the mere fun of defying the out-rushing crowd of wasps. It made me reflect on the curious double part played by highly strung nerves, and how the same man might at one time be a coward and at another capable of winning the Victoria Cross.

A few years have passed. He is now a big boy at a school for big boys, is popular and is doing well. More than a hundred miles separate both him and Munro from Ruth, and I often wonder if Frank will ever meet her again. But if he should, whatever the circumstances, I feel sure, in my heart, that he will feel with a thrill of reverent thankfulness that to her he owes the never-payable debt of the great awakening, of the uplifting inner illumination.

II.—THE ROMANCE OF APOLOGISING

MISS MADCAP, Miss Mischief and Miss Merrythought were three young ladies of a very different type from any that I have seen described by writers of the early or mid-Victorian era, yet perhaps for that very reason a brief account of them may prove interesting or instructive; and I leave my reader free to supply any moral that he or she pleases.

That they were not always patterns of the strictest propriety, I may as well admit straightaway; but I may be allowed to plead that their ages were only 12, 13 and 14, and that what they lacked in decorum they made up in

charm, while any shortage of sedateness was correspondingly made good by a superabundance of initiative.

The position of their boarding school, right in the open country, surrounded by noble hills and woods, made for ideals of freedom and vigorous health; but while the headmistress was willing to make wise and sympathetic allowances, it must be admitted that even she received a shock when the headkeeper from the neighbouring estate arrived one evening, almost bursting with excitement, and declared that the girls had disturbed his hens who were sitting on thirty pounds'

worth of pheasants eggs, the whole of which may have been rendered useless!

Immediate inquiry had to be made. The facts amounted, briefly, to these: There was a tall two-storey barn near the entrance to the estate, where the girls had for several years been free to enter and to study (not to disturb) the wild bird life that resorted to this almost disused building. The headkeeper, newly come and full of energy, had arranged his pheasants eggs and hens in the top storey of the barn, and had locked the door. The girls had gone to the barn, knowing nothing of this, had found the door locked, and, never to be outdone, had climbed in at the upper window!

Now comes the remarkable part of the achievement. The sill of that window (I have measured it myself) is 15 ft. above the ground. The wall goes sheer up, with only two little holes to help, square holes that look as if beams had once rested in them. One of these is 7 ft. up, and the other is 11 ft., but they are not in a line, the lower one being fully a yard to the right. Imagine one girl standing on the other's shoulders, leaning to the wall for support, while the third girl climbed over both of them, to slip her foot into the upper hole and wriggle through a window which even then was level with her chin! Imagine her leaning almost out, to help up the next girl, who sprang from the lower to the upper cranny! The third girl had to remain below. When the keeper said that there was no boy in the village who would have dared so adventurous a climb, I fully believed him. But not till to-morrow could he tell the extent of the damage, for he dared not add to the disturbance by entering himself that night.

Several people must have had a broken, anxious slumber, I imagine; but in the early morning came the news: "No harm done!" The girls hugged one another for joy; the whole school shared their relief, for the whole school was as one, and the three madcaps were deservedly popular.

It was that very evening that the trio discussed the matter together, and came

to the conclusion that the keeper had behaved most decently over it, and that something should be done to show him that that was their opinion. Their good taste shrunk from offering him money . . . then they suddenly came to the decision that they should go and apologise to him for the anxiety that they had caused.

Imagine three absolutely charming and spirited little girls, rendered by the occasion prettily shy, appearing unexpectedly before the burly woodman with their almost solemn "Please Mr. Warder, we have come to apologise——"

I was not present at that interview; but the after-results were sufficiently apparent. Those girls were henceforth the most favoured denizens of the woods. There was no part to which they could not go, no question on wood-lore that they might not ask. Addled pheasant eggs, or those that refused to hatch, were carefully blown and handed to them for their collections. The keeper had literally become what the old-fashioned polite letter writer (I fear insincerely) termed their "devoted servant to command."

Apologising seemed to be such an easy way out of all troubles that the lively three again resorted to it. The top of an old boundary wall had fallen, and they were suspected. To tell the truth, it was of that sort of old stone wall that falls when stared at too persistently; it belonged to the shrewdest, most capable, but least tractable farmer in the district.

The three set forth, dressed and ready for the part, bent on apologising, stooping to conquer. They returned, crest-fallen, but yet amused, and recounted the conversation:

"Please, Mr. Stonilands, we have come to apologise——"

"Y'ave, 'ave yer?"

"We are truly sorry——"

"Y'are, are yer?"

"And we will take care in future——"

"Y'll, will yer?"

Feminine weapons avail nothing against such unimpressionability. The irresistible force had met the immovable mass.

III.—THE GLAMOUR OF IT

IN this world there is a select group of things which stand out as being always worth the price that may have to be paid for them ; and one of these is freedom. Most people will agree to this, at any rate in theory ; but as to what exactly is meant by freedom, especially as to where it begins and ends, there may be wide difference of opinion. In my young days we had a history teacher who taught us that England's supreme glory lay in her noble fight for, and achievement of, freedom ; but this did not prevent him from attempting to rule us with the most unreasonable despotism. We were never commended for our fight for freedom when we dared to resist his tyrannies ! The theory stopped suddenly at that point ; the teacher-gander was ready to recommend the excellent sauce of strict discipline to his little goslings, but he distinctly declined to be cooked and flavoured with it himself.

The freedom doctrine, intelligently carried out in a school, is so inspiring, both for teacher and taught, that no one who has seen it satisfactorily carried out would ever wish to be in the older-fashioned school. No restraint unless there is a thoroughly good reason for it ; a reason that the children themselves can understand ; that is the real basis of intelligent rule and order ; and children, who have a very fine instinct for both the logic and the common sense of these things, respond to this magnificently. May I give an instance or two, to make my meaning clearer ? At table they are allowed to sit, congenially, by their best " pals," and free conversation is allowed. They are not permitted to talk across to anyone more than one place away, because obviously that would lead to such noise and disorder that very soon no one could be heard ; anarchy is a known foe to liberty ; your history book (if it is an able one) tells you the whole truth of the matter.

But there were old-fashioned schools—and some of them, I am told, still exist—where the rule of perfect silence at

meals prevailed. A most wicked rule ; it was anti-social, it was unreasonable, it was unnatural ; it was calculated to harm digestion ; it could have no basis except on the arbitrary wish of some despotic curmudgeon ; and, worse than all these, it set the relations of teacher and taught at an entirely wrong angle. Naturalness is the test and the ideal. When you see girls with an affected manner, boys attempting to be stiff and erect in attitude, each obviously trained to hide and disguise the real self under some acquired semblance, each clearly ready to break out into the mischief that follows unnatural suppression, then you know that the school ideal is a totally wrong one. The bookish studies may be carefully supervised on recognised academic lines ; but the school life will lack the true vital tone, and the teachers will be bored with their work.

Think what that means. I myself know nothing more stimulating than the company of the young. It is almost too fiercely stimulating as one grows gradually older ; yet it is a fact that teachers become bored. Ian Hay speaks of it in a passage that I will quote later ; Caldwell Cook tells me that the too usual attitude of the teacher to his work is one of boredom ; but I assert absolutely that under true freedom conditions, whatever may happen to the teacher, he at any rate will not be bored. That last tiresomeness of a wayward civilisation will certainly be spared him.

The children must be natural, they must be happy, they must be healthy and show initiative, they must not be bored by their work ; they must work at a good or at least a very fair speed, and they must not be held to studies for too long a stretch of hours. All these conditions are essentials of true progress in a really modern school.

Two things we must most dearly prize—interest and initiative. It does not matter how well a school may believe it has crammed up a boy ; if that lad has lost all interest in his work, if he is bored

by it and only comes to it by compulsion, then that boy's education is something too like a failure. It does not matter what a boy does under a teacher's direction and compulsion; if that boy cannot initiate, do things for himself that he himself intelligently wants to do, then that boy's education has been something like a failure. These are main principles, these are essentials of the case; to-day, probably, they are beginning to be accepted; yet only a few years ago a very unintelligent type of teacher opposed the theory of interest in work on the plea that drudgery was good for the child. What did they mean by drudgery? I claim that few men have worked harder than I have, yet I have done less drudgery than most. And why? Because I have always taken an intelligent interest in what I have had to do. It is all so interesting, so breathlessly interesting. Is not teaching fascinating work? What subject is there that is not interesting? People talk to me about putting the interest into the work, but this is reversing the facts; *the interest is there*. It always seems to me remarkable that bad teachers succeed in suppressing the interest in subjects that so obviously bristle with it! Yet I have had intelligent children sent to me, from the more conventional schools, already almost hopelessly bored with their work at the age of twelve. Children come to me from schools where long hours of home work are given, and they have developed a pace of the most lugubrious slowness; clever children come with frowning faces, overdone before they are thirteen. Yet my own boy, who never worked the long hours of ordinary schoolboys, took and passed matriculation two weeks after his fifteenth birthday, and, by special permission of the University, took Inter-Science at the age of fifteen-and-three-quarters, and passed that also.

A question frequently asked of headmasters is: Of what type are your children? or, What type of child do

you seek to develop? This is a question that needs a very careful answer, for the gist of the matter lies here. Speaking in a general way, we would disclaim any and every idea of developing a particular type. The child has his own soul, that splendid responsibility and priceless possession. He has to develop this on his own lines, it is the grossest and most miserable impertinence of a grown-up to dare to distort this soul of the child to fit some sorry and inadequate scheme of his own. That much is supremely true, and lies at the root of all great educational ideals. What, then, does the educationist do? He has to help the child to realise his own soul. He has to warn against certain weaknesses, as known to be dangerous as are the rocks and shoals on the mariner's chart. He has, above all perhaps, to aid the child to realise his own power, to encourage him to know that he can do many things that he does not yet know that he can do. He has to explain our heritage of experience, to uphold the truest ideals of the race. He has to be a leader, because the child needs a leader; but he must not be a mere despot, because the child can easiest be irretrievably injured by a mere despot.

What then was the type of the children of the home school? I hope and believe that they preserved their own individualities too well to be of any set type. Certain qualities I hope they had in common, such as alertness, initiative, the power of tackling work with grit and grip, an easy, natural manner that is neither affected nor boorish, a brave outlook on life, and an interest in study. I would like to summarise these as mental, physical and spiritual alertness. In ground thus prepared, sympathy, unselfishness and usefulness naturally grow. And the rest, the ultimate development? This lies with God and with the human soul, guaranteed by the faith that we live by, and by the best that is in us.

WILLIAM PLATT.

Thoughts on the Times

A Little Human Kindness

GIVEN only the right good will there are few among us all who may not learn something from children, and in so simple a matter as the Boy Scout rule of at least one kind action per diem there really is a good and profitable lesson for mankind. Consider the immense driving power for progress and betterment to be derived from, say, fifty million kindly actions per day! One selects that particular figure in connection with the very pleasing statement that India is adopting the Boy Scout movement with enthusiasm and success.

But it is not alone from boys that the kindly acts are needed. In every quarter of the globe and throughout all sections of every community we need the steady, continuous fertilisation that kindly acts carry with them. We need it more than money, more than industrial progress, more even than we need peace; more indeed than we need any other thing the mind of man may conceive. Why? Because, rightly understood, human kindness leads most other boons in its train. Out of it arise naturally, like flowers after rain, all manner of good things making for amelioration, betterment, the assuaging of bitterness and the cure of human ills. It were a fatal error to suppose that the power to give out kindness depends necessarily upon the possession of money, or of any other material thing. The writer has been helped and encouraged throughout a long and difficult day by kindness received at the hands of a half-naked Moor whose entire worldly possessions would hardly have fetched sixpence in any market. No, emphatically one does not need "means" for the exercise of kindness; and—let the man of affairs remember it—you cannot possibly lose by the

exercise of kindness. If the usurer tells you otherwise he lies. Acts of true kindness cannot bring you loss, but only gain. Weigh the assertion as you will, the more thoroughly the better. Test it, and go on testing it. Never in mankind's history has it been known to fail. Let no semblances or false seemings mislead you. You cannot lose by kindness. But to the gains and profits attaching to this sort of traffic no bounds are set, and even the Statute of Limitations does not apply. No form of usury was ever half so profitable.

There are—in plenty—those who will tell you that, with the best will in the world, the opportunities for real kindness of a constructive, helpful sort, are generally and for most of us far to seek. The complex, crowded, artificial daily life of, say, the British Isles, leaves no room, they say, for such opportunities. Mere routine duty is too insistent in its demands; the fight is too fierce. Well, the truth is that it is just such lands and lives that are richest in opportunity. Nowhere is kindness more needed; nowhere are its rewards more obvious, instant and desirable. For example—and this merely by way of illustration—the British Isles, that storm-swept cradle of a roving race, form the metropolis and nerve centre of an Empire whose far-flung frontiers actually embrace no less than a fifth of the habitable earth, and many hundreds of millions of its people. Many among the most enterprising sons of this huge family are drawn at the most critical junctures of their lives to their Empire's crowded centre, there to pursue some one among a hundred desired ends, such as a certain educational hall-mark, or the needed passport into some profession or calling. Now let the average native resident of the British Isles who

seeks opportunity for the exercise of true constructive—even creative—kindness set himself first a little task in imaginative visualisation. Imaginative insight may not be a strong point with this masterful race, but here goodwill is of immense assistance, and given that, a sufficiently clear vision for the purpose may surely be obtained.

The central figure in the vision is, let us say, a youth at the thresh-hold of his manhood; a most impressionable phase of emotional and moral susceptibility, at which life is apt to be felt and seen vividly, in pictures whose colouring and outlines burn themselves into the retina of the mind, there to remain and potently to influence all afterthought, all subsequent progress and development. This youth is one among the daily new-comers. They land each day in storied Britain, from homes set far and far across the seas; from fern-clad heights in the remotest South Pacific, from vast, rolling prairies bounded by the Western Rockies, from sun-washed solitudes in Africa, and from steaming plains or hemmed-in jungle villages of India. Choose your place of origin as you will, according to your sympathies and knowledge; and, having chosen, pursue much farther than before and by all available means the aforesaid sympathy and knowledge.

Suppose the choice of your imagination falls upon India, the young fellow-subject of your vision has a skin of a different colour from your own. That is what he shows to the world; but the soul of him may well be as finely sensitive, and, by virtue of his youth and of the temperament that brought him across wide seas to these cold islands, it may be a good deal more sensitive than your own. The task you set your imagination is that of showing you, however dimly, something of the workings of that young man's mind, something of his feelings and point of view, when London receives him, newly projected from his native village. Until a fortnight ago he never had left the tropics. Till a month ago he never saw the sea. Until a very few years ago he never had been more than a day's

march from the tiny, bamboo-set village in which he and his forebears were born and bred in an atmosphere of elemental simplicity. Shakespeare and Milton he has studied. Yes. But never the *Daily Mail*. Something he knows about the Crusades and the Spanish Armada; but nothing as yet of the Underground Railway. His mind is quick and receptive; he is sensitive and highly impressionable; and it happens that his arrival synchronises with the first fog, the first really cold sleet, or the first authentic east wind of the season. He shudders as for the first time he faces London's forbidding roar. But its physical side is the lesser part of his bewildering first experience. You are to visualise, so far as imagination will permit, the moral and emotional sides of it, during, let us say, the young man's first week-end in some boarding house which, if not modest, must at all events be cheap. For its own natives, for any person capable of intelligent observation, London is a place of terrific contrasts, but nowhere between Mayfair and the East India Dock shall you find any contrast so drastic, so soul-shaking as that between life as this young student from British India has learned to know it in his own land, and life as it confronts him through the sinister gloom of a wintry day in the British Empire's metropolis, while he is still strange. Strange in a sense he will always be to it; but at first, while the hot scent of the East is yet fresh in his nostrils, no words can measure the extent of his exotic remoteness from its every sight and sound.

And the careless observer fancies modern English life poor in opportunities for the exercise of human kindness! In truth it hardly could be richer, and opportunity waits upon goodwill in Britain to-day to an extent unknown in the Middle Ages. Enough, too much, perhaps, has been written of "The White Man's Burden." There is room for far more active appreciation of the European's privileges, and, particularly, perhaps, of the Briton's privileges, in the matter of mitigating so far as may be the severities

and the nerve-racking strangeness and loneliness of cities like London, as these buffet in the face the new-landed visitor from over seas. The sorts of kindness and courtesy called for embrace many fields of activity, and cannot be met by the writing of cheques. They are particularly open to the simplest of mortals ; but are made sterile and worse than useless by the smallest hint of patronage, which, indeed, is somewhat remote from any sort of true kindness. They do not demand the possession of "means," but they do entail the exercise of thought, of modesty, of self-forgetfulness, tact and sincere sympathy. Insincerity, vanity, affectation, ostentation and the like are fatal to them ; discretion is of the essence of them. Each and all of the infinitely varied lands and communities whose

sons make pilgrimage for different reasons to the British Isles are in some way authoritatively represented there, and trustworthy information regarding all of them may be gleaned within a mile of Westminster Abbey. Blunders may quite easily be avoided, and it is important that they should be. But here undoubtedly is a wide and proper field for the exercise of true and very fruitful kindness. Much needless suffering and not a little mischief of a far-spreading kind has been due in the past merely to lack of such kindness ; and much, very much far-reaching good may be won by its exercise ; by the exercise of a quality which, like mercy, is twice blessed, bringing real benefit alike to him that gives and to him that takes.

A. J. D.

Where are the Dead?

ONCE again this age-long controversy is being brought to the front in the daily Press of Western lands. Admittedly spiritualism has grown enormously of late, and has attracted to it many who formerly were numbered amongst the Christian Church's loyal adherents as well as many who were outside her border.

It is only to be expected that the Church should view this growth with something of alarm and suspicion, and the cry of "fraud" is the natural cry of self-defence. But it is inadequate. Why? Because the movement towards occultism has been far too strong and has met too real a need to be based on fraudulency. That there is a certain amount of fraud no one will deny. There will always be fraud while there is credulity. But to suggest that the whole mass of evidence (much of it collected by trained investigators) which goes to prove the reality of psychic phenomena is rooted and grounded in deception or self-deception is so ludicrous that it can only point to a mind resolutely closed to the light of Truth.

To the open mind it is clear that we are on the verge of new discoveries ;

that we stand upon the threshold of a wider consciousness. We need not all accept unreservedly the teaching of occult science, but it is both interesting and instructive to find that this increase in spiritualism is in line with the occult theory that to-day we are witnessing the birth of a new era, in which the development of psychic powers will play an important part.

We repeat, then, that the charge of fraudulency is an inadequate charge, and will only bring greater discredit to an already discredited Church. If the Church is to regain the confidence of the people (and it is vitally important that she should do) she must keep an open mind and must be ready to scrap pre-conceived ideas and worn-out fetishes. In the first place she must be willing to face facts. The facts of psychical research are plain for all to know who want to know them. The Church *must* want to know them. She has slowly realised the value of scientific investigation in the sphere of New Testament criticism. She must now be ready to have her ideas modified by a further accession of knowledge.

In the second place, she must modernise her speculative thought. Speculative thought may easily be overdone, but it has its place, nevertheless; and in these days we must either think of the next world in intellectual terms or not at all. Of course much of the old crudity in the ideas of Heaven and Hell has passed away never to return, but at present there is very little in its place. We have long ago rebelled against the frigid happiness of harps and marble, and against the endless torture of the pit, but we have not yet visualised alternatives. There is one idea, however, that has slowly formed itself out of the muddle of our thinking; namely, the idea of continuity. Curiously enough the facts of

psychic research are tending to show that there is a close relation between the next world and this. It is far too early to dogmatise, but the tendency is significant. It is for the Church to recognise this tendency.

The whole issue is something which cannot be baulked. It is suggested that the new growth is merely a product of the War. Naturally there is an added stimulus to-day to our interest in the after-life, a tragic stimulus; but the War has not created the movement towards occultism—it has only augmented something that was there before. As we have said, we are on the verge of new discoveries. Why need we be afraid of Truth?
B. P.

Spring

IT is always of interest to trace the correspondence between the laws of Nature and those which govern the inner life of man—such a correspondence there must surely be when the Author of both is the same Unchanging One.

We have only to go out into lane or common as the days lengthen to see the laws of growth operating on every side. How persistent the "life." Yet the One who gave the life—who is the life—appears at the same time to have placed endless obstacles in the way of its development. The sap rises in the tree, the life throbs in the tiny seed answering to the call of their life-giver—the sun—and at once hosts of seeming enemies—the frost, bitter winds, the heavy weight of earth—one and all combine to check and, if possible, destroy the baby effort towards growth. What does it all mean? "As above so below, as in the outer so in the inner." We see more clearly the secret when we look at the realities of the spirit life which we believe are mirrored for us in the material world. Surely the Catholic Church has taught wisely and well in giving her children the season of

Lent, which strikes the note of struggle and striving "even unto blood" before she permits them to join in the great Festival of the Resurrection—of Easter, the ancient goddess of spring. So, gradually, to our minds comes the universal truth that struggle and growth, growth and struggle, are but different words for the same thing. Of course the time comes when the tree that has conquered stands strong and glorious, a shelter from the storm, a safe haven for nesting birds. So man, too, shall pass out of the spring of struggle into the calm summer of attainment, when he also shall be a "covert from the storm as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," but only because he has woven into his very being the strength, the faith, the perseverance, the steadfastness which developed in the days of temptation, of doubt and of dryness. And so, too, looking for a moment at this world of ours as a whole, as it passes through these days of stress and danger, may we not "look up and lift up our heads, "for in these very things do we not see undoubted signs that "our Redemption draweth nigh?" M. H. H.

Short Essays on Star Work

By A MEMBER OF THE ORDER

III. ON MISTAKING WORDS FOR THINGS

LAST month we considered one possible way of finding relief for that feeling of inertia and indifference which many will have felt, as Star workers, when the first flush of membership has faded away. It was suggested that one remedy might be found in an organised system of mass-activity on the part of the Order as a whole, enabling the individual member to forget his personal difficulties in a larger co-operation. The sense of taking part in a great act of collective magic—for that is what the scheme there suggested would be—would undoubtedly be stimulating. It would appeal to the imagination and would also enhance that feeling of community of effort which is the soul of any great movement. For these reasons I hope that, some time or other, the experiment may be made; for, as I said then, we shall not have realised the full possibilities of the Order until we have set it working as a whole, and thus made it a vehicle for the mighty spiritual energies which can only express themselves through collective organisations.

This month I wish to approach the problem of these difficulties from a different angle, and to suggest certain ways in which we may possibly deal with them ourselves in private.

The inability to link oneself effectively on to an idea, which should be, in theory, moving and inspiring in the highest degree, is in most cases psychological. It means that, for some reason or another, the machinery of consciousness is not working properly in relation to the idea. Something is out of gear somewhere. The question is—what precisely is wrong?

Since no two people are ever exactly alike, there can be no single answer which will meet the circumstances of every case. But, in matters of general human interest, there are usually certain broad principles which are capable of wide application. The failure to respond, as one would like to respond, to some high spiritual appeal will usually be found, I think, to have in it some of these general elements. It is probably due, that is to say, to one or two things; and before we look for more special or personal causes it might be well for most of us to see how we stand in relation to these.

There is one very common source of the malady, about which I propose to say something this month. This is the illusion, so often referred to by Bacon, of "mistaking words for things." Words are the natural currency of the mind. The written or spoken word is the universal medium of instruction. Even in our own thinking we shall find, if we take the trouble to pause and examine ourselves, that we are most of the time only talking to ourselves in words. This "verbalism" of thought is, in fact, a very subtle and cunning network, in which the greater part of our mental life is enmeshed. And just because it is so close to us, so intimately entwined with our consciousness, it is one of the most difficult of all things to detect. And yet it has perhaps more than anything else to do with the difference between "dead" and "living" thought. The general principle may confidently be stated, that, the more our thought on any subject is verbalised, the less true and vital is it likely to be; and this principle holds good of our thought about the Star message and all that it involves.

Our very eagerness to learn increases the danger. Naturally, when we first come into contact with the Star movement, we are anxious to learn all that we can about it. We read all that has been written; we attend as many Star lectures as we can. It is true that, in this way, we increase our information. But we run into a certain subtle danger; the danger, namely, of allowing our purely mental relationship to the subject to outstrip the more difficult, but equally necessary, readjustment to it of our personality as a whole. One effect of this is likely to be a peculiar kind of blight. The over-eagerness of our mental response seems somehow to paralyse any other kind of response. We reach a point where we could, perhaps, give a lecture or write an article, but where we are still unable to convert what we have learnt into the substance of sound and healthy living. The secret of this blight is usually to be found in the fact that we have been mistaking words for things—or, more accurately, mistaking words for really “living” concepts.

The danger is especially great where we are dealing with spiritual matters, for the simple reason that the words which are used to describe those great ideas are so much easier to grasp than the ideas themselves. We are particularly likely, therefore, to think that we are in vital contact with these things, when all that we have done has been to form an acquaintance with the outer verbal shells in which they are enclosed—and concealed. If our consequent lack of motive energy puzzles us, the explanation is that we have not yet touched that higher reality from which motive energy springs. We are still dealing with what really are little more than algebraical formulæ.

One way of testing ourselves is by noticing to what extent our thoughts tend to shape themselves naturally into a stereotyped form of words. Star literature, for example, provides many of these forms. We read of “the near coming of a great Teacher,” of “the preparation of the way,” of “devotion,

steadfastness and gentleness,” of the “dawning of a new age,” and so forth. All these phrases are the common coin of the movement. We tend to bandy them about. But how far, when we use them, do they mean anything vital? How far do we allow these little strings of words to take the place, in our minds, of any first-hand and living concept of all that they mean? It is worth the while of any Star member, who is conscious of a lack of vitality in relation to the movement, to call his mental machinery into review and to see in what degree he is unconsciously a victim of verbalism. He will possibly find that he has not even begun to contact the subject itself, that he is being kept out of the true life of the Star by a bristling barrier of Star formulæ. Knowing much *about* the subject, he really knows practically nothing *of* it.

So insidious and, at the same time, so common is this malady, that the search for appropriate remedies becomes of the highest importance. To find these we must have recourse to the advice of the spiritually experienced. Out of the teaching which is at our disposal, either as students of occultism or as Star members, we are able to extract one or two very valuable hints.

One remedy is very easily stated. It is to bring down our thought off the mental plane in which it is at present backwatered, and to transform it forcibly into something on a lower level—either action or feeling. The tyranny of words ceases to be operative on these lower levels. We are here in contact with immediate things, affecting our ordinary personal life. What we have to do, then, is to leave off thinking and to begin acting. Instead of thinking Star thoughts—which is not a very difficult matter—let us start by doing Star deeds. Let us force ourselves to do certain little things *because* we are members of the Order of the Star. Such actions may be trivial in themselves, but they have the great importance of being actions. They enable us to do what we could do in no other way, namely, to initiate an expression of our Star relationship *from below*—

the readiest way of all to escape from the blight of verbalism. What we are in search of is reality, the making of the Star life vivid and real. The best method of doing this is to start from the rough and ready reality of the physical plane. Even if this has to be done somewhat brutally at first, without any sense of "uplift" or inspiration, it is none the less effective; perhaps it is thereby the more effective. One cannot get the glow resulting from a plunge into cold water until one has first made the plunge. The effect of this forcible effort to achieve a physical plane reality is eventually to make the ideals themselves more real, by a kind of process of repercussion. A profound occult law is, indeed, concealed here. That law is most frequently expressed in the statement that, in order to know spiritual truth, one must first "live the life." As a practical remedy for loss of interest and vitality, the secret of the prescription lies in the fact that nothing is really ours until we have "brought it down." As egos we are doubtless perfect; but this perfection has no practical value until we have expressed it in terms of the lower planes.

Verbalism, we have to understand, is the natural mode into which our thinking falls on its own level. We can only escape from it by bringing things down to a level of which verbalism is not the natural mode. That is why action is so necessary. It releases thought, breaks up its congestion, and vivifies it by the simple process of turning it into something else. It is probable that many of the difficulties experienced by most of us, as Star members, arise from the fact that we have, all unwittingly, tried to start our Star life at the wrong end.

The value of the remedy in question is that it requires no special opening or rearrangement of circumstances in order to put it into practice. It can be applied anywhere and at any time. The person who says "I will make myself do such and such a little action to-day, at some small sacrifice to my comfort, because I am a Star member," has his foot on

the right path. The remedy is blunt and direct, but it is far-reaching in its effects.

There is another remedy which is rather more subtle. It has to do with making the right kind of mental pictures. It is distinguished from that which we have just been discussing by the fact that it tackles the difficulty of verbalism on its own plane. The necessity of bringing down our thought into physical plane expression still remains; the reconstruction of our mental pictures, to which we now come, is only designed to make this easier.

In order to make what I have to say as clear as possible, let me begin with a word or two about these "thought forms" or "mental pictures." I wish to explain how there are two kinds of these, and how it is possible, by a certain process, to convert one of them into the other.

If I know a man personally, my thought of him, when he is absent, is definite and pictorial. The mental image, which I retain of him, includes everything in him which appeals to the senses—his general appearance, his voice, his way of moving about, and so forth—together with that amalgam of subtler impressions which has been conveyed to me by what we call his "personality." This is the man as he strikes me when I meet him, the *immediate* effect which he makes on me. The remoter things that might be said about him—for example, the kind of information which would appear in an obituary notice—hardly enter into my picture at all. I am concerned only with the man himself, the living individual of flesh and blood.

If, on the other hand, I know the man only from hearsay, my mental picture of him necessarily lacks all these immediate elements and is made up entirely of derivative things—what he does, where he lives, his friends, relations, associations and what not. I can get no nearer to the man himself than I could get through reading, let us say, his entry in *Who's Who*. In fact, this way of thinking about him might well be labelled, for purposes of convenience, the "*Who's Who*" method of thought.

A moment's reflection will show that this *Who's Who* method is overlaid with verbalism. The thought, in which it expresses itself, is merely the summary of a number of statements about the man. It is second-hand, indirect, and devoid of the "living" quality belonging to the first kind of image-making.

Supposing, however, that I wish to discard this "dead" way of thinking and to substitute something more living, what am I to do? I must deliberately build up a thought-picture of him, in which all these derivative elements are transmuted, and strive to realise him as a living man, just as though I had met him and were simply remembering him. The faculty by which I do this is called the "constructive imagination." What it does, very briefly, is to get rid of all verbalism and to construct, in its place, a direct picture of the man. The constructive imagination has thus this property—that it can convert "dead" thought-forms into "living."

When we are dealing with the mental image of an ordinary man or woman, of course, we shall probably fail to achieve much success in this effort, for two simple reasons. The first is that we shall have insufficient data to enable us to build up our direct picture; the second is that the effort would generally not be worth while, unless it were merely as the exercise of a faculty which is too little used.

But all this becomes changed when the matter at issue is our thought-picture of a great Spiritual Being. Here we have a number of well-defined and highly developed qualities, capable of stimulating the constructive imagination in the highest degree, even though we have, at the same time, very little in the way of ordinary external data. What we are called upon to do here is to construct a mental picture of a supremely great Spiritual Character out of our knowledge of the qualities which go to form such a Character. That knowledge we possess in the abstract; we have to transmute it, by the alchemy of imagination, into something concrete and living.

I think that many of us, in our thought about the great World-Teacher whose coming we expect, are still unconsciously in what may be called, with all reverence, the *Who's Who* stage of thinking about Him. We have learnt from books something of the work which He will probably do in the world when He comes, of the problems which He will be called upon to solve, and so forth. If we are students of Occultism, we shall have learnt a great deal more:—of His previous manifestations amongst men, of His place in the great Occult Hierarchy, of the connection between His comings forth and the beginnings of new Sub-Races, and a multitude of similar facts. All these, taken together, represent a number of verbal statements about the great Teacher, and a thought-form built up of these, without any more living or immediate elements, will consequently be little more than a verbalistic complex—second-hand, derivative and devoid of vital force. The greater the amount of our information about Him, indeed, the more difficult will it be for us to escape from the meshes of mere words, and to construct a thought-image of Him which shall act directly upon our emotional nature and become an inspiring force in our lives.

The effort which we should make, therefore, if we recognise this danger, is to do exactly what was suggested in the instance above given; namely, to call in the constructive imagination to help us to build a direct instead of an indirect picture, a living instead of a dead image. Much of the "information" side of our former picture will have to be dropped, because it will only prove an encumbrance. In place of this, we shall have to construct a strong mental picture of a great ideal Character, the living embodiment of Wisdom, Power and Love, and then pour the force of imagination into this until it at last becomes a living Figure in our mind World. In this way the verbalism of our former thought will imperceptibly drop away and we shall be in possession of a Power which will make all the difference to the reality of our spiritual lives.

Students of occultism will perceive that this is only an old remedy restated. Such image-building has always been enjoined as a necessary part of meditation ; but I do not remember that its relation to the inherent verbalism of thought has ever been specifically brought out. To think directly and pictorially is to strip our thought of that web of words which so often ties it up and stifles it. That is its importance in connection with the difficulty which we are considering.

Occultism has, of course, much more to say on this subject. We are told that a thought-form of this kind, studiously built up and reinforced by concentrated imaginative effort, becomes, in time, what is almost an independent entity, hovering near us even when we are not actually thinking of it, and keeping evil vibrations away from our auras. More significant still—we are taught that the great Being, of whom the thought-image is made, can, if He will, vivify it with His own life, so that it becomes a real link between ourselves and Him and an ever-present and most potent inspiration to spiritual effort. The reader will see how important a factor this would be, not only in leading the Star life now and in taking a part in the work of preparation, but also in the supreme test of the future—the recognition of the Master when He comes.

This, then, is the second remedy suggested for the very common malady of mistaking words for things. There is one more, which may be briefly noted before we close. It concerns our personal relationship with the Great One, with whom we are thus endeavouring to make a link through our thought. A simple rule can be suggested here : it is, to develop that relationship in terms of *feeling*—not at all an easy matter in practice, although it is easy to write about. Pure feeling, without an admixture of conscious or unconscious thought, is one of the most difficult things to attain. And yet there are times in life when we attain it automatically. We all know the emotional glow which remains with us, without conscious effort on our part, for a long time after leaving one whom we

love or revere. We know also the less pleasant obverse of it, the curious feeling of "something wrong," of worry, which lingers in our consciousness after hearing bad news or having some disturbing experience, even after we have done thinking about it : so much so, that we have often to explore our minds in order to discover what it is which is weighing so heavily upon us. The link between us and the Master ought to be a feeling just as persistent and as little dependent upon thought as these—one that does not have to be arrived at through any process of cogitation, but is there the whole time. If we can develop an emotional link of this sort we shall have taken yet a further step away from verbalism.

Such a link can be developed by the imagination ; but it is a different kind of imagination from that employed in building a mental image, and is a little hard to define. The only way of suggesting how it works seems, at first sight, to beg the question. The method is to still the emotional nature, first of all, and then to *make oneself* feel the glow of love which one is seeking—to take the emotion, as it were, and deliberately put it inside one, rather in the way that an actor has to do the thing, when he is playing an emotional part. There is a profound truth also, in the late Professor William James's dictum—that the man who can force himself to smile, when he is angry, has gone a long way towards getting rid of his anger ; that is to say, it is a case of working from the outside inwards. To force one's expression of face to take on the look which it would naturally have, under the influence of a glow of love and devotion, is, indeed, one of the best ways of beginning the effort—crude though the method may seem to be. The secret, here, lies of course in the fact that, although our consciousness uses many vehicles, it is nevertheless one throughout. It is theoretically, therefore, equally possible to stimulate an emotion through the physical body as it is to awaken it from above by an effort of thought. All that I wish to suggest is that there is such a thing as the deliberate awakening of

feeling without thought,—a kind of short cut to any emotion which we desire to have; and that, for those who are definitely trying to free themselves from the tangle of verbalism, this is a method which it might be worth while to try. Every emotion has its appropriate physical expression; annoyance is expressed by a frown, contempt by a certain contraction of the muscles of the lips and nose, which we call a sneer, delight by a smile, and so forth. The short cut, alluded to, will consist in starting from the expression and working through this to the emotion itself.

These then, briefly, are three ways in which our difficulty may possibly be met. There are doubtless many others; but, however many there be, all will

have one thing in common. They will set out from a recognition of the malady to be cured. In order to free ourselves from the illusion of mistaking words for things, we must first have discovered that we are under the spell of this illusion; and this will require no small degree of candour and impartiality in self-examination. We may, however, take comfort in two facts. The first is that verbalism, as has been said, is the natural mode of thought, and that it is no great crime therefore to suffer from it. The second is that probably every single human being, except the few who *know*, suffers from it more or less. Nevertheless it is a barrier and everybody, by making an effort, can do something to break it down.

Star Work in Many Lands

I REGRET that, for several reasons, it has been impossible to include the usual article under this heading in the present number. For one thing, the problem of space is always a difficult one in a periodical of only forty-three pages of reading matter, and the Editor has by him a number of contributions whose appearance is overdue. In the second place, only two reports—those from Great Britain and Austria—reached me in time for insertion before the Magazine went to press; two others have since been sent in, and all these will be included next month.

As time goes on, it is hoped that the space devoted to the Order of the Star in the East will be gradually extended, and I should like to suggest to National Representatives and other officers of the Order that one thing which the HERALD OF THE STAR has not yet included,

but which it ought to include, is correspondence on Star matters, Star work, Star organisation, and Star problems. There might also be Questions and Answers on matters of interest to the Order as a whole. Now that the project of a revival of the *International Bulletin* has been abandoned, the HERALD OF THE STAR is the only official organ of the Order of the Star as an international body. It has thus a definite place to fill in the general life of the Order; and every kind of assistance will be welcomed which helps it to fill this place. Particularly will any suggestions be welcomed on the subject of international activities—activities, that is to say, in which the whole organisation can act as one.

In conclusion, may I say that frequent reports from all Sections are very desirable.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,
General Secretary.

Correspondence

“IDEAL” EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—There are two main objections, to my mind, to all these so-called “ideal” educational systems. One is that there is too much interference from “grown-ups” with ideas of their own; the other is that they are almost in every case co-educational.

The best education, in everything except book-work, which a young person can receive, is that which he gets by being left alone and allowed to grow naturally, without having idealist teachers, no matter how sincere in their idealism, constantly fluttering round him. Such interference is softening and obstructive to true growth. The true method should be to let idealism come spontaneously with maturing years. Too much talk about it, in early years, leads to cant and insincerity. The apparent effect may be charming to look at, while the child is still young; but in few cases will it be found to last.

As for “co-education,” I know this is one of the very latest modern ideals. But I am strongly of opinion that it is mistaken. Girls and boys cannot be educated together without harm being done to both. Each needs a different type of education, and suffers if this be not forthcoming. Any attempted compromise must warp the development of both.

I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,
MATTER OF FACT.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—I think “A Parent” judges too harshly from one or two cases of failure. Is it not a beautiful thing to think of our children being brought up in an atmosphere of high ideals? Surely the education of the future, in that New Age to which we are all looking, will be far more spiritual, more idealistic, than it is now. Should we not be grateful, then, to those who are the pioneers of that coming time? They cannot be successful in every case, but at least they are on the right road.

Yours faithfully,
A MOTHER.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—The letter which appeared, by “Parent,” in your January number provides scope for a discussion, which, however, like all discussions decorously fought and honourably suppressed, is no doubt scarcely intended to convince. For where was found a party willing to be persuaded?

It is surely doubtful how far education—by which I do not mean environment, but rather the implanting of certain standards

which, to the various instructors of youth, appear valid—has any lasting effect upon the character at all. The boy, as the man, will be influenced chiefly by those standards at which his particular age has arrived; while it is the object of most schools to appreciate those standards, and train the young unconsciously to respond thereto. Thus is the conventional education not to be despised, for it is very modest in its endeavour, as it indeed should be, and leaves the futile task of changing the fundamental character to Nature, whose duty alone it is. For while it is possible for bad education to do harm, the good done by a good education is little more than the good derived from none at all.

These aged, these senile vivisectioners of youth prescribe conditions for the young, regarding their own mental development as an ideal. Indeed, would they not be better employed in endeavouring to create a vigorous criminal class who at any rate would provide entertainment for the public in the pictorial press? The best education will stimulate all the faculties, not cramp them by directing them into channels that may lead no one knows whither. Moreover, it is perhaps a thankless task; for every channel leads but to the sea, and there is there no distinction made between the waters of the mightiest torrent and those of some placid stream.

Labelling, too, is a pitiable affair. Never should men walk abroad with their credentials in their pockets. For, of the good man one never requires an explanation of his virtue; and they who wear a crucifix as their school badge, emblazoned with the motto *virtus semper viridis*, are only more ridiculous than the young “dreswelian” ladies from Miss “Dreswel’s” select establishment, where young women are taught to become young “gentlewomen”!

The great, the only excuse for every type of education is that genius shall ever flourish in spite of it. And let those who indulge some eccentric caprice at the expense of the young and simple be assured that the mediocre, like themselves, will remain mediocre until the end.

I once saw a whimsical seminary for boys, conducted under the auspices of some benevolent Society, and was immediately reminded of an old tale. An ancient Eastern potentate was anxious to discover the first language spoken by man. So he secured a newly-born infant and put him to be suckled with goats, in order that his first words might be the true language of God. When the child was somewhat older he was confronted by the scribes of the city that they might set down his words of wisdom. Alas! the child could only bleat!

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge,
January 21st, 1920.
AN EXPERIMENT.

The Herald of the Star

VOL. IX. No. 4

APRIL 1st, 1920

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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. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 20 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 2d. extra). United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per ann. (Post free). U.S.A. and South America, \$1.50 per ann. (Post free). All Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to the "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

THE QUEST AND THE VOW

"The reformer's road must often lie in lonely places." EIRENE WILSON.

She stayed not for the May-blooms, one by one
Wooing her to their gardens of delight ;
For she had vowed to stand at set of sun
In the hill country, on its loneliest height.
A bold vow ! for between the summit white
And pine-dark base there lay
Two miles of Winter's world ; and all the way
With barriers strewn of torrent and crevasse,
Boulder and glacier, and the perilous pass
Where Death waits, should the foot one instant stray.

Yet she passed on, for she had vowed the Vow,
And, for a little space, the path was fair
With valley flowers ; but these the hills allow
So far, no farther ; keener grew the air,
Sparser the trees ; and then the land was bare,
Ice and sharp rocks the whole.
And still "The Vow is on me" sang her soul,
And still she climbed to where the eagle broods,
And where, in everlasting solitudes,
Burn lights which give the Alps their aureole.

And, as a nun who takes her vow and veil
Together, so did she who took instead
A veiling cloud, heavy and cold and pale,
Upon her—pale till kissed to roses red
By sunset : light the lower slopes had fled,
But showed the hill's white brow
Nearer ; and up his breast she panted now
With feet that bled but stayed not, one dim goal
Seeking by one sure light ; for in her soul
Ever, a lamp to guide her, burned the Vow.

O Freedom ! higher thou than Love, or Art !
Whether the maid who sought thee reached thee ever
I know not ; but she knew the Powers that part
The soul, self-pledged, from all but its endeavour.
Haply, beholding where twin torrents sever
The frail bridge snapped and lost,
She took the last leap, counting not the cost,
And fell, all broken, on the rocky shelf,
And dying on the last height flung herself,
And kept her Vow, unto the uttermost.

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

Devotion and Activity

By ANNIE BESANT

[An Address given to Star Members, in London, on October 26th, 1919.]

I WAS talking with Lady Emily over the work that we should do at the Star Conference, and it occurred to me that it might be better for me to speak to you in the afternoon, and then we could spend our second meeting more in questions, answers and discussion. The reason for this is very obvious, that, as I have not been among you of late, I cannot really touch on points on which you most desire help of some kind. In the evening we shall, therefore, have time to take up any point I may have missed, and to elucidate any particular part of the subject which I may have dealt with too superficially this afternoon. It is only now and again, of course, that we can have a meeting of members from all over the country, as we have to-day, and have the opportunity of discussing with each other the details of the work.

Now, it seems to me there are two things wanted in connection with the Order of the Star in the East, the first, a very necessary part, is what I shall speak of generally under the name of devotion, the second is activity. We cannot do without either of these; we need devotion to inspire our work; we need activity in order that the work for which we came into the Order should really be performed, and I take it you will agree with me that people who come into this Order come really to try to prepare the way for the Coming of the World-Teacher. That will be the motive of all of you, and the main part of your thought should go as to what are the best ways of preparing the way, for the wish to prepare for His Coming implies that you have a devotion to Him as the World-Teacher; without that you would

not be sufficiently interested in the question of His Coming to take an active part in the preparation of His Way. Now that devotion is, of course, a feeling in the heart of the individual, but it often finds itself helped by an outer expression and by the coming together either for conversation, for meditation, or even for conversation with each other on the work in which you are engaged. You know, in India, these things have been going on for many thousands of years, and have come to be regarded in a very practical way, and the conditions of devotion, so much thought of in India, have been analysed a good deal psychologically as well as in other ways, and there are certain different fashions in which they think that this feeling of devotion may be stimulated and made to grow.

Now, one of these on which great stress is laid is what is called the "company of the good," or of people who feel in the same way that you do yourselves. The influence of such company, still more the exchange of thought with them, or the joining with them in meditation, or, as some call it, worship, has a particularly vivifying effect on the emotions. Some of you may remember how Shri Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita* speaks of those who meet together "to speak of Me"; and to talk of the object of devotion is distinctly a stimulus; but I think it is well to remember that it is a form of stimulus which may easily be over-done, that there is a certain tendency in meetings which are purely devotional meetings to go over the same thing time after time, and rather, perhaps, to weaken emotion by over-expression than really to strengthen it. I have ventured to think

The Editor regrets that, owing to illness, it has been impossible to include the usual Editorial Notes this month.

that all kinds of stimuli to devotion ought to be carefully and sparingly used, for it is very easy to become sentimental rather than devotional. Sentiment and devotion are two very different things. Devotion is often more strengthened in silent meditation than it is in conversation or in worship, but while I thoroughly admit this, supposing that devotional meetings are not too frequent, they play, I think, a very real part in the devotional life. Often the strongest way of increasing devotion is really by meditation, your own meditation, in your own home, your own room; the reason for that being that you come into contact with the object of devotion, and nothing stimulates it like contact with its object. Any of you who have meditated on the World-Teacher, under whatever name you may prefer to think of Him, whether it be under the name of the Christ, whether it be under the name of the Lord Maitreya, the Buddha-that-is-to-be, or whether it be under any other name by which you may think of Him, know that meditation on Him as an individual tends to bring your consciousness into accord and into touch with His. Now, nothing is more inspiring than this special contact, and there is no better way to reach it for many than by meditating on Him as an individual, thinking of Him, and so trying really to reach to His thought. As you think of Him, His thought turns to you, and the response of such a Being to your thought directed to Him is the greatest inspiration that anyone can possibly receive.

Some would find devotion perhaps more readily excited by some form of prayer—I mention that because I know that that is the shape into which devotion is apt to flow, especially in Christian lands, where the thought has been so much directed to the Christ, thought of either as Jesus or as the Great Teacher Himself, also in the body, but leading a more secluded life. It is one form in which devotion very easily flows out and is much stimulated.

The same thing is true in India as regards the cult, or the worship, of

Shri Krishna. There the cult of Shri Krishna is not, as you might be inclined to think, any form of worship directed to the speaker in the *Bhagavad Gita*; it is directed to Shri Krishna as the Child and the Youth, a form of embodiment which makes a peculiar appeal to very, very many people, just as you find among Roman Catholics that the Child Christ of the Madonna is very constantly an object of worship; as also, of course, among many Christian people the Christ dying on the cross is an object of worship. In India the form of devotion in which you find, in Christian terms, the Child Christ, is directed to Shri Krishna as the Child or Youth, and, in fact, the greater part of the absolutely devotional feeling among the Hindus flows in that direction far more than to any other manifestation of the divine; and, in that peculiarly intimate way which is a characteristic of inspiring devotion, the One thought of as the Person who should be reached is linked up to the devotee.

That cult is a comparatively modern development of Hinduism, modern not quite in the sense of the word over here—it goes back many years before the Christian era, but still is not part of the very ancient Hinduism which does not direct itself so much along that peculiarly personal channel which is almost essential with this "Person" worship. At the present time you cannot go to a Hindu house in which you do not see pictures and images of Shri Krishna as a youth or child, as the shepherd, or playing on the flute, forming the object to which this special devotion is so much addressed. Household devotion rises very, very strongly in that direction, and is a kind of sanctification of the home life altogether. Partly because of that it is, I think, that the woman in India, in the home, has been so much idealised, called often the "light" or the "Goddess" of the home, and the Shri Krishna cult is very closely connected with that.

Now, it is a very interesting point that He who appeared a little later as the

Christ, in the embodiment of the great disciple Jesus, is the same individual who appeared as the Child and the Youth Krishna, and who passed away very young, hardly a man, and it is noteworthy that the cult arose very suddenly from that time. Always that cult has proceeded from and has communicated itself with the form of Hinduism which has very much in common with Christianity. It is peculiarly interesting to notice this close similarity that grew out of devotion to the same individual, the same World Teacher, known here as the Christ, known as the Child or Youth Krishna in India. I do not mean that every Hindu looks on it in that way, for you will find a large number of Hindus who do not realise that the Shri Krishna of the *Bhagavad Gita* is not the Krishna of the great cult; it is only a minority that recognises that the name appears in history at two times, divided by a considerable period, and that the two characters are distinct. There is very little in common between Shri Krishna of the *Bhagavad Gita* and the Shri Krishna Who is worshipped in the home as the Child and Youth. It is because of that that we find the similarity that we have just mentioned between the devotional form of Christianity and the devotional forms which have grown up in India, generally spoken of as Vaishnavism, because they worship Vishnu—the name of the second person of the Trinity.

Now, it is clear, when you are speaking of the object of devotion, that it would naturally be the object of your own particular religion, and that you would not gain very much by trying to graft on to that any other form which may belong to the same manifestation. I think that in devotion, which is emotional, you should keep clear of all objects of controversy, for, if you stimulate the mind to see differences, you will be far less likely to stimulate devotion. The two modes of consciousness are so very different, and, in a real sense, they are antagonistic to each other, not fundamentally, but they cannot occupy the

thought at the same time. The moment you begin critical thought, which is very much connected with intellectual exercise, that moment you begin to check the flow of devotion, and it is well to recognise that difficulty, because otherwise you find yourself uninspired, by having fallen into an intellectual mood which does not suit itself to the devotional attitude.

There is one thing, I think, I ought to mention, which is very discouraging in devotion; namely, that it is variable. I do not mean variable as regards its deeper reality, the reality which shows itself in service, but the devotional expression you will find greatly varies from time to time. That is why too many devotional meetings are not desirable. I suppose there are none who have followed the pathway of the saint—and the pathway of the saint is that of the devotee—who have not experienced the feeling which has so often been mentioned by the saints, what they call spiritual dryness—the word is so expressive that it hardly wants explanation. It is the condition of the earth when it wants rain, when it has become very dry by sunshine. Until rain falls upon it, that earth is practically useless for all purposes of growth. Now you cannot avoid these intervals in the life of devotion, and, if you want to have times when devotion is strong, you must inevitably, by the law of equilibrium, have a period when devotion has cooled down and when devotion no longer gives you power. This is peculiarly trying to the devotee, but when a person has been devoted for a long time and has turned devotion very largely into work, when he is constantly employed in service, then devotion becomes steady, neither very ecstatic and warm, nor in the condition of depression and coolness. I only mention this in order that any of you who may come across that phase should not feel discouraged by it. It is not a matter for discouragement, nor for self-blame. People are so apt to blame themselves for it, to think it is some fault of theirs, to consider that they are not as good or

devoted as before. Now, the person who can hold on through a period of dryness without slackening that devotion which shows itself in work, has the very best proof of the reality of his devotion, in that it does not slacken by itself because the emotional gratification for the time has passed. For, if you think quietly, you will find that inspiration by devotion is a very rare experience ; it is one of the hardest things in the spiritual life. If it were constant you would lose in strength, because strength grows in effort, in perseverance, and not by simply flowing out into ecstasies of feeling. It is the expression of devotion which, while itself immensely valuable, is one that it is not desirable to live in continually ; spiritual health does not flourish by continual ecstasy, but the person gets into a frame of mind which is very little useful if it is carried on so continually. In fact, if the ecstasy is real, it is bound to grow in the very depths of the spiritual dryness and darkness.

The curious thing about it is that, however much one has read about it and knows it indirectly, however much it is spoken of by the great saints of Christendom, however much one may talk to other people about it and show them that they should not be troubled, the whole of this entirely disappears when you are in that state of mind yourself. Nothing you have ever told other people is of comfort to you ; no amount of reading over the experiences of others who have felt it themselves makes you feel better, makes you feel that you are not really a great sinner ; the whole of that does not carry with it any consolation. You think you are the one person to whom these things do not apply, and so you make yourself miserable. If you despair, it will not do what it is intended to do, and the whole intention of these alterations in feeling is to make you realise that you are not your feelings, that you yourself are a steadfast being, unchanged, one-pointed. Always keep your efforts in the same direction and think of all these changes that you feel, of pleasure at one moment

and despair at the next, as nothing more than the ebb and flow of a certain phase of consciousness, and not your real self. The result of it is that you finally reach the stage in which you regard all these feelings of elation and despair in quite a clear-minded way and, whatever comes, you say "It will not last long," and so you remain neither elated nor depressed. You get to look on things as a whole, and on these passing emotions as the mother looks upon the joys and despair of the child when it has broken a toy ; you are very sorry for your lower self and are very sympathetic, but just like the mother or nurse, who is quite sympathetic with the sorrow of the child, but is not really grieved, because she knows the child will be laughing in a moment or so. When you get to look upon your lower self like that, you look after it for a time, you think all these things come and go ; you will feel them as a mother feels, but you do not feel them in the way you feel what we should call a real grief or real joy. Look, then, on the devotional side of life in that kind of way ; although the analysis of it may seem cold-blooded it is very valuable to analyse your feelings. You cannot do it while you are feeling, but when you are not actually feeling it is a very good thing to do, a part of your growth towards reality which is very important, and which you will find gives you much strength and understanding of what you feel, especially in times of trouble.

Now, I think the work is far more important than the feelings, and I do not think that you ought to have very much difficulty in finding forms of work. For what is it after all you come in to the Order to do ? To prepare the way. That preparation is taking up the thought and the attention of the Great Hierarchy. Practically all the Members of it give a very great part of Their time to preparing the way. They prepare on a very large scale, we prepare on a very small scale, but the work is the same thing in essence and in inspiration, while not the same in its detail. I do not think that there is any reason why we should not

divide the work into three departments as we often do in education, leaving out for the moment the spirit ; I am thinking of the departments which deal with the mind, the emotions, and the body.

Clearly, in connection with the mind, there is both the study and teaching side, study in order that you may teach, and the study, as I suppose, includes very generally the conditions which have surrounded the Coming of other manifestations of the World-Teacher. This is a very important thing, because you can only recognise the present in the light of the past ; and if you acquaint yourself with the previous comings of the World-Teacher, whether of the Lord Maitreya or the Lord Buddha, who preceded Him in His manifestation, you will always find that these are connected with a great change in the whole condition of civilisation, connected also with the coming into existence of a new era. These are, perhaps, the two great points that come up most obviously, and they are closely connected together, the new human type which is to build up a new form of world civilisation which the World-Teacher will start definitely when He comes.

Supposing then that, intellectually, you convince yourself of that fact, naturally, then, when you find tremendous changes going on now, you will realise that you have in these the signs of His Coming. It is quite worth while, in this, to look at the different scriptures of the world. If you take, for instance, some of the prophetic scriptures of the Hebrews, the Jews, you will find very many indications which accompany world changes, the outer troubles and the general distress amongst the people ; and you will also find all those forecasts of the Coming when He came as the Christ. It is, of course, quite easy to try and particularise too much in the details of the prophecies, as many Christian people do ; this may be interesting, but not very important ; the main points are important, which are that you find in every religion forecastings as well as histories. Now, to prophesy does not really mean to foretell certain

conditions ; it means the forecasting of certain great facts in the history of the world at large, which are to appear, first in the world of ideas and then downwards in the world of events. We sometimes say that myths are truer than history, and that is actually so if you use the old myths in the right way. It means, generally speaking, that all ideas founded on cosmic principles reproduce themselves in the history of the race and can be recognised by certain general marks. If you compare the prophecies in the book of Daniel with the prophecies in the chapters in Matthew, Mark and Luke, which immediately precede the account of the arrest of the Christ and the story of the Passion, you see at once you are dealing with the same kind of things in each case, and that you have a reproduction of the same central ideas, and these ideas are true and repeated in history over and over again at certain periods of change.

Suppose you look at the thing in that way, you can look at history with your eyes open, and you see that you are in one of these times of great change. Certain expressions that you may read in the Christian gospels are true of your own time ; you know that the "end of the world" that is spoken of means the end of the age ; that you are now at the end of an age and the beginning of a new age ; and intellectually that is a thing you ought to realise as the basis of your work.

As regards emotions, those have to do very much with the sphere of morality. You must remember that all morality is based on emotions fundamentally, on the two great passions of love and hate, and the vices that grow out of hate and the virtues that grow out of love evolve from the passions influenced by the mind of the man. Emotion is thus a composite thing belonging to the phases of consciousness in the astral and the mental worlds ; it is a marriage between these which give birth to emotion, both mind and passion entering into it. Now, in recognising that, in regard to morality, you will recognise also that you have a

very much clearer insight as to what is constant in morality and what is due to the conditions of the time. There, again, the mind is very largely brought in, so as to guide your thought completely in the emotional matter where mind is very much at a discount, because, when you are dealing with morality you are dealing with the stable elements in society; on it depends the social union, social happiness, social welfare, and it is very difficult to subject any particular point or question touching these to what is very properly called "the cold light of reason"; the warm emotions very rapidly come in and colour the white light—that is only to be remembered so as to be on your guard, but you can minimise it as much as possible.

Changes in moral standards go always with changes of civilisation. You may shrink in thought when thinking of things which touch you very closely; inevitably your feeling comes in there, and you shrink from changes; and yet you ought to be strong enough to realise that such changes have come in the past and must come in the future, and that, however distressing and disturbing they may be, they ought to be understood, so that you may act wisely and not in a rush of feeling which may carry you away to excess. I will take one instance as regards this, the question of polygamy. It is easy to shirk it because it comes in the Old Testament, and therefore you would not think of it as entirely disreputable. It was followed by David, a "man after God's own heart"; in the history of the Hebrew saints you have it; you have Abraham entering into it, and not always behaving in the best possible way in regard to it. Therefore, it is peculiarly interesting, because you have to be a little careful as to how you think, otherwise some of you who are orthodox will find yourselves in a very difficult position if you look upon morality as unalterable, instead of changing from time to time. You will realise that it is progressive like other things, and that what you have to take care of is that it shall not go back. Change in morality

is tied up with change in social usages, but, if you admit that morality is a progressive thing, you cannot make yourselves or your social arrangements final; you have to admit that, as you have gone farther than others so others may go farther than you. You are bound to take it in theory whatever you may do in practice.

Now, leaving the Old Testament for a moment, let us take two other great religions, that of Hinduism and that of Islam; one very ancient, one comparatively modern. Now, you find in Hinduism, in its teaching, its early teaching, in its early practice—I lay stress upon early practice—the complete acceptance of polygamy. There are certain rules laid down about it, but these rules have not always been carefully observed. For instance, you would find that, with regard to a man taking a second wife, it is laid down that the first wife shall not have borne a child to him—the question of inheritance coming in—and that it must be done with the complete consent of the first wife. That has not always been followed in practice. This custom has proceeded down to these times, but is very much less practised now than it was. Theoretically, it would be part of ordinary Hinduism, practically, it is not; and you find that among a very large majority of middle class Hindus, educated, professional people, monogamy is the rule, and very generally there would be great reluctance to enter on a second marriage while the first wife was alive. It is a growth in the feeling that monogamy is the highest form of sex-relationship; it is the rule, as laid down in the earliest writings, that the husband and the wife should be faithful to each other till death. That is what you will find in the writings, but you will find other rules, as well as this that I have mentioned, as regards polygamy, which have been given rise to by the large number of racial difficulties. Polygamy is very general, almost universal, amongst the ruling classes in India, rajas, maharajas and so on. Generally there, you will find polygamy.

As a dry matter of fact, it is general everywhere, but is regularised in some countries, and not in others. You cannot pretend to say that Britain is a monogamic nation because, although it is practically true that there is only one legal wife, it is only probably a minority of the men who would say they have never gone outside the marriage tie. Personally I would rather, I think, have the regularised polygamy of the East than the unlicensed polygamy of the West. In the one case the children and the wife are all legitimate, and the children have a claim on the father as well as on the mother, because the wife is always treated with respect; even when there are three or four wives they are treated respectfully, because the husband cannot leave them to poverty and misery, and is bound to support them in the condition to which they belong; whereas in the West, in unrecognised polygamy, the woman is cast off, her child is illegitimate, and she sinks lower and lower until she has to face the worst degradation of the streets. There is no dishonour inflicted on the man.

So in Islam polygamy was generally taught, but there again you find the monogamist. You must remember that the Prophet Muhammad gave his teaching to a nation which was not only polygamist but licentious. He laid down the rule that no man should have more than four wives, and that is still the law. In addition, he said that a man should not take any wife more than one unless he could love her as well as he loved the first; and the tendency there also is towards monogamy, though not so strongly as among the Hindus. In either case the child gives to the mother the place of honour, whether the relationship was regular or irregular. It is a point much to be desired over here.

Now, looking at that question you clearly see the ideal, one man and one woman devoted to each other, for the very differences between them should be advantageous to both, with the intention—if I might use that phrase—the social intention of marriage, to give

stability to the human family, safety and protection to the mother and child, and an outlet for passion, which shall be gradually changed in the discipline of family life into a deep and true love. That is obviously the ideal of marriage. Passion will enter into it in youth, but the discipline of life will transmute whatever passion there is in it into the unselfishness of love, and I think it is clear that, where that exists really between one man and one woman, you have the highest ideal. Of course, you will have the question of divorce, and probably you will be very divided in opinion as to whether or not divorce should be allowed, or separation, as among Roman Catholics, on condition of neither marrying again. It is a very thorny question, and differences of opinion must inevitably arise, and are useful as working on the way to a higher view.

Now, it is impossible to say what changes may arise in this relationship in the course of the new civilisation, and what I should advise is to try to get your own view of the sex relationship as good as you can possibly make it; to realise that the standard of morality ought to be equally applied; that, while it is practically easy to make a good argument for applying to the man a lower standard than you apply to the woman, it rests on a sophistry and not on a truth; that you ought not to be too hard on people who use it, because they have arguments that you are able to recognise, arguments as regards the stranger's child's introduction into the family circle, which is possible from fault on the side of the woman but not on that of the man; also, questions which arise in connection with inheritance and so on. To my mind, personally, these are all secondary. Personally, I think the same standard of morality should be asked for by both sexes.

If you want to know what you are to do with thought and devotion, there is a great deal to do. Think of conditions, familiarise yourself with conditions you ought to oppose and conditions you ought to welcome, make up your mind definitely,

you, who are preparing yourselves, why some things are wrong and some things good, so that you may strengthen those which you think will be useful, and not leave them without help and possibly to be crushed out because you have not thought.

I do not know whether you realise that on you, as members of the Order of the Star in the East, there lies a great responsibility, for the materials that you are gathering together are for the World-Teacher to build into the new era. I am putting to you some of these things, to show you the many things there are to do. The emotions are the generators of work, and that is why your actions come out of the emotions. In every single current activity that you see around you at the present time you may find a sphere of work. You ought to be doing something, but it is for you to decide which of these forms of activity is the one in which you can best take part. Whichever you take part in, it is the motive at the back of your mind that counts; it is not what you do but the motive from which you do it that makes it work for Him or not for Him. If you go to work, as many people do, because they think it is a useful activity, then it is work of the world, and you are looking for the particular fruit out of that work in the world for yourself or for society. If in doing that very same piece of work you take it up deliberately saying: "I am doing this to prepare for His Coming," then it has the light of the Star upon it, and is recognised as part of the great preparation that has to be done.

For that preparation is so wide in the field of thought, of emotions, and of activity, that I cannot imagine anyone of you asking what to do. The only reason why you ask is, because you are looking for the big thing to do while our life is made up of small things. You may think I am connected with big things, but the big things which are motives are connected with small ones which are acts. I correct proofs as an

ordinary proof reader would do; I write articles for the Press as any ordinary man would; the only difference is that I do it for the Master, and I do not do anything into which I do not bring that. Nothing else is worth while; practically all that comes into our way to do comes into it because that is the one motive. The way to earn much to do is to do every little thing that comes in your way. I have never known anyone trying that plan who did not become overwhelmed with work. I have very often found well-meaning people saying: "What shall I do?" when they were not doing the little things in their way. The more you do of the little things, the bigger they will grow in your hands; for the bigness of the thing is in the way you do it, and not in the thing itself. When you are giving a lecture, it is only your tongue, lips and mouth that are moving, but it may be beautifully given and a number of people influenced by it. Do not look at your work from the external, superficial point of view. Make it big by being big yourself, and then you will find that in the abundance of your heart and motive there is nothing that is really small.

The training of the future disciples of the Great Teacher, when He comes, lies in finding out what you have to do without asking anybody else. You do not think He will want to have people round Him constantly asking "What will You have me do?" The sort of people He will want are those who go out and do the work and take a glimpse of Him now and then to gain strength. That should be our line now, working steadily, steadily. Judge everything by the one standard of service, and remember that in all this work we are really preparing for the Coming of Him who will make all things new. We have not strength enough to do it, but we can gather materials for it, and we can train ourselves. These two things will take up the whole of our time till He comes, and when He comes, then He will find us ready.

The Inter-Church World Movement

By ADELIA H. TAFFINDER

(Any movement which makes for the widening of boundaries and the obliteration of sectional distinctions in religious matters is undoubtedly in line with the movement of the age, and must be considered as a piece of unconscious preparation for the coming of the World-Teacher. Our readers may therefore be interested to learn of one or two new movements in America which have this ideal at heart, and which derive an added importance from the truly Trans-Atlantic scale on which they are being conceived.)

“**A** GAIN the Occult Hierarchy is making ready the Way of the Lord. Again shall He come, as in the former time He came, and the stir of preparation in the invisible is moving hearts and minds in the visible, material world.”

These words were spoken by Mrs. Besant ten years ago. The opening cycle is around us. We discern the signs in every department of present-day activities. We realise that war-modified education and social service are tending towards the surrender of personal rights in favour of the greatest of all rights—that of free co-operation in the service of brotherhood. Reconstruction is everywhere, and here in the United States it is much in evidence in the religious world. Even before the torrent of war broke, many hearts were yearning for a new vision of God—for something to give an ultimate meaning to life, an ideal dimension and underglow of purpose, a deep tide of peace.

Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, in his famous address on “The Religion of the Future,” declares that:—

“The new thought of God will be its most characteristic element.

“The Infinite Spirit pervades the universe, just as the spirit of a man pervades his body, and acts consciously or unconsciously in every atom of it.”

This Neo-Pantheism is wide spread enough to induce one of our leading publishing houses to reprint Seeley's “Natural Religion”; a treatise once famous, but lately out of print.

There has come a spiritual awakening among the rank and file of church-goers, particularly those belonging to the Methodist Church, which has been in this country the church of the common people. One manifestation of this has been the recent campaign to raise more than \$300,000,000 for social improvement in the world.

The initiator of this new Inter-Church World Movement is a Methodist layman, Dr. S. Earl Taylor, who is organising a united crusade to be backed by all Protestant Churches of America. Dr. Taylor says that no new gospel will be preached, or amendment made to the teachings of the Lord Christ, but that an effort will be made to establish a fuller realisation of His message.

In an article by Charles W. Wood in the *New York World*, which has been syndicated in the religious press, we find the statements:

“It is a Christian movement, a Church movement; a sturdy, religious movement; but, if all signs do not fail, it will soon compel the world at large to attach new meanings to the words ‘church’ and ‘religion’ and ‘Christianity.’ This new movement has something of the

spirit of the old American 'revival,' and something of the fervour of the ancient Crusades."

This Evangelical movement has been endorsed by every interdenominational conference which has had it under consideration, and the prospects indicate that it will not be merely a Methodist movement but a united crusade on the part of all Protestantism in America for a world-wide Christian democracy.

In many nations, while the war raged, emissaries of Methodism carried on investigations. The "armies" which are to carry out the programme are to be trained along lines suggested by the National Selective Service Act adopted during the war.

Present indications are that the next decade will witness such a rapid extension of the work as will be quite unprecedented in the history of Christianity. Statements in current literature indicate that the Missionary Centenary of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South have just completed a remarkable financial drive of eight days, in which time a total of 140 million dollars has been subscribed for a period of five years.

It is confidently expected that a delay subscription will bring this total up to 150 millions.

The New Era Movement of the Presbyterian Church reports that already virtually 138 millions have been subscribed for the extension of its work.

The Northern Baptists have nearly completed a similar movement. The Inter-Church World Movement of North America recently organised is now engaged in a very complete survey of the entire religious resources of all non-Christian lands and undeveloped races.

On the basis of facts gathered, a unified programme of foreign missionary work, defined in the broadest possible terms, will be built with a view to securing the unified effort of all the American Protestant Churches in a well-considered programme for the adequate presentation of Christianity to the entire non-Christian

world. The plans of the Inter-Church World Movement have sometimes been loosely and wrongly identified with the very popular subject of church union.

The movement is proceeding under the principle that the best way to promote church union is to work along the lines of a unified programme without attempting to dismantle any existing organisation or to seek any organic unity of denominations.

It contemplates a business-like plan of action, based on the facts, to the entire constituency of American Protestantism. From all indications the Inter-Church World Movement of North America is so fortunate as to be launched on a rising tide of popular press interest.

It has been stated that the best possible adjunct to the League of Nations will be a league of the religious forces of the world, without the support of which the League can be but a doubtful success.

Notable items in Dr. Taylor's programme are: (1) The improvement of social conditions based on the demand that the problems of employer and employee be worked out in the spirit of Christian fellowship. (2) The substitution of "institutional churches" for the solvan. These churches are to be open continuously day and evening; they will contain modern libraries and modern agricultural exhibitions, moving pictures, and every possible aid to social and educational life. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, of Grace Episcopal Church, New York, is in charge of 100,000 "minute men," who are organising the movement throughout the country. From two to ten minute men are apportioned to each church; from fifty to eighty-five churches are included in the district. The districts are grouped under areas, the country being divided into twenty areas. (3) Two great projects are contemplated, which characterise this movement as the most remarkable proposition which has ever come before the churches. One is to extend aid to the American boys in this country who left college and school to go out and battle for us. They are coming back expecting to go to work and not to

school. This movement plans to meet them at the gang-plank, give them money to send them back to school. The second part of the plan is to provide orphanages for the children of the millions of war dead. There must be engineers, chemists, agriculturalists, doctors, nurses, teachers, and leaders for all the many projects that must be set up to aid the people of the world. Medical missions are to be specialised. They exemplify the ministry of mercy, they introduce humanitarian ideals among people grown callous to human suffering.

Dr. Reisner says :

"If the health of the backward races, which number two-thirds of the world's population, can be lifted to the level of the health of the other third, the productive capacity of the world will be doubled."

The centenary programme aims to set up property and equipment for 1,174 institutional and village churches, chapels and headquarters. It contemplates 790 property and equipment projects among eastern European groups, Italians, Japanese, Chinese off the Pacific coast, Porto Ricans, Hawaiians and Latin Americans. For work among the negroes, highlanders in the southern mountains, Indians, Alaskans and Mormons it comprehends more than 2,000 projects. For rapidly growing frontier fields, prosperous agricultural sections, sparsely settled and isolated rural communities, it includes more than 2,600 projects. Its medical programme calls for 45 hospitals, 24 dispensaries, 11 doctors' residences and the maintenance of 59 missionary doctors, 32 missionary nurses, 66 native doctors, nurses and medical assistants. For educational work it plans 596 primary schools, 51 secondary schools, additional equipment for 25 universities and colleges, 55 missionary residences, 1,000 native residences and 10 presses, with a staff of 2,002 native teachers and 254 missionary teachers.

All this has aroused interest in the religious press, many journals characterising this movement as the most remarkable proposition which has ever come before the churches.

Another feature of this church awakening is what is called the "Community Church" movement. The Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, now pastor of the Community Church, New York, but former Unitarian pastor of the Church of the Messiah, has lately declared that this change is simply an endeavour to interpret the free, democratic, social religion to which he and his congregation have committed themselves. He says that they have done away with assessments, pew rents, etc., and have thus placed the support of the Church on the absolutely democratic basis of free voluntary subscriptions. He says :

"Any person who is a part of our great American community is welcome to our Church, whether he be rich or poor, black or white, Christian, Jew or Parsee.

"By adopting finally this new name, we put the social democratic stamp indelibly upon our work. We now belong to the community, to take rank with the school, the library, the community centre as a public institution for public service. Our work of reorganisation complete, we now turn to the greater task of making our church effective in the democratic life of America."

Dr. Holmes calls the community church the great spiritual discovery of the age.

His vision is that the community church sets itself apart from all other churches as they exist to-day, principally because it accepts as the basis of its organisation no denomination of any kind, but simply and solely the community in which it stands. It comes into being not as something imposed upon a town from without, but as a natural outgrowth of the life of the town itself; and it represents, not the peculiar ecclesiastical interests of an outside organisation, but those universal human interests which bind the community together. It holds the same relation to a town or city as any other public institution. When a new community is established, and the citizens come together to organise community life, they establish a public school, a public library, a social centre; and the time will come when they will also

establish a public or community church. All of these institutions (the church exactly like the school) belong to the people, serve the people and express the democratic aspirations of the people. It is a community church, because it turns back into the community, in forms of leadership and public service, the life which it has thus developed.

Its object is to gather all the people of a single community into a single organisation of this community and to dedicate them principally to the welfare of the community. The hope of the liberal preacher and leader is that, as the community church movement develops, there will be many community churches in different neighbourhoods. All these churches will be certain to seek association with one another, in some form of fellowship or of brotherhood.

We find that the Community Church, as "the community functioning religiously," is one of the objects of the Massachusetts Federation, and in Colorado they are attempting essentially the same thing in towns where denominations are not in operation.

Though Dr. Holmes eliminates the specifically Christian name, he describes an entirely Christian ideal. It is congenial to the Unitarian denomination, which in every community is peculiarly in sympathy with the community rather than with the sectarian mind.

It is safe to affirm that other orthodox churches everywhere are doing, in the name of their respective denominations, work just as truly unsectarian as that of Dr. Holmes. The barriers of sectarianism

are being gradually broken down. Is it not a sign of the times?

Pertinent to this subject is the latest economic gospel—Guild-Socialism, which has spread from England to America. It also is part of a world-wide movement towards a larger control of industry by wage-workers, and its sponsors include philosophers, economists and churchmen. Bishop Gore, of Oxford, during his recent visit to this country, pointed out that the programme of the British Labour Party and the new report of the Archbishop's Committee on Industrial Problems in the Anglican Church both lean in the direction of Guild-Socialism.

The writers who have worked out the details of Guild-Socialism in a number of volumes are A. R. Prage, Editor of "The New Age" (London), Arthur J. Pentry, a disciple of John Ruskin, S. G. Hobson, one of the founders of the Independent Labour Party, G. D. H. Cole, and others.

The whole movement, as Father Paul Bull interprets it in an article in the *New York Churchman*, springs from a desire "to set men free." The advantages of the guild system, as presented by Father Bull, are that freedom will have penetrated our economic industrial and commercial, as well as our political life; "that the worker will no longer be merely a 'hand' but a partner in work; that the chief motive of the worker will be service, not selfishness." This fundamental change of motive, it is argued, will transform and transfigure the whole moral and spiritual nature of man and make Christian brotherhood among men and nations more possible than it is at present.

ADELIA H. TAFFINDER.

Industrial Evolution

By L. W. ROGERS.

WITH the military battle between Democracy and Autocracy well over it is becoming increasingly clear that the world struggle is not finished, and that, before stable conditions are reached, even greater changes than we have yet seen may take place. Naturally enough, industrial turmoil *never* ceases, for it is a concomitant of human evolution. But it has its great cycles with their culminations and, consequently, its periods of comparative tranquillity. We are, undoubtedly, upon the threshold of a great industrial transformation. An old order of things is going out as certainly as Feudalism passed, for all its apparent permanency at the time; but just as then the imagination could not picture the order of affairs that followed, it cannot do it now. What the relationship between brain and brawn—the managers and the producers—in the industrial realm will be in the near future we do not know. But what we do know is that it will be something different; and it is fairly safe to say that it will not be what the political prophets have told us it must be. The French saying, that it is the unexpected that happens, is deeper philosophy than appears on the surface. He who guesses last generally guesses best, and he who does not predict at all is the wisest of the lot! But that the curtain is now rising for another act in the evolutionary drama seems certain.

There are always three parties in warfare, whether it is a contest with arms, to determine what principles shall rule in the political world, or a "civil" contest to determine what conditions shall exist in the industrial world. Two of the parties are engaged in the struggle

and the third comprises the remainder of the people. But all students of human affairs know that nearly every individual in this third party—a powerful factor in determining results—is really for one combatant and against the other, according to his light and to his personal interests. It is with the attitude of these non-combatants in industrial warfare that this article is concerned. The writer's viewpoint is that the struggle is inevitable, with its strikes and lock-outs and riots, with its losses to employers, its hardships to the workers and its annoyance to the public, but that all these misfortunes may be minimised by an impersonal view of the contest and a recognition of the evolutionary facts at the bottom of the matter. It will not be denied by any thoughtful person that the average citizen is an intense partisan in labor disturbances, and that great bitterness is commonly associated with every prolonged strike. The employers and the workers regard each other as being most unjust and obstinate, and the public divide and line up on the one side or the other with almost equal animosity. One side feels that the whole of the trouble is that the working men are determined to have shorter hours and higher wages utterly regardless of the wrecking of industries, while the other side believes that the greed of the employers knows no bounds, and that the very existence of the workers depends upon their organisation and determined resistance. On each side there is a strong tendency to regard the other as being responsible for a course that is both unreasonable and unnecessary. The major part of the public censure falls upon the working men because they are, of necessity, the aggressors, the disturbers

of the established order, and the immediate cause of the discomfort; and in matters of irritation it is usually the emotions that prompt us. In all this, our psychology is that of the man who is suddenly startled by the disconcerting howl of a cat upon whose tail he has accidentally stepped. If he kicks the cat, which he usually does, it is not because that is the sensible course, but because emotion has usurped the rôle of reason. Labor troubles distress us. Trains fail to run when we have important business in a distant city. The gas is shut off when the dinner is uncooked. The coal supply stops when the winter is at its worst. Then one class says that ignorant labor is bringing the world to anarchy and the other class feels that the greed and obstinacy of the comfortable few will finally plunge us into a bloody revolution. Seldom is there a thought of looking below the turbulent surface to the evolutionary forces at work.

Who are capitalists, managers, employers? Who are the great multitude we call "the working men"? They are all merely actors in the Drama of Life, and when we strip them of the tinsel of wealth, and the ragged masks of poverty, we see that they are only two groups of souls in God's evolutionary school, learning lessons of equal importance to themselves and to humanity as a whole. The employer group of souls is a little in advance in intellectual development. Not very long ago—if we speak in the large language of evolution—they were back where the toilers now are and were making the same kind of trouble in the world. They have now evolved the ability to use their brains instead of their hands—and that is the only way in which they differ from the group below them. The working men group of souls is coming steadily along in development and will soon—again thinking in evolutionary terms—arrive at the level where hand-work will give place to head-work. Then they will in turn be the managers for those who are coming on below them, and their view-point will shift to correspond to their changed environment. Each of these groups of

souls is doing substantially what it is natural it should do. We can logically censure either for its conduct only in the degree that it is inclined to wilfully disregard everything but personal advantage.

It is vain to hope that we can inaugurate some plan that will suddenly bring in an industrial Millennium. Civilization advances by a series of readjustments. What answered yesterday will not serve to-morrow. No static condition is possible. That which is broadly called the labor movement is the result of the evolutionary urge. It is Nature's demand for a constantly rising standard of life. It is the instinctive forward groping of a multitude of souls seeking fuller and fuller expression in the material world. In the rough they are well along in the evolutionary journey from being slaves to becoming rulers. And it is just here that we touch the most vital point in what is known as the labor movement. It is not the matter of hours, or wages, or conditions for the producers that is so important, or so difficult. Increasing and successful demands will be made along those lines. The working day will grow shorter and shorter, but it must, and should, as the world improves. If it had not changed from twelve hours to eight in the past, either inventive genius must have been suppressed or, instead of being a blessing, it products would have caused a revolution. There is no more reason to be alarmed about the shortening of hours and the raising of wages now than there has been in all the past history of the wage system, during which the process has been continuous. There is nothing novel in all that. The thrilling problem is how we are to have *wise, efficient and stable governments, when their authority rests on numbers instead of upon intelligence.* It is like giving the children the supreme authority in family decisions because they outnumber the parents! The analogy seems a fair one. The parents and children have equal interests in the issues involved. The only difference between them is that of age. In due time the children will have every right to make decisions that only the

parents are now competent to make. So it is with the two evolutionary groups—the hand-workers and the head-workers. The former will, in time, have the wisdom essential to management. But they are now the younger souls. That is precisely why they are still doing the manual labor of the world. Can they come into the control of the affairs of nations and not lead them into disaster? Will existing conservatism, that brake on the wheel that prevents perilous speed in dangerous places, be strong enough to settle us safely in the new era of world democracy, with great masses of inexperienced voters thirsting to use their new power?

With whatever speed it comes, the rule of the masses is unquestionably coming; and if the rising group of worker souls too quickly seize the sceptre of authority, the manager group may pay a heavy price for the failure to appreciate earlier the equality of souls, as souls, that will now be forced into their consciousness.

In Russia we have an example of the people coming too suddenly into power. The reaction from despotism is in exact proportion to the intensity of the force with which they had been suppressed, and it is being expressed in the same terms of brutality. Must it not be precisely so in all other parts of the earth? The masses are coming into power. Nothing can prevent it, because it is apparently a part of Nature's evolutionary plan that this great multitude of souls shall now get the development of intellect arising from wider and more complex experiences. And as they come into power each nation will reap just what it has sown in the past. In countries where despotism has flourished the reaction will naturally be violent and painful. In others, where liberty exists, the transition will be comparatively peaceful and the distress that accompanies it will belong to industry. The reaction will be against business instead of against both life and business; and to the extent that the rising group of souls have been limited and denied justice in the past, our civilisation must necessarily suffer in the near future as the readjustment takes place. If the new rulers are

greedy, and their demands are excessive, they will be but imitating their elders. They have known the utter heartlessness of that soulless thing we call a corporation. They have, perforce, submitted to the polite robbery of the professional classes. They have long listened to the sophistry that because a man has spent several years developing skill in filling teeth, or in acquiring medical lore, he may properly take for an hour's service all they have earned in a month. They have seen great transportation companies compel patrons to purchase tickets containing a contract that releases the company from natural responsibilities and makes the passenger liable for the carrier's negligence; and when the hapless patron occasionally protests, they have heard the corporation manager insolently say that if it does not please the patron he can stay at home! In a thousand ways they have suffered from the greed and the indifference of those who managed affairs, and if we now hope to escape the inevitable reaction, we are, indeed, believers in miracles.

When a blunder has been made it is, of course, an additional mistake to brood over it, except to the extent that it may be necessary to shape a wiser course for the future. We cannot undo any injustice that has been inflicted upon the younger souls, but we *can* take a rational view of the matter. We can see the blunders of both great groups of souls in the light of evolutionary development, and illuminated by the immutable law of action and reaction. We can refuse to regard the employers and the employed as necessarily being enemies instead of co-workers. We can cease to be partisans in the strife, who try to emphasize the faults of one party to the quarrel, while seeing only the virtues of the other. We can be not only non-combatants but peacemakers by recognising the faults of each, and the virtues of each, and by keeping steadily in mind the welfare of the whole. Thus shall we make the best of the situation and modify conditions that we cannot escape.

L. W. ROGERS.

The Theory of Relativity

By W. R. C. COODE-ADAMS, B.Sc.

[The great interest aroused by the Einstein Theory is our excuse for including the following ably written summary of the bearing of the theory upon some of our ordinary ideas of Time and Space.]

I.

SINCE the observations on the solar eclipse, last May, seem to have substantially supported the hypothesis originally put forward by Einstein, it may be interesting to consider how this hypothesis will bear on certain philosophical conceptions that have been much discussed of late; and, since it is unprofitable to discuss a theory without first understanding it, I will make no apology for devoting the beginning of this article to an explanation of that theory, or at least to such aspects of it as bear on the relativity of time and space.

We are all familiar with the three dimensions, commonly called length, breadth and height, in which matter exists, and we are also familiar with another property of matter, that of "duration." Everything that is appreciable to our senses exists for a certain time, however short; otherwise we could not appreciate it. A particle of matter which existed for no time might be eminently solid, in the material sense, and yet none of us would ever become aware of it. Thus it is that, in order to enter into the range of the intelligible world, matter must possess three dimensions in space, and a fourth in time. Now, the fundamental hypothesis of the theory of relativity is that these two properties of matter, space and time, are not different, but essentially of the same nature, and it is only the observer who separates them; time, in fact, is the fourth dimension in space. At this point it is

impossible to make things clear without a diagram, so let us construct one.

Now, in the space-time diagram a particle of matter will not be indicated by a point, but rather by a series of points forming a line, each point indicating the position of the particle at that particular instant of time, the whole line tracing the movement of the particle in time and space. This line is called the "world-line" of the particle or body.

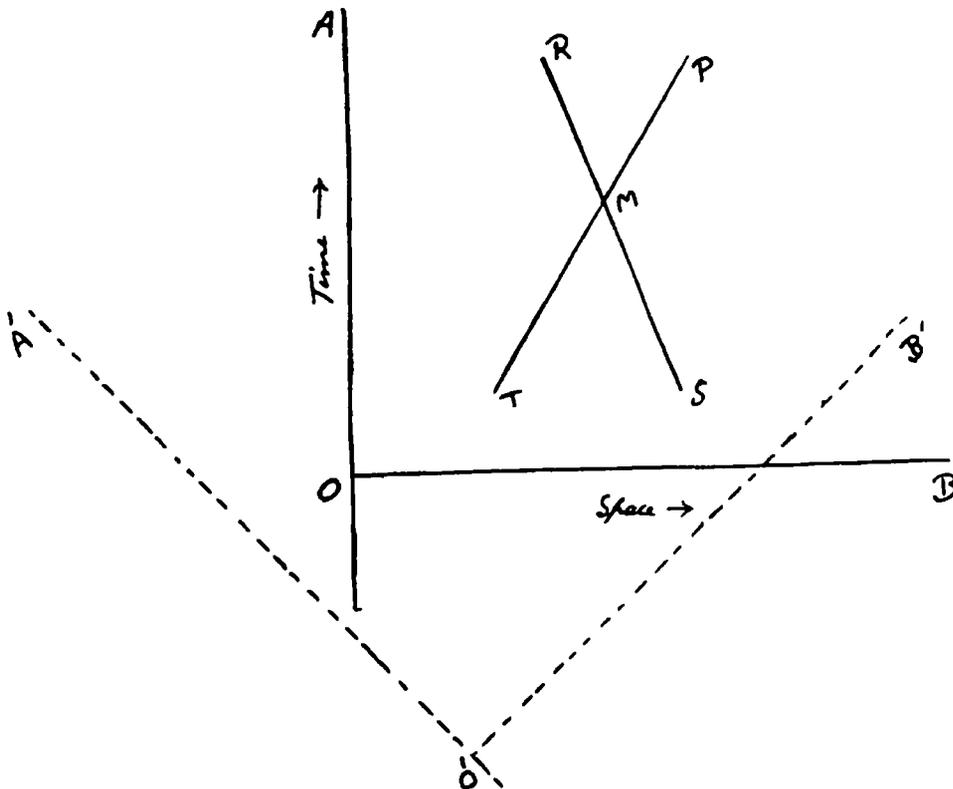
Let the line RS (see diagram) be such a line. Now, let the line OA be the "world-line" of an observer, that is the path traced out in space and time by the position of the observing person. In order to make the objective world intelligible, he will compare differences in time and space with respect to his own position; that is, he will measure time in the direction of his own "world-line," OA, because this line represents his movement through time and distances in space in a direction OB at right angles away from him, reckoning things to be respectively nearer or further away from himself. In this way he will map out the objective world and appreciate it.

But, supposing some other observer is moving along another "world-line," he will measure time and space along O'A' and O'B' respectively, and it can be easily seen that he may put a totally different construction on the order in which events are to be taken. To give an example, let us compare the outbreak of the war in 1914 with some event which happened on the moon about 1600 A.D.

Taking ourselves as observers, we will say these two events are separated by about 300 years in time and about 250,000 miles in space, the approximate distance of the moon from the earth.

Some other observer, however, on some other star might put a different interpretation on these differences, he might enormously increase the distance between them, and so diminish the time as to make them to coincide, or even possibly place the seventeenth century event after the outbreak of the war. One more point. Let us consider what happens if two "world-lines" intersect as the lines RS and PT, intersecting at M. What does the point M represent? It represents a collision between these bodies, which is an event that happens once for all and is fixed in both space and time, as it were, by appointment. For, if you were to make an appointment with a friend, which you did not wish to miscarry, you would fix not only the exact

spot where he was to meet you, but also the exact time at which you intended to meet him. The whole of the space-time diagram is covered with such events, and among them we wander on our "world-line," taking them as we encounter them in a particular order to which we assign the names "past," "present" and "future." These are some of the main ideas that follow from the mathematics of "relativity." I must apologise for so long an explanation, but it is better we should spend a little time in grasping the meaning of our hypothesis than in speculating wildly on a theory we do not understand, a practice which has, alas, been followed by too many of our daily papers. To say it is incomprehensible to the mind is not surprising, when we consider that we have carefully abstracted from the visible universe those particular properties, time and space, whereby we find ourselves able to comprehend it. We



can but juggle with mathematical symbols and then interpret them, a process which seems to justify the famous definition of mathematics as "that science in which you never know what you are doing."

Among the problems which arise out of this view of the universe there is one which is so striking and insistent that it claims our attention at once. I refer to the time-worn conflict between predestination and free-will, a conflict which has defied all ordinary explanation, and is perhaps at last to be solved by these new conceptions, so wonderful and strange. If "past," "present" and "future" are mere names created by our own method of reckoning, surely we are but tools in the hands of time. The future is as rigid as the past; "'tis written in the sands." How shall a man fight against fate? The events in this world are laid out upon the field of time as the patterns on a carpet and among them the thread of our "world-line" wanders; but He who works at the loom may weave it surely how He wills. Perhaps even we can guide our own threads, who knows?

Take another analogy. The towns of London and Birmingham are fixed upon the map, and all the exercise of a man's wit and ingenuity cannot alter their relative positions, but is it necessary that every man in London in the course of time shall go to Birmingham? The events of the future may be laid out on the map of time, but is it necessary that we should steer our course towards any particular event? It may have been

predestined that the tower of Siloam should fall, but was it necessary that any particular sinner should so order his "world-line" so as to be under it at that particular moment? Even supposing our hypothetical man must go from London to Birmingham, he may visit many places on the way or go direct, he may have a peaceful journey or he may, by his own anxiety and irritability, have a very unpleasant one. It may be predestined that all men shall reach the Heart of the World in time, but they may wander far upon the desert of life before they get to such a glorious end. Besides, remember that time is but our way of looking at things. He, the All-wise, knows where we shall end in perfect Peace; but, because we dream a dream called life, we think it is a long time coming, and we think that we have travelled far up and down many earths before we get there. They are but our ways of interpreting His plan. When we wake from this dream, shall we not see the whole pattern as it is? Space and time will no longer be barriers to us; we shall see it all at once and be satisfied. What shall we say, then? Are we subject to time and space? Not the individuality or higher self; with it is continuous achievement and purpose in one. But the personality or lower self, crucified upon the Cross of matter, becomes subject to time and knows not that it is free, and must listen to the ticking of the great clock till the hours of his captivity be accomplished and he is one with the Divine.

II.

We have considered the bearing of the theory of "relativity" on our ideas of time. Let us now turn our attention to our ideas of space and consider them in the light of what has gone before. We are accustomed to think of space in terms of geometry, and particularly in that system of geometry which is associated with the name of the Arabian mathematician Euclid. Thus we are accustomed to think that two sides of a triangle are

together greater than the third, and that the sum of the three angles are together equal to two right angles, and many other propositions which we regard as either well established by proof or else self-evident to the meanest intelligence. But let us pause to consider whether these propositions of Euclid are as perfectly established as we think them. If you turn to the beginning of any geometry book you will find a collection

of statements known as "axioms." These "axioms" are neither proved nor provable, but are simply assumed to be so, in order that the rest of geometry may be built upon them. Furthermore, the axioms will most likely be followed by a series of "definitions" in which the geometrician lays down the meaning of the terms he is going to use, and nothing which he says will apply to any term which does not satisfy the definition. Thus, if he defines a straight line as "the shortest distance between two points," nothing that he says in the book about straight lines will apply to any one of them which is not the shortest distance between the two points which mark its ends. We see, therefore, that the truth of all these propositions is dependent, first, on the truth of a series of unproven "axioms," and, secondly, on the assumption that the lines, points and angles spoken of are such as conform to the definitions mentioned in the book. If we were to ask the mathematician whether such and such a proposition were true, he would answer that he did not know; for it is not the province of mathematics to state anything definitely, but only to say that, if such and such a statement is true, such and such a conclusion inevitably follows. Thus it is not only "that science in which you never know what you are doing," but also "that in which you never know whether what you are saying is true." If the axioms spoken of were not true, the conclusions based on them would not be true either, and we should have to draw up a new system of "non-Euclidian" geometry. Several such systems have already been constructed and may be found in books dealing with the subject.

Let us now forsake the text-book and return to the solar system. A particle of matter set free in space pursues a certain path dependent only on its velocity and direction of motion, but when it approaches a large body, such as the sun, it is found to be diverted from its course so as to fly towards it. We say that the sun attracts the particle of matter, and it is this attraction of the sun for

other bodies which keeps the earth and the other planets in their proper motions around it. In order to explain the phenomena, Newton postulated the theory of gravitation. He assumed that every particle of matter attracts every other particle, and gave laws regulating this attraction (known as gravitational attraction) by means of which he explained the motions of the planets. Now, the Relativist regards this "gravitational attraction" as an unwarrantable assumption based on pure supposition, and explains the phenomena quite otherwise. The geometry of space, not in the neighbourhood of any matter, he says, is "Euclidian," for instance, if any particle moves in a straight line it is that kind of line which (speaking geometrically) is the shortest distance between the two points which mark its extremes. When the particle of matter approaches the sun its course is found to be bent, and this, says our theorist, is due to the space in the immediate vicinity of the sun having, as it were, a curve or "kink" in it, so that the straight lines are no longer straight in the geometrical sense and the geometry is no longer "according to Euclid."

Thus, if out in space two sides of a triangle are always together greater than the third, when we approach a large mass of matter it is possible that they may become equal to the third side or even less than it.

Let me point out the full significance of these statements. Previous to the appearance of the "relativity theory" the peculiar property of matter which was characteristic of it, as matter, and of nothing else, was its possession of "mass," that is to say, it became amenable to the laws of gravitation and attracted other matter. Now, however, in the light of this new theory we see that the peculiar property of matter, as matter, is that the space round it is distorted so as to be "non-Euclidian." Thus, if we can produce this distortion in space, we can produce also all the appearances and properties of a lump of matter. The inference is obvious.

Matter has no real existence at all, it is but a peculiar distortion of space which produces to us the appearance of a solid body. Let me now mention another scientific fact which seems to point in the same direction. Long ago Sir J. J. Thompson isolated, by means of a certain electric discharge, what he considered to be a small particle of the atom. Shortly afterwards, as a result of certain experiments, he came to the conclusion that it was nothing but a small quantity of electricity not associated with any matter, in fact a disembodied electric charge, which under certain circumstances could ape many of the peculiar properties of matter.

Is it possible that physical science and mathematical reasoning are drawing together to the same conclusions? It has been stated by the sages of old that matter is nothing but "Maya," an illusion

of the senses. Can we say that this old fact is being rediscovered? Many illusions has science dispelled. Have we at last, after centuries of the most scrupulous and patient research, compelled Nature to admit that she is "a deceiver ever," and that she has deceived us once again? The question whether or not matter has any real existence is one that could not possibly be solved by any observations of our senses, because our bodies are just as real or not as matter itself, and therefore to us it is always objectively perfectly real. But science can speculate where senses fail. Up to a certain point she can go, but no further, for when we desert the experiment we are indeed at sea. Thus, I will not intrude myself further, but leave this question, which has only just been touched on in this article, to the intuition of my readers.

THROUGH THE MIST.

Over the distant hills
Hangs the thick phantom mist ;
Dim are the sounds of life ;
Grey sadness broods :
Till with a quickening glow
Beauty unveils herself,
And the Sun's golden strength
Shines through the mist.

Over my troubled heart
Hangs Life's bewilderment,
Reason unsatisfied,
Hope unappeased :
Till aspiration's force
Pierce through the dark'ning cloud,
And God's o'erwhelming Light
Shines through the mist.

Over this world of ours
Hangs the sad gloom of strife,
Liberty fettered
And Hate unassuaged :
Till, from our yearning souls,
Born of our deep desire,
God's Revelation—Christ—
Shines through the mist.

M. BEATTY.

The Teaching Profession

As it is in Great Britain

By E. SHARWOOD SMITH

THERE is something in the very word "profession" that insensibly attracts. A subtle aroma of gentility hovers around it. For any man or woman to become a member of a learned profession is a matter of legitimate pride. They have a recognised status in society. They have emerged from the herd; they have entered into a more or less exclusive coterie. The hall mark has been stamped upon them. They are ticketed and branded. They have proved victorious over the numerous obstacles placed in their way. There is something of the mystery-man about them still; literally they are possessors of a "mestier" of a trade-secret hidden from the crowd. They possess a professional honour, a professional etiquette and alas! too often a professional voice and a highly professional manner, and usually a very professional disdain for the outsider. And teaching is fast becoming a learned profession. It has not quite got there yet. There are still some difficulties to be surmounted; there is not enough self-government. The State will fight for some time yet for a strict control. A bureaucracy is not easily overthrown, especially such a bureaucracy as has grown up in Whitehall. But the bureaucrats are fighting a losing battle. The stars in their courses are against them. The flowing tide is with the teachers. The war has done it; the war and the play of economic forces. Much congratulation has been showered on the President of the Board, and deservedly. He has done great things. He has seen the golden opportunity and seized it

with both hands. But he would never have succeeded had not many silent auxiliaries worked for him. It may be doubted whether, even now, there is anything like a gale of popular enthusiasm for education. There was a sudden puff of it, and Mr. Fisher trimmed his sails most deftly and caught it. And that was enough. He got his vessel out of harbour and started her on her voyage. And now that it has started all people of good-will must wish it favourable weather, smooth seas and following winds. But it all depends on the teachers and what use *they* make of their opportunity. For the ball is at their feet and they can play whatever game they will. They are masters of the situation if only they realise it. And many do realise it. How many teachers are we short of even now, and what will be the deficiency when the continuation schools begin? Some say twenty, some thirty thousand; it is impossible to be quite sure, but, anyhow, the difficulty of staffing the schools is enormous. But the great laws of supply and demand have not ceased working, and some day the deficiency will be made up. Better salaries, adequate pensions, greater freedom—all these things have a strong attractive force. But, after all, it is not solely a question of salaries and status. They may and probably will attract brains into the profession, and brains are indeed most necessary. But brains are not enough. Germany has taught us that, one hopes, among many other lessons. No country was, I suppose, better equipped educationally than Germany before the war. Nowhere had the lines been laid down with such

efficiency and such careful provision. And Germany had her reward. She had reared up a race of careful, patient, laborious, self-sacrificing investigators and instructors, a remarkable and talented army of men, plodding, plodding, plodding—if sometimes in an unintelligent way, yet still plodding. There was plenty of talent, but very little genius. Genius requires the sweet-blowing airs of freedom, talent grows in a close atmosphere of repression. Instruction is not education, and pedants are not teachers. Priests may be produced that way, but hardly prophets. They are often confused, but the difference is absolute. And there is, I think, a serious danger that we, in Great Britain, may make the same confusion. Our new born, if shallow-rooted, zeal for education may lead us into the same disastrous mistake. We must be very careful that we do not create a new priestly caste. . . . And this clamour for science that assails our ears on every side and rises louder and louder every day—"Let us teach science, and more science, and yet again science, and and there will be a new heaven and a new earth!" That may be true, but it will be a heaven and an earth of such a newness that we may not like them when we get them. I doubt if compulsory science, *as taught in the schools*, will be any better than compulsory Greek. It all depends what we mean by "science." As far as one can analyse and understand this insistent demand, the reason lying at the back of it is not the desire to open our eyes to life, to try to get at the truth of things, but to attain or retain commercial supremacy. *England über alles!* One remembers in the old days how our lives were saddened, our very breakfast tables rendered a horror by the parrot-cry of the half-penny press that we were being ousted from the world's markets by a patient, plodding, Machiavellian Germany. We did not seem to be doing so very badly with it all, but the cry puzzled and alarmed the plain citizen. He talked bitterly of the neglect of science in our schools, of the disregard for shorthand and

type-writing and modern languages, by which he usually meant commercial French and Spanish. The morning trains to Liverpool Street throbbed with the wailing and the prophecies of disaster. . . The very engine-drivers were affected and looked glum

Well, for the present, Germany has cut her own throat, and our obvious duty, as our statesmen have so admirably shown, is to keep it cut and bleeding—at fourteen points. But even if we succeed in this, and some are not satisfied, there are others. The United States! They have lost so little. Then Japan—a formidable luminary that is rising over the Eastern horizon! And others, too. Italy, another trader on the primrose path that leads to everlasting—happiness. The shrieks rise in a full crescendo. We teachers are to be prodded and goaded into greater and greater efficiency. Why have we, in our superior fashion, declined to flock to the shrine of Pelmanism? Pelmanism and a stimulating diet of commercial knowledge is the way to nourish the younger generation. No sneer is intended at the acquisition of commercial knowledge, especially if one were quite clear what it means. It is to be gained and, no doubt, will be gained. Dare I suggest that it is not difficult for any person of average intelligence to acquire it if the desire be there. But is that the primal duty of the schools? The value of knowledge gained at school is not very great, and, when gained, it has to be forgotten almost immediately. Who was it who said to one that promised to teach the art of memory: "That is simple enough. What I desire rather to learn is the art of forgetting"? The amount of information that one can cram at school does, no doubt, to the simple-minded layman, seem so enormous trade routes, exchanges, rain-falls, stocks and shares, French and Spanish conversation. . . . We want a new and up-to-date edition of *Mangnall's questions*. Information is so necessary. Our whole examination system is based on the recognition of its importance. . .

And yet, and yet, surely what we desire in our schools is that the smoking flax

be not quenched, that all avenues for learning should be kept wide open, that the proper environment be given, and that the teacher stand out of the way as much as possible. Enthusiasm he needs, yes—enthusiasm coupled with humility, a knowledge of his own ignorance and a burning desire to go on learning himself his whole life long. Instructors under the new conditions may be as the sands of the sea for multitude, so strongly organised and super-intelligent that they can create a "corner" in learning, but our education will profit us as a nation not one jot—only, if the lips be touched with living coal from the altar. . . . But surely teachers must have their profession, their guild, their trades union, as some of them have it already. They have been so terribly exploited. Yes, if they can avoid the narrow professional spirit, the cry of no salvation outside the profession, if they can eliminate professional jealousy and professional exclusiveness. If not, then a profession will harm rather than help education. The record of other professions will not bear close investi-

gation. Light *must* penetrate from without. After all, most of the best ideas that have enriched education have come from without, from the time of Plato down to the days of Madame Montessori and Edmund Holmes. In the house of education there are many mansions. The professional teacher is far too apt to throw the emphasis on teaching instead of learning, to take himself too seriously, to magnify his office, to attempt to force the development of his pupils, to spoon-feed their minds instead of trusting to the great silent processes of growth, the gradual assimilation of experience beneath the threshold. He does not leave enough to great creating Nature. He interferes. It is an awful thing to meddle with another's soul.

Not all are such, of course; that would be an unpardonable aspersion on the many real teachers of our time. But will a closed profession produce the teacher or the pedant, the priest or the prophet? It behoves us to be careful. There are many who carry the rod; but few are—teachers.

IMMORTAL LONGINGS.

The noble dream, the groping quest,
 The dim perception of a goal,
 What are they but the unexpressed
 And baffled powers of the soul?
 Our Spirit's life, our Spirit's home
 Is all, it knows, we might become.

The Journey from the East India's Great Enterprise

By A. J. DAWSON

HOW many of the readers of this journal outside the Indian Empire realise at all fully the unique interest and importance — spiritual, psychological, historic—of the phase through which the three hundred millions of India's peoples are passing to-day? The history of these diverse peoples, with their many scores of differing religions, languages, origins and systems of life, has been a chequered and absorbingly interesting one. Times without number changes of the most drastic and fundamental character have swept over their land and shaken to its very foundations their polity. Withal, those best qualified to judge are of opinion that no one among those crises which have divided the different epochs of India's history was of more real and vital import to the peoples of the country than that in which they are living at this moment. It is true enough that there was far more of the spectacular element in the devastating advance of conquering armies—hordes of outlanders swarming like locusts from the mountain passes of the north over the vast plains of the south—than in anything to be seen in India to-day; a thing which moves every thoughtful Indian to deep thankfulness. But it has been reserved for this present period, when, despite all their radical and manifold divergences, its peoples are united under one Flag as the subjects of one King-Emperor, to evolve a juncture in the progress and development of India which is of deeper spiritual significance, of more permanent psychologic import,

than could rightly be attached to any one among the materially impressive and barbarically spectacular crises which have starred and stained its history through the ages.

It is safe to assume that in this, as in other world questions, readers of THE HERALD OF THE STAR, whatever their own particular country or nationality, are concerned chiefly, not with the necessarily narrower interests of internal politics or the conflicting aims and views of factions, but with the broad issues involved in general principles; with the spiritual essence of movements affecting the development and true progress of peoples. It is in the white light of these high standards that India's present situation should be regarded by readers of these pages all the world over. To look at it from any narrower or lesser standpoint (apart from being foreign to the province of this journal) is to miss some at least of its great significance. To neglect consideration of it altogether is to miss a notable opportunity, and to fail with regard to a very important part of one's general grasp of the world's affairs.

Put into the minimum of words, the situation is that, under the new Constitutional Reforms sanctioned by King-Emperor and Parliament, India is about to be committed definitely to the path of progressive self-administration; to the road of responsibility in which side-tracks and by-ways are unknown. Those who elect to travel by this road are aware that it leads to but one goal: fully responsible self-government. Different

travellers may take longer or shorter times over the journey, but this is the only destination; and this destination must be reached by every traveller—unless he be willing to face open failure, and fall out by the way. Thus all the best, strongest and bravest of the world's peoples, at one stage or another set out, gladly and cheerfully, upon this same road which the peoples of India are now to tread, and all, saving only those who lack strength and endurance for the journey, arrive in due course at the station of self-governance. The friends and well-wishers of the different peoples of India—and in addition all the members of the great brotherhood of the British Empire, or one-fifth of the world, including representatives of every other nation—will rejoice to see their safe landing at this destination, believing, as we most of us do, that the greater the responsibilities freely and voluntarily shouldered, the greater will be the complementary measure of ability, wisdom and loyal co-operation developed, as well as demanded, by the obligations of liberty.

The intelligent sympathy, aye, and the prayers too, of all lovers of their kind should be unreservedly with the peoples of India to-day; for, be it remembered, the road leading to responsible self-government leads up-hill, not down, and was never the easiest way to walk, though always the best worth taking. Our brothers in India have many notable advantages. For generations they have enjoyed the solid protection of the British Empire, which has self-guarded them against those onslaughts from without which have added so many catastrophes to their history in ages past, and ensured them the blessings of peace and order, security and justice, within their own frontiers. But they also have their own peculiar difficulties to contend with, and it is well indeed for modern India that in her journey along the road to self-governance she will enjoy at every stage the help, the watchful support, and the continued protection of the race which, having long since travelled the same road itself,

has successfully organised so many other communities for the same journey. India is not to-day a nation, but a continent peopled by many races differing radically in religion, language, physique, customs, and degrees of intellectual development; although, as the result of British organisation and administration, united under one Flag and Crown. As illustrating these radical divergencies, we have only to recall the fact that one single minority of the Indian populace includes some seventy millions of Muslims, and that there are scores of Indian communities which differ more completely one from another than, say, the Italians and the Norwegians, or the Spaniards and the Dutch. Here, then, without looking farther a-field—and there are very many other difficulties—is ground enough for saying that our brothers in India will find exercise in plenty for all their resources of toleration, patience, self-abnegation, true co-operation, and sterling loyalty to principles, ideals, and causes, as well as to men and institutions.

“ No easy hopes or lies
Will bring us to our goal;
But iron sacrifice
Of body, mind and soul.”

For we have to remember that, in travelling the high, white road which leads to full self-Government, some serious measure of responsibility is necessarily ours, *all the way*. From the first step this is unavoidable: an essential feature of travel on this particular journey. The very first stage demands willing, consistent and enduring self-discipline; forgetfulness of self and devotion to the community. Already we have evidence that the most thoughtful, the natural leaders in India, have realised this, and to an extent which justifies our entertaining the highest hopes for a favourable and not unduly protracted journey. Already we note that there is a distinct tendency among the true thinkers of India definitely to lay aside the now really obsolete weapon of destructive criticism, the better to free their hands for the essential work of ungrudging and constructive co-operation. Mere

carping, vituperation, intolerance, jealous suspicion, and the uncharitable quest of ill motives even for good deeds; all these common accompaniments of irresponsibility will presently have become old-fashioned, and finally out of date—hopeless “back numbers,” as they say in America—in India, so that the writer, speaker or leader who shall attempt to make further use of them will invite loss of all prestige by declaring himself behind the times, and, as it were, announcing his own decline. Already tactics, which till now were in many quarters deemed justifiable and even desirable, are beginning to be regarded with impatience as things tiresome and obsolete, or with resentment as vulgar crudities, unworthy of those engaged upon a great enterprise, and so to be deprecated as discreditable and likely to hamper progress. This quick development illustrates the sensitive adapta-

bility of educated Indians, and is a thoroughly hopeful sign for the journey which lies before them. Already this great out-setting is developing a closer measure of real unity than the Indian peoples have ever known before. The most intelligent men, from the northern passes to the southern plains, are recognising that all alike, including those who love and trust the British Raj and those who do not—that all must now march shoulder to shoulder, loyally co-operating with heart and hand to ensure success for the Reforms, to demonstrate fitness for the journey ahead, and to ensure that progress in it shall be made just as free as it can be from the delays and obstructions (not to mention possible disasters) which, in such great enterprises, must needs wait upon travellers who have not learned to subordinate their mere personal predilections to the vastly superior claims of the common weal.

I SHALL KNOW.

I shall know Him when He comes
 Whatsoe'er His guise,
 Not by any roll of drums
 Or triumphal cries;
 But by the sweet harmony,
 Be He high or low,
 That His coming brings to me,
 I shall know.

I shall know Him by His speech,
 Gentle, mild and true,
 As He measures out to each
 All that is their due.
 Memories will sear my brain,
 Scenes of long ago;
 When I hear His voice again,
 I shall know.

Did not I in ages past
 Halt, and stand aside?
 While the rabble followed fast
 Filled with hate and pride,
 Not one hand among that train
 Stayed the cruel blow;
 Now with wisdom, born of pain,
 I shall know.

LIONEL PENSON.

The Unholy Cup

By G. M. HOLT

[There is a legend that the Sangreal was a Druidical cup, which coming, in some unexplained way, into the hands of Mary Magdalene, was placed by her on the table of the Last Supper.]

AT the head of the stair, on the threshold of the guest-chamber, Meriam of Migdol stood a moment at gaze.

The long white-walled room that stretched before her was steeped in the clear westering light. The white walls had a pale reflection of the glow. The bright-bordered cushions of the *triclinia* shone in it. Here and there a phantom pattern of the vine leaves, that hung so thick over the lattices, lay on the well-swept floor.

Meriam's eyes seemed to feast gratefully on all this; her parted lips, to drink contentedly of the silence. She, who in the House of Simon had abandoned herself so completely to emotion, seemed now as in a trance of calm.

"Is it you? What do you seek here, Meriam?"

She turned quietly towards the voice that challenged her; that was, indeed, only the voice she had expected to hear.

No one save that voice's owner would have been likely to have given the room this aspect of readiness and peace, of perfect and premature compliance with the ordinances of the coming Feast. Cephas was too hurried in his zeal; Johanan too dreamy in his devoutness. . . . Besides, *they* would never have been on the spot so soon.

She felt the keen eyes of Judah of Kerioth upon her; read the thought that would be in his mind, and spoke swiftly, before he could speak again.

"Do not be afraid, Judah! I have not brought another alabaster box! I

have not come this time to wash—or soil—Jeshua's feet. You need not be angry at my coming!"

He answered in a rapid, uneasy tone, new to her in one who was always quiet and self-controlled even in displeasure, whose very displeasure, indeed, seemed to make him more completely master of himself.

"I am not angry. Why should I be? But Jeshua is not here. Nor anyone but myself. Alone I have made the *bedikat-hamets*, and arranged for our needs with the people of the house. . . . Tomorrow, no doubt, Cephas and Johanan will be here early enough, and make a great bustle of preparation and questioning. *Where is the guest chamber? Where can the Rabbi eat the Pesach?* As if no one but themselves cared for his comfort or for the custom of the Feast."

She nodded assentingly; took a step forward, and leaned as if in weariness against a wall lattice.

"The people of the house know me. They will not grudge me a moment's rest," she said.

"Nor I either." His voice was patient. "Only I myself cannot now linger. I have an errand in the town. Peace be upon you, Meriam!"

She raised her head. With no desire for his companionship; anxious, indeed, to be at once alone, she yet felt an irresistible extraordinary impulse to detain him. Her words came boldly and steadily.

"Will you not stay a moment, Judah? There can be no such haste for your errand, or you would not have left it till now. . . . I have dreamed

strange dreams of late ; and it may be that you can interpret them for me. I have had strange, sad thoughts."

He bent his straight comely brows on her. "At the Feast of Deliverance" he said curtly, "no daughter of Israel should be sad."

She smiled a little. "That is true. But perhaps it is the strange blood of my mother's father, the Roman soldier, that stirs in me. It is certainly of him that I have dreamed."

"You will remember that he died, very old, in my father's house, a proselyte of the gate. But in his youth he had served under Julius the Cæsar, who carried the Eagles so far across the sea ; and he had landed on those misty Islands that lie, it is said, beyond the sunset, and beyond the kindly power of the sun itself. There (my grandfather said) the people live always without true light or warmth, in a perpetual unnatural half-darkness."

"Aye !" said Judah of Keriath. "And their souls are darkened, too. Have I not heard that even the Romans, idolaters though *they* are, shrank from the things they saw on those Islands—the barbarous superstitions, the cruel sacrifices, the idols fed with blood ?"

"You heard truly," she assented. "But, Judah, there may be more that may be true, too. My grandfather would have it that among those wild Islanders he found men who had learnt through their darkness more than we have been taught by our light, who had eyes that could see further than ours into the Will of God."

"That is blasphemy !" said Judah calmly. "And, besides, it is senseless. How can those who worship devils be illumined by God, more than those who worship Him ? How should sin and superstition be a path to righteousness ?"

She shook her head. "I do not know. But are there not stories that seem to show that so it may be ? Those magicians who once came, it is said, to Bethlehem from the East ? Was it not their superstitions that brought them ? Was it not through their idolatrous

worship of the stars that they learnt to worship——"

He interrupted ; breaking through the name she would have spoken. "Aye ! But *that* is but a legend. Gross tales like that grow up too often around a Great Teacher, and discredit His teaching. . . . It is pitiful ! Do not talk to me any longer of such things, Meriam. Do not make me remember that such things exist."

"You will soon forget them again." Her murmurous voice soothed him. "Tomorrow, when you recline at that table, you will remember nothing of this. So listen now a moment more. . . . There was an old priest in those Islands ; *very* old, and counted to be a prophet. He gave my grandfather a silver cup, which he said was a great talisman that had already worked many miracles ; and would, if it were brought into the land among whose folk my grandfather would marry, and whose God he would come to worship, work greater ones still. He spoke, too, of a certain red wine that would be poured into it, of which the whole world should come to drink ; and of how the taste of this would have power to end all quarrels and blood feuds, and make strangers into brothers and enemies into friends. . . . My grandfather could not believe so strange a tale, but he treasured the cup till he died ; and left it to my father's house, where I, too, since my father's own death, have kept it carefully."

A sudden fire leaped in Judah's eyes.

"A heathen charm ! An accursed thing ! No wonder, Meriam, that ill-luck came upon your father's house, that seven demons possessed your father's daughter."

"No wonder at all," she assented angerlessly. "But, Judah, have you never thought that even demons may do God service ? Those seven, though they were creatures of darkness, brought me to the light, and to Him Who cast them out. . . . So even in a heathen charm, an accursed thing——"

She paused ; for Judah had cast a last wearied look at her, and turned towards the stairhead.

"Peace be upon you, Meriam," she heard him say; and this time she answered unhesitatingly, "And on you, peace."

She guessed his yearning to be gone, before nightfall, into saner holier company; out of earshot of these idle tales of Roman soldiers and Roman eagles, heathen soothsayers and magical cups. In the precincts of the Temple, among the priests who were the friends and counsellors of his youth, he would join in talk more suited to the hallowed season. He would refresh his righteous soul.

For a moment her eyes followed him, as, with his slow strong stride he passed down the stone stairs, and up the narrow street. Then, very swiftly, she turned, drew from beneath her veil something that the gaudy striped stuff had hidden, and, raising it in both hands, carried it to the Passover table.

A cup, with thickset stem and broad bowl, curiously patterned of crude, yet painstaking workmanship. The light of the setting sun centred on its silver surface. It seemed to glow blood red, to become strangely dazzling. It seemed to blaze like a mirror, in which, if one had been a seer, one might have seen many things, not mere reflections. . . . She set it on the table, opposite to the couch where Jeshua would recline. . . . *He* would not despise the unhallowed thing! She could safely leave it with Him; even as those strange dreams of hers, that seemed like messages from the dead, had bidden her leave it. Whatever power was in it of miracle, must

respond to His touch! Kneeling for a moment, she pressed her lips to the stem where Jeshua's hands would rest, when He lifted it, and blessed it. Her trance of calmness deepened; her thoughts widened out. Her dreams became part of the world's dreams of that cup; unconscious previsions of the time when East and West should unite to honour it, and to drink of its red wine. . . . When the unholy thing should have become "high and holy"; the very quest of it a heart's desire; and its presence a symbol of God's presence. . . .

But the brief twilight was gathering fast. Warned by it, she rose quietly to her feet and re-arranged her veil over her hair's long braids. Her trance of calmness held strangely. She was conscious now of neither fear nor sorrow, regrets for the past nor apprehensions for the future. And she, too, had some small ritual duties to fulfil before the Feast. . . . Without a backward look, she passed down the stair into the narrow street, and went her way homeward.

Slowly, as the light thickened, the distinctive Jewish features of the room she had left were blotted out. Slowly it took on the look of a mere hospitable space, where guests from any quarter of the world might come together to sup.

Only, in the midst, the silver cup from the Western Isles could still be discerned on the darkening Passover table; glimmering, like a lamp, to guide the feet of wanderers and new comers, of strangers it should make brothers, and enemies it should turn to friends.

Architects of the Soul

By CECIL R. BERNARD

DO we return to the world? Do we pass through incarnation after incarnation, until, by bitter experience, we have learned all the great lessons of life, and have fitted ourselves in God's sight to enter some higher and happier sphere?

It is not the purpose of this short article to argue the pros and cons of this great question. Suffice it to say that many of the great religions of the world—religions which are now generally admitted to have been divinely inspired—propagate this belief, a belief, moreover, held by many people who sincerely believe in the great truths of Christ's teaching.

What if this widely accepted belief contains the divine principle of evolution, and the progress or retrogression of one incarnation is reflected in the bodily, mental and spiritual state of the next? We are at once impressed with the stupendous significance and responsibility attaching to all those in whose hands lies the task of educating our children, and of moulding their sensitive minds so as to enable them to take that position in the world for which their gifts best fit them.

This especially attaches to parents and school teachers. The responsibility of parents is generally acknowledged, but school teachers too often regard their task merely as a means of earning a living, whereas it is one of the most honourable, and should be the most exclusive, profession in the land. For not only are they moulding the rising generation for good or evil, but they are directly influencing the generations of hundreds of years ahead, and, as they perform their task well or ill, so will

the generations of the future, wiser by far in the great mysteries of evolution, bless the foresight, or bemoan the selfish apathy, of the generation of to-day.

What a stupendous responsibility rests, perhaps all unknown, upon their shoulders! They control to a great extent the true evolution of mankind. They are largely responsible for the happiness or misery, the greatness or the mediocrity, of the men and women who will be born into the world hundreds of years hence. Every budding talent stifled or allowed to die for want of nourishment is so much beauty lost to the world, is another broken step in the ladder of evolution which is ever leading upwards to perfection. It is not this generation which will of necessity suffer. It is some generation centuries hence which will lack some great man or woman, the light of whose genius would have shone forth over the world had the latent talent received that help and interest, in this incarnation, which would have enabled it to develop into the bud from which would have burst forth the glorious blossom of the next.

Rome was not built in a day. The genius of a Shakespeare or a Raphael is not the product of the experience of one short life. And why should we not strive to have more Shakespeares, more Raphaels in the world?

The world has seen many great men and women, but how many millions have been turned aside from their appointed mission, or have been compelled painfully to climb step by step the ladder of evolution, just for the want of a little help, a little sympathy, on the part of those who guided their youthful footsteps.

The great-minded, great-souled men and

women of the past, and of to-day, have, so to speak, just happened. Their individuality was so strong that nothing could stop their upward flight. Rebuffs served but to hasten their hurrying footsteps, scorn and contumely were but incentives to strive more ardently after the desired goal. But not so with the majority of us. Rebuffs, scorn, or mere indifference, thrown perhaps upon the first faint glimmerings of some great, God-given gift, serve only to stifle the seed before it has had time to take root. We forsake that which, being young and inexperienced, we know not the value of, and turn towards something the pursuit of which promises to bring us the praise and commendation of our narrow-minded, hide-bound teacher. So are many men and women, who would have brought beauty and joy into the world, turned from the direct road to their great mission, and compelled to seek their journey's end along the byways of bitter disillusion and suffering.

Think for one moment what would be the result if the "divine spark" in each little child, no matter though it be a mere glimmer, or a steadily burning flame, were encouraged and nourished; if, instead of the unchanging, unsympathetic routine of present school life, it became the self-imposed mission of all

teachers to do their part towards beautifying the world by discovering the hidden gifts and talents of their pupils, and so to develop them that, when the time came for the child to go forth into the world, the teacher could say: "You have such and such a God-given gift. I have nourished its early growth. It is for you to bring it to fruition, and to give to your fellow men that beauty which it is your mission to bestow."

Then, indeed, we need fear no more wars, no more retrogression, for by nourishing the good we shall at the same time stifle the evil. Then, indeed, mankind will be on the royal road to perfection, and the generations of the distant future, rich in genius, great and pure in soul, mind, and body, will have cause to bless the men and women of the present who, by their love and sympathy, help and guidance, saved the little bud of one earthly existence to be the glorious blossom of the next.

And it is on parents and teachers that this great responsibility primarily rests. In their hands, to a great extent, lies the future. Let them think on their task, and approach it, not as a matter of course, not as a means of earning a living, but as architects of the soul, builders of the palace of perfected humanity.

SHORT ESSAYS ON STAR WORK.

[The fourth of this series of Essays has been unavoidably held over until next month.—ED.]

AN APPEAL TO REVIVE THE ORDER OF BUDDHIST NUNS

¶ [We have been asked to bring this appeal to the notice of our readers, and gladly do so.—EDITOR.]

TO some students of the history of Buddhism the section relating to the Order of Buddhist Nuns is of vital interest. The Lord Buddha established this order, and it was the means of doing half of the useful work in the ancient Buddhist world. This order is now extinct, as was foretold, in part, by the Founder Himself. There are many points connected with it, such as the inferior position of the Nun to the Monk in the olden days, and her absolute dependence on him, which are incompatible with the freer and more progressive position of the woman of our own days, when she is coming to be regarded as equal to a man, though in her own particular line of evolution. The question that arises is, can this order of female devotees be revived?

Let us consider the whole situation and look back to its first beginnings in the time of the Lord Buddha, who decided, though apparently unwillingly, considering the obscure position of women in those days, that women could retire from the household life to the homeless life and attain the Path equally with men.

The foundation of this order of Bhikkhunis was associated with scenes of touching devotion and love, and the repetition of it will bear testimony to the power of these two particular ideals of women. It is well known that the Lord Buddha, born in His last life on earth as the Prince Siddhartha, lost His mother, Queen Maha-Maya, seven days after His birth. His mother's sister, Pajapati, had nursed and brought up the infant, and she loved Him with that devotion which only women can know. When, the Prince renounced the world, Pajapati's heart was almost broken, for she did not know that the child was to become the Buddha, the All-Enlightened Saviour and teacher of gods and men. After His attainment of Buddhahood, almost all her male relatives left their wealth, and gave up their homes to follow The Master, and Pajapati and Yasodhara (The Prince's wife) also made the resolution to follow their examples. Three times did Yasodhara request the Buddha to be allowed to become a nun, but thrice He refused, for He knew that it was their attachment to Himself that in the main actuated them.

Then Queen Pajapati went on the same errand to the place where the Lord Buddha was staying at that time, in the Banyan Park at Kapilavastu. She greeted Him, standing respectfully aside, and thus spoke :—

"Pray, reverend Sir, allow women to retire from the household life to the homeless life under the Doctrine and the Discipline announced by the Tathagata."

"Nay, that cannot be," was the gentle but firm reply of the Master; for it would seem that He knew that their appeal arose from the desire to remain with their beloved ones.

So Pajapati retired sobbing and disappointed.

Again, a second and yet a third time she came and made the same request, each time more earnestly than before, but received the same answer.

Returning to the Palace, she related the sad experience to Yasodhara and both burst into lamentations. Should they resign their aim and live on sadly away from Him whom they worshipped? No. They would try another plan. They then called together those other ladies of high station who were bemoaning the loss of fathers, brothers, or sons, who had taken the vows and left their homes to follow the Blessed One; for it was bitter to think that, though still alive, they were cut off from all sight and companionship with them. Then the distressed mothers, wives and sisters held a meeting with Queen Pajapati and Princess Yasodhara, and decided to appeal once more in a body to The Master for permission to live in the monasteries and thus be near their dear ones. So they cut off their beautiful hair, cast aside their costly garments and donned the mean rag-made yellow robe of the mendicant, and marched in a body to Vesali where the Lord Buddha had gone. Walking from place to place, at last they reached this town, and Pajapati, their leader, stood weeping, with swollen dust-covered feet, outside the entrance-porch of the Vihara or dwelling of the Master. There they determined to remain, even should they die of starvation and exhaustion, till they should attain His permission and their cherished aim.

There the Venerable Ananda, the beloved disciple, found them in this miserable plight, and, being a relative of Pajapati, he asked her :—

"Why dost thou, a Gotamid, with swollen feet dust-covered, stand thus weeping outside the entrance-porch?"

"Because the Blessed One," then answered Pajapati, "does not permit women to retire from the household life to the homeless life, under the Doctrine and Discipline announced by the Tathagata." Then she pleaded with Ananda to intercede with the Lord Buddha

once more on their behalf, for they would rather die than give up their aim to become Bhikkhunis. Ananda promised to do what he could and he approached the Lord Buddha and told Him that Pajapati, Yasodara and other ladies were intent on entering the Sangha as nuns. Once more the Master refused, for He knew that their appeal was based on the principle of attachment, and on such a basis an Order could not be builded; and so, to test their earnestness, persistence and fixity of purpose, He refused their request once more, though Ananda thrice besought Him to give way.

Now the Venerable Ananda, knowing that the Lord must have some strong reason for thus refusing their urgent appeal, tried to find out what the cause could be. Surely he would not let his own kindred perish in despair. So he asked, "Master, are women capable of retiring from the household life to the homeless life? Can they attain conversion? Can they attain Arahatsip?" "They can," was the reply.

"Then," continued the faithful Ananda, "if the Lord will consider what a benefactress Pajapati has been, will the Lord permit her to retire from the household life to the homeless life under the Doctrine and Discipline announced by the Tathagata?"

Then the Lord answered, for He knew that Pajapati was ripe to enter the Sangha, "If Pajapati, the Gotamid, will submit to eight weighty regulations, let it be reckoned as ordination to her."

The Venerable Ananda, having listened to the eight weighty regulations, communicated them to the waiting supplicants, and on their agreeing to abide by them, they were summoned to the presence of the Master, who surrounded by the bhikkhus, addressed the grief-stricken sisters in the gentlest words on the subject of non-attachment. He showed them that these are the steps to kill the roots of desire, anger and ignorance, and that as soon as these are eliminated from life, sorrow and pain will cease to exist. "Strive, therefore," said He, "to serve mankind without attachment and selfishness."

In such words He spoke to them and their grief was assuaged, and they looked at life from another point of view, and desired to lead the selfless life that alone leads to Nibbana.

The Buddha consented to ordain his foster-mother, Pajapati, and gave her authority to admit other women to the order of Bhikkhunis, provided that they submitted strictly to the eight obligations. So Queen Pajapati, with a

heart full of gratitude, gave thanks to the Master, and without consideration for worldly relationship or personal attachment accepted the obligations and took the vows as a fully ordained nun.

With the spread of Buddhism the movement extended far and wide. Much of the success of the Buddha-Dhamma was due to the Order of Nuns. But with the troubles that arose, and the subsequent persecutions of the Buddhists in later times, the decay of the Order set in, until finally it became extinct so far as the Guru-succession is concerned. However, there are still scattered about in the modern Buddhist world a number of recluses living the life of nuns; but in the strict sense of the word they are not real nuns, for they cannot claim the Guru-succession. The thread of the life of the Order is not broken, it is there, it is not dead. The re-incarnation or re-vivification of the Order then is necessary. As the sun rises in the morning, so will the life of this Order wake up again with the coming of the World-Teacher, the Bodhisattva. He will revive the Order, to continue its errand and mission of Love and service to the world. Therefore our path of duty is clear. We must prepare the ground for His coming and hold ourselves in readiness to receive the ordination from Him, the Bodhisattva Maitreyya, Who will one day become the Buddha.

This to my mind is the part we Buddhist women must play in the reconstruction of the world, and this work must be taken in hand without delay. No time should be lost in founding an organised society of Buddhist Sisters, to train and fit themselves for service to the Lord.

I venture to suggest that the Head-quarters of such a society should be located in Ceylon, one of the homes of Buddhism for two thousand years. I shall be glad to hear the views of all those interested in this subject before we attempt to give the idea a practical shape. Who will join in this work?

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Star Work in Many Lands

England and Wales.—Miss S. Marguerite Warner, Organising Secretary, writes as follows on the general position of the Section :

"Throughout the year just ended there has been a steady influx of new members, increasing towards Christmas time, and although the total for 1919—344—shows a decrease from that of 1918—425—our numbers have been strengthened by the return of many who joined the Order in other countries during the war, but who really belong to this Section. There were eight resignations during the year. The total number of members in England and Wales up to date is about 4,650, and the number of applications received during the first fortnight of the New Year brings the promise of a rapid advance in 1920."

From Miss E. A. Draper comes the following report of the Propaganda Section :

"The Propaganda Department has two distinct lines of work, the sale of literature and propaganda by lectures and distribution of *free* literature.

"During 1919 £235 worth of literature was sold. This is about the same amount as last year. The profit is very small and would not cover expenses if rent and salaries were included. Our object, however, is to get the literature widely distributed rather than to charge a price, which might pay better, but would prevent so many people buying the pamphlets, etc. Some local centres do a good business in literature, and there is no doubt that where there is a good opportunity to display literature, centre secretaries would do well to make use of it for propaganda purposes.

"In this period 1,462 copies of the small leaflet 'Information for Enquirers' have been distributed free, as well as 6,000 leaflets. The figures for last year are 1,064 'Information' and 4,228 leaflets. The increase is due to our having larger funds for this purpose through the donations of the various provinces to headquarters. One member who travelled on business undertook to spend his evenings in sending literature to every prominent man in each town he visited, and several thousand leaflets, on which he paid the postage, were distributed in this way, to clergy, doctors, lawyers, political leaders, etc.

"The Propaganda Secretary has lectured in various parts of England as well as in Ireland and Scotland during the year. In all 149 meetings were held, of which 99 were under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, though sixteen of these were definitely on the subject of the Order and its work; nineteen were organised and held by branches of the Order; nineteen were members' meetings; twelve

were given from platforms of various other societies. This last item is, perhaps, the most important because it has opened the way to a much wider field of work in other organisations. This department is now collecting the addresses of secretaries of societies all over England where a friendly hearing of our message is probable, and it is proposed to approach these societies either through local workers or direct from headquarters with the offer of a lecturer to speak on the Coming. Local lecturers will be used whenever possible, but, if necessary, Propaganda funds may be used to pay expenses for special journeys to important Societies. Already the response to such letters as have been sent out in 1920 is taxing our lecturers' time to the utmost. We note that many lodges of the Theosophical Society, which was included amongst those likely to give us a friendly hearing, have gladly availed themselves of our offer, and are arranging for special lecturers to speak to their audiences on the near coming of a Great World Teacher.

"I think that Star officials in other Sections will be interested in the following new regulation, recently introduced into the British Section, with regard to the admission of members: *With the approval of the Protector of the Order, the National Representative for England has decided that in future each applicant for membership in this Section of the Order shall have a proposer and a seconder to act as sponsors, and to countersign the form of application, when it has been filled in personally by the applicant. It is not intended that this regulation shall bar anyone from membership who is heartily in sympathy with the declaration of Principles, yet unacquainted with members of the Order, so the National Representative reserves the right to waive this regulation at her discretion, upon application being made to her. The fact of standing sponsor to a new member should not be a mere matter of form, but the sponsors should satisfy themselves before countersigning the application form that the would-be member has considered the obligations entailed by signing the Declaration of Principles, and intends to take these obligations seriously. Applications when completed should be sent to the Organising Secretary, 314, Regent Street, London, W. 1. Subscriptions are entirely voluntary, but the maintenance and extension of the work depend wholly upon the generosity of the members, so that yearly or quarterly contributions are most welcome. If badge is required, please enclose postal order for 2s. 8d. Badge can be had in the form of pin' brooch or pendant."*

Austria—It is pleasant, after such a long time, to receive a long letter from our old

friend, Mr. J. H. Cordes, National Representative for Austria. Mr. Cordes writes :

"The first two reports under 'Star Work in Many Lands' are so very encouraging for us in Austria that we venture to hope that ours will not be put aside as being *de trop* yet for awhile, because your gracious acceptance of the one from Russia should vouchsafe us a welcome also, in spite of the fact that the Peace has not been formally ratified; further, if ours be judged too insignificant, the modest commencement of the British West Indies did not preclude them from inclusion.

"Even after fifteen months of Republican rule we have not got a proper *Vereinsgesetz*, i.e., legislation concerning unions, societies, etc., so that we thought best not to organise the Order of the Star in the East in Austria officially, but simply to make use of our Theosophical Society Adyar for our Star purposes.

"The following figures are, therefore, simply the record of an inner and deeper echo in the hearts of our much troubled fellow citizens, which theosophical activity could arouse since its beginning afresh in March, 1919. 173 new members joined the T.S. during the past ten months, as was stated on the occasion of its General Meeting, held as of yore (in 1913 and 1914) on our most auspicious Star-day, January 11th, 1920. Seventy-three of these (43 of Vienna, 23 of Graz, who joined through our dear brother Grant A. Greenham's instrumentality, five of Brunn, and two from outside) joined our ranks, so that the Star roll numbers now 127 all told, including the 54 already on the lists previous to March, 1919, of whom not all were Fellows of the T.S. If on the surface this growth seems fairly hopeful, closer scrutiny proves it to be exceedingly so, for as the Mother Society (T.S.) increased at the rate of 70 per cent. (from running numbers 249 to 422), the Star grew just double as quickly in proportion, i.e., by 140 per cent. (from 54 to 127 members). In my capacity as General Secretary of the T.S., I had occasion to praise the spirit of sacrifice evinced by the Theosophical Fellows, as shown, firstly, by the larger number of honorary workers, and, secondly, by the greatly increased contributions, almost averaging a thousand crowns (Kr. 1,000) a month, which represented formerly the appreciable sum of £40; to-day, however, one solitary sovereign only! Will the Star spirit prove to be the leaven of the T.S.? My own aim, of course, is to spread the knowledge of the Lord's Coming in every lecture I give (of which six were held publicly in the Urania Institute, with payment for admission, and three at our risk elsewhere, netting Kr. 1,400, in all, for our Society funds). The Saturday night Lodge meetings are devotional, and chiefly devoted to the study of 'At the Feet of the Master,' and meditation, i.e., Star work pure and simple. Sunday morning meetings begin and end with the invoking of the Lord's

blessing, and are merely preparatory 'soul work' in view of His Near Approach. Monday nights see us studying Aṅvagoshā, Bergson, Keyserling, Fournier d'Albe, etc., ever keeping the master-key to all fruitful study in sight, i.e., the Preparation for an Avatara, who cannot but be coming, seeing that nowadays Dharma without His guiding wisdom must assuredly grow more and more confused. Thursdays call, or will call, alternately the Brethren of the Action and Art Lodges together, who are, needless to say, eager Star members, the President of the Action Lodge being Dr. Weiss, who is the Organising Secretary of the Star; Dr. Klein is Deputy President of the T.S. and originator of the newly formed Art Centre in Vienna. The most promising feature about these movements is the fact that both are of indigenous growth, and not the creation of the ubiquitous General Secretary, as was usual heretofore.

"A fact most worthy to be recorded is the notable change of atmosphere to be observed whenever the Coming of a World-Teacher is spoken of plainly to the people. Naturally the titles of lectures are chosen so as to attract as large and varied a public as possible, e.g., *Raja Yoga, The Secret of the Wonderland, India; Magic, Ancient and Modern; Ubersinn, liche Liebe des Morgenlandes*, meaning perhaps *Supersensuous Love of the Orient*. Consequently we were glad to observe many an unwary listener among the public being caught in our meshes, they being proof positive that entire strangers were present when we told the glad tidings, and spoke of the coming Great Event, whenever an opening offered outside the strict frame of the lecture. For this much liberty we do enjoy, at present at least, and we need not pass a written text of the lecture to the police, nor need we await any longer their pleasure and censure.

"Possibly abusing the unwonted freedom, I told the 49 members present (few, because all train and tram services had stopped) at the General Meeting (on the 11th instant) that we have entered on the 11th year of the New Era, a reckoning which would be the usual one all over the world before the close of the century. Further, I spoke of the first year of Universal Peace, the ratification of the German Treaty having taken place the day before.

"We still occupy the same quiet flat, which has been much improved artistically since we were enabled to take it up in 1913, on the occasion of the First International Star Conference in London, the first cycle of seven years being thus concluded.

"May I venture, in conclusion, to give expression to our fondest hope—the hope, namely, of an early meeting of old Star friends at an International Star Conference, when we, of the Austrian Section, hope to persuade our brethren in many lands to send us their publications free of charge as long as our rate of exchange is as prohibitive as it is at present,

and to thank those personally who have done so already.

JOHN CORDES,
National Representative."

Iceland.—The following letter from the National Representative has just come to hand. Mrs. A. S. Nielsson writes:

"I herewith beg to send you the following supplementary report of our work in the year of 1919:—

"This summer and autumn we have been unable to hold our regular Star meetings, as we have had no meeting room till the first of December. From that date, however, we have held our meetings regularly once every month, and further, one meeting on Christmas night, at 11.30 p.m., and another special meeting on December 28th. Upon that occasion, the Rev. Mr. Jakob Kristinsson, who was the first National Representative of our Order for this country, and who has now returned to Iceland after several years' work as a pastor of an Icelandic Church in Canada, delivered an address about Star Work and our duties in connection with it. I have myself presided at every meeting and have several times given an address, too. The number of our members has now reached 100; and, taking into consideration that the whole population of our country is below 100,000, you may admit that no other country has so many members proportionally. I may add that our message progresses very well and is spreading over the whole country. For this we are mainly indebted to two of our members, viz., Mr. Sig. Kristofer Pjetursson, who is unwearied in writing about the matter and translating foreign Theosophical and Star literature into Icelandic, and another member, who is paying nearly all the expenses of the Star Order, including our yearly 'Star Christmas Number,' which is issued in 1,200 copies and sold at less than half of the cost price. Mr. Sig. Kristofer Pjetursson is the Editor of the Magazine, and has himself written many of the very good articles appearing in it. Separately, I beg to send you a copy of it. The member who

pays the expenses has further built a fine house and given the same as a gift to the Iceland Theosophical Society, and in this house we are now holding our meetings, in the very best and finest place obtainable for our purpose. We have also issued printed 'Star Christmas Cards' and 'New Year Cards,' of which many have been sold.

I remain,

Fraternally yours,
ADALJBORG SIGURDARDOTTIR NIELSSON,
National Representative."

Germany.—I take the following from a personal letter, dated February 5th, 1920, which I have just received from Fraulein Guttman:

"We are about 420 members now. Since October, 1919, 34 new members have been enrolled. The 'running number' of our Diploma Book is 1,052; but in course of time many have dropped out, and at first all Austrian members were included in our lists, as well as, more recently, Germans in Bohemia, numbering about ten. . . . Thank you once more for publishing my appeal in the HERALD OF THE STAR. I hope somebody will hear it and help me to take up genuine Star work hand in hand with our brothers all over the world. How this would strengthen our small faithful band and give them renewed life and energy!"

I have now no reports in hand, all those received up to date having been published in the Magazine. This means that I am entirely dependent upon the receipt of further reports for the provision of material for "Star Work in Many Lands" in the May number. Will National Representatives try to send me something before April 10th?

E. A. WODEHOUSE,
General Secretary.

Correspondence

SELFISHNESS AND UNSELFISHNESS

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—The subject of unselfishness, as presented by a correspondent in the February number of the HERALD, raises a point of very great interest, namely, how narrow is the dividing line between vice and virtue. All the Great Teachers of the world have emphasised this fact, and have referred to the Path of Holiness as being sharp and narrow as a razor's edge. Yet lesser men are bold enough to lay down laws and rules of conduct for others to follow, and vain enough to sit in condemnation of their fellow men. There is much truth contained in the old song "Take off your old coat and roll up your sleeves, for Jordan am a hard road to travel, I believe."

To reach unto wisdom means stern and strenuous and unceasing endeavour, and the spiritually great are ever the least condemnatory of the failures in the great adventure. If spiritual greatness were easily attained it would not be worth the having; and, indeed, religious appeals fail too often of their effect, just because they are made with insufficient knowledge of human nature and present their case in too bald and crude a manner. Good and evil are seldom so clearly defined that no room is left for doubt as to which path should be chosen. It is the greatest fallacy to suppose, as so many preachers do, that men deliberately choose evil instead of good. The two lie so close together that one may often be mistaken for the other. And, until we can see through another's eyes, who shall condemn his brother?

Take, for example, this very question of unselfishness. It is true that all Great Teachers have preached self-renunciation; but what exactly did they mean by it? Are we called upon to subordinate our own personalities to the personality of someone else, or are we meant to make our own higher selves triumphant? For the two are very different, and the last is by far the hardest task. To my thinking, what is meant by complete self-renunciation is the subordination of our own lower nature to the higher part of ourselves; and, in the accomplishment of this endeavour, it may be quite wrong to be unselfish in the usually accepted sense of the word. We have all known instances of wives silently submitting to the brutal exactions and infidelities of a selfish husband, and the world praises them for their unselfish devotion. But, if we consider the matter with impartial eyes, is such conduct really so praiseworthy? May it not be due to weakness of character as well as to nobility? There are women who would rather endure a husband's blows and insults than

leave him, because for them it is really the easiest way. They take credit to themselves for their power of forgiveness, when in reality they are assisting in their own degradation, and, by so much, in the degradation also of all other women, not to speak of the man himself—who is, perhaps, helped to be more selfish and vicious because his wife is weak and sentimental.

The same is true of every relation of life. Can we ever help others by being anything short of our best, and can we ever be our best by crippling our own development? The Buddha and the Christ stand as the two greatest examples of human perfection, and neither of them allowed any lesser claim to hinder Them in Their life's purpose. Have we not all, in our lesser degree, a primary duty to ourselves, a mission to be fulfilled, an individual note to sound clearly and strongly? Some natures find it very hard to wound others, although it may be their highest duty to utter the harsh word, to perform the seemingly cruel action. Unselfishness sometimes springs from conceit. It is annoying to watch other people doing badly what we know we can do better.

Then, again, with regard to another accepted virtue, does not the passion for social service and philanthropy sometimes but serve to cloak a passion for interference with other people's lives, and become in reality an inverted form of ambition and love of power?

So we might run through the gamut of all the virtues, and find that they impinge very nearly upon their opposites. What may be virtue in one person is vice in another, and there can be no hard and fast rules. In condemning others we shall always stand self-condemned. Shakespeare's advice holds good for all time:

"To thine own self be true,

And it must follow as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

But the first preliminary is hard to follow, and few attempt it.

Yours, etc.,

AN OBSERVER OF LIFE.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—Your request for the statement of their views from your readers quite falls in with my unexpressed wish, and your suggestion of what constitutes a blameworthy selfishness is one on which I have long pondered. So I venture to send the conclusions to which I have come, in order that they may receive your criticism.

We have two selves, a higher and a lower ; that is to say, every thought, desire and action is either leading us towards the goal of good or to that of evil. The difficulty lies in our power of discrimination. It is selfish to sleep when one might pass the night in nursing a sick child or neighbour. But if lack of sleep will prevent the performance of our bounden duty on the morrow, what *right* have we thus to sacrifice ourselves ? How far are parents free to sacrifice home comforts when the lack of them entails lasting injury for their children ? Our duty to ourselves has never been sufficiently taught ; but, if our end and aim is always the benefit of humanity *equally* with that of our own highest nature, we shall not be liable to fall into the faults of weakness or sentimentality, or of ruining the characters of those we have endeavoured to help.

A mistaken theology has encouraged us in the past to look upon ourselves too much as "miserable sinners" and "children of wrath," instead of as "sons of God," and "children of light"; and one of the chief blessings brought by Theosophy is the sense of the real one-ness, or "atonement" of God and man, and the consequent truth of man's divine sonship and growth in grace and glory. Those who wish to train themselves to follow this heavenward path will never fail to find endless opportunities for denying their lower natures ; and the maxim not to do for others anything it is better they should do for themselves will prevent the encouragement of laziness, while we may put down any self-satisfaction by leaving works of sacrifice, when possible, to any other person who is more fitted and able to do them than ourselves.

Believe me to be,

Yours truly,

A. K. H.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—The question of selfishness and unselfishness, and many kindred pairs of opposites, is one in which I have been interested for some time. I have come to the conclusion that the two are inseparable, that the greatest altruist is the greatest egoist : while practising his altruism, he is laying up for himself treasure in the form of more opportunities for service. He must find great pleasure when he is doing his good works, else he would not do them. Therefore, he is bound to increase his pleasure as he increases his sacrifice. The usual idea of a selfish man is that of one who gains happiness at the expense of others. I maintain that our altruist is a selfish man, for, in his philanthropy, does he not lift the burden from the heavy laden, thus preventing them from having the pleasure of overcoming a difficulty alone, and thereby growing ? Does he not feed the starving, and keep a soul imprisoned in this vale of tears

when it should have wandered forth into the delectable lands of the Astral Plane ?

In the practice of unselfishness lies the seed of a spiritual egoism that often grows into a rank weed and eventually poisons the soul.

I maintain that if every man looked after himself, and worked solely for his own ultimate benefit, the world would soon be happy, and the necessity for any League of Nations or armies would fade away.

Supposing each individual, in the year 1914, had said "What do I get out of this warfare ?" there would have been no War. But the Press of the world, appealing to the altruism of the young men, persuaded them to follow false ideals, for these ideals were imposed from without and had not been built by an age-long process from within.

Have we not suffered long enough from unselfishness ?—I grant that the process has been necessary—but if every enlightened individual before deciding on any course of action pondered in his soul, taking into account all the known Laws of Karma, and wondered how he would benefit, all would be well with the world.

Men would be driven by the force of logic to work together. They would not be content to live in houses in a street where dull monotony appears to have been the ideal of beauty in the architect's mind. Men would serve, and serve gladly, not with a sense of smug self-righteousness, but with the pleasant feeling that when accepting help they were not accepting charity. The architect alone cannot build a beautiful building ; the masons alone cannot—and so on *ad infinitum*. But a common need being felt, the architect would seek out masons, and eventually the common need would be satisfied.

The only solution of the problem of selfishness and unselfishness is to cut the words and the ideas they suggest out of the dictionary ; for both imply a standard of judgment, and this implies a resting on one's oars and comparing progress one with another. One cannot judge or compare anything, for our standards of judgment are ever varying. Therefore we should leave the pairs of opposites to fight it out, and we, like the flowers, should be content to live and, throwing off a grateful fragrance to the summer air, care not whether we are sweeter than the rest, or whether we are noticed more. It is enough to be alive, to feel the sunshine, to breathe the air, when we are fortunate enough to get away from the sulphurous substitute in the towns.

The differentiation of selfishness and its opposite savours strongly of a mind that is looking for the fruits of action, forgetting that the prize of the race is of no value, and that it is the striving that we run for ; as Tennyson says, "Virtue has its own reward in an active Immortality."

I am, yours truly,

HARDY NAYLOR.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a few thoughts on the letter on "Selflessness?" in the February number.

Do we not pass through different stages on the path to complete selflessness? First, the child-soul gets all it can for self quite regardless of others. Then comes the second stage, when the soul begins to take pleasure in sharing and giving, "is unselfish because it gives greater pleasure to be unselfish than selfish." This is generally a long stage, for the good opinions of one's friends and the praise of the world is dear to the personality. This is a more refined form of selfishness than the first stage, and the one the letter is describing. Thirdly, the soul, recognising that it is still acting for self, strives to become "indifferent to the fruits of action." He must not now refrain from service because he finds his motives are not pure, but recognise his incompleteness, and know that a time will come when he will be able to serve for pure love's sake. "Inaction based on selfish fear can bear but evil fruit" says an Eastern Scripture, and, again, "To perish doomed is he who out of fear refrains from helping man lest he should act for self." The unselfish mother who spoils her children is but in stage two. She will suffer by the selfishness of her children, gain greater wisdom, and pass into stage three. Then, forgetting herself completely, will encourage unselfishness in her children, regardless how she may appear in the eyes of the world, and care not if they call her selfish. In the last stage, with a heart full of pity and compassion for the suffering and helplessness of the world, she will serve, for there is naught else she could do. It is for *that* she lives.

February 19th, 1920.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR EDITOR,—While reading your correspondent's remarks on unselfishness, in the February number of the HERALD OF THE STAR, there ran through my mind a favourite passage from Maeterlinck: "The humblest mother who allows her whole life to be crushed, to be saddened, absorbed, by the less important of her motherly duties, is giving her oil to the poor, and her children will suffer the whole of their lives from there not having been in the soul of their mother the radiance it might have acquired. The immaterial force that shines in our hearts must shine first of all for itself, for on this condition alone shall it shine for others as well; but see that you give not away the oil of your lamp, though your lamp be never so small, let your gift be *the flame*—its crown."

Service and unselfishness are very little understood, although much talked of, in these days. How many people when offering to

serve any particular movement spend any time in preparation and training? It is so often a case of giving that which we know we cannot sell in the open market. Unselfish service, so called, is often a symptom of mental and spiritual anæmia. Perhaps this message of service and sacrifice has come too soon. Few of us have as yet gathered sufficient to be able to give anything of value.

The culture of the race depends on the culture of the individual. Most of us are out looking for humanity, anxious to uplift it, and we miss the fact that it lies hidden in our own hearts. "Before giving you must first acquire . . . more value attaches to a particle of consciousness gained than to a gift of your entire unconsciousness."

Anyone who has had to deal with workers connected with a great spiritual movement must have been puzzled by the fact that those who so readily offered their lives to its service were precisely those who had the least to give. There are "thousands of beautiful souls that know not what should be done, and seek only to yield up their lives, holding that to be virtue supreme. They are wrong; supreme virtue consists in the knowledge of what should be done, in the power to decide for ourselves whereto we should offer our lives." When they have evolved minds that are full of wonder-worlds of their own fashioning; when they possess senses that dance and leap in answer to earth's subtlest call, then will it be possible for them to realise the true service and the real sacrifice, which is the joyful outpouring of gifts that are our own. Then for them will be the life "whereof self-denial, pity and devotion are no longer indispensable roots, but only invisible flowers."

The unselfishness of sacrifice is not the unselfishness of denial. The one is a consciousness of gladness and fulfilment, the other is a forcing and a warping that deforms the soul. Duties that render life sour have defeated us. They should be given up until we are strong enough to carry them with buoyancy and grace. How often do we meet a good, devoted soul who has given up all life's richest opportunities in the attempt to fulfil a so-called duty, but, who has reaped nothing from the mighty experience but an ineffectual railing against Fate; or, what is worse, the hopeless resignation of a thing that is dead? The whole of life's force has been absorbed by the task which has proved too great. This self-mutilation is as great a crime against the race as is deliberate physical disfigurement. "Men help each other by their joy not by their sorrow. They are not intended to slay themselves for each other, but to strengthen themselves for each other. And among the many apparently beautiful things which turn, through mistaken use, to utter evil I am not sure but that the thoughtlessly meek and self-sacrificing spirit of good men must be named as one of the most fatal."

Many of us have managed to bring such a small fraction of the self into manifestation in the physical world that being self-less means very little. If, with Ulysses, we seek to pass the Sirens of life with stuffed ears, we shall have no power to give to others the warning of their song.

Unselfishness can never be known until we have grown far-reaching in our power of contacting life, until we have learned the sweetness of knowledge and the full joy of pleasure. Then, and then only, can we call to others to share the beauty and the treasure we have gathered. Until then "Let our one never-ceasing care be to *better* the love that we offer our fellows. One cup of love that is drawn from the spring on the mountain is worth a hundred taken from the stagnant well of ordinary goodwill."

Yours sincerely,

E. CLARE SOPER.

11, Tavistock Square,
London, W.C. 1.

February 23rd, 1920.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—The letter in the February number of the HERALD OF THE STAR on "Unselfishness" can, I fully believe, raise an interesting discussion. As mentioned in the Editorial Notes, it would appear shocking to many well-meaning souls, but I can clearly see the writer's point of view, although he has made some rather sweeping statements.

There are forms of unselfishness which do lead to selfishness. A great deal depends on the motive of unselfish deeds. Many people like to see the fruits of their actions and to be more thought of. Some of these good people like to see their names on subscription lists of charitable institutions; and there are many other cases where people, who mean well, do acts of unselfishness just to be able to appear good in the eyes of their fellow human beings.

There is also the case of the unselfish husband or the unselfish wife, who do actually make their wives or husbands, as the case may be, selfish, and so they get spoilt and become full of their own importance, and finally they lose self-reliance by too much kindness. This, however, is quite excusable, because many souls can only express themselves in a lavishness of affection to one or a few individuals. In nearly all these cases, however, this is a good sign, because the affection generally broadens out to greater and ever greater love until the whole of humanity is embraced.

Maudlin sentimentality is often a superficial virtue because it lacks imagination. What is wanted is genuine sympathy, which is the outcome of imagination. There is, for instance, a certain class of women who express sentiment over the appalling cruelty of trapped animals, but yet they go on wearing furs because they

are becoming. On the other hand, there is another type of women possessing a keen imagination and who can actually feel the suffering of the animal, and so they flatly refuse to adorn themselves with blood-stained skins, and vivid imagination goes a long way, but it is a virtue unfortunately not common in England.

Sacrifice is always a true and proper rendering of unselfishness. It is *real* unselfishness. To sacrifice our pleasures and desires (especially monetary ones) so as to give a helping hand to someone who really needs assistance is true unselfishness. For instance, supposing you have made up your mind to go to a theatre, and on the way there you come across a prostrate horse in the middle of the road which is suffering badly, then, if you know something about horses and you know you can help, it is your duty to do so, and if the good in you comes uppermost and so gives every assistance to the horse, then you will have done a really unselfish act. By the time you get to the theatre you may find it too late to enter. No matter, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have relieved the suffering of one of your younger brothers. Perhaps on another occasion you have a strong desire to sit by the fire reading an interesting book, especially if you have had a tiring day in office or in workshop, but your wife, perhaps, is more tired still; and so, if you really want to be unselfish, you will sacrifice the pleasure of reading by the fire and go and help your wife.

True sympathy and imagination broaden the mind, and so in time you get a wider and more generous outlook on life. There is a great power in thought, and kind unselfish thoughts invariably lead to kind unselfish deeds.

True unselfishness is not to look for the fruits of actions, but, as Shri Krishna said,

Find full reward
If doing right is right. Let right deeds be
Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from
them

And live in action.—*The Song Celestial.*

Yours fraternally,

CECIL F. WATKINS, F.T.S.,
And Star member.

60A, Shakespeare Street,
Nottingham.

February 24th, 1920.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—In compliance with the request of the Editor and because I consider such discussions useful, also because, during a walk on Dartmoor with a lady doctor this morning, when this topic arose—and in past years having had the same reasoning put forward as the writer of the article in page 52 of the HERALD OF THE STAR puts forward—I will give my ideas. I think it is obvious that if actions or motives are unselfish, they cannot be selfish.

The result may appear injurious to others or beneficial, but, if the action or motive was unselfish, it is unselfish. The emancipation of slaves is an action of our nation that we may well be proud of, yet the Act which gave slaves freedom caused some suffering to many freed slaves.

Like all these razor-edged questions, there is a difficulty when cause and effect are studied

by intellectual methods; vivisection is one of the cases that is a fair example. Approached intellectually it carries many apostles. My idea is that each must decide according to each one's capacity giving the best he have to give.

O. GRIEG NIELL.

South Teal, Okehampton,
Devon.

“IDEAL” EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—In the January issue “A Parent” invites the opinion of children who have passed through Crank Schools. I am not one of these, but, as I am about to become headmaster of a Crank School in North London, I think that my point of view will be of some interest.

To begin with, let us define the word Crank. A Crank is a person who is more guided by his or her individual psychology than by the psychology of the crowd. Mr. Bottomley is the super Anti-Crank: he voices the passions of the mob. The Crank is always suspect, be a vegetarian or an “ist” of any kind, and the crowd stares with hostility. That is because every crowd passionately tries to preserve its own life: the only danger to the life of a crowd is the presence of a rival crowd . . . hence the antagonism to the Crank, the possible nucleus of a rival crowd, that will one day destroy the conventional crowd of the moment. The story of the last few years has been the story of crowd psychology. Mr. Churchill's hatred of Bolshevism is readily understandable when we recognise that he is a typical crowd exponent. I think I may say without fear of contradiction that civilisation is not advanced by the Bottomleys and Churchills. It is the Crank who leads humanity. The Crank *thinks*, but the crowd is all emotion: it can only feel.

Our Crank Schools, therefore, are anti-crowd. “Make your children as like other children as possible,” says “A Parent.” In other words, train them to become good members of a crowd. Yes, but what crowd? Bring them up on *John Bull* and they will join the Bottomley crowd: give them the society illustrated weeklies, and you prepare them to be excellent members of the idle butterfly, a social smart-set, crowd. Send them to the great public schools and you make them members of the “good form” crowd. The truth is that “A Parent” cannot avoid making a child a member of at least one crowd. I know that the child has no choice, and I am just as sorry for the child of Crank parents as for the child of conventional parents. If I am a Theosophist I possibly limit my child by sending him to a Theosophical School. But what am I to do? If I send him to a conventional public school I am perpetuating a (to me) imperfect system.

Speaking with prejudice, I say that I have admired many of the products of Crank Schools. At the same time I have not admired others. Our Crank Schools are better in theory than in practice. Theoretically they provide “free” education; practically many of them are conventional schools with a show window. Most of all, they are run by moralists, *i.e.*, people who know definitely what is right and wrong. This morality is superimposed on the children mostly in the form of good taste. I fancy that many Cranks think that a child's delight in Charlie Chaplin is bad and ought to be suppressed in favour of a delight in Shakespeare. The Crank is often near to being a prig. I know of a Crank School where taste in music is cultivated . . . by the music master. The children are supposed to love Bach and Beethoven, but I know they prefer jazz-band records. Yet, I fancy the visitor would see the children sit listening to a Beethoven symphony. I consider that in any scheme of education Shakespeare, Charlie Chaplin, Beethoven and jazz have a place.

In spite of the Crank School system of giving children the best music, literature and art, I see no sign of any special desire for the best in old pupils. This may account for “A Parent's” fear that the child will react against the Crank School. The Crank School is too often in the clouds. The school walls are covered with pictures of Blake, Shelley, Whitman, Froebel . . . while the children love the pictures in the *Daily Sketch*. The Crank School must come down to earth; it must get rid of its trumpery—its songs to Service or Freedom, its belief in long hair and outlandish dress. These are unessential, they confuse the issue, they hide the ideal. The ideal is freedom from Authority: self-expression, creation, happiness; to allow children to live their own lives without undue dependence on grown-ups. But why make a song about unimportant things? Queer dress is no sign of emancipation; indeed, it is the opposite, for usually unconventional dress is an outward compensation for an unconscious sense of inferiority. The Crank School's ideal is not to produce a superior crowd. The ideal is, or should be, to produce men and women who will mingle with the Bottomley crowd . . .

and help to lead it to better things. And that's why I say that to rule out *John Bull* is fatal.

My Crank School is to be a self-governing community with no superimposition of taste and no pictures of Whitman on the wall (unless the community decides to have them). If, later, a child reacts against freedom and flies to the bosom of conventionality, I shall advise a course of psycho-analysis. Most of our reactions are against people, not systems. I possibly am a heretic because of infantile rebellion against the authority of father and teacher. Possibly many a suffragette used the vote as a symbol against a bossing husband. We are all delightful rationalisers, and few of us really know why we do anything. Hence, I say that we Cranks should think well about our own motives before we attempt to make our children new Cranks.

Yours, etc.,
A. S. NEILL.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to say a few words re "Parent's Letter" in your January issue.

I am not an "Educational Faddist," nor am I a child fortunate enough to be a scholar in a "Theosophical Home School"; but in my opinion there is little to recommend in the Educational System that cannot produce something better than scoffers of idealists. There is real, true religion at the root of the dreams of true idealists. I trust the children who come under the rule of educational idealists will be imbued with a strength proof against the narrow-minded scoffer.

I have put my boy in the care of educational idealists, and I have no fear of his censure in after years. A child cannot receive theosophical teachings too early; the rock of truth will have to be reached sooner or later.

It is the moulding in early years that matters. The Roman Catholic priesthood is well aware of this.

May the idealists of true type see the richest fulfilment of their dreams is the sincere wish of

Yours truly,

E. P.

Highwood House,
Liskeard, Cornwall.

CONCERTED ACTION

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR EDITOR,—Just a line to tell you how I adhere with all my heart to the suggestion, made in the January HERALD, about organised prayer and concentration for all the Star members at the same hours over the whole world. I know this would be a blessing for many members who can, by circumstances or ill-health, not work for the coming World-Teacher on the material Plane. So many Star members, not being Theosophists, are not accustomed to meditation, and would be immensely helped with guidance in prayer and devotion.

Only the other day a Christian Scientist said to me that Christian Science had been such a blessing to her because *there* is spiritual discipline and organization: "for every day our lesson and prayers are arranged for us; this makes us sure that we pray *in the right way!*" Though not a Christian Scientist myself, I believe she is right, and probably it is one of the reasons why Christian Science has spread so rapidly and is such a blessing to so many.

Could we not have a page (detachable) inserted in the HERALD every month or two, or could these pages be obtainable separately for those members who cannot afford a subscription to the HERALD, or in case of several members of one family being Star members?

Surely, if the printing of the leaflets brought extra costs, the expense could be covered by gifts sent to you for this purpose.

With kindest greetings,

A STAR MEMBER SINCE THE YEAR 1911.
February 12th, 1920.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR EDITOR,—The article in the last HERALD on "Concerted Action" strikes me as so very useful, and I feel quite at one with the ideas voiced in it. It seems to me that world-wide union among Star members, for thought and meditation at a fixed time, would be *most helpful*, and I am writing to call the attention of Madame Blech to the article in question. I belong to the French branch, and have just been appointed local secretary here. The need for united thought, perhaps appeals so much to me because in this town we are at present only four in number, though other members, scattered in Alsace, belong to our branch.

I am translating into French the most important clauses of the article to bring the idea before those members who do not know English.

Yours very sincerely,

FLORENCE E. FARMER.

5, Rue des Gardes Vignes,
Mulhouse, Haut Rhin, France.
February 12th, 1920.

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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. Great Britain, 6d. ; America, 20 cents ; India, 8 annas (Postage 2d. extra). United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per ann. (Post free). U.S.A. and South America, \$1.50 per ann. (Post free). All Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to the "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.



EDITORIAL NOTES

Selfishness and Unselfishness

Probably the wisest answer to the question about selfishness and unselfishness, which has been the subject of several letters in the *HERALD OF THE STAR* of late, is to refrain from allowing it to trouble us too much. Nothing is more paralyzing to effort than too close (and too premature) a scrutiny into motives, and very little good would be achieved in the world if absolute purity of motive were to be demanded as a first essential. Theoretically, perfection in anything can only belong to a perfect being, and perfection of motive must be here included. Man progresses, not by the desperate striving after an ideal clearly seen, but by a gradual process of revision or emendation, wherein the ideal itself is shaped anew in the light of the wisdom developed by effort. Action and vision, in other words, go together. The fruit of every honest effort is the capacity not only to act more effectively, but to see more clearly. Thus the endeavour to act selflessly will assuredly, as we proceed, clarify our conception of selflessness. That which we had thought to be unselfishness will come to be seen, with clearer vision, as a subtle form of selfishness; and this will, in turn, be the signal for a reconstruction of our ideal. But until practical experience has forced this revision upon us, it is hardly wise to raise the question. To do so would be to paralyse our energies and to attempt to solve, in theory and in advance, a problem which can only be truly solved in practice

and in definite stages, correlated to the stages of our spiritual growth. If the witness of the spiritually advanced in all ages is to be respected, the true crises of spiritual growth are to be found in just these periodic revisions, in which all that the aspirant has clung to is suddenly taken from him, leaving him apparently in the void. Of absolute selflessness—in its metaphysical sense—we can, it is obvious, have no conception at our stage of growth; and, having no conception of it, we are clearly unable to turn it to practical account as a motive. The wise plan is to do all the good we can, without any question of motives, and to trust to the natural pressure of spiritual evolution to drive us on from revision to revision, until—when we come to look back later on—we find that, insensibly, our ideal has become purified and transmuted. It is to be doubted, moreover, whether the man or woman who is really engrossed in good work will find time for curious self-examination. To pause for this purpose would be to slacken or check the impetus of activity; and all that we learn of the higher, and hidden, side of things seems to show that, in the spiritual life, the impetus is everything. The well-known maxim, which bids us “grow as the flower grows, unconsciously,” is only another way of telling us to keep the impetus of the spiritual life going, and not to check it in order to satisfy a passion for self-scrutiny. Another maxim—“go on and make mistakes, and learn by your mistakes”—is a simpler and plainer expression

of the same truth. If we can keep in our minds a steadfast faith in the directive power of evolution, we need not doubt that the requisite lesson will be borne in upon us at the appropriate time. Modern philosophy is coming more and more to recognise the dependence of thought upon action. "Live and you shall know" is its first axiom. "Act according to your light, and by degrees that light will grow brighter," is perhaps the best answer to the question of selfishness and unselfishness. The furnace of effort will gradually remove the alloy from the impure motive. It cannot be removed by sitting down and taking thought in advance.

* * *

There is one idea, however, in our common thought about selfishness and unselfishness which, we think, needs to be exposed as a fallacy; the idea, namely, that if we derive pleasure from an action that action is therefore selfish. All action is done for the sake of satisfaction of some kind or another; since, but for this elemental motive, there would be no activity at all. A good action will thus, by the operation of natural law, have its appropriate satisfaction; and to condemn it on this account would be to condemn the whole scheme of things on which our life rests. The joy of well-doing is an integral part, and may be accepted as a motive, of well-doing itself. To attempt to separate the two is to be ignorant of a fundamental fact of human nature. So far from distrusting the feeling of satisfaction, which is the natural concomitant of well-doing, we should recognise with gladness the fact that we can derive satisfaction from this kind of activity—that our standard of satisfaction is thus high. The true criterion is to be found in the quality and effect of our action. If these be good, then all the better is it that we can rejoice in them. A world in which good deeds were always painful and done with a reluctant effort would not be nearly so happy or so perfect a world as one in which every living being took a positive pleasure—even, let us

call it, a "selfish" pleasure—in helping and benefiting others. If we seek for the occult explanation of all this, it is ready to hand. The fact is (we learn from occultism) that this personal and individual "self" of ours is not our only self. Overshadowing it is a truer and bigger Self which includes all these other lives which we are trying to benefit. Obviously, then, anything which acts for the good of others is, in a deeper sense, for the good of that Self also; and since that Self is really our own truer self, we shall feel, in It and through It, a sense of satisfaction from deeds which appear, at first sight, to negate our smaller selves altogether. To put the thing in a nutshell, there is no escaping from the circle of our true Self. We may imagine that we are "self-less," in acting for the benefit of others; but the truth is that these others are not really others—they are simply facets of ourself. Hence, of course, the pleasure derived from unselfishness. This pleasure is the witness to a great metaphysical truth, a witness, of whose testimony we may become aware long before we can grasp the truth of the thing intellectually. The pleasure derived from right doing is thus the beginning of wisdom. So far from rejecting it, we should welcome it; and our hope should be that, as time goes on, it may become ever more and more intense, until at last it comes to be the only pleasure that we shall desire.

* * *

The question (raised by one or two correspondents) as to the harm which is often done in the world by unselfish people, is really a different question altogether. What is wrong here, if anything is wrong, is that an action which seems to be wise is really mistaken—that the doer, though unselfish in motive, is ignorant in practice. An unselfish person is not necessarily a wise person. From the best motives he may do harm rather than good. What this means is, not that he must revise his motive, but that he must learn how to apply it more wisely. The man or woman

who is not only unselfish but wise, will seek always to do the most real and permanent good to another. This may lead to actions which seem at the moment unkind, but are really the fruit of the truest kindness. The question is not one of unselfishness at all, as such, but of well- or ill-applied unselfishness. And here one may perhaps observe that it is better for the world, on the whole, to be filled with unselfish people who makes mistakes than to contain only selfish people who, by reason of their selfishness, avoid this particular kind of mistake. An unselfish person can always be trusted to learn from experience; a selfish person has not the incentive to learn.

* * *

This brings us back to our original position; namely, that our business is to do the best we can and gradually—by experience and by the making of mistakes—to learn to do better; not to sit down, inactive, until we have got everything straightened out in our minds. Life is an active thing, and no problem of life can therefore be solved by inactivity. Growth, when explained on paper, seems to be a thing of which every stage can be noted and observed. In practice, however—whether it be physical or spiritual growth—it is always unconscious. We look back and find we have grown. Let it be the same with our motives. A motive becomes purified by being translated into action. We cannot, at least in any effective degree, purify it in advance. Perfection is only the culmination of a series of strenuous imperfections.

* * *

**The World
around us**

It is interesting, from time to time, to take stock of the world-situation at the moment, and to try and piece together for oneself what exactly is happening. No ordinary thinking out suffices here; the data are too multitudinous and too confused. One has to fall back on a kind of synthetic sense—an intuition which all of us possess in a greater or lesser degree, the distinctive

mark of which is a sort of summing up or appraising faculty. Perhaps it consists in that dim sense of a "purpose," which links our groping intelligences on to whatever scheme may lie at the back of the world's events. Judged in this way, the present situation is peculiarly interesting. A year ago we all imagined that a definitely new International Order was about to be imposed upon a storm-racked world. This Order was to be imposed from above, and its appointed instrument, the Olympian fore-ordained for the task, was the American President. We know differently now. What seemed to be a dynamic scheme was in reality only an intellectual vision. The executive power was lacking, which should bring this glimpse of a higher reality down into the practical world of men. Faced by his astuter and more concrete-thinking colleagues at the Peace Table, President Wilson showed all the typical weaknesses of the ideologue. Possessed of a noble universal, he was powerless to translate this into terms of the particular. The upshot of it all is that the primitive passions, which were to be tamed and brought under a loftier sway, are to-day apparently more rampant than ever. If there was ever a moment when the civilised races of the world, during the period of war, touched a point of genuine idealism, from that zenith the world would seem now to have declined to its nadir. It is as though the nations everywhere had reacted away from a vision too high to be borne. Very few nowadays take seriously the lofty dreams of the end of 1918; or, if they take them seriously, they shrug their shoulders in a kind of cynical despair and confess them to be impracticable. Never perhaps, since the war began, was the general level of idealism lower than to-day.

* * *

So at any rate it seems. But the question is whether anything different was to be expected. The probability is that we all showed ignorance of history and human nature when, at the end of the war, we imagined that a new ideal was to be

imposed from above. Ideals have never been imposed from above. That is not the method of history. Ideals are formulated and struggled up to. This is what has happened in our present world-crisis, and what is now happening. Not only did President Wilson mistake his task, but we all joined him in mistaking it. His was the clear voice which was needed to sum up the lesson to be drawn from the war and to enunciate it in a set of principles for future guidance. As a voice, he was an unqualified success. He said just what had to be said at the right time and in the right way. The principles which he set forth are undoubtedly the principles towards which the world must move in the future. Where he was wrong, and all of us with him, was in thinking that the formulation of a creed was the next step to its embodiment in practical life. This kind of thing never happens in concrete human affairs. What happens is that the principle or principles, which sum up the next phase of human evolution, only ultimately realise themselves through self-negation. Proclaim an unselfish doctrine, and forthwith you will have an internecine warfare between every selfishness in the world which, by means of mutual attrition and the weariness which must ensue upon the struggle, will eventually carry mankind to a point where, out of sheer disgust, it will be ready to accept the doctrine in question. And this is what seems to be happening at the present time. The League of Nations, or whatever future Order will one day embody this idea, will never be attained by mere acceptance. It will be attained through an agony of conflict and resistance. Only a world faced by an actual deadlock will ever consent to the kind of self-denying ordinance which the League connotes. It follows from this that, the fiercer the struggle—the greater the apparent rejection of all that the ideal implies—the nearer we really are to ultimate acceptance. Practically every problem which is convulsing the world to-day is a "League of Nations" problem, in the sense that it arises out of some denial of the principle for which the League

stands. Until these problems are fought out there can be no League; for the League can only come into being through the birth of a spirit strong enough and genuine enough to sustain it; and that spirit will never be born while the nations are still under the impression that they can solve their problems in some other way. The best way is always the last way to be adopted—this may be taken as a truism of history. What we have to expect, therefore, during the next few years, is a desperate attempt on all sides to solve the world-problem by every method except the right one; and then a gradual realisation that the right method is, after all, the only practicable one; and finally its adoption.

* * *

For those who believe in the near coming of a World-Teacher, it will be the time when this realisation begins to dawn on the world that will suggest itself to them as the most likely moment for His appearance. When the world is ready for Him, He will come; and it will not be ready until failure along every line but the right one has induced a teachableness which would otherwise not be there. When the world has struggled up to the ideal, which has already been intellectually formulated for it, the hour will come for the bringing down of that ideal into practical human life; and this, we imagine, will be His task. So that the apparent confusion and rudderlessness of the world at the moment are really only tokens that this period of necessary tribulation is being rushed through in preparation for the great event. Nothing would be more ominous just now than stagnation. That we have, all around us, the very opposite of stagnation is the truest warrant for optimism and the surest basis of hope. If the rough places have to be crossed, it is better that they should be crossed as swiftly as possible.

* * *

Very interesting, in this connection, are the tests to which the leading nations

of the world are being subjected. It is as though each people were being forced by circumstances to face the problem which it least desires to confront and which, on examination, is found to be the real problem on the solution of which depends that nation's future place in a re-ordered world; for all of these problems are, in their different ways, vital to the realisation of any better international order. The racial pride of the Briton, his heel of Achilles, is being challenged in Egypt and India. The self-contained aloofness of the United States has been galvanized into a last desperate struggle for self-preservation against a movement of the times which is inexorably rendering it foolish and out of date. The deep-rooted fear and hatred which France feels for Germany is at present driving her to insist eagerly upon a policy which must sooner or later reveal itself as bankrupt. On every side the League of Nations ideal is making itself forcibly and uncomfortably felt in the shape of urgent and unpalatable demands; and this very fact is a guarantee of its reality. Only a living force could stir up so much opposition, and in its life and power lies the hope of the future. To the student who is interested in that oft-repeated phrase, "world-preparation," the times are of extraordinary significance. If we can only remember that, normally, all preparation has to be negative—because this is the only practical method—this significance will be the more apparent. Let us not look so much for the "dawning of ideals." Let us look rather for a state of chaos and turmoil, which will in due time lead on to a realisation that what we now speak of as an "ideal" is, in truth, the only simple and commonsense solution of the problem in hand. The world only becomes ready for heaven by realising that it is a hell and that to be a hell is a very uncomfortable thing. We have much more to go through before we shall be ready to accept a nobler wisdom. Let us brace up our muscles and, with faith in our hearts, hope that we may get through it quickly.

An Interesting Question

Probably many readers of the HERALD OF THE STAR will agree that much interest has been added to the Magazine by the recent increase in Correspondence. We are fortunate, therefore, in having just received a communication from a friend, which should provide a topic well worthy of epistolary debate, since it opens up a question with which we are all intimately concerned. The writer, who shares our belief in the near coming of a great Spiritual Teacher, is doubtful whether the work of preparing the way for such a Teacher can best be served by an organisation such as we have in the Order of the Star in the East. She bases her argument chiefly on psychological considerations. She writes as follows:—

An organisation is only too frequently a cloak for insincerity. The man or woman, standing alone in their belief, must either be wholeheartedly sincere about it or drop it; whereas, supported and enveloped by an organisation, they can easily be only half-sincere without fear of discovery. When a person is lost in the mass, responsibility naturally becomes lessened and initiative almost disappears. Membership in a movement is an easy thing. Because it is so easy, it is apt to be mistaken for a genuine support of the idea for which the movement stands. The individual takes credit for what is really not his own contribution to the cause at all, and a speedy result of this is a subtle kind of hypocrisy and insincerity. A John the Baptist must needs be a hero; but, where the proclaiming of the message is taken over by an organisation, there is little demand for heroism on the part of any individual member of such a body. Even if the member be an active propagandist, he has still the comfort and support of the mass behind him. His activities are, as a rule, confined to surroundings provided for him by the movement; his audience contains, nearly always, a large proportion of friends. So, too, with the general body of members; the comfortable round of activities, which every organised movement provides for its adherents, is apt to be mistaken for a series of duties well performed—whereas, in all probability, it has made no demand at all upon the courage, the self-sacrifice or the sincerity of those taking part in it. Throw all these people on their own resources, and how many of them would have anything to give to the world? Take away the support of the organisation, and how many could stand alone?

I feel this particularly with regard to a body like the Order of the Star in the East. Here we

have a number of people, scattered throughout the world, who believe that a World-Teacher will soon appear amongst men, and who are anxious to be His followers and disciples when He comes. History tells us that there is no more difficult and exacting task than that of following a great Teacher in His lifetime. It must claim from all, who attempt it, the highest courage and devotion. They must be insensible to danger, to opposition and to ridicule. They must learn, in fact, to be independent of the world and to be ready to sacrifice everything which the ordinary human being values. But what kind of training for all this does membership in an organisation give? It relieves the individual member of just the kind of responsibility which he should be learning to take. Instead of bracing him to confront difficulties on his own account, it makes things easy for him. It provides a shelter and a refuge from just those rude and biting blasts which he should be training himself to face. Of what use will such a soft apprenticeship be for what lies before him? Will people, thus tenderly nurtured, be of any real value as disciples to One who comes to break up the old order of things and to found a new age?

The writer goes on to say that, while sincerely believing that the time is approaching for the manifestation of some great Spiritual Teacher and Leader, she feels that the only way in which to prepare to follow Him, when He comes, is to stand alone and to proclaim the message, to the best of her power, without the support of any organised body. We should be glad to hear what members of the Order have to say about her point of view. The question is undoubtedly of great importance, and nothing but good can come from an honest exchange of views.

* * *

The City of the Future

The following interesting letter comes from Mr. Ebenezer Howard, the founder of the Garden City at Letchworth, Herts. We print the major portion of the letter without apology, although it was not sent for publication, because we believe that it represents a real contribution to our ideas upon what kind of work has to be done in preparation for the coming of the World-Teacher.

Mr. Howard writes:—

“ We believe the world is in need of a Great-Teacher. But how will the Great-Teacher teach? By inspiring thoughts expressed in inspiring words? Yes, certainly. But, as I believe, most of all by *doing*, and by showing others how to work for the new order. For what the world needs to-day is, I think, not so much further ethical or religious teaching; what it needs chiefly are splendid concrete examples of how to put those teachings into everyday life—into work in field, store, workshop, mill, counting-house and studio. I think of the words of Emerson—in his essay on Art—which I have not before me, so shall probably not quote at all correctly:

When science is learned in love and its powers are wielded by love, our mills, factories, workshops, schools, etc., will seem as if were supplements of the handiwork of the Supreme.

Now the great Teacher—the great Doer—when He comes, will need a body of able and experienced lieutenants to work under Him; and my conviction is that, for one thing, He will direct the building of many great and beautiful cities—probably in many lands. In such cities the highest religious and ethical truths will not only be taught, but will be acted upon in the working lives of, if not all the people, then at least in the work-a-day lives of all its leaders and directors. In such a city you would have, as it were, a new civilisation in miniature, and it would speak in just that universal language which a Great Teacher needs. Now, obviously, such a city cannot be built to-day; for there are not enough men and women of the right type either to superintend its erection or to direct its chief operations. I may say here that such a city as I have hinted at was, more or less clearly, in my mind when, in about 1894, I set myself the task of planning out a new and ideal town; but, for the reason I have just given, I felt such an effort at this stage was impracticable. I therefore pinned my faith on the more or less average manufacturer, acting as a leader of a group of people, who would, with other groups, constitute a new town, which at several important points would represent, as it were, a very important departure. For the deliberate building of a new town on a new site, to be ultimately owned by the people, does represent the beginnings of a quite new art, which others will advance to far higher issues.

I think something in the nature of a truly model Garden Village is even now possible, and that the carrying of it out might, in a most wonderful way, afford a training ground for the lieutenants of the Supreme Doer when He comes. And it is interesting here to note the experiment at Jordans Village, near Beaconsfield, Bucks. There is a short account of this in the *Westminster Gazette* of February 24th, and further details are given in *The Friend* for February.

If the friends of the Star of the East were to take this idea up, I would suggest that they

should act in conjunction with some of the best of the Guild Socialists; and, if you are really deeply interested in this kind of work, I would, I think, be able to give you some useful suggestions as to method, though I could not at present take an active part in the work.

I feel the most urgent thing now is to build a second Garden City near London—to get capital and men together to do the work so well that the whole world cannot fail to see we are—speaking broadly—on the right track; and then in later garden cities one could the more easily get as result—that very much of their industrious life would rise to a far higher ethical level than has ever yet been reached. In these ways we shall build a foundation and create an environment for the Great-Teacher to build upon, and work in.

Yours truly,

E. HOWARD.

* * *

**A Clergyman
on the Second
Coming**

Mr. Howard's letter is welcome and interesting as an exemplification of what, we believe, is a great truth; namely, that in the many-sided idealisms of the present time we have the disjointed fragments of that new World-Ideal which the Great-Teacher will weld into one great and harmonious whole when He comes. Do you seek to know what the Great One will teach or do? Look at the best minds of the time, study their ideals, take the special enthusiasms of each—and then piece these together. All are adumbrations of the New Order. If one man emphasises one part of the whole rather than other parts, this is only the way in which the whole is built up. To each his special task, determined by his interests and abilities; to the Great Completer, the rounding off, the consummation of the whole. This idea of human co-operation is brought out in a pamphlet which has reached us from a Priest of the Anglican Church. The Rev. F. A. M. Spencer, who has long been a reader of the HERALD OF THE STAR, sends us a little book containing two essays, *The Revival of Christianity* and *The Return of Christ*. In the second of these essays he gives us his conception of the Second Advent. "The traditional conception," he says, "of the end of the world, as the abolition of the earth and

the transference of the good to Heaven and the wicked to Hell, must be discarded, and the expectation of the fuller realisation of the Kingdom of God on earth put in its place." Christ Himself taught "not the end of the world, but the consummation of the age and the beginning of a new and better age." The need for the coming of Christ is the need for One who will "draw out and develop and unify the scattered and feeble efforts after good in mankind," and, by means of these, bring a new order into being. For God's purposes are largely wrought through the thought and action of self-reliant men and women. These are His instruments in the founding of the New Age. What will be the distinctive marks of that Age? They will be, suggests Mr. Spencer, "the knowledge and desire for truth, the eagerness for the service of man, the schemes for abolishing evil, and limitation to life, and for developing life, the pity and the love that have been working and growing in mankind and which have sprung very largely from the seeds planted by Christ when He appeared among men before." The New Age will be one in which men will become more truly fellow-workers with God for the ideal. To imagine a new Heaven and a new Earth suddenly imposed by Divine intervention is to do imperfect justice to the "latent grandeur and worth of man manifested in the agonies of the world-process." In the great change man must necessarily co-operate. Mr. Spencer goes on to interpret, in the light of this more human conception of the Second Advent, some of the wonders prophesied of the New Age. These he looks upon as all only natural developments of already existing evolutionary tendencies, not as miraculous subversions of the natural order. In his remarks upon the Day of Judgment he comes very near to what Mrs. Besant and other theosophical writers have said on the subject, in connection with the Coming of the Christ. The Day of Judgment will, he writes, really be a day of illumination, in which the separation between good and evil tendencies will be more vividly seen than ever before.

"The ideas and habits and dispositions which are antagonistic to the higher life of the race will be far more clearly manifested in all their wickedness and will find it more difficult to maintain an existence. When the good is living and working powerfully, evil will be seen and felt as evil more than aforesaid and will meet with more opposition. Sin will be judged through the manifestation of righteousness; it will be checked and destroyed by the active power of righteousness. Hell is perhaps chiefly this: exclusion from the higher life of mankind." He sums up his conception of the Last Judgment in the following words: "Christ will thus bring a judgment and a separation between good and evil living and between good and evil individuals. Many will see their iniquity and repent and be soon admitted into the Kingdom of God. Others will find that they must undergo long purgation ere they can be fit to enter. Some, perhaps, will be antagonistic still, refusing to recognise the higher life, and so become more narrow and bitter and uncontrolled, till their life goes out in madness; but yet the roots of the souls will remain, to be revived one day in God's good time. Thus Judgment and Hell will be natural consequences of the establishment of the Kingdom of God by Christ when He returns." Space forbids us to quote any more from this excellent little book, which is a remarkable piece of work for a clerical pen. The book is entitled "The Revival of Christianity and the Return of Christ," and is published by B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford, at a price of one shilling and sixpence. We recommend it to our readers.

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In the report of the English Section of the Order, which appeared last month

under *Star Work in Many Lands*, Miss S. Marguerite Warner was erroneously described as an Organising Secretary for England and Wales. Miss Warner writes to correct this mistake, and to say that she merely wrote her report at the request of Miss K. Beswick, the Organising Secretary, being in temporary charge of the Register during the latter's absence from London.

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**A Word
to our Readers**

We feel it our duty to inform our readers that the number of articles now reaching the HERALD OF THE STAR is much smaller than it has ever been before and that the stock in hand is, at the moment, dangerously low. Something of the kind was to be expected, in view of the recent announcement that only articles definitely commissioned in advance could be paid for; but the drop has been more sudden and more striking than we anticipated. The Order of the Star in the East must have a membership of well over 70,000 at the present time, all of whom have recognised the necessity of doing something in the service of the Coming Teacher. It is not much to ask of those who can write that they should sometimes consider the needs of the leading organ of the Order. With an organisation like ours, and with the keenness and enthusiasm which should be associated with membership in it, this Magazine ought not to lack willing contributors; still less ought it to be driven to publish its needs. If the present dearth of material continues, the only possible course will be to reduce the number of pages; and this would not be quite fair to our subscribers. Let us hope that things may be so remedied, in the course of the next month or two, as to enable us to avoid this step.

Music as the Synthesis of Emotional & Intellectual Activity

By C. JINARAJADASA*

EVERY day that we live there are happenings round us. These happenings in this world of time and space must be understood by us. For the most part, what happens in our own life, in the life of others round us, and to humanity at large, is to us a puzzle. We are not perfectly clear as to the meaning of it all. Yet we must, to some extent at least, understand what is happening; and so we make an attempt each day with our intellectual and emotional faculties. Every man and woman is, as the day passes, trying to solve the problem.

Now, in general, we try to solve this problem of life by such emotions and intellect as we have. Certain things happen in our emotional life, and, if they are pleasing, we say: "This is a happy experience," and we try to cherish it. Other things happen which affect our intellect, and if they prove themselves useful, we try to treasure them. Emotion and intellect, then, are our two ways of understanding the problem of life.

When emotion becomes extremely keen, it tries to express itself in some artistic form. The most simple example is what happens amongst savages, who, when the emotion of happiness is keen in them, break into song. And from that first experience in the savage of the need to express himself in some art form, we have the gradual development of civilization, bringing all the various arts which we have to-day, such as literature, poetry, sculpture, painting and music.

Why is it that life demands at a certain stage an artistic expression? Because, in a way not perhaps at first obvious, certain of the inevitable forms of life, when life is high and noble, are artistic. Man, while he is experiencing emotion and intellect, feels that there is taking place a process within him which he must express in some activity of creation. Man is fundamentally a creative spirit; and, at his present stage, artistic creation is that which is most congenial to his inmost nature. For the creative spirit of art gives him a new value to life. It is as if life, with all its splendour, were watching and waiting to pour itself into our natures. It of course pours in through emotion and intellect; but there comes a time when it can only pour in through the artistic creative instinct in man.

While the processes of life go on round him and within him, man is discovering some solution to them all. He takes his solution, and begins to state it in art. We have this whole process, so far as man is concerned, stated very briefly in a word little understood—recreation. But recreation is only re-creation, the creation by man of himself again, in the light of such new experiences as have come to him.

Now the highest form of recreation by intellect and emotion is art. It is the highest, because an artistic expression by man brings him nearer to the truth of things than he can reach merely by the intellect, or with the aid of emotions alone. Art gives us a solution far more correct, far more "four-square" to the facts of life than can any mere philosophy.

* A Lecture given at the Sydney Conservatorium, as one of the Lecture Concert series of the State Orchestra of New South Wales.

No one has put this inner synthesis of art so clearly as Carlyle :

"Genuine 'Art' in all times is a higher synonym for God Almighty's Facts—which came to us direct from Heaven, but in so abstruse a condition, and cannot be read at all till the better intellect interpret them. That is the real function of our Aristos and of his divine gift. Let him think well of this! He will find that all real 'Art' is definable as Fact, or say as the disimprisoned 'Soul of Fact'; that any other kind of Art, Poetry or High Art is quite idle in comparison."

The "disimprisoned soul of fact" we get, then, through art, whether it be through poetry, drama, sculpture, painting or music. Art leads us to the disimprisoned soul of the facts as they are round us. And here let me mention that one of the highest forms of art is Religion. People do not usually think of religion as an expression of art; yet you will find, if you approach any religion in the proper spirit, that it expresses to you some of the highest form-syntheses of your intellectual and emotional nature.

We have now among men various branches of art, but of all these branches music is the highest. But why? Why should we say that music is higher than painting or than sculpture? What reason have we for thinking that music stands by itself? Let me first take poetry. You will find that wherever poetry is true, and expresses a true emotion, wherever it comes to be high poetry, a musical quality is inseparable from it. It has been very well said that "in poetry of the first order almost every word is raised to a higher power. It continues to be an articulate sound and a logical step in the argument; but it becomes also a musical sound and a centre of emotional force."

I want you to note how, as the various branches of art are described, we can only use musical similes to give a clue to the highest conception of each branch. Poetry becomes "a musical sound." So, too, Carlyle, quoting a saying of Coleridge about great poetry, uses the same simile :

"Coleridge remarks very pertinently somewhere, that wherever you find a sentence musically worded, or true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the words too. For body and soul, word and idea, go strangely together here as every-

where. . . . It is only when the heart of him is rapt into true passion of melody, and the very tones of him become musical by the greatness, depth and music of his thoughts, that we can give him the right to rhyme and sing; that we call him a Poet, and listen to him as the Heroic of Speakers—whose speech is song."

It is the same with regard to sculpture, which has been called "dumb poetry," for in sculpture we have rhythm, and in some ways melody too. Painting has the same characteristics and we have in great group paintings a quality of rhythm. When we come to architecture, what more true description of architecture is there than that of Goethe when he said it was "frozen music"? A great piece of architecture is as if some magnificent composition—an oratorio perhaps—had been frozen into stone. When you stand before such a cathedral as that of Milan, there verily you see before you frozen music.

One of the greatest writers of art, Walter Pater, has summed up this inevitable conclusion that all artistic forms—poetry, drama, sculpture painting—are all tending to music, in these words :

"All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music. . . . It is the art of music which most completely realises this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter. In its ideal consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. Music, then, and not poetry, as is so often supposed, is the true type or measure of consummate art. Therefore, although each has its incommunicable element, its untranslatable order of impressions, its unique mode of reaching 'the imaginative reason,' yet the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realises."

So then, all the arts are in some way tending and aspiring to the condition of music. Now, why? Because we have in music the fullest manifestation of a great principle which already exists in our daily life. We live daily an emotional and intellectual life, but each day we must make ourselves anew. That man truly lives who, the moment he rises in the morning, is a new man not the same who

went to sleep the night before, but a man who has recreated himself, who has synthesised himself on some truer foundation than that on which was established his synthesis of yesterday. We have a synthesis through every branch of art, but the most mystical and most powerful is that which comes through music. For, first, we find that music, in a way that the other branches of art cannot, describes our emotions, and is able to state them in new terms, so that we can watch our emotions as something separate from ourselves. Take, for instance, a little experience which Wagner records as happening to him while he was writing the "Flying Dutchman." In the "Flying Dutchman," there is a short cadence of two bars thrice repeated, which preludes Vanderdecken's recital to Daland of his woeful wanderings :

"The pent-up anguish, the homesickness that then held complete possession of me, were poured in this phrase. At the end of the phrase, on the diminished seventh, in my mind I paused and brooded over the past, the repetitions, each higher, interpreting the increased intensity of my suffering."

And I think all who are lovers of music will testify that music can put before us, for us to examine, if we so desire, our emotional nature more finely than any other branch of art. But also music does something more mystical still. It somehow gathers the fragments within our own natures and puts them together. Now this is a most difficult thought to expound, this synthesising faculty of music. Let me try to illustrate what I mean by reading to you three verses of the well-known poem, "The Lost Chord" :

I do not know what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then ;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife ;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.
It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

"It linked all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace." It is this characteristic of linking all perplexed meanings

into some kind of a solution, which is one of the indescribable qualities of music. How is one to describe it ? When I first heard the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven I knew what was the recreation of myself ; when I hear any of the great compositions of Beethoven, I know that there is being stated more clearly a solution of the experiences of my own emotional life, of my own dreams and hopes and aspirations, than can be stated by any great philosophy which I can study, because through music we rise above the mere field of emotion and intellect into a fuller and clearer realm of being. I cannot explain fully, however sympathetic you may be, exactly what this synthesis is.

Perhaps we can grasp, in an indirect fashion, what that synthesis is. Let us analyse what music does for us. Suppose you take the average audience which comes to a concert. It is made up of mixed people, some of high emotional and intellectual ability, some of deep aspiration, but it is made up also of ordinary, matter-of-fact people. The music that they listen to takes each where he or she stands, and it does for each something ; but what is done for each depends upon the mind which is brought into the concert room by the individual. If you have someone of a frivolous turn of mind, what music will do is to leave a pleasurable sentiment ; but even that pleasurable sentiment is a re-creation of that frivolous person, and he or she will be less frivolous in petty ways, and will be led on to a higher sense of joyousness. But if the listener is high and noble, then that person is re-created in the light of visions that he sees of the Good, the True and the Beautiful.

This synthesis which music does for us depends very greatly on our moral nature. You cannot ever separate art and our moral nature, and specially is this the case with music. Music reveals us in ways that perhaps we little realise. You can tell at once, as a musician sits down before a piano, or strikes the first few phrases on a violin, what he is as a soul, whether it is a little soul or a big soul ; in the first chords he gives the clue to himself, and

no amount of mere technique will hide his littleness if the bigness is not there. Similarly you may have a person whose technique is not perfect, so that there is much to criticise in his execution, but if he has a big soul, if the content of his intellect and intuitional nature are great, he gives you that and he reveals himself in the first few bars.

I shall never forget an experience I had once in Italy, where a tenor who had sung in Spain and Russia once sang for his friends. This tenor had been a gardener's boy in my hostess's house, and they had sent him to the Conservatorium at Milan, and he had become a tenor. After some years, he came back with all his laurels, and one evening he sang for us various love songs. But he had not grown in his inner nature, though his technique was perfect. His thought of love was still that of a peasant, of a gardener, and the very tones of his voice, as he sang the love songs, showed exactly what he was inside. Music reveals the soul of the individual far more intimately, I think, than can happen through any other art.

Ruskin has done a great service in showing us how, in painting and in sculpture, the mind signature is always to be found. The smallness or bigness of the artist's soul is there in the colours which he has put on the canvas, in the lines on the stone. Similarly is it with regard to music. It was Plato who said that you could tell when a revolution was about to break out among a people by their change of taste in music. And we can well correlate what he said to what is now happening to modern musical taste. There was a time when the oratorio and the minuet and courtesy went together ; but if at this time we have rag-time and tickle-toe, is it not a logical conclusion to have strikes and Bolshevism and general upheavals ?

There are certain laws of musical living, and it is necessary for us to understand them. Music is to synthesise life for us, but the first thing is to remember that according to our thought, our feeling, is what music can, or cannot, do for us. Let me first take the question of the artist.

The artist is not dealing with the dead substance of his violin string, or of the air which it throws into vibration. There is no dead substance. The universe is alive, and the air is ready to spring at his call, and throw in a new conception, a new value to life, if the artist knows how to bring out what is in the violin string and what is in the air. And he brings that out, according to his nature. It is not a matter of technique, it is a matter of what is in him. If he is one full of aspiration, who has tried to live a high and noble life, who has been willing to make sacrifices for his ideals, the very particles of the air know him, and they respond ; and as he plays the simple thing we have heard often in our childhood, he gives to it something out of himself through the air which we never knew before. It is the same with regard to an orchestra. Our finest music will come only when every musician in the orchestra realises that as he is playing he is giving his whole nature, and that the air is responding to that whole nature as he causes vibrations in the air.

But it is exactly the same with regard to the audience. If you come after leading a generally coarse life, music will do something even for you ; it will re-create you, it will give you a new synthesis. But suppose you come with a purity of nature, having had high thoughts and feelings, then you bring the little part of the air round your ears into a higher state of tension, and the air, which is the messenger of music, gives you its message clearer and with less of a warp. You can see at once, from this standpoint, that if we are to have the highest music, and above all a truer synthesis of life through music, we must have a new kind of co-operation of the orchestra and the audience, each giving his best of purity and aspiration so as to receive a great message.

As we come to a concert to re-create ourselves, that is done for us, according to the measure of what we bring for recreation. If you have had trials and troubles, if you have tried nobly to bear them, after you have heard the concert

you will be re-created. There will be a greater clearness to your vision of life. You will have been put together, you will have been made whole. That which is done for you in a magnificent religious service will have been done for you in the concert hall.

When we have the ideal orchestra and the ideal audience, then we shall have every particle in the walls speaking a message to us in a new way. We shall have music flowing into us from what we think are dead substances round us. There is a music locked up in the walls, in the floor, in the wood and metal of your seats; and if we know how to respond, then each of these things will add a new element to the orchestra—a hidden quality of tone, a hidden intuition. And we shall then be given a new vision of life, such a vision of life as is described by Carlyle when he said that, "Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that." Carlyle's description is no description at all of music, and yet it is a true description. For we do feel as if we had been brought to the edge of the infinite, as if we were holding on to a wall over which we just peeped, and saw something indescribable. And yet it is describable in terms of noble conduct, of high thought and feeling, for it re-creates you. Then, according to the nature of your art, whether you are pianist or violinist or singer, or writer or painter or sculptor, or only a lover of holiness or beauty, you can give that which has come to you to others.

One of these days, when these ideas of music are understood, we shall make a real cult of music. When the State of the future recognises that we create our citizens not in schools alone, but that we create them supremely in our concert halls—for it is there that we gather them out of crowds, out of professions, for each has something to bring, and we give to each there the opportunity of building

himself through music—then we shall make a cult of this greatest thing in life, and when we shall treasure each citizen because he is himself a potential musician. For each has within him the solution of life's great problems, and we shall anxiously help each to give his solution, through whatever is the artistic mould which becomes natural to his growth. In Greece, where there was a great dramatic art, the Greeks did not go to the plays merely to enjoy them; they had a deeper realisation of the drama than that. The drama was not a mere literary entertainment; "it was an act of common worship, in which the genius of man was devoted to the glory of the Gods." That is the conception which we have to bring about all art; we must make people realise that in art there is a high solution to their puzzles and problems, and also a synthesis of their natures which have been broken up in the struggle for daily life.

We must bring ourselves, bring our fellows into closer touch with music. For what is it now? We scramble through the day, and when our minds are strained and tired, in the evening we come to be re-created. When the body is tired it is not so responsive to the overtones of music. When we realise, when we appreciate what music is, then at any rate we shall arrange the day's activities so that we come to a concert in ease of mind; we shall come with the proper attitude of mind, of reverence for what is going to take place in the concert hall. For in music is a message. Of what? Of Heaven? Yes, and more than that, for we deal in music with things which cannot be uttered with the lips, which can be sensed only by the intuition. It was Browning who summed it up so well:

"Sorrow is hard to bear and doubt is slow
to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of ~~the~~
weal and woe;
But God has a few of us, whom He whispers in
the ear,
The rest may reason, and welcome; 'tis we
musicians know."

One of Democracy's Mystics

By FRANCES ADNEY

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

THE place of the soul in any scheme of Democracy determines the ultimate value of that scheme. "*Think of spiritual results,*" wrote Walt Whitman; "*Sure as the earth swims through the heavens, does every one of its objects pass into spiritual results.*"

That statement goes far towards justifying Edward Carpenter's soundness of judgment when, for a period, he left all else and clove to Whitman. He said there were but two books in the world which he could read and re-read — Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* and Beethoven's *Sonatas*.

How many of the multiformed, many-hued democratic phantasies and phantoms now emerging from the public consciousness are aiming at spiritual results?

To many people, Democracy is a pleasant sounding word connoting your right to do as you please, or even as you blank please. To thousands it implies little more than a representative form of government. These take little account of the obvious fact that, under such governmental form, capitalistic overlords may become as dangerous as ever feudal barons dared be. To other thousands (an ominously increasing multitude), Democracy is coming to mean One Big Union; and that class when asked to make way for the representatives of the people, mutters hoarsely, "Make way yourselves; WE are the people!"

Whitman's ideal of Democracy is probably as generally misunderstood as

is his religion. Both were universal. The essence of his mysticism was the intuition of the Divine in every object, and the inner knowledge of the possibility of a divine polity in world-manifestation. Those who think he sang of Democracy as an accomplished fact have singularly failed to grasp his message. It was not the actual America of his day that he expressed; it was the purpose and spirit of the Future which arose in majesty before him. He did, indeed, delineate with immense power the Masses as they were, as he painted in his vast, panoramic pictures, earth, sea, moon and stars as they appeared to physical vision; but he still more completely indicated, prophetically, that period when America, no longer an immense bourgeoisie, should take her place among the nations of the globe. He not only foresaw the world-war through which we have just passed, but, in his song to the Pennant, his beloved starry flag, he foreshadowed his nation's rightful place in that war: "It is to gain nothing, to risk and defy everything."

Whitman, with all his manifest imperfections, had conquered matter sufficiently to receive at times direct light from his radiant *Augoeides*; and at such moments he could strike a prophetic note which would harmonise well with the mystic chants of the sacred scriptures of the elder world. Certainly, he was visited with no qualms about the Monroe Doctrine, and he must have foreseen the basis of the League of Nations in its ideal form when he wrote:

"Are all the nations communing? Is there going to be but one heart to the globe? Is humanity forming *en masse*? for, lo! tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim;
 The earth, restive, confronts a new era . . .
 Years prophetic! The space ahead as I walk, as I vainly try to pierce it, is full of phantoms; Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their shapes around me;
 This incredible rush and heat—this strange ecstatic fever of dreams . . .
 The performed America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadows behind me,
 The unperformed, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me."

His Democracy was not of the confined colonial type. It was the yet unrealised ideal of Lincoln, Shelley and Mazzini. Intense love for his native land did not warp his vision nor cramp his heart. His was a planetary patriotism; and when he celebrated These States, with dashes, it is true, of the peak-and-prairie brag which was (we hope the horror has gone past) characteristic of us, he celebrated them as the best working method then devised for assembling together all the dwellers of the earth in terms of brotherhood.

"My spirit has passed in compassion and determination around the whole earth;
 I have looked for equals and lovers and found them ready for me in all lands;
 I think some divine rapport has equalised me with them."

He wished to fold lovingly all peoples into a communion of like interests, a brotherhood which should have its roots, branches, flowers and fruit in the spiritual realities. His ideals soared far beyond fleeting forms of government, or any sort of class favouritism. He desired such laws as should enable every individual ultimately to realise the God Within—a commonwealth in which everyone, on equal terms, could so develop that his will should become one with the Will of God. Anything which might even temporarily further that Self-realisation was welcomed by him; but with unerring vision he saw that the ultimate Democracy must be based, not on man-made, but on cosmic law—the Cosmic Law of Love! "Affection shall solve every one of the problems of freedom," he said. Were you looking to be held together by the

lawyers, or by any agreement on paper, or by arms? Nay, the world, or any living thing will not so cohere. That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the holds of the limbs of the body, or the fibres of plants. But the bonds of manly affection, the love of comrades, of true, pure lovers—these shall tie you and bind you stronger than the hoops of iron. He sought to establish one institution, and one only—"The institution of the dear love of comrades." What depth of planetary, of solar, of cosmic law did he imbed in the jewelled sentence: "Those who love each other shall be invincible."

Whitman saw with that eye of the soul—intuition; and his love was not fantastic sentiment but a wholesome, primal sweetness binding humanity to the stars, and linking mankind inextricably with Nature's verities. He knew that only from a welding of love, truth and beauty could his dream of democracy be realised. In such a commonweal, yet uncreate, no copyist or coward was to be permitted; and he puts the sword-point of an interrogation to each one who seeks to mould such a republic:

"Have you sped through fleeting customs, popularities?
 Can you hold your hand against all seductions, follies, whirls, fierce contentions? are you very strong? are you really of the whole people?
 Are you done with reviews and criticisms of of life, animating now to life itself?
 Can your performance face the open fields and the seaside?"

If not, the fate which ultimately befalls each temporiser, patcher, partialist, alarmist, and infidel, is lurking for you—mocking and scornful negligence, and the track strewn with the dust of skeletons. Statesmen who have not learned of Nature are merely dangling mirages in front of the people. The politics of Nature are: great amplitude, rectitude and impartiality, and an all-embracing love.

Those who hail Whitman as an exponent of a cheap, easy democracy, do not even vaguely sense the sacrificial, sacramental character of the force he liberates. His comity was built on the unity of the

universe. In the recognition of that unity and the bringing of it down into workable, livable, daily earth-terms he found the alchemy of a truly golden Democracy—All in One and One in All.

There is scarce a present-day problem which he did not touch with prophetic finger—feminism, penology, eugenics (our modern periodicals and so-called comic papers might well ponder his statement concerning the difficulty of having “clean-shaped children where the human form is caricatured”)—but through and beyond all pressing economic and social problems he saw that the building of spiritual individuals was the vital affair of nations and of all phenomenal forces. The real business of life is to walk rapidly through civilisations, governments, theories; through poems, pageants, shows, to form great individuals.

Of the immanence of God he was fully persuaded. “In the faces of men and women I see God. . . . I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is signed by God’s name.” He said that the prairie grass was the handkerchief of God designedly dropt, bearing the owner’s name somewhere in the corners, that we might see, and inquire Whose?

He was poet of the Soul, and for the Inmost Self he saw an infinitude of expansion. Looking at the crowded heavens just before a day-dawn, he said to his Spirit:

“When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and the knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then? And my Spirit said: ‘No, we but level that lift, to pass and continue beyond.’”

His orbic vision included æonic events; and all æonic events meant to him incarnation in some form, and re-incarnation of the Divine Spirit:

“To be, in any form—what is that?

Round and round we go, all of us, and come back thither.

Births have brought us richness and variety; And other births will bring us richness and variety

Afar down I see the first huge Nothing—I know that I was even there;

I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,

And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long was I hugged close—long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me, Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen;

For me the stars kept aside in their own rings

All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me;

Now on this spot I stand with my robust Soul.”

God Himself has been in travail for cycles to liberate the human soul. Most of the appurtenances of modern life seem leagued together to cramp and hinder its Divine Self-realisation. The Way to Democratic Freedom is through the wide-open door to Love; and Walt Whitman, Love’s Champion, was one of the far fore-runners before the Face of the Lord. He cried persistently for equality of opportunity, he demanded Truth, he reiterated his knowledge of the spiritual verities of Joy and Hope; but his most distinguished service toward preparing the Way and making straight the Path was his insistence upon Love as the universal solvent of all difficulties.

FRANCES ADNEY.

The Kingdom of God

[We draw our readers' attention to this striking little article by an American member of the Order, who wishes to remain anonymous.]

I HAVE read with much interest and sympathy the article in the February issue of the *HERALD OF THE STAR* under the head of *Short Essays on Star Work*, with the sub-title, "On Concerted Action."

The main ideas therein expressed are so much in harmony with my own ideas that, although a newcomer in the Order, I venture to present briefly something of my own conceptions along this line, although the central idea is not really my own.

In our occult literature we do not find much reference made to the Bible, or Biblical teaching, chiefly for the reason, probably, that the book has been so misused in the past that a certain measure of discredit has fallen upon it among esoteric students, as a reaction from the fetishism with which it has been, and still is, regarded by a great many people. But, for those who can use it with intelligent discrimination and some measure of spiritual discernment, I believe there is still a great deal of knowledge and wisdom to be obtained therefrom. Particularly in regard to prophecies of the "Coming" is this true. To give some idea of the reasonable accuracy of these, I call attention to the fact in the latter part of the nineteenth century, exoteric students were proving by an analysis of these prophecies that the end of the old order, "the end of the world," would begin in 1914. This is something that none of our theosophical clairvoyants have done, so far as I am aware, possibly for good reason.

We get no definite hint from any source except from the Bible as to the probable meaning and purpose of the Coming. In our Theosophical literature we are told that He will probably inaugurate several new beginnings—in religion,

philosophy, sociology, and art. Nothing, however, is more definitely stated, for, quite properly, our spokesmen are modest and reticent on this subject. Let us approach it from the position of the needs of the times.

We have been living in an age of selfishness and selfish individualism run mad, the very antithesis of the Christ spirit which tends to unity, peace and harmony. The Christ spirit dies in separateness and selfishness. We are witnessing the culmination of this era—the end of the age (world)—in the discord, unrest and fear of almost the whole world. There is every indication, to my mind almost a conviction, that we shall not see the end to the turbulence and disturbance of our times until the present financial and economic systems of our modern world are brought crashing to the ground. This springs from, and is the fruit, of that selfish individualism which has had its grip on the world for so long.

Above all, what is needed in any new order, which is to emerge from the present, is a truly Christly or brotherly spirit, which is great enough to yield anything and everything to promote harmony and peace. We are told in our Theosophical teachings that the spiritual nature of mankind is a unity. *Will not this be the time for making this internal unity manifest in the external world?* Is it always to remain on the higher planes? For what, then, do we pray when we say "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth"? The world needs a teaching which shall tend to unify humanity, but something more than a verbal teaching is needed. Men are influenced more by a concrete example than by any amount of what might be deemed "theories." A social ideal must

be presented to their practical minds in the shape of a living example. I gather from the Biblical prophecies that at the appointed time there will be assembled out of the world to the "place prepared of God" a body of men and women who are so purified and filled with the Christ spirit that they have renounced self. By virtue of their coming together, the Spirit will unite them as one whole, and make of them one body, a temple for the Christ spirit, who shall fill and complete them, and use their assembled spiritual powers as one power, as a man uses the assembled powers of his physical organism as a unit.

Let us use a little analogy. A plant takes of the atoms of the material world, which in themselves are little lives, sufficient to give itself a body built of vegetable cells, yet manifesting therein the life of the plant, a life of a higher order than that of the mineral. An animal takes of the plant to build itself a body, composed of living cells, each cell manifesting a separate consciousness and life, yet uniting with others to give form to a body filled with a higher life and consciousness, the life of the animal. In turn, man himself inhabits a body made up of myriads of living cells, each of which has its own separate life, intelligence and consciousness, united as one whole by the life of the man, and in which the higher consciousness of the man dwells. Is there any reason to believe that this process of integration must stop at man? Are there not higher unions possible? Is it too great a stretch of imagination to look for the pattern of a perfect social organisation in the form of a man, wherein the myriad cells shall be individual human beings? But, you will ask, "What place has the World-Teacher in such a social body"? Will He not be the Head, the focal point, the guiding and controlling intelligence, able to manifest through such a body spiritual powers incapable of expression through any one human body? We all know the human body has its limitations. It is not possible to express through any one human body all the powers of the Spirit.

No one body could stand the strain. Yet the Spirit can take an aggregation of bodies plastic to His will, and drawing on the powers and qualities of each, manifest a power in the world beyond the dreams of ordinary humanity. We can get some hint of this in the work of some New Thought organisations, which use their combined powers for healing, prosperity, etc., with effective results.

This unity of Spirit with body is prefigured in a number of places in the Bible under the symbol of a marriage. "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." "Many, I say unto you, shall come from the East and from the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob," etc. There are passages in the Bible referring to the "elect," or chosen ones, which, it seems to me, could only refer to those who have elected themselves to membership in such a body by a life of purity, renunciation and devotion. This body of "elect" would not only be the nucleus of a new civilisation, a new world order, but it would gradually become the guiding, directing and ruling factor therein. It would be able to wield the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, using spiritual powers for the healing of the nations, the control and repression of the selfish ambitions of men, and in other ways beyond our conception. The tabernacle of God would be with men, and "He will dwell with them." This is the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, the new ideal for men to pattern by. It is the stone which the builders rejected, but which is to become the head of the corner of the new civilisation.

I stated in the beginning of this article my sympathy with the article appearing in the February issue. Nevertheless, I am inclined to believe that the proposals for action presented therein are not really practical, for the simple reason that our division and separateness in the world, with our immersion in our own environment and personal problems, render harmonious and effective action

almost impossible. It could be done with a more perfect humanity, but I doubt its efficacy under present-day conditions. The World-Teacher must come first, the Head, the focal point, or the "permanent atom," if you please, and by His vibrations attract out of the world those who are willing to leave all for Him. The writer cannot imagine a more wonderful or inspiring destiny than to have a part in such a work.

The above is presented in no authoritative spirit. The writer has made so many mistakes in the past, that he is prepared to find he has gone wrong in this. But he has not, as yet, been able to find anything inherently unreasonable in the general idea, and it seems to explain

so many things in the Bible that otherwise are without explanation, that he is willing to present it for consideration.

To the reader who is willing to take the trouble to look up the references, allow me to suggest the reading of the following in the light of what has been written above: I. Cor., xii.; Mark xiii., 27-28; Matt. xxii., 1-14; Matt. xxiv., 31-42; Matt. xiii., 24-31, 37-43, 47-50; Luke xiv., 16-24; Matt. xxv.; Matt. xxi., 33-44; Luke xxiv., 17-27; Rev. vii., xiv. and xxi. Also look up references in Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and minor prophets.

A THEOSOPHICAL MEMBER OF
THE ORDER.

Discretion

IN one of his prose writings Whitman mentions a "prudence suitable for immortality." Obviously, much can be said for such a prudence. Taking a cue from Whitman, much also may be said for a "discretion suitable for service." We labour to be discreet on the surface when we meet people, when we talk with one another, and in our general attitude and actions that might affect and influence others. Discretion and convention are almost synonymous for all practical purposes. Is not our discretion prompted more often by outside considerations than "from within"?

There must, however, be a discretion concerning discretion; there must be a discretion that results from discrimination. Perhaps if we were really discreet, in the highest or deepest sense, we should often be obliged to "scrap" our ordinary discretion. It may not always be discreet to tell the exact truth; it may well be so and also exceedingly unkind, if not brutal, merely to "lay bare the facts;" yet the truth within would compel us to be accurate in our statements if we were alive to it. What is the really discreet thing to do in any such circumstances?" The answer has been given in "At the Feet of the Master:" Is it true, *kind*, and *helpful*? Here Truth calls in its Allies, Love and Service! In other words, other aspects of truth are shown us which a lofty discretion never leaves out of consideration. To attack cruelty and injustice, or condemn these things, would seem indiscreet in certain circumstances, but one fails utterly in the fine

discretion of duty if one does not challenge cruelty and wrong, when one sees and knows it as such, at any time. Again, an opportunity for service missed is, in the first place, a mental and moral indiscretion, resulting from inattention or indifference, and in the second place becomes a dereliction of duty.

The highest discretion, arising out of love, is that which makes for *service*. The world now so needs help, so needs light, direction and leadership, that even the thinking of and wishing these things is a great service. The world calls for love, everywhere the cry goes up for sympathy and love. We say there is a worldwide surging protest against wrongs and evil conditions; there is a far mightier protest against the callousness and indifference which allows these things to continue. Humanity is groaning under its heavy load of unspiritual and anti-spiritual neglect and hate—after all anything which has not its root in love has its root in hate. The soul of mankind is tired of hate and all its mighty works, and is crying in ever so clumsy a way for love! Our "unrest" and "revolutions" are voiced, and are more or less organised, protests against hate. The position demand of men, above all other visible, tangible, and immediate demand, is a demand for love. If we would have discretion we would have love, and love in abundance. Discretion would have us ready and willing, and pure channels of the love-force of the Lord of Love. In the words of the Protector of the Order who once said: "To know the virtue of the time and to develop it, that is wisdom."

Indian Reflections

By A. J. DAWSON

[Major Dawson, who has been a regular contributor to the HERALD OF THE STAR for some time, in the capacity of one of the anonymous writers of "Thoughts on the Times," has recently left England to take up important literary work in India. His impressions, as a new-comer to that country and, at the same time, as a thoughtful and earnest student of modern problems, will be read with interest by all.]

I.—THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AN OUTSIDER

IN most communities the truth is admitted of the saying that outsiders often see most of the game. The aphorism is certainly not less true of India than of other lands, but the bulk of the people in this great country of contrasts and diversities are so intensely preoccupied by their own views and concerns of one sort and another—the struggle for bare sustenance, or the scramble after surplus wealth, or the quest of fame, political or social, literary, artistic, scientific, or what not—that they seldom give a thought to other folk's views regarding themselves and their varied interests. And that is rather a pity, because it tends to a narrow outlook, to looking at life always *en detail*, never *en gros*, to thinking rarely of the Presidency or Province, hardly ever of India, but always of some little individual circle, as it were well within the gharri radius. It is often helpful to know "How it strikes a Contemporary," and, remembering how frequently the average man is unable to see the wood for the trees, it is as well that folk should give consideration at times to the detached point of view of the spectator from outside. India is, in this year of grace 1920, entering upon an era in her history the natural end and goal of which is responsible self-government, and of all things, therefore, this is the time for the cultivation of broad views, for the general widening of the individual's outlook upon life and affairs, and for a catholic and open-minded regard for the outside spectator's impressions and conclusions.

The sober fact is that in these days we are most of us a great deal too self-centred. Possibly we always have been. Certainly, there is to-day a good deal too much ego in the cosmos, so far as the bulk of us are concerned. And, let there be no mistake about it, individualistic self-seeking is the most serious of all drags upon the wheels of the car of progress. Self-sacrifice and comradeship, self-forgetting patriotism, and sincere, modest devotion to the interests of the community, these are qualities which the get-rich-quick person may, and probably does sniff at as hopeless back-numbers, too old-fashioned for twentieth century life. Well, the truth is that selfishness and unselfishness are no more old-fashioned or new-fashioned than the Himalayas. Like love and death they have been part of life since life began; and it is as true in 1920 as it was one thousand or ten thousand years ago, that unselfishness and self-sacrifice lie at the roots of all real progress. There is no exception to this rule; none whatever. Search where you will among the annals of progress, and behind each great forward step you shall find the records, not of noisy self-advertisers, not of notoriety-hunting or any other form of self-seeking, but of quiet, steady effort on the part of modest and determined men, animated by no greed of personal gain, but by the true spirit of service, which is based upon man's devotion to his fellow men. Narrowness of every kind, and selfishness in particular, are the negation and antithesis of progress. National advance cannot be based

upon speech-making or individual self-seeking.

“ No easy hopes or lies
Will bring us to our goal ;
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will and soul.”

This is surely the most notable point made by Lord Sinha in the various public utterances delivered since his return to India. His message to Bombay and through Bombay to India crystallised much needed wisdom into a few words :

“ LET US BEGIN TO WORK ; LET THAT BE OUR AGITATION ; AND DO NOT LET US CONTINUE MERELY TO TALK, FOR THAT MAY END IN NOTHING AND WILL PROBABLY DO US A GREAT DEAL OF HARM.”

Lord Sinha had in mind the large field of duty lying before the patriotic and enlightened citizens of this country, in relation to the Constitutional Reforms and India's progress generally, and counsel more apt to the moment's needs no man could give. Let us, by study and real work, qualify ourselves to get all the good there is to be got out of the powers already placed at our disposal, instead of neglecting these, in order to argue, discuss and clamour regarding powers still to be obtained. Lord Sinha is too shrewd, too logical, too far-seeing a man to suffer gladly the misguided person who, after exhaustingly glib clamour regarding the inadequacy of the Reforms, admits at a pinch that he has never read the famous Report, or the findings of the Committees appointed to examine its recommendations ; the intensely loquacious critic of dyarchy who, pressed on the point, shows you that he has not yet ascertained the difference between “ Transferred ” and “ Reserved.”

Like every other country in the world, India needs the bracing and cleansing influences of criticism. But its problems are far too numerous and delicate, the work to be done too great and many-sided to permit of enlightened Indians extending approval or countenance any longer to the facile type of critic who twirls a shillalagh over his head, and, asked his politics, affirms vociferously

that he is “ agin the Government.” Destruction and negation, however eloquent or entertaining, mere “ agitation ” on the lines of Paddy at a fair and spoiling for a fight, no longer will entitle their exponents to consideration, as the shrewder members of all classes in India are beginning to realise ; even though some of the alleged “ leaders ” are in danger of falling so far behind their flocks as to become “ back-numbers,” as the result of not adapting themselves to rapidly changing conditions, and to recognition of the fact that the mere reviling of the constituted authority, which may once have served its purpose, is now being classified as mere crudity, bad form, and evidence of dullness. It is no longer “ in the picture,” and cannot for long hold any following.

* * *

Like the rest of us, Mussalman members of the British Empire can be severe critics of that Empire's administration ; and a good thing, too. So long as we do not neglect our constructive efforts, criticism, within doors, so to say, is well enough, and can be helpful. It is “ all in the family ” and for the family's good. By the same token, there are no members of the Empire more proud and appreciative of the privileges of membership than our Mohammedan fellow subjects. One of them, himself a veteran of many campaigns, has been telling with pride of how his soldier son has just been enabled by the British military authorities to perform the Haj pilgrimage and earn the title of Haji, along with some 2,000 of his comrades from India. There have been other similar parties, he explains. The King of the Hedjaz gave the pilgrims the most hospitable kind of welcome, and the military authorities gave the most scrupulous care to the arrangements made to ensure a successful pilgrimage : the provision of the Ahram, or pilgrim's dress, for all concerned, of all necessary camels, food supplies, medical care and attention and the like. “ What other European people,” asks the veteran, “ have ever carried out such plans to enable

Mussalmen to make pilgrimage to the Holy Places of Islam?"

* * *

"A hundred different factors are quoted," writes a French officer, "as contributing towards the attainment of the Allies' victory in the great War. For me, along with the dauntless heroism of my own people, I shall always bracket as a chief factor the British Tommy's unfailing sense of humour. So long as one man in a unit can laugh aloud, that unit can endure against any odds; and your British Tommy's sense of humour was such that it yielded to no power or circumstance, and met Death himself with a chuckle. Time and again that unconquerable humour saved the day for the Allies."

It is a notable tribute, and one cannot help thinking there is a notable moral attaching to it. Here in India there is every need to cherish the saving sense of humour; the salt of life that keeps debate sweet and our tempers clean; that insists upon genial tolerance and forbids self-inflation and conceit. There can be no true philosophy without a sense of humour, and no petty spite, no corrosive malice, no mutually destructive sectionalism, where true philosophy rules. Therefore, now that India stands at the threshold of great progress, her leaders faced with greater responsibilities for good and ill than ever before, let all her peoples conserve and cherish their precious sense of humour, and use and enjoy its cleanly, wholesome light.

II.—AS OTHERS SEE US

IT is the fashion to say that the main obstacle in the way of India's political and general progress lies in the educational backwardness and ignorance of India's people; the continually quoted 80 per cent. of illiterates. I do not believe it.

From the point of view of the observer from outside it is, not the backwardness or the illiteracy, but the forwardness and the facility of the Indian mind that present the real obstacle. The Indian mind is too quick in jumping to conclusions, too ready to content itself with sizing up a measure or a situation at a glance, too prone to prefer ready-made conclusions based on ready-made catch phrases and purely superficial impressions, to any kind of real investigation. The dangerous tendency, combined with the hot intolerance which is its natural accompaniment, is not due to educational backwardness, ignorance and illiteracy, so much as it is due to temperamental impatience, and to quickness rather than to slowness of mind. Naturally, its effects are more harmful and far-reaching where a large proportion of the community is illiterate than it would be where everyone read and thought for himself; but

it is due rather to temperamental causes than to backwardness. At least, that is how the onlooker from outside sees it—and so he states it, frankly.

Every schoolmaster knows the dangers and pitfalls associated with the pupil who is gifted with an exceptionally quick, impressionable intelligence. He can learn a lesson so easily and quickly that he often does not trouble to learn it at all. It is so easy for such a pupil to pass the tests demanded of his class, that he often shirks even the slight exertion this demands of him, and towards the close of his school-days is noticeably behind many of the far more slow-minded among his companions. The hare and tortoise fable is illustrated every term in every school; and, especially in India, perhaps, the boy is the father of the man, and you may see the same process at work in the forum and the bazaar that you see in the school-room.

Give us thoroughness, patience and tolerance; deliberation in arriving at conclusions, and determination to accept no conclusion (and, particularly, none of a condemnatory or uncharitable order), without sincere personal investigation and conviction—that might be the prayer

of the sincere Indian patriot. Mere impressions, even at second and third hand, may be well enough in their way—interesting topics of small talk, no doubt—but as the bases of definite conclusions, foundations of belief, and guiding factors in responsible action, they are of no more value than are shifting sand or mud as a foundation for a building. And, mark you, their use as foundations of political belief and action, however temporarily serviceable they may seem to an unscrupulous demagogue, are wholly unworthy of and unsuited to a self-respecting citizen, or a community jealous of its good repute, and bent upon responsible self-government. Leaders who make use of these rotten and unworthy foundations may temporarily profit by such jerry-building tactics, but they are no true patriots, and the day is bound to come when their following will learn enough to make them turn and rend the humbugs who have misled them. That is the plain truth about it.

There is a very simple method by which the truth of these views may be tested by any reader of this column. Choose a few themes of wide general interest, subjects referred to in every newspaper, regarding which factions war one with another and much discussion is aroused. Choose, for example, the Constitutional Reforms, the Khilafate question, and, say, the Rowlatt Act. The sweeper and the dhobi are familiar with them, so continuously have they been exploited in the newspapers and the bazaar. The man in the street is as familiar with these words as with the palm of his hand, and hardly shall you find a youth so "backward" as not to be able to present you with his views and alleged convictions on these subjects. However, do not ask the sweeper, but tackle one or two of the more fluent exponents of these themes in your own immediate circle, and try, if you can, to find out (1) how many have really read and studied for themselves the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, and the Reforms Act; (2) how many really know what the Khilafate means, its origin, history, and present-day connection with Islam in

general, and India in particular; (3) how many have read the Rowlatt Act, or even know what it is really about, what brings it into action, what offences come within its scope. (You will find it has no relation whatever to most of the dreadful things it is popularly supposed to connote.)

To make the test real you must examine your results in the light of real personal knowledge of course. That is to say, you must yourself carefully read the documents in question. The results may surprise you. If they do not prove to justify the foregoing paragraphs, then their writer is a false prophet. He cannot offer a wager on the subject, because he has already tested it very thoroughly for himself, *and knows*.

With regard to the matter of intolerance (and the mean forms of unfairness which intolerance always breeds), this is probably an inevitable outcome of the facile-minded man's habit of taking his opinions ready-made at second and third hand; of basing his conclusions on superficial impressions, instead of upon personal investigation; and, in short, of that lack of thoroughness, that disinclination to "take pains," which makes the "quick" and clever boy at school, in the long run, so often fall behind his more slow-witted companion. Instances will occur to every reader. Here is a very little one: Mr. Shaukat Ali, expounding the objects of Khilafat propaganda, is reported as saying: "I and my brother, and my friends, both Hindu and Muslim, will be willing *to serve another five to ten years of hard labour with convicts*, if thereby the eyes of the responsible officials would be opened to the present and future needs of the country." (The italics are my own.)

And, if Mr. Shaukat Ali will pardon a mere onlooker for saying so, he would be vastly better employed in seeking to open folk's eyes by telling them the truth and nothing but the truth, and by teaching them to investigate things for themselves, and to form real and independent conviction upon vital issues, instead of courting the muddled confusion that comes of accepting demagoguery at its face value

and dealing rather in labels and catch-phrases than in facts. The imputation conveyed in Mr. Shaukat Ali's reference to serving "another five to ten years of hard labour with convicts" is unmistakable; yet how wildly remote from the facts of his real experience, may be judged by anyone who will take the trouble to ascertain just what their internment really meant for this gentleman and his brother, what their relations were with the officer responsible for their safe custody, and how they passed their time. The instance is admittedly unimportant, but it will serve to illustrate my point. As a matter of plain fact the brothers, while interned, enjoyed practically every amenity of life save liberty to leave the place of internment, and were under the care of an old friend.

And the moral, the lesson to be derived from these poorly-expressed reflections upon first causes that are of vital import to India's future, is simple and obvious. It is that, more just now than ever before, more during the first years of the Reforms working than ever after, the plain duty of the leader of thought and opinion, the statesman and politician in India, lies in the direction, not of agitation, vilification, or even criticism, but, first and foremost, with all the strength and patient, modest devotion at his command, in the direction of exposition. To understand all is to forgive all. To understand everything may be as much beyond us as it is to

forgive all. But he who would deserve well of his fellows and serve his country must try sincerely to understand as much as he can, to convey to others all the understanding he can, and, above all, never in any circumstances to indulge publicly in condemnation, or even in criticism or exhortation, without first honestly striving for full understanding of all sides of the subject he treats.

If in all loyalty and sincerity we recognise and act upon this fundamental duty, I verily believe the chief obstacles in the way of India's political and general advancement would speedily be removed. They are due rather to facility and over-quickness of mind than to backwardness and ignorance, and it is clearly "up to" the intelligentsia of India to act scrupulously upon recognition of this, and to strive always to safeguard their fellow countrymen against the penalties attaching to these characteristics. Given the sincere and patient pursuit and exposition of truth for its own sake, the freedom from intolerance and unfairness which that quest yields, and the kindly, firm discouragement of meretriciousness, superficiality, and the impressionistic short cuts that lead generally to confusion but never to knowledge; given only this, and I am convinced that no obstacle will prove unsurmountable to those for whom India's true advancement is the dearest objective in life.

From the Antipodes

Two Communications

I.—THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH IN AUSTRALIA

By J. K. POWELL (*Editor of "Sparks Fortnightly."*)

TO one who, in by-gone days, prepared for the Congregational Ministry, Australia—after ten years' sojourn—is a wonderful country. Its sunshine and vast open spaces speak of freedom, and sure release from the afflictions of older and more closely settled communities. To the Mystic this land appeals even as much as India does, but in a slightly different way. India is a land of seeming mysteries, but Australia, in so far as real progress is concerned, is one huge mystery, a mystery of fear, yet not fear.

Freedom there is in very truth, but one wonders at times whether such freedom does not spell grave danger. Australia is the land of mighty possibilities in regard to material welfare. It knows but little poverty—accepting the term as we who know poverty can only accept it—yet is there another poverty on every hand, that of spiritual starvation. To visit Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth is an eye-opener to the sociological student, but a greater, though more pleasant shock awaits the watcher, in the out-back country, because here one meets ever and always such nobility of character and great singleness of purpose, that the first feeling of mystery seems to grip. Why is there such superficiality in the cities and so noble the general characteristic of the man and woman out back? The cities contain one round of empty useless pleasure; the country—sheer hard work in struggling to attain some measure of productive mastery over mother earth and that which she could so bountifully supply, given adequate rain-fall. Uncomplainingly, nay, at times even gladly, these producers of earthly wealth toil on,

from "rise till down," in company with the workers, bearing the major portion of the cost of government (and a frightfully expensive thing it is too!) There is sympathy between these two sets of producers. Instead of, as would on the surface appear to be the case, farmers raising loud cries against the demands of the city and central workers, the opposite is often the case. Of course country opinion runs high against the extremist, but that is obvious. "Where, then, comes the mystery," many of my readers will ask, and my only terse answer can be—"Because of the *laissez faire* in such an island continent, sparsely populated and so badly governed;" a reputed home of Democracy, but knowing not the true meaning of the word; a country maintaining some of the biggest and grandest people on earth. There can be no doubt whatever that Australia—particularly the West—will lead the world eventually in democratic progress, but this can never be until centralisation becomes broken, and the voice of all the people is permitted to become operative. Naturally a Mystic, studying this great country, first seeks to probe down to the roots, in order to ascertain whether he can find any Faith in a Supreme Power. Amid the individualistic strivings after money, success, ease, *trips*, pleasures, he does not expect much, but he is agreeably mistaken and uplifted to find that which he does find. A spirit of far-reaching democracy is abroad, which, since the war, has broadened out to immeasurable width. Seeing, however, that political control is weak and altogether inadequate, also bearing in mind the oft used saying, *Parliament is but a reflex of its people,*

how can the claim be made that true democracy is abroad? Because the greatest moral and spiritual force is away from the centres, whose voice is lost (even when aggregated), because of the maddest conception of democracy abroad in this twentieth century, that of rule by majority. Much has been written by multitudinous pens about Australia and her backwardness in matters spiritual, moral, and truly progressive. Writers who have won renown in older countries come here upon a fast visit and return to their own homes to busy themselves with pen, ink, paper and superficial knowledge, whereby this great country and its people are roughly written up. The writer has not, until this present, written one line to any English journal either in favour of, or against, the peculiar characteristics of Australia and the Australians. He himself has been unfortunate indeed in many of his material dealings here; has failed miserably on two occasions to top the poll at State elections; has found the endeavour to publish uplift literature nearly impossible, yet, for all that, he can say that Australia progresses toward Truth faster and surer than any other community of people wherever they may be found.

Why?

The reason is ever so simple and ever so true. Because Australia has less of creeds, dogmas and make-believe to live down than any other country, and because, from North to South, and from East to West, her people are ready for the mighty teaching of Cause and Effect.

Australia is neither rich nor poor, she is not militaristic or cowardly; she welcomes pleasures and ease lavishly only in her cities; the country districts, including mining and timber industries, constitute her back-bone. She is not religiously inclined or agnostic; she is free, free, free, and in that freedom lie possibilities undreamt of. India breathes mystery because of the developed knowledge of the few, Australia breathes mystery by reason of the freedom and adaptability of the many. Whereas India will move ever so slowly in the direction

of emancipation from material slavery, Australia, from the moment she accepts Proportional Representation as her machine for electing politicians to power, will inevitably stagger the whole world in economic and social reform advancement.

At the outset I spoke of spiritual starvation. This is so, but I rather fancy the sign of Australia must be *Pisces*, because she can go either up or down. Hence the mystery and the natural question—"Why not down, taking into consideration all the conditions?" Here only the Mystic can answer, more from intuitive knowledge and through a powerful faith born of many lives, than by things visible. Australians are wonderfully free, yet are they slaves. Australia is a land teeming with material wealth, at the same time she is poor. With all the freedom she is carving out her destiny, and she can never get on to the downward track now, because great toil lies just ahead. Perhaps, had not the war debt been forced upon her shoulders, her emancipation from materiality would have been long delayed, and she might have drifted down and down to the economic lowness of many older countries. But the blow has come in time, and, in company with other countries, she must now take full account of lives. In tune with Ruskin, Australia will be the first to raise herself because she is coming to believe that "the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures."

There is a grand future for this Continent—because, though, prior to and through, half of the war days she was actually spiritually starved; though she is now spiritually hungry, she is ready for the food, and the food is ready for her. No country on this earth is more ready to grasp, and able to assimilate, cause and effect spiritual food.

At the moment she is held back by corrupt politics and pernicious law making. Once these disabilities are cleared away (and such is near accomplishment) Australia will lead the world.

II.—NEW ZEALAND AND THE STAR

By A. WHITE

THIS article is written by a New Zealander, one who loves New Zealand, as her children do, yet without more blindness than the limitations of the writer make inevitable. There will be no attempt to compare the character of New Zealand with that of any other country. She will not be described as the child of Great Britain, deriving her characteristics from heredity ; but rather as a reincarnated Ego whose karma attracted such a parent to her, and who is a distinct entity, a nation of her own. New Zealand and Britain are exact geographical opposites. Those who desire to see the well-beloved "Old Country" reproduced in an accurate replica of herself are doomed to disappointment. New Zealand, then, is a child, a robust, intelligent, and not too naughty child. All children—the best—are embodied recapitulations of humanity's savage stage. Their memory gradually recovers, under the stimulus of experience, the knowledge of remembered civilisation, and the ambition to achieve greater civilisation in the future. New Zealand is just such a young savage—a glorious civilisation shining before her like a dewy summer morning.

Let us look at her on the physical, astral, and mental side, that we may, if possible, gauge her possibilities for the service of her rising Star.

Physically, she is a beautiful, dirty little savage. In a country that is Nature's treasure-house, a country the best watered in the world, many New Zealanders shun ablution. On the coasts, indeed—and the coasts are never far from them—they paddle and they swim ; but Nature's inner teaching of physical refinement, expressing itself in use of the daily bath, is not yet theirs. Yet, owing to a quality to which I shall advert presently, Government has but to say to them, with some mild insistence, "Every New Zealander shall have his daily morning plunge," and the mandate

would be generally and good-humouredly obeyed. The New Zealand physique has the promise of future magnificence. In spite of vices which have sorely weakened the type, young New Zealand, bathed in fresh air, is straight, broad, sturdy and handsome.

The New Zealand Deva (with reverence be it written) builds on the grand scale. Man takes a country, and imagines his race is going to mould it. But Nature, the supreme Potter, was there first, and the country moulds the race. The glowing sun, the flying clouds, and wind-swept girdling seas of mountainous New Zealand raised the Maoris—tall, broad-chested, heavy-limbed, open and brave of look. The white New Zealander follows in that mould. The brown eyes of the Maori and the blue eyes of the young *pakeha** meet in perfect confidence and understanding, and both have the same look—of a free and fearless child. When war was declared on Germany, and the youth of New Zealand gathered their few thousands together in one volunteer army, this look was most plainly seen. Many of those young faces were already seamed with vice, the commonest and the lowest : yet strangely, pathetically innocent, and clear, and trustful, shone the boys' eyes that were soon to be changed for ever. New Zealand is a child, in whom the darkness of ignorance is gilded still by the dawn-light of innocence. In her astral life we shall find the same qualities. New Zealand is not wildly emotional. She is good-tempered, and not inclined to go to extremes. And innately she is as obedient to good government as a child is to a sensible mother. New Zealand is no aristocrat. She springs rather from a plain, plebeian stock ; and perhaps for that very reason (though still more, I suspect, from deeper reasons of climatic temperament, the Deva's reasons), she

* Stranger, white settler.

is naturally and reasonably disposed to do as she is told. She likes a friendly Government, not a showy one. New Zealand is no home for anarchy. Dispute it who can, a careless, good-tempered, trustful obedience is eminently characteristic of New Zealanders. Under officers who love them (for they will not obey others) they make soldiers who will face all and sacrifice all, to the death. And with a trusted and trustworthy government, there is no height to which New Zealand as a nation cannot climb. During the past ten years many fearful and terrible strikes have been threatened in New Zealand. One quite serious one, prior to the War, did take place. It was unpleasant and uncomfortable, and it has not been repeated. Over and over again, one great universal strike has been sternly predicted; the day, the hour, and the minute have been authoritatively foretold. The military camp has prepared for action. The gunboat in the harbour has stood by. But that strike has not come off. I have heard one of our Theosophical lecturers, from the platform, solemnly proclaim "that within three months the streets of the capital would run with blood" (from Bolshevik sources). The three months were up long ago, but no blood has been spilled. New Zealand is not quarrelsome. No country is less inclined for civil war. In the Great War, the New Zealand volunteer army being used up, came the call for conscription. Conscription duly carried and acted upon, some well-meaning objectors who cried out against it at once found themselves in gaol for "sedition." Their followers were to rescue them, dramatically, à la Bolshevik; but the rescue did not "come off." New Zealand is for obedience. To be sure, there is a reverse to the medal. Some things are taken far too easily. Ridiculous mismanagement is submitted to with a lazy good-humour that bars progress. Dirt and drink and disease are tolerated with a toleration that looks very like something worse. The city is cleansed *after* the plague breaks out. The peaceful New Zealander is engaged in wondering

whether or no it *will* break out. He sits on his dirty doorstep and smokes and speculates. Then comes the pestilence. If he be not smitten, he quietly obeys the tardy order from Headquarters, gets to work, and kindly nurses his stricken neighbour.

Now let us look at New Zealand's mental endowment. What is the prospect for the Star of the New Civilisation? Well, pretty good, we hope. Though childish, New Zealand is an intelligent child. Instinctively looking to Headquarters for everything (and, therefore, fitted to welcome a great Leader), she is yet fresh, original, and inventive as a child is. Your young New Zealander, in Art and Science, is hampered by no traditions, hindered by no diffidence through comparing himself with others. He looks at an Art or a Science; says, "I feel inclined to learn that, and I believe I can do it." Straightway he learns what he can at home, then hies him to Home (with the capital H), and to other countries, to complete his course. He does not say to himself, "What chance have I, an ignorant Colonial, against the age-long training of the older countries?" To be ignorant is sometimes to be absolutely unafraid. Gloriously ignorant of all grounds for comparison, strong from a life of freedom and fresh air, and well-endowed with cool New Zealand brains, he reads, draws, toils in laboratories, "walks" hospitals, sits for tests, and comes out splendidly—near the top. His Colonial crudity ends in a laurel crown. Very often, too, the native thus distinguished is a woman. Traditionally—with such scraps of tradition as New Zealand possesses—the New Zealand girl is a horsebreaker, a housekeeper, a dress-maker, and an artist or musician. She will undertake anything, adapt herself to anything. To-day she undertakes to be a doctor, a lawyer, or a scientist, in addition to her ordinary activities; and here, like her brother, she comes out "on top." She now only requires to learn mothering. The New Zealand girl is even more independent than her

brother, and on the whole is less obedient to authority. And she objects, alas, to the tie and the responsibility of motherhood. A girl at heart until her hair is grey, she does not want to be a matron. She can do things—anything—but she is overfond of play and freedom, as a child is.

Will the shining of the New Star light the way to a more serious life for young New Zealand? The New Zealander can think; that is, he can be educated to think. Save some few feeble parentally-instilled prejudices, he has none, for he has no religion. He is barely conscious of a Colour Bar. Maori, Chinese, and white child play joyously together, and bend together over the same school book. The New Zealanders of Gallipoli loved their white enemy, the Turk, and wrote poetry to him. They tried in vain to hate him for being a Turk.

My own belief is that New Zealand would welcome a Great-Teacher (and sorely she needs a Religion), just the same; with the same good-temper, the same easy tolerance, the same beautiful mingling of a child-like ignorance with

some free, fair, and noble quality which is unnameable, but which is New Zealand, the real New Zealand; whether the Teacher wore a fair skin or a dark one, whether his native language were English or un-English. For New Zealand secretly leans to the Inner Beauty; and surely the Great-Teacher, when he comes, will come in the name and for the sake of Beauty. New Zealand shall respond to Beauty, the outer and the inner; for Beauty it was that wove the Long White Cloud*; that painted her skies, and hollowed her fern-filled forest dells, and reared her mighty mountains glassing their snows in lakes of emerald and sapphire.

To love Beauty, reflect it, respond to it, is the destiny of a race that shall grow into a race of great and famous artists; so, when the Supreme Beauty beams once more upon a world so long forlorn and starving for It, shall not New Zealand be the first to fall on her knees, the last to rise from them?

A. WHITE.

* Aotearoa, "the Long White Cloud," is the Maori name for New Zealand.

TRUE DREAMING.

You come to me from out the golden years
 With all your eager youth: your questing eyes
 As grey as shadowed pools, so strangely sad,
 Yet filled with lurking laughter and the love
 You drew my heart with. Were there hidden fears
 Of future days full of some dark surprise
 That left our love unspoken save in mad
 And joy-abandoned dreams? Ah! *then* we met
 In one long kiss that made our souls as one,
 And life reached heights divine! Dear, you and I
 May never reach that bliss except in dreams
 While we are earthbound here. We wove the net
 Of our own destiny, nor may we shun
 The harvest of our sowing. But more nigh
 Comes freedom from our bonds, and what now seems
 Mere dreams will one day prove to be as true
 As GOD Himself, Who gives me back to you!

CONSTANCE E. BRITTON.

Tolerance

By JOHN A. PALMER

IT was a day in autumn when I walked slowly along a road between the waving golden grain. The bells of a gray stone church over the fields swung gently, with speech muffled by distance, and worshippers went by with cheerful faces, but I walked slowly on, with downcast eyes, because of the sorrow which was in my heart and the puzzlement which beset me. Thus I neared the foot of the green bedecked hill and put my feet upon the winding pathway which curled up its side. Then, as I climbed, one came and walked beside me, and, walking thus, he spoke not, but looked on me with great sorrow-filled eyes, which yet burned with a glowing flame and pierced to my soul's deeps.

Midway up the hill I paused to rest on a seat, and, while I rested, a brown furred squirrel, with eyes bright with wonderment, came and sat beside me, trying to convey, doubtless, some message of love and cheer. But my eyes were veiled that time, and brother squirrel went away in disappointment and sadness because of my failure to hear him. He who had accompanied me, however, stood close by and looked compassionately at me with his great eyes from which love streamed out and burned my very soul. Yet he spoke not, but, moving nearer, put out his hand and touched my eyes and ears.

It seemed that my eyes and ears were now new opened and veils of darkness were rolled away, and I had a vision wherein sight and hearing were equally blent. In this my vision the peoples of the earth were gathered together in a great community wherein seemed to be all things beautiful and true. I could discern no strife among them, for all their laws were just, and everything which they did seemed for the good of the whole community. There were great statues of gleaming white marble, which reared upwards in the open spaces of that great city, representing Love and Peace and

Liberty and Charity and many others of the virtues. There were also many great parks, so large that the whole of the people of the city could be contained in each one of them, and therein were flowers of every kind and colour in great abundance; and human flowers there were also, children all clad in bright flowing raiment running about in great glee and playing happily together. Trees and shrubs also grew abundantly, giving forth all the fruits of the earth, and no fruit of any tree therein was hurtful to any man or child or animal. I saw in this great city no thing which betokened either riches or poverty, for the one begets the other, but all seemed to be living in full comfort and concord the one with the other. And in all the city was no uncleanness from any cause; the people strove not for themselves regardless of the general welfare, and therefore did not build great buildings wherein many people were herded together as cattle, who toiled all day with sullen faces in places where smoke and grime and dirt prevailed. All seemed to be content, and greeted each other with smiles of love; and no man seemed higher placed than the other, yet all were the servants of each. The houses in which they lived were beautiful as the day, and rearing high in great open spaces were high buildings, finely sculptured on their outer sides as on their inner, in and out of which people constantly streamed. These were the halls of learning, wherein the people learned everything which had ever been known to the men and women of knowledge and wisdom in the world, and contained all the most wonderful and beautiful works of the many ages of the earth which had been gathered together. The streets were smooth and good to look upon, shaded by the foliage of trees which grew along the edge of the pathways and down the centre of the roadways

which were of a great width; and fountains of pure and sparkling water spouted into the air and fell again into great bowls of the finest marble wherein sported fishes which flashed gold and silver in the scattered rays of the sun.

The city was verily one of delight, but yet did I notice a sense of unquiet which tinged with blackness their happiness, and for long I sought vainly for the cause of this disquiet, for it seemed to me that all the people had a great yearning in their secret hearts for something which they did not possess, in spite of all the things of beauty and knowledge which surrounded them and the love with which they regarded each other. It was as though a canker existed in the very heart of the otherwise perfect fruit. I looked long, puzzled and distressed, for the cause of this disquiet which seethed within them all, but could see no reason for their secret sorrow.

Then, at length, my eyes rested upon a house which, builded near the centre of the city, was conspicuous for the reason that it was composed entirely of the whitest of marble without a touch of any other colour whatever. It was passing beautiful, and in its gardens, which surrounded it on every side, grew and flourished exceedingly flowers and fruits of every description; and in the centre of the gardens, one on each side of the house, stood a great bowl of clear, pure water which spouted up into the air, its drops scintillating like many diamonds in the rays of the sun. Everything in and around that house was perfect of its kind. And before it, rearing high in the heavens, was a great column, and on the summit of this a statue, and upon the base of the column was inscribed in letters of flaming gold the word "Tolerance."

Then I thought I descended into that city in my puzzlement of mind, and besought one of its people to tell me of the reason of that statue of "Tolerance," and that single house of all white marble. He to whom I spoke turned to me in surprise at my ignorance, but yet consented to tell me of the reason, seeing

that I pressed the matter on him. And it was in this wise. Years ago one who inhabited in that city, before it had reached its present perfection, had begun to preach doctrines which its people were unready to receive and which they flouted and scoffed at because of their great learning, which gave to their hearts a certain hardness and pride, for this man made no profession of great knowledge, and yet he had great wisdom. But their eyes were blinded to that, and they knew him not as he was. And thus he had gently rebuked them for their hardness of heart and their false pride, and besought them to rid their hearts of these things and to possess with their whole souls the simplicity of children; but they heeded not his teaching because of that certain blindness which possessed them.

Now, when time had ripened to its present perfection, their community and they had come to the love of each other which God ordained, yet did they not forget the early misdemeanour, as they thought it, of this man, and on this account they loved him not with their whole hearts. Yet were they unwilling to do him any hurt or banish him outside the city because of their delight and pride in the practice of tolerance, which had been theirs for many many years. And so it came to pass that they bade him to choose a place wherein to build him a house, and of the material whereof it should be builded they also asked him. And he, in the wisdom of his heart, bade them to build him a house of pure white marble in the open space in the centre of the city. And they builded as he bade them, and the house was of surpassing beauty as I have told. And, as a remembrance to each of the inhabitants of that city of their tolerance which they thus showed, they builded also the great statue to gaze upon.

Now, despite all the things of beauty and learning which they possessed and the perfection of their laws, their arts and sciences, still did the canker eat at their hearts because they loved not that one wholly. And in their secret places the disquietude which possessed them

grew until it was exceeding great, so much so that it began to disrupt their councils, as I observed; for it seemed that I stood looking upon them for a great while. But because of their willing blindness they knew not whereof came this disruption nor of its cause.

Then again I looked towards the house of white marble, and, as I looked, there came from out of it the one of whom I had heard, and he was arrayed in a seamless garment of white. And upon his face was a great sorrow and pain, and yet withal an infinitude of patience and compassion and love for that people.

And methought as I looked upon that face that I saw the face of God.

Now, as I gazed in great awe thereon the vision faded and the city disappeared in a blackness, and I saw only that face which looked at me with so great compassion and love, and it seemed to me it was the face of him who stood before me on the hill. Then into my heart there entered a great forgetfulness of the injury I conceived that I had received from him who had called himself my friend, and there surged up in my soul an abundance of love for God and for all his creatures and works.

THE CURSE OF INTOLERANCE

LOOKING back upon the history of the world, the most poignant fact which confronts the student, with appalling and dreadful persistence, is the awful record of human suffering perpetrated by the intolerance and bigotry of the adherents of the different religious orders. Each laying claim to a monopoly of Truth, and denying the claims of all who differ from them.

This intolerance crucified the Saviour, burnt the martyrs, tortured the saints, and murdered little children in the name of the eternal Father, who is Love.

Through all ages, in all countries, by every nation, the record is the same. The perpetual crucifixion of the advanced souls, the seers and prophets of the race.

The world is very, very slow to learn the lessons of life. In spite of history, in spite of the old, old story of Divine Love, so oft repeated by the messengers of the most High, men still harden their hearts, steel their minds, encircle themselves with an icy wall of prejudice, whenever the message comes in a new form and from a different messenger.

Are we, any of us, as tolerant and forbearing as our beloved Master desires us to be?

Do we see Him everywhere? In all religions, all faiths, all creeds, all religious movements, however alien to our own personal beliefs they may be.

The active guiding Spirit of Love, the Master of Compassion. Giving the Light

just in that degree that it can be borne by the more or less blind eyes of His wayward children. Removing one by one the veils of illusion. Eliminating the false; strengthening the true; adjusting the balance; harmonising the conflicting ideas. With infinite patience, divine solicitude, tenderest love drawing eternally to Himself, the souls of men.

The Master does not always make the form through which He sends the Light. Oft-times He utilises the forms He finds, the movements already organised. Revitalising them, elevating and purifying them, building up from a low and material basis, slowly but surely, a spiritual edifice, a temple of the most High, beautiful and harmonious.

He is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, but if that Light in all its glorious splendour were suddenly flashed before the dazzled eyes of earth's younger children it would but blind them. In the excess of Light they could see nothing, and so the Light must be dimmed, the glory veiled, until such time as they can bear it.

Thus the Master works, never forcing, never dominating, never compelling, but by infinite Love, Divine tenderness, deepest compassion, and a perfect understanding of their needs, leading men ever onward and upward to the source of all Life and Light and Love.

From a Star Lecture.

Short Essays on Star Work

By A MEMBER OF THE ORDER

IV. OUR STAR BELIEF *

NO sensible Star member can resent, or be surprised at, any ridicule or adverse criticism which he may meet with at the hands of the world in consequence of his belief in the near coming of a Great Teacher. The history of Messianic anticipation is none too creditable. It is relegated by the world in general, not without justice, to the region of cranks and faddists. Nor is the assumption, by individuals, of the Messianic character at all uncommon. The few well-known instances which history records are only a very small proportion of the actual number. The assumption is one of the commonest forms of megalomania, and our lunatic asylums know it well. In my own experience as an original member of the Order of the Star in the East, I can recall at least half-a-dozen letters which I have seen, in which the writer discloses in confidence that he is the Expected One.

The whole realm in which we move is, indeed, beset with extravagance of every kind. Our belief—let us be honest about it—is a familiar commonplace of religious emotionalism. By embracing it we link ourselves on, in popular estimation, to a whole succession of madmen, charlatans and dupes. There is, in fact, no more compromising step that we could have taken—if we value our reputation for sanity and balance of mind—than that of becoming members of an organisation like this. Why, then, is it that large numbers of people throughout the world, who are (so far as any recognised test can be applied) thoughtful, well-educated and well-balanced men and women, have en-

rolled themselves and are still enrolling themselves as members of the Order?

There is an obvious answer, of course—that, in so doing, they have revealed that they are not, in reality, thoughtful, well-balanced or well-educated. But a little thought will show that this answer is not quite fair. To believe in the near coming of a Great Teacher is not, in itself, a sign of folly. For example, anyone who held this belief a few years before the coming of the Buddha or the Christ would now be considered, retrospectively, to have been a wise man inspired by a true prophetic instinct. There is another interesting point, too—that the less this instinct was supported, in such cases, by the machinery of mere thinking, the more we should respect it. It impresses us more to think of John the Baptist as uttering forth an irresistible inner intuition, as swayed by a divine impulse of which he could give no account, than if he had arrived at the conviction that a Messiah was to be expected by a purely intellectual study of the signs of the times. So, too, with the story of the recognition of the marvellous Babe after birth. It is the spontaneity here which appeals to our imagination, whether it be the recognition of the aged Simeon in the Gospel story or that of the Rishis who visited the infant Buddha. Once, indeed, the fact is assured, then the more intuitive, the less reflective, the premonition of it, the more impressive and appropriate it seems to be. If, twenty or thirty years hence, there actually appears in the world a mighty Spiritual Teacher who, as the centuries pass, will come to be recognised as such by the whole world, then it will not be those people

* Since a great part of our Star Work must consist in the endeavour to explain the grounds of our belief to others, a short summary of those grounds may perhaps be helpful to new members.

who anticipated His coming by an intellectual process of putting two and two together, but those who knew it beforehand by some inner kind of soul-certainty, who will be thought of most highly by posterity. For thinking is, after all, only a human process ; whereas intuition has in it always something of the divine.

It is a very different matter, however, where the belief has still to be accomplished. So long as the event which we anticipate remains in the bosom of futurity—to be realised or not realised, as the case may be—a simple intuition, unsupported by argument, is of very little value, except possibly to the individual concerned. It cannot, at least, be expected to convince. In order to justify the belief, we need something more ; and there is a special reason why justification is to be considered necessary. For, if the belief be true—and we should not hold it unless we thought it to be so—it is supremely important that as many people as possible should come to share it with us, in order that they, too, may be prepared beforehand for this great happening. To this end, a mere reiteration of the belief will do little to attract sympathetic attention. What is needed is that the conviction, which we hold, should be shown to be no haphazard and unreflective pronouncement, but one based on clear and logical thought ; one arising out of, and part of, a reasonable philosophy of things.

Only in this way can any member of the Order, as things are now, really help to persuade others to think as he does ; and only thus can he, incidentally, vindicate his own sanity and balance of mind. For, until he gives his reasons, the outside world is not to be blamed for imagining that he has no reasons to give. There may still be members of the Order, and very good ones, who rest their faith on intuition only ; but, unless they can change this into the current coin of the intellect, they are not the members who will do most to establish the claims of the Order to outside intellectual respect. The work of explaining ourselves has undoubtedly to be done ; the public has a

right to demand of the Order that it shall “put up a case.” It is because this work of explanation is so clearly necessary that the next two or three essays in this series have been written.

I do not expect to put up an unanswerable case ; that, in the circumstances, is impossible. But I shall try to show that this belief of ours, which has been so much ridiculed by the world, is neither so arbitrary nor so unintelligent as it is sometimes assumed to be. Failing the final proof or disproof, which the future alone can give to it, I shall endeavour to indicate why it is that thinking and well-instructed members of the Order, all the world over, feel that they have, at least, sufficient reason for holding it,—whether that reason take the form of legitimate deductions from sound general principles or legitimate conclusions from an accurate observation of facts, or of both.

The first point to take up is obviously : What is it that we actually believe ?

The question has particular importance in view of the many misconceptions in existence about the Order and its faith. The following statement may be taken as expressing the official belief of the Order, *i.e.*, the belief on which, as an organisation, it is founded.

The precise words of the *Declaration of Principles*, in which the Order states its belief, are these : *We believe that a Great Teacher will soon appear in the world.* These words should be carefully noted, because they do away with one very common misapprehension about the Order,—namely, that it specifies some particular Great Teacher as the One whom it expects. This is not the case. The Order makes no pronouncement as to the identity of the Great Teacher. The words are “a Great Teacher.” It is open to any member of the Order of the Star in the East to think as he will about the coming Teacher, to look upon Him as one of the Great Teachers of the past returning to earth, or as identical with none of these. All that is stated in the *Declaration of Principles* is that some great Spiritual Personage is expected to come forth amongst men in the near future—nothing more.

Taking the belief, then, in its general form, as above stated, it is clear that it is logically divisible into three parts.

(1) No one could hold the belief, who did not believe in the wider proposition that the appearance of Great Teachers is still possible among men. This part of the belief, therefore, may be formulated as follows: *We believe that the appearance of Great Teachers in the world is a recurring phenomenon and that what has happened in the past can happen again in the future.*

(2) The use of the word "soon," in the *Declaration of Principles*, implies that there is some connection between definite times and seasons and these periodic manifestations of Great Teachers. How otherwise should we be in a position to expect such a manifestation soon rather than late—e.g., within the next fifty years rather than five hundred or a thousand years hence? It is clear that, implicit in the word "soon," is a most interesting assumption; namely, that at certain periods of the world's history the coming of a Great Teacher is more likely to be expected than at others; with the further assumption that such periods can be detected by the right kind of observation. We may elaborate this part of the belief, then, into the statement: *We believe that the coming of the Great Teacher, whom we expect, is even now imminent, because we detect, in the times in which we are living, all the signs of a period in which such a Manifestation would be both fitting and normal.*

(3) The third part of the belief looks more definitely ahead. If what we believe be true, then sooner or later there will appear in the world an Individual who will be the Great Teacher whom we expect. When that moment arrives, it will be for the Order (as indeed for the world in general) to say, or to deny, that this is He whose coming was foretold. At present we are not called upon to make any such statement. But it is impossible to deal completely with our Star belief, without including some consideration of this future extension and application of it. At the end of these articles, therefore,

something will be said about this third part of the belief, if only for the reason that the whole conception of the Order, its methods of training and the mental attitude which it enjoins, are intended to lead up to this. The Order has not been founded to expect the coming of a Great Teacher and then to repudiate Him when He comes. It has been founded with the definite object of doing its best to insure that expectation shall, in the fulness of time, pass naturally into recognition. That is why this part has to be taken into account.

I propose now to take these three parts of the belief in their order and to give, as briefly as possible, an analysis of the intellectual position involved in each.

I.

We believe that the appearance of Great Teachers in the world is a recurring phenomenon and that what has happened in the past can happen again in the future.

It is clear that some such belief as this is a logical prerequisite, before we can believe in the future manifestation of any Great Teacher. There is no follower of any of the world's great religions who does not believe in the manifestation of some Great Teacher in the past. The question which he has to decide is whether such a manifestation can be conceived as also possible in the time which is to come.

Much will depend upon the particular religion to which he happens to belong. For there are certain religions into which the belief in a succession of Great Teachers fits naturally and easily. There are others into which, at first sight, it does not appear to fit at all. What this means is that there are many members of the Order of the Star in the East who have been able to accept its central belief without the consciousness of having transgressed against any of their traditional doctrines; while others have only been able to do so either by a reinterpretation of their traditional orthodoxies or by a bold affirmation, as against these, of the convictions of their own minds. The former have no need to vindicate themselves to their fellow-

religionists, so far as this first part of the Star belief is concerned. The latter have.

Glancing at the former class of Star members first—a Hindu, for example, holds, as one very ancient and integral tenet of his faith, the belief that God reveals Himself to the world through a series of Divine Manifestations. So deeply rooted, in fact, is this belief that it is, without doubt, too indulgently held by the Hindu race. The most ordinary *sadhu*, or holy man, with an elementary knowledge of Hatha Yoga, can even to-day claim to be an Avatar, or embodiment of the Divine, without challenge or obloquy. This too facile application of the belief, however, only cheapens and distorts a profound doctrine of Hinduism, which is not without its majesty:—the doctrine, namely, that the divine superintendence of human evolution never flags nor sleeps, that what was possible in the legendary past is equally possible to-day. The need, according to Hinduism, determines the response. “Whenever *dharma* decays,” says Sri Krishna in a celebrated passage of the Bhagavad Gita, “I take birth amongst men.” For the Hindu, therefore, a belief in the periodic appearance of divine Teachers is part and parcel of his religion. A Hindu needs no juggling with the doctrines of his hereditary faith in order to join the Order of the Star in the East. All that he needs is a feeling that the present time, the period in which we are living, bears the signs of a time in which a supremely great Spiritual Teacher is needed, and in which, therefore, such a Teacher may reasonably be expected to appear.

Similarly with the Buddhist. The Buddha, as we all know, looked upon Himself as only one of a long succession. Buddhist literature mentions a series of previous Buddhas. In a well-known passage the Lord Gautama Buddha definitely speaks of, and names, His successor. The passage is thus rendered in Dr. Paul Carus's *Gospel of Buddha*:—

And the Blessed One replied: “I am not the first Buddha who came upon earth, nor shall I be the last. In due time another Buddha

will arise in the world, a Holy One, a supremely enlightened One, endowed with wisdom in conduct, auspicious, knowing the universe, an incomparable leader of men, a master of angels and mortals. He will reveal to you the same eternal truths which I have taught you. He will preach His religion, glorious in its origin, glorious at the climax, and glorious at the goal, in the spirit and in the letter. He will proclaim a religious life, wholly perfect and pure, such as I now proclaim. His disciples will number many thousand, while mine number many hundred.”

Ānanda said: “How shall we know Him?”

The Blessed One said: “He will be known as Maitrēya, which means ‘He whose name is kindness!’”

So far, therefore, from a Buddhist having doctrinal difficulties in the way of joining the Order, he has before him a definite statement, by the Great Teacher whom he reveres, that another such Teacher will appear in the fulness of time—a Teacher whose credentials have, so to speak, been endorsed in advance by the Blessed One Himself. What more natural, therefore, than to look for such a Teacher? Here again, the only question to be considered will be whether the particular time is one in which the coming of a Great One is to be anticipated—a matter of opinion and reflection, merely, not of religious faith.

Like the Buddhists and the Hindus, the Mahommedans have their Great Teacher, for whose coming forth in due time they have been taught to look. This is the Twelfth Imam, the last of His line, who is believed to be waiting, in some secret place, the striking of the hour which shall herald His appearance amongst men.

A Hindu, a Mahommedan, or a Buddhist, therefore, can join the Order of the Star in the East, to-day, in the full conviction that he is doing nothing contrary to his ancestral religion. As has already been pointed out, the Order, in its *Declaration of Principles*, does not mention any particular great Teacher. Consequently, it is quite possible for members of all the three religions, in question, to enrol themselves in the Order, each retaining, meanwhile, his own interpretation of the belief. The Hindu may join, believing that the coming Teacher will be one of the great succession of Divine

Incarnations, or Avatars, or that He will be the Being known to Hinduism as the Jagad-Guru, or "World-Teacher"; a Buddhist may join, in the belief that the Expected One is the Bodhisattva Maitreya, the appointed Successor of the Lord Buddha; and the Mahommedan may enrol himself, in the expectation that the time is at length due for the appearance of the mysterious Twelfth Imam.

The Order of the Star in the East is equally open to all these; not because it seeks to impose upon each, by suggesting that the coming Teacher is the One whom he or she expects, but on the broad grounds that a great Spiritual Teacher claims a hearing, not because He bears such or such a name, but on His own merits, as the vehicle of Spiritual Truth. The coming Teacher may be any one, or none, of the Personages just mentioned. But, if He be truly a Spiritual Teacher, He deserves a reverent hearing from all men, no matter to what external Faith they may belong. On the question of His identity the Order, as such, has no pronouncement to make.

I have mentioned three typical great religions, into which the belief of the Order fits naturally and without difficulty. Let me now pass to one, into which, at the first glance, it seems hardly to fit at all. I refer to Christianity.

The obstacles presented by orthodox Christianity to a belief in any future appearances of Great Teachers in the world may be summed up as follows:—

(1) There has been only one Supreme Teacher in the history of the world, namely Jesus Christ. To look upon Him as merely One in a succession of the world's Great Teachers is to do dishonour to His unique position. (2) Owing to the appearance of the Christ in the world two thousand years ago, no further spiritual revelation can be conceived of as necessary. The last word was spoken by Him. (3) That Christ will come again is universally acknowledged; but His Second Coming will be coincident with the end of the world.

The above represents the general position of Christendom in relation to

the Star belief; and the reader will recognise how difficult it is, apparently, to reconcile this position with that of membership in the Order of the Star in the East. That the Order has many thousands of Christian members is, however, a fact; and it is a fact which calls for explanation. How do such members reconcile their membership with the religion to which they quite honestly claim to belong? Put in another way, how is it possible for a sincere Christian to share in the belief in the near coming of a Great Teacher?

The first of the obstacles, mentioned above, does not really enter into the question, since practically every Christian member of the Order holds that the coming Teacher will be the Christ Himself. The question is thus, not of any other Teacher superseding the Christ and so challenging His supremacy, but of the Christ Himself coming again as a Teacher amongst men, in order to give to them the spiritual help and teaching of which the age is in need.

This leads us naturally to the second obstacle—the view, namely, that the last word was said two thousand years ago and that no further teaching can, therefore, be needed by mankind. It is impossible here to go into a full discussion of this very interesting question.* All I can do is to indicate, in a few words, the general view of those who believe that there must always come times when new teaching is needed in the world.

They hold that to take this view is to make no reflection on any past teaching, no matter how lofty. The need for new teaching arises naturally out of the evolution of mankind through constantly new and changing conditions. It arises also out of the well-observed fact that even the noblest and most inspiring of teaching tends to lose its vital force, its grip upon the minds and hearts of men, by the simple operation of the passage of time. There are thus two general recurrent needs, both determined by

* It has been discussed in various places in existing Star literature.

the laws which govern an evolutionary world; the first, the need for the extension and amplification of any past teaching, in order to meet the needs of changing world-conditions, of new problems and new intricacies of life; the second, the need for the reinvigoration of an ancient teaching which has lost much of its vitality, its compelling force, through the lapse of time or through progressive misinterpretation.

Taking a dispassionate view, not merely of Christianity but of any of the world's great religions, it is clear that the great fundamental spiritual principles, underlying these, do not in themselves require restatement. We all know what they are; we all know, in broad outline, what any great Spiritual Teacher will, and must, teach. The great doctrines of Brotherhood, Love and Compassion; the fact that there is a greater Spiritual Life, enveloping and controlling this mundane life of ours, and that true living can only consist in subordinating, and so reconciling, the latter to the former;—these, we know, must be part of the message of any Great Teacher. When, therefore, we say that a Great Teacher is needed in the world, we do not mean that the world has any need of a new set of spiritual first principles. What we mean is that help is needed in bringing down these great principles into the common life of men, in showing how they can be applied to complex modern conditions and to the solution of modern problems—in a word, to the reorganisation of modern life in the light of the great Philosophy of the Spirit of which they are the expression. Our difficulties are *practical* difficulties, not theoretical. We need to be "shown how." And this implies not merely illumination but inspiration—not merely that we should be taught to see, but that our slumbering intuitions should be roused into eager response. There come times, in the history of the world, when the general spiritual life has relapsed into a sluggish and half-awakened condition, when the letter has usurped the place of the Spirit and when spiritual things, in general,

have receded to a very remote periphery of the consciousness of mankind. What is needed at such times is some new and original force, some strong impelling energy, to re-galvanise this torpor into life. One such force, which has pre-eminently played this part at intervals throughout history, has been the appearance in the outer world of great Spiritual Personalities who have brought down with Them, so to speak, into the stifled and darkened valleys of life something of the light, the freshness and the spacious freedom of the mountain peaks on which they habitually dwell. In the beautiful words of an ancient Hindu Scripture, such Great Beings, coming forth amongst men, "bring refreshment to the world like the coming of Spring."

Such, very briefly, is the view of those members of the Order who, being Christians, yet conceive that another Ministry of the Christ on earth, as a Teacher, is not only possible but also deeply needed. More will be said, on this question of the urgent need, in the next paper: but, so far as the principle is concerned, what has just been said may serve as a general statement of the position.

There is only one further point to consider, and that is the relation of this belief to the more ordinary Christian view that the next Coming of the Christ will be coincident with the end of the world.

It is perhaps unnecessary, here, to have recourse to the arguments, which not only members of the Order of the Star in the East but commonsense people in general would bring forward, in support of the view that the end of the world is not reasonably to be expected for a very long time to come. Suffice it that, in believing that a Second Coming of the Christ is imminent, Christian members of the Order do not associate this with any impending physical dissolution of the globe on which they dwell.

As against the orthodox reply to this—that they have therefore no right to believe in a Second Coming at all, at any rate in the near future—members of the

Order are justified in pointing to the very significant emendation, in the Revised Version, of the passage in the Gospels on which the ordinary "end of the world" belief is usually based. In that passage,* for the words "at the end of the world" the Revised Version substitutes the words "at the end of the age," which are a literal translation of the original Greek. It will be readily seen how profound a difference this makes. The expression "the age" has about it no final significance. The end of one age, in fact, seems to imply the beginning of another; or (shall we say?) to take it as implying this involves no stretch either of language or of ordinary logic.

If, then, the next Coming of the Christ is to be coincident, not with the end of the world, but simply with the end of an age, it surely becomes permissible to think of it as being definitely connected with a great epoch of transition—with a point in time when one age is dying and another is coming to birth; and this connection may reasonably be interpreted as *directive* in character. What more natural than that, at such a crisis, the Great One should come forth amongst men to give the directive impulse to the new era, to inaugurate the new type of civilisation which it is to embody, and to give shape to the spiritual ideals adapted to that type? And is this not only another way of saying that the next appearance of that Great One will be as a Teacher?

Judged, therefore, by the letter of Scripture, the position of the Christian member of the Order is not so unorthodox as it might hastily be thought to be. What he, or she, has done has been merely to

* Mark xxiv.

apply, to the consideration of the future, an interpretation of a Scriptural statement which that statement will logically bear. Out of the words, "at the end of the age," arises a conception into which the belief in a future appearance of the Christ, as a Teacher, reasonably fits, and which—on grounds already mentioned—has much to support it from the point of view of an evolutionary theory of the history of mankind.

Perhaps I should not conclude this first paper without a brief word as to the general position of the Order, considered not so much as a body of people belonging to various religions as in its character of a body of people with views of their own about life.

Generally speaking, the view held by members of the Order about the spiritual history of mankind would be (1) that that history must be looked upon as one and indivisible, unfolding under one Divine guidance, and all of it purposive and part of one Plan; (2) that all Great Teachers, alike, have been Instruments of this Plan, each in His appointed way and in relation to the special portion of mankind and the special epoch of human history which His ministry was intended to subserve; (3) that, in the great cycles of human evolution, there are times when this special form of help becomes necessary for man; and (4) that these crises are recurrent and arise naturally out of the evolutionary process.

All these propositions may be summed up in the formula from which we started: namely, *that the appearance of Great Teachers in the world is a recurring phenomenon and that what has happened in the past can happen again in the future.*

(To be continued.)

shades between, however, are the ones for which most of our power of discrimination has to come into play. Our common sense will have to decide then, whether we ought to direct the child's school education on the old-fashioned lines or in the second, "ideal" way, and to what measure we can go in the process of widening out the channels of its thought.

These are only some of the many difficulties we have to face when we want to bring our new conception of life into practical application. No doubt many times we shall make mistakes, but we can do "nothing more than our best," and leave the rest to the Gods.

E. LOURENSR.

SELFISHNESS AND UNSELFISHNESS

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—In the Editorial Notes of the February number of the HERALD OF THE STAR is a letter by a correspondent on "Unselfishness." May I give a few of the thoughts which came in my mind in reading said letter? Practice of unselfishness can be distinguished in two absolutely different ways, which I would like to call discriminative practice of unselfishness, and indiscriminative practice of unselfishness, and it seems to me that the last was the cause of the writing of said letter.

Indiscriminative practice of unselfishness is only a plain outpouring; it does not consider wisely whether by that abundant outpouring of thoughts, emotions and actions, not more harm is being done than by a wise restraint, or a wise doling out of unselfish thoughts, emotions and actions; it does take into consideration *all* the circumstances, all the characteristics of the object, unto whom thoughts, feelings and acts of unselfishness are consecrated; it does not consider in short, whether by an outpouring of that kind *real service* is being done to others. It is often a waste of energy, and its expression is often more harmful than useful.

The discriminative practice of unselfishness weighs and balances wisely the measure of outpouring; asks first of all by taking this line of action, by letting the emotions go along this line—by letting my thoughts run in this direction, am I really doing service to this person? Would not restraint be more serviceable to him?

In short, the discriminative practice of unselfishness is guided by the Higher Self, whereas the other is purely emotional.

E. LOURENSE.

No. 6, St. John's Road,
Bangalore.
March 4th, 1920.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

In the February number you invite opinions on the subject of a letter you print on "Unselfishness." The point of view taken in the letter is one which is often expressed, but with which I do not at all agree. I do not believe that "giving up," say on the part of a wife, can possibly *make* her husband selfish, though it may undoubtedly demonstrate any inherent

selfishness. Sometimes the "giving up" may not really be unselfish at all, or at least may have in it a much larger element of the feeling—not uncommon—"anything for a quiet life." But it seems to me that real unselfish love for anyone can only be pure gain to the person loved. Even in the case, say, of a spoilt child, it is not true affection that spoils him, but rather the failure to do what pure affection would dictate, namely, to point out lovingly when he is yielding to his lower nature—not by way of reproach, which would be a very undesirable impenitence, but by a loving appeal to his own higher nature.

I do not believe we "owe a duty to ourselves," nor that we are here "to express *ourselves* as perfectly as possible." I think we are here to unfold our innate divinity by love and service to the other lives. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Of course we ought to obey the laws of health, and to keep our bodies in good trim as far as we can, but when we are truly unselfish, even at the cost of fatigue and effort, then are we more truly progressing than when we are thinking about any imaginary "duty to ourselves." "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shall find it." To be unselfish "because it gives us greater pleasure to be unselfish than selfish" seems to be the very end and object of all evolution. What more can the Lord of Love Himself do than to love His world because it gives Him pleasure to do so?

E. FRANCIS UDNV.

8, Colville Gardens
London, W. 11.
March 5th, 1920.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—I am very interested in the question raised by the extract appearing under the heading "Unselfishness" in your February notes, and gladly avail myself of your invitation to readers to express their views.

It seems to me that it is a question of discrimination rather than of selfishness and unselfishness. Unselfishness attaches to the motive, and not to its expression. There is no doubt that very often selfishness does take the form of indulgence, it being easier to give

way than to resist, to pass a fault over than to rebuke or correct it. However, I do not think that this is always the case, nor even that such "unselfishness" is generally self-indulgence. In a vast number of cases, especially where parents and children are concerned, I should be inclined to consider that though there may be a taint of selfishness, the main motive is unselfish, and that the spoiling of the children, the injudicious self-immolation, is due to lack of knowledge, lack of discrimination.

In the Bhagavad Gita we read "Better one's own duty though destitute of merit, than the duty of another well discharged." I think this sums up the whole question. Our first and only duty is our own duty. The question for each to answer is "What is my duty? What can I do to serve the world best?" Having answered that question, he should go forward in the execution of that duty without turning aside to relieve every case of suffering and distress, avoiding the causing of unnecessary inconvenience and suffering to others, but being ready, in the course of the performance of his duty, to cause even acute suffering, if it is not avoidable save at the expense of the abandonment of such duty. That is true unselfishness. The folly of being too easy-going, too indulgently kind, is very clearly shown in the case of "only children," and is also often evident in the treatment of pupils by some teachers. It is not true kindness to pass over faults without punishment, or to place others in the way of escaping the consequences of ignorance. The Law of Karma is not a hard, cruel law, for the inevitableness of action and reaction, of cause and effect, is the guarantee of progress. God cannot remit the punishment of sin, because He is Love. So, too, with our dealings with our fellow men, it is a mistake to think that to allow others to interfere with our lives unchecked, is an expression of love, for by so doing, we are only permitting them to lay up evil for the future.

Each of us is here for a definite purpose; not for his own pleasure, nor for his own progress, but as a fragment of the One Divine Self, to express a phase of the Divine Idea. To allow others to prevent that purpose is to be disloyal to that Self.

As I said before, it is a matter of discrimination. We fail to discriminate between that which we can best do, our life-work, our duty, and that which another can do best, his duty; we fail to discriminate between permanent good and temporary relief. We have lost sight, individually and collectively as a race, of the truth

expressed in the word "Dharma"—the truth that each has a certain position in the One Whole, that each has corresponding powers, and that each has a duty to use those powers to fill the position to the best of his ability. True Wisdom, which is Love, consists in doing one's own duty without interfering with others, without permitting active interference by others, without turning aside from fear of causing temporary hurt, or in order to relieve passing suffering.

Yours sincerely,

P.O. Box 14, Christiana, C. M. JAMES.
Transvaal, S.A.,
29th February, 1920.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to the article "Unselfishness" in the February number of the HERALD, page 52, the following thoughts occur to me:—

Religion is a means of becoming more equal to, or absorbed in the higher self than in the lower self.

It is the motive that counts, and unselfish practices with purpose for gain are as harmful (or selfish) as selfish practice. (Motive is that which impels.) Why does it give us more pleasure to be unselfish than selfish? Evolution being a fact, the consciousness of the Higher Self cannot be otherwise than unselfish, as a part of evolution. If the motive is gain in spiritual evolution it is just as much selfish as in material evolution. When one knows one's Self one will not be deceived as to the true motive.

We want pleasure, but we will have to discriminate what kind of pleasure is lasting and does not recur to us an unpleasant past.

"An unselfish wife makes a selfish husband." Not so if the response of the husband is unselfish and the balancing of this response makes a harmonious vibration in the natures of both, which is happiness. Karma has its ways, too. Possibly there was lack of discrimination on the part of the unselfish wife.

From what point of view do "parents ruin their children?" Certainly not from the point of view of the ego of the child.

Why is the process of looking into one's self "too painful"? I would say that fear is here the difficulty, which often results in dishonesty to one's self. Fear, the means often used in the lower kingdoms for development.

Yours fraternally,

Los Angeles, J. LEEMBRUGGEN.
March 7th, 1920.

CONCERTED ACTION

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—May I make a further suggestion in connection with the admirable proposal, recently made in your pages, to have a combined daily concentration or "prayer" for Star

Members These are such tremendously critical days, and one feels that on those who know something of the power of thought and who have been training themselves for years, not only in thought control and direction, but in

trying to make themselves channels for the Forces of Truth and Righteousness, lies a heavy responsibility—namely, that of being a force in the direction of helping the world.

I believe that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of members of the Order of the Star, and of its sister society, the Theosophical Society, would respond to an appeal to unite in pouring out daily a great body of thought in the direction of helping the world at this critical stage through which we are passing. We know that there are great possibilities of advance for the world; there are also, obviously, great possibilities of hindering that advance. The Powers of Darkness seem to be arrayed against the Powers making for World Progress. Cannot we band ourselves together and throw whatever force for good we are capable of into the scale? Will you publish a short formula which everyone could use or modify as they liked, with the suggestion that members of the Order should

spend a few minutes every day in willing (or wishing or praying) that the Right may triumph in the world, that God's Kingdom may come, and His will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven? And will you invite (through their General Secretary, who would surely allow the *Vadwan* to be used for such a purpose) all members of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales to co-operate in this? I would further suggest that, when the scheme is definitely formulated, advances should be made to the heads of the Order of the Star and the Theosophical Society in each country to invite their members to co-operate. Surely we could in a short time generate a force that would be of real use to the Great Souls who are striving to liberate the world.

Yours sincerely,

AN OLD STAR MEMBER.

April 11th, 1920.

LEGAL BLACKGUARDISM

To the Editor of THE HERALD OF THE STAR.

Dear Sir,—The article which appeared in the August issue of THE HERALD OF THE STAR brought to my mind another aspect of "Rescue Work in Belfast," and one which your contributor overlooked.

The writer of the article tells your readers that legal proceedings are usually taken against the fathers of the babies. But are legal proceedings always necessary in order to make the fathers of the babies give pecuniary assistance? Surely a society founded upon such Christ-like principles does not rush these poor girls into legal proceedings without first trying to exercise more Christ-like methods. I personally am acquainted with a case where a young man voluntarily offered what your contributor describes as the maximum amount recoverable toward the upkeep of an illegitimate child.

He eventually consulted a Belfast solicitor, whose first advice to him was to "repudiate the whole thing." He further advised the young man that he was in a "perfectly safe position," that no legal proceedings could be taken against him, and that his best card to play was "to pretend absolute indifference to the whole affair." About eighteen months after this solicitor was first consulted the young man was again anxious to settle the amount to be given to the child's mother—although far from convinced that he was the father—but was advised by his solicitor that "it was too soon to talk of a settlement; better to give her a run for her money, and she'll think all the more of it when she gets it." A little later he tried to induce his client to send some other man to this girl to offer her money for allowing sexual intercourse, and then to "prove her a prostitute!" He kept putting

off "settling" upon one pretext or another for almost two years, although instructed by his client at the very outset that he did not want to try to win a lawsuit on any legal or technical point; in fact, that he did not want any legal proceedings, but advice how to settle the claim.

Eventually the girl's mother issued a process for seduction, which this solicitor strongly advised his client to fight—against his own will and reason. He told his client he "had his knife in the old lady," that he could go into court and swear he was the father of the child and that they couldn't get a penny "off" him, and so carried his client away that he did in fact temporarily lose his reason and went into court. This solicitor, like many others, appealed only to the baser passions of his client, and, for the purpose of making extra costs for himself, so inflamed the worst passions on both sides until an action was eventually fought.

This is done in Belfast—and elsewhere—every day in the week. This girl and the young man were both thrown into court to perjure themselves. The solicitor knew this would be the upshot of his fiendish machinations, but he did not care how long the case dragged on or how many souls were damned so long as his costs accrued.

Surely it is time to put a stop to such rascality and blackguardism. In the words of your contributor "Is this the law, is this the morality, is this the standard of conduct which in a supposedly enlightened, educated, Christian age we are content to have recognised and acted upon in our homes?" Cannot something be done to bring solicitors and other members of the "legal" profession under the same ethical code as the rest of the people?

Yours, etc.,

ROBERT V. CLELAND.

The Herald of the Star

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JUNE 1st, 1920

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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. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 20 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 2d. extra). United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per ann. (Post free). U.S.A. and South America, \$1.50 per ann. (Post free). All Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to the "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.



EDITORIAL NOTES

Divine Union In Activity

Year by year, as the mystical doctrine of the Higher Pantheism regains possession of men's hearts and minds, the conception of a possible union with Divinity becomes more and more a subject of earnest thought. That the whole world is the manifestation of an immanent Divinity is coming to be widely accepted as the only reasonable basis upon which Science and Religion can be reconciled; and with this there comes naturally a belief that man, as part of that manifestation, can somehow reach to a conscious participation in it. If God be in all things, He is surely in man; and, this being so, there must surely be some way of realising this indwelling Divinity, of union with It. The mystics of all ages have spoken of this possibility; yet there has been this feature about many of them, that the way of realisation has been spoken of as being the road of withdrawal. To realise God, the soul (they have maintained) must rise above the world of phenomena, it must break off its earthly ties and retire into an inner sanctuary apart. It is this separation of the spiritual from the earthly which has put the traditional Mysticism, whether of east or west, out of touch with the active and busy world of to-day. The way of withdrawal is not the way of the present age, and there seems much reason to suppose that it is not meant to be. What then becomes of the conception of a possible union with the Divine? Is it to be dropped as impracticable?—Surely not. All that is needed is the re-interpretation

of it in terms of the modern world. Let us, with great humbleness—for the subject is a lofty one—consider what it is that has to be said. Would it not be somewhat as follows?

* * *

Union with the Divine is in only one of its aspects a union of Rest. To be fully realised in all its richness it must be also a union of Activity. The soul that finds its home in God the Dreamer must go forth again into the outer world with God the Worker, the Externaliser of Dreams. It must become a living, conscious participator in that great process of Self-expression, whereby the Great-Worker thrusts forth His shaping, exploring, fashioning Life into the infinite complex of manifested existence. It must know itself as one of the countless cells of activity at the circumference, through which the Being at the heart of life is fulfilling His creative task. It must realise that the totality of this striving, active host is the "outer fringe" of the life of God Operative, and that "union" here means sharing in the Work. Its task is to push forward that Self-expression of the Divine a little further towards the ideal at the point of its own pressure, to weave the pattern a little more perfectly at the point where it happens to hold the threads in its own hands.

The whole world of life is engaged in objectifying the hidden God. Blundering, blind, imperfect the work is for the most part and done without any consciousness of its true meaning. But wherever,

at any point, it is done with fuller consciousness, with greater care and with more unsparing love of detail, at that point the God behind achieves a fuller Self-realisation. In the perfection of such craftsmanship God Himself finds liberation—not in the scope of the work done, but in the manner of its doing. Every occultist, every finished craftsman in the work of life, is a disimprisoner of the Divine, a point at which the Divine Light breaks through. “Yoga is skill in action.” The man made perfect is the living expression of God in Activity.

* * *

Every situation in life is capable of idealisation, for it is a kind of sliding point between the Divine Ideation and the perfection which It is seeking to achieve. The humblest work in life can thus become the subject-matter of the divinest dreams. Where we often fail is that we imagine that only certain special ways of manifestation are worthy of the Divine—the life of the saint, the anchorite, the philosopher, the sage. We forget that God is already manifesting Himself in the countless ways of ordinary life, and that what we need is not to reject those ways, but to press forward the manifestation a little further in the case of each of them. The path to the ideal lies *through* the ordinary; it does not skirt outside it or start at some point beyond it. Every one of us has a certain amount of the material of life in his hands to mould as he will. He can either let it lie untouched or he can elaborate it lovingly into a kind of perfection. The difference between one human being and another, as denizens of a world created and sustained by Divine Activity, lies not in their circumstances but in how far, for each, these circumstances are accepted as raw material for idealisation. A humble artisan, fired with a passion for perfection in his craft, is nearer to God than the most highly placed of individuals who feels no kind of idealistic reaction upon the stuff of life placed at his disposal. An ideal society would not be one in which every one lived the life of spiritual contemplation. It would consist in a society in

which each unit lived his own life, whether great or small in scope, with the zest for perfection. The complex industrial, material, commercial activity, upon which life in the physical world is founded, must persist; it cannot cease without life itself ceasing. What is demanded is that it should be carried on in an ideal way, cleansed, refined, perfected. In a world of perfect craftsmen—using this last word in its universal sense—God Himself would come into His home. Every man's work is a mansion which he can build for the indwelling of the Highest. Through it lies the way to Union.

* * *

This truth has never been more simply or more profoundly expressed than in the ancient Hindu doctrine of *Dharma*. The word *Dharma* is commonly translated as “duty.” But it has a wider significance than this. It means the playing of the appropriate part in a divinely ordained Scheme of organised activity, and playing that part with the perfection which this Scheme demands. To fulfil one's *Dharma* is to be the individualised expression of God in Activity. For the business of carrying on the work of the world countless *Dharmas* are necessary. Every individual has his or her own, conditioned by circumstances and environment; these individual *Dharmas*, in their turn, fall into certain broad groups or classifications, and all these, taken together, make up that supreme *Dharma* which we may call, in the words of *At the Feet of the Master*, “God's plan for men.” A world made perfect would be a world in which every individual performed his own *Dharma* so perfectly that, through it, God's plan achieved the realisation expected at that particular point. The sum total of all these *Dharmas* would then make up a mighty symphony of ordered activity, in which an infinite diversity would be welded into a great and harmonious whole.

* * *

When we are thinking of what the World-Teacher is likely to teach, it is impossible not to dream that He will do

something to bring back this spirit of *Dharma* into human life. The days of the separation of things spiritual from things secular or material have passed. What is needed to-day is the *re-spiritualisation of ordinary life*. All kinds of work that men do have their place in the great World-Scheme; hence they are rooted in the Divine. We need to be shown how the sap from that Divine Root can be drawn up into the remotest twigs and branches of the great tree of human work. There must, somewhere or other, be a "divine" way of doing everything. The meanest of activities must be somehow related to its Source. To lay bare this relation, to revivify it, to make it into a conscious spirit of dedication and service, is surely the work of One who comes to make all things new. In such a restoration of a lost spirit, it seems to us, lies the future redemption of the world. Work there must always be—and work which, wrongly regarded, may well seem irksome or undignified. The "new world" will not abolish these activities; it cannot. It will sanctify them by revealing them as necessary contributions to the great *Dharma* of the world, and so as parts of God's own Work. Even a Supreme-Teacher must take the world as He finds it; and to-day He will find a world of strenuous and complex activity. This will be the material which He will have to re-fashion; and He can only re-fashion it from within, by infusing a new spirit into it. That spirit will be the spirit of *Dharma*; and only when it is born anew will happiness come back to the world. For happiness lies not in the thing done but in the manner of its doing and in the way in which it is regarded by the doer. A world of dedication and service would be a happy world, because the Spirit of God would then dwell amongst men. Someday—perhaps in the very remote future—we shall have such a world. Meanwhile it will be the task of a succession of Great-Teachers to bring it, age by age, a little nearer.

* * *

Here, it seems to us, lies the solution of the difficulty of reconciling union with

the Divine with the conditions of modern life. The secret is—Union in Activity, conscious participation in the Divine plan for men. This is not, so to speak, a static union; it is a union of impetus and direction. It consists in what, perhaps, Professor Bergson would call a conscious self-identification with the *élan vital*. The doctrine has this great and obvious merit that it accepts, and allows for, the world as it is and conceives of the Divine as the active, planning Intelligence and Motive Force behind the world-process and, thus, of all work as being a part of His Work. We wish that we could have expressed ourselves better on this mighty subject; but perhaps our readers will fill out, from their own intuitions, the thought which is labouring behind our imperfect words.

* * *

Concerted Action

Much interest has evidently been aroused by the proposal of a contributor to a recent number of this Magazine that an effort should be made to organise simultaneous action on the part of the Order throughout the world. The reason given by the writer* was that the effect of such combined concentration of thought, reinforced by the Higher Forces which would undoubtedly make use of it, would be tremendous—possibly greater than we have any idea of. Work of this kind, the writer added, was probably part of the task which the Order had to fulfil in the world, and with the taking up of this task new life and vigour would assuredly flow into the organisation. In our last issue we printed a letter from an Old Member of the Star, cordially supporting the proposal and pointing out how badly needed was such a beneficent energy at the present time, and we think that all Star members, and particularly those who have made any study of the working of occult forces, will endorse this view. The only practical problem is how to put the proposal into effect.

* A Member of the Order, in the third of the *Short Essays on Star Work*.

Simultaneity is of course essential, the idea being that at a given moment Star members all over the world should join in sending out a combined stream of thought for the helping of mankind. To break this up into a number of smaller streams, projected at different times, would obviously be to weaken the force. The question is: how can we arrange for simultaneous action on the part of an organisation which is represented in most of the countries of the globe, and for many Sections of which any fixed moment would fall in the small hours? In answering this question we need the help of our readers, and we shall be glad of any suggestions which they may care to make through the medium of our Correspondence columns. Meanwhile we put forward an idea of our own quite tentatively.

* * *

Our proposal is that there should be two fixed points in the twenty-four hours which should be known throughout the Order as "Star Time," and that the various Sections should adopt the one or the other according as it happened to be most convenient. Taking the largest span possible, we suggest that the two points should be 8 a.m., Greenwich time, and 8 a.m., New Zealand time, the difference between these two being roughly eleven-and-a-half hours. What has then to be worked out is a schedule, showing at what hour of the day these two points will fall in the various Sections of the Order. One half of the Star world could then attach itself to one of the points and the remaining half to the other. The Order, as a whole, would thus have two moments in the twenty-four hours which would be recognised as the moments for sending out combined thought. In parts of the globe where both points happened to fall within the ordinary waking hours, both could be observed; in countries where one of the points fell during the hours normally devoted to sleep, only one could be kept.

* * *

Since 8 a.m. may be taken, roughly, as the start of the day, it follows that the

general principle of grouping the Sections would be to regard the country, which provided the mean time in question, as the westernmost limit, and to extend eastwards for grouping purposes. If the fixed point, for example, is 8 a.m. Greenwich time, then in any country east of Great Britain the point will fall later in the day, thus making for convenience, whereas in any country west of Greenwich the hour would fall earlier in the morning; 8 a.m. at Greenwich being approximately 9 a.m. in Germany, Austria, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and several other countries, and 1.30 p.m. in India; whereas it is about 3 a.m. in New York, and midnight (of the preceding day) at San Francisco. The Greenwich group would thus include all countries east of England, for which the hour corresponding to 8 a.m. Greenwich time fell within the ordinary waking hours; the New Zealand group would include all countries in a westerly direction, within the same limits. What this comes to, broadly speaking, is that the Greenwich group would include Europe, Asia and Africa, while the New Zealand group would include Australia and the two Americas. At the extreme ends of both groups both the points could, if necessary, be observed, since it would be easy, in western Europe for example, to observe the New Zealand "Star Time," which would fall at about 7.30 p.m., while New Zealanders could equally well keep the Greenwich "Star Time" in addition to their own, since it would fall at 7.30 p.m. *the previous day*—a complication which does not matter in the least if there is to be a daily observance of the points.

* * *

Unfortunately, at the time of writing, we have only a *Whitaker's Almanack* by us, which gives the corresponding times in various parts of the world only approximately, whereas it would obviously be desirable to have them worked out quite accurately, in view of the fact that the daily concentration of thought can only last a few minutes, at the most, and

members of the Order would wish it to be really simultaneous. The HERALD OF THE STAR will therefore be exceedingly indebted to any reader who will do it the service of working out a double table, showing the exact time at which these two fixed points will fall in various Sections of the Order. The best plan will be to take the list of Sections on page 3 of the cover, and to note the town or city in which the headquarters of each is situated, and then to work out the table of times in relation to these towns. For purposes of easy reference, the two times might be called, respectively, "Star Time A" and "Star Time B"—"Star Time A" being 8 a.m. Greenwich time, and "Star Time B" 8 a.m. New Zealand time. The table should show, in two columns, at what hour of the day or night these times fall at the headquarters of the various sections. If some kind friend will undertake this piece of work at once, we shall be able to publish the table in the July number of the Magazine. We hope that there may be a speedy response to this request for a useful little piece of service.

* * *

Once the table has been worked out, the next task will be to arrange the exact form of thought which is to be taken up by the Order. Here it would perhaps meet the wishes of members most fully, if a request were sent to the Head and the Protector of the Order that they should prescribe the form of thought which seemed to them most valuable and most needed. This we propose to do, and it is possible that a reply may be received in time for publication in August. Meanwhile the whole subject is thrown open to correspondence, since it is quite conceivable that the idea of simultaneous action may be capable of development in all kinds of directions which have not yet occurred to us. Combined thought on a given theme is the most obvious method of using such an effort; but no doubt there are other methods which, with proper organisation, could be used

equally well. We invite the suggestions of our readers.

* * *
**Notice to
 Subscribers**

It is with great regret that we have to announce that the HERALD OF THE STAR will be somewhat reduced in size after the present issue. This is not due to the difficulty in obtaining contributions mentioned in last month's *Editorial Notes*, but to the fact that the new Budget has raised the postage rates, making it impossible for the Magazine to keep the same number of pages without incurring a heavy financial burden it is not in a position to face. We are sure that our subscribers will accept the situation with good grace, and will realise the difficulties under which all printed publications labour in these post-war days. The HERALD OF THE STAR has never aimed at being a commercial success, in the sense of subordinating its more special aims to the exigences of the balance sheet. Its message has always come first, and its only financial aim has been to move as economically as possible within its prescribed limits. We have sometimes felt, it must be confessed, that a magazine with a mission like that of the HERALD OF THE STAR should receive more support than it does from those who have pledged themselves to the furtherance of that mission. But we realise the difficulties of members to the full, and do not look for more help than we have reason to expect. We shall use our best endeavours to ensure that the reduction in the number of pages will not seriously impair the interest and value of the magazine, and we once more renew our appeal to those members, who possess literary ability, to help us with contributions.

* * *
**Sectional
 Reports**

No new reports reached the Editor last month, nor have any been sent in since the publication of the May number. The pages under the heading *Star Work in Many Lands* are of great interest to large numbers of our readers, and we ask National representatives to help us to make them a monthly feature.

The Books that Matter and the Way to Read Them

By S. L. BENSUSAN

DO we, who call ourselves book lovers and believe that we can justify a claim to the title, pause often enough to consider the order or nature of our choice? This question came to my mind the other day when a friend, who is setting out on a long journey in search of the good health that persistently eludes him, asked me to recommend twenty books to be his companions through a long sea voyage. He proposed to fill one small box with books, because some experience of the library that serves the average steamship company had failed to inspire him with any confidence. At the same time he was not prepared to make his own choice, being above all things else a tired man and incapable of swift decisions. Fairly widely read and having some little acquaintance with dead languages but very little with any of the living ones save his own, he was anxious to include no work in the precious box that he could not turn to as a friend through a long period of enforced leisure. And, like all too many readers, he was not sure of his friends.

It is confessedly a little difficult to take up the position of literary mentor, because in books as in all other things one man's meat is another man's poison, and it was only because I knew something of my friend's tastes and literary tendencies that I felt justified in giving a quiet hour to the subject of his needs. Naturally enough, difficulty arises when you try to do justice, within strict limits, to any one branch of literature. The simplest method was to set down in the first place the indispensable books, a list far exceeding a score. Thereafter the task became one of elimination. One favourite after another was discarded

regretfully, but in the end the books that remain can stand a searching test.

The first two must be held inevitable—the Bible and Shakespeare; a reasonable division did not seem to leave room for more than two other poets to follow the writers of the Psalms and plays. Wordsworth was set down first and his successor in the Laureateship followed. It seems but a little while ago that Tennyson went his way, but he knew Wordsworth, and Wordsworth lived through the French Revolution and the great Continental Wars, so that these two men connect us with the last but one of the vast upheavals that took their heavy toll of Europe's civilisation. This gives their work an added interest. We see how, from the strenuous, thoughtful work of the elder poet we reach the purely lyrical beauty of Tennyson and, if it were only for the sake of the omen, I think I should have elected to follow the lakeland philosopher poet with the writer of "In Memoriam" and "The Idylls of the King." I look or at least hope for a great lyrical outpouring when the minds of men have become tranquil, when thought has turned from war to peace, from strife to goodwill on earth.

The Koran, though only in Sale's poor translation, came next on my list. I am no Arabist; my whole acquaintance with that language being limited to the smattering that I was able to pick up when travelling in the East many years ago, but scholars who can read the Koran in its original tell me that it has beauties that Sale's pedestrian treatment could not compass. If indeed this be so, then the book is more marvellous than ever, because even in the bald version familiar

to the Western World there is so much to reward a student, the student not only of comparative religions, but of Eastern life. Yet another book that combines religion with philosophy seems to be required, and "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius"—greatest of the Antonines—found the sixth place in my list. Then I thought of the Essayists, upon whom in the long run all lovers of literature must lean, and I set down Charles Lamb, Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the last named for a volume that should include all his "Breakfast Table" Series. Then after further consideration, and after great wrestling with the desire to include Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," I added Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects," Gilbert White's "Selborne" and Boswell's "Johnson." All these are for me at least among the most reposeful works that were ever written and are, I think, particularly suited to hours of leisure which no telephone, telegram, or postman can disturb, those brief transitory seasons when, without interruption or rebuke, a man holds converse with his own soul.

On a sudden I remembered that the "Pilgrim's Progress" had been left out, and with many apologies to the unconquerable spirit of John Bunyan I added his masterpiece. It seemed time then to think of a good classic, and after hesitating for a while with a very great leaning towards the Odes of Horace I gave a final decision in favour of Virgil's "Georgics," believing as I do that there is no part of the world in which the appeal of those exquisite poems can fail. I remembered too that, in some of the countries through which civilisation has not yet tramped too heavily, I have seen in comparatively recent years such conditions as may have prevailed in the past when Virgil himself was making his first acquaintance with those facts and theories of husbandry to which he has given immortality. From Virgil to the work of writers who were not English seemed a natural transition, but in spite of all the manifold temptations that France can offer, I chose nothing French and was content to set down

Spain's one book, "The Adventures of Don Quixote, Knight of La Mancha," the masterpiece of him who "laughed Spain's chivalry away." I added Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," because it is a book to which I turn again and again with un-failing pleasure, while for the sake of history and remembering that Wordsworth was to find a place in the book box, I set down Carlyle's "Revolution," perhaps the most painstaking book that ever writer penned. When one remembers that this book was completed and then accidentally destroyed, that Carlyle had to take up the monumental task again, and that he brought it to a triumphant conclusion, it seems to me to confer upon the author a greater claim to reverent attention than almost any work that the nineteenth century can put forward. Only the highest devotion could have availed to turn a man back to a task that must have cost so great an energy, so wide a knowledge and so extended a research, and only those who have felt its value can realise, however faintly, the author's first sense of loss. It is a monument of self-mastery, of a sublime reconquest of spirit in the author who on the black and bitter night of his great loss, "went out and slammed the door—the angriest man in London."

Finally I was left with only three books to represent the endless fiction of all time, and here came perhaps the most difficult part of the task, because who will be prepared to take three works and say "these may be recommended to the man who has no other choice"? Certainly not I. I do not suggest that my selection has any special claims for consideration, or that one in a hundred readers would confirm it. I was content merely to choose the three books to which in the circumstances I think I would turn with the greatest pleasure. They were Charles Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," Thackeray's "Pendennis," and Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd," and then I found that the list of twenty was full, and that as my limit was reached there was nothing more to be said. For good or bad, I had made the choice.

Now comes the question that interests me the most. How far is such a choice representative of literature at its best? How many phases does it cover? To what extent and for how long could a reader, limited to those twenty books, derive so complete a satisfaction from them that he would have no sense of their incompleteness? Perhaps there are only half-a-dozen in the list that would gain general acceptance, but the soundest critics are those who use literature as an aid to life, and do not look upon it merely as an accompaniment to an idle hour. From these I would accept a verdict, however adverse. I believe that any man or woman who could pass a searching examination in those twenty works could establish a definite acquaintance with culture, using that rather befouled word in its best and least offensive sense. I think that there are no twenty books in my own library to which I am more deeply indebted or to which I turn more frequently in the certain knowledge that they will not fail to respond to my needs. The whole question of the relation of literature to life is one that is worth far more consideration than it receives in these days, when the output of books is multiplied beyond all reasonable limits and when less than five per cent. of the work that issues from the publishing houses has any hope of or any claim to survival. I cannot avoid the thought that we do not deserve well of our books, that we tend in these unrestful times to shun rather than to seek concentration. It is difficult, with all the shelves of the library before you, to avoid the temptation. I think the hive has given me a lesson in discrimination in the face of perennial temptation. At seasons of the year when the pollen is seemingly inexhaustible, you will see the bees arriving at the entrance to the home with their pollen bags full to bursting point—but only with pollen of one colour. A bee concentrates. Whatever the source of the supply chosen, no other source is tapped, and though all colours mingle in the cell, a bee is constant to its choice.

We cannot all hope to imitate the well-regulated industry of the hive, but we can at least so prepare ourselves that the seeds sown by great masters of the written word may fall on responsive soil. It is hopeless to expect that a good book taken up in hours that are given almost entirely to purely material considerations will have anything to say to us. Thoughts have a certain penetrative power given to them by those who are masters of expression, but in order that the magic may be conveyed to the reader there must be on his side a certain definite measure of response, a sympathetic mood, a devotion that admits of no interference from outside. He must vibrate in harmony. I have often been struck by the unpleasantly tidy aspect of libraries in houses whose owners profess to care for letters. I have even, sad though it is to say so, taken down world classics from the shelves to find all or a goodly proportion of the pages still uncut. They are perhaps, delightfully bound and very imposing, they have spread their feast but no man has come to the banquet. Charitably, I have endeavoured to take it for granted that some other edition must have been used for reading, and that the one I have handled must have been placed there for ornament, but in the long run only the well-thumbed book inspires confidence.

Now there are very few occasions in the life of a busy man when he is really receptive to the best that books have to offer him. In rare cases he may possess the power of self-detachment that will enable him to snatch a leisure hour from a strenuous day and devote it to the pursuit of the printed page. More often the reader chooses the evening, when the day's work is done, only to find that the tax that work has imposed upon him is fatal to true concentration and appreciation. A long convalescence, a sea voyage, a holiday in some very remote or secluded part of the country—these are the occasions that give literature its chance, or perhaps it would be better to say that they give the individual his chance of responding to

literature. I had the feeling, in setting down a list of twenty precious volumes for a friend, that he would at least have the opportunity denied to most of us in these times of stress and turmoil.

I have enjoyed the experience of reading at sea, and I know nothing more completely tranquillising on days when Neptune has taken full charge of the Caverns of Aeolus, when the weather is warm and a secluded corner can be found. Then, amid the wide spaces of the waters and the sky, with the rhythmic motion of the screw, with long hours that are safe to pass undisturbed and with the purest air in all the world to stimulate the senses, it is possible to concentrate with the happiest effect upon some great work. In that hour it reveals itself perhaps for the first time; all manner of hidden meanings flash to the surface; profound depths of thought are revealed and illumined, and we may understand for the first time why such and such a work has commanded a life of centuries, and even to-day shows no signs of growing old. There is surely something sobering and startling in the thought that the book now appealing to us was being read centuries before we were born and will be read centuries hence. It is a permanent source of mental world wealth of which you, the reader, are permitted to take a share. You alone can decide if it shall be a large one or a small.

Even in the cloistered seclusion of a College or the Inns of Court it is impossible to read with the same satisfaction as one may find at sea, because the call of the world without is so persistent. One is conscious of it all the time; yet a few paces and we may find ourselves in the midst of all manner of amusements and excitement, in a world that takes no time to think. The latest news is flowing from all points of the compass, and the only matters of moment are things as ephemeral as the moments themselves. Amid the great waters, on the other hand, there is no distraction on calm summer days, and I am inclined to think that those who go down to the

sea in ships with no other business than the recovery of health or the enjoyment of a holiday, have an opportunity of communion with the Immortals that is denied to most of their fellow men.

It would be interesting to have the opinion of book lovers about the score of books they would take for the ideal holiday, and the reasons they would give for rejecting all or any of those that I have set down here. There is a wonderful mystery about the great books of the world. I cannot help thinking that in some fashion beyond our comprehension, they have their own favourites, and to those favoured ones they reveal themselves just as, in the legends of the heathen deities, the gods and goddesses assume material forms for the gratification of those they delight to honour or dishonour, as the case may be. For myself, I am inclined to think that there can be no more delightful holiday than a sea voyage with one chosen companion, and the books that have meant most to us. I can imagine nothing that would bring the holiday maker back to a work-a-day world with a greater sense of refreshment or with a more assured knowledge that he was in closer touch than ever before with the great masters, those who remain so long after their mere physical pilgrimage is at an end.

The pace of life is opposed to reading; pleasures of rapid movement and frequent change draw us away from books, while at the same time we have an outrageous glut of transitory fiction that seeks to beguile the tedium of our few spare moments. I am not surprised to find myself a little envious of the friend on whose behalf I have put forward a score of volumes which you who read will doubtless find ill-chosen and woefully incomplete. He is going to enjoy what you and I are unlikely to obtain, strive we never so hard.

Perhaps my list may be challenged by my readers: indeed it can hardly escape challenge — *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*. Not a few may declare it utterly inadequate; the compilation of a person if not void of all taste, at least

void of sound discretion. But the books chosen are old and tried friends, to whom a hardened reviewer and occasional book-maker owes a deep debt of gratitude, and counts to owe yet more. His obligation will always be greater to the old than to the new writers.

Years ago I had an old friend a musician,

well known and greatly admired. He was looked upon as a Master, but only a short time before he died he remarked to me: "Now, after fifty years or more, I begin to grasp Beethoven's Symphonies, to understand what they really are." Need one press the analogy?

S. L. BENSUSAN.

Two Poems

By E. G. PIERCE

THE FIRE

Light in the storm-dark unfurling
Whirling, strangely whirling,
Fire in the darkness groweth, a centre of mystical Light.
Forms, of the Great Form hinting,
Light, of the One Light glinting,
Stirreth thy heart O man? O lift up thine eyes to clear Sight!

Greater the stirring groweth,
Spiral the form that showeth,
Spiral on which there climbeth all Life that shall ever be.
And the shining Shapes come dancing,
And twisting, gleaming, advancing,
To swirl the heart from the bodies that prison you and me!

Out of the shapeless darkness
Rise we from all our weakness,
Drop we all that retards us, keeps us from being free.
O Friend, climb we the spire,
Breathe wind, and taste the Fire,
To Life itself aspire
With the gladness of Gods in shapes that shall touch Eternity.

SHADOWS

In the half-light, Truth, which might pass unnoticed in the busy brightness of noonday, may slip into the quietened spirit.

1.
A shadow-world the garden is,
Peopled with changing shades;
The moonlight slips across the grass
Touching the tender blades.

2.
The old familiar chestnut trees
With mystery shroud the lawn;
Within their hearts the little winds
Lie whispering till the dawn.

3.
The silent song the shadows weave
Broods o'er the chequered ground,
And sense of other-worldly things
Enchants in Light made Sound.

4.
And nothing is as in the day,
Night-shadowed is the blue:
We see in part, and know in part,
Yet is that part less true?

“Help Nature and Work with Her”

By C. JINARAJADASA

Help nature and work with her ; and nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance.

And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depth of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of matter, she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit—the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms.

Then she will show thee the means and way, the first gate and the second, the third, up to the very seventh. And then, the goal ; beyond which lie, bathed in the sunlight of the Spirit, glories untold, unseen by any save the eye of Soul.—THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE.

ONE of the marks of advancing civilisation is the greater attention paid to the influences of nature. While the savage is a mere item in the pageant of nature, the civilised man is conscious of his relation to her, and specially of her use to him. He has, however, yet to realise what is his use to nature.

We look upon the life of nature from many aspects, according to our temperament and training. Some look on her as the place of beauty ; they delight in the beauty of the flower or the tree, in the freshness of the valley or the forest. There are ever in nature myriads of streams of life, and one element in the beauty of nature is the dim sensing of all their mysterious activities. There are also times when those who are sensitive feel an intense sense of joy in the life of nature.

We can also know nature in terms of detailed knowledge such as modern science gives. If we know botany, zoology, mineralogy, etc., then, when we contemplate nature, there arises in our minds the realisation of nature as full of method and plan. Nature then becomes an intensely fascinating book, wherein the mind of man can read many a wondrous tale of the mysteries of life.

A more abstract conception of nature becomes ours when we see all nature as

linked into one great ladder of evolving life and form. When we thus contemplate nature, and see man's life as rising out of the animal, then we soon begin to see man as also descending from the Angels, and the life of nature becomes a veritable Jacob's Ladder. The scientific conception of evolution, which shows the lowliest forms of life slowly ascending to the highest, gives us a new meaning as we survey nature.

There is also a still more magnificent conception of nature as the Garment of God. When we are responsive to this aspect of nature, then all the previous conceptions get mingled into a unity which is indescribable. Just as, when the separate colours of the spectrum blend into one white ray, they dazzle the eye, so does the conception of nature as the Garment of God dazzle the highest intellect of man. What more wonderful conception of nature as the Immanence of God can there be found than in these verses from the Upanishads ?

I know this mighty Man, sun-like, beyond the darkness, Him and Him only knowing, knowing Whom one crosseth over death ; no other path at all is there to go.

Whose faces, heads and necks, are those of all, who lieth in the secret place of every soul, spread o'er the universe is He, the Lord. Therefore as all-pervader, He is benign.

That sure is fire ; That sun ; That air ; That surely moon ; That verily the bright ; That Brahm ; the waters That ; That the Creator.

Thou woman dost become, and man, and youth, maid too in sooth ; when old with staff thy steps thou dost support ; thou takest birth with faces on every side.

Blue fly, green bird, and red-eyed beast, the cloud that bears the lightning in its womb, the seasons, and the seas, beginningless, art thou. In omnipresent power thou hast thy home, whence all the worlds are born.

What God in fire, in water what, what doth pervade the universe entire ; what in the plants, what in the forest-lords—to Him, to God, hail and all hail !

SHVETASHVATARA UPANISHAD.

Now, while man, as he grows, becomes more and more aware of this Immanence, all things in nature too become aware of it to some extent. Each plant dimly feels the Immanence in the work which it does of growth and propagation ; each animal in its life of instinct is aware, in its own way, of the Immanence of God. Of course the life of plants and animals is not aware of it as man is aware with his mind ; nevertheless forms of life less than man are aware of a hidden purpose in nature.

For the plant and the animal, the realisation of the Immanence is in their subservience to a Will in nature. If we look at their life, we shall find that at the root of it is a great dedication and unselfishness. Men may take a delight in their own personal beauty, or love beauty for beauty's sake, and enjoy solely for their own enjoyment, but, in the life of the plant and the animal, the thought of their own personal growth is strictly subservient to “ a purpose not ourselves which maketh for righteousness.” When we study the inner structure of plant and animal, we find that their whole life is intent not so much on the present as on the future ; the instinct of each is aimed less at its own preservation, and more at the preservation of the species. The plant decks itself with beautiful flowers, or the animal with beautiful markings, not for its own sake, but that it may propagate its own species, and so carry out the Will, and its aim which is still in the future. This altruism in nature is a very striking thing, and has much of meaning to such as understand nature's purposes.

While plants and animals are only dimly conscious of the Immanence, man

can be fully conscious. He can therefore stand forth as nature's High Priest, uttering more clearly those dim instincts and intuitions which nature feels. With his trained intellect, man can play a unique rôle, offering to God what nature has to offer to Him, and also revealing to nature those vast realisations of the Godhead, to which as yet plant and animal cannot come by themselves. For instance, the individual animal or plant, in one aspect of its life, knows of the fierce struggle for existence as between species, and to it nature is a place of infinite difficulty and danger. But man knows with his mind the relation of the species in an evolving ladder of life ; and when he realises through occult study that both the life and the substance of the form are indestructible, he understands the inner meaning of the warfare in nature, which is not to destroy forms, but rather to unfold the hidden possibilities of an indestructible life.

Because of this higher knowledge, man can unify nature, and be as it were the at-one-ment between nature and God. This can happen in several ways ; for instance, through such an intellectual understanding of nature as modern science gives. If he is instructed in the general evolutionary plans of nature, then, whenever he observes a plant or animal, he sees all that has led up to the particular form, and also what are the future developments of that form. This intellectual knowledge, especially when joined to a deep sympathy with the tiny under-currents of life, enables a man by his mere presence near plant and animal, as it were, to explain to them the deep purpose of nature. Just as a Theosophical lecturer, when speaking to an audience of savages, might proclaim to them the stages before them in future lives as civilised communities, and beyond that someday as great Adepts, so does the man who understands nature through science proclaim by his very contemplation of plant and animal an inspiring lesson to them of “ the future that awaits us, the glory which shall be revealed.”

A second way of unifying nature, and so becoming nature's at-one-ment, is

through art. Nature knows her diversity, and dimly longs for a unity such as an artist is able to give in a "composition." The painter, when looking at a scene, composes, and largely by this process of composition reveals in nature a hidden beauty. But this ability to compose is not limited to the painter alone. Each one of us may continually be composing as he observes nature. Each such composition is a unification of nature on a higher plane than that of the material struggle of life. When we select a particular point from which to watch a landscape, and then see and delight in a beautiful view, we are composing, and by that very act we are, for the time, unifying nature, and in a manner giving an expression through our aesthetic sense to the dim aspirations in nature. In these ways of composing colour and form and sound in nature, man can do a great work as the at-one-ment.

Yet a third way in which man can be nature's High Priest is by making himself a mouthpiece of nature. The poet, and the musician, who are sympathetic to nature and understand her meaning, can voice what nature cannot voice for herself yet. When the clouds float by in the atmosphere, or there is serenity about some lake or pool, nature knows their meaning but cannot express them; but the poet or musician is able sometimes to be nature's High Priest, and in terms of words and melodies to reveal the hidden offering of nature. A poet of this type was Wordsworth, and we know how many wonderful lessons he was able to deduce from nature's aspects as they reflected themselves in his purified understanding. There are few poets who have recognised nature as the mirror of the Divine Mind, and such are indeed some of the great high priests of humanity.

A yet further rôle which man can play in nature is by being a channel to nature of what is in store for her. Here experimenters become nature's High Priests;

and the horticulturists who introduce new species do a great work. Men like Luther Burbank and others, who are continually striving to feel new types in nature, are sensed by nature as her leaders and guides; they become the channels to her of those higher possibilities of life and form which will be realities for her in the ages to come.

If we purify and train our understanding, we can commune with nature through many parts of our complex personality. If we look at a flower and know it as one rung in the great ladder of life and form, our intellectual element comes into play; if we admire it in terms of form and colour, our emotional element gives its own contribution to unravelling the mystery of the flower. When, in addition, we feel profoundly the flower as a thing of sheer beauty, almost like the mirror of a great Divine Beauty, an intuitional element comes into play. And when we sometimes look at a flower and see it as a link to a great ideal—as when a lover associates a flower with his beloved—other complex elements give their contribution to unravelling the mystery of the flower. The word "understanding," when applied to nature, is thus seen to include not only the physical senses and the mind, but also the emotions and the intuition.

The last great step in man's understanding of nature is to train himself to look at nature as not apart from him. Usually we preserve so rigidly the limits of our personal consciousness, that we are careful to make a distinction between what is ourselves and what is not ourselves. But there must come the time when we must look at nature as not apart from us, but somewhat as a fringe or periphery of our consciousness. We must, through high training, recognise nature not only as the Garment of God, but also as the wonderful expression of God's Life Itself. So in many ways, each according to his capacity, we can "help nature and work with her."
C. JINARAJADASA.

The Soul in Animals: Are We Superior?

By MARY WINCHESTER ABBOTT

"Life is one and mercy is unto the merciful."—THE LORD BUDDHA
"He who is greatest among you, let him serve."—THE LORD JESUS.
"Whoso loveth Me, cometh to me."—THE LORD KRISHNA.

WHenever I see a muzzled dog, I think how contemptible man has become. It is the outward and lesser sign of the greater cowardice and hidden infamy that permits vivisection. Both are symbols of the tyranny that covers the world to-day under the camouflage and cant of "benefit to humanity," whether it be of nations or of individuals. Suppose the tables reversed. You who know the faithfulness of the dog, ask yourself, would he allow his master to be tortured for some possible benefit to himself? You know the answer. Which then is superior?

It is a curious fact that the sudden scare of hydrophobia not long ago—which was not proved in a single case—was hurled at the public just at the crisis of the Vivisection Bill. This coincidence bears such a striking resemblance to some other parliamentary happenings of recent times, that one wonders—many things. Thousands of dogs, we are told, were at once brought to be slaughtered; often, as it proved, without the slightest symptom of hydrophobia. At the first signal of fear, off with the head of the faithful friend. Such is the gratitude of man!

Some years ago I saw a wonderful sketch in *Life*, an American humorous paper, which has for years made a fierce fight against vivisection. A beautiful St. Bernard dog, with that human, trusting look lovers of dogs know, lay bound upon the operating table. At one side stood the "scientist," with the knife in his hand. The face was a study. Not brutal or callous (like some), but

cold, still, impersonal, bent only on the "experiment"; for that strange god "humanity." So at some ancient primeval altar might the priest have stood, knife in hand over his human victim, to propitiate the gods for the benefit of his people. The psychology, the superstition, is the same: the blood-atonement, instead of the Life-At-ONement. Only the modern fetish is worse. One victim then was painlessly sent to the other world, for thousands tortured to death to-day. In the corner of the picture were little sketches, like visions through a veil of memory, of the dog as saviour and lover of man. In one, saving travellers from death in the snow. In one, dragging a child from the railway track, as the engine approached. In one, dying of starvation on his master's grave. And so on. Underneath were the words: "Man's Gratitude." Though it was in the incarnation before the War that I saw this picture, I can still see distinctly the face of the dog and the face of the man; symbols of the poisonous cant at the very springs of our "civilisation" to-day.

The usual arguments for vivisection remind one of the man who was asked to lend a rope, and replied that he hadn't any rope, and anyway it wasn't strong enough. So we are told that the animals do not suffer, and anyway it is all right because it helps humanity. As to the first argument, Mr. Bernard Shaw has given the only right and sufficient answer: that since the scientists are so assured that there is no pain nor injury whatever, they are the proper persons to

offer themselves for experiment. That would be true devotion to science for humanity—as in the case of Dr. Laziere, who gave his life experimenting on himself in connection with yellow fever. It would also be an irrefutable proof of the sincerity of the “scientists,” and the truth or falsehood of their statements. Meanwhile the proof that the animals do suffer, and suffer intensely, is so overwhelming, even from the vivisectionists themselves when off their guard, that no one, not wilfully ignorant or blind, could help being convinced. I remember reading the report of a great Research Institute of the highest standing for purely scientific and humane methods, in which the statement was made, simply as a matter of fact, that some monkeys which had been experimented upon and left to recover, on being brought to the laboratory again, died of *fright* at the first sight of the operating table!

Mrs. Besant once said that English people are so easily fooled by words. If you take territory by force and call it “annexation;” (just now the word is “protectorate,” “trusteeship,” “mandate,” etc.); if you allow slavery and call it “indentured labour”; they are quite satisfied. One might add, if you kill children by starvation, and call it “blockade” or “military necessity”; if you torture animals, and call it “science for humanity,” they are passive, so long as they do not *see it done*.

If it were true that the sufferings of animals could save the life of human beings, I do not know of anything more contemptible than for man, because he has the power, to let helpless creatures be tormented to save himself! That in itself would prove he was not worth the sacrifice. It is “frightfulness” and “terrorism” of the worst description.

Personally, I was long ago convinced of the falsity and harmfulness of the whole inoculation theory, by the writings of that great scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace. His proofs confirmed my own instinct on the subject, and one had only to see the facts stated clearly to have them fall into place in the most conclusive manner.

Since then, the leading, independent medical opinion has, of course, tended more and more to confirm the views of such pioneers. Indian wisdom, with its wonderful knowledge of hygiene, as shown in the *shastras*, has always been against the theory, though it was not unknown to their highly-developed medical science. Experiments on animals for such a purpose would, of course, be impossible and abhorrent to a race whose Vedas have taught them from the most ancient times the Oneness of Life.

A friend once said to me that she believed in *karma*, but she thought some people worked it overtime! In the same way the “germ theory” has been done to death. Whatever may be true, or not true, about germs, they cannot be made to shoulder all the physical sins of humanity. When we are told that certain diseases are propagated by germs, the question naturally arises: where did the first poison germ come from? Did God drop it from the Sun or from Venus?

On the other hand, if the said germ has once originated in bad hygienic conditions, is it not self-evident that, given the same conditions, they may produce the same germ and the same disease? To assume that because certain germs accompany certain diseases, they are necessarily the cause of the disease, is transparently bad logic. Germs of infinite variety we have always with us. Healthy blood takes care of them without any fuss. But for perfectly healthy blood, mental and spiritual conditions cannot be ignored. To put poison into the blood for reasons of fear, especially poison derived from the suffering of helpless and trusting creatures, can hardly conduce to the physical, mental, or spiritual conditions that combat disease. Nature does not make mistakes. Live according to the laws of Nature—a very difficult thing to do under modern “civilisation”—and you shall forget the existence of germs.

We hear a great deal in these days of the benefits science has conferred on humanity. In so far as the discoveries of science have been beneficial, the majority of them have been for the alleviation of

unnecessary suffering caused by the evils of a civilisation as unnatural as it is ugly. And as Sir John Woodroffe says in his book, "Is India Civilised?" (which I wish everyone could read), the question arises: "Which is better, to have good dentists or good teeth?" Our Western "scientific civilisation" has evolved the latter. Are we, therefore, superior to people who have not evolved them, because they have never evolved the need for them? We neither live according to Nature's laws, nor allow our animals to do so; and then we lay the result on some "germ" which one dog got from another dog who got it from another dog, and so forth, back to the Garden of Eden, I suppose. We are gravely informed that we "do not understand," hydrophobia "is *always* communicated from one dog to another." Again, we ask, where did the first dog get it? Was it a bite from Eve's apple?

Personally, I am sure that if I were a dog, muzzling would give me hydrophobia if I hadn't it before. As for vivisection, future generations will look back to it with horror, as a crime much worse than human sacrifice, as torture is worse than death; and, as a terrible proof of the unspeakable brutality of this barbarous age, which, poisoning society in all its veins, burst out inevitably in the holocaust of the Great War.

Indeed, from one point of view, one might look upon the war as the inevitable *karma* of human beings for their callousness and cruelty to their younger brothers. "For Life is one and mercy is unto the merciful." How can militarism ever disappear where killing for sport is taught and practised as the honourable pastime for a *gentleman*? I remember many times during the war seeing in the papers, with a horrible sense of shock, offers of country places to wounded officers convalescing—great attraction, "good shooting." The irony of it all and the hopelessness of "civilisation" seemed written across the lines in letters of blood. In spirit one cried: "God, have they not had enough of killing, that they must spend the brief respite from the horrors of war in slaying the innocent!" Recently

I read a description by a gifted writer of the beauty of the moorland. The sense of life in all things, the glory and rapture of it, free, upspringing, soaring, made the writer himself to soar for the moment in the consciousness of oneness. Then suddenly—a drop from heaven to hell. "So much life in the coverts. Yes, there will be good shooting this season!"

Not long since, through the incredible stupidity of officialdom, children were encouraged and even urged to destroy birds and their nests with eggs or fledglings. All on the pretence of saving the crops. Of course this gratuitous cruelty had exactly the opposite effect in the destruction of crops by insects, etc. Stupidity and cruelty generally go together. But what a glorious education for the children who are to reconstruct the world and to end war!

In the fairy-tales, when the dragon's head is cut off by the knight, a hundred spring in its place. Such is the case to-day with the dragon militarism. Cut off in Germany, it appears hydra-headed all over the world. And it will remain so long as the lust to kill, and the right of might toward those whom we pharisaically call the "lower animals," is part of the everyday education of the "civilised" child. So long as any of God's creation are killed for sport, for pride or vanity, for trade, for "necessity" or "science," so long will the dragon of militarism live, fed by the blood of these innocent victims. When children are educated in kindness to every living thing, then and then only will war cease, because the spirit of war, the egotism that slays, will be exorcised from the heart of man. The "emotion of the ideal," the consciousness of the "oneness of life," will make war impossible. There can be no real and lasting "brotherhood of man" until it includes all the *jivas*, every created thing.

A writer on vivisection asserts: "One human being is of more value than a thousand dogs." The statement is made by (though some might question the adjective) a "human being"—liable therefore to bias. If dogs could speak, they

would have a right to demand proof, and other human beings, who like fair play, might well throw down the challenge, "Why?" Once, probably, the answer would have been, by the orthodox, that man has a soul and animals not. But if the superior "soul" is shown by torturing the helpless for one's own development, we must question the value of such a "soul" and ask wherein lies its "superiority."

Perhaps the most common answer given to-day to our challenging why, would be that man is worth more because more highly developed. But this is also relatively true of children. Are then children to be sacrificed to grown people? (Of course they often are, mentally and spiritually at least, in "civilised" lands.) But are they to be vivisected that developed man may be free from disease (supposing vivisection accomplished any such results)? Horrible, we say. But to those who see truly the oneness of life, animals are undeveloped humans (as humans should be). Actually they are often superior. They also have souls in process of development and often to a very high degree. The importance of the recognition of this truth cannot be over-estimated. Even most kindly people have queer ideas on this subject; a kind of perverted sentimentalism, due to a lack of any true knowledge. I know a very good woman, sympathetic, and a lover of animals, who used to collect stray cats and take them to a home to be "humanely chloroformed," thinking she was doing a humanitarian act. It was "so dreadful to leave them to starve." How would we like it to be humanely poisoned because we were starving? Would we appreciate the brotherly kindness? Many people think it is kind to kill an animal which is ill, "to put it out of pain." Occasionally it may be, as it might also be in the case of a human being. But do they ever ask whether the animal wants to be killed, or would prefer to take its chances of life, tended by those it has loved and served? The animal cannot speak for itself. Neither can the child.

But we do not chloroform the starving child. Perhaps it would be kinder sometimes than what we do do; but that is "another story."

Is it not true that the whole problem is approached from a false point of view, because of our lack of *realisation* that Life is One? Have we not a distorted idea of our own importance—like thinking our earth the centre of the universe? Whose life is more valuable in all that makes life worth while: the man who preys upon his fellow-men, in trade, in "colonisation," in war; or the horse who watched by his master four days and nights on the battlefield till he returned to consciousness, and then carried him on his back in safety to his own lines? Indeed, it is easy to sympathise with those who say, the more they see of man, the better they like animals. But cynicism aside, let us ask ourselves frankly: "Are we superior?" What is the test? "He who is greatest among you, let him serve," said Christ, and all the Great Teachers. He is the greatest who has the greatest wisdom and love; the greatest wisdom because the greatest love. The test is service. This no one who thinks will deny. History affirms it. Poetry acclaims it. It is the final verdict of posterity on greatness. Power and intelligence have their hero-worshippers; but few will question that Christ was greater than Napoleon, Buddha than Alexander. And all recognise that, in so far as the great conquerors failed in sympathy and magnanimity, in that degree they failed in greatness.

That man at his highest is the greatest on this planet, is, of course, true. Such are the Masters, the truly great and noble of earth, whether or not known to fame. But taking life *as it is*, the mass of men—are we superior to the animals? We *can* be greater, yes. But are we? Do we serve? Have we wisdom and love greater than they? Or, with our greater possibilities, do we not often fall far below them? And is not then our claim of superiority pure egotism, if not hypocrisy?

Even taking the lesser test of intelligence, are we so superior? The greatest wonder of this century is that we have done—what birds have always done! We have achieved, or rather approached, to their achievement of flying. For we have not yet learned to fly, ourselves; though we probably shall, and by the same means that the other achievement was possible—the study of the flight of birds. But we shall not equal them by any of our mechanical means. As a recent writer has said: “The Bristol Fighter or the Sopwith Camel, will be excelled in air-ease by the monoplanes or biplanes of a decade or so hence. Even so, the merlin, or the dumlin and the swift will incomparably excel the aeroplane of A.D. 1950 or A.D. 2000; excel it in the start, and excel it in the finish of flight, in all the magic of sudden and swift tangent and tumble.” We say it is “instinct” and birds are born with wings. (Perhaps for their good *karma*!) But what’s in a name? If “instinct” gives power to do what “reason” does not and cannot, then is it in so far greater. And if our “development” and “civilisation” means loss of power, then in so far have we degenerated and become inferior. It is true, birds do not use their powers of the air, as do men, with their “superior” brains, to drop bombs on helpless people, as is being still done to-day by “civilised” nations. In *destruction* alone, we are indeed superior. That is because our progress in mechanical inventions is not progress at all, but a deeper descent into matter. Were man really developed, he would not need them. Imagine for a moment all the time and energy, spent for centuries on material “progress,” turned toward spiritual development. What would be the condition of the world to-day, even from the point of view of power? To reach Mars or talk with the planets would be a mere incident. But then the earth would not be the earth as we know it.

“Scientists” as we are, proud in our superior wisdom of evolution, why do

we not grow wings by “adaptation” to the increased needs of travel and communication, or at least invent electrical ones to equal the birds? Perhaps that will come when human electricity has been developed, and form a half-way house to something finer and greater. Meanwhile, the birds are our superiors.

Another great discovery of man in this age, is wireless telegraphy—the most wonderful by tree-tops, and on sunbeams. But have not birds and animals always had their wireless, and have they not always used tree-tops and sunbeams? And is there any barometer equal to them? A little science takes us away from Nature. But deeper science brings us back—to the simplest things. The best doctors use the least medicine—as do animals. “Back to Nature” is the cry of true science. Nature has all the elements of healing, as the animals know. Not long ago a great scientist showed me an account in a scientific journal, of a bird which had had its leg broken and bound up by its companions, the bone perfectly set with delicate splinters and a dressing of fine clay, moss and healing leaves. It could not have been better done, said the observer (a doctor), by the most advanced surgery.

The wonders of bees and ants are well known. A mathematician had before him the problem as to what geometrical form would combine the greatest holding capacity with the smallest bulk. After the closest calculations, to the fraction of an inch, he discovered that the form and relative dimensions were exactly those of the cell of a honey-comb. These are but examples of wisdom in the “lower animals” passing the knowledge of man, as we know him.

When we come to the higher test, “Who loveth most,” all those who have studied animals in *life*, wild or domestic, rather than in museums or torture-chambers, will bear witness to their extraordinary power of affection, devotion and sacrifice. If any one doubts the soul in animals, let him only study them and *see* the soul develop in the *power of loving*. Indeed, for present

purposes I would define the soul as the power to love. I know of no better working definition. And philosophical also, if we accept the *Upanishads*: "From Love the world is born." "Verily, from the Everlasting Love do all things have their birth." In the degree of the power of loving is the power of the soul.

In two things I think all observers of animals will agree: (1) They in general respond more quickly and entirely to love than human beings. (2) Once having responded, their devotion is more unswerving and absolute. To this I would add what I have especially noted in my own experience—the extraordinary swiftness and intensity with which love develops in those animals who apparently had none, changing their whole character.

It may be that animals are more susceptible to swift development in every direction than "civilised" man. Once encrusted with "civilisation," progress is slow. A subject which has many ramifications, leading to the question why civilisation does not civilise—but brutalises; and why, as a recent writer has said, "the history of Europe is homicide." Burke said over a century ago: "The invention of men has been sharpening and improving the mystery of murder, from the first rude essays of clubs and stones to the perfection of gunnery, cannoning, bombarding, mining, and all these species of artificial, learned and refined cruelty in which we are now so expert, and which make a principal part of what politicians have taught us to believe is our principal glory." What would he say to-day?

The truth is, we in the West have been "progressing" in the wrong direction. Having turned our backs on the Sun, we are forever walking in our own shadow. While in the (so-called) "unprogressive" East, they have at least ever kept their face turned toward the Source of Light, and the result is, a deeper harmony with Nature and a quick response of the heart. This is shown in their love of animals and the sense of the oneness of life. With philosophy and reason developed to a

height, not only unsurpassed but unequalled in the history of thought, they have not lost what primitive people and animals have, but have evolved it into a higher intuition.

In the "uncivilised" animal, response is swift on every plane. I know one case of a dog whose whole character was changed in three months time by vegetarian diet. The dog had become so fierce in attacking people that its master decided reluctantly that it must be killed. A girl, who understood dogs, begged him to give it to her instead, saying she was sure she could make it gentle. So he let her try. Instead of meat, she fed it at first on rice and other vegetables mixed with meat juice; later on vegetable food alone. In three months the fierceness had gone, and the dog, when I saw it, was as gentle as one could wish. The same swiftness of change can be observed in animals, on the mental and emotional plane. Yes, even on the spiritual. But there must be love in the observer.

In Western "civilised" life, the animals we know best are dogs, cats and horses. In the East, one would have to add the elephant (most intelligent of animals), the cow and the camel. Here we think cows "stupid," because we treat them stupidly. In the East, under Hindu tradition, they are treated like human beings, and are beautiful creatures, intelligent and affectionate.

Here for intelligence and affection, dogs and horses are generally named. Cats are spoken of slightingly. But I wish to champion the cat, as a wonderful illustration of my studies in the development of soul in animals. Cats have always had a particular fascination for me. So I was delighted when an Indian lady, of much knowledge in such lore, told me that the animals nearest to the human were elephants, horses and cats. Of this I have seen many proofs. Certainly in sensitive cats are most highly developed. I have never found them stupid.

Humans, in their pharisaical "superiority," libel their dumb friends, calling a man a "dog," or a woman a

"cat," out of a meanness of nature that neither of these animals would be capable of. Yet the height of fidelity is expressed in the phrase, "as faithful as a dog." But cats are "treacherous" we are often told. A myth belonging to the same plane of ignorance as Oriental "despotism," Western "civilisation," and like shibboleths. All my life I have spoken to every cat I met. They all come to me. And I have never found one treacherous. Of course, if you stroke a cat's fur the wrong way, she will defend herself; and if you get scratched, you deserve it. Though, with children who really love them they often, like dogs and horses and elephants, show the most wonderful patience, but they are Nature's aristocrats and do not allow their dignity to be unduly interfered with. With all this loftiness, however, I have found a peculiarly human element in these Sphinx-like creatures. The expression in their eyes is sometimes, indeed, so startlingly human as to be almost weird.

Once I saw a black cat in a dairy where I had never been before. She was gazing at me with such a human expression of affection, like a long-lost friend, that my attention was arrested, and I stood looking at her in wonder, without moving. Suddenly she stood up, put her paws on my shoulder, and *around my neck*, exactly like a child—still with that strangely human look. I petted her, and, looking back on leaving, saw her eyes still following me with that look which I cannot describe by any other word but *yearning*. I know it will sound absurd to the average reader, but it was *real*. I went to the dairy several times afterwards on purpose, but I never saw her again. Another time, I saw a cat—black, this time also—on the edge of a golden-fruited vine-covered roof in California. Silhouetted against the blue sky in the brilliant sunshine, she was looking down at me with an intensely human look—concentrated, questioning, almost defiant. I looked back, and it seemed to be a test which could out-gaze the other. Some minutes elapsed. Then she turned slowly away, slipped down by the wall,

and disappeared. But I stood still in the blinding blue and gold, with I know not what sense of some far-off Egyptian time.

I would like to give two illustrations in my own experience of marvellously swift and absolute change of character in animals, in response to love—one a cat, the other a dog. But that would make another article. I am at present studying the psychology of a cat, a "blue Persian," whose character is one of the most interesting and elusive I have ever met. So strangely human, she might be an incarnation of some wilful, headstrong, defiant, yet gentle, loving and loveable princess of old.

Yes, I have *seen* the soul in animals, as all may see if they look. Until this oneness of soul-life in all creation is recognised and *realised*, there will be wars. So long as killing is a "great national sport," so long is a nation hopelessly barbarous. So long will cruelty flourish and be instilled in the hearts of children to burst forth in devastating war. War against those who can defend themselves is less cruel, less brutal than this slaughter of the innocents. When one reads of the sickening slaughter of beautiful birds—their plumes torn from living bodies, left to die in slow agony by thousands—one does not wonder that man massacres his fellow man. Man's cruelty to the helpless is the dead albatross round the neck of humanity. It has been said that to-day "humanity is on the operating table without anæsthetics." If animals were not more forgiving than man, could not they say with justice: "This is their *karma*"?

All the arguments for vivisection and other cruelties to our "little brothers," are based on the pharisaical idea of man's "superiority," while, in these very arguments, he proves his flagrant inferiority. Until some of these "humane scientists" are willing to be put themselves on the operating table, their arguments are not worth answering. The whole question is: Can man progress by cruelty? The answer of all the Great Ones is "No." The answer of the ages is "No." The answer in the heart of man is "No." Our

boasted "civilisation" is but a civilisation of *things*. Verily it is the *Kali yuga*. Are we not told that the future of "civilisation" depends on coal and iron? (Or is it oil, now?) Where do we find to-day the humanity of the *Mahabharata*? The League of Nations might well go to that great Epic for its code of international law.

If man would prove himself greatest, let him serve his lesser brethren—as Buddha gave his life to the starving tigress—not torture them that they may serve him. India could produce a Buddha because she has always understood and proclaimed that Oneness of Life as her deepest philosophy. For by Love alone is Divinity attained.

When the Great-Teacher comes, it will be from the land that has kept that tradition. And it may be that when He comes, those who recognise Him most quickly will be among the so-called "lower animals." By love alone they will come to Him, as the animals gathered round Krishna, "seeing naught but the love and power in His eyes. For the brute is ever stilled by the might of Love; unlike man it knoweth its power and yieldeth to its force." They will not be hampered by any pre-judgment or pride-of-self. They will not deceive Him, they will not betray Him, they will not crucify Him or stone Him or call Him names. And, when men forsake Him, they will be faithful.

MARY WINCHESTER ABBOTT.

PERFECT IN WEAKNESS

What lack I? Naught! My God gives All.

He gives Himself to me.

He gives me Life, that I may live;

He gives me Love, that I may love;

He shows me Truth, that I may know.

He gives me Light to see.

Why fearful? Lean on God's great might.

Why dream of impotence?

God is the only power there is;

He gives Himself to fill all needs;

He gives us all before we plead;

He gives Omnipotence.

A. M. B.

The Children's Educational Theatre

By ADELIA H. TAFFINDER

EDUCATORS have always in great periods of reconstruction and advance, from Plato to Froebel, insisted upon the principle of spontaneity; but probably it has never been so completely put into actual working form as in the movement represented by the Children's Educational Theatre, instituted in New York City by Mrs. Alice Herts Heniger.

The idea at the time was her own, and attracted wide attention from men like President Eliot and Professor Baker, of Harvard, and many other literary men and educators. Mrs. Herts Heniger was trained in the well-known school of art in Paris; she realised that the dramatic instinct in children was the key to play, story-telling and many other things. The Land of Make Believe has a charm for every child in whom the faculty of imagination has been developed. Wherever there is a group of children at play, there also exists the spirit of "make believe." All children's plays are miniature attempts at reproducing social occupations, and in all the plays which the child initiates he does everything in character. It is a sort of instinctive grasp of things which the child makes in order to keep himself from drowning in a sea of unrelated facts. He brings over from other lives memories of experiences, and he tries to interweave them into his "make believe" world.

The educators know that as the twig imagination is bent so is the tree of sentiment inclined, and a thrill of response to true and healthy sentiment is the first requisite for character, growth, and development. Dramatic instinct is a vitally focussed phase of the imagination, whereby the vague pictures of the mind become tangible, and Froebel made use

of it in the kindergarten to develop the baby mind.

In studying this subject one realises that self-expression must be absolutely individual. The children have been playing and the teacher or parent says, "Now you have been playing long enough, you must begin to work," while all the time they have been working every instant just as hard as they could. They have been weighing "make believe" butter and sugar in their pretended stores, and have been doing up innumerable packages for delivery. The girls have washed and dressed the dollies, and have given them all their suppers before putting them to bed. Mrs. Herts Heniger keenly felt that when the child's business of life was interrupted with "This is only child's play," that the greatest opportunity was missed to assist that child to do—what he is going to be obliged to do in his later life—adjust his environment to his needs. We know that the idea of using the self-initiative and interest of the child as the motive-power in his development is not a new idea.

John Locke, in 1685, wrote "Some Thoughts Concerning Education" in the form of letters to his friend Mr. Edward Clarke, who was anxious for advice about the bringing up of his son. This excerpt will indicate his theory:

"None of the things they are to learn should ever be made a burden to children, or impos'd on them as a Task. Whatever is so proposed presently becomes irksome; the mind takes an aversion to it, though before it were a thing of delight or indifference. Let a child but be ordered to whip his Top at a certain Time every day, whether he has or has not a Mind to it: let this but be requir'd of him as a Duty, wherein

he must spend so many Hours Morning and Afternoon, and see whether he will not be weary of any play at this rate."

. . . . "Children have as much mind to shew that they are free, that their own good Actions come from themselves, that they are absolute and independent, as any of the proudest of you grown Men, think of them as you please."

We need to do with children what Mr. Burbank has done with flowers. It can be done with humans by dealing with the flower of childhood's soul, these primal instincts which come to us often—"trailing clouds of glory from God who is our home"; but we need to begin our work before "shades of the prison house have begun to close" for them.

We are all realising that the instinctive spontaneity, liveliness and initiative of the child should be used as aids in his vocational training. It is a safe statement to make that the need of vocational training as part of the school system came about through a realisation of the fact that children could not be expected to attach mental activity to manual work, unless they were given the opportunity actually to practice the two activities co-ordinatively, under proper guidance. What the child really does in characterisation is to carry facts into values, and that is a far longer stride ahead than to merely carry facts into acts. Creative energy and originality burrow to the very roots of a child's soul when he creates character, and as he advances in years he naturally craves help in his work of reproduction. Through this creative instinct within himself he seems to realise his godlike qualities. He wants to know the beginnings and the end of the soul that he must bring into life, and this is exactly what he should be helped to know if this soul expression is to be righteously developed for ultimate creative ability in all things.

Every year there is poured into that congested district of New York City a flood of immigration, the extent of which is past computing by the casual observer. To say that the immigrants every week add to the mass of humanity congested

there by hundreds and thousands, still leaves but a faint impression on the senses. Here is a community whose people are largely of alien birth and speaking various languages, and then imagine the difficulties in the way of those who seek to transform these people into American citizens. Very few give attention to the marvellous alchemy by whose operation this wonder is performed, but it is being performed, nevertheless, and with constantly increasing success. The public schools do much in this direction, but the Educational Alliance has done more. The Children's Educational Theatre, an important branch of the Alliance, has been the training school of thousands of the young aliens, inspiring them with new ideals and inculcating morality, besides teaching them excellent deportment and affording them opportunities, otherwise unattainable, of cultivating literary taste and learning to speak English with precision and flexibility.

Outside a certain big, old-fashioned brick house in this immigrant district, there hung the sign: "Children's Educational Theatre. The Little Princess, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. All seats ten cents." This announcement was the first of many that followed.

During the long hot summer evenings the children and the young people brought to the rehearsals a genuine zest and vigour. Here was a large group of young folks working through their holiday season for the mere love of the work, and hundreds more clamouring to share in it. Mrs. Heniger says: "I approached this work with a sincere prayer for help and direction of my own meagre understanding of this universal God-given dramatic instinct which appealed to me for help and control, and while so doing I proceeded with my preparations for the production of the plays; 'do the work and ye shall know the doctrine.'"

The way was long for her, but the results were splendid. Each player came to the performance with an intelligent understanding of the relation of his assumed character to every other

character in the play, and thus instead of giving a mechanical performance the youthful players acted with zest, spontaneity and great charm. There was a feeling of co-operation, of understanding between players and audience which was unrivalled elsewhere. The actors lived their parts. Plays were chosen to build up character as well as provoke interest. Such plays as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Prince and the Pauper" were dramatised, in which the nobility of the boy hero, showed through all rags, tatters and fine garments. "Snow White" ran for two seasons, and was selected on account of its power to appeal to the child's imagination and its insistence on the sweet character of "Snow White" as the source of her final good fortune. Mrs. Heniger relates that during the months of preparation of "The Tempest," word came from two public libraries near by that volumes of Shakespeare were all out and many people unsupplied. Parents of the young people wanted to read the play which their children were going to perform, and so, by arrangement with a publisher, a good paper-covered edition was placed on sale in the manager's office, and one thousand copies were sold in less than one month.

All characters, with the exception of Ariel, were entrusted to people over eighteen. Ariel was played by a boy of twelve and a girl of the same age. The little girl who was ready to play Ariel said to the manager, "All the people in this neighbourhood know about 'Tempest,' and them that don't, I tell them." It looked as though this work was going to prove an integrating influence between foreign-born parent and American-born child. A new bond of family interest was suggested, and that was well, because so much of social work among immigrants is disintegrating to the family circle, the child adopting what he believes to be a new form of democracy which cannot include the foreign-born parent.

Plays represented a *whole* for which the children laboured in common for

the first time in their lives. Their energies were centred upon an object larger than themselves. Thus collectively their theatrical career is a training for citizenship.

The unified effort, not to the end of personal triumph or glorification, but for the production as a whole and all for presentation to others; the coming together to *give* something rather than to *get* something, made for genuine altruism. It was a practical training for ideals for civic duty. To respect the rights of others in whatever capacity the others served, to work for self-improvement and breadth of vision with a view to offering interesting results to an audience, to understand the other man's point of view because of having served in the same capacity and regarded life from the same standpoint as he, was to realise in performance, not in theory, the true responsibilities of citizenship. Mrs. Heniger says that in "The Prince and the Pauper," more than in any other drama which she had produced, she noticed that young people could rid themselves of an impulse towards wrongdoing through the opportunity of acting out the impulse on a real stage and in the correct costume and environment of the character. She counted the months of careful, patient training well spent when it served to bring the soul of an East Side tenement into points of contact with the soul and spirit of the chivalrous young Prince, and from these points of contact to stimulate him into action. The task was lightened for the trainer because the boy had elected to do his own work, as everyone must in the Children's Educational Theatre. The boy wanted to show his father and mother and all his friends his idea of Edward, he wanted to *be* the young Prince, and he loved his self-appointed task well enough to be willing to work in preparation until his Prince Edward was true, not only to his own ideal, but true also to the real young Prince.

In the children's preparation for their respective parts, each point, each motive was ardently discussed so that a standard

of ethics and manners was established towards which each strove. Rags and sloth also assumed a new significance: "We get them through the bodies and their hearts" declared the dramatic director.

How intensely the audience experienced the play was shown on one occasion when the management was embarrassed by the sickness of one of the dwarfs, an important character in "Snow White." At the last moment a little hand clutched the director's arm: "Say, I can play Nick all right." "How do you know that you can?" the director inquired. "'Cause I've sat in front and watched it all, and I've listened with my whole mind." With perfect self-possession the boy delivered every word and gesture belonging to the part. A timorous child grows brave as he plays the hero, a petty one feels noble as he impersonates the magnanimous. In the revival of "The Little Princess" an entire year's work was spent on a group of forty backward or retarded children, helping them to play their parts. These children were in a segregated group in school, all of them having failed of promotion two terms, and one girl in the group had failed three terms.

Unpromising material this would seem for a play. So it was in the beginning, when the forty little girls seemed almost lifeless, so difficult was it to awaken them to any responsiveness to their imaginary environment. Such is the magic of vicarious characterisation that these children learned to do their parts beautifully, one creating a new part in the rôle, and one girl who had been "left back" three times at school, the most backward of the forty children, was promoted for the first time in three years, at the end of the term. In the United States the mere facts of our short history and the learning of our civic laws cannot mean anything to the foreign-born child unless he appreciates the character of the men who have helped make our history and our laws. For instance, an immigrant boy of fifteen had been chosen to recite Lincoln's

address at the dedication of the cemetery on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

Mrs. Heniger says that when the lad was consigned to her care for dramatic instruction, that his teacher said: "It is very hard for him to give expression to the words because, you see, he has so little time at school that he knows very little about the rules of grammar. I doubt if he knows an adverb from a noun." This information in no way disturbed the dramatic instructor, but after talking with the boy she found that he practically knew nothing whatever about the *character* of Abraham Lincoln or the effect of his personality upon his time, although he could tell at once the date of Lincoln's birth and death, and all the dates of the important battles of the Civil War.

He recited Lincoln's epoch-making speech in exactly the same way as he recited these dates, and he knew every word of the speech "by heart." His first lesson was spent in recounting anecdotes of Lincoln's boyhood and youth, in which the young Russian was greatly interested, and before the second meeting he had voluntarily secured a book on "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" at the public library; so that as early as the second lesson he was prepared to look into the meaning of the great man's words and the reasons for his having uttered them. Gradually, as the reason of the words became clear, the boy was seized with a new idea: his eyes glowed, his shoulders became erect, and his head was thrown back with determined action as he said, "I'll take off for Abraham Lincoln and say the speech like as if I was him."

His instructor relates that no written description that meagre print affords can place before the mind any adequate idea of the passionate, patriotic fire with which that immigrant lad delivered the oration on the appointed occasion. After his dramatic instinct had given his imagination the clue of actually becoming, for the time, the hero, whose thought he was chosen to expound, there was but little left for his instructor to do except for an occasional suggestion.

He was a stooping, round-shouldered youth, with his worn coat tightly buttoned across his chest. As he began to swell with pride in his self-suggested characterisation of Lincoln, two insecure buttons burst their holdings on his coat front and flew across the room. Then, with a splendid natural gesture, indicative of impatience at all hampering physical restraint, he gradually unfastened the last button as he reverently uttered the phrase, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Mrs. Heniger, who tells this experience, says that she watched the effect of the boy's characterisation upon seven hundred men and women in the auditorium, mostly parents of the children, and she saw that they were profoundly touched by the expression of intense feeling which coloured the words with purpose and meaning.

The simplicity and the nobility of the immigrant boy's rendition brought tears to many eyes, and this school-teacher said that she wished this remarkable rendition might be permanently preserved in a phonograph record to show others what sincere feeling for our American hero could exist in the heart of a little boy who had been but a few months in the United States. The boy had no knowledge of nouns, verbs, or adverbs; that boy did not need the "words and grammar" of literature, he wanted the *life* of the author's revelations; and in this he is no different from any other child, for every child inherits this divine Kingdom of the Imagination, and every child wants thoughts instead of words. Every progressive school principal and teacher at the present time is considering ways to establish a more vital and interesting connection between the home and the school. Parents' Associations and Mothers' Clubs, which hold their meetings in the schools, have proved their great communal value in doing neighbourhood service in a civic way. It would be an excellent thing if members of such organisations would add greater spiritual value to their useful activities by con-

sidering a return to the good old custom of reading aloud in the home circle.

In ancient Athens the drama was performed on certain religious festivals, and the story acted was always some portion of their old legends relating to special religious observances. The dramatic performances of Athens were scarcely more at first than a re-telling of some one of the mythological stories with a certain amount added to hold the attention. This method was the nucleus which developed into the great classic drama, which had distinctive educational results, so much so that the State provided the theatre just as the temples of the gods were built, and the support of both institutions was a public duty willingly assumed.

During the Middle Ages again the drama had its origin in religious ceremonials and celebrations on festival days. Its materials were the stories of the Old and the New Testament worked up into dramatic form. Many of the performances were enacted on moving carts or wagons, which were carried past the populace as it gathered along the road, and the drama was acted over and over again for the benefit of succeeding crowds. These mystery plays took a deep hold upon the people, and formed an integral portion of the education of the time. The people could not read or write, but they became educated, for they are the people who made the beautiful cathedrals, the wonderful stained glass, the fine precious metal-work, the surpassing needlework, the wondrous wood and ironwork of the old cathedrals. The people were made to think for themselves, to give expression to their souls.

The Children's Educational Theatre represents a definite attempt to get back to some of the old-time methods by which people were brought intimately in contact, not merely for the passing hour of the performance, but for long before, with the thoughts and expressions of great writers. Was there ever a loftier or saner ideal of education than to set out to educate a democracy in poetic insight?

ADELIA H. TAFFINDER.

Mental Infection

By A STUDENT

MODERN science omits no opportunity of investigating physical infection. Whether human beings or animals are the victims, no labour is too long, too difficult or too unpleasant for the discovery of a cure, and though the searcher may be baffled 605 times, it is a matter within the recollection of most of us, that a 606th attempt has brought success. Unfortunately, we are so accustomed to consider life in terms of purely physical phenomena that we are apt to overlook the truth that it has many other than physical aspects. It may be that world-war has quickened the average intelligence and that some of us are aware, for the first time, of the existence of impalpable forces that we have never before been able to define or detect. Be that as it may, the truth remains, that there are other than physical infections, and that before this century has advanced far along its pre-destined course, mental infection will be diagnosed, recognised and resisted. War, properly considered, is associated with a vast mental epidemic. Men's minds enter into a state in which they are intensively responsive to suggestion. Statesmen, soldiers, publicists and demagogues hasten to take advantage of a condition that they recognise with a vision strengthened by experience and fortified by the study of history. The result is that the mental infection spreads. Passions formerly kept under control are given the fullest possible sway; vicious tendencies carefully suppressed while the healthy feeling of the normal man and woman was opposed to them, suddenly claim and receive a place in the sun.

Certain purposes are achieved. The statesman and the soldier are justified of the faith that is in them. War, exhibited in new lights and in a full perspective,

becomes less an offence against God and man than a vindication of rights that can be supported in no other fashion. By encouraging mental infection, by spreading the virus in every direction without regard to consequences, areas of hatred can be extended indefinitely; misunderstanding can be prolonged, and the voice of conscience can be so stifled that when heard again at last after a long interval it is hardly recognised for what it is. Unfortunately for those who thrive upon the weakness of humanity, but happily for the normal man, there is a time when the prevailing phase of mental infection, like every other form of disease, exhausts itself. There is no complaint under the sun that seems destined to extirpate the human race, though many take heavy toll of it, but when one expression of the disease has passed, many who have thriven by it seek to develop another.

The whole object of those who are concerned with the welfare of their fellow men is to treat mental infection as they would treat any other disease, and to fight without waiting for the evil either to exhaust itself, or find other modes of expression. This would be an easy matter if infection were less severe than it is, but we are so constituted that when the average man utters an expression of anger, resentment or hatred, those who listen to him find their first tendency is to be in agreement, particularly if the utterance is an expression of the popular belief. This statement can be proved all too easily. In the War we had as belligerents Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Turkey, the United States of America, the Balkan States and the Overseas Dominions of Great Britain. There must have been at least one hundred million men involved directly and indirectly, and the great majority of these

were haters, often honest haters, as far as they knew. Through four calamitous years scarcely a voice was raised in any civilised country to point out to its nationals that those who were opposing them were after all, just men cast in much the same mould as themselves, only altered by environment and those conditions that frequently beset the citizens of a country in fashion that is beyond their control to alter. Few suggested that the hideous tale of atrocities might be subject to deliberate exaggeration on all sides; nobody told the average citizen of one country that the very crimes for which he hated his enemy were being charged, in enemy countries, against his sons and brothers. Very few ventured to think that even where the charges were absolutely proven, and where disgrace had marked certain offenders for all time, that these offenders were more the victims of a system and a state of mind deliberately encouraged by the State than deliberate transgressors against human and divine laws. To have realised this would have been to exercise a judicial frame of mind, to act and think in a mood that must in a very little while have proved fatal to the intentions of the war makers. There is no suggestion here that many of those who were actively responsible were not actuated by motives that satisfied what they were pleased to regard as their conscience. The whole trouble is that they were looking all the time at their own country and would not look upon themselves as part of a great human community, that comes it knows not whence; goes it knows not whither, and must struggle all the time because it cannot yet understand that the world holds provision for one and all.

As it was with war, so it is with peace. Mental infection now appears in a new form, and its influence is checking the reconciliation that ought to put together the fragments of European civilisation. Everybody knows that it is disastrous to give further lease of life to the old hatreds or to hamper the return to peaceful activities of any belligerent nation. In spite of this, and largely because of panic and fear, old hatreds and old doubts, we find trouble persisting long after the war has been fought, won and lost, and there is every reason to believe that there are forces actively engaged just now in checking every large effort that is made to help the return to normal life.

Turning from world politics to domestic affairs, we find mental infection working at home, separating the manual labourer from the mental labourer, sharply dividing all classes of the community and turning to a bitter jest the story of ideals for which millions of men were supposed to lay down their lives. This condition of things is a part of the aftermath of war. The nations have deliberately encouraged and developed the worst passions among their respective nationals, and now these passions refuse to be laid. Hate asserts itself in a thousand forms, and men to-day speak carelessly of revolution and bloodshed as though they were things to be desired rather than to be avoided. There is little physical basis for this condition of things for, in England at least; material prosperity is very great and all classes of workers with few exceptions can find occupation and subsistence. The truth is that mental infection must be recognised as a disease and its cure undertaken before the world can settle down again in peace and quietness to the fulfilment of its proper destinies.

An Indian Letter

Some Reflections from Bombay

By AN OBSERVER

INDIA is not so much a continent as a world, having within its borders climates varying from those of year-long snow to those of year-long heat, having many scores of different religions, languages, races and nationalities, and conditions differing as widely as do those of London and Timbuctoo. He would be an ambitious student indeed who elected to describe India for readers of *THE HERALD OF THE STAR*. My poor jottings make no claim to represent anything more than a few chance reflections suggested by day to day experience in Bombay, the famous "gate-way to India."

Life in this wonderful city of Bombay has of late marched past the spectator to a very brisk measure. Talk of tropical languor, eastern ease, and "sun-dried bureaucrats" is easy enough, but the plain fact is that the onlooker at life in London, Paris and New York may easily find himself with fewer engagements and more leisure than Bombay has recently furnished. And it should be a source of real satisfaction and stimulation to all responsible citizens to note that a very appreciable proportion of the city's many activities have been seriously patriotic, unselfish and public-spirited in motive and origin.

The Aga Khan,

Bombay is glad to have the Aga Khan back again in his charming bungalow on Malabar Hill. He has returned at a time of anxiety, even of crisis, and the presence here at such a juncture of this broad-minded, cultured Muslim gentleman and man of the world—for His Highness will always be that, as well as being the revered head of the Muslim community in India—is felt to be a very notable gain. We all deplore the fact that the suggestion of religious

antagonism should have been imported with the Khalifate controversy, as the result of utterances in England and America which were, to say the least of it, extraordinarily ill-timed. The sober fact is that the Anglo-Saxon peoples are, among other things, a race of blunders, who continually are perpetrating what our dear old friend, Mr. Punch, calls "Things one would rather have left unsaid," or "Things one would rather have expressed differently." They are also an honest, justice-loving, fair-play-loving and loyal race. But some blunders and errors of taste are so cumbersome and exasperating as to overcloud and hide temporarily from view and memory these fundamental qualities which make the race worth trusting. And in Bombay it is felt that the presence of the Aga Khan, with his learning and his catholicity of taste and experience, will help materially to prevent great bodies of his co-religionists and loyal followers from allowing small things to blind them to great things.

Mahatma Ghandi.

Those tactless references in England and America to the Khalifate questions, lamentable and exasperating though they were, are small things, really: British justice and fidelity, and Britain's long-established and oft-proved true friendship for Islam are big things, really; big and vital things for Islam. And this is a truth which, naturally, that great Muslim, the Aga Khan, can appreciate more fully than, for example, even so gifted a Hindu as Mr. Ghandi. Mr. Ghandi is a fascinating personality, and he has really great gifts; including that white fire of enthusiasm which pertains to genius. But, frankly, his knowledge of Islam is almost negligible. The influence exercised by his richly

enthusiastic personality is notable and far-reaching. Personally, I believe his aims and ideals to be lofty and sincere. I believe there is a very great virtue in Mr. Ghandi, and as little of wickedness as may well be hoped for in any one of our erring human family. But good men may bring about real danger, and saints as well as sinners may light fires which they are quite unable to put out.

One sincerely hopes Mr. Ghandi has pondered that fact, and will not omit to bear it in mind. It is pretty certain he desires to serve India, and not to endanger it. But when he calls men to a Hartal, urging the while all law-abiding restraint and moderation, he must remember that restraint and moderation are not characteristic of men in the mass; not even of highly literate men; however consistently these qualities may be recommended by leaders who seek to sway men in the mass. In justice and true patriotism, no leader has the right to issue a call of this kind, unless he knows "beyond all peradventure" that he really can control the forces he brings into action. Can Mr. Ghandi, or anyone else, know that in this case? I trow not.

The Old Texts.

If I were a religious leader, instead of a mere onlooker, an authority in Social Service, Servants of India, Children's Welfare, or Municipal Circles, instead of an idle scribbler, I think I would preach, in season and out of season, on the force of example. Truth to tell, the simple old texts are still the best, and by far the most serviceable and inspiring. The Press and the politicians give us new nostrums at breakfast almost daily, and we are led to understand that the topic of the day is the one and the only thing that really matters. But I submit that we still have more to learn, and more to teach, and more to gain, and more to give, in and from the old and tried truths—and, by the same token, more to lose from their neglect—than ninety-nine out of every hundred of the almost hysterically advertised "questions of the hour" can furnish.

One is convinced, for instance, that the force of example, and the superiority of example over precept—favourite themes with our ancestors—have not been appreciated at their full worth in busy Bombay; or, for that matter, in most other great capitals of the British Empire. Yet they rarely have been more clearly in evidence, or more weighty in significance. I venture to suggest that, much as they may have accomplished in the direct ways they knew of, the industrious social servers of Bombay may well have accomplished even more in the indirect ways which many of them have not considered; so that their labours, I suggest, have been, like the quality of mercy, twice blessed.

Actions and Reactions.

It will hardly be disputed that ostentatious and extravagant self-indulgence in any one section of a community has invariably tended to foment discontent, unrest, and, often, disorder and worse things, in order sections of the same community. The thing is inevitable, automatic, and a part of human nature; though, unfortunately, it is a part of their responsibility, a product of their selfishness, which the indulgent very generally choose to overlook. It is there, all the same, and will be while the world endures; and the selfishly, recklessly extravagant would do well to remember that the intolerant puritanical reactions, which throughout history have been periodically produced by their extremism, are apt to give exceeding short shrift to the self-indulgent, to strip them rather bare, and to make life for them a very uncomfortable business. And deservedly so, for self-indulgence, never admirable, becomes unpardonably offensive when it is recklessly flaunted in the face of the community. It hardly should need adding that the normal pleasure-seeking forms of extravagance are not the only kinds that bring dangerous reactions in their train. The gross and dishonest kind of extravagance which we call profiteering, by its very grossness, is singularly

prolific of resentment, anger and bitterness ; and nobody is more responsible for unrest, and for danger to the commonwealth, than your conscienceless profiteer, who deserves the pillory if ever mortal did.

The Shield's Other Side.

But whilst the force of bad example may generally be more apparent, if not actually greater, than the uplift in the other direction for which good example is responsible, I submit that the latter is literally never negligible ; not even in the meanest slum, not in a convict prison, not in a thieves' kitchen. In the average community it is a factor of immense importance ; and here in Bombay this season's efforts of the genuinely unselfish, public-spirited kind, have, I am convinced, accomplished very much for us, quite apart from the immediate and considered aims of the responsible promoters and workers. By the clean, uplifting force of good example they have steadied, stimulated and sobered a great populace, and helped mightily toward sustaining balance, sanity and good-will for all of us.

And here even the youngest and least knowledgeable of cynics may hesitate before he proffers a cheap gibe. His betters are acutely aware that we have far to go, and that we could well do with a deal more of balance and good-will. The point is that we might have suffered, and suffered greatly, this season had there been less of sanity and good-will among us ; and that, for the understanding, all the signs have gone to show that there easily might have been, and almost surely would have been less, but for the very influences one has now in mind ; the healing, tonic force of example which has come to us from all the work of an unselfish, public-spirited, social service character which has been carried out in Bombay this season.

The New Era.

Here, beyond all shadow of doubt, is the field for the coming man ; the line of effort and action for the young people with brains who are to lead, and

to win the respect and support of the community in the days to come. The old, stupid, tub-thumping methods of achieving prominence and leadership are moribund. That they will linger among us, like other crudities, errors, superstitions and vulgarities, no sane mortal doubts. So long as ignorance endures it will have its parasites and exploiters. That is inevitable. But they will no longer be in the mode. Mere demagoguery, with all its malice, deceit, insolence and uncharitableness, has to be relegated to its proper place : the gutter. Construction, production, creativeness, helpful social service ; true citizenship, in short, will be our tests and touchstones in the future.

"Go West, young man!" was the American publicists advice to his juniors, when all Western America cried out to be peopled and made fruitful. And the sense and spirit of the same counsel holds good for us all in India to-day, and most emphatically for our young people ; for, what did the "Go West!" mean? It meant : Go out into the open and produce, create, make good! Cause two blades of grass to sprout where one has grown till now ; an ear of corn where till now only weeds grew. Go out and make your country a better, richer, more fruitful heritage for its sons and daughters. Go out and produce. Make your own fortune and help your fellow citizens. Go out and work for social betterment. The greater the personal prosperity you win for yourself, the greater your power for social service ; and see you do not neglect it.

And what better or more practical counsel could Young India have to-day? Go out, young man, and young woman. Let the past be past. Yours is the new age. The future is yours to make splendid. The era of mere talk has given place to the era of constructive work. Help your fellows ; help yourself. Spread knowledge, and build, build, build! In the building, all good things shall come to you, for the leaders of to-morrow are to be all builders, makers, creators—and none of them mere talkers.

The Liberal Catholic Church

(The following article comes from a well-known Theosophical contributor, who prefers to remain anonymous).

EVERYONE interested in the development of religious movements will certainly find that the Liberal Catholic Church, hitherto known as the Old Catholic Church, is contributing a phase of religious worship which is worthy of note. Christianity is one of the great religions of the world and guides and spiritualises the destinies of millions; any aspect, therefore, of Christianity, which means added vitality to it, cannot but be of the greatest interest.

With many other Theosophists, I have been interested in this new development of the historic Church, and have of late had special opportunities of knowing a good deal about the Liberal Catholic Church. Though myself a Buddhist, about a dozen years ago I studied carefully the ritual of the Mass, and wrote about it, pointing out certain similarities of inner meaning to ceremonies in Hinduism and in Masonry. Being, therefore, familiar with the mystical ideas regarding the Holy Eucharist, I have naturally been deeply interested in studying what the Liberal Catholic Church has to say about the occult aspects of Christianity.

Just now in Australia there are unusual opportunities for studying the whole movement, as of the six Bishops of the Church four are at present in Sydney. Furthermore, the Liberal Catholic Church has a church building of its own, where various ceremonies take place, and with the help of the new Liturgy, which is published, one can watch and follow carefully the ritual practices. The first impression which a service of the Liberal

Catholic Church makes upon one's mind is that of extreme richness of effect. Nothing which is black appears in any vestment, nor does anything of the nature of the fear of God and trepidation before Him appear in the ritual. Within the chancel, the Bishops and Priests in their rich vestments naturally arrest one's attention; it is noteworthy that the cassock instead of being black, as is usual, is for a Priest, purple, and for a Bishop, magenta—the colour of the Bishop's cassock in the Roman rite. The acolytes and servers are in red cassocks with white cottas, and the choir are in blue cassocks with white surplices. Every beautiful ritual element existing in various branches of the Christian Church has been drawn upon, and incense and flowers and lights all play their appropriate rôles.

One noteworthy fact is that the Priests have clearly in their mind the thought that their particular type of Christian worship is only one of many great types of worship in the world. Theosophical students are familiar with the general idea of the Rays; this conception is manifest in the ritual of the Liberal Catholic Church working. As all Christianity has especially for its Head the Christ Himself, who represents the Second Aspect of the Logos, this Christian worship appertains to a religion of the Second Ray; but it is just now beginning especially to emphasise the ritual or seventh sub-ray. The Reserved Sacrament on the altar represents the Second Ray and is the Great Light on the Altar; but on either side of the Great Light are six other Lights, symbolising the six other Rays. On the right, or Epistle side of the altar, the candle

nearest to the Host represents the First Ray, that next the Fourth, and that next and last the Fifth. On the Gospel side, the candles in order represent the Seventh, Third and Sixth Rays. The idea of the Seven Rays and their influences is very pronounced in the ritual wording; buried in the altar are seven jewels, representing the Seven Rays; the Pectoral Cross which each Bishop wears has also the Seven Jewels, the principal jewel being that which represents the Seventh or Ceremonial Ray, the other six jewels surrounding it in definite order.

These same seven jewels, in the same setting, are in each crozier of each Bishop, so that when the ceremonies are being performed by a Bishop he is not merely calling down the influence of the Ray of ritual worship, but also the secondary influences of the other six Rays as well. Within the body of the Church seven crosses are placed, representing the same seven Rays and each cross has within it the jewel appropriate to its Ray. We have, therefore, in this Christian Church, the rather unusual conception of Christian spiritual influences working in harmony with those other influences of the other religions which also affect the whole world of religion.

So far as I gather, the Liberal Catholic Church considers that, while it has its Ordination in perfect regularity coming through the proper channels from Bishop to Bishop from the first Bishop of Christianity, and so is absolutely regular with reference to the Apostolic Succession, it is in special ways the guardian of the highest form of Christianity, indeed, of that type which would be endorsed by the true Head of all Christian Churches as the most efficient for the helping of Christians to-day. They have, therefore, made modifications in their ritual, though all these are of a minor kind. In the great ceremony of the Mass, and in the most sacred part of it called the "Canon," there has been no change in the sequence of the actions to be performed by the consecrating priest. Such modifications as have been made in the Liturgy all tend to give a joyous effect to the

religious service, and man is more guided to think of his union with the Divine nature, and less of the great gulf between his as man with his feet in a sinful world and God in a perfect heaven.

Of all the Church services, naturally the most impressive is that of the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. According to the occult conception of the Mass, now well known to Theosophists, a definite outpouring of spiritual forces takes place at consecration, to help both the individuals of the congregation and the district surrounding the Church. This force comes from that great Reservoir wherein is stored the force generated through the self-sacrifice of the Nirmanakayas. At the moment of consecration, the particles of the bread and wine are linked in occult ways to these spiritual forces, and so become their outlet. As this Reservoir is connected with the outpourings of force direct from the Logos Himself, we have, at the time of consecration, an opportunity given to every individual to put himself in touch, through various intermediaries, with the Nature of the Logos. All these occult facts are realised by the celebrant; and this clear conception about the occult effects of the Mass, both by the priest and by a large number of the congregation, unite to bring about a powerful influence in the church at the time of consecration. While everything appertaining to the service is full of ritualistic beauty, the ritual aspect has in no way diminished the sense of utmost solemnity and reverence with which this principal part of the ceremony is performed.

In a book which is just going through the press, called "The Science of the Sacraments," by Bishop C. W. Leadbeater, we have explanations given of all that takes place on the inner side of things, from the beginning of the Mass to its end; not only are pictures given of the great thought-forms created, but the whole service is explained in detail, and we have a description of the parts various types of angels take in the great ceremony. Some of us, even non-Christians, are beginning to realise that

a great occult ceremony takes place whenever the Mass is celebrated; and I am quite sure that everyone who is at all devotional or of a sensitive imagination will be profoundly influenced and uplifted at that service.

The catholicity of the Liberal Catholic Church is most strikingly illustrated in the readiness with which they give Communion to all, irrespective of the usual regulations of the Churches. The Liberal Catholic Church considers that the consecrated Host is a channel of Divine Outpouring and Blessing to every individual *who is willing to receive it*, and they do not find any commandment of the Christ that it should be withheld from the sinner, or from anyone, whether Christian or not, who wants to receive that Divine Grace. While, of course, they consider that the ceremonies of Baptism and Confirmation co-ordinate the invisible vehicles of a communicant in such a way that the Outpouring from the Host affects him in specially profound ways, they do not, however, consider that one who has not been baptised or confirmed is not worthy to receive the Divine Grace. Hence, though I am myself a Buddhist, yet, without any need to change my religion, I have received the Sacrament, for the Church considers that I am quite worthy to do so, irrespective of my religion, since my intention is to "communicate." This catholicity is indeed a great innovation, and added to it their perfect liberality as to belief or non-belief in various dogmas, and also the frank recognition that other great religions are equally paths to God, make the Liberal Catholic Church undoubtedly unique among the Churches of Christianity. As exemplifying this liberality, I have been asked to deliver sermons in the Church of S. Alban, in Sydney, and have so far preached at three services.

As mentioned already, in the main the Liberal Catholic Church seems to follow the great Christian Ritual Ceremonies, and makes only such innovations as it thinks fit with the modern needs of humanity. But with reference to all

these innovations it considers—and there the ordinary mortal cannot give his judgment—that its changes are such as meet with the approval of the Living Christ, Who has made this Church a special instrument of His instruction and of His blessing to the world.

As I have had an opportunity of observing Christian Churches in many lands, I feel quite confident that the Liberal Catholic Church will appeal to vast numbers of Christian people who find no rest in the existing churches, and who, by tradition and temperament, are drawn to Christian lines of spirituality more than to Hindu or Buddhist. The Church therefore has, I believe, a great future, and it seems to me it should grow very rapidly now that a complete Liturgy is procurable. The works (in the press) of Bishop Leadbeater will specially enable the congregation to understand what is the visible and invisible effect which should be produced in the services of the Church.

Those of us who are workers in the Theosophical Society, and whose main object is to uplift humanity towards higher levels of spirituality, must look at all problems of religion and ethics unhampered by our prejudices and the conventions which surround us. We cannot allow our sympathies or antipathies to warp our judgment and limit our usefulness in the cause of the human welfare. Therefore, I sincerely believe that everyone who is a true Theosophist—it matters not at all to what faith he belongs—will give the warmest sympathy to this great movement for deepening the channels of the spiritual life in Christianity represented by the Liberal Catholic Church. While we are not all called upon to be Christians, nor all Christians to be members of this particular Church, we are all called upon to give our aid to every good work for the helping of our fellow-men, and all that I have seen and know of this Liberal Catholic Church emphatically makes me say that, to my mind, it is one of the very powerful spiritualising forces in the religious world to-day.

The New Order

By H. BAILLIE WEAVER

[Report of a speech delivered at a public meeting held under the auspices of the League of Peace and Freedom, at Mortimer Hall, London, on Thursday, March 13th, 1919.]

I HAVE been specially asked to deliver a short address to-night and not to leave all the talking to the chosen speakers, and I am going to comply with the request, though it is not in accordance with my usual practice to make speeches when I am taking the chair.

We are met here to-night to talk about the New Order, which many men and women are striving to bring into the world, and I would begin by emphasising the fact that we who stand on this platform as believers in and workers for that New Order are not depressed, for we are convinced that despite all the horrors, the misery and the pain, the New Order is going to arise. Of course it is natural that I personally should take this view, for I believe that in a comparatively short time a great Teacher will come; that, in fact, the same great Teacher who was here 2,000 years ago will come back again to preach an extension of the same teaching that He preached before, a religion of Brotherhood without distinction of race, class, creed, colour or sex, upon which, as on a sure foundation, the Brotherhood State will be built.

How far the other speakers to-night share this personal belief of mine I do not know, but I do know that they believe as firmly as I do that, as I said, despite all the horror, the misery and the pain, or, shall I say, out of the horror, the misery and the pain, the New Order is coming. Not that either they or I fail to realise all the difficulties in the way just as clearly as the pessimists do, but we are not minded to dwell on the difficulties. We are going to-night to think about and rejoice in the time when those difficulties will have been surmounted.

May I point out, in passing, that that

is the true occult method in which some of us are interested. First the idea clearly conceived, strongly held, constantly harboured and encouraged, in a word the creative effort and work on the mental plane, the plane of creation; then the bringing to birth of the idea in concrete form, the realisation in matter on the physical plane.

Now, let us consider the New Order for a moment from the point of view of how it can shortly be described. Well, I personally think that it can be described by words taken from the title of the Society under the auspices of which we are meeting to-night—Peace and Freedom. It is a condition in which each may work for the good of the whole untrammelled by war or preparation for war either at home or abroad. Freedom, the condition in which each may develop without let or hindrance so as to be best fitted for the splendid, glorious task of working for Humanity; Peace and Freedom co-operating towards ultimate harmony inside and outside the national boundary. That is of the essence, that the Peace and the Freedom should be both inside as well as outside the national boundary. "A. E." in truth maintains that there must be harmony and good-will, brotherliness and sympathy first *inside* the national boundary before we can get them *outside*; another way perhaps of saying that charity begins at home, and that of course inside and outside act and re-act in this matter as in all other matters. I personally think that "A. E.'s" order is fundamentally right and that it is proved so by, for instance, the efforts which are now being made to establish a League of Nations; for thereby men are seeking—whether in the best way or not is another question—to apply

internationally those conceptions of law and judicial decree which they have first reached and tested in practice nationally.

But, however that may be, you will, I think, at least agree that the Peace and the Freedom must be striven for inside as well as outside the national boundary; in other words the New Order expressed in the words, Peace and Freedom, must strive to conform nationally and internationally with the true line of human advance. May I quote to you Huxley's phrasing of that true line, which occurs in his essay on "Evolution and Ethics," the essay written to show that social progress is synonymous with the ethical process. This is how he puts it. He says that the true line of human advance

"involves a course of conduct which in respects is opposed to that which leads all success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint: in place of thrusting down all competitors it requires that the individual shall not merely respect but help his fellows: its influence is directed not so much to the survival of the fittest as the fitting of as many as possible to survive."

In other words, no exploitation of the weak by the strong; no robbing, metaphorically speaking, of the widow and the orphan; the degree of helplessness and dependence considered at one and the same time as the measure of the duty to take effort to help and his supreme stimulus to that effort.

When one so conceives the true line of human advance, the thought which is first suggested, to my mind at any rate, is that of the Oneness of all movements for sympathy and liberation, the Oneness of all the organised efforts which make for evolution. This League emphasises that Oneness by declaring, in its first appeal to the public to come in and support it, that its programme includes "the advocacy of economic reform, free exchange, woman's suffrage, penal reform, humanitarian effort on behalf of our sub-human kindred, and, above all, the cultivation of an international mind and a practical and vivid conception of the brotherhood of man and the essential unity of life." Some have considered,

I believe, that such a programme is too big; that it tries to impress too many things, and so will probably achieve *nothing*; but I maintain that the mere statement of such a programme in itself subserves a great purpose. It is of the utmost importance to emphasize that fundamental essential Oneness of all these movements, which necessarily arises from the consideration of the Unity of life, which is another way of describing the Fatherhood of God, from which logically follows the Brotherhood of creation. No one, unfortunately, forgets this Oneness more than some of the people who take part in some of these movements, hence the most harmful indifference, when not actual active hostility to each others' efforts.

In conclusion, I would dwell for a moment again upon the contrast between thoughts such as these and the hard facts of the present moment, and I would ask the question categorically, "Does it seem to some here a mockery to discuss such thoughts at such a moment when, after a most dreadful war, some are trying to perpetuate the state of things which led directly and inevitably to that war and, if perpetuated, must lead directly and inevitably to another and even more dreadful war?"

Of course it is not a mockery, and it is not a mockery, not merely because side by side with much to drive one almost to despair there is much to justify hope and impart comfort, but also and especially because it is just the special duty, function and privilege of those who believe in the coming of the New Order to proclaim that things must and will come right at the very moment when they look least like doing so.

By the way we do that duty and perform that function; by the way we show ourselves worthy of that privilege, shall we hasten or retard the coming right of things. It is always darkest before the dawn, and when it is darkest it is just the moment to think of the dawn, to talk of the dawn, to will the dawn, for so shall we hasten the coming of the dawn.

Two Star Addresses

I.—THE SYMBOLISM OF THE STAR

By E. L. GARDNER

[*An Address given in London on January 11th, 1920.*]

FOR many in the world to-day, thanks to this Order, the brightest ray of light that can be seen is that associated with the Star, and all that that word connotes. I think it is well worth while occasionally to devote some attention to the meaning of the symbol with which we are so familiar, and that I hope to do from two points of view, as it presents to us two aspects.

Symbols may be of two different kinds: one, quite arbitrary and casual, such as the trade mark of commerce or the shorthand script of the writer, with an imposed meaning; and the other, a natural symbol that has within itself, as it were, an inherent meaning. The hand, for instance, is a natural symbol that indicates craftsmanship, the heart similarly love and affection, and so on, with interior meanings rather than the arbitrary and external one of the commercial mark.

In the Star, the symbol of this Order, we have an instance in which both aspects are present. In a certain sense it is artificial, being manufactured, but it contains within itself an inner meaning, which is fairly obvious in the language of symbolism, and which is immensely significant and most interesting to trace.

First, then, the outer aspect and the prominent feature is the number five. Five is a number with which we are all familiar in many directions—the head and limbs of a man, the fingers of the hand, the senses, the regular solids, all are in series of five, corresponding to the fivefold universe around and in us. In every instance it should be noted the "five" is divisible into one and two pairs—a leader, as it were, and four attendants. In the man you have the head and two pairs of limbs; in the senses, a leading sense, hearing, and two pairs, touch and sight, taste and smell; then in the hand you have the thumb and two pairs of fingers; in the regular solids, which outline the basic forms on which the planes of the universe are built, one, the tetrahedron, the four-sided, is the origin and leader of all, and generates the cube and octahedron as one pair, and the dodecahedron and icosahedron as the other pair. In all cases there is a dominating leader and two pairs of followers or attendants. Hence in the Star symbol of five rays, one is dominant and should be uppermost. In that relation and position it is the symbol of unity, as opposed to duality or diversity if two rays (or horns) were above.

A far more interesting examination of the symbol is that obtained by approaching it from the inner or esoteric side. The five rays of the Star stand for the human principles corresponding to the five great planes of Manifestation. Through contact with these consciousness is born, developed, expanded, until from the lowly position of primeval man the state of the perfect man is attained. With the principles fully expanded and faultlessly balanced the goal of our evolution in this cycle is reached, and these may be named as characterised by power, wisdom, understanding, feeling and action.

Viewed from a lofty level these five are to be noted as really being one and two pairs. The one, or leader, at the present phase of human development is that associated with the mind, namely understanding. This, you notice, is the central one of the five recited—power, wisdom, understanding, feeling and action. Human consciousness really begins only when the mind is to some extent expanded and operative.

When man, as man, is thus successfully born, so to speak, he finds two paths lying open before him: one that will take him out definitely and at last self-consciously to the periphery of his physical vehicle and the further and fuller expansion of his feelings and reasoning faculty—along that line he may travel—or he may devote himself to the purely spiritual side and bask, as it were, in the bliss of those higher planes, learning nothing.

He pursues, under the wisest of guidance, what we usually term the lower path, in order that he may gain experience and establish himself firmly on a foundation of self-consciousness and individuality, though selfishness inevitably attends it. In allegory and parable the story has frequently been told. In that of the Prodigal Son, for instance, we may confidently take it that he made a far better man than his stay-at-home brother (not perhaps that that is a particularly wise view to present to young people, nevertheless we may all appreciate the wisdom gained by that excursion into the realms of experience). A man who has surmounted those difficulties and gathered their lessons is far better fitted to deal with the expansion of his spiritual nature than he could possibly be if he had never encountered those outer experiences. "The seed that fell by the wayside" was unable to stand the noonday

sun because of the paucity of its roots. Humanity as a whole, as in each individual case, will be unable to soar into the heights of the spiritual spheres unless established firmly in self-consciousness and individuality by the lessons gained in the limiting vehicles of the lower planes. That very effort of pursuing the outer and concrete leads directly to the apparent division of the mind, for it is the almost exclusive exercise of the grosser part of the mind that leads to the establishment of that stable centre which is called the making of the individual, and its expansion later does not destroy the foundation laid.

It is this division of the mind that leads to the oppositions that constantly confront us. The pairs of opposites we make, it is we that divide the higher and lower, the "pairs" do not exist as such by themselves, it is we by our attitude and actions, it is we always that make the pairs of opposites, and we have made them so thoroughly and effectively that now we find ourselves in the midst of a world in which contest, struggle and competition are dominant. The symbol of the familiar interlaced triangles is one that well represents these pairs of opposites. It may be taken, of course, as indicating balance and poise, but it also emphasises the distinction between higher and lower, the spirit and personality, and as such marks the opposites rather than their union.

The six-pointed figure must give place to the five-pointed—the six-pointed, dominantly indicating opposition, must give place to the five-pointed, which is the symbol of unity. Such unity implies the recognition of the brotherhood of man, and that all joy and sorrow should be communal. If one suffers, the whole should be recognised as suffering. The quality of sympathy is in some measure an almost universal feature. It is the unconscious recognition of this brotherhood among men, and for that matter in the animal, plant and mineral kingdoms too, sympathy is an instinctive, spontaneous expression of feeling. On the purely physical level the infection of a yawn is a common experience, and the sympathy of the emotional vehicles is frequently pronounced. You may be listening to a speaker or an actor, someone who forgets his part, who is put into some nervous tension by reason of this, and at once you begin to sympathise with him and feel nervous yourself. Another one will speak some sentence of inordinate length, and you become breathless, because, without effort or volition on your part, your emotional body sympathises with the speaker's as you interpret and reproduce the feeling. That is all due to the sympathetic undercurrent constantly playing between us, and it is so much evidence of this union of life between us all, not only amongst humanity, but involving and including the younger kingdoms too.

But that is not a real human characteristic quality. Humanity has to do with something far higher than with mere sympathy. Pity,

commiseration, condolence, are all on the same level, more or less, as sympathy, and belong as much to the animal side of our natures as to the human. They are evidence of the living qualities of our own bodies. The truly human quality that corresponds is something much higher than that, and is associated with the mind, and can only follow the union of the higher and the lower minds.

When man chose and pursued that outer path, he divided the mind into two. He made it of a lower and a higher, and we associate all that is spiritual and lofty quite rightly with the higher mind. But the obliteration of the lower mind is not sought. That which has to be accomplished is the union of the lower or outer, ratiocinative, principle (enriched with the experiences gathered in that far country) with the higher mind which depends on intuition for its illumination. Granted that, and you have as a result the birth of Compassion, which is a Human-Divine quality.

You will note that the union of the higher and lower minds reduces the six to five, for the six arose by reason of our activity with the outer worlds, and six is therefore a number-symbol due to the division of the mental principle. With the union of that mental principle we then have just one mind instead of two, and five as the figure of our symbol instead of the six which characterises the interlaced triangles.

A good example of this union of the five giving rise to a special faculty or quality of expression is that of the human hand. In the hand you have the five fingers, and it is only when those fingers co-operate that the hand can hold tools, and can perform wonders of craftsmanship, all due to the union of the five in one instrument. In the same way, with regard to the senses, the five senses must be operative, must be developed up to a certain point before the faculty we call the sixth sense can be successfully expanded; only when the five are unified can this be born. In just the same way, one finds it on the larger scale of the races of the world. We are now in the fifth sub-race of our great root-race, and the five sub-races must in all in a measure be linked before that can be born, that depends so much on their union—I mean the sixth sub-race. We are actually witnessing that taking place, for the nations were never closer together than they are to-day. We are all linked together now more or less—it remains, of course, for the League of Nations to become a living thing in order for that link to be forged well and strongly.

The union of the higher and lower minds, the reduction of the six to five, means the birth of compassion, and compassion is that comprehensive, all-embracing love that is ever exercised by the discriminating, understanding mind. It is necessary, that is to say, for the mind to be a unified whole before the Divine Wisdom we call Intuition can be expressed in terms of compassion. It is accomplished, not by destroying the pairs of opposites,

but by uniting them, or, to put it better, by conserving the faculties born of their strength, and using those faculties in the service of all.

That, as I understand it, leads to the expression of the perfect virtue of compassion and follows the union symbolised as the significant feature of the five-pointed Star.

II.—THE STAR AND THE FUTURE

By K. S. CHANDRASEKHARA AIYAR

[*Presidential Address at a Meeting held in Bangalore City, India, on January 11th, 1920.*]

THIS day marks another milestone on the road that separates us from the great event to which all members of the Order of the Star in the East look forward with devotion and with hope. And it is therefore an appropriate time for us to take stock of the conditions that have a bearing upon the work of the Order.

During the last nine years a certain amount of spade work has been done, and that chiefly by our leaders and by the more earnest members of the Order, in the matter of preparing the outer world for the great Coming, by familiarising it with the idea of a Divine Hierarchy of Beings above the level of ordinary humanity, who are engaged in guiding humanity along the path of upward progress, and in particular with the thought of a great World-Teacher (one of the highest officials of that Hierarchy) whose function it is among, other other things, to impart to the races of men from time to time, in such fresh forms as they may be able to assimilate, those vivifying immortal truths that are the keynote of a newer, higher and better civilisation than that which has so long sufficed for them.

It cannot be said that that work of previous preparation is being as well or as thoroughly carried out as it might be if all members were sufficiently enthusiastic and steady; and in any case a great deal more work remains to be done in the years that remain than has been as yet achieved. But it is at least something that the idea of the Coming of the Lord has been scattered far and wide, like seeds floating in the breeze, and that curiosity and interest, if not active expectation, have been aroused among people everywhere. It is something that a regular organisation has been formed with branches all over the world comprising a proportion of earnest and devoted workers, firm believers in the divine governance of the world, many of them still young and active enough to look forward to meeting the Lord when He shall appear among us in the flesh, and to become His followers and disciples, men and women who are resolved during the intervening years to devote their time, energy and substance to spreading more widely the tidings of the glorious Advent; not a vague anticipation of what may happen in the distant centuries, but a

quite near event which, judging by the signs of the times and by what we have been told by those who know, may be looked forward to within the next ten or twelve years.

Surely, these tidings that have been conveyed to us are the most momentous that we can, any of us, expect to hear in our time and generation; and, surely, it ought to awaken an active spirit of enquiry in all who have not already concerned themselves with the circumstances of the Advent. Those who, in their utter absorption in the lesser things of life (wealth, business, office, title, praise, preferment, and the rest), neglect to profit by so tremendous an opportunity, which may not recur for thousands of years, are indeed to be pitied; for bitter will be their sorrow and poignant their self-reproach when they find themselves unprepared to take the fullest advantage of the tremendous outpouring of spiritual energy that will be upon the world within a handful of years. There are always a goodly number of people who prefer to sit on the fence when invited to join a movement of preparation, which in this case includes both strenuous outer work and the regulation of the inner attitude; they will find when too late that (to vary the metaphor) while they have been waiting to see which way the wind blows before adjusting their sails, their vessel has been left stranded high and dry on the sandbanks of stagnation and disillusionment, while the rest of the world who have trusted themselves to the current have been borne far forward on the bosom of the flowing tide. In the times in which we live the truly wise are not always the worldly wise, but those above all who can see the subtle indication of a great spiritual awakening in prospect, and are preparing themselves to profit by the opportunity and still more to take their part, tiny though it may be compared with the mighty task to be achieved, in preparing the way for the future.

I have not now the time to go over the signs and portents of the new era in world-civilisation that is already upon us. That has often been done before, and by no one more insistently than by the revered Protector of the Order of the Star in the East, and besides there is plenty of detailed information available to those who seek for it in the published literature of the Order.

The great war that has raged for five years, but is scarcely yet burnt out, is itself a momentous sign for those who can see. While it is symptomatic of something very wrong with the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and points to the need for drastic remedies not yet to be found in the scanty medicine chest of the world, in the shape of higher ideals and a fresh outlook on life, the war has also, after its termination in the way in which it has done, brought in its wake world problems which seem well nigh incapable of solution by ordinary mortals.

It has been remarked of the war that, almost before it had commenced, it had revolutionised Europe at a bound and changed the whole future of the world. It is recognised that the old organisation of society is breaking down, and must be replaced on a new and more cohesive basis.

That the world is moving at a tremendous pace during these few years past is patent to all but the blind; it has in fact been pointed out so often (among others by the present Prime Minister of England) that it has ceased to startle and has become a truism. I need only refer in passing to the latest testimony to the phenomenon in question, which is borne by our Viceroy Lord Chelmsford, who, speaking the other day at the Convocation meeting of the Calcutta University, observed: "We have come to one of those points in the world's history when a great cataclysm, in this case the great war, suddenly launches out the waters, which have long been heaped up, into a more rapid current, and events and developments which normally would have been spread over many years succeed one another in a startlingly short space of time."

But while almost every one is talking of the rapidity of the current, the imminent need for a reconstitution of present-day civilisation, and the difficulty and immensity of the problems to be solved if such a reconstruction is to be safely ushered in, no one is able to see clearly how the desired consummation is to be brought

about. There are storms and troubles everywhere, and there is no one, as far as we can see, able to take the ship of civilisation safely through the shoals and currents onward to the open sea of unrestricted progress and advancement.

Upon this point, however, we who belong to the Order of the Star in the East have more definite and reassuring information. For our Protector, Mrs. Besant, has said: "The crash of war from every side cannot touch the Peace at the heart of things, and we who are students of the Great Plan need not let our hearts be troubled by the storms of the time. Let us fix our eyes upon the results rather than upon the passing tempest, and realise that the fiery heat of war is ripening swiftly the precious fruits for which otherwise the nations would have had to toil for weary years of frustrated efforts and of disappointed hopes." And she has pointed out how the public mind is being prepared for the transition from an individualistic to a co-operative system, for the utilisation of the State for the common good; and that this change of thought, with its more brotherly outlook upon life, is preparing the nation of the British Empire for the lessons of a Teacher who will lay the foundations of a practical social brotherhood, and who, by the magic of His presence, will smooth all the difficulties, and will guide the human race into a happier and more peaceful civilisation.

Let us during the year that has already commenced profit by the lessons, experiences, and indications of the past and the present, and resolve to prepare ourselves more and more efficiently for the glorious but strenuous times that are ahead, not only by constantly thinking and meditating about the World-Teacher, but also by taking brotherhood and service as the watchwords of our lives, as ideals to be materialised in action. Thereby we shall help to prepare the world also for the Coming, and perhaps even make that Coming a little nearer than it might otherwise be.

SHORT ESSAYS ON STAR WORK.

The next Essay in this series will appear in the July number.

Correspondence

CONCERTED ACTION

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—A translation of the second of the "Short Essays on Star Work" (HERALD, February, 1920), was read at our yesterday's Star-meeting. The therein contained proposal of a one-year-long general meditation was greatly approved by all present, and the wish expressed that not only this proposal might find favour at Headquarters, but also that the necessary preparations might be quickly finished by the willing help of our brothers and sisters all over the world, so that soon we might feel more One in Him than has, unluckily, been the case up to now.

Statements of different points of view being invited, I do not hesitate to write what seems to me an important point, all the more as the author did not touch it in his essay. I say important, because it would make for *individual freedom in closest connection with the general good*, and that is, after my opinion, a point that cannot be developed strongly enough.

It was proposed in the essay to have a time-table published showing the corresponding times for meditation in the different countries. Just this one fact opens up to all members vast possibilities of realising the great "drawing-down" process, as it does not bind them to any fixed time. I mean to say, should a member, by having to look after his personal affairs and fulfilling his daily duties find it impossible to join the meditation at the time fixed for his respective country, he may, with as much benefit to others and himself, join a group meditating in some other part of the world at a time when he is quiet and able to concentrate himself. All that is needed is to take the time-table to hand and look up the group that then is about to send out those healing and beautifying streams, contained in the words of Goodwill, Harmony and Peace. There being so many Star groups, it is not imagination when

saying that an almost continual Star service will be going on, and there will then be no excuse for anyone for not having joined at least once. I think this would give the individual member a great inner freedom, and spare him a good many reproaches from his conscience for not having given the necessary time and attention to his holy task just because affairs of this world claimed their right.

Another point is that it would develop and strengthen the feeling of universal brotherhood immensely. There can be no doubt that limits of race and colour would be more easily overcome in reality if this had been done repeatedly before in the spirit. Is it not a wonderful, inspiring thought that someone living, say in Germany, can be together with those living north and south, east and west, all over the world, and be present at as many places as he likes and his time permits, thus giving his mite at many temples?

It might be objected here that all this is already possible now without time-table and preparations, as time and space do not exist for the spirit. True, but is it not, humanly speaking, a more satisfying feeling to arrive at a place at a time when visitors are expected and welcome?

These are just a few words on a subject as deep as it is all-embracing. Yet they will, I hope, show that this practice would culminate in becoming acquainted with dear ones everywhere, no matter what their race and customs are, and feeling "at home" at every part of this globe, no matter what the place is called, for our—the Star member's home—is everywhere where Goodwill, Harmony and Peace prevails.

With Star greetings, yours very truly,
(Mrs.) L. M. HEINRICH.
L.-S., Leipzig.

Leipzig, Ap. 11th, 1920,
Kolormadenstr., 29.

SELFISHNESS AND UNSELFISHNESS

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—This letter is sent in response to your invitation to readers to send an expression of views on the question of unselfishness—based on the article on that subject quoted in the Editorial Notes in the February number of your publication.

Methinks that the ultimate beneficial influence on others through the practice of true, genuine unselfishness would far outweigh the considerations set forth by the author of the article you have quoted.

Some years ago I occasionally visited an institution run for the benefit of women of the

unfortunate class. Residence therein was not compulsory. Open doors were kept, and any of the inmates were free to leave whenever they wished to do so. I mention this to prove that the incidents referred to hereunder could not have been due to a spirit of rebellion induced by enforced confinement. At the time of which I write, one of the inmates of the institution was an extremely hard-hearted and depraved character. On one occasion she boxed the ears of the sister in charge, and at another time she spat into the sister's face. All that the sister did on each occasion was to say: "God bless you, my dear sister."

There was no punishment, no curtain lecture. The case was simply treated in a patient and selfless manner, a strong belief underlying the attitude: that deep down in the consciousness of the inmate there existed love, goodness, God! Three years later, when the woman left the home, she was a redeemed character. She was filled with shame and remorse at her past treatment of the sister, and owned that it was the thought of the wonderful patience and selfless attitude of the sisters in the home that ultimately broke down her rebellious spirit and caused her to become a changed woman. Is not the above case an illustration of a universal law? and, although the virtue practiced was the virtue of "patience," would not similar happy results be the outcome from the display of the virtue of genuine, loving "unselfishness" in any department of life?

As an illustration, let us imagine a large family of brothers and sisters. One of the latter noted for her unselfish disposition. All the members of the family impose upon her, and to outsiders she appears to be the drudge of the family. As far as she is personally concerned,

it is her highest happiness and privilege to serve her parents and brothers and sisters.

It is like casting "bread upon the waters." After many days, when the family is scattered and troubles arise—caused by the thoughtless and selfish actions of new associates—the memory of the past is conjured up, remorse is experienced because of the thoughtless treatment meted out in earlier days to a loving and long suffering sister; the contrast (in experience) reveals the "angel" of long ago, the unselfish sister becomes the ideal, a spirit of emulation is engendered, and the result is a victory, after many days, for the doctrine of unselfishness.

To sum up: what would have been the result had the woman, referred to in the first part of my letter, been severely punished for her misdemeanours, or, expelled from the institution? Would it not perhaps have meant a delay of many earth-lives before she would have arrived at the stage she had attained when she left the home? Again, would there have been delay in gaining spiritual attributes had the members of the family referred to not had a selfless "angel" sister in the home of their youth? Indolent unselfishness is to be reproached; with that exception I imagine that the practice of the virtue, in every detail of daily life, would tend to hasten the spiritual evolution of humanity. The results may not be seen by those who practice the virtue, but I think that a peep into the "Book of Life" would reveal records that would gladden the heart of many a weary soul who has lived a selfless life of service and sacrifice!

Sincerely yours,
J.S.

Southern Rhodesia,
March 14th, 1920.

THE ABOLITION OF THE DEATH PENALTY.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—The following is what has lain dormant in my memory for 20 years well nigh; being as much as I remember, after so long a time, of a lecture given by Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner of the London Humanitarian League before the Chelmsford Literary and Debating Society at Chelmsford.

Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner proposed the *abolition of the death penalty* and the substitution for it of penal servitude for life, on the following grounds.

First: In consideration of the fact that judges and juries are human and therefore liable to error, it might conceivably happen that a man might be tried by judge and jury, found guilty and executed, and afterwards found to have been innocent of the crime for which he was condemned and executed. For condemned men frequently protest their innocence of the crime up to the very last. And in this connection, although I do not recollect

Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner mentioning it, there exists, for anything I know, even at this present time in England somewhere, a man who was condemned by judge and jury and whom the scaffold refused three times to hang. This man was then let go and has since been thought to have been innocent. Surely it were better, therefore, to alter the law in this respect from capital punishment to retention for life, in order that, in the name of justice, such an unspeakably horrible crime should not be committed by mischance by society upon some innocent fellow-being! For, if the law were retention for life and a man's innocence could afterwards be established, then could that man be loosed and re-established among men, taking his former social status.

But while the law of capital punishment remains as at present, should justice once miscarry and an innocent man be hanged, nothing can be done to rectify the awful mistake.

Secondly: If, indeed, a man be guilty of murder, and if he alone should suffer, then justice might be done. But here we must allow that, at any rate on the mental and emotional planes, the relatives of the condemned man suffer possibly more than the man himself. To get some idea of this we have but to consider the feelings of the father, mother, wife, brothers, sisters and children of such an unhappy wretch. For a man's relatives live to hear it said for ever after: "*To such and such a family belonged so and so who was hanged for murder.*" So we are forced to the conclusion that the motive underlying the idea of the death penalty is not that of justice but that of revenge!

Thirdly: We have to consider whether this law, which seems to have come down to us from a more barbarous past and which is based on revenge, is worthy of our State, our civilisation, and worthy of the age we live in; whether we should allow society to be reflected in laws which suggest some huge mammoth monster thirsting for revenge upon unfortunate, misguided, misled individuals, who make the mistake of thinking that their own welfare lies in the murder of someone.

Fourthly: We must remember that we are all responsible for the actions of one and another; that a man who commits a murder is but putting into concrete action the thought of large numbers of people; that anger is murder on the planes of thought and emotion; that whoever is angry with his brother sets vibrating forces which in some weaker brother result in the actual deed being done. And for years large bodies of men being trained as soldiers are taught to look upon killing with indifference! The morale of the mass of men is lowered and some weaker members of society, who are perhaps criminally minded, are lead within the clutches of a law more brutal still!

Fifthly: We must consider that like begets like; love begets love; reverence inspires reverence; and the heroic makes heroes. So also a law based upon revenge, and not upon justice, begets hatred and revenge and breeds the very crime that it should supposedly cure. Consider the impressionable state of motherhood; a million mothers soon to be; a million children still unborn; and what an unhappy environment is caused by this one matter of the death penalty. A million pregnant mothers

clutch at the newspaper; they read of a man to be hanged, and in imagination they see the hangman enter the condemned man's cell, they see the handcuffs put on fast, the dragging of the culprit to the scaffold, the adjusting of the noose, the pulling of the bolt, the fatal drop, the convulsions, the struggle. What horrible things for a million mothers to have to meditate upon while carrying unborn children! So crime breeds crime for ever. Yet the State goes on acting in this matter, as if two blacks in this case ought somehow at any rate to make a white.

Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner was perhaps unconscious of what we Star Members call Preparation. Yet for us it seems unthinkable that this brutality should continue to exist in the name of the State when the expected Teacher comes. For if "by Him Kings reign," then every law based upon revenge and not grounded upon love and justice must go. And as one line of Preparation for His Coming, it should be spoken against.

To recapitulate: The death penalty should be abolished on account of the fallibility of judge and juries, whereby justice may miscarry; for from death, if innocence be afterwards established, there is no recall.

Also on account of the fact that capital punishment not only is against the criminal convicted but is an outrage upon the near relations of the man, the relations being innocent, and is also an outrage upon society.

Also on account of the fact that law concerning the death penalty is a survival of barbaric ages and is no longer in accord with the decency of our own times.

Also on account of the fact that murder springs from anger, lust, and greed; that anger, etc., is generated by each of us and reacts upon the weak and criminal types, who fall in consequence into the clutches of the law, while the sin is ours also.

Also on account of the fact that murder, on the part of an individual is not remedied by the committing of still another murder by, and in the name of, the State; and that murder by and in the name of the State tends more than anything to brutalise, harden and make callous the public mind and heart, thereby creating the very evil it sets out to crush.

I am, Sir, yours etc.,

ALPHA.

The Herald of the Star

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JULY 1st, 1920

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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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EDITORIAL NOTES

A coming Cæsar

Statements made by occultists need have no authority for readers of the *HERALD OF THE STAR*, as such, although there are many readers who are in touch with occultism in one way or another. But there is no reason why an occult statement about the future should not receive the same intelligent attention as the forecasts of the ordinary thinker and student of affairs. One of these statements, made by certain advanced occultists, is that, for the founding of the New Era, two great figures may be expected to appear almost simultaneously—a great spiritual leader and a great secular leader. The great spiritual leader is, of course, the World-Teacher for whose coming many of us look; the great secular leader will, say the occultists, do much the same work, in the near future, as Julius Cæsar did for the inauguration of the Era which is now closing. Students of Hinduism will be familiar with this idea of secular and spiritual co-operation in high places. For the Hindu, the Manu is the Great Being who controls the physical and secular evolution of the race, as distinguished from its purely spiritual evolution; and even the ordinary thinker will recognise that, for the building up of a new civilisation, the two lines must go side by side. To employ a metaphor, a receptacle must be prepared into which the new spiritual forces may be poured. The external world must be politically and economically reordered, its international relations regularised and its social organisation adapted to the character of the dawning

age, in order that the inspiration of the Great-Teacher may find an appropriate vehicle of expression; and this work, it is said, will be largely made possible by the activities of a Great Man, whose appearance on the scene is even now becoming due.

* * *

The statement is interesting enough to deserve consideration on the part of those who are thinking about future possibilities. Let us briefly consider it. In the first place, it would appear quite in accordance with historical precedent that a world-crisis, like that at which we have now arrived, should be signalled by the appearance of some commanding figure. This is, indeed, one of the grounds for our belief in the near coming of a great Spiritual Teacher; but it is equally a ground for the expectation of a great secular leader, who will inaugurate that vast political and social reconstruction which lies outside of, and yet is complementary to, the special work of a Spiritual Teacher. Wherever we have great forces in play, spiritual or secular, whose operation is largely negative and destructive, we may confidently expect a time when these forces will be gathered up and controlled and turned into channels of construction. This is, in practically every instance, the task of some great practical genius, who seems to appear at the psychological moment in response to some mysterious natural law. A Napoleon or a Cæsar is no haphazard phenomenon; his appearance is timed to a second on the clock of history. Looking back, we see

him to have been inevitable. He was the consummation of a movement, the great active principle which harnessed and focussed the forces which had recently been liberated in the world of his time. Until he appeared, those forces were purely destructive; they aimed at nothing except abolishing the past. With his advent, they became constructive. The Europe of to-day still bears the impress of these great world-builders, who can only be judged rightly as agents of the evolutionary process and not by ordinary ethical standards. To-day, far stronger forces have been liberated; a greater crisis is upon us. The movement of destruction is more widespread. The old social, the old international structure is crumbling; and as yet we can say little more than that they are destined to fall and pass away. But beyond this dissolution there lies the future reconstruction, and for this we feel that, as ever in the past, a great figure is needed, not merely to articulate the new ideal but to prepare the world for its reception. The new world will need a solid framework, and this must be built up by one great enough to gather up the forces of the age and to direct them into the paths of construction. Once again the world calls for the help of spiritual and secular greatness. The hour is striking for the appearance of a Doer and a Teacher—the one to shape the outer form, the Other to breathe into it the new life of the Spirit. For the spiritual and the secular must ever go side by side. They are the two complementary sides of the world's life, and the secular is ever the servant of the spiritual. The expectation of a Christ carries with it, for the student of history, the expectation of a Cæsar—using this term to denote the typical great man of action—in order to lay the foundations of a New Order, whose body will be a new polity and whose soul will be a new spiritual revelation.

* * *

In the light of this expectation, the present state of the world, on its secular side, becomes extraordinarily interesting.

Where and how, we may ask ourselves, is the Man of Destiny, predicted by the occultists, likely to appear? If there be a purpose behind human affairs, he would seem likely to appear where he will have the largest scope and where the liberated forces are readiest to his hand. The old and solidly established peoples, wedded to an ancient tradition, are hardly likely to give birth to the secular builder of the New Era. To allow room for a modern Cæsar, there must be complete fluidity and a complete divorce from tradition. There must also be a vantage point from which the more conservative nations can be swayed and influenced. No Cæsar can rise to power without material force at his back; and no great Builder of the New Era can do his appointed work unless he be in a position to bend the world more or less to his will. He must be strong enough, at least, to compel adaptation; which means that he must be supported by a power formidable enough to exact, from the rest of the world, adherence to his reconstructive schemes. No conservative nation will ever be a leader in reform. At its best, it will but yield gracefully to the dictates of the new spirit. At its worst, it will be reluctantly forced into line. The true leadership must come from regions where the bonds of tradition have been definitely broken and where there is thus a free field open for reform and reconstruction.

* * *

Speaking purely speculatively and with no claim to any kind of authority, we believe that the movement which is now known as "Bolshevism" is the force which is preparing the ground for the coming great Man of Action. It has the two marks above indicated. In the first place, it is at present, from the historical point of view, almost entirely destructive. It is the great "loosener" of our time. It is loosening the social fabric of almost every nation; it seems likely, before long, to become the loosener of empires. Wherever there is an old-established fabric, social or imperial, this new spirit—roughly labelled as "Bolshevism"—is

beginning to make itself felt as a destructive agency. At the same time, its constructive expressions have been experimental only and almost negligible. Bolshevism is something greater than a Russian movement ; it is infinitely greater than any constructive expression which it has received in Russia. It is the universal solvent, which is loosening the fabric of the older civilisation everywhere in preparation for the new age. And, in the second place, it is rapidly becoming a great power, which the world is coming to recognise as such. Not only is it stretching its tentacles into nation after nation, but it is becoming a rallying ground for all who are discontented with the old order. It is the potential ally and support of all who have been hardly hit by the latest great effort of traditional diplomacy, the Peace Treaty of Versailles. It is the actual ally of the unprivileged classes in every land. It is thus, in a negative and destructive sense (at present) the nucleus of a new internationalism and, in this way, bears already one of the sign-tokens of the New Era. All that remains is for it to become more powerful, more coherent and more clearly outlined ; and then it will have achieved that world-position which will provide the necessary sanction for the activities of a great Man of Action, the Cæsar of the age-to-be. Our belief is that out of the maelstrom of Russia and Central Europe will sooner or later be thrown up a great man, who will be the secular shaper of the new world. The very blindness of destruction, which is one of the main characteristics of the Bolshevist movement to-day, strengthens, for us, the conviction that the movement will follow the line of all similar movements in history and be taken up and wielded constructively by some great leader of men. Out of the present chaos of Bolshevism, we believe, will eventually arise the cosmos of the New Order ; and the rapid growth of Bolshevism as a world-force—or world-menace, if we like to call it so—is only the preparation of the power which is to be at the back of the great leader when he arrives on the scene. The Cæsar of the future will call the tune,

to which the rest of the world, willingly or unwillingly, must dance ; and for this he must be supported by nothing less than a kind of world-power. The signs of the growth of such a power are already visible, and already the established powers are beginning, under various disguises, to accommodate themselves to it. If the occultists are right, and if a Cæsar is due to appear in the world about the time of the appearance of the Great-Teacher, it is, we believe, the Bolshevist movement, using the term in its widest sense, which he will wield *constructively* for the rebuilding of the secular conditions of the world's life.

* * *

This is not prophecy. It is an attempt to put two and two together. The chain of thought which leads to the conclusion, above suggested, is roughly as follows :—The world of to-day is divided into two sets of peoples, those with an established tradition and those who have broken away from the past and are reaching out into the void. If a new order and a new civilisation are to be inaugurated in the near future, it is to the latter that we must look for the necessary impulse. The Peace Conference has already shown the world the measure of idealism to be found in the older nations. The new order must spring from virgin soil. At present the peoples which have broken with the past are more or less in a condition of chaos ; they are experimenting blindly ; they lack direction and power. Direction can only come from commanding leadership ; power can only come from consolidation of forces and from a restored efficiency ; and there seems no way of securing these except by the centralisation of authority in the hands of a great leader strong enough to dominate the whole area in which the new spirit is stirring. Once such a leader arises, he will be in a position to influence the whole current of the world's progress, for he will have friends and allies in every land. He will be a menace to which every nation will have, in some degree, to accommodate itself. In other words, he will be a world-influence ;

and, as a world-influence, he will prepare the way for the greater World-Influence which will breathe the new spirit into the world which he has begun to shape. The area which seems likely to produce such a leader is that of Russia and Central Europe. If these countries were to consolidate themselves into one power, stretching westward into Europe and eastward into Asia, they would be unimaginably formidable. Who knows that this may not be one of the developments of the near future? Occultists say that the new Cæsar, the coming leader, will federate Europe; and this seems to support our conjecture. At any rate it is an interesting speculation. Whether it be correct or not is a secret which only the coming years can reveal.

* * *

Star Time

Our request in the June number for an accurate time-table, showing how concerted action by means of thought can be taken up by the Order as a whole, has met with a speedy response. Mr. T. R. Duncan Greenlees, of Hendon, a member of the Order, sent us on May 31st a detailed table, which gives the exact minute of the two respective "Star Times" at the various sectional headquarters of the Order throughout the world. This table is printed on the last page of the present number. Our heartiest thanks are due to Mr. Greenlees for the trouble he has taken and also for the promptness with which he set about this useful piece of work.

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In case any readers of the Magazine may not have seen the June number, the following brief explanation will serve to show what the table means. The idea is that the Order of the Star in the East should begin to act as a living whole, by sending out a simultaneous stream of helpful thought into the world. This suggestion is based upon the known power of organised thought, and its object is to do something to prepare the world, through thought-influence, for the coming of the Great Teacher. In this attempt

absolute simultaneity is desirable, so that the stream of thought may be as powerful and as concentrated as possible. But, in the case of an organisation which has Sections throughout the whole world, absolute simultaneity becomes, if not impossible, at least highly inconvenient. Members cannot be expected to wake up at 2 or 3 a.m. in order to join in the effort. It was proposed, therefore, in last month's *Editorial Notes*, that there should be two "Star Times" in the course of each twenty-four hours, one or other of which would present no inconvenience to members, wherever they might happen to live, and both of which would be equally convenient over a large area of the world. These two Star Times are based, respectively, on 8 a.m. Greenwich mean time and 8 a.m. at Wellington, New Zealand, and are to be known as "Star Time A and B." The table shows at what hours these two Times fall at the headquarters of all the Sections of the Order, and members will be able to decide for themselves which of the two they will observe. In a country like England, or any of the other countries of Western Europe, it will clearly be possible to observe both the Star Times, since both fall within the waking hours, and the same thing will be found to be true of about half the countries on the list. Members of those Sections will thus have a choice of Times, or can, if they will, observe both.

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It is sincerely to be hoped that a real effort will be made to consecrate these two moments in the day throughout the length and breadth of the Order; and this is a task which may well be left to the National Representatives. All that is required is that every member of the Order, having selected his particular Star Time, shall send forth with all his energy, for a couple of minutes, a thought of blessing to the world. An exact form of words is not essential, but for the purposes of unanimity we suggest the following practice:—*Let each member, at the appointed moment, think of the coming World-Teacher and of his own thought as a*

channel through which the gracious influence of the Holy One may flow forth to the world. And then, having obtained the right attitude of mind, let him repeat mentally the following formula:—

“May Peace, Light and Harmony flow into the world from Him who is the Prince of Peace and Harmony and Light, in order that the way may be prepared for His Coming.”

We believe that this thought, constantly repeated and reinforced by the thousands of our members throughout the world, will not only bring a real blessing to mankind but will gather strength as time goes on. Not only this, but it will help to make the Order a more living channel for the influence of the World-Teacher and so to draw it nearer to Himself and to give it an ever greater life and power. We therefore ask all National Representatives to organise the Star Time of their respective Sections and, in due course, to mention in their reports the steps which they have taken.

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Since writing the above, other kind friends have sent us in tables of Star Times. To all these we give our best thanks for their ready help. One of them, Mr. Leonard H. Webb, of Framlingham, Suffolk, suggests that, although in theory the idea of absolute simultaneity may sound more effective, yet in practice it might be better for some fixed time (e.g., 12 o'clock mid-day) to be adopted by each Section. “Then,” he writes, “as the noon-point travels round the world, a practically continuous stream of force would be generated.” He considers that, in this way, more people would be able to take part in the effort; partly because some of the times, under the simultaneous system, are rather inconvenient, and partly because, in his words, “noon is not so likely to be forgotten as, say, 5.30 p.m.”

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There is much in what Mr. Webb says; and, certainly, a fixed point like noon, would in many ways be more convenient.

But we have a feeling that the plan of absolute simultaneity will, in spite of certain disadvantages, appeal more strongly to most of our members. It is something new; it is also something which, if properly carried out, may be expected to have a more potent effect than the sequential method suggested by Mr. Webb. The habit of remembering the particular moment fixed for one's own Section is one that can be quickly cultivated, with a little practice, by anyone who is really in earnest. To our mind, it seems that the simultaneous plan certainly deserves a trial, and we prefer, therefore, to let it stand.

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A Wonderful Book.

For some months past there has been appearing in the *London Weekly Despatch* a remarkable series of spirit messages, communicated through a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. G. Vale Owen. It is now announced that Messrs. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., of 62, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. 2, are about to publish these messages in full, with a Foreword by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The work will be in four volumes, each complete in itself, and published at 6s. net. Its general title will be *The Life Beyond the Veil*, and the first two volumes will be entitled *The Lowlands of Heaven*, and *The Highlands of Heaven*, respectively. The former will have been issued in June, the latter in the course of the present month. Due announcement will be made with regard to the publication of the two remaining volumes, which will follow as soon after as possible.

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Our readers are earnestly recommended to make the acquaintance of this wonderful work—by far the most notable communication which has hitherto come from beyond the veil. The student of occultism, in particular, will find it engrossing, for it bears out nearly everything which he has been taught about the life after death. And it does so with a colour and a picturesqueness which are necessarily absent

from treatises on occultism. Such treatises are—and are meant to be—expositions of theory, actual incidents only being occasionally brought in by way of illustration. Mr. Vale Owen's book is a living history of actual happenings, together with a large amount of direct description; and from these the theory and the laws of the after-death life naturally emerge. There is also a great deal of didactic matter, in the shape of explanation, and much of this is of the noblest description. The teachings of a certain highly advanced entity, to whom the name of "Zabdiel" is given in these communications, are especially illuminating and uplifting, and the language in which they are clothed (slightly archaic in character) has a purity, a richness, and a rhythm which would do honour to the greatest masters of English style. Nothing, indeed, to our mind, is more convincing than the nobility of utterance achieved by this particular communicating spirit. We are not acquainted with any of Mr. Vale Owen's own writings, but we feel that we are probably doing no injustice to him in assuming that his literary style does not normally reach this level. Even if he be a great master of English, his style would be the style of to-day, whereas the messages of Zabdiel have the ring of Jacobean English, the English of the translation of the Bible.

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The book seems to us to be a remarkable evidence of the new forces which are working in the spiritual world to-day, and to achieve something which could not have been achieved in any other way. Books full of the newer spiritual wisdom are not infrequent in our time; but they are read, as a rule, only by the few. But here is a mass of writing which has been read by millions, probably, every week; indeed, we think we are right in saying that the circulation of the *Weekly Despatch* has gone up enormously since the messages began to appear. The messages, too, are full of popular interest. They are easy reading

and what is popularly known as "good" reading. Those who believe that we are on the eve of a new spiritual illumination will not find it hard to believe that a work of this kind is part of a definite effort of preparation. There will be many, in the time before us, who will be the more ready to receive whatever new light may be vouchsafed us, from the fact of having become acquainted with the teachings contained in these volumes of the Rev. G. Vale Owen.

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**Contributions
to the Magazine.**

Since our announcement that the *HERALD OF THE STAR* was becoming short of contributions many members have voluntarily come to our assistance. We are particularly grateful for the very kind and encouraging letters by which many of these contributions have been accompanied. In any literary enterprise, whether it be a book or a periodical, those responsible have often no indication, except the cold, hard figures of circulation, as to whether what has been done meets with appreciation. A personal expression of appreciation is, therefore, peculiarly gratifying; and we are glad to think that there are many who like the Magazine and value the work which it is endeavouring to do. Some of the contributions which have been sent in are not, we fear, quite suitable for use; but we hope that any writers, who may have had their articles returned, will not feel that we are therefore insensible of the kind impulse which prompted their sending in. The best writing has come, naturally, from those who are accustomed to write professionally; and we are deeply conscious of the generosity which has caused these writers to send us contributions for which they expect no payment. We cannot help thinking that little sacrifices of this kind must react upon the quality and the character of the Magazine. They help to give to the *HERALD OF THE STAR* something of that character of dedication about which we wrote in one of the early numbers of this year.

The Study of the Modern State

By S. L. BENSUSAN

DR. RUDOLPH STEINER has earned the right to a respectful hearing whether he addresses his fellow-men from the platform or through the medium of the printed page. He is undoubtedly one of the outstanding figures of our generation; a man whose mental development is very far above the average. His latest work, "The Three-Fold State," although apparently it was only published this year, has already received a very wide welcome, and the authorised translation that Messrs. Allen and Unwin have put forward becomes at once an important English contribution to sociology. When a man who has, as far as one can judge, lived quite aloof from the ordinary preoccupations of the mass turns to discover the reasons for the present chaos, he is fairly safe to express himself with a certain sense of detachment. He is pledged to no party, he believes in the universal brotherhood, and he has no purpose to serve other than the betterment of existing conditions. Dr. Steiner's previous works stand upon a high plane, and although the book before us is one of the kind with which his name has not been associated hitherto, a very brief acquaintance with it suffices to show that we have within its covers an extremely well thought-out contribution to the solution of social problems.

He holds that the present chaos is due largely to lack of thought; and, though so closely associated with the study and exposition of occultism, he claims that the only spirituality worth while is that which informs the actual life of men and

is no less active in mastering the practice of life than in constructing a philosophy of the universe and of existence that may satisfy the needs of the soul. He finds that the social question is a problem of economics, human rights and spiritual life, and this, perhaps, is sufficient to suggest that his handling of the question is in no sense conventional. He believes that certain forces that have been working through centuries in the evolution of human life have now reached a decisive stage, and that, in order to grapple with the problems that are confronting us, we must begin by seeing the social problem in its true form.

Dr. Steiner believes that modern working men (perhaps it would be more correct to say the leaders of the modern working men) define class consciousness in terms of scientific concepts. Machinery and capitalism have failed, and, while the craftsman of the Middle Ages found something in his trade that satisfied his sense of the dignity of human life, machinery and capitalism have not been able between them to find anything to take its place. Consequently he has been driven to consider the whole question of modern conditions by the aid of the scientific mode of thought. Indeed, Dr. Steiner holds that the modern working class movement has its origin, as perhaps no other modern movement that ever existed, in thoughts. The proletariat needs a spiritual life, and Dr. Steiner appears to hold that modern industrialism has closed all access to that road. The fault he finds with the modern capitalist system is that it can recognise only commodities; and labour power treated

in terms of a commodity is demonstrably a remnant of slavery. The problem, as Dr. Steiner sees it, is to find how this labour power can best be withdrawn from the field of economics and directed upon social forces that will divest it of the character of the commodity. This leads the author to divide the social problem into three questions. The first is to find how the spiritual life can take healthy shape within the social organism. The second is to find how human labour power can be interwoven justly with the life of the commonwealth, and finally determine how the economic life itself is to function within the commonwealth.

It will be seen that we have here an extremely stimulating review of existing conditions, and one that demands the closest consideration of all social reformers. If Dr. Steiner is right, none of the palliatives put forward either by capital or labour can avail for long to stem the growing tide of unrest. It is clear that the sense of the dignity of life cannot be fully imparted by higher wages or shorter hours, by profit sharing, welfare work or any of the other panaceas that are put forward first by one side and then by another. All these are the temporary expedients of men who lack vision. The economic field must be a limited rather than an unlimited one, and we must learn to realise higher universal laws than those of supply and demand. Like all men who write dispassionately, being concerned only with the solution of a problem, Dr. Steiner asks much more from humanity than he is likely to get. For example, he declares that the historic crisis with which mankind is faced to-day requires that every single human being should develop certain perceptions which must receive the same sort of encouragement from the educational system as is given to the study of the first principles of arithmetic. This, one fears, is a counsel of perfection, or at least the work of very many years. Only a minority of men, a small minority, is likely to acquire an instructive perception of how the forces within the body social must work to keep it healthy.

Yet even while we feel that the author demands too much, it is clear that he has risen above mere empty doctrines. For example, he declares roundly that the socialisation of industries can provide no cure and may develop into a mere quack remedy, disastrous even, unless men learn intuitively to recognise the necessity for a threefold organisation of the body social. This he divides into the economic life, the life of common rights, and the life of mind and spirit. The economic life is qualified to deal with the production, circulation and consumption of commodities. The life of common rights—which is another term for the political life—is to deal with all that appertains to the life of the State, with man's relation to man on a basis that is purely human. The spiritual life comprises all that concerns the life of the mind and the spirit. Dr. Steiner provides a remarkable analogy. He points out that in the body social the economic system takes the place which is taken in the human body by the head system, in which natural capacities are individually conditioned. Now the head depends upon the lungs and heart, and similarly the economic system is dependent upon the services of human labour. But the head cannot regulate the breathing, and similarly the human labour system ought not to be controlled by the economic system. What he finds worst in our present condition is that, within the body economic, we find that not only are commodities bartered for commodities, but commodities bartered for labour and weighed against human rights. The exchange of a right for a commodity turns right itself into a commodity, and it is on this account that the author pleads for separate institutions within the body social. All industrial, economic business should, he feels, be eliminated from the domain of the state as a political body, and we have to alter the position in which to-day, under capitalism, labour is bought like a commodity by the employer from the employed. Dr. Steiner believes that it is mere pessimism to think that, when the State has made

provision for leisure and people are free to use their own judgment as to whether they will or will not give a part of that leisure to study, they will return to a state of illiteracy. With the development of the spiritual life, which has its own place in the social order, great forces of inspiration, says Dr. Steiner, will be released. Capitalist and manual worker will have much to learn, for there is a proper place for both in the scheme of things. He hopes that they will travel hand in hand along the road of knowledge.

Dr. Steiner refers to the cry of the French Revolution—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—and points out that the body social has a threefold character. Its branches are three living members working side by side and in co-operation—co-operation in the economic life resting upon the brotherhood that grows out of the associations. The idea of equality must be realised when purely human relations between persons are involved, while freedom must find expression in the domain of the spiritual life, and in this way all the three ideals can be realised. The mistake of the old French revolutionaries was their belief in the oneness of the State. They could not see that the ideal State has a threefold order.

Where capital and human labour are involved, Dr. Steiner takes wider views than those current among reformers, and finds three elements enter into the social relation that arises in the co-operation of capital and labour; namely, the activity of the initiator or capitalist, his relation to the workman, which must be founded in equity, and the production of something which acquires commodity value. He sees the necessity for capital as well as labour, while pointing out that the worker must participate fully in the business of production and be able to form a proper conception of the part he plays in the communal life through the production of commodities. There must be publicity in the conduct of business so that all understand the part they are playing and the relation of the part to the whole. In this way the sense of

human dignity is satisfied. He is not content with the ideal of communal control of the means of production, and declares that what is well founded in these attempts can only be satisfied if this communal control is provided by the independent, spiritual demand. There must be a free contractual relation between the capitalist and the labourer, not based upon a barter of commodities, but on the apportionment of a fixed share to each person who produces the commodity. The real danger of socialism is the superstition associated with it that measures which shall heal the body social can only proceed either from the political state or from the economic system. If this belief prevails he is convinced that mankind will add fresh burdens to the load they are endeavouring to shake off.

From a writer whose studies in occultism have attracted so much attention, it is, indeed, interesting to find the condemnation of the selfish pursuit of what he calls "Olympian altitudes." In a striking passage (p. 118) he points out that life is a single whole, and can prosper only when the definite forces from every manner of ethical and religious life find their way down to the work-a-day world. Lest this connection between the life of thought and action, the religious and moral life and the social philosophy, degenerate into mere visionary idealism, a path must be found from the way of the spiritual life to the practice of the spiritual life. In so far as the ethico-religious life stands aloof from the daily routine of existence, it is turning to a living lie within men's hearts.

Quite clearly Dr. Steiner is not prepared to accept the theories of any group of thinkers, but seeing beyond the schools and the schoolmen and the little theorists, endeavours, in the light of a close study of the social question, to set the crooked straight. Here is a sentence that shows how far he is, in spite of tendencies that some would regard as revolutionary, from the world of narrow outlook:—"I should like a large number of capable people or groups of

people not only to have their disposal of capital, but also to have access to capital through their own enterprise, since they alone can judge in what way their special abilities can, through its means, produce things useful to society." Dr. Steiner believes that the motive power of improvement under the new conditions he has envisaged will be found by freeing the spiritual life from the political and economic state; this freedom assured, individual talent will be allowed to deal with capital as it thinks fit because it will no longer have any temptation to devote it to wrong uses. The free use of the capital basis of social production will be bound up with the relation of right between the user of capital and other men.

On the question of the future of acquired capital Dr. Steiner is very stimulating. He points out that in the case of an author, for example, the copyright of works that may be of great value to mankind passes, shortly after the death of the author, into the free ownership of the community, and he regards this condition as being in strict accordance with the right and the needs of communal life. Wealth is the result of the common life of men, and must accordingly be made over to the common life of men. It is only the co-operation of the community that enables the individual to produce wealth. The equity state must not prevent the formation and control of private property in capital as long as that private control implies a service to the body social. Communal ownership, the ideal of the Socialists, would, he thinks, strangle communal life, but when it comes to regulating the terms upon which rights over property shall be transferred the equity state will step in.

Dr. Steiner views with sane regard property that consists of savings, declaring that what a person saves and places at the disposal of a productive industry serves the common interests; the increment that accrues from the use of that capital, after a charge upon it has been subtracted, going to the whole of the body social. These are interesting com-

ments and suggestions, and the more so because their author regards them as an indication of the lines which practical work should follow rather than as a finished programme. Undoubtedly the question of the strictly limited interest in acquired possessions is one that is bound to come to the fore. A man may be permitted to enjoy the fruits of his own works and to provide in some kind of measure, and for some stated time, for those who will come after him, but it may well be thought that the existing rule of inheritance will be very greatly altered in the century through which we are beginning to make our difficult and storm-tossed way. Dr. Steiner has a happy facility for choosing what is best in any school of thought and rejecting the rest. For example he points out that modern Socialism may justly demand that protection for individual profit shall yield to production for the common good; but he cannot accept the main tenets of Socialism. Communal ownership to him is anathema; all he asks is that what is produced by individual energy and talent may find its way to the community. The equity institution that he hopes to see established will rule that no business remains connected with any particular group of people any longer than the connection is justified by their individual abilities. The individual is to have fair play and to be free from bureaucratic control, but the individual is to serve his fellow men and to receive a reasonable reward for his efforts. Those who follow him must make a corresponding effort in order to earn an equal reward. The community he looks for will acknowledge the right of maintenance in the case of old people, invalids and widows, and it is to this end that surplus values will, in part, be devoted.

His views of dealing with money are extremely interesting. Money property should, he thinks, revert after a time to the community, and, in order to make certain that this is so, all money should be called in for re-coining or for a fresh issue from time to time. It follows from this that interest on any capital will

diminish steadily with the lapse of time, for, just as commodities wear out, so too will the money that represents them. Savings entitle a man to the use of commodities, but they must not be allowed to become the instrument of economic tyranny. In short, our author looks for a total break up of wage relations as at present existing, and the substitution of a new contractual relation between the head and the hands of any business in conjunction with the whole of the communal organisation, which will decide what each shall receive as his share in what is a joint production. The organisation will be able to see that no dead hand guards living interests for an indefinite time.

From this survey of conditions, as they appeal to what we may perhaps be allowed to call the Ideal State, Dr. Steiner moves to consider the international aspect of the threefold commonwealth, and he finds in it a force that will make more surely for peace than any League of Nations. Not without a certain bitterness he turns to consider the condition of Europe in 1914, for he believes that the men who were bent on maintaining in one indivisible form the structure of their states were responsible for the war. They were in a position to realise that the old economic conditions could no longer be maintained, and they thought to give them a longer lease of life by a successful campaign. Had Central Europe succeeded, it is clear enough that there would have been a great revival of royal prerogative in every direction; that the forces of reaction would have felt strong enough to challenge progress on every side, and that, so far as the condition of the manual worker—who is, after all, the bulk of the population—was concerned, his fetters would have been fastened on him more securely than ever. Rulers would have justified themselves by pointing out that an autocratic system had enabled their state to surmount immense dangers.

To-day it looks as if the real trouble lay in another direction, and as if the world, or a part of it, were likely to be

handed over to doctrinaires who are prepared to use, in support of their beliefs, a measure of tyranny that they would have denounced very bitterly had it been applied by other parties to them. The danger of the latter day movements, not only in Russia but nearer home, is that they have no spiritual foundation and no spiritual impulse. Although they are directed in certain cases by idealists and men who are entirely selfless, they appeal to a very large part of their following on no higher ethical grounds than are employed by a bookmaker on the racecourse. The class consciousness of the mass is being exploited by many whose chief concern is to rule in place of those who are ruling at present. On the other side we have an extraordinary accretion of wealth in unaccustomed and unscrupulous hands. Vast capitalistic combinations, developed in point of pace like mushrooms, are prepared to maintain their power quite as unscrupulously as others are prepared to usurp it, and, while the moderate reactionary fears the extreme socialist and thinks he stands for the class, the moderate socialist mistrusts the extreme reactionary on the same grounds. Each is for a party and none is for the State. No class is able to see clearly what the body social requires for its healing. To a world so utterly distracted and so dependent upon opportunism, Dr. Steiner's book comes with the effect of light upon darkness. It is not necessary to accept all his views. Actual practice may discount many of his theories, but the value of the "Threefold State" is that it takes a detached and impartial view of the whole social situation. It is no plea for any class or any custom, it seeks the greatest good for the greatest number; it is the work of a shrewd, well-informed thinker who has already devoted long years to the service of humanity and may readily claim attention because he has already earned it in other fields of international service. No work on reconstruction that is known to the writer has contrived to compress so much into so small a space.

The Inner Beauty

By JOHN A. PALMER

STRANGE and wonderfully sweet are the memories which sometimes settle on our minds like white doves in an evening twilight. Memories of half-suggested things which always finally elude our longing grasp and flit away into the gloom of the coming night, just as we think we have found the secret of their aching beauty. Not always are these memories of anything of tangible form, though sometimes called forth by some view of exquisite beauty which stills our heart's beat in very ecstasy, and creates in us a breathless fear lest our too apparent materiality disturb and affright them.

Sometimes they are very indefinite; a mere touch of the heart and mind as of the fingers of a little child, overwhelmingly sweet and gentle. And our hearts beat more rapidly and feel the glow of some inward fire which lights up at the bidding of an incomprehensible beauty.

Childhood's days held something perhaps of this strange power of seeing the hidden beauty in the things about us, visible and invisible. In the moment of our keenest joy, when life was at its gladdest to our little minds, and its keenness and strength made it almost impossible to be borne except by an excess of spirits, suddenly would come on us a silence so intense that every outward noise was hushed, and in the midst of it we might have heard, if we could but so have interpreted it, the lovely voices of angels or faerie, those beings whom we too often come to look on as phantasmal in our later years when our minds have become overgrown with the weeds of a civilisation which is rapidly losing all knowledge of beauty in its search for the *merely* utilitarian, which, too often, is the debased.

William Sharp has given us an account of one such wonderful experience on a day in his childhood when the mysterious beauty which lies behind the obvious things of life came into his heart and gave him "the sight" which is more than that of the physical eyes. He says:—

"For I, too, have my dream, my memory of one whom as a child I called Star-Eyes, and whom later I called The Lady of the Sea, and whom at least I knew to be no other than the woman who is in the heart of women. I was not more than seven when one day, by a well near a sea-loch in Argyll, just as I was stooping to drink, my glancing eyes lit on a tall woman standing among a mist of wild hyacinths under three great sycamores. I stood, looking as a fawn looks, wide-eyed, unafraid. She did not speak, but she smiled, and because of the love and beauty in her eyes I ran to her. She stooped and lifted blueness out of the flowers, as one might lift foam out of a pool, and I thought she threw it over me. When I was found lying among the hyacinths dazed, and, as was thought, ill, I asked eagerly after the lady in white, and with hair all shiny-gold like buttercups, but when I found I was laughed at, or at last, when I passionately persisted, was told I was sun-dazed and had been dreaming, I said no more—but I did not forget."

Those days of childhood's vision are verily God-given. Those visions perhaps but the memories of moments in former lives when we were nearer in some ways to the great reality than we now are. Visions granted to us as an aid to guide our wayward feet into paths of green and flower-strewn ways where imagination calls forth more memories of the beautiful. And the hope is that we lose not touch altogether with those bright realms which our childhood's clear-eyed sight knows.

There is a strange and deep yearning which sometimes fills the minds of some when, perhaps, the elements are at rest after a prolonged storm, and a great silence broods over the land. And it seems also that our companions, if we have any, are partly aware of a force

compelling from them also a quietness which is somewhat disturbing and inconvenient. And in the silent hush an inner voice whispers to us of the things which our minds cannot grasp nor our tongues tell. There is a strange and deep feeling of an unfathomable loveliness pervading the things which surround us, altering the character, or rather, the appearance of the most sordid seeming thing near. I often think that, far from the character of things being altered by this new vision, it is only that we see deeper and truer into reality and know the thing more as it is.

I, for myself, dare not in my heart condemn anything I know as being wholly devoid of this beauty, which it seems to me may, nay, does, envelop all things. I know not but that very evil itself may be a seeking of warped minds for the loveliness of the great All-being. A blinded search, if you will, but ever a search, nevertheless, for the reality of beauty which underlies all phenomena, and which the instincts of the soul tell us is there present. How dare I, who am not myself full-sighted, who have not the knowledge necessary for an adequate judging; how dare I deny to the drunkard his plea of a share in the incomprehensible beauty; how dare I condemn as a heinous sin that in him which may bring him nearer to reality than anything else in this soul-clogging civilisation, this web of stultifying materialism may bring him?

Nay, mine it is only to seek to understand this beauty which is so compelling, ready to see its manifestations in any form, whether or no it conforms with my superficial ideas of the right. I dare not deny to this man or that woman, be they drunkard, thief, harlot, or what they may, a share in the divine beauty, for how often it is that the seemingly most—to us—degraded of men and women cry out in sheer amazement at some vision of loveliness to which our own minds are as dead!

I think we need to get away from those conventional ideas of sin which blur our mind's sight to the beauty which is in

the hearts of our fellow men. We need to look deeper into their hearts, for there, I am persuaded, we should see so infinite a depth of beauty, had we the requisite sight, as would put bonds on our tongue and amazement into our hearts. I think we are too eager to see that which by our petty standards we deem to be wrong. We too easily forget those moments of vision, rare as they may be, which come to us when we see that which is nearer to the reality of things and know our fellow men and women, if we will but admit it, as potential Gods, with a capacity for the highest which is sheerly amazing.

What is so ironically called "civilisation" has thrust its deadening fetters on our minds and helped to exclude us from the lands on the other side of the "green hills," where the visions of our childhood are enveloped in sweet reality. It seems to me that often the dividing partition is very thin; that only a little effort is needed to push away the barrier which hinders our vision and keeps us from seeing the wonders which await our sight "in that other land"; that we are much nearer divinity at times than we realise.

Sometimes, it may be, music is the key which will partially open the door to that "land of delight," and we see along the vista of the years unparalleled opportunities opening out before us of "sweetness and light." Sitting in the evening twilight, with perhaps the glow from a fire playing fitfully on the walls, and hearing the strains of an organ or piano, we are suddenly transported into what seems a new land, where the deeper feelings of joy are known. Life gains in vividness; the sweetness which fills the mind intensifies until it is almost overpowering, and then there comes upon us, like the dawn of day stealing upon a sleeping world, an ineffable peace which wraps round us its glowing swathes and gives to our minds something of that "peace which passeth understanding."

Sometimes it is the sight of Nature in one of her many moods which opens

to us the doors of a deeper understanding ; not, perhaps, or necessarily, of the conscious mind, but of that over-consciousness which sees with a clearer sight than ordinary. I have tried to depict in verse one such scene which stirred in me to half awaking the inner soul of beauty. It may be I cannot make you see what to me was more or less apparent. Words so often fail to convey the truer beauty which is intrinsic in these things, and we can only give what is somewhat near the outward semblance :

In a faint December mist
Lie the fields in snow-white dress,
By the sharp frost kist :
Diamonds flung ungrudgingly,
Scattered with a wantonness,
Sparkle 'neath a silver moon :
Fairies in an ecstasy
Dancing, seem, in silvery shoon,
Or of iridescent hue.
In the near and farther view
Gaunt and black stand sentinels ;
Trees stripped bare of leaves,
In the moonlight strangest spells
An unseen spirit weaves :
Sweetly, softly sings a stream
Murmuring runes as in a dream ;
Hares sit near the underbush,
Hear a sound and disappear
With a swift and startling rush
In a hurricane of fear.
Clouds steal up beneath the moon ;
In the gathering gloom the snow
Softly falls on more below,
Night is coming all too soon,
Blotting out the enchanting scene ;
Blows the wind whose breath is keen,
And the spirits of the night
In their ghostly garments dight,
Gliding noiselessly are come
Gesturing, again, and dumb :
But the silent world sleeps on
Till all spectral forms are gone.

Love is a potent force for bringing to us this vision of beauty. What youth or maiden who has loved but sees in the beloved his ideal of perfection, of loveliness and sweetness, or of beautiful manliness and strength. Some smile in a superior fashion at the exaggerated encomiums of youthful lovers who know themselves in the seventh heaven of delight. Some, perhaps, have passed that stage, or, maybe, never knew it. It is their loss, and a great one. They are less near reality than are those lovers

who see with clearer eyes, and who, far from having deluded themselves with rosy coloured spectacles, are too often judged, more or less harshly, by those who are wearing spectacles with lenses of blue.

Rather than discountenance the ecstasy which we see in others, we need ourselves to search with unmitigated ardour for the same and greater clarity of sight than these have.

I like to keep in mind the lesson of that old fable of the pilgrims who journeyed on the earth in search of the abode of their god, going from city to city, and town to town, and village to village. Many years passed, and still their quest was unsuccessful. They had journeyed across seas and mountains and deserts of sand in many countries, and had at length again reached their own city, and were among their own people. Tired and weary, dejected and sorrowful at heart, they lay down on the great steps of their city temple to rest, almost hopeless and despairing. Later in the day came one who had " the joy of the Lord " in his eyes, and his face was shining with gladness. Him they recognised as one who, when they left the city to seek in the world for their God, had remained behind in spite of their persuasions. Now he neared them and joy was in his face. Seeing his joy they asked him the reason of it, and were told it was because he had found his Lord. Great was their amazement that he who had refused to accompany them had yet found that which they sought. And, thinking he had journeyed later to some place which they knew not, they asked him where was their God's temple. And smiling compassionately upon them he bade them open their ears and listen, for even now the music of His voice was being wafted gently out to them from the temple on the steps of which they lay.

How many of us are in like case ! Weary of the things which satisfy not, we are seated on the threshold of beauty, and know it not because of our blindness. We have sought here and there for years, and yet have missed the obvious

and near habitation of our quest. Creeds and dogmas have beguiled us and blinded our eyes to the real: the passing sweets of a false idea have delayed us and its taste has turned bitter in our mouths; and now, after many years, weary and almost broken and hopeless, we are seated, resting from our distracting labours, on the very threshold of that we seek. For only within ourselves can we find that beauty which will open our eyes to the infinite beauty.

And yet, perhaps, just when we are nearest to despair, our hearts filled with sorrow and pain, when we languish in the "heat of the day," and think our quest is fruitless, almost turning away with a great ache in our hearts, then we are nearer to the shrine than we know. And suddenly, in a great blaze of light, may come the revelation of its nearness and the joy of its possession to such a degree as we never before have known. For through sorrow, deep and heart-rending, seems the surest way to the ineffable beauty.

It seems that great emotion opens up to us planes of life which we would never know living in the passionless and contented manner which is habitual to most of us. The obscuring mists of life are transmitted into the purest of refined gold, and we glimpse the ideal bliss from which streams the ray of light into our own minds. And what emotion is deeper than a great, heart-felt sorrow; what stirs the heart more to its depths; what feeling can compare with it in intensity unless it be the fullest depth of selfless love in which is an incomprehensible joy?

Of what use is life if we gain not beauty, or at least the capacity of knowing it when, after our long rest "across the stream," we come back to gather new experience and to seek and find the beauty which is of earth?

Have we not that within us—nay, do not our souls, our very selves, cry out in their moments of unobstructed vision for a larger, completer understanding of the beauty which pervades the things of the earth? Do we not feel, in times of intense emotion, a strange, strong

nostalgia for that "other land" wherein Beauty is reigning Queen and holds her court? Do we not, when we can get beyond the limiting vision of the physical, send out the "white doves of the soul" in search of a land more beautiful than the one which is our usual habitation, wherein we may find a resting place?

I know not if you feel the insistence of the inner spirit which urges you towards a realisation of that beauty of life which would transmute into pure gold the dross of life which our minds have accepted and stored as essential to it. It may be that you, as I, have found at times within yourselves that strangely peremptory command which bids us "sell all that we have" and go in quest of the things of the soul which are beautiful. In such moments we feel that all the appurtenances of life are but as "tinkling cymbals and sounding brass," and we dimly perceive that one or many spirits of a larger life and more free brood over us, aching to take us by the hand and lead us into realms of loveliness beyond our rarest dreams.

Strangely enough, we sometimes enter these realms in dreams, or some more nearly approximating to them than our ordinary waking vision knows. But we are too reluctant, too doubting of their reality, to take hold of and make these visions prisoners in our hearts. We look upon dreams as all one, as being always of the phantasmal, the unreal, world, while, if we would but have that real faith which is akin to knowledge we would know that there we had that which is of the very stuff of life.

Fiona Macleod, who, of all authors I know, is one of the few who sought with unmitigated ardour for this beauty, has related how he came upon one he knew standing looking seaward with his bonnet removed from his long white locks, and after waiting until he was not "at his prayers," had spoken to him and was answered: "Every morning like this I take my hat off to the beauty of the world."

And what is the secret of it? What but the fact that, already, he possessed

in some degree that inner beauty of mind which opens up all the avenues to a larger sphere of loveliness !

We see only that which we know. If in our hearts and minds is beauty, that which is eternally beautiful is ours and cannot be denied us. If our minds consciously seek the beautiful, we shall apprehend that in poetry and literature and all art which is akin to it.

But we have great need first to seek the beauty which lies in our own hearts. I think every man has within himself something of this beauty. Nay, I would go further, and say that essentially every man's real soul, self, is beautiful. That there, behind the locked door of the physical mind, lie the flame-robed messengers awaiting only the earnest call to wake from their sleep and rise with delight to minister to the needs of his soul and to invite, at his bidding, more spirits akin to themselves to take up their abode with them.

Our thoughts of beauty and love are bright-winged angels of peace and joy, which, according to the strength with which we invest them, fly more or less swiftly and unerringly to their goal. We forget, too often, that our thoughts are not exclusively our own ; that they travel with surer wings than the birds to their appointed place, weaving about and between us and them to whom they are directed forms whose radiant colours are invisible to our ordinary sight, but can be seen by the psychic vision which it is ours at will to develop.

We build by our thoughts of beauty and love bridges of a wonderful ethereal loveliness, over which the messengers of our soul can communicate with those others whose minds are also akin to beauty. We need to strengthen the bands of beauty within ourselves and attract to our minds all other forms of loveliness, thus crowding out those things which are ugly and debased. Thus we can be the allies of our own true and better selves.

I have it in my mind that we are too apt to think this world of beauty, this real spiritual world, to be in some other imagined place than that in which we

now are : that we look forward to another world as being the only habitation of the spirit of beauty. But I would say that we are even now in that place where Beauty reigns, but that our eyes are too often blinded, our minds too often content with the things which are sordid ; that we live not on the plane of our truer selves, but remain willingly on a lower plane where beauty is rarely met.

We are afraid to be Idealists ; to be foolhardy in the great quest ; to adventure along the dangerous way, which those who have become cynical declare to be an illusion. We imagine we know and live in the real world, the only real existence, and all the time within our reach, if we would but be venturesome, courageous, daring, lies a world of so much more delight and reality that our imagination fails to grasp it.

But even so, I would not have any think that lasting content and peace—that lethargy which dulls the mind and soul—is to be found on this plane of life whereon Beauty exists in larger measure than on that which we ordinarily inhabit. There is a restlessness of soul which cannot be appeased by any but the final all-pervading Beauty ; that transcending Loveliness which is far beyond our comprehension, yet to which we may aspire.

Life is an infinite quest for this perfection of beauty for which our souls crave, for this Nirvana which is the very being of God. It is a quest which we cannot ultimately deny, even though we postpone it. I think we can never satiate that thirst for beauty which is always within us, hidden or apparent, and that we shall still thirst, perhaps the more, at every stage of the quest ; still have within us that ache of the mind which urges us forward in search of the ineffable light.

Yet it comes to me that happiness, and a very real, though temporary, peace can be ours to attain along this way. Not by the conscious search for happiness, for this quality is as elusive as the Blue Bird, but by the attuning of our minds to beauty when and wherever we apprehend it, by the increasing of our capacity for that which is true and lovely about us.

Maeterlinck has finely said words to the effect that we meet no one but ourselves as we walk life's road. And so it is that, have we ugly, warped and degraded minds, we shall meet only others of a like nature; we shall see that in others which corresponds to ourselves. But, inasmuch as the flower of beauty in our own souls blossoms forth, so shall we see in others the same expression of the lovely.

There is a story told that the gatekeeper of a certain city was accosted by a would-be inhabitant of that city and asked: "Of what nature are the people of this city?" He who kept the gate asked: "Of what nature were they in the city from which you come?" "Harlots and thieves, liars and slavish-minded," said the traveller. "They are the same here," replied the gatekeeper. Later in the day another traveller approached and again the question was put to the gatekeeper: "What is the nature of the people herein?" And in reply to the gatekeeper's enquiry as to the character of the people of the city from which he came, he answered: "People of a glorious spirit, kind, gentle, truthful and honest, and with beautiful souls." "They are thus here," answered the gatekeeper.

It is a conscious search we need to be on; a never ending, never sleeping quest for the halls which lie over the border of our ordinary conventional life, wherein lie the messengers of hope.

We are, if we but knew it, surrounded by the messengers of peace from those courts, and only our own waywardness blinds us to them. They hold out beseeching hands, and would fain clasp us about and welcome us to those abodes which are theirs. They yearn to help us forward into the light, and sorrow because of our ignorance and blindness.

Again, I have a conviction that there are those around us still in the flesh who also yearn to lead us into the "green ways." Those who have themselves glimpsed, perhaps inhabited the land of wisdom where the rainbow colours of the dawn have long been swathing the souls

of the elect. Those who have been across the "shadowy waters," and have retained some clear impression of the beautiful land "over the stream." They are walking among us now, patiently awaiting an opportunity to aid us which we only can give. Life for them has a larger, truer meaning. Their vision is clearer, profounder, and they know something of that love which is all-inclusive, and of that beauty on the brink of which our own minds hesitate and tremble.

It may be that only partial glimpses will be ours during this life; that we shall see only certain limited phases, as, I believe, we have seen other phases in previous lives. Some of us may be courageous enough—for courage is needed—to press forward as pioneers along the unknown path towards the heights on the other side of which is a land which our inmost souls know is their own true abiding place.

Of all we do, I doubt if there is anything which will keep us from the realisation of the beauty which is ours, if we still earnestly seek it, except it be meanness of spirit. For meanness has a deadly influence, and seems to emit poisonous vapours which put our souls to sleep. Even the man of what we deem evil passions may suddenly meet along the road, and unexpectedly, a thing of beauty which has long lurked in his heart, and he shall rejoice in that he still possesses this saving grace. He, in the main, has journeyed along the wrong road mistakenly, seeking that with which to satisfy his soul's desire, perhaps with a high courage. And shall not this be counted to him as a virtue? But he whose spirit is mean knows not the courage of the adventurer, good or evil, and is sunk into a lethargy from which only a mighty effort can lift him.

And, finally, it is in the silence of the soul that we find this ineffable beauty, and courage is needed to enter into those silent ways. It is life's supreme adventure, and the reward is equal to our courage. Limit there is none to its realisation. But we cannot find this beauty in external things unless we first possess it

in our own minds. The market-place may be frequented by the very angels of the highest hierarchy, the iridescent colours of their wings glowing with the brightest hues and flashing like the lightning of the heavens, but to us, blinded by our own conceits, our own meannesses, they may be as though they were not. In the streets of the city we may be brushing shoulders with the spirits of beauty, but if we have not beauty in our own minds which shall clarify our sight, we were as though blind. And only in the deepest silence of the soul can we meet with this beauty which shall open our eyes to that loveliness which is about us.

Enter the inner silence where thy soul
Laves freely in the cleansing waves of life
Of life eternal, far above this strife,
Beyond this swimming ball, or planets' roll,
Where time is not ; nor wilt thou find the goal
For which thou aim'st in space where comets
trail
Across the heavens, and where the moon
shines pale,
Nor look for it in sun's bright aureole.

Look deep within thyself, and thou shalt see
(If thou art still, nor fear to enter there)
The realms of silence where eternally
To all its joys thy questing soul is heir,
And where Truth ever reigns with Beauty, free
From captive shackles which it here doth bear.

We shall not gain, perhaps, a full comprehension in this life of that sweetness of the divine beauty which it is ours to claim, but if we continue our quest with good courage and unswerving faithfulness we must inevitably come nearer to it. Death, it may be, will open to us the gate to a fuller realisation, and we shall know that our quest is true, and, assimilating the experience which we have gained in our present life as we must have hitherto assimilated that which we gained in other lives, we shall come again into another material body and continue our quest with a larger hope and a freer soul until at length, it may be after countless lives—it may well be, if we will, in few—we shall reach out finally to, and realise, that ultimate perfection of beauty which is god-like in its essence.

Then shall we hear the singing of the universes as they speed through infinite space, and join the choir of the invisible, or, it may well be, the visible singers who, realising in full their spiritual nature, go forward in the van of the race leading their brothers into the great sweetness and light which is their inheritance ; into the ultimate beauty.

JOHN A. PALMER.

TO AN INFANT.

I know not from what world thou dost appear,
World beauteous and fair,
Bringing us added hope and added fear,
And more of all that makes life fuller here,
More round, more rich and rare.

I know not what of Universal Trend
This present life shall teach,
With what exulting hopes it soon shall end,
Nor to what wonder-world thy soul-steps tend
With brave and eager reach.

But this I know. The earth shall show to thee
In these brief pilgrim days
Beauties of such sweet modest witchery,
That thou—with me—most sorrowful shalt be
To leave her simple ways.

JOHN BATEMAN.

The Faith of Christopher Columbus

By S. GERTRUDE FORD

IN this year of the tercentenary celebration of the sailing of the *Mayflower*, when it may truly be said that all eyes are turned on America with a question as to her future policy in world affairs, it may be as well to recapitulate the chief events in the life of that great land's illustrious discoverer, and to examine them by the light of the faith which guided him through them. Faith and idealism, to readers of the *HERALD OF THE STAR*, are the twin pivots on which everything turns; the dual centre—dual in unity—round which the whole spiritual world revolves as the star round its central sun. And only an idealist, and one who had unquenchable faith in his ideal, could possibly have achieved the stupendous work which gives 1492 a place by itself among the years.

"What would Europe have done if Columbus had never discovered America!" is an exclamation which rose to many lips when the very existence of this island people seemed to hang on her food-ships; and, again, during that breathless pause between hope and fear when the armistice hung in the balance. What, indeed! For one thing, it is now generally admitted that without Mr. Hoover's magnificent relief work there would have been a babyless Belgium—no young child left alive in it; for another, without the American Relief Mission the appalling sum-total of Austrian and Balkan victims must have been indefinitely multiplied. For a third there is the New Internationalism, America's gift to the world through her present President; and whatever may be her own ultimate action in regard to this, on that rock, it

seems safe to say, the peace of the world will yet be built and will take enduring shape.

The discoverer of this New World, to which the old one owes so much, was by nature a remarkable blend of the poet and the scientist; the dreamer and the man of action. He had the temperament of genius as well as its power; the mind of a mystic, a visionary, with the executive ability to make his dreams come true. Two things may be specially noted concerning him: he was, in the deepest sense of the word, a religious man, a Christian; and he is also said to have been (like so many of the world's greatest men and women) "one of the people." (This recalls, by the way, the delightfully democratic phrase of America's present ruler: "The people—that is, you and I and all of us.") Little is definitely known, however, concerning the family or early history of Columbus. Even the date of his birth is a matter for controversy, some biographers fixing it at 1436, while others assign a date ten years later. So with his birthplace: it is commonly supposed to have been "at or near Genoa," but the precise spot is uncertain. Shakespeare's own early days are not more wrapped in mystery than those of the great discoverer who gave earth a new hemisphere; as, indeed, in another sense, Shakespeare also did.

On the question of Columbus' humble ancestry, however, there appears to be little doubt. The historians seem to agree pretty generally as to his identity with the "Cristoforo Colombo" who was born the son of a wool-comber, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Genoa, and went to

school at Pavia. This school was, in and for those days, a famous centre of learning; and the boy Columbus early evinced there a taste for just the two sciences most likely to be useful to him: astronomy and cosmography, the study of the terrestrial heavens and of the main features of the earth so far as it was then known. Already the great Faith of his life seemed to be, dimly and previsionally, its guiding star.

He was still a youth when he went to sea, and made several voyages in Mediterranean waters. In 1470 he settled down in Lisbon, where he married an Italian girl whose family name was Palestrello; and who, by the way, brought him a dowry more valuable than gold or gems, in the shape of certain precious charts, journals and memoranda given or bequeathed to her by her father, an eminent navigator in the service of Portugal. It seemed that his ideal, unaware or unawake though it probably was at this time, led him rightly though blindly even in the choice of a wife; as it did, subsequently, in the choice of an occupation. For in Portugal, where he was apparently anchored as a "land-lubber," Columbus became a map-maker and chart constructor; merely, as he may have thought, that he might support himself and his wife and family by work which interested him. But Destiny judged otherwise. It was in the course of his map-making that the great idea of "land to the westward" seems to have first dawned on him. He became possessed, almost obsessed (genius is always more or less of an obsession) with the belief, the dominating faith, that beyond the eastern shores of Asia lay an undiscovered land prolonging it; as it were, projecting it into the west.

As to the locality he was, of course, wrong. It was a new hemisphere, not an extension of the older one, by which he was to increase the sum of the world's possessions, in the same sense in which the miner lays bare and brings up for use the wealth already in existence. But locality mattered nothing. His great Idea was born in him, and grew apace, and with it the faith without which it must have

perished still-born. Grew till it gave its possessor (or him whom it possessed, according to the definition of genius which describes it as "possession," an inhabiting dæmon) no rest by night or day. Like the wise old poet Samuel Daniel two centuries later, Columbus might have said, and in his inmost soul did say:

This is the thing that I was born to do;
This scene is mine; this part I must fulfil.

He was not, however, a man to set out blindly for his goal. He made several preliminary voyages, not only visiting the Azores and the Canaries, but to the coast of Guinea, where, at that time, European navigation halted and ended. In 1482 (or 1483 as some say, the historians again differing as to the precise date) he found a chance to divulge his grand scheme, apparently after many ineffectual efforts, to John II. of Portugal. John had evidently wit enough to think there might be "something in it," but was determined, if so, to get the benefit of the "something" for himself. He referred the project, however, to a body of navigators and scientists—a sort of old-world Admiralty Board—who, being of the same hidebound and innovation-proof species as the torturers of Galileo, contemptuously pronounced against it. The treacherous monarch, nevertheless, induced Columbus to lay before him a detailed plan of his enterprise, and took advantage of this to send out a ship secretly to investigate the proposed route. The captain, however, was no Columbus, and lacked courage to explore the paths of the pioneer. Not finding what he had not been brave enough to seek with any very resolute endeavour, he hurried home to ridicule the whole idea; and the lonely genius, sickened to the soul by this revelation of his Royal patron's double-dealing, left Lisbon secretly with his little motherless son, Diego. Then, if ever, his faith might have failed him: that it did not is one of Faith's sheer miracles.

Disappointment after disappointment, defeat upon defeat, met him after this. At Genoa, his birthplace, the people laughed him to scorn; while the authorities

dismissed him as a crack-brained crank, or at best a hare-brained visionary with a bee in his bonnet. Some historians think he applied to the Venetian Republic with similar results. Faith, and only faith, buoyed him up through this sea of misadventures; that faith which is verily "the *substance* of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; the power to endure as *seeing*—not merely believing in—that which is invisible. Always he heard an inward whisper in his ear, "Thou shalt yet plant My cross on a new land." This belief, coupled with that divine instinct of genius which is itself akin to faith and is nothing if not indomitable, induced him "to go on for ever and fail and go on again." In that faith he left his native as he had left his adopted country, and turned his steps towards Spain.

One day, famished and footsore, he halted at the gate of a Franciscan convent in Andalusia to beg bread and water for his motherless child and companion, the little Diego. "That day," says one chronicler, "proved the turning-point of his career." The convent's superior (his name, Juan Perez de Marchena, is worth remembering as that of the first person to give Columbus substantial aid in his immortal enterprise) happened to be passing by at the moment; and on entering into conversation with the wayfarer found his views so lofty, his mind so noble, that he put forth all his efforts to obtain a Royal audience for the illustrious though poverty-stricken stranger. It is not everyone who can recognise a genius in a beggar; let us be thankful that de Marchena could.

With this happy chance, or rather providence, it might have been thought that Columbus' "long-lived pressure of obscure distress" was over. In point of fact, however, it was not till seven long, weary years of ever-recurring rebuffs and disappointments had passed over him—till other courts, too, had been tried and had failed—that Queen Isabella induced King Ferdinand to give the intrepid navigator his chance. Perhaps none of the historians tells the tale so fitly, with such vivid reality or such convincing

beauty (for plain prose cannot do justice to such a theme) as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his noble poem, "Columbus at Seville." It is pleasant to think that it was a great-hearted woman—Isabella of Castile, whose name lives on in poetry as in history by this single deed—who gave so great a man his so-long-sought opportunity; for lack of which, by this time, heart and brain were famishing. Hope had all but died in him before his chance came, though faith never had.

In 1492, fully ten years after he had first confided his plan to John II. of Portugal, Columbus set sail, on August 3rd, for his unknown goal. He had but three small vessels, only one-decked, to carry out his high adventure; and by September 6th, after waiting a month at the Canaries to refit his pitiful "fleet," he was already sailing uncharted seas. Claiming as his reward that he should be nominated high-admiral, as well as governor-general and viceroy over all lands he might discover, it was yet the joy of discovery itself which he chiefly sought. His crew were speedily overcome by timorous and superstitious fears. These being disregarded by their indomitable commander, they began seeking to intimidate him by threats of mutiny; threats which, they thought, no man so apparently in their power and at their mercy could afford to ignore. But Columbus was a born leader of men as well as a born adventurer, he knew when to threaten, when to persuade, when to command. By sheer force of character—and, surely, by help of that Higher Power on which he had thrown himself with such sublime confidence—he quelled disaffection, bore down superstition, and in due course prevailed.

Over a month went by with no sign, no hint of land; a fifth week went, and still his command was "Sail on!"—though he himself was not without apprehension as to what might be portended by the previously undiscovered variation of the mariner's needle as they reached the new hemisphere. But for himself, as for them, he determined that faith should be the ruler; never fear.

The rest of the story is too well known to need more than the briefest recapitulation. The first dawn of hope in the finding of the berried branch ; the second hopeful augury in the sighting of a flock of land birds ; then the cloud on the far horizon which proved to be no cloud, but land ! Then came the anchorage at one of the Bahama Islands, where, on October 12th, 1492, he solemnly planted the Cross and called the island San Salvador, in dedication of his enterprise and its success to its Inspirer ; the subsequent discovery of Cuba and Hayti, or San Domingo, called by Columbus " Hispaniola," in gratitude to the country which had sent him forth ; and the rapturous reception of the conquering hero on his return, when Court and people vied with one another to pay him homage. Later on came the discoveries of Jamaica, the Caribee Islands, and other outlying strands and tassels of the continent's island fringe ; followed by the shameful calumnies which compelled him to return to clear himself ; and, still later, the crowning infamy of the voyage in irons at the bidding of the ignorant upstart Bobadilla. Against this barbarous treatment of their hero the Spanish people, to their credit be it noted, indignantly protested ; but Ferdinand, after the removal by death of Isabella's restraining and ennobling influence, proved a very ingrate ; and the world's noblest navigator was permitted to die in poverty—though the monarch who allowed this tragedy speedily erected a magnificent mausoleum to his memory at Valladolid on May 20th, 1506. But he died unembittered, in spirit unconquered, and with the faith which had led him through all things steadfast still.

He died, and is deathless. It has been well said by an eminent Spanish writer that " if there had been no America we may believe that God would have created one in response to the magnificent faith of Columbus." By one of life's tragic ironies the name of a later explorer, Americus Vesputius, was given to the new continent ; but poetry, at least, has redressed that injustice—the poets, to this day, call her by the name of her true and original discoverer. And in both hemispheres that name shines on as a fixed star, to light all voyagers on new, uncharted seas by a memory which is a well-spring of inspiration.

It is the triumph of faith which this well-known story records. Would not the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, writing to-day, add to his list of faith's achievements the words " Who through faith discovered America " ? So it was with the *Mayflower* pilgrims ; and should it not be so with us in this year commemorating their immortal enterprise ? We despair at times of the League of Nations ideal, the Peace ideal, seeing the seas so stormy about it ; but it is the ship on which, if we will but trust ourselves to it, we may steer by the star of faith to the discovery of new horizons and a world made new. As America's greatest poet has said (the poet who, be it remembered, riddled the barbarity of war with the raking fire of Hosea Biglow's imperishable satire) :

We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly
through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the
Past's blood-rusted key.

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

The Co-operation of Producers and Consumers

By EMILIE SHARPE

THOUGH the great World War was no doubt brought about by forces that stood, in every country, for selfish interests, the result of the horrors of the war has been to accentuate what the term "Brotherhood" denotes: If my brother suffer, I, who am of the same family of Humanity, suffer with him. The majority in every country suffered, directly or, indirectly, and naturally there has been a quest for a remedy, for a preventive against a recurrence of events that leave Humanity at the mercy of those dark forces that make for selfishness, not Love; for war, not Peace. "Industrial unrest" is but the sane desire of the majority everywhere that a clearer justice be meted out in the economic affairs of this little planet on which all of us are trying to work out our evolution.

It is truly wonderful that, after the passions, horrors, devastation, and griefs of such a war, the people of the different nations are so rapidly settling into a unity of aims that makes for a better, more lasting league of nations than any politico-commercial one, framed by a small group of men from the larger nations.

That "the self-determination of small nations" must indeed be *self-determined* has been proved clearly enough by events in all small countries of the world, without exception, since the European war. Labour parties in different countries have helped this self-determination. Failing other help, and continually pressed on by the high cost of all the things which industry itself produces, Labour in every country is looking to the co-operative system (on the Rochdale plan) to settle, on the side of industry at least, the present economic problems; for, though in several countries the co-operative system had existed to

some extent for many years, the profiteering and high prices during and since the war forced both producers and consumers everywhere to some plan to defend themselves jointly against exploitation. It is a choice between private or co-operative control of all the necessities of life. So, in the United States of America, as in other countries, the co-operative movement and the labour movement are no longer separate or twin movements, but are united in their aims.

While on the subject of labour movements, it might be well to state the aims of the National Labour Party of the United States of America, which was formed in Chicago, November 22-26, 1919, since its aims are those of international labour, and its formation marks an epoch in history, as a breaking away from the two old political parties, which labourites consider too reactionary along all lines that are necessary for a new civilisation, for the evolution of a coming race.

On the above date, more than 1,500 delegates, representing hundreds of thousands of organised workers from practically every section of the United States, met at Chicago for the first annual convention of a National Labour Party. A platform of public ownership and a policy of political co-operation with organised farmers was adopted. Several like organisations sent fraternal delegates: "The Committee of 48"; "The Non-Partisan League"; "The Public Ownership League"; "The Triple Alliance" or "The California Federation of Producers and Consumers." The keynote was "Industrial Democracy by the use of the ballot." The aims of the Labour Party are for a more perfect form of government and include:

The democratisation of education—the schools to be divorced from politics; the

cultural, physical and vocational education of every child.

The destruction of autocracy, militarism and economic imperialism throughout the world; world-wide disarmament and open diplomacy.

The nationalisation of wealth, of land, and of public utilities; home rule for municipalities in every state.

The establishing of federal banks, not corporate ones with their present right to issue money and credit.

A minimum wage for workers that shall be ample for recreation and good citizenship *without the labour of mothers and children in industries*; the minimum age for labour to be sixteen years, gradually to be increased to eighteen.

Abolition of unemployment, by means of shorter hours; if necessary, with full pay for those who for a time are unemployed because of illness, accident or temporary lack of work.

The stabilisation of industry through the establishment and operation, during periods of depression, of government work, of housing, road-building, reforestation, reclamation of cut-over and swamp lands, and development of water-power plants.

The performance of all government work, not by contract, but directly by the government.

The establishment of government old age and health insurance, an adequate workmen's compensation, and a mother's pension law that will put an end to child poverty and permit full development of the child under its mother's care.

That farmers be assured prices that will provide a suitable standard of living.

One standard of morals for both sexes.

International solidarity of workers.

Improvement in the management of public institutions—hospitals, asylums, penitentiaries.

Abolition of the United States Senate.

The National Labour Party and the co-operative system in the United States may be said to have materialised simultaneously as the necessity for a political and industrial change was recognised. The co-operative system means the handling of productions directly to consumers

from producers, thus eliminating middlemen and profiteers.

The system seems to be the only international binding force at present. There is a new hope, a new life among workers all over the world, for co-operation is spreading like wildfire. The International Co-operative Federation members are over four hundred million people. In Great Britain alone they did a 1,000 million dollar business in 1918, and saved to the members 120 million dollars.

In Ontario, Canada, the co-operative farmers and workers have elected as Premier a farmer. "The farmers there have put the marketing, not only of grain, but of live stock, dairy and all other farm products on a co-operative basis."

"In New Zealand an annual business of 60 million dollars was done by the eleven co-operative associations of that country. A net profit of one million dollars was distributed among the 26,000 shareholders. They look forward to federation with the co-operatives of Australia, and eventually with those of the whole British Empire."

"In Cape Town, South Africa, a large number of independent farmers' co-operative societies have amalgamated into a national federation with 500,000 dollars capital. The government has loaned the movement a large sum of money."

Quoting from the *Chicago Daily News*, January 21st, 1920, in regard to co-operation in Russia:

"The purpose in lifting the blockade against Russia is to deal with the co-operative societies, undoubtedly the most potent of the constructive and saving forces in that distressed country.

"The war stimulated the co-operative movement in Russia. Without it, and without the zemstvos, Russia would have collapsed ninety days after war was declared. The co-operatives were not affected by the revolution. They remained non-political, and all the various Russian governments were glad to use the co-operative agencies. There are, it is claimed, 30 million peasants and workers

affiliated with the thousands of Russian co-operative societies. They have vast resources, plants, warehouses, factories, stores and educational centres. To deal with the co-operatives is to deal with the best elements of Russia—with the producers, the peasants and small merchants and traders. Their leaders are indifferent to political theories; they believe that work, peace and just dealing will save Russia."

In Hilo, Hawaii, the co-operatives have affiliated with the Pacific Co-operative League of San Francisco. A Co-operative Convention will be held in Richmond, Cal., in February, and delegates will be sent from Hawaii, Canada, Alaska, Siberia and Mexico. In Belgium the labour party and the co-operative organisations are identical, and in November, 1919, at the first general election since universal suffrage there, 70 co-operatives were elected to the Chamber of Deputies.

The United States of America is stepping to the tune. Union labour and farmers are starting their own co-operative banks, wholesale and retail stores, and are planning to establish co-operative manufactories and a co-operative press.

In North Dakota the farmers, having elected a farmer, Gov. Frazier, own their own grain elevators, mills and bank. Wholesale co-operative stores have been established in Chicago, St. Paul, San Francisco, New York and other sections of the country. Seattle, from its co-operative milk canning factory, supplies the wholesales. That city is arranging also to buy co-operative imported woollen goods direct, made in English co-operative mills, from products grown by unionised farmers. After paying shipping and duty the goods can be sold for half the price charged there for similar grades.

The railway brotherhoods in the United States plan to place their 50 million dollar reserve fund behind their own bank project. A nation-wide chain of co-operative banks and stores is contemplated. The co-operation of the United Mine Workers, whose reserve fund was placed at 15 million dollars, is looked for. Labour unions and labourers are

taking their savings from the banks and putting it into the co-operative plan.

The All-American Farmer-Labour Co-operative Conference will meet in Chicago, February 12-15. This get-together meeting will consolidate the co-operative movement in America.

An article in *The Catholic World* of January, 1920, on "Present Wages and Prices" briefly describes the Rochdale plan as a solution of high prices, and endorses the co-operative movement.

"In Detroit, the House of Deputies of the Episcopalian Church has asked its Social Service Commission to report on the co-operative movement, and the endorsement would mean the establishing of co-operative stores."

Co-operation has its by-laws; those who handle the money are bonded; each member has only one vote and can buy only five shares of stock. The members elect their officers. The books are regularly audited. It is extremely democratic.

The co-operative retail stores sell goods at the same rate as the privately owned stores, but the profits from the sales are distributed as a dividend to the purchasers quarterly. The consumers who are stockholders get interest on their investment, 5 per cent., but in addition to that get a dividend on their purchases. Instead of the money that the consumer pays going into the hands of a few profiteers it comes back to the consumer in dividends. Gradually the workers are understanding that better than an increase in wages, better even than the ballot, is a co-operation of all industries to have their own manufactories, wholesale and retail stores, and banks—let others do as they may.

"When we co-operate we automatically adjust prices, wages, distribution, and all industrial and economical unrest."

Then, perhaps, people will have a little leisure to think above material things. At least, physical conditions for all classes must to a great extent be changed, before the large majority of people will be in a comfortable enough state to feel like being even "good."

EMILIE SHARPE.

On Prayer

By F. EVERY CLAYTON

HOW many treatises have been written, how many sermons preached, on the subject of prayer! It would seem that every idea connected with this theme must by now have been thoroughly exhausted, and that nothing new remains to be said, no new aspect to be presented to the world. And yet the practical application of all the many exhortations to prayer that we hear on every side must ever be a matter of individual need and individual experience. For, as there have never yet been found in the history of mankind two minds exactly similar, so there can be no two exactly similar aspects of that relation to the Deity which is expressed by the term Prayer.

There is therefore always the hope that another individual view may be the means of solving some particular difficulty, or of dispelling some lingering doubt, and so stretch out the helping hand that we all owe one to another in this struggling world.

We hardly need to be reminded how deeply-rooted in the human heart is the necessity for prayer, nor how universal is the call thereto in all religions of the world, and in all periods of the history of mankind.

It would be an interesting study to consider and compare all the various forms of prayer enjoined by different faiths, especially if the object of such an investigation were to reveal the hidden springs of this universal need, springs which can only be found by those who realise something of the sublime destiny of man—his gradual spiritual evolution and its glorious consummation in the literal at-one-ment with the Father.

The word "prayer" is generally taken to mean a supplication, and there is no doubt that in the minds of the great

majority it has no other meaning than a mere entreaty for the supply of certain needs, material or spiritual, as the case may be. But the thinking mind recognises that true prayer embraces a much vaster range of consciousness than that comprised in the mental or emotional attitude confined only to ordinary entreaty or supplication. We may therefore classify the various states of consciousness or spiritual activity that give rise to prayer under four heads: the Prayer of Entreaty, the Prayer of Thanksgiving, the Prayer of Meditation, and the Prayer of pure Adoration and Contemplation. This grouping must necessarily be rather rough, as these grades or classes tend to merge one into another, according to the feeling and motive that give rise to the prayer, as will presently be seen.

Even in the most simple form of supplicatory prayer for personal needs we may distinguish two very distinct grades, the first or lower comprising prayers for the supply of physical and material needs, such as bodily health, pecuniary welfare, prosperity in worldly affairs, and so forth; while in the second or higher grade may be classed all prayers for the good of the soul, for moral virtues, for spiritual progress and enlightenment. Another class of prayer might be added to these two, that would still come under the head of "Entreaty," and that we would call the Prayer of Altruism—the prayer that entreats only for the good of others.

The various merits of these different kinds of prayer and the motives that prompt them are too obvious to need any comment, and we may pass on to a consideration of the Prayer of Thanksgiving.

To many minds this expression may appear a contradiction in terms, since

the activities comprised under this head are often considered to be of very diverse character. A closer study, however, of the psychological process involved will show a distinct identity in the feeling that prompts the higher aspects of prayer, and the gratitude engendered in the soul by a recognition of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. The insensible merging of the one state into the other is a fact recognised by S. Paul when he urges his hearers to pray always, with thanksgiving; and numerous instances of like admonitions by writers and teachers of the Christian verities might be brought forward to demonstrate the intimate connection above mentioned.

And, when we pass on to consider what is meant by Meditative Prayer, we shall see clearly how much more nearly allied is this aspect of the subject to the one just treated of than that which might be called the first degree, *i.e.*, the Prayer of Entreaty. For in this latter, being the general prayer of souls in the lesser degree of spiritual evolution, the energies are turned outwards towards a Deity believed to be existent more or less objectively only; whereas in Meditative Prayer, which betokens a higher degree of spiritual advancement, the soul is turned inwards on itself, and consequently comes into closer contact with the realities of the spiritual world. It has begun, through this very action, to realise the Divinity within itself, and to discover that the God it ponders upon and seeks to know has His dwelling in the innermost sanctuary of the heart, in the "Holy of Holies" figured by the tabernacle in the wilderness.

Although this attitude may appear to be purely meditative, yet it is in itself a prayer of the highest and most efficacious kind; for the thoughts, being directed to the highest planes of consciousness, are placed by a quite natural process in direct communication with the spiritual forces that are ever ready to supply our highest needs—in other words, the soul brings itself, by such meditation, more directly into the presence of God, and thus draws down upon itself benefits of

the most real kind, without any conscious effort on its own part.

And thus it passes on to the highest degree, when rapt contemplation and pure adoration of the Supreme Being take the place of meditation, and any thought of entreaty, even for the highest good, is swept completely aside by the flood of blessedness that bathes the soul as in a river of light.

About this stage little can be said, as ordinary words fail when treating of such a high degree of spiritual advancement; and, before such a truly desirable state can be reached, there are many intermediate steps to be taken, some, indeed, most difficult and painful, others comparatively easy, and accompanied by much comfort to the upward-aspiring soul.

Perhaps one of the first of these steps might be not inaptly called "Prayer in Action," and the motto "Laborare est Orare" very accurately sums up the whole attitude. In this case the suppliant (if such he can be called) is for the most part quite unconscious of offering any petition. He fulfils his task to the utmost of his ability, careful only to accomplish his particular part as thoroughly as possible, and trusting to a Higher Power to "give the increase." In the spirit of such action we find the true attitude of prayer, and by a right comprehension of this attitude we come to understand something of what is meant by the phrase, "answering our own prayers." That God helps those who help themselves we know, but how often do we fail to grasp the full import of the expression "helping ourselves"?

Another form of prayer that may not generally come under the ordinary meaning of the term is that in which the petitioner uses no form of words, either audibly or in thought. This is the "soul's sincere desire," so aptly expressed by the poet, and we can find no better description than the words in which he follows up his definition—"the motion of a hidden fire, that trembles in the breast." This is an aspiration rather than a definite entreaty, a burning desire

and longing, that just because of its spiritual character can find no adequate expression in words. But let not this apparent vagueness of form deceive the more conventional petitioner into a belief that his prayer is on this account less potent or acceptable. The very fact of an aspiration being too lofty or too intense to find expression in the ordinary way is proof of its kinship with the highest realms, where thought flashes responsive to thought, feeling to feeling, and where any verbal expression appears as a hindrance rather than a help to the more perfect communion of spirit with Spirit.

The Prayer of Altruism, or prayer for the good of others, may include both the attitudes described above. It is a subject about which, in the writer's opinion, too little has been taught and said, as most treatises on prayer seem to confine themselves chiefly to the relation of the subject to the individual concerned. There is, however, no lack, either of teaching or tradition, regarding our duty to our neighbour in this respect. Not only do the Christian Scriptures abound with instances of successful prayers for others, but there are many direct exhortations to this end, notably in the Apostolic writings; and if we pursue our investigations into the sacred writings of the great world-religions we shall find practically the same teaching as regards prayer.

Now, here a question is apt to arise concerning a difficulty that must occur to the minds of most earnest seekers after the noblest form of prayer, considered as petition—the question as to how we can know what are the best things to ask for our neighbour, or indeed for our own selves. Are such things as recovery from sickness, delivery from misfortune, and so forth, to be looked upon as real benefits when considered in connection with our spiritual growth? This question leads us by a natural sequence of thought to the very root and ground of the whole matter, the hidden springs of our innermost being, the origin of the desire for prayer, the incentive to its consummation.

That wonderful fourteenth century mystic, Mother Juliana of Norwich, solves the question in one pregnant sentence, delivered to her in one of those illuminating visions that go by the name of Shewings or Revelations: "I am the Ground of thy Beseeching." According to the testimony of this most enlightened woman, it is the Divine Spirit within ourselves that is the primary cause of our impulse to pray; and when we remember the saying of S. Paul, that "we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves," we may well pause to consider the deep meaning of that simple phrase, "I am the Ground." And Mother Juliana enlightens us still further by explaining that in the Divine Mind the answer to all prayers is already accomplished, which, indeed, we must see to be the case, if we are able to enter, though it be but a little way, into the realm of the Spirit, where time and place are transcended, and where the "everlasting Now" and the "everlasting Yea" unite all things in a perfect whole.

We have here the most valuable testimony as to the efficacy and potency of prayer, as also the greatest stimulus to a feeble and wavering faith. A little reflection on the facts above mentioned must convince us that this brief summary gives the outline of a perfectly logical process. Once we have the approval of that inner voice commonly called Conscience—in some cases more correctly designated Intuition—there can no longer be any faltering incredulity as to the result of prayer. Those who have begun to investigate the laws of thought and to study human evolution on the higher planes of being will readily endorse any reference to the vast potentialities involved in the process called prayer; and the vast mass of ordinary believers, whose religion exhorts them to continual prayer, and who are yet conscious of the need for a greater and more living faith, may perhaps find some useful hints in the foregoing remarks.

F. EVERY CLAYTON.

Past and Present

By J. GILES

(The writer of this article is a member of the Order in New Zealand, and is in his 88th year).

THE theological controversies that in the course of the ages have rent and convulsed the Christian Church can hardly have been about points so insignificant as we in our superior wisdom are disposed to think them, and there must have been more than the difference of an iota between the partisans of Arius and Athanasius. At all events no one will dispute the importance and practical interest of the question whether "miracles" are credible, a point on which Christendom is still divided. To those who accept the teaching of occultism the question seems settled, whilst by those who reject that light the subject can never be surveyed in its true focus. They must either fall back on the now hopeless position of Lardner and Paley, who fancied they could construct an historical body of evidence fit to shield the miracles of the first Christian century against all assaults; or else, if they are logical, they must join that considerable and probably increasing body who in many of the Protestant churches have either avowedly or tacitly given up the belief in miracles altogether. To these theologians it has seemed possible, while rejecting all the supernatural element in the New Testament narrative, to base upon the life and character of Jesus as there portrayed, a sufficing theory of the origin, growth, and constitution of the Christian Church. But to disentangle the life of Jesus from the supernatural element, and yet to present it as an intelligible biography, can hardly be recognised as satisfactorily achieved either by the genius of a Renan or the scholarship of a Harnack. But the whole matter

becomes an intelligible business if once we understand that the mastery over matter, and the power to produce what are called miraculous phenomena are latent in humanity, and only require due cultivation to become the property of all. Those who have already developed it must either have begun their human pilgrimage earlier, or have made a much better use of their time; and, having attained adeptship, they have retired from the public gaze in order silently to watch and imperceptibly influence the course of human events, coming bodily on to the stage only at some great crisis, such as seems now to be rapidly approaching a climax and to be appealing for some Divine help and guidance if human hopes are not to be utterly wrecked.

But, while accepting the reality of these occult powers, we are by no means at liberty to assume the Scripture narrative to be infallible, nor are we relieved from the duty of carefully scrutinising its contents and sifting, as far as possible, physical facts from myth and legend and allegory. This duty has not been neglected by occult students, who, in their search for veiled or allegorical truth, have uncovered a stratum of mystic meaning, so deep and rich and illuminating that to many searchers after truth the new interpretation has seemed to bring into their souls a fresh wave of spiritual light and life. The general characteristics of this interpretation, exemplifying the pilgrimage of the initiate aspirant, are open to all students, but it is interesting to find, as an illustration of the near meeting of extremes, that a very learned writer, Dr. W. B. Smith, professor of mathematics and philosophy

in America, has adopted the allegorical interpretation of the New Testament as the only tenable one, and he regards it as so potent in its working as to abrogate altogether the belief in any single person as the Founder of Christianity. Now, whilst we are fully persuaded that this view is mistaken, we are yet so far in agreement with Dr. Smith as to recognise that the details of the earthly career of the Master necessarily occupy a place quite subordinate to the spiritual truths which He came to reveal under the mask of allegory. For does it not seem very doubtful how we could have had the allegory without the Teacher? Dr. Smith relies greatly on the fact, of which he thinks he has discovered clear traces, that there was a pre-Christian worship of a Divine Jesus, proving that instead of a man of surpassing goodness and religious genius having been deified by the devotion of his followers, as the rationalising Protestant theologians assert, the contrary process has taken place, the gospel writers having attempted to bring the Divine object of faith nearer to the people by portraying Him as a human being pouring forth for the salvation of men the flood of spiritual life and light that flowed through Him; and that this representation was never meant to be other than an allegory, however the multitude may have failed to read the great parable aright.

Now, when we hear of a pre-Christian Jesus cult, we cannot help calling to mind that clairvoyant seers, whom we have reason to trust, told us years ago that the Christian movement, under the guidance of the great Master, began fully a hundred years before the date conventionally assigned to it.

Moreover, when we are told that the spiritual atmosphere around the eastern shores of the Mediterranean was already agitated by the idea of a Saviour (or Jesus) God giving His life for the world, an idea which easily entered the centres of the Jewish Dispersion from the neighbouring cults of Dionysus, Atys, Adonis, and others, it at once occurs to us that this preparation of the world-soil for

the new doctrine is the very method we might expect from the World-Teacher, who was as much concerned with Gentiles as with Jews, and whose influence on the world was not necessarily postponed until His actual preaching ministry commenced. For let us not forget the valuable advice given us in the *HERALD OF THE STAR* (February, 1920), that we should look upon the coming of the Lord less as "an event" than as "a process" extending an indefinite distance both before and after His physical appearance. So He may have been for years insensibly guiding and purifying these pagan cults, just as He is now manifestly searching the hearts of the nations, and preparing them for the reception of the higher truth which He is bringing for the saving of the world.

Space does not permit an attempt to show the interesting and common-sense character of Dr. Smith's interpretations in his interesting work "*Ecce Deus*," a title signifying that in his conception the human aspect of the Christ is quite obliterated by the divine. But a mere glance may suffice to set the reader on the trail.

A good instance of the allegorising tendency occurs in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel, in which is related the story of a miraculous haul of a hundred and fifty-three great fishes, a number which seems to find its only possible explanation in the census said to have been made by King Solomon (II. Chron. 2-17) of the strangers that were in the land of Israel, who were found to number one hundred and fifty-three thousand and six hundred; and these Gentile strangers were symbolised by the same number of great fishes that were to be caught in the net of the apostolic "fishers of men," reckoning by the thousand and ignoring the lesser number of six hundred. But the widest latitude of interpretation is found in the sweeping proposition that all the stories of casting out of demons are only a way of saying that the heathen gods and idols, who were demons in the eyes of the early Christians, were "cast out" by the

conversion of their worshippers to the new religion. This view, startling as it may seem, is yet powerfully corroborated by the words with which the gospel narrative introduces the new propaganda. (Matt. iv. 15-16.) It was Galilee of the Gentiles that was to receive the light, and it was only there, and not in Judea, which was not a land of Gentiles, that demons were cast out. And whether the narrative deals with the victories over heathen deities, or sets forth the controversies with stiff-necked Jews, who would not give up their exclusive claims in favour of the "poor" heathen who lay in spiritual squalor outside their gates, an unbroken chain of allegory runs through all the story, and seems to grow more probable the more closely it is examined. But we must draw to a conclusion with one or two short remarks.

Our first observation is that, although Dr. Smith's interpretations draw nothing from occult sources, yet they seem useful as first steps towards those higher and deeper meanings which await the advanced inquirer; and the more so as he seems to have a genuine respect for Christianity—"our noble religion," as he calls it—as a real outpouring of spiritual power upon the world. Next, we note that Dr. Smith seems to see only two important tasks that Christianity had to deal with, the conversion of the pagan world, and the overcoming of Jewish exclusiveness. But the former of these was practically accomplished when Constantine, for good or for ill, established Christianity as the State religion; and the latter lost its world importance with the overthrow of the temple worship in the fateful year A.D. 70. But the Church had yet long centuries of work before it. There was its own structure to be raised and consolidated on its own lines, and these required a slow process of amendment

and definition. There were also the Teutonic and other peoples, whose rude vigour had to be disciplined and trained to coherent nationhood under a central spiritual guidance. And through all these ages the Church may have kept enshrined in her inner sanctuary, and unrevealed even to her own priests, a profounder symbology than had occurred to the acute and searching intelligence of Dr. Smith.

And now the hour of a new Advent is surely striking, as the general consciousness recognises that the churches have played their part, and can do little more without a new influx of power from the heights. Adopting the view before mentioned, that the Advent is less an "event" than a process, it may surely be asserted that the Lord is in the world now, surveying His field, preparing His own way, and animating and guiding those who are anxious to co-operate in that work. The physical Coming will be the central point upon which the whole process must consolidate and crystallise, and from which it must derive its practical effectiveness in a world not yet attuned to higher things. And, if we are disappointed by the uncertain and elusive biographical fragments that fail to tell us all we should like to know of the Teacher of two thousand years ago, we may be assured that the same disappointment will not occur in the coming time, for the condition of the world now forbids that any great thing shall be done in a corner. The preaching will be *urbi et orbi*, and the world will have to take the responsibility of acceptance or rejection. But let no curiosity about the details of a personal career make us forget how infinitely these are overshadowed by the spiritual truth proclaimed through the personality, for it is the Spirit that giveth life.

J. GILES.

The Practical Idealists Association

A New Movement in Holland

By J. J. VAN DER LEEUW

IN the age-long pilgrimage of Man there are periods in which he has outgrown the forms which suited him up to that time and is not yet able to find for himself forms in harmony with his new stage of spiritual growth. These times of transition are always times of unrest and chaos, as is sufficiently demonstrated nowadays. As long as the political and economic organisation suited the spirit of materialism and egoism which characterised the nineteenth century, life was comparatively peaceful. But towards the close of the century a change of spirit came about: Man awoke from the "realities" of materialism to the Reality of the Spirit. This awakening brought: firstly, a change of purpose in life social and individual, changing it from material to spiritual welfare; secondly, a change of social organisation, changing it from concurrence to co-operation. The growth of social conscience, of brotherhood, of spiritual efforts are so many signs of this change of spirit. The new spirit, however, will only fully come to birth with the advent of the "Representative Man"—the World-Teacher.

And only when it has thus come to birth can the new social and political forms be built. Meanwhile there is the world-wide dissatisfaction with existing conditions, and the urgent need of reform. A new Order is coming, but how? By Act of Parliament? By violence and revolution? Parliament may bring about new laws, Revolution may turn the wheel of power, but by all this the new Order is not being brought about. It is part of materialistic thought to think of social order as a thing apart from Man, to be destroyed or rebuilt in the material world. But the soul of Man is the one reality of social life, there is no social order apart from Man; any annihilation or reform of society must begin in Man.

It is not possible to bring about the new political and economical organisation unless the new spirit has come to its own. Democracy and socialism are impossible without true democrats and socialists, and of these there are as yet only a few, though many wear the label. The new Man is the *conditio sine qua non* for the new Order. Anything promoting the coming of the new Man tends to build up the new social order; all impediments to his coming retard this building. Whenever a new spirit is dawning it is chiefly manifest in the younger generations. These are the bearers of the new spirit, meaning in these days the spirit of Idealism as opposed to the old spirit of Materialism. Idealism is a very much abused word. An idealist is one who has felt the contact within himself with the one supreme Spirit, who acknowledges the supreme Reality of Divine Life and tries to identify himself with It. This means the will to serve this Life in all its manifestations. It also means the will to live a pure life and not to identify oneself with matter. And finally it means looking for the supreme Reality in everything we meet, judging men and things not by their outward appearance but by their real inner being.

Most young people, and specially the generations which now are representative of this new spirit, experience this awakening of Idealism at some period of their youth. But at the same time they experience the deadly influence of the old spirit surrounding them on all sides, acting continuously upon them. Custom and convention are the most dangerous enemies of the new spirit, and the young idealist who would remain true to the dictates of his Idealism has to withstand this power of the old spirit. Thousands, however, cannot hold their own and are submerged in the common course of things. And yet these idealists are the new Men,

are the stones with which the new Order has to be built. Unless this kind of thing ceases, it is useless to talk of Social Reform.

As long as society deliberately kills the best and highest in a young man instead of educating it as far as possible, the very material of the new social order is being destroyed.

The Practical Idealists Association in Holland, about which I wish to say a few words, is the outcome of the growing determination of young people to remain true to their idealism and to try to realise it in their lives. Though the P.I.A. originated at Leiden University, it soon spread over other Schools and Universities. Eventually it embraced all young idealists in the country, no matter to whatever class or group they might belong, and finally also those older people in whom the new spirit lives.

Its declaration of principles is as follows:

"Instead of allowing ourselves to be dragged along by the common course and lamed by custom, we will try to remain ourselves wherever we are, and we will never cease striving to live according to the following ideals:

"We will serve mankind instead of chasing after personal profit and advancement.

"We will control our lower nature instead of letting it control us.

"We will discriminate between the inner reality of things and their outward appearance.

"We will co-operate with all who are of like mind in order to form a better social order inspired by these ideals, and we will not allow any outward differences to act as barriers."

First of all the P.I.A. brings together into one organisation all those who, separated by barriers of class or creed and so out of touch with one another, are yet one in the Idealism that inspires them. In our local departments (at present about sixteen in number) young (and also old) idealists of all classes and groups are to be found; the son of a labouring man may be found next to the son of a capitalist, an orthodox Christian next to a modern spiritualist—all ignoring

these differences and only conscious of the Unity that binds them together.

This is the first part of the work; the bringing together of the *new Men*, the stimulation of their idealism, by which the deadly influence of the old spirit is counteracted.

The practical part of our Idealism is first of all to be found in daily life, in our relation to our fellow-men and our attitude towards our work. It is here that we must first manifest the new spirit and prove the reality of our idealism. But more is wanted. Every true Idealist has to take part in the building of the new Social Order, and has to prepare himself for his part. It is not sufficient to be an idealist and to talk of the necessity of reform—we must be able to say how this reform is to be brought about, and for this knowledge is necessary. The will to do a thing and the knowledge how to do it are both indispensable to the doing of it.

In our local departments this preparatory work is done in groups—small groups of about ten persons—for the general awakening of idealism; larger groups for the application of it to special spheres of work.

Thus we try to bring young people who join the P.I.A. into life as true Builders of the new Order. We call the way in which social changes are thus brought about the *Way of Regeneration*, which means the birth of new forms from the new Life present in the new Men. Comparing society to a body which is ill, we might say that the revolutionist desires to destroy the body before building up the new one, thus causing disorganisation in the meantime, while the Practical Idealist makes use of the fact that new generations of cells are being constantly "born" into the body, and old generations are constantly "dying" away.

Should any reader wish for more details about the P.I.A., I shall be glad to send them. Our first international camp will be held from July 20th to 26th. Needless to say that our brother Idealists from other countries will be welcome. J. J. VAN DER LEEUW.

Four Poems

By OLIVE PRIMROSE DOWNES

SEPARATION.

Now you have passed beyond the farthest star
Whence there is no return—
So wise men say—
To comfort us you yearn.
For you, so far away,
I know that Time, Space, Distance raise no bar
That can divide your soul from mine to-day !
For you are with me in the rain-washed dawn,
And when the changeless sea
Crimsons beneath the flaming sunset's fire ;
In Night's deep mystery,
When molton moonlight slides
Over dark heaving tides.
Our spirits fuse in every pure desire ;
Our souls are one, where all high hopes are born !
Ah ! But I sigh for homelier, earthly things—
Since you have gone away
These thoughts are all too grand—
I want your voice, your foot upon the stair,
Your cigarette's faint smoke, your sleek dark head
Rumpling the cushions of your favourite chair ;
The books we might have read,
The sudden touch of hand—
Dear, do you understand
The aching loneliness such memory brings ?
I want *you* here !
Not some vague spirit from a distant sphere,
But flesh and blood, to hold me to your heart
And kiss away the useless tears that start
Each lonely night, unbidden ; at morn's waking
To greet me with a smile ! For this my heart is breaking !

PARTED PRESENCE.

Your Presence haunts these solitudes
Of mountain, lake and woodland glade ;
Alone, yet not alone, I stand
Beneath the larches' quivering shade ;
While flames of living fire are flung
Across the sunset's trailing wings,
And the World Breath vibrates and glows
With throbbing life in myriad things.
Your Voice, mid murmuring leaves and stream,
Your Breath, mixed with the wind's embrace ;
So thin the veil our souls between,
Almost it falls, to show your face !

THE HERALD OF THE STAR

Thought spans the gulf of Time and Space,
 And Absence can no barrier prove ;
 Such fleshly bounds are all too weak
 To sunder souls of Friends who love !

Two Flames of the Eternal Flame !
 Two Breaths of the Eternal Breath !
 One are we, in the One Great Life,
 One through that change that men call Death !

THE SPELL OF THE NORTH.

The wild grey North is calling me,
 I hear it in my dreams !
 The wind's voice, sweeping down the fells,
 The laughter of the streams ;

The curlews o'er the ploughlands
 On the hillside brown and bare,
 The sheep-cropped downs, the drifting clouds,
 Wide skies, and free, keen air !

The lone grey lakes are calling me !
 So calm and still they lie,
 Unmarred by Passion's fitful gusts,
 Beneath the eternal sky,

While the mountains watch are keeping
 Till Time itself shall cease,
 Their haunting loneliness and space
 Filled with a brooding peace.

Oh, Devon lanes are warm and sweet,
 With primroses a-blow—
 But the grey North's calling—calling—
 And will not let me go !

DESTINY.

All I desire must come to me !
 All that I want, or long to be !

The high Ideal I failed to win,
 The secret thought that played at sin.

What though through countless lives I
 wait ?
 I still am Master of my Fate !

The Past forged chains that bind me fast ;
 'Twas I alone that made my Past !

Its Links of Love unfailing prove
 To draw me back to those I love ;

Its Links of Hate as strong shall be,
 Till I forgive my enemy !

My Will, my Thoughts are Magnets twain
 To bring me all I wish to gain.

As a man thinketh, so is he,
 I weave my own Soul's Destiny !

Nought comes by chance, of joy or rue,
 Th' unchanging Law holds balance true,

And I shall reap what I have sown,
 So all *must* come that is my own !

Star Work in Many Lands

Burma I have received from Mr. N. A. Naganathan, organising secretary for Burma, the report read by him at the Annual Convention of the Order, which took place at Rangoon on April 2nd of this year. It runs as follows :—

“ I have great pleasure in welcoming you on behalf of the members of the Order of the Star in the East, Burma, for the fourth time to this Conference, and in making my report to you of the work of the Order in Burma during the past year, ending March 31st, 1920.

“ In Burma the progress of our Order is bound to be slow for some time, as we have very few members amongst us who can devote all their time to the cause of the Star. Most of the active members are again, as in the Theosophical Society, Indians and, until more of our Burmese brothers can co-operate in organising the activities, the report must naturally show only slow progress.

“ Not daunted, however, by the thought of slow progress, and still desiring to carry out the wish of the Great World-Teacher, to spread the message of His Coming, we ventured upon the bold idea of securing the sympathy and co-operation of some of the learned Sayadaws, and we are glad to say that we have met with a measure of success which ought to encourage us for keeping up our efforts. It should be borne in mind that the idea of a World-Teacher is not foreign to Buddhist thought, for there has been a clear statement in our Scriptures that the Lord Maitreya, or Bhoddisattva Maitreya—known otherwise by the blessed name of Arimadeya among Buddhists—presides over the Teaching Department of the World after the Lord Buddha's Paranirvana. This thought is prevalent among the members of the popular Sangha, and we know of a number of learned Bhikkus and Sayadaws who subscribe to this belief. It is possible,

according to them, that Bhoddisattva and other Great Beings, who are in the 'Tharavinta' and 'Thusita' heavens, can come down at any time to ripen the *Paramit* of the age. Previous *Payaloungs* have done so, and there is no reason to suppose that the same thing may not be repeated in the present age. In this connection I would invite your kind attention to the film now screened at the 'Elphinstone,' entitled *Sree Krishna Janana*, or the birth of Sree Krishna. You will notice that the Great Rishis, in that drama, are tired of the wicked king Kamsa, and pray to Mahavishnu to come and relieve the misery of the World. The Great Lord appears in answer to their prayers and they see before them the vision of the Lord, who is afterwards to be the Loving Krishna who is to be born in Devaki's womb to kill Kamsa and to relieve the misery of the World and establish righteousness. There you have an illustration on the screen how the prayers of the Great Rishis or Arhats bring down to the physical plane the promise of Lord's coming to establish righteousness. Just in the same way the prayers and the constant meditation of the world, invoking the presence of the World-Teacher, will crystallise into shape, in the very near future, in the coming of the Lord to establish the message of peace and love amongst men. Members of our Order believe that such a thing is a physical possibility, and it is to this end that they try to prepare themselves and the outside world to welcome Him.

“ It has therefore been our intention to unify the various beliefs current in the province, and, though we wanted to send a deputation to these Sayadaws some time ago, we were not successful till our Dr. Manickam, who was on leave, agreed to go and see the Sayadaw. His interview with Enmagyee Sayadaw of Thaindaung, U Pyinnya Tha Mi and U Kan Ti

of Mandalay, resulted in their assuring us of their personal co-operation in the usual Star Conference held along with the Annual Theosophical Convention. It must be remembered that the existence, in Burma, of a belief in the Coming of the World-Teacher is quite unconnected with our Order. From our experience in the past, therefore, the programme of the T. S. Convention was so arranged as to give more prominence to Star meetings. Three special Star meetings were held, one at the Convention hall, where Enmagyee Sayadaw addressed us on the Coming of the World-Teacher, the second at the Arakan Pagoda, where the relics of Lord Buddha are at present enshrined, and the third at the Mandalay Hill. At all these meetings there was a splendid attendance of members of the Yellow-robe, which went to prove that they were familiar with the idea of His Coming.

“In his first address Enmagyee, who has about 50,000 followers, while speaking of the Coming of the Lord, laid special stress on *myitha*, or the love-aspect of man, for that will be the most characteristic note of His ministry. and because the cultivation of love is the most important factor in the way of preparing for His Coming. Mr. Pillay, in his address, quoted from the Jataka stories the legend that, when Lord Buddha was in the Heaven-world, the people approached Him to come to the world again to teach Dhamma, which was declining at the time, and He did come to the World to establish the Law. Just in the same way will be the appearance of the present World-Teacher. It was at His express wish that the Order was founded, and though this information has filtered down to the world through various sources, the organisers of the Order are in touch with the Hierarchy which controls and guides the destiny of the world, and therefore this message of the Order is from an authentic source. However, in order to recognise Him when He comes, steadfastness, devotion and gentleness are the most prominent qualities that should be cultivated. U Pyinnya Tha Mi emphasised the fact that the message ought to be proclaimed more

widely, since it was necessary to counteract the rising tide of hatred in the world. As to the time of His Coming, there were differences of opinion varying from four to twenty years from now, but the actual time depended on the need of the world and upon how far the *silas* were put into practice by us. The Mandalay Hill meeting was another epoch in the history of the Order, and both U Kondonna and U Hpo Hle spoke with inspiration, and said that the necessity of spreading the message far and wide was more urgent now than ever. There was no time to be lost and the work should be taken up seriously.

“A scheme of propoganda is on hand and is being carried out. Over 3,000 leaflets were distributed at the Mandalay Convention, and over 2,000 by post, and over 3,000 leaflets through our centres. The message has therefore reached about 8,000 people in this way alone. There were other ways of spreading the news, and several enquiries were promptly answered.

“As referred to above, Dr. Manickam's stay amidst us was made use of in visiting Kyaiklat, Myittha, Mandalay, Maymyo and Insein in connection with Star work, and lectures were delivered in these places proclaiming this message. Mr. M. Subramania Iyer, who was in Rangoon for about two weeks, delivered two lectures, one on “Star Rituals” and the other on “Star meetings at Adyar.” We had special Star meetings on December 28th and on January 11th, in which several of our members took part. Mr. Kapil P. Thukkur, one of the Star workers at Bhavanagar, who was here for some time, took a great interest in our meetings, and through him we have been able to get some Guzerati publications of the Star literature.

“Maung Soe Myint from Pyinmana, Mr. T. R. Govindarajan from Maymyo, Mr. J. N. Basu from Mandalay, and Mr. K. V. Raj from Insein, report Star work done in their locality. U San Mya has been able to do some work in his district, and so also has Maung Ba Pu from Prome. Enmagyee Sayadaw's lectures at Mandalay

resulted in several Bhikkus seeking admission into the Order.

“Membership.—The present strength of the Order in Burma is 399, as against 251 a year ago, an increase of 148 members; it was only 199 and 133 in 1918 and 1917 respectively. This does not include the followers of Enmagyee Sayadaw and of other Phongyis who believe in the Coming of the Lord. We do not still count upon membership, but want to see that the message reaches every home. If the message has reached this year over 5,000 homes, I count upon that as giving the message of hope and love to the people and relieving them of their depression, for each heart is yearning unwittingly towards a great Messenger of Peace.

“It is not out of place to say that the work has been done hitherto by a handful of people, but in order to carry out the express wish of the Lord and to prepare His ways, and to enable the message to reach a wider mass, I invite the co-operation of all our earnest members to help us in the Star work. I need not say much about individual effort. Every member ought to keep the ideal of the World-Teacher before him, and to do as much as he can to relieve the suffering and the miserable. Not only in the way of spreading the message lies our work, although that is our first work, but in infusing into our friends' and into our own lives, and into the work we do, something of the great ideal for which the Order stands. Star members should uphold their ideals in all their undertakings, and they have to bear in mind that they should co-operate with all kinds of social activities in the world which promote love and brotherhood and relieve misery and suffering, for the Great Lord comes with the message of love and to relieve the misery of the suffering. It is therefore our duty as Star members to see what we can do to bring light to the blind, to make the lame walk, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to help the orphans, to nurse the sick, to love our neighbours, as the Lord did of old and as He will do hereafter, and, above all, to try to begin and end each day with a short period devoted to the asking of His

blessing upon all that we seek to do for Him and in His name.

“That is the task before us in the coming year.

“I have to record here the passing onward of our late National representative, U Thein Maung. Ever since the Order was founded, he was the National Representative of the Order in Burma. He was one of our oldest members and an ardent lecturer, and was connected with the organisation of Star and Theosophical activities in Burma for a long time. He endeavoured to live the Star life through all these years, and made several contributions to Burmese papers about the “Coming of the World-Teacher.” He died on June 23rd of last year, and this office is now filled by Enmagyee Sayadaw of Thaindaung.

“In conclusion, I beg to thank Mrs. Fraser, Dr. Manickam, Maung Thin, Maung Ba Kyaw and Mr. P. Venkatraman for all the help they have given me in the general organisation, and Mr. J. N. Basu, Mr. T. R. Govindarjan, U San Mya, Maung Soe Myint and Maung Ba Pu for their work in their own locality.

“With these remarks, I very heartily welcome you all to our Conference.”

N. A. NAGANATHAN,
Organising Secretary.

* * *

**United States
and Canada**

The following report, dated May 1st, 1920, has been received from Mrs. Tuttle-Leembruggen, National Representative:—

To-date we have approximately 6,000 members in the United States; 425 in Canada. Since January 1st of this year 217 new members have joined in U.S.A., 15 new members in Canada. There is an encouraging prospect that, even by the time this report reaches THE HERALD, Canada may have started on its career as a separate Star Section. If our Canadian brothers this year gain their National Representative and Officers, they will undoubtedly feel increased stimulus and energy, and their brothers in U.S.A. will wish them every success.

We have started several new ventures since my last report. We are trying hard to make our year's budget sufficient to ensure another Star Shop, and next in importance to this is the establishment of a "Council of Service" to organize our members into groups for definite study and work in outer-world service. This Council is under the energetic leadership of Mr. Charles Edgar, who is appointing Councillors for such different departments as "Education," "Art," "Health and Healing," "Social Service," etc. Each Councillor will try to map out definite plans for work and study in his department, to form groups of his departments in our various Star Centres, and to link together all the members who are attracted to such special study. This should result in getting all our Star members prepared and more interested to do definite service in the world.

Our Publicity Department under Mrs. Cardner has done some effective work in selling books and in distributing literature to lists of names. As the result of the latter, we have had an astonishing number of enquiries and a number of new members.

To aid in the administration of the business affairs of this Section, I have asked the aid of an Executive Board, composed of the heads of our Publicity Department and of the Council of Service, together with Miss Smyers who is in charge

of our main office. These three meet frequently to pass on recommendations to the National Representative, or in case of her illness, absence or death, to administer the affairs of the Section until her successor is appointed.

Our most serious problem just now is to keep our Star movement from being entangled in and strangled by Theosophical controversies. We need separate meeting places for the Star and leaders who will keep their Star and Theosophical activities in separate compartments. The Star movement has suffered from the unwise mixing of the two, and many a new member joining us has been discouraged and repelled by the echoes of Theosophical wrangles obtruded upon him. Moreover many of our older Theosophical members, upon whom we ought to be able to rely as teachers and leaders, have their time and energy so exhausted by Theosophical affairs that they are useless as Star workers. Our only hope, therefore, seems to lie in getting completely away from the T. S. and acquiring a group of workers who will place the Star ideals first, who can make congenial surroundings for the new members who are interested in humanitarian work and study, and to whom our Star message can be shown without any background of Theosophical politics.

MARJORIE TUTTLE-LEEMBRUGGEN,
National Representative.

The above are the only reports which have reached me this month. It is time for National Representatives who sent in reports at the beginning of the year to be preparing a second instalment of news from their Sections; and there are several Representatives from whom nothing has so far been heard. As supplementary to the ordinary style of report, a special Form will be published in the August

number of the HERALD OF THE STAR, which National Representatives can fill in and return to me before October 1st of this year. The material provided by these Forms will be used for the compilation of a full Annual Report, which, it is hoped, may be included in the December number.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,
General Secretary.

Correspondence

THE VALUE OF AN ORGANISATION

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR EDITOR,—Your correspondent, mentioned in the *HERALD OF THE STAR* of May 1st, is quite right in raising the question of an organisation in opposition to individual effort. Personally I disagree with all her reasoning because I fail to see that an organisation does interfere with individual effort. To me her arguments can all be read in the opposite direction, namely, that organisation is the soul of success; association in any cause is inspiring and, in my experience, is the true path to success. At the same time I can realise that certain temperaments require an individual position, and why should they not work in that way it seems best to them? I uphold co-operation as the natural method, and in the organisation in question are all sorts and conditions of men.

My theory is that everyone who does their duty to the best of his or her ability is preparing the way for the Coming. Remember that the Advent is not a new idea. The forming of a sixth root race and the preparation for that race was fixed before the mountains and oceans were manifested. The Lord God's Garden, of which this World is one portion, is planned and parcelled for cropping from the beginning. Observation informs us that crops are taken from every portion, and that those with one talent used for The Master are useful to His Estate.

I think we in the West are too prone to overlook the great fact that all the things in the World are One Family born of the Same Parents. Our Father in Heaven is prayed to and supplicated, but only a few kneel at the Feet of our Ever Virgin Mother, the Eternal Wisdom. Being all of one family, co-operation to carry out the Plan of our Parents is surely the right thing to do. Our Mother has watched over us and is watching over us constantly, giving us rope, so to say, to help us develop and unfold the Spirit within us; and when we fall, She says, Get up and try again; in this way we learn. Think how many functions we perform automatically. Our bodies now-a-days work almost automatically, and it is a common source of astonishment and satisfaction to see how Nature heals wounds, etc. This, I take it, is evolution of the body; and that, I take it, means that The Spirit has unfolded somewhat, and Our Mother has evolved our bodies so that we may have more opportunities for further advance. This has been done by various and complex means: saving and selecting the best and destroying what is useless. This

explains the Plan of The Father and Mother, The Gardeners. They weed out the useless and protect the useful. The evidence of decayed civilisations, such as those of Australia and Africa, are useful plots into which to transplant souls, and they must have been used as we use special plots to get a cross or an effect in plant-raising by changing the environment; and these out-of-the-way spots rear breeds of animals; for instance, there is a breed of very short-legged goats in N. Nigeria, and in S. America there was a breed of underhung cattle of the bulldog type of skull.

The N. Nigerians have many most peculiar customs, different even in villages near to each other. They are not negroes, but resemble the Egyptian of the wall paintings.

These odd tribes are now being mixed up with Western peoples. The Coming Great Teacher is a World Teacher. He is coming, we believe, to help all. Not only Christians, but all, even animals and plants, are His Family. Those who believe in reincarnation must believe that they have been planted in other countries amongst other peoples, and it is an interesting fact that one man in N. America did by selection produce a flock of short legged sheep. Perhaps he had once incarnated in N. Nigeria, where his Mother sent him to gain experience or to help her children.

What has this to do with the organisation and preparing the way for His Coming? To me it has everything to do with it. I being interested in the land, have much to do with animals as well as plants, and the fearful sufferings of quite innocent animals in every war has made me think out many things. One, seeming a small thing, is the treatment of soil by methods that are least injurious to earth worms, for worms are the natural cultivators, and land that has many worms is good for crops. So I advocate the use of forks for digging instead of spades and scarifiers instead of ploughs, and I endeavour to explain to all keepers of animals that humane friendly treatment of horses, cattle and flocks of all sorts is profitable, from every point of view, and that filthy stalls and pigsties are not only cruel but unscientific, breeding disease and checking development.

In these ways, if one is gentle and not domineering, some few useful seeds are sown, and, the subject of co-operation can be approached. I should be no good as a priest or as a politician. I might do a bit as a potter, but my work has been laid on the land. I am not a John the Baptist, but when I have the opportunity to

meet others of the organisation I find we always help one another, by ideas that lead to other methods and some development.

The youngest child helps His Father and His Mother if it does its duty as well as it can in its environment. The fact of its trying to do its duty is a help towards His Coming, because it is The Plan. I have laid special emphasis on the small things—the Widow's mite classification, because that side is sometimes overlooked.

O. GREIG,

Devon. Mill, South Zeal, Okehampton.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—I was extremely interested in the letter in your Editorial Notes of your May issue *re* "Individual Work."

Every earnest worker in the Star organisation must, I think, have experienced these same doubts, and eventually arrived at the conclusion that an organisation is not only a necessity, but is, in fact, inevitable.

I do not think that an organisation is really a cloak for insincerity. None of us are perfect, nor do we profess to be perfect. We only strive painfully and sometimes wearily towards a great ideal, in order that when He does come we may be found worthy to help in some little measure in His work.

Were we to endeavour to stand alone, we should inevitably fall, and it is only by the friendship and spiritual help we receive from those who are in sympathy and accord with us that we are enabled to go on—even unto the end. Was John the Baptist very much of a hero after all? He lived in a country and in a time when prophets were plentiful and allowed to travel up and down the country unmolested, and yet even he had his disciples and followers. The members of a group may not have much of a material, tangible nature to give to the world, and yet they may give *love*. They may pour out love individually or collectively. In the first instance it is certainly of some avail in the surrounding life, but in the latter case it becomes a mighty force through which the Master can work and bring about the upliftment of a whole community. Did He not say, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and will He not avail Himself of every opportunity which comes to His hand? Does it not take courage and devotion to endeavour to "live the life" and to attend the Group meetings regularly? Does not the latter develop the virtue of "Constancy"? Do we not meet with opposition and ridicule even now, and does not the fact that we persevere, in spite of this ridicule and opposition, show that these qualities of courage and devotion are being developed in us ready for "The day be with us"?

The greatest force in the whole Universe is *love*, and where love is poured out by any

individual it must inevitably attract someone else who is doing the same thing. Like attracts like, everything tends towards unity, towards At-one-ment with Him who said, "and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," and whosoever endeavours to show forth the Christ spirit is lifted up over his fellows and must draw others unto him.

Even the Great Teacher had His disciples and followers who gathered about Him and supported Him, and to whom on the eve of His departure He gave that message of comfort and inspiration to those who had to carry on His work in the world, "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be also."

Let us then continue to partake of the privilege of meeting Him whom we serve. Your correspondent may try to stand alone, but she will find it to be impossible. Every heart which responds to her message becomes by the very nature of that response a "follower," and gives a spiritual uplift to the messenger.

Yours fraternally,

F. W. HALL.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—I am very keenly interested in the letter you received on the value of an organisation like the Order of the Star in the East, as it voices my own difficulty.

For weeks now I have been debating in my own mind the desirability of joining the Order, so perhaps light will be thrown on the problem from the forthcoming discussion.

An analogy, it seems to me, may be drawn from the monastic system of the past, although I quite admit that it is not a very close one. Men and women, many of them sincere and earnest souls, withdrew from the world of temptation and sin, to live together in a community of people bound each to the other by similar aims and lofty motives. That they accomplished much valuable work in the earlier days of their foundation is too well known to be disputed. I refer to the writing of the scriptures at a time when printing was unknown in the Western world, and to the chronicles of the times; to their ministrations to travellers, and to the poor and needy round about them, not to mention their educational activities. That they derived much support from being linked together in a common cause can scarcely be denied.

Yet this system of communal life failed in time to contribute to the good of the world, through the "comfortable round of activities," and the spiritual lethargy that crept in, partly I know, but yet not wholly due to the luxury and ease that became possible through the "misapplied unselfishness" of those who had benefited by the ministrations of convent and monastery.

Now, most organisations fail and have failed to maintain their efficacy, and it is the few scattered individuals who will recognise the expected Teacher, so that, though I feel "union ought to produce strength," it often becomes a pitfall and a snare.

Yet every time I read the *HERALD OF THE STAR* I feel a thrill of gratitude that such a paper exists, with its delightful inspirations,

and therefore that I ought to support that which is the producer of it. I desire light on the question.

Yours sincerely,

ALICE CHADBAND.

(Member of the Theosophical Society).

Birmingham,
66, Doris Road, Sparkhill.

SELFISHNESS AND UNSELFISHNESS

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—There can be no doubt, I fancy, that selfishness in a general sense is very much misunderstood, and I quite agree with your correspondent that it is rather a sign of weakness than strength. For how much easier it is to do someone else's work for them than to show them how to accomplish that work for themselves. It is quite common for mothers to weaken their children's nature by waiting on them, to the detriment of their own character, and that of their future husbands and wives, later in life. I could cite many such cases, and in most of them children have grown up to despise and not reverence their parents for it; their will has become weakened, and in many ways they are an annoyance both to themselves and others. And it certainly very seldom seems to have the effect of cultivating that unselfishness in the mind of the child, but rather to encourage the opposite tendency. Yet these people would deny with scorn any idea of selfishness if it was mentioned to them. Thus we see wives turning themselves into martyrs in their efforts to wait on their husbands, while the husbands look upon such work as a matter of course, and treat their wives as mere slaves and chattels.

There can be no doubt that unselfishness is often a certain form of selfishness, for we

do what we want because we like it, while the person we are waiting on is very often more annoyed than pleased with our attention. We force our services on others without waiting to ask whether or no they are needed.

Having failed in this respect in the past myself, I feel that, through bitter experience, I should be competent to assist others. Now, there is a certain form of unselfishness which springs from a keen desire for Service, combined with a strong sense of sympathy, and this, coupled with a thirst for activity, often causes much misplaced energy. The fault of this feeling seems to be that it is purely a physical tendency, and blind to higher force; yet the desire for Service pushes so strongly, that the individual must work it out. If we are on Service lines it is very hard to find the right work to do, and also to learn not to interfere with other people. The fault seems to lie with lack of discrimination. We have never been taught to discriminate in youth, and very often do not understand the true meaning of the word. Women are often the greater sinners in this respect, because their lack of training prevents them from learning control. Thus the crux of the matter lies in Education, Education, Education.

Yours, etc.,

LEANORA RUDKIN.

"IDEAL" EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—May I ask "A Parent" this question: If young people, whose parents are idealists with regard to education, food, religious views, etc., etc., may not attend the schools such parents would naturally wish for them, what schools may they attend? I have in mind some young people I know, who, many years ago attended our ordinary public schools. They, with their parents, were vegetarians (*not faddists*). Their school lives were spoiled simply because they refused to eat meat; they were ridiculed and taunted; but the worst effect was the isolation thus forced upon them. How much better would it have been for them,

could they have attended schools where humaneness to animals, with the natural result—abstinence from eating them, would have been the rule? Where teachers and school-mates alike had shared their views life would have been an utterly different thing, and probably the whole of their present incarnation would have been entirely altered. There seems only one other solution—home education—and that has many objections, whilst for people of moderate means it is impossible. Surely it will not be so very long before the "Ideal" Schools of the moment will be the ordinary schools of the day. Such is my hope.

ANOTHER PARENT.

(*This correspondence is now closed.*—ED.)

A TABLE OF "STAR" TIMES

(For explanation see this month's Editorial Notes)

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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. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 20 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 2d. extra). United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per ann. (Post free). U.S.A. and South America, \$1.50 per ann. (Post free). All Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to the "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.



EDITORIAL NOTES

INTELLIGENT anticipation of what the Great Teacher is likely to teach with regard to current human problems, may be held to be, if reverently approached, an important part of our work of preparation. It is a matter, naturally, upon which none can be so bold as to lay down the law. The most that can be attempted is an imaginative forecast, inspired by our own spiritual intuitions, as to the probable attitude of One so mighty in love and wisdom towards some of the subjects upon which we, with our infinitely less developed characters and intelligence, are divided in opinion. But even here it must be readily acknowledged that a forecast, based upon our human conceptions of supreme wisdom and compassion, may err—partly because we cannot fathom those vaster depths, and partly because the teachings of One who comes to shape a future, and therefore unknown, civilisation will necessarily be adapted to the requirements of that next phase in human history. To one age supreme wisdom may teach one doctrine; to another age, another. All will depend upon the particular type of spiritual unfolding which that age is meant to accomplish. Looking forward, therefore, to-day to the appearance of a Great Teacher in our midst, we must all be conscious of a certain diffidence in predicting what He is likely to teach, for the simple reason that His coming, and His teaching, are integral parts of a great plan which is, for the most part, veiled from our eyes. True is it that we can detect tendencies at work, in the world of our times, which seem to promise certain definite changes

in the world of a few centuries, or even a few decades hence. But we cannot be quite sure that our analysis of these tendencies is correct, and in view of this we should be rash to predict that the Great Teacher will, in His teaching, confirm these movements in the direction in which now they appear to be developing. Some may be merely temporary reactions; others may be definitely mistaken impulses, which will have to be corrected; others again may seem to be making for a certain goal, when their true directivity is really elsewhere. All these reservations we must needs make, ere we attempt any kind of forecast; and to many they may seem, in their sum, to be prohibitive of any such attempt.

* * *

The question is, are they really prohibitive? Even granting all that we have said, is there not a residuum upon which it would be fairly safe to base a forecast? This is a question upon which the more active minds in the Order of the Star in the East would do well to ponder. Its importance lies in its bearing upon the life of the Order as a unified body. At present the Order has as its bond of union a single belief—the belief that the coming of a World-Teacher is shortly to be expected. In all else it imposes no standard of orthodoxy. A member of the Order is free to think as he likes upon all the problems of religion, politics and sociology which are matters of burning debate to-day. His views on these subjects do not affect his right to be a member. Consequently the Order of the Star

is, from one point of view, a remarkable example of diversities held together in a higher unity, and members are accustomed to note this fact with no little gratification and pride. But those who are wise will also remember another thing; and that is that a time must come when these divisions of opinion, which now do not matter, will matter very much indeed. We are all one in the expectation of a Teacher. But shall we be one, when that Teacher begins to do what we naturally know He will do—namely, to teach? What will happen, if His teaching go contrary to the strong views which we may have formed on certain subjects of human interest? Shall we be ready to forsake our violent predilections, our deep-seated prejudices, at His bidding? And if not, what will it profit us to have been members of the Order in the days when only an expectation was demanded of us? The test, at that critical time, will be one of acceptance. Are we preparing ourselves even now to pass through it successfully?—which is only another way of saying: “Are we examining our views and opinions, in order to determine whether they be of the kind which He is likely to approve?” There is only one form of insurance against the danger of non-acceptance; and that is to make our attitude towards current problems, as nearly as possible, an attitude which we feel to be in harmony with what we can conceive of the nature of the Great One. In this effort we have two sources of help to which we may appeal. The one is the knowledge which we possess of previous Great Teachers in human history; the other is our own spiritual nature. We are none of us without an imaginative spiritual intuition, which can come to our aid in default of direct knowledge. Little as we may be accustomed to consult it, it is nevertheless there to be consulted; and the vivifying of this inner faculty may conceivably be one of the very things which we are expected to strive after during these years of preparation. It may, furthermore, be that in this definite attempt to awaken the intuition will lie our chief hope of future effectiveness and

unity. Certainly in no other way can we so definitely prepare for the acceptance of teachings, which may conflict with our purely intellectual views about life and its problems. That is why we have suggested that an intelligent forecast of what the Great One is likely to teach may be an important part of our work of preparation. Its importance will consist, not in the detailed accuracy of our anticipations—we may put this aside as impossible—but in the raising of the whole tone of our thought through the effort to imagine what His thought would be. We have strong views on a certain subject. Have we asked ourselves whether He is likely to hold equally strong views upon it? We have a vigorous prejudice against a certain movement, or a certain class, or type, of people. Can we imagine ourselves expressing this prejudice to Him with the hope of winning His approval? There is a certain mellowness of thought, a certain loftiness of compassion, a certain wideness of understanding, an all-embracing tolerance, which—however meagre be our ability to realise them in imagination—we nevertheless instinctively associate with the outlook of a Great Teacher. These are the touchstones which we can apply to all our thinking, and they will become the more illuminating tests, the more genuinely we strive to rise to their heights. We, who claim to stand apart from the rest of the world in our expectation, should surely endeavour to stand apart also in the tone of our thinking; and it may be doubted whether anyone is really striving to justify his membership in the Order of Those who Expect, if he is not, at the same time, endeavouring to mould his thought upon life and life's problems into some kind of reflection of the thought of Him who is Expected.

* * *

We suggest, therefore, to members of the Order that the time has come to make this refashioning of our thought a matter which we should seriously consider. We are possibly incorrect in this suggestion. The time may not have come; nor may unanimity of thought be important during

the period of preparation. On a matter like this we can only say what we feel, and an expression of opinion in these *Notes* makes no claim to be authoritative. Its object is rather to open up a subject of general interest and so to make it possible for readers to express their own views—which they can always do through the medium of our Correspondence columns. The subject which we are discussing at the moment is one which is exceptionally suitable for debate, and we therefore ask our readers to give it their careful consideration and, if they feel moved to do so, to let us have their views upon it. In order to give a definite shape to the discussion, let us make a start here by expressing, quite briefly, what seems to us to be a reasonable view.

* * *

Our view is that our test in the future, so far as our opinions on current problems are concerned, will lie in the degree to which we have been able to anticipate the attitude of the World-Teacher towards such problems; and that to anticipate this attitude, even if only imperfectly, is not an absolutely impossible achievement, but one which lies within the power of each of us, if we will only have the courage and honesty to consult our spiritual intuitions. Instead of allowing our views to take possession of us unchallenged, we should (that is to say) arraign them before the bar of our imagination and ask ourselves, quite plainly: "Would He be likely to think in this way?" The question may be an uncomfortable and an exacting one; but it seems to us that it is one which, as members of the Order, we should not shirk. In order to illustrate what we mean, let us select what Bacon would have called a "crucial" instance and see how this process of self-examination would apply to some of our views on Social Reform. About no subject are there such diversities of opinion at the present time, and in no field of controversy do feelings run quite so high.

* * *

What indications have we of the probable attitude of the World-Teacher

towards the vast host of problems which fall under this head? Well, of one thing we may surely be certain—namely, that His love and compassion embrace the whole of mankind and that to that sublime nature all hatred is abhorrent. This, it would seem, makes it fairly clear that we are not rightly preparing ourselves to be His servants if we entertain, or help to generate, feelings of class hatred. His ideal, we must imagine, will be one of conciliation, brotherhood and co-operation, not one of the exaltation of any class at the expense of the rest of the community. At the same time we must remember, in order to do justice to the other side of the case, that, as the Founder of a New Order, there will probably be in His mind an altered condition of society which it will be part of His work to bring about and that, to this end, some kind of a surgical operation may have to be performed upon society, as it exists to-day, in order to make that future development possible. In other words, a work of love may have to be wrought through temporary hatred and division. We see here how interesting and how fruitful is the subject upon which we are called upon to think. For ourselves, we would venture the view that, knowing what we do of the World-Teacher and taking into consideration the numberless thousands who need no encouragement upon the path of hatred, we should be on safer ground, as Star members, in throwing our weight into the scale of all that makes for harmony. A member of the Order of the Star would have to vindicate himself very completely, before we could concede him the right to be the champion of revolution and bloodshed as a remedy for social ills. Similarly, the member who would set one class against all the rest—whether it be a case of a capitalist dictatorship, at one end of the scale, or of a dictatorship of the proletariat at the other—would have to explain his position very clearly before he could persuade us that his thought was really on the lines of the probable thought of the coming World-Teacher. Should there not be in the world, in these times, some body of people who take definitely,

as their ideal, the obliteration of hatreds and the softening of the asperities of social life? And, if so, who more fitting to pursue this aim than those who have enrolled themselves under the banner of the Lord of Love? Dark though the necessities of the case may be, and ignorant though we are of the probable evolution of society in the near future, we are surely in less danger of erring, if we take as our object the spreading of a kindlier and better feeling between all classes of the community, than if we throw in our lot with the million and join them in shouting for destruction and revenge. A Great Teacher once said: *Hatred ceaseth not by hatred; it ceaseth only by love.* Here, at least, is authority for the gentler solution of the problem. Is it not one which we, as Star members, should respect? Half the trouble nowadays, in the discussion of any problem of social reform, arises from the fact that the discussion is clouded, from the outset, by mutual suspicion and dislike. The two parties start as enemies. What wonder, then, that they leave off as enemies and that, though hostilities may reach an Armistice, they never reach a Truce? Goodwill is, and must be, a necessary precondition of any kind of settlement; otherwise the thing is psychologically impossible. We ask our readers on which side the Great Teacher is likely to stand—on that of goodwill, or on that of ill-will? Is He likely to work for the healing or for the inflaming of present divisions? And surely in the answer to this question will lie the answer to the question as to how we should endeavour to mould our own thought in preparation for His service. Is this so, or is it not?

* * *

Then as to the great struggle of the working classes for more and more money, which is perhaps the chief outward mark of the social problem to-day, may not intelligent anticipation even now forecast something of His possible attitude? With what is just in that struggle He will surely agree. But will He not have other things to say upon the issue? Will he accept a

simple redistribution of wealth or power as the solution of the real problem? If hard words have to be said to the rich and selfish, who think only of their own gains and care nothing for their duties to the community, will not the same chastisement have to be meted out to those (whoever they be) who simply aspire to the same kind of position for themselves? Long ago a divine Teacher uttered the words: "Man cannot live by bread alone." Surely the same message is needed in our own times—possibly even more sorely needed than then. But who, of our modern teachers, has the courage to say this word? Where is the gospel of service, which should at least accompany the gospel of improved material conditions? We hear much of Freedom nowadays. Who is bold enough to proclaim that he only is ready for freedom who has achieved self-control? Possibly there are few, in these times, great enough to preach such a doctrine without reproach. But He will be great enough; and those who seek to be His followers should not shut their eyes to the attitude which His mighty spiritual authority will enable Him to assume. The fact is that the search-light of absolute wisdom and spirituality is going to beat uncomfortably upon all of us. Beneath it many of our so-called "idealisms" will shrivel up into the mean and selfish things they really are. Our easy partizanships will be shown to be poor and petty and lacking in vision; the "glorious causes" for which we strive with so much complacency of enthusiasm will be revealed as not so very glorious after all. That is why the world's Great Teachers are hated. They do not accept us at the valuation which we are accustomed to put upon ourselves. Rank and wealth count naturally, with Them, for nothing. But so also do materialism masquerading under the guise of "idealism" and the will-to-injustice sheltering itself under the banner of "justice." A dispassionate judgment of our boasted civilisation, from the standpoint of a lofty spiritual Authority, must surely condemn not only the avowed evils of our communal life but also many of the efforts which are

being made to remedy these evils. Granted that the philosophy of materialistic selfishness has produced a deadlock in our modern social systems, is that deadlock to be solved by a perpetuation of the same philosophy? Is not, rather, a wholly new spirit wanted—a different way altogether of looking at life and its problems? And will it not be the task of the coming Teacher to proclaim this new spirit?

* * *

We venture to suggest, as a broad axiom, that our whole customary way of viewing our social problems—whether it be the way of the capitalist or the way of the anti-capitalist—is, from the spiritual point of view, fundamentally wrong; that it leaves out the really vital factors in the problem, and leaves them out simply because it does not see them; and that it is just these factors which the World-Teacher may be expected to emphasize. The man or woman who shouts with a party, who takes up and repeats the shibboleths which are on the lips of the many, is not the man or woman—even if nominally a member of the Order of the Star in the East—who is anticipating, in these years of preparation, the thought of the Great Teacher. Such a person may be prominent to-day and may even be thought to lend lustre to the Order by virtue of his public activities; but he seems to us to be one who is doing very little to prepare himself for the acceptance of the teachings of One infinitely greater than he is. Particularly does this seem to us to be true of those members—and there are a few such—whose public utterances and whose whole trend of influence are on the side of hatred. They are taking an easy course—it is always easy to appeal to hatred—but is it the course which is expected of a member of His Order? We feel very strongly on this point and therefore express it strongly. We believe that the cult of class hatred, which is becoming so marked a feature of the social movement to-day in all countries, is one which is entirely foreign to anything which we may expect of the coming World-Teacher; and we

hold that for anyone to call himself a member of the Order and, at the same time, sedulously to fan the flames of this hatred—whether it be a hatred of the “classes” for the “masses,” or of the “masses” for the “classes”—is to be a traitor to his membership and to bring discredit on the Order to which he belongs. And this brings us back to our main theme—Is it possible for the Order of the Star, as such, to stand in the world, even now, for an attitude towards current problems which will reflect, in some degree, the attitude of the Master?

We believe that it is—that is to say, that it would be possible, from our knowledge of what other great Teachers have taught and from the promptings of our own spiritual intuitions, to draw up a set of propositions about any matter of public debate which, *so far as we know*, must be true of the attitude of Him whom we expect; that these propositions would indicate for us the kind of philosophy which is needed of us, and that it would be a genuine work of preparation for us to endeavour to imprint these principles upon our habits of thinking. Further than this we do not propose to go. We have no wish to attempt an elaborate *ex cathedra* pronouncement as to what these propositions are, nor are we certain that the majority of our readers will agree with us that any such unification of our thought is either possible or desirable. It may be that our best work will be done by going along for the present, each in his, or her own way. We are quite willing to concede, for purposes of argument, that this is so. All that we would venture to do is to call attention, as we have done, to the possible dangers of encouraging, either in ourselves or in others, an attitude of mind towards any of life's great problems which we cannot reconcile with any mental concept of a Great Teacher. Beyond that, the whole subject is open to discussion, and we hope that readers, who find it of interest, will let us have their views. We have suggested our own view as a stimulus to the expression of opinions which, very likely, differ from ours altogether. We have also attempted

to crystallise the subject under debate, by giving it a more or less definite shape. Let us go one step further in the way of simplification and reduce it to a plain question: "Is it possible for us to anticipate the attitude of the coming Teacher towards modern problems? And, if so, is it not the duty of each member of the Order to prepare the way for that Teacher by imposing this attitude upon his own thought?" In this form we throw the subject open to discussion.

* * *

**Star and T. S.
in the United
States Section** In the report of the National Representative for the U.S.A. and Canada, which was printed last month, the following passage occurred:—

Our most serious problem just now is to keep our Star movement from being entangled in and strangled by Theosophical controversies. We need separate meeting places for the Star, and leaders who will keep their Star and Theosophical activities in separate compartments. The Star movement has suffered from the unwise mixing of the two, and many a new member joining us has been discouraged and repelled by the echoes of Theosophical wrangles obtruded upon him. Moreover, many of our older Theosophical members, upon whom we ought to be able to rely as teachers and leaders, have their time and energy so exhausted by Theosophical affairs that they are useless as Star workers. Our only hope, therefore, seems to lie in getting completely away from the T. S. and acquiring a group of workers who will place the Star ideals first, who can make congenial surroundings for the new members who are interested in humanitarian work and study, and to whom our Star message can be shown without any background of Theosophical politics.

The above remarks raise an important question, to which all National Representatives would do well to turn their attention. Circumstances have tended, from the outset, to bring about a close union between the Theosophical Society and the Order of the Star. Most of the officers of the Order are Theosophists, and there is a large overlapping membership common to the two organisations. All this is well known and, given certain conditions, need be productive of no harm.

The first condition is that it should be realised that the two bodies have distinct aims and that membership of the one in no way involves membership of, or adherence to the principles of the other. The second is that this distinction of aim should be given its proper recognition in the shape of separate organisations and separate activities. This is important in any case, since it gives to each the freedom which is essential for its work. It becomes even more important, however, when difficulties arise either in the one or in the other body. The HERALD OF THE STAR is not concerned with controversies in the Theosophical Society, as such. It is only concerned with them in so far as they affect the Order of the Star and its work, and it much regrets that this should seem to have been the case in the U.S.A. Section. The National Representative touches the chief source of trouble, when she mentions the need for separate meeting-places for the two organisations, and for leaders who will "keep their Star and Theosophical activities in separate compartments." Both Star and Theosophical work have suffered in the United States from excessive centralisation. So far as we are aware, the Order of the Star has no buildings of its own at Krotona, but is compelled to make use of buildings belonging to the Theosophical Society. Krotona, furthermore, is a residential colony, segregated, if not by distance, at least by aims and modes of life and thought, from the rest of the world; and experience shows that this kind of intensive existence is the most likely of all to breed trouble, jealousies and disputes. Even with a great and dominating personality at the head of it, a specialised community rarely escapes these disturbances. Where there happens to be no personality of quite this type, the danger is all the greater. It is not the business of this Magazine to interfere in Sectional matters; but we cannot refrain from expressing our view that Star work would probably be freer and more effective in the U.S.A. if the headquarters were taken away altogether from Krotona and transferred

to some large city, where the Star could have its offices for working-hours without the handicap of a "community" residential system. It may be taken as a truism, in connection with all movements which aim at high ideals, that the less people see of each other—except when they are actually at work—the better. Human nature cannot keep up to concert-pitch at all hours of the day and night. It must relax sometimes, and it is better that it should relax away from the scene of its idealistic labours. Otherwise the work becomes infected by personalities. Quarrels, which a little privacy might have prevented, arise to disturb the work. Thoroughly good workers become, through no fault on either side, "fed up" with each other, and staleness and acrimony result.

We hope the authorities of the U.S.A. Section will pardon these reflections. They apply to all Sections alike—and it is really for this reason that we have given vent to them. We should like to suggest to all Sections, which have not already done so, that they should treat the Order of the Star and the T.S. as quite separate organisations, no matter in what degree the membership may happen to overlap. Let each have its own rooms, its own meetings and its own officers, and let neither be the satellite or dependent of the other. Only in this way can each insure itself against the kind of trouble which has arisen in the U.S.A.

* * *

The Value of an Organisation

What we have just been saying has some bearing, of course, upon a question which has recently been discussed in our pages—the question, namely, of the value of an organisation. It will be remembered that a letter from a correspondent was quoted in these *Notes*, in the May number, in which the writer expressed the view that membership of an organisation made for softness, insincerity and self-deception. Other letters have been received, and printed, on this subject, either supporting or combatting our correspondent's views, and it is

possible that more may still come in. To our mind, in the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, there is "much to be said on both sides." An organisation can be a stimulus and a support; it can also be an opiate. It can achieve far more than the individual; on the other hand, it may destroy individual responsibility. It may make for good fellowship; it may also make for jealousies and enmities. Like everything else in the world, it is just exactly what we happen to make of it. One thing, however, may be predicated of all organisations—and it is the source whence all the trouble is likely to spring—namely, that the moment we collect men and women together in the pursuit of some great ideal, we set up an inevitable contrast between the grandeur of the ideal and the imperfection of the instruments through which its realisation is being attempted. A common and very natural result of this is that, beholding the imperfection of the instruments (ourselves included), we either tend to lose sight of the ideal or we begin to despair of its realisation. It is a case of the Divine Life descending into Matter. It loses something by this descent. The glory and freedom of Its activities on Its own level are obscured. But—and it is a great "but"—supposing that It is able to win through this gross material obstruction back to Itself, It will return all the stronger and the more glorious from Its immersion. So it is with organisations. Embody an ideal in an organisation, and you tend to bury it. But if by chance the ideal is powerful enough to ensoul the organisation and to weld it into a living whole, then there is nothing finer in the world. A living Church, an Army or a Regiment aflame with the spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice, a Movement which is quickened through and through by a passionate ideal, are the greatest things which Earth has to show. We cannot help feeling that in such extensions of organised life God Himself achieves a fuller realisation than is possible through the individual. If He be the Life of all, then it is through some great totality that He must eventually come to His own.

This is what we must try to remember in the case of every organisation. It may be a poor thing, as we see it ; but there is so much which it might become ! In the case of the Star movement, there is a special reason for clinging to this larger hope. The life of every organisation depends largely on great leadership, with its obverse—the devotion to a Leader. It is the essence of the Star Movement that it looks for the appearance of the greatest of all possible Leaders. This means that it looks also for the realisation, within its own ranks, of a spirit of devotion equivalent to that Leadership. This is its central inspiration and, because of it, we should not let ourselves despair of the Movement, as it may happen to be now ; nor should we be over-much disturbed by temporary jars and difficulties. To the outward eye the chrysalis gives no promise of the butterfly. So may it also be that the Movement, as we know it to-day, gives no outward promise of what it will then become. It will be a great thing to be a Star member when He is leading us, even though it appear to be but a small and mean thing now. Let us cling to our membership in that great hope, doing what we can to bring down into the life of the organisation, even now, something of that high spirit of devotion which, we believe, will be easier then. Above all, do not let us bother too much about each other. Let us own at once that we are poor creatures with every possible kind of weakness and fault. Taken as we are, our ideal is too great for us. We are not world-teachers or world-leaders. All that we hope is that some day we may, if we are steadfast and courageous, be of some slight use to One who is both. The more we think of Him, the less we shall trouble our heads about our neighbours. Most of our difficulties arise from the fact that we think too little of Him and too much about each other.

* * *

Star Time By this time most of the Sections of the Order should have received the table of Star-Times published in our last issue.

It is to be hoped that there will be no delay in taking up the matter strongly and so inaugurating a really inspiring form of "concerted action." Arrangements for doing this will naturally be left to the National Representatives, who are probably already engaged in organising the work in their various Sections. Members need not, however, wait for any official notification in order to begin on their own account. They should begin at once in their individual capacities. One thing we should like to suggest to National Representatives and other officers of the Order ; and that is that, where the Star-Time happens to be convenient, Star-meetings should be arranged to fit in with it, so that the fixed moment can be observed by all present at the meeting. In this connection, we would suggest that it is better to arrange things so that the Star-Time falls at the end of the meeting rather than at the beginning, because there are always a certain number of people who cannot arrive in time. Moreover, the fact that the thoughts of the audience have been concentrated for a hour on Star matters will undoubtedly create an atmosphere more favourable for the concerted effort. Meanwhile—apart from all definitely organised applications of the Star-Time idea—let everyone make a start for himself.

* * *

A Set of Star Rules

A friend sends us the following list of Golden Rules for Star Members,

which we here print for the benefit of our readers :—

1. Take each day by itself. Make up your mind, when you wake, to make it a "Star" day, and close your account when you retire to rest. Try to make every day a completer "Star" day than the last.
2. Endeavour to solve the great secret of doing ordinary things in a "Star" way. The greater part of your life will necessarily be made up of ordinary things, the little recurring things of daily existence. Through constant practice and recollectedness, learn to refer each of these to your ideal as a member of the Order. It can be done ; but you yourself must find out how to do it. Otherwise it will do you no good.

3. Remember that the great Teacher lives and is powerful *now*. His coming forth into the world is not the beginning of His mission, but only an incident in an age-long Ministry. Make your link with Him now. Look upon yourself as one whom He has sent in advance to prepare His way, and whose work He is watching; and live and act accordingly.

4. What we are is what each of us has made himself. It is equally possible to *unmake* oneself. The quickest method is through the imagination. A little effort of imagination will undo years of habit. Take your conventional self to pieces and remake it, through imagination, into a messenger and disciple of the Great One. Scrap all that you are, or think you are, and put it together again in the light of this ideal.

5. In dealing with your fellow members forget their personalities and regard them only as fellow-strivers after the ideal. If they feel that this is how you look upon them, they will automatically respond and will rise to the best that is in them. If you see only what is worst in them, remember that that is your fault.

6. What we look for, in the Great Teacher, is not a set of dogmas but a philosophy, an outlook, which will sweeten the whole of life. We can all of us anticipate this, and so prepare His way, by getting back to some central point in our being, from which we can look out upon the world with something of this charity, this depth of understanding and this large tolerance. Cultivate pity—for this is the royal road to the philosophy of our quest. Every human being, in one way or another, is a subject of compassion. Find out, in each case, how and where, and hold him in your mind from that standpoint. You can practise this habit by looking out of window and turning the searchlight of compassion upon any who may be passing. Along this road lies the path to wisdom.

7. Use the same effort with regard to the causes and movements of the times in which you are living. In each there is a central core or truth, which can be revealed by compassionate understanding. Remember this; forget the rest. Then will you attain to the catholic outlook, the outlook which (in an infinitely greater measure) will be His. It is far better to understand all movements than to be the partizan of one.

8. Remember that, in enlisting yourself under the banner of the World-Teacher now, you are entering upon an apprenticeship which will develop through endless ages, until it reaches the stage of fully awakened co-operation. To serve Him now to the best of your ability is to be His servant for ever. You are but learning the rudiments of a trade in which one day you will be a Master-Worker.

9. With this in mind, concentrate even now upon the technique of service. All that you know of yourself—your emotional, intellectual and spiritual nature, as well as your physical

body—regard as instruments, unruly perhaps as yet, but still the only instruments at your disposal for the fulfilment of the high destiny of service. Stand aside from them, therefore, and begin to drill them, even if they resist. They are not *you*; they are the apparatus which you have to learn to use. Impress upon them that they have got to subserve *your* ideal, that sooner or later they must give in, and the sooner the better. Make your Star membership a living thing by giving them an uncomfortable time; and do not desist until you have formed of them an instrument through which the will of the Great One can fulfil itself easily and naturally. You will have attained your ideal when His soul can use your vehicles as His own—when there is no smaller “you” intervening. When you have achieved this, you will be the perfect Star member.

Can any reader improve on, or amplify this set of Rules?

* * *

**A Capital
Periodical**

THE HERALD OF THE STAR would like to draw the attention of its readers to a monthly magazine, entitled *Service*, which is the official organ of the Theosophical Society's Order of Service in England and Wales. Published at the very moderate price of 2/6 per annum, the magazine is devoted to the practical application of ideals to the service of human life. The June number, which lies before us, contains an article on “The Mysteries,” by J. S. Pattinson; a discussion of the working of the National Health Insurance Act in connection with the blind, by the Editor; a denunciation of the meddlesome methods of the vaccination authorities by Robert H. Spurrier; and the first of a very interesting series of articles on “Old and New Methods of Healing,” by Miss E. A. Draper. Other articles are entitled “To Beauty through Service,” by Jack Edwards; and “Music: Its Influence and Use,” by Marguerite Warner. Perhaps the most remarkable paper of all, however, is one by a child of fifteen, D. M. Treby, entitled “The Choice.” We have had some experience of journalism, and we can honestly say that this article, both in respect of constructive imaginative power and of literary style, excels anything that we have hitherto come across

from one so young. The Editor of *Service* is to be congratulated on having discovered a young writer of outstanding promise, and we shall await with no little interest the next contribution from his (or her) pen.

Apart from this exceptional piece of work, however, the magazine is of the kind which, we are sure, readers of the *HERALD OF THE STAR* will like. Its articles are brief; they are written by people with a knowledge of their subject; they are varied and cover a wide field. A subscriber to *Service* is certain to find, in the course of the year, a number of articles which will give him exactly what he wants—namely, the crystallisation of an idealistic point of view with regard to some department of reform in which he is interested. Brevity here is a virtue. The limitations of the magazine, in respect of space, impose a certain obligation upon the writers, which, so far as we have been able to see, they have turned to good account. As a co-worker in the vast field of twentieth century idealism, the *HERALD OF THE STAR* has great pleasure in according recognition to a very promising contemporary.

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A Forgotten Element

There have been many generalisations about society. Theory after theory is dinned into our ears nowadays. We are exhorted to strive after this or that type of Utopia, which is to establish a kingdom of Heaven upon Earth. To all such theories we accord the respect which is their due; but this does not prevent some of us from entertaining theories of our own. One such view is that most of these imaginative reconstructions omit important elements of human nature and are, thereby, fatally invalidated. It is a curious thing, moreover, that the very elements they omit are among the noblest in human nature. Take, for example, the sentiment of Reverence. Obviously the very idea is abhorrent to many modern apostles

of social reform. "Why should we reverence anyone," they will cry, "except the great numerical mass of the many? The source of reverence is in quantity, not in quality. A thousand ignorant folk are more to be revered, because they are a thousand, than one wise man. A million sinners have more right to be respected, on the score of numbers, than one saint. We bow to this philosophy, because it is of the essence of modern democracy; and who are we to lift our voices against democracy? At the same time we have much sympathy with the following extract from a practically unknown author, who seems to state both sides of the question very fairly:—

The true pull of a perfect society is upwards, towards that which is above society. This is what holds it together, sanctifies it and permits the vital currents of health and happiness to run through it. The name, which we give to this upward pull, is "reverence"—a reverence running through all grades, upward and upward, until it finally reaches the feet of the Divine. Divest any human relationship of reverence, and it loses its divinest quality. Yet reverence, in itself, is only a reaction upon something; it is the spontaneous back-flow upon something flowing downwards, which automatically evokes it. That "something" is service. The essence of the Divine is Service. The down-flow of service through rank after rank of the social order is, thus, the necessary complement, the essential prerequisite, of the up-flow of Reverence. Break the current—let the higher ranks of society forget to serve—and reverence is dried up by the operation of natural law. All modern social reform has its *raison-d'être* in this withdrawal of service from above; that is why its distinctive mark is the decay of reverence. There could be no iconoclasm if the images were vitalised by the true divinity of service. For service, the expression of love in action, is all-compelling. Automatically it produces its response. The true path of reform is, therefore, to restore the downward flow of service; and reverence, the life which binds society together, will once more be born. There is a natural hierarchy amongst men, determined by their place in evolution. This hierarchy is the true ordering of society. But it can only maintain itself by being true to itself—that is to say, by fulfilling the law of its growth, the law of service. Every other species of reform is futile, and is only adopted because the true method of reform is despaired of. The only true rebuilding of the Social Order lies in the revival of service, from above downwards—and that is the matter in a nutshell.

A Study of Bolshevism

The Movement in Theory and Practice

By S. L. BENSUSAN

WHILE reading Dr. Paul Miliukov's remarkable study, "Bolshevism an International Danger" (Allen and Unwin), I received a letter from an old friend who served with distinction through the War in Europe, Asia and Africa. He wrote to say that he had been ordered a rest cure as the one means of avoiding a nervous breakdown. In four years of active campaigning he was not even scratched. The fatigues and exertions were shared with friends, and he bore them lightly though no longer young. He enjoys, as a rule, good health and high spirits, but the great specialist whom he consulted has told him that his condition is part of the aftermath of war—a reaction from the stress of the abnormal conditions.

I have been wondering whether the Bolshevism described at so great a length and with so much apparent restraint by Dr. Miliukov is not the name by which the neurasthenia of a mighty nation might properly be described. Reading the work of a man who has been intimately associated with the governing classes of his country one is struck again and again by the analogy at which I have hinted. As geological upheavals bring the lower strata of the earth to the surface in evidence of the early stages of our planet so, says the author in a subtle passage, "Bolshevism, by discarding the thin upper social layer has laid bare the uncultured and unorganised sub-strata of Russian historical life." No country in Europe has endured more than the Russian Empire, and the psychology of the people stands quite apart from that of the rest of Europe—a matter for infinite congratulation in these times

when throughout a great part of what used to be called the Holy Russian Empire, fanatical zeal has outrun sane discretion. One of the effects of war, untold suffering, starvation and degradation upon millions of Russians would appear to have been the creation of a state of mind in which a certain proportion of the people was prepared to translate an abstract doctrine in terms of a practical experiment. But it is well to recognise that Russia has in Lenin and Trotsky two men of extraordinary mental force who have worked for at least fifteen years to bring about the conditions now obtaining, although those conditions may be supposed to be entirely different from what they expected to produce.

There is no doubt that the religion of hatred existed long before the War, and that a very considerable political party in all countries seeks to follow the road to power by exploiting this religion of hate as far as possible. It is a mistake to imagine that Russia originated it. We have in France quite gifted exponents of syndicalism, sabotage, communism, anarchy and revolution, and many of these fervent upholders of sudden and violent change have shown no hesitation in advocating the worst of the methods that Bolshevism has produced in Russia. There is no proposal among all the plans they father to make the world safe for democracy. "The working class," said one of the French authorities on revolutionary socialism writing some years ago, "makes use of political democracy only in order to destroy it. It does not recognise any law or obligation but the law of class warfare." George Sorel, another of the leaders of the extremists, has shown himself so keen on this class war that he actually dreads the effect

of good relations between the middle class and the worker. "To repay with black ingratitude the benevolence of those who would assist the worker; to meet with insults the speech of those who advocate human fraternity and to reply by blows to the advocates of those who would propagate social peace. . . . is a very practical method of showing the middle class that it must mind its own business." Monsieur Legardel, the writer from whom I have already quoted, remarks quite cheerfully that the destruction of the State is a precedent to the triumph of the proletariat. Civilisation has no triumphs that seem worthy of preservation to such wild doctrinaires.

Of these theories, revolting as they must appear to the ordinary human being, no matter the class in which he was born, have one suggestion of a redeeming feature. They imply that, following any revolution, there will be a certain freedom for all surviving classes, and that there will at least be no class that remains in power by exploiting another. But what said Lenin when Bolshevism had triumphed in Petrograd? Dr. Miliukov quotes from one of his leaflets—"Shall the Bolsheviks remain in power?"—and in the course of this leaflet M. Lenin remarks, with rare effrontery, "Of course we preached the destruction of the State so long as it was in the possession of our enemies. Why should we do so now we have taken the helm? The State is, indeed, an organised rule by a minority of privileged classes; we will in our turn substitute our minority for theirs and we will run the machinery." Here, at least, we have frank confession, and it is difficult to avoid the belief that the whole movement that has prevailed in Russia and is being fostered throughout the world by agents of the Russian Bolsheviks, is not to free the worker as he fondly imagines, but to substitute one set of authorities for another. Labour is to provide a ladder by which the representatives of the new thought may climb to power. Parliament, universal suffrage, the ordinary rule of equity and humanity,

democracy and most forms of socialism are all taboo, but every class is welcome, at present, to join in the efforts that are being made for its own destruction. M. Lenin denounces not only the capitalist but all the socialists who are not prepared to join what is known as the "Third International"—the group that was repudiated by the Labour Congress at Scarborough in June last by a majority of something like twelve to one. This "Third International" declares war upon all governments, monarchical and republican alike; it is against diplomacy, against the capitalist class, the middle class, the press and the church. It proclaims the international solidarity of the proletariat, and has enjoyed a certain measure of success in Russia, where the peasant has never learned to accept the State. The measure of its success elsewhere can only be the measure to which civilisation is suffering, as a result of war, from a mind diseased.

Reading Dr. Miliukov's pages with the care and attention they call for, one is less astonished by the daring of the Bolshevik methods than by the way in which the new order was allowed to corrupt the old. The first Russian Revolution of 1917 did little more than to provide M. Lenin and his extremely able and unscrupulous followers with ground upon which to put their theories into practice. By abolishing all the marks of respect due to officers, by entrusting the execution of military methods to a committee of soldiers and by taking all political manifestations in charge, the Bolsheviks may be said to have destroyed the old army, and to have destroyed it deliberately, because, as one of the representatives of the Soviet explained: "The day we made the revolution we understood that the army would crush it if the army was not crushed. We had to choose between the army and the revolution, and did not hesitate." As far as one can see, there were moments in the life of Bolshevism when its fate trembled in the balance. Before it was established in Russia the leaders of the revolutions were genuinely anxious to

evolve order out of chaos and, above all, they were anxious to refrain from all action that would penalise the working classes in any way. Then it was, says Dr. Miliukov, that the French and English Socialists gave the Russian Premier, Prince Lvov, bad advice. Although neither M. Albert Thomas or Mr. Henderson is associated with the "Third International," both advocated a policy of compromise with it at a moment when Constitutionalism was not quite dead in Russia. Mr. Henderson is even said to have advised workmen's control of factories on the ground that it had a precedent in the State control practised in England during the War! Here, of course, we get the rather tragic view of men who are anxious not to allow any chances that forward their theories to slip past them, and are willing to take risks in order to obtain a political advantage. M. Albert Thomas is a man who has deserved well of France, Mr. Henderson a man who has deserved well of England; but, by the side of Lenin and Trotsky, they are quite insignificant figures, mere politicians with restricted outlook and large leanings towards small achievements. The result of their advice was the collapse of Russia in the field and the extraordinary outbreak of disorder due to the fresh lease of life they helped to give the revolutionaries. The ignorant worker in Russia was fed on the belief that as soon as he had established himself his comrades in Germany would do the same; they would unite with him after overthrowing Kaiserdom, and the movement by which the proletariat should inherit the earth would spread to France and England. Hence the fraternising with the enemy, the failure of Kerensky, the success of the "Third International," and the spreading of its power through all the underground passages that lead from Petrograd and Moscow to the capitals of Europe. The developments that followed are traced very carefully by the author. He shows how at Brest-Litovsk the Russian representatives relied upon propaganda as an antidote

to the German brute force based upon conquest, and how they endeavoured to defeat by the means of a world-wide revolution the forces that had been too strong for them in the field. They declared that they would not enter into discussion with the German generals, but would talk only with the German people, and would unite with them in the struggle against, and hatred of, the bourgeois-capitalist regime. It is curious to see about the time of the Armistice that the German labour press was of opinion that a universal revolution was in sight, and Lenin could boast that the force that had destroyed Germany was at work in England and America, and had become the theory and practice of the world's proletariat. These statements were, of course, premature, and at best, or worse, an exaggeration of the grossest kind. In Germany the attempt to develop Bolshevik doctrine was shaken badly, and there are other parts of Europe where the new movement appears to have been suppressed with a measure of cruelty hardly less than what is said to have been practised on its behalf in Russia and elsewhere.

The most amazing part of M. Lenin's doctrines is, perhaps, their absolute frankness. His diplomatic representatives may take advantage of verbal and other subterfuges, but he himself has a directness that will probably give him rank among the outstanding men of our time, even if, as we believe, his theories are shown to be impossible and disastrous to the world's happiness. "I have never hesitated," he says, "to come to terms with bourgeois governments when by so doing I thought I could weaken the bourgeois and strengthen the proletariat in all countries. It is sound strategy in war to postpone attack until the moral disintegration of the enemy renders the dealing of the mortal blow possible. We must make peace . . . with the Entente . . . we must be prepared to make other concessions, promises and sacrifices in order to entice our foes into the conclusion of this peace." Read in this light to see the true inwardness of the

visits of M.M. Litvinov and Krassin to this country and we have all the commentary upon them that is needed. M. Lenin even goes so far as to name the parties in all countries to which he looks for aid in his project of world revolution. The methods that he proposes to adopt are set out in full in Dr. Miliukov's book. They include (a) In the domain of international politics, efforts to compromise by all possible means the influential men in the country. To make attempts on the men in power. To provoke agitation against the government. To bring about general or partial strikes. To damage machinery and to spread propagandist literature. (b) In the economical domain railway strikes are to be provoked and supported. Bridges and railway lines are to be blown up. Transport is to be disorganised. The provisioning of towns is to be impeded or prevented and the market is to be inundated with forged bank notes. It is stated that in the attempt to deal with Germany by these methods Monsieur Joffe gave large sums of money to the "Spartacist" group, and that preparation for the (abortive) Berlin Revolution was financed by Russian Bolsheviki. When the "Red" movement was meeting with considerable success in Europe, Trotsky declared in a public speech that the Red Army would soon march victoriously over the whole world, and that Russian Bolsheviki would soon be fighting on the barricades to be erected in the streets of London, Paris, Berlin and Rome. There can be little doubt but that Bolsheviki money and Bolsheviki management were at the service of the "Hands off Russia" Committee of which indeed the Hon. President is said to be M. Lenin; and there are in Glasgow and elsewhere revolutionary political organisations that admittedly seek to build up a Communist movement in this country and to sweep away "the mass of debris which was once known as parliamentary institutions." It is hard to resist a belief that such movements are financed and directed, in part at least, from Moscow. The real Labour leaders in England—men of

integrity and character like Messrs. Clynes, Thomas, Brace and (in spite of mistakes) Arthur Henderson—are a little startled to find what manner of men they are that seek to take the control of the labour movement out of the right hands. Mr. Henderson has stated that a Labour Government will fight to the last ditch against the policy of direct action by any minority—by whatever name it may care to call itself. Yet we have evidence in this country of a distinct movement towards revolution on lines that have a novelty of their own, a movement that seeks to break up the social fabric by undermining it steadily and persistently. Only a few years ago, as Dr. Miliukov points out, the great desideratum of the worker was a forty-eight hours week. The justice of this claim having been recognised, a section of the working classes now proposes to demand a week of forty-four, forty, or even thirty hours. The Clyde Workers' Committee has a programme that embraces *inter alia* the disarming of all non-proletarian soldiers and the seizure of arms and ammunition by the Soldiers' Councils. The arming of the entire labour population as a Red Army is advocated, and seizure of all means of existence to secure the success of the revolution. A six hour working day and a minimum wage of seven pounds a week is part of the programme, together with the annulment of State debts. Expropriation of all land and properties, banks, mines and commercial undertakings, Crown estates and revenues will be insisted on. Bolshevism in Great Britain would appear to have its strongholds on the Clyde and in South Wales, and we have seen in the past few weeks the extraordinary spectacle of a section of the working classes endeavouring to dictate the foreign policy of the country.

And now I come back to the note on which I started, the sudden breakdown of a man who had been through the heat and stress of five campaigns. He returned with honour home, sought to pursue his normal life, and, as I write, is undergoing a rest cure and is warned that a long sea voyage may be necessary

to complete it. It seems to me that the stress and strain of the past few years have had their effect upon all classes of the community, and that those who are easily led and quickly influenced are in grave danger at the hands of the class that seeks to find in all conditions, as they arise, a means to develop theories that depend for their realisation upon factors that are not at present in existence. There is no doubt that many of the views of the Bolsheviks could be translated through theory to practice to the great benefit of mankind, if every man had reached the stage at which he was prepared to give a good day's work in return for the means to live, and was well removed from the temptation of advancing his own interests at the expense of those of his neighbours. Civilisation in its long and painful movement upwards has endeavoured to safeguard human rights. It has failed conspicuously in some directions, and undoubtedly the manufacturing era, by divorcing man from the land and compelling him to herd in towns, has inflicted grave hardships upon many and has turned human labour into a commodity which can be bought, sold and exploited. At the same time the achievements of civilisation are greater than its errors, and the sane people in this world are not likely to consent to throw away all the goodness for the sake of experiments which do not appear to have met with any considerable success even in the country of their origin, where they may be supposed to respond in no small measure to the temperament of the inhabitants. I cannot help thinking that many of the evils from which the worker is said to be suffering to-day are exaggerated by these advocates of violent change, many of whom hope to climb to political power upon the worker's shoulders. This tendency is conspicuously visible in the country, and here I speak from actual experience of everyday life. The position of the agricultural worker, though not yet what it should be, is far better than it has ever been in the memory of living

man. Deliberate attempts have been made, for political purposes, to develop unrest over large rural areas and in some of these areas they have failed utterly. This, of course, is because where man lives in close touch with Nature his outlook is saner and healthier than it can possibly be when he lives in the factory and works under conditions that, however carefully arranged, can seldom or never approach the ideal. We hear much of the class-consciousness of the worker; we are told that he is profoundly dissatisfied with the existing capitalist system and that he is refusing to respond to it. In this country, at least, he has the means of changing it at will quite peacefully and by a well-defined constitutional method. The measure of his real interest in the General Elections that pave the way to change may be gathered by the fact that a football match will avail to keep him in his hundreds from the polling stations.

I think that his advocates protest too much. All men are suffering from the aftermath of war. The conditions of employment demand revision; the worker must have a larger share of what he produces, a larger leisure in which to enjoy it and a wider education to direct his enjoyment. All these things, and whatever else the collective wisdom may find necessary, are within his reach if he will turn to proper uses the machine that civilisation has evolved. On the other hand, should he elect to destroy that machine, he will find that he will have to begin all over again and that in place of people who at least ruled conscientiously, according to their lights, he may find that the gentlemen of the type that is noisiest on the Clyde and in South Wales may substitute their minority for the existing one, and "run the machinery" to the full extent advocated by M. Lenin. Dr. Miliukov has directed the attention of the thinking world to the danger surrounding it. His book is of rare value, and Messrs. George Allen and Unwin are to be congratulated upon offering it to all who prefer to look before they leap.

The Meaning of Love and Soul

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

I.—THE MEANING OF LOVE

THERE is a movement here and there around our dark planet for something more than the life of generation. The sorry little birth and death system has ceased to satisfy the souls of representative men and women. Even the higher life of generation which entails conservation of life-force, though not as yet entered upon by the many, has failed to bring anything like joy to the few. A certain stability of body and mind, as the world goes, answers this trying, the beginnings of order and reason, but no fulfilling of the dream of happiness that haunts the flower of our race; rather the dream haunts more with each rendering to decent effort.

We have tried everything. The sensualist has failed. The celibate has failed. One yells at the other, but both are sick men. They appear to be opposites of the same thing, one suffering from too little, the other from too much. One is as apt to die of violence as the other; both die in spite of themselves. The family father goes down to the grave in the midst of his children and the celibate father of his parish is mourned by his people. Each at the end betrays the secret that he did not know any better than the other.

It is not that we wish to keep these bodies. Less and less we care to do this, as we key our consciousness to a lovelier and more enduring body within, but it isn't the dream to be torn out of the flesh in spite of ourselves. There is no spiritual dignity in that. We are somehow not making good to the best we

know in that. The real body is the sword; the physical is the scabbard. After an organic life well-lived, it would seem that we should have the right to surrender our sword with grace and seemliness, not to have it snatched out of a twisted and rotted sheath. Old age should be lovely, a gleam upon it—more and more the intrinsic light of the Blade flashing through, as the sheath wears thin.

Myriads of monks have taught us nothing but the uses of denial and restraint. The blessed nuns of the ages wither or grow fat according to their dispositions, but watchers who come forth from their bedsides shake their heads at the last. There has been no revelation. The eunuchs have only added unto the world's misery and mania. Meanwhile we want immunity from sickness and accident. We care to be summoned from the Other Side and to answer the summons with calmness and cheer. We dream of a fountain of youth while we are here; a life of radiant growth and conscious authority over the trillions of cells of which we are made. We ask to know the immortal, as we use the mortal. Only from the inner and enduring consciousness can we keep the scabbard straight and clean. . . . Out of it all there is this point. A few saints have died happily; a very few have died beautifully. The world record even shows a saint now and then through the ages dying gloriously—surrendering his sword as we like to think Lee surrendered his at Appomattox. Not an occultist, but a saint! The fact is, one must be conscious of the inner body to surrender

the outer with memorable charm. More, one must be conscious in the inner body to live out his planetary years with grace. More still, one must be conscious in the inner body to build an outer that is immune to accident, disease and ghastly corruption of senility.

This is the quest of the ages. How does one go about it? Sensuality won't do it. Celibacy has been well-tried and failed. What will build this body? The answer is here for once without symbolism, alchemy, occultism or any mystification. Celibacy-plus will build this body. Plus what? Plus the stuff the saints are made of. This is a love story—the finest story in the world. Love never faileth. I shall not dodge the issue with Scripture, or what others have said. I cannot tell you what Love is, because none of us here have yet entered that Temple. At best we have only reached the Outer Court, but we know enough of what love means—love with the little *l*—to begin to build now this outer death-body from the standpoint of the inner and deathless.

A. E. has told us that we live here like open fireplaces—fourteen out of fifteen units of heat going up the chimney. That covers the difficulty. Another way to express it is, we run to seed. We are whirled around in the little orbit of seed-making which is a natural but not spiritual manner of being, whirled in the little wheel of births and deaths in generation. A plant's triumph is its seed. All its energy goes to that; even the flower and the pulp are but inventions to fertilize seeds and scatter them. The great oranges are seedless to-day; the great melons are coming to be. This is regeneration.

We give our bodies to seed-making, our health, our lives. But if celibacy won't stop this natural madness which we groan to grow out of—what will? Celibacy-plus! The celibate first learns denial. This is a preliminary step—a struggling one that must be taken. One sometimes has to kill a part of desire in order to cope with it at all at first, but to kill out desire altogether is to kill

the man and utterly to fail. Transmutation is the changing of desire from one plane to another. First denial, then restraint; first austerity, then tenderness. The iron of denial would not be used at all, except that we are out of the Law, and have to get back into the Law by any means, before we can begin.

But celibacy does not stop the seed-making, does not make us immune to sickness, old age or death. A man or woman withdraws from the life of generation without getting anywhere apparently. This seems so because to cope with the tendencies of the body—even to begin upon transmutation—we have to fight desire to a standstill for a time, and this puts love to sleep, because all the love we have known is the love of desire. We stop using the functions of desire in generation, but the seed-making goes madly on, grinding us into the earth, under the wheel. What will stop this natural traffic in our bodies? Love will stop it, but not the love of desire or of possession. We don't know what Love means, but we know a dimension of love beyond the sensuous. We know that this love sets the beloved free; that it casts out fear; that it slowly unfolds the meaning of Comrade; delights in giving, not in getting; is not cast down utterly in separation, and softly prepares in the heart the stamina to take the Long Road together. These are but hints. Love is the stuff saints are made of. It is the Being of the Spirit. The awakening of love within us is the awakening of spiritual consciousness. The physical has become fine enough to be used, and the Prince or Princess so long enchanted is aroused at last. First the mind and body try to use the Spirit, but progress only becomes satisfactory and sustained when the body and mind are rendered to the Love Nature which begins to Be us, within and without.

What has love to do with this frantic making of seeds in our bodies? It is the one perfect solvent. Killing out desire is killing out the only love we are familiar with. Changing desire to the

next higher dimension of love is transmutation. A man may accomplish desirelessness, and remain unregenerate. Becoming a lover by changing desire, he enters upon the transmutation which will cause him to be born again even in this body, healing his disease and awakening, to sing within him, the fountain of perpetual youth. A mistake often occurs here because those who enter upon this regenerative work so frequently lose every idea but the restoring of organic well-being. This work with the physical alone is pestiferous.

The body must be built devotedly and tenderly upon the established rock of its use for the benefit of others. The physical in generation is flaccid, rancid, full of death, and cannot endure the strong vibrations of Spiritual Being. Through weeks and months and possibly years of devoted transmutation, work which cannot really be carried on in full without love, the result accomplished is first the actual rebuilding, cell by cell, of the physical. Then begins the enhancement of the mind, so that a man's mental powers are actually startling to others and himself, especially the ease of their use. Then begins the real work of all, the use of the body and mind by the Spirit. Love, the Solvent, changes water into wine, base metals to gold, lifting the trivial energy of the natural to the superhuman energy of the Spiritual, whose performance is genius, heroism and majesty. A young mystic workman told me years ago his way to begin upon this work of transmutation: "Love!" he exclaimed. "Love! Love anything! Love everything! Pour out! Love from here!" and he pressed his hand intensely to his heart. His words stand. Love fans the fires of real life into being as certainly as sparks fly upward.

As love begins upon the perfect work, luring and lifting the furious energy of

the organic life from the process of seed-making, the strength is turned to the renewal of the body, which becomes a means and a dynamo for the healing of others. Also the spiritual nature reveals itself, more and more, through the physical as loveliness and light. Daily the capacities for loving increase. In so far as romance is concerned, one cannot love the body of the mate—even in the kiss there is the pang of separation—until the love of desire, which is the seedmaker, is changed to the love of liberation, and three-score-and-ten becomes but the march of a day and the tarrying of a night. All I have said of meditation and transmutation in foregoing writings has its place now in this; and especially all I have said of man and woman taking the mystic road together has its part, because the most powerful love we have to work with in the early steps is the aroused desire nature. Where fuel is piled high the fires are hotter, and the crucible of the body changes more swiftly from red to that white heat which is necessary in transmutation. Indeed, from every angle those travel the fastest on this Road who travel together as lovers, and only such can hope to know the beauty and dearness of the body in its true planetary place. This is the rousing message for the New Age: That the plan is for joy; that pain passes but joy endures; that stresses and austerities and solitudes may be put behind far more quickly than was dreamed of in elder days, when they seemed to mean all of mysticism; that love is the solvent, love the way, the mystic road a road of lovers. We do not dream yet of the glories of union between men and women. We can only enter upon that dream when our enchantment in body and mind is fully broken and we stand spiritually awakened, consciously immortal.

II.—THE MEANING OF SOUL

SOUL is Basic Nature; in its entirety at one with all Harmony; able to fail and able to suffer, but not able to

sin. The Soul is a composite containing many elements; Spirit is one of them. The nature of Spirit is loveliness; its

supreme function is loving; it is the Lover.

Souls are not *awakened* yet in this Gulf of Hell. The recreative work has but begun; so that many Souls show the attributes of life but not conscious life—dimly suffering like one in fever.

In the Soul's subconsciousness, certain elements are groping in degrees of sentiency: There is the Knower, which in objective expression we call Wisdom; which, in co-ordination with the basic attribute of Volition, we call Power. Truly speaking, Volition is the supreme power of dominion in and of the Basic Nature.

Volition is not Will. Will is an intentional force, vested in the mind, irresponsible and entirely erratic. Volition, the supreme power of dominion of the Basic Nature, never works except with the Knower. It will not generate one vibration of opposition to Harmonic Law. The mind thinks, the mind wants; the Basic Nature Knows and Volition Does.

Volition, therefore, may be called the Doer.

There is no sentiency of Soul, then, except as it glimmers through, from the subconscious Lover, from the subconscious Knower, from the subconscious Doer. The *only* Subconsciousness is the great Basic Nature called the Soul.

The Soul, or Basic Nature (including the Lover, the Knower, and the Doer), is called subconsciousness, because it is not co-ordinated with our objective consciousness, because it only glimmers through. Effort and devotion on our part are necessary to the Recreative Work, in order to restore us to awakening, to potency.

People are said to be psychic and they talk of psychology. The word names another realm which lies between mind and Spirit. The mind beats up against the Spirit; Spirit breathes down into the mind. What comes through into the objective consciousness is called Feeling. . . . There is another realm between the mind and the body, called Temperament. It is not within the nature of

Being, but is a dimension in which the body vibrates up against the mind and the mind down against the body. Its expression is to be found in Feelings.

The mind is the thinker, not the Knower. The mind is not of the Basic Nature, but a power added to it to facilitate its expression. The supreme function of the mind is Reason. The crown of reason is Discrimination. The brain is the mind's organic instrument. Mind registers on brain, but is all through the Body.

To one who has studied with sincerity, the above paragraphs will mean much. To many, they will mean nothing more than an addition to the complications of terminology. Here and there, however, there will be one whose Basic Nature will answer such utterances, answer to the point even that the mind will feel a stir, and the heart of flesh a surge. These are the meanings of words which gradually will unfold and take precedence in coming days—Body, Temperament, Mind, the Psychic Realm; the Basic Nature or Soul, and three, at least, of Its Elements, the ones having to do with Knowing, Loving and Doing.

Now while the Soul is Basic Nature, including the Knower and the Lover and the Doer (and many other attributes of faculties and powers), the Spirit is essential Loveliness. The Spirit then is the Lover. I do not speak of It as something for you to love. You would not love yourself. The Spirit is your Lover, in the sense of being your dynamo of loving, as the Knower and Doer are dynamos of wisdom and action. The Doer is Volition.

But how is it that one can turn in meditation, yearningly, gropingly toward one's own Spirit, one's own Love Nature? Because it is Subconsciousness. Faint glimmers only, and in the highest moments of the few, make their way down into objective consciousness. We yearn toward our own Love Nature, because we are cut off from using it and *feeling with it* on this plane—no other reason possible. Imprisoned in our outer mind—consciousness, we are cut off from our

essential potentialities of Knowing, and Loving and Doing.

In the present human predicament, some of us follow knowledge as the way out; others follow love; others the way of action; but these three rays merge into one at the top. The way to the Way for our particular wing of workers, is the way of loving. For this incarnation, at least, I know no other than the Mystic Road, the Road of Lovers. Of the three exposed caskets of the Soul, we have chosen the one of Love. Through love we strive for the integration of Being again; through love we seek to co-ordinate mind and soul. We have given ourselves with such concentration to this one end, that for a time we have not even appeared to see the other exposed caskets of the Soul, named Wisdom and Action. Through love we have laboured, and LOVE NEVER FAILETH.

I have hesitated long to put down definitions, though agreement on premises and on terms used is supposed to be the first step before telling anything. Since I began to ponder on these things, I have been coming into a fairer use of these terms, and many of you have been following with closer and closer attention the precision of the use of these words. For such, this Letter should be a manual.* It will become one for those who wish the best that I bring. I have never encouraged the taxing of brain memory. This is badly overdone in modern education to the point of completely cutting off the memory of the Long Road. If you cover a pail of water with a coating of sawdust, you will not be able to see into the depths. Still I have not been able, so far, in my most inspired moments, to overcome the need of memorizing the multiplication table—for instance. If you can bring yourself to accept these terms, to con and

repeat them, to invite your Soul with them, you will find them unfolding presently in a way which satisfies far more than the mind, and makes straight your paths.

Moreover, you will find that every hour spent with these terms, toward the end of using them ultimately, with sincerity, accuracy, in spirit as well as letter, will marvellously facilitate your efforts in meditation. When we know there is a force back of us, infinitely stronger than the mind-will; a force which, in working with us even from afar off, changes our days miraculously; I say, when we *know* it in the objective, it becomes far easier for this force, which is Volition, the Doer, to flash with its invincible drive down into the mind.

When we realise that thinking a thing does not make it so; that even the supreme function of the mind, which is reason, involves a process useless in Knowledge, *since when one Knows, one does not need to reason*; when we realise that this pristine Knower is part of the Self, open to us if we pay the price in outer obedience; that we may have this Knowledge without varying nor shadow of turning, even for our use in world affairs, if we succeed in rendering the mind back in allegiance to it—then the impulses and incentives toward meditation become swifter and more keen.

When we realise that the Spiritual Nature is not all; that this Lover is like a glorious Playmate we have learned to look for in an Enchanted Garden, but back of Him are Two Others, differently Glorious, the Knower and the Doer and Celestial Moving Shadows to merge with farther on—our infinitely good Purpose toward Co-ordination becomes the breath of body and the joy of heart.

* The two articles printed here are really Letters, taken from a series of Reconstruction Letters circulated by the author in the United States of America.—ED.

The Most Wonderful Thing in the World

By AMY M. LEAKE

IT is a great claim to make, I know—that I have discovered what is the most wonderful thing in the world.

There are so many, and such, wonders nowadays. In all realms of thought, in science, philosophy, religion, there are new discoveries, there is large development. Marvels undreamed of have been brought to light. The simple mind is bewildered, the unsophisticated soul staggered.

Yet among all these wonders I place one foremost. It is, however, not new, but something about which much has been said and written; something of which we are, and always have been, conscious—only we have not realised how much it meant to us, how potent a factor in our life it was.

Elusive, and yet real; subtle, and yet tangible, it is the key which solves many of the problems of life, explains many of the mysteries, lets light in upon darkness. It is the sunshine which gilds with glory what would otherwise be a grey world. That for which I claim so much is summed up in the one word "personality"—only few, if any, of us are aware how wide an area is covered by the word itself, nor how far-reaching is that for which it stands.

In very truth it reaches out into Eternity. There surely is no one who has not at some time felt the burden of the sordidness and drudgery of life, no one who, looking on, has not marvelled that the sons and daughters of men can go on so serenely, often even happily, in circumstances which are monotonous and depressing, often even worse, coarse and repulsive.

For the great majority of mankind life, whatever the differing environment and conditions is, on the whole, a monstrous round.

Those events in it that stand out are very few and far between, like milestones scattered along the road that stretches, even and unvaried, from the cradle to the grave.

What is it then that helps to keep life, whether in the dark and sunless spots, or whether in grey and dreary stretches, clean and wholesome?

What is it that gives verve to existence, motive to movement, soul to our seeming? What is that indefinite something which counteracts the tediousness of the continuous sameness of the daily round, changing what otherwise would be at best endurable into an experience intensely interesting?

I claim all this, and much more, for that force which is known as personality.

It is as the magic touch of the wizard upon life, the alchemy which turns the base metals into gold, transmutes the common into the precious.

The charm works two ways—the personality of others re-acting upon us, and our own personality re-acting upon others.

Neither words nor action are needed to convey this force.

It is as a quality which goes forth from the individual without any effort on his part, as the scent emanates from the flower.

You may feel the personality of a 'bus conductor though he may only take your fare, and hand you a ticket.

A whole day may be lifted above the ordinary level simply because, in the morning, you have gone down on the lift near one to whom you have never spoken, but who never fails to impress you, by means of this same force, each time you come into contact. A speaker, or a singer, may sway crowds, move a multitude to tears, inspire hundreds to high achievement.

But it is the personality behind the words that brings about these results, words alone would have been powerless.

Methinks the precious oil which the five wise virgins possessed, and which the five foolish ones lacked, stood for that which produces this wonderful power.

As there can be no light without oil, so there can be no impelling personality without character.

And character is something which no one can give to us, but which we gather to ourselves during the long years of life.

The old philosophies held that just as the river loses itself in the ocean,

becomes a part of the great whole, so we, when our years on earth have spent themselves, have henceforth no separate existence, but become merged in the Eternal Source of all things, are gathered up into the Great Being whence we sprang.

We shrink from the teaching.

It is to us as the icy breath of the north wind. We turn to the warmth of our own belief—that this most precious quality, one of the best things in our life here, will not be lacking in the future life, that personality is undying even as our own soul.

The Flowers hold a Key

By FRANCES ADNEY

THE expectation that the World-Teacher will adjust social inequalities is almost as widespread as is the hope of The Coming. Obvious it is that until there is some amelioration of the most cruelly pressing problems, none of us can be quite free to mount the heights. But possibly we may centre too exclusively on the economic and social aspects of our planetary puzzles. Would it not be well to have a retreat where, after periods of active, outer service, we may seek to develop latent faculties, to open up higher channels for the inflow of His power? Should we not form a sanctuary of Beauty within the heart and thus begin to prepare the *inner paths* for Him Whose will is law, Whose law is Love?

It seems reasonably sure that, at some period of His earth-activity, He will restore the Mysteries in many lands, in the forms best adapted for the spiritual growth of each and every nation. Doubtless there will be Lesser Mysteries for beginners and for those of a persistently exoteric turn of mind, and the Greater Mysteries for more advanced disciples.

Clearly, His labour will be lightened if we are able quickly to place ourselves on those levels where wisdom is absorbed and knowledge transmuted. A study of the history of those Mysteries which clustered round and were the outgrowth of His last Incarnation, affords clues, hints as to a preparatory course possible to pursue.

One of the most vital and vivifying methods of preparation is Service, a dedicated, loving service. That is generally recognised. But there are other essentials. A lad who, in loving, obedient service, had tended sheep exclusively would not be able to understand a geometrical mystery with which his higher nature might be directly in touch. If one has not built-in the particular capacities required, sacred secrets cannot be brought down to a plane where they may be comprehended by the physical consciousness. Not Pythagoras only demanded a certain standard of culture for candidates; the Gnostic Fathers, keepers of the esoteric keys of Christianity, understood the importance of a training which should connote a readiness to receive. S. Clement gave the higher

instruction only to the learned. He asserted that although a man might be a believer without learning, it was impossible for one without learning to comprehend the things which are declared in the faith. Those who would be partakers of the power of God, should be able to compass intellectual subjects. "I call him truly learned," S. Clement said, "who brings everything to bear on the truth—so that, from geometry and music, and grammar, and philosophy itself, culling what is useful, he guards the faith against assault."

That there is a culture-requirement for entrance into the Mysteries must be apparent to every student of *Light on the Path, At the Feet of the Master, and The Voice of the Silence*. But study alone—that is, learning as moderns understand it—is but a fraction of that qualification; and methods used in to-day's universities will not build any bridges between the Spirit, the Soul and that physical mechanism which educators mistake for the Reality.

Some of the elder systems of Gnostic philosophy seem to have sprung from efforts to remember, and transmit to language pictures seen and words whispered in secret, sacred places. There were witnessed the formation of the atom, and the fire-mist, and the whirl and speed of budding worlds. How much the imperfection of various Gnostic systems is due to a needful imposition of silence, and how much to mere human forgetfulness, we cannot tell. But that they forgot, and could not find their cues, is undeniable. Some of the immediate disciples of the Master Jesus forgot much, and openly bewailed their inability to remember as well as their failure to comprehend.

Probably many of these had what a schoolmaster would call an excellent memory. If so, why should they be unable to recall their dearest experiences? Because the teaching had been received in super-physical bodies, and the physical mechanism had not been adjusted to transmit it to the waking consciousness. The memory of the Soul is eternal,

unfading; but in order to bring soul-memories into the radii of the physical consciousness, transmitting faculties must be faithfully and steadily built. When we can seize and hold such memories, we partake more vividly in the life of the Logos.

The soul-memory is so closely linked with intuition as to be indistinguishable from it; and all sound methods of awakening intuition will prepare us for future Mysteries, wherein shall be exhibited things "unlawful to utter" but essential to comprehend if we are to become wings and flames in His Service, and not clogs on the mere machinery of life.

*To begin life in a higher expression of the Logos, we must have been true in our measurements of the lower; the more the mind is trained in careful observation by means of the senses, the sooner life is possible in the ideal world. Train the senses to report truly the lower world, and thought ceases to be fanciful and begins to be creative; note sense-impressions but stand apart from them, and imagination begins to build true to the higher expression of the Logos which is henceforth the soul's field of action.**

Accurate observation of lower-world manifestations of Truth and Beauty, combined with the meditation which arouses the intuition, should enable one to build a fairy bridge between the two worlds—a bridge capable of becoming ultimately firm and strong. And if we have not yet visions of the formation of atoms to bring back with us, or the memory of Fohat hurling constellations through the ether, we still may develop and exercise intuition, understanding and memory, by observing the tiny worlds which every day the Blossom Devas are joyously building in field and wood. Constantly, in sunlight and moonlight, on the dull brown earth, are enacted mysteries whereby worlds are born, matured and garnered.

To begin life in a higher aspect of the Logos, to attain some of the culture-

* "In His Name." C. Jinarajadasa.

requirements for the Mysteries, a study of flowering plants is recommended—a study flanked by *The Secret Doctrine*,* and interpreted by the intuition. Surely the flowers hold one of the Seven Cosmic Keys; and who knows, until he has experimented, how many microcosmic secrets they will unlock? Certain it is that children with the heavenly freshness and purity still about them, seem most at home among flowers; and some highly developed little ones instinctively object to blossoms being picked, torn apart or in any way injured or mangled. Some of the sweetest influences of earth are rayed out by the flowers. They hold a link as well as a key—a link in the jewelled chain which binds the human and the deva evolutions to the ONE Supreme,—they are the differentiations and concretions of the Supreme Thought, one imagines, when that Thought, dwelling on LOVE, wrought the symmetry and beauty of Love into Its ideation. The flowers are the *spiritual* aspect of vegetation.

In nearly all systems of meditation, the early stages of the first division of the process, are spent in trying to develop the power of concentration. The beginner should take any object, and note the details of its appearance and structure which usually go unheeded. While one may determinedly centre on his jack-knife and (especially if he has meditated much in other lives) become oblivious at last, not of the jack-knife only but of all physical phenomena, yet one would prefer to enter the realm of abstract Truth by the way of concrete Beauty. A flower holds the attention by its attractiveness and its hidden mystery, and thus, being in itself inherently interesting, aids definitely in that exclusion of all unallied thought which is meditation's first requirement. And meditation on blossoms is a direct step toward accurate visualisation of Beauty,—that power of mentally producing an object "which is a necessary feature of much of the work done by students trained in

occult methods, such as the deliberate construction of thought-forms and the creation of symbols by the mind in ceremonial."†

And if, on the path above, we must retrace in effect every step we have trod on the path below, transmuting all into higher knowledge and diviner powers; if one must meet, conquer and understand one's shadow, how much better to meet oneself surrounded by flowers and the creatures and creators thereof, than beclouded by the murky figures called up by the popular magazine or fiction of the day. Even before an attempt to ascend the path above, we are daily peopling space, and either consciously or unconsciously, with directed or undirected force, we are creatively filling the tiny cosmos which lies about us. Shall we then, with love and joy, recreate forms of pure beauty, or shall we, lingering over the unholy fancies which have perchance amused an idle hour, multiply monsters? Shall we ungrudgingly permit children to store in their sub-consciousness the hideousnesses of the so-called "Funnies," or shall we encourage them to take the path of peace and love and beauty by delving into the secrets held by the flowers?

The forces which build the flowers may readily help in the building of finer human vehicles. Merely to stand in a field where the devas have spread out starry constellations which, made of earth, water and air, yet reduplicate the shine of the sun or the pearly lustre of the Milky Way,—merely to stand and observe is to renew the spirit. To meditate on the flowers is to accomplish work in at least two regions of activity at once. By deep study of the composition, habits and peculiarities of flowers, with their correlations and correspondences, it is possible to sense intuitively some of the mysteries of the cosmic efflorescence.

As we study, let us put aside that badge of separateness which values a flower only because it is hard to obtain, or because it costs much money. A

* H. P. Blavatsky.

† "Meditation for Beginners." J. I. Wedgwood.

flower which is common, not in the invidious sense, but which in the wideness of its distribution, is tending (as we all should be) toward the universal, is as worthy of reverence surely as one whose loveliness can but rarely be admired. One such common flower is the Morning Glory—a “perfect” blossom according to the Botanists, viz., Hermaphroditic (built on that order of thought which, in humanity, produced the Second Root Race?). In all its varieties, from the large blossoms under cultivation to the dainty bind-weed bells sung of by Tennyson, this blossom carries the slender rays of a five-pointed star, with a connective aura of finer tissue. It seems like a delicate thought which would find human speech too rude a vehicle. On the West Coast of America the Wild Beach Morning Glory, which ornaments wind-swept ocean-cliffs, shows interesting variations from the habits of its family prisoned in the far interior. It remains open until sundown. The cultivated varieties also remain open until late afternoon, as if too stimulated by the air, or too enamoured of the sun, to think of going to sleep. Many flowers on the West Coast remain open several hours after the same species in the Eastern States close their eyes. In Kansas and the Middle Western States the Morning Glory turns in upon itself for a high-noon meditation, apparently, from which it never again emerges.

There is an adaptiveness in this kingdom which is wide in range and almost human in its sagacity. One is assured that these things of beauty are contributing, not only to the physical evolution which is constantly going on about us, but to intellectual and spiritual evolution as well. There is a plant on our coast, the blue-and-white lupine, which almost proves that its creators understood occult symbolism. Its blue is brilliant, Our Lord's Own Blue. Each individual flower has wings and a keel, carrying the fancy backward to the time when the

universe was very young, and the creative Angelic Intelligences had to devise some mechanism adapted for traversing both air and water. The keel is of blue entire, but the central parts of the wings are a clear white until after fertilisation, when the white turns into amethyst. They have a rich fragrance a little like the aroma of the purple Concord grape. They blossom in great masses, and in the green Spring fields the waves of this lupine, blue with an amethystine glow, appear like stretches of ocean-water when the ocean reflects the deeps of heaven. The flowers grow in umbels, five individuals to an umbel, three to seven umbels to an axis. The leaves are sevens (sometimes fives) linear, raying out from a central whitish point. Their seed-producing activities are marked with speed and determined efficiency, being fully accomplished in seven days, although an additional period is required for ripening.

Whitman, ever seeking equality of opportunity and the ideal democracy, demanded of the grass its spiritual correspondences. A big order, we may say. To find the spiritual correspondences of many plants, from the cross-bearers to the more ethereal, winged blossoms, may prove one of the many modes of Preparation. Pondering, reflecting, meditating, loving them, we shall hasten the flowering of our own intuitional natures. It was suggested by our Protector in 1911 or 1912 that the Order of the Star in the East *might* become a bud on the great Tree of world-religions. Doubtless our Order will be used, like all other organisations, in a degree corresponding to its readiness. Steadfast concentrated meditation on beauty of form and colour will tend to qualify us, to make us fit for His high purposes, whatever they prove to be: and if He should re-establish the Mysteries, shall it not be well if we have even a partial grasp of one of the Keys to planetary, systemic and cosmic secrets? FRANCES ADNEY.

Some Reflections

By G. R. HOULISTON

THE UNION OF THE NATURAL AND THE SPIRITUAL

IT must be fully admitted that there has been in recent time a departure from the *old time unity* in all phases of life and matter, held by the ancients of many creeds. We see it around us in the material and mental spheres. With the progress of civilisation and according to some vague "law of necessity" the world has been analysed and, with the specialising in each constituent element, these parts have become worlds in themselves. Thus we have the "Agricultural World"; the "Mining World"; the "Financial World"; and hosts of others too numerous in their intricate characteristics to mention. Then we have the mathematician—he who specialises in the science of mathematics; the electrician—he who specialises in the applied phenomena of electricity; and the psychologist—he who undertakes the study of that intricate composite, the human mind.

What does this mean? Is each department of science to become a separated sphere, distinct and complete in itself. Or is this really *possible*? Surely on consideration no science can be complete in itself for it involves factors, which in turn require specialising upon. Cannot these various departments of science be regarded in the light of "different phases" rather than separate elements in the universe?

Absolute knowledge must include *all sciences* perfected in each phase.

Take the physical world around us—our everyday surroundings. Here as soon as we step from the path of commonplace conceptions, we are enveloped in profound mysteries. Neither are these to be passed over and cast aside at a superficial glance. Every blade of grass, every leaf on the tree has a hidden secret of their own—the subtle spirit of life which we can in no wise explain.

Is not the evolution of a grand old tree from a seedling as wonderful and inexplicable as the growth of a high intellect from an infant mind: and is not the tender clothing of crags by fresh green moss akin to the assuaging of sorrow in the roll of years? And the opening up of waste ground that the sunshine and rain may work upon it for its fruition: is not this a direct simile to the opening of a hard and bitter heart to the tender influences of Divine Love, that it may blossom forth in work and charity? The Easterns held this union between the spiritual and the natural, between God and the earth very closely; symbolising all the passing favours of earth-life as direct expressions of the Divine Will.

The tendency is in these enlightened times, these times of specialising and standardising, to overlook the one central fact that *All Life is One*: that it must include the natural as well as the spiritual—that there are no broken links in the chain of spiritual manifestation, but one great Cosmos.

The spiritual life is the physical life intensified and purged, as by approaching a lamp the light becomes intensified and clarified, in proportion to one's progress.

The one life exists through *all*. No boundary can exist in the Divine Plan. Division in an absolute sense is contrary to Natural and Spiritual Law, and *Unity* must be the keynote of the Universe.

Thus while maintaining a comparative distinction in sciences, in work and in life, we must cultivate the *synthetic attitude* that we may acquire that "true balance" in which we see not the differences only, but the underlying unity of all matter even from earthly "dross" to God on High—the same pervading Spirit animating all.

MATERIALISM AND SPIRITUALISM

THE long vexed question of materialism versus spiritualism still remains with us, often changing in form, but always just below the surface of the many discussions which raise themselves above our horizon.

There are numerous signs at the present time of this most vital question coming to a critical stage—a point of decision in which knowledge will take the place of controversy and a certain submission on both sides will lay open the path to truth.

Concerning the great tragedy among nations—the world-wide war—here, to the abhorrence of the high minded and yet consistent with the hypocrisy and lethargy of the times, did such a brutal and blood-thirsty strife occur that all else seemed carried away by its ferocity.

There, by the undercurrents of malicious thought, was the world plunged back to a savagery so intense that it was unequalled in the most barbaric times of men.

Materialism seemed to grip the world in a vice-like clutch. Is it freed?

As pointed out, the war was the result, directly as well as indirectly, of the *degeneration of thought* of a people or peoples, and this necessarily found, at some time or other, expression in the physical world.

No thought occurs without its potential influence for future good or ill—no action without its birth in the “thought-plane” of man.

What of the present? What of to-day?

Is war less possible *now* than in 1914? Why blind ourselves to the true causes and think that by the possession of a few more guns, a few more battleships, war would be prevented? Preparations for war cannot prevent war.

The discoveries of scientific research to-day reveal such chemical compounds and electrical appliances with an illimitable scope for future development, that war would be of a most diabolical and unthinkable nature, rivalling in horror the accepted beliefs in the Last Judgment.

That is where? materialism in its basest form lies to-day.

There is the other side of our question to consider—how stands spiritualism at present? Let me not infer here the “stage seances” which cause the amusement of the ignorant and the ridicule of the intelligent. Rather do I mean the unprejudiced investigation of all the unimpeachable evidence, now coming from so many sources concerning the spirit world. Also the clear acknowledgment of spiritual forces operating in this physical world.

There is apparently a reaction tending to instigate immediate and closer investigation in this direction by a large number of the “mass” population. There is awakened a quickened interest and a more reasonable attitude toward this so long tabooed subject. There is an instinctive groping after a staple truth, as of one, who, awakening from some nauseous nightmare, seeks the assurance of the light.

The intense interest aroused throughout the country by the messages received by the Rev. Vale Owen, and published in the *Weekly Dispatch*, is indicative of a yearning to know more of this wonderful after-death life.

Yet spiritualism must not be inseparably removed from *this* sphere of activity in which we at present live. We are yet in the childhood of knowledge, when the great mysteries of the world present themselves to us. There is much, indeed a vast amount of knowledge concerning this world which we shall be able to learn and comprehend beyond the veil of transition.

To speak concisely then, materialism still flaunts its flag, while the spiritual understanding is rapidly undermining the whole structure, for, as soon as a direct outlet of knowledge pierces the intervening space, the spectre of materialism will vanish for ever.

The rise of spiritualism is strong and rapid, for it may be said to have evolved

from a speculation or belief, to a fact and a science.

This is the world of effects—the causes must be sought in the mental sphere. Therefore the one way to prevent war is to annihilate the mental cause, *i.e.*, to remove the baser thoughts of suspicion, of greed and of malice—to forego that

national self-righteousness of which we have such small cause to boast—to identify ourselves with the common cause to meet a common need.

Thus only can we make the present “truce” into a lasting peace based of friendship and goodwill.

THE POWER WITHIN US

HOW great indeed is that vital force or power which does lie within each one of us—although alas! in so many cases an unknown quantity! The world as it is to-day—full of unrest and dissatisfaction, greediness and ignorance, is all the result of disregarding and ignoring that power within us to such an extent that our very personality and individuality are choked—suffocated and masked by hypocritical convention—rendering our lives cramped and impoverished—closing ourselves to the one great Force, which, if allowed to have full and perfect sway would most assuredly transform us into god-like beings. Don't surrender your individuality—which is truly your strongest weapon of life. How many noble and idealistic characters have been dwarfed and apparently “died” because they conformed to the prevailing conventionalities of an artificial life.

Let your soul live—guard it as a very precious thing—break down valiantly all encrustations of convention—and let the pure breath of the Infinite Spirit permeate every fibre of your being: be truly “the god of your own universe”: get right up on the mountain summit of truth and love: connect your soul to that of the Nucleus of Life—and verily all power must and shall be yours.

There are absolutely no limitations which cannot be overcome by a resolved

soul—a soul resolved to be true to the highest within itself.

Let there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed.

To live your life—not from the mere object of making a financial success of it, but to grasp the potential forces of life—is so to live that you will be made fully conscious of the divinity within you.

Truly we have need—vast need for wings to our earth-encumbered souls! The atmosphere of the toil and moil of busy everyday life tend “to choke the good seed” of vision.

Come away up over your cares—to the pure invigorating atmosphere of the mountain top—until your whole soul sees the “vision glorious,” which will give power to rise into the crisp pure air of lofty principles.

Yes, and not until the nations as one united family of high idealism and faith can mount up from their dust of greed and convention—not until then, I say—will the world be emancipated from its materialism—delivered from its moral laxity—and set free from the paralysis of spiritual indifference—free also from every form of ignoble bondage—and working in glorious harmony for a common good.

THE INVESTMENT OF PERSONALITY

EVERYWHERE it is recognised that the social life of man is a necessary, important and indeed indispensable factor in the life of man.

Not only does this comply with a natural instinct in human nature, but it is realised that for accelerated mental development, for wider commercial

interests, for the acquisition of thorough and yet general knowledge (otherwise impossible), and for the safety and convenience of all, the putting together of the common interests is a necessary and wholesome procedure.

Whenever individual requirements are supplied on wholesale lines, much economy is effected in money and material. A similar economy occurs when a firm "takes over" small trading concerns; it being in the interests of the community for transactions to be conducted on a large scale.

For extensive educational methods, for the maintenance of law and order and for the convenience and prosperity of the people, a social order is necessary and wholly advantageous.

Not to be involved in the many complex aspects of questions on universal co-operation, but dealing with the individual position in a comparatively small social sphere, I draw close attention to the necessity of *moral trust and confidence* reposed in by all parties concerned, and this forms the *basic principle of society*.

Without this staple confidence to build on, all further procedure must end in disaster, it being impossible to carry on social intercourse apart from this elemental principle.

People's thoughts, more especially their secret hopes, ambitions and ideals; their past history and experiences form a more or less vital part of their personality.

Personality includes temperament, will power, personal attraction and intellectual attainment. The most comprehensive term here is "temperament" and the most important element is the *standard and nature of one's thoughts*.

It is obvious that even by the expression of one's thoughts one manifests partially the underlying personality. As Tennyson says:

For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

So, in the sublime state of true friendship, where one's wholehearted confidence and trust are paramount (*i.e.*, ideal society), how much of the personality is mutually displayed! Displayed why?—because of that confidence upon which

the friendship securely reposes. In one light, it appears as an investment—an investment founded on trust. Does the security always hold good? Unfortunately, no. Sometimes, through an imperfect judgment of character, or through turning a blind eye to a person's faults, we find one day that we have been deceived—that our securities have failed. Then follows disappointment and dismay. It is well for us if at such times we have the moral courage to go forward acknowledging, as we go, that some small portion of the blame must be attributed to ourselves in our defective judgment or voluntary blindness.

When it happens that a man's true friend departs this life, keen and sore is the loss felt because of that depth of association by intercourse.

Not only between man and man need this close relation be established; a man's occupations or pursuits—those in which he is voluntarily engaged, and through wholehearted interest therein—lay claim to his personality. Take, for instance, an author—of non-fictional works especially—he consciously or unconsciously instills into his books the essence of his personality expressive of his mental attitude and status.

Yet in order to bring out the obligations of the social order I must revert to the case of association between fellow beings.

Confidence in all forms must be held as a sacred trust. It must be honoured in whatever phase it is presented, for, let me again urge, confidence is the basis of all social order. It is the focus round which the whole system revolves. Therefore it is incumbent upon everyone as an individual and a member of society to maintain a strict loyalty to natural confidences and special trusts.

Thus is the whole fabric of society established and confirmed, and the air is sweetened by the absence of those hosts of miserable suspicions which so pollute the social atmosphere.

Carried out on its largest scale it obviates war and international friction, and abolishes that great incentive to strife—the espionage system.

The School, the Parent and the Child

By N. C. DARUWALLA, M.A.

IT is a platitude to say that one ideal mother is worth one hundred schoolmasters. But then, how many mothers can really be called ideal? How many homes are really sweet? How many parents know how to bring up children, bring out their powers, gratify their curiosity, unfold their personality, teach them manners, improve their morals? How fewer still are the parents who know something about the psychology of the child, its instincts, habits, merits, and defects, and the treatment of each child according to its peculiar habits and aptitudes! How many on the other hand spoil their children, either by over-indulgence or over-strictness!

Here it is that the true dignity of the teaching profession comes in. The dignity is not recognised by all—least of all by parents. The latter think that any Tom, Dick or Harry can become a teacher (especially in an elementary school), and talk education. The charge is not altogether without foundation. The training and mental equipment of many teachers is lamentable, their work very difficult, their salaries very low. And yet there are some hundreds of teachers both in the secondary and in that much despised—often wrongly despised—primary school, who have taken up the profession because they love it, because they are fit for it, because they want to do the greatest good to the greatest number, and, bidding farewell to all hope of making money, cling to this as the noblest profession, no matter if it be the sorriest of trades.

The parent and the teacher have, or at least ought to have, identical aims. Everything that has anything to do

with the welfare of the child falls within the scope of both. Their attitude towards the child need not—cannot be identical, not even in a boarding school, much less in a day school. Blood is thicker than water, and even the best teachers cannot have the same love for their pupils as the parents have for their children. The latter have only a few—say two or three—children to take care of, and they get enough time and opportunity to know and train each child, provided they know how to do it and are patient and willing to take the trouble. The teacher's task is far more difficult, especially in a big day school, and most of all in a primary school, where children from all sorts of homes flock together, to be taught all sorts of subjects, by teachers who have not always had a sound liberal education. To expect such teachers to teach classes of 30 or 40—the writer has seen 50 children in the same class, all varying in age, ability and mental equipment—to expect them to teach all subjects, whether they like them or not, and then again to expect them to know each child, to combat home influences if necessary, and at the same time train the child adequately is expecting a bit too much. And yet there are many teachers in good schools who may have made it their life's goal to train the young without crushing out their spontaneity, and who may be continually thinking over educational questions. They have some knowledge of and experience in the art and science of educating children, and are apt to be cooler and more impartial in their judgment than the average parent. The teacher cannot wholly be without emotion—he would be a piece of stone or an inhuman monster if he were; but in his

case the emotion is a servant of the will and the intellect, and not the master. He cannot do as much good as good parents can, but he can do a lot more than certain types of uneducated parents, for he has fixed ideals regarding character and education in all its aspects, which even if not easy to be realised to the full, can well be approached by a man or woman with a firm will.

The approach to the goal varies, and depends upon many circumstances. It is a resultant of many forces all acting simultaneously, the chief of them being home influence, the character, personality, manners and education of the parents and the teachers, the forces of heredity and environment, and particularly the influence of other children, friends and relatives. In the boarding school the influence of the teachers and other boys or girls is predominant, and may either do great good as it often does, or immense harm as is done in schools which are badly managed, poorly equipped, and cheaply staffed. In the day school the influence of the home is all-powerful, and unless the children come from very good homes or are taught in a very good school by trained University men and women, there is a great risk of the child having many "selves" or at least a double personality—one which it has at home, and the other which it assumes, for the time being, in school hours, and then throws off as soon as it turns its back on the school. In a good boarding school the habits formed get a chance to be turned into habitudes, as psychologists would call them, which permeate the entire nervous system of the child, grow with its growth, strengthen with its strength, and probably result in a unity of character and formation of fixed principles of conduct which tempests cannot shake.

Hence it is that the school and the home should co-operate, and pull at one end of the silvery but slippery rope of education, instead of pulling in two opposite directions, as they sometimes do. Each should try to respect and support the other, and facilitate his or her work.

It is wicked for a teacher to talk lightly or contemptuously, in the presence of the pupil, of the latter's home or parents; it is both unwise and ungrateful on the part of the parent or guardian to belittle a teacher in the presence of the children. The parent and the teacher should have some means of discussing the progress and the future of the child, either by calls and correspondence, or during school lectures, concerts, or social gatherings. The importance of such gatherings cannot be exaggerated. It is here that the parents, the teachers and the governors of the school, meet together to discuss questions of vital importance to the school, the parent and the child.

The rewards of this co-operation are not always seen at once: they are tied to that long rope of educative process, and come one by one—first of all the shallow saucers full of that lively wine of Little Learning which intoxicates the brain, and gives hopes that are soon shattered and enjoyment and hilarity which are not lasting; then the deeper bowls of Knowledge, followed by the quieter and yet more complete cup of Life, containing a strange mixture of the wines of Wisdom, Experience, Balance-of-mind, Humility (diluted with the essence of self-respect), and Happiness (not un-mixed with the bitter drinks of Disappointment, Sorrow and Anxiety).

The moral from the above short article is not hard to draw. It has to be remembered that each child, each teacher, has a soul and a personality, both of which are to be regarded as sacred and developed on their own lines in an atmosphere of freedom, unhampered by people who do not know enough about local conditions, about the tastes and abilities of individual children; above all, about the ideas, hobbies, tastes, abilities and psychology of each teacher. In recent times, while making a good deal of the psychology of the child, we educationists have dreadfully neglected to take into account the psychology of the teacher, who is the pivot on whom all school education rests.

The Picture

By EVELYN G. PIERCE

THERE was once an artist whose vision was of worlds more ethereal and luminous than the dull material; who, when he painted the scenes of the visible world, yet saw that which lies behind it, and put a nameless something into his pictures which suggested to the onlooker that there might be more in Nature than could be seen at the first glance. Therefore, most people did not care much for his pictures, and he was often very poor.

It happened at one time, when he was painting in a remote country place, that the beauty of the lonely moorland, and the elemental life that ensouled the mould of earth and sea and sky, sank so deep into his heart, that he was able to translate even more than usual of the immaterial loveliness through the medium of canvas and pigment, for the understanding of whoever would pause and look long enough to let it sink into him. But most of the comfortable padded people who were buyers did not see, and others said, "There is something uncanny," and turned away. So he gained neither fame nor money then, and when he went away the only payment he left behind him in the little cottage-inn, was one of his pictures, a stretch of moorland with a gleam of sunlit sea leading out into the beyond.

So the man passed away to other places, and the picture remained on the whitewashed wall of the inn parlour, little noticed except by the landlord's little daughter, who often crept in to look at it and loved it well.

Years passed, and she grew to be a tall, comely maiden. She had the beauty of the country round for the feeding of her soul, but otherwise her life was hard and dull enough. There was work to do from morning to night, and that of

the most dull and heavy description. Hard times had come upon the moorland country, the harvest had been bad for many seasons, and the little inn, simple and rude though it was, did not pay. At last the innkeeper was obliged to sell his house, and, with the money, he took the lease of a small lodging house in a large town. It was already furnished in a sordid, shabby fashion, and the only thing of the real country which he took with him to the town was his daughter Merrion, with the warmth of the sun in her curly hair, and the "light that never was on sea or land" in her peat-brown eyes. And the one thing which she carried to the dingy town, besides her scanty personal possessions, was the artist's picture of the rain-washed hills.

It was quite a small picture, a square of unframed canvas, but it was to Merrion the door into another world. Every morning, before she hurried down to attend to the clamorous lodgers, who demanded so much of her young life and gave her so little, even of gratitude—the poor man's gold, she always spent a few moments before it, and even in the gloomy winter mornings, by the tallow dip which scarcely did more than make darkness visible, light always seemed to shine into her heart from the gleam on the waves. In the coldest, dullest winter weather, that light of sunshine on the headland made a contact between her and the heart of all sunshine, and in the stifling summer heat of crowded dwellings she could feel upon her cheek for a brief moment of ecstasy the freshness of the breeze which blew from the sunny blue sky in the distance, across the headland and the shining sea, beneath the rain-cloud hanging over the moor, and over the moor itself, bringing scent of heather and thyme, and the music of little rills that trickled to the

sea. And more than this, in the rare times when she could steal an hour of Sunday quiet, while others slept the sleep of the prisoned in the body, when she could take down the picture and hold it, gazing into that distance which seemed as illimitable as the reaches of the sky itself, it came to be that Merrion's soul fluttered within her breast, and she closed her eyes, and still saw the wonderful scene. Strangely still she sat thus one sultry day, while a wonderful peace filled her heart; in it worked the consummation of the earth and air, fire and water, of Nature, like calling to like in her human soul. Moving of their own volition, her arms rose as if to receive somewhat, then opened out like the petals of a full-blown flower, and she breathed out her soul to the winds and the waters, away, away over street and road and hill, over valley and hedge and mountain, till at last, the moors and the sea.

Out here all was fresh and sunny, the close exhausted air of the town left behind. She was on the warm sweet grass, moving strangely, smoothly, permeated as never before with the sparkling sunshine in the air, feeling one with the herbs and the perfume, one with the sound and the movement of the sea. A scudding shower swept over the moor, and she felt it pass through her with a cleansing, invigorating power, but her garments shone next moment in the sunshine, white and purified, but not wet. She held out her arms to the wind, and was lifted slightly above the ground, floating along with an exquisite sensation of ease, all fear of the future, all distrust of anything on earth, all remembrance of men and towns left on the solid earth below.

And then she became aware that the whole world was full of life, not only the great tide of undifferentiated Life that rolls everlastingly through all the elemental kingdoms, but full of beings, clothed in ethereal bodies, light of the sunshine, spray of the sea, mist of cloud, and earth of the moorland. Their motion caught her into its great order, and she felt herself moving in time with the order

of the spheres, and she heard the great symphony in which all the lives of the universe have a part, in which sounds are colours, and the tide of all combined is as the Voice of God. . . .

Strange and grand, yet most familiar to the maiden soul, was this joining in the world-music, till delight culminated in one great sounding chord of colour, and she clasped her arms over her heart and closed her eyes in ecstasy, to open them again in the small hot room, under the roof of the boarding-house in the crowded town.

There was supper to get, and work to do, drudgery which took all her attention seemingly, yet that evening there lingered about her a gleam of light, a kind of invisible radiance from the Real World where she had been. Earth and air, sun-fire and water, had given her of their elemental life, and there was that in her eyes, which, though a new beauty made her more attractive than ever, kept even the roughest from molesting her. One, indeed, who had dared to attempt some familiarity, stopped as he came within reach of her, as if held back by something strange. He said afterwards that he could not speak to her—it would be like hurting a baby or a young lamb.

Dreary indeed were the surroundings in the town, and futile the striving after increase of money, and in the days after this experience Merrion came to see clearly what she had but dimly felt before. Ever the pure life called her, and at last she persuaded her father to see the values of things again more clearly, and they two left the town to dwell in a moorland cottage, where the work of their hands in tilling the soil was enough to gain them a livelihood. And the winds came and sang to them, and the sunbeams lightened them, and earth and water gave them of their store; and, because of the understanding born of her kinship with the people of the invisible, Merrion became also the friend of all the little children round about who have not yet forgotten the glorious order to which they belong.

And, in course of time, she married a quiet-eyed man of the moorland, and her sons and daughters grew up god-fathered by the elemental beings, to carry out into the world, one in the words of a poet, another with the colours of the

painter, yet another with the strains of a faery-sweet voice, and all, in the steadfast light of their countenances, the message of the universal kinship, and the love of the wide spaces of the world.
EVELYN G. PIERCE.

In Quest of Peace

(Two Roundels).

By S. G. F.

I.

Faith follows the Star to the end unseen,
Be it high or low, be it near or far.
Through deserts tawny or pastures green
Faith follows the Star.

Up, where the storms of the uplands are !
Though the cold will strike to the heart, I ween.
Up still, leaping the torrent's bar !

Rough the road ; but the end will mean
The League of Love and the death of war.
Fear and Doubt may shrink from the night between ;
Faith follows the Star.

II.

Peace at the end of the way : enough !
See, when to bruise you and break or bend
Mailed hands buffet with blow and cuff,
Peace at the end !

Can we look for it sooner, friend ?
Let our hearts be stout, let our nerves be tough !
Through a thicket of foes to the light we wend.

Round the rocks of the headland bluff
Rays that the mariner's lamp will lend
Show, though the sea of our strife be rough,
Peace at the end.

“Truth Embodied in a Tale”

A Review of Two notable Peace Novels

By S. GERTRUDE FORD

THE novelist of ideals is particularly fortunate in his medium for conveying them. “Truth embodied in a tale” does, indeed, “enter in at lowly doors,” and at the highest; it appeals to a wider public than can be reached by any other source. And it is the profound truth of Peace *versus* militarism, of the Gospel of Love *versus* the “Hymn of Hate,” which is embodied in two very unusual and notable novels* issued, within the last few months, by the firm of C. W. Daniel, Ltd.

Well known already to democratic workers and thinkers for its publications on internationalism and food reform, as for the admirable series of Tolstoy translations which it has issued, this firm bids fair to be noted also for a special brand of fiction, and one of special interest to reformers in general and Peace workers in particular. The wide reputation achieved by Miss Theodora Wilson Wilson’s two remarkable Peace romances, “The Last Weapon” and “The Weapon Unsheathed,” with the varied languages into which they were translated, proved conclusively both the worth and the need of their message to the times. These were followed by Mr. Herbert Tremain’s “The Feat of the Young Men”; a book which even those who disliked its fearless Peace principles were compelled to approve for its literary art. “Aleta Dey” and “Two Months” are worthy to stand in the same category. They, too, hitch the novelist’s wagon

to the reformer’s star—again the star of Peace: “His Star in the East” more truly than any other in these days; though, curiously enough, its rising was first visible in the West, with the great ideal of internationalism proclaimed by the American President.

Mr. Tremain’s second story lacks, it is true, something of that peculiar power to grip the reader’s heart, as well as his attention, displayed by his first book. Occasionally this later book, in spite of its many excellences, gives us the idea of one trying to repeat a success, not quite successfully. There is nothing here, for instance, quite so nobly and powerfully pathetic as the figure of Harry’s mother, and her story and his, in the former volume. But it is only by comparison with its predecessor that “Two Months” suffers. Considered by itself and in itself, or placed beside the general ruck of novels, it is a genuine work of art, and an excellent story into the bargain. The portrait of Mrs. Thesiger, the literary aspirant of vast ambition and pigmy achievement, is etched in with the cleanest and sharpest of strokes, and is a little masterpiece of satire. Geraldine, the heroine, is another finely-drawn figure; and the final scene between her, as the successful “young author,” and Mrs. Thesiger as the unsuccessful aspirant, is on the loftiest level, both as ethics and as art. The air-raid scene, too, is vividly sketched; and the atmosphere of the book throughout is notably pure and fresh—the atmosphere in which Peace ideals are bred and nurtured. Altogether it may be said that Mr. Tremain’s star has certainly not run away with his wagon!

* “Two Months.” By Herbert Tremain.
C. W. Daniel. 7s. net.
“Aleta Dey.” By Francis Marion Beaynon.
6s. net.

"Aleta Dey," though the work of another hand, has the same fresh, "live" quality; the same vividness and vigour, both in the story and the manner of its telling. Up to its final scene Aleta tells her own tale, prefacing it by the candid announcement that she is a coward. We "hae oor doots" on that point as the story develops; and they grow stronger as Aleta's action does, in her various fields of public work. It is of just such *sot-disant* "cowards" that heroes and heroines, not to say martyrs, are made.

A very fine and unusual love-story is woven round Aleta and McNair, the clean-minded, high-hearted Scotsman, plagued with an hereditary thirst for Scotch whiskey and other intoxicants; and the end is so unexpected as to give a new thrill to the jaded palate of the novel-reader bored to yawning-point by conventional endings. The Canadian setting gives something of its own cleanliness and strength to the book; and little,

vivid Nature-sketches and character-sketches set off to advantage the full-length portraits of the hero and heroine. There are admirable bits of humour and satire; and the whole book is as refreshing as the north-west wind of the country it describes to the *blasé* reader above mentioned.

Social reformers and workers for international peace will find both these novels of special interest; but the reader of no particular views, or even of hostile ones, will find them no less interesting. The publisher is to be congratulated on the excellence of type, paper and binding of these notable books; and the authors alike on their views and the power of presenting these in readable, popular form. Together these novels form a valuable contribution to the growing literature of the new Peace ideal, which works less by "reconstruction" than regeneration.

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

OMNIPRESENCE.

God, Thou art everywhere present,
None can be parted from Thee;
Thou art around us, within us,
Closer than mortals can see.

Thou art our self, our existence,
Ever existing alone;
Thou art the only true "Ego,"
One, indivisibly one.

Thou, Who art everywhere present,
Shine forth that mortals may see
Earth ever filled with Thy glory,
Governed by Thee, only Thee.

Ever revealing Thy nature,
Knowing the truth that makes free,
Perfect through Christ, the Redeemer,
Perfect through Him and in Thee.

A. M. B.

Correspondence

STAR WORK

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—In view of your appeal in the May issue of the *HERALD OF THE STAR*, it has occurred to me that you might possibly consider contributions from Members of the Order relative to their own personal experiences, ideas and work in the Group meetings.

When I first came into touch with the Order, about some five or six years ago, the meetings were of what we call a devotional nature—that is, they were for the most part given over to a series of meditations, with a short talk from the leader upon readings taken from our manual, *At the feet of the Master*.

The meetings were well attended, and were principally remarkable for the beautiful peace which flowed from them into the hearts of those attending. They were actually an oasis in the barren, weary, dreary wastes of the daily grind; a place where one could find rest from the storms without.

When our leader left us (going to the coast) the life seemed to gradually die out of the Group. The attendance dwindled away until only five or six attended the meetings regularly.

Our new leader continually complained about the small attendance at the weekly meeting, and we who did attend had to bear the brunt of these complaints, until one of our members rebelled and pointed out that we should be encouraged for regular attendance and not have to suffer for the sins of others. I wonder if this is not a common failing, as I have noticed it at other meetings.

About this time I took up, in connection with my T.S. work, the study of thought-forms and the action of thought generally. I found that not only the T.S. members' meeting, but the Star Group meeting also, were a splendid field for the study of the action of our thoughts upon others.

I studied their ideas, their likes and dislikes, and the general trend of their thoughts. Carrying my ideas into practice, I found that the members responded very quickly to my thoughts, not only as they were visualised in the meeting, but those thoughts which I held very clearly during the week which intervened between the meetings. I found also that I responded in like manner to their thoughts when they were held clearly. Here then was a lesson learned. I little thought at the time how useful it would come to be at a much later date. And here I would like to point out that I think our Order is essentially a training school, a school where we undergo a definite preparation for the coming of the World-Teacher.

Our meetings gradually dwindled away until the average attendance was two or three, very seldom did we reach half-a-dozen. In a last effort to revive the dying ashes our leader asked the members to speak upon various topics, such as "Social Welfare, Healing, and Consciousness," by Mrs. Besant. One member who began to give a series of talks on Consciousness, also held a Healing (?) circle about five minutes before the regular meeting. This was nothing more than a seance, and very effectually put the quietus upon the lodge. At this time our leader resigned and requested me to undertake the duties of leadership. Feeling that it was a rather hopeless task, I yet felt that so long as one member remained faithful the work should be carried on.

Barely had I taken over the duties of leader when we entered upon a time of trouble. First came the strike, attended with rioting, and meetings were discontinued during the time of trouble. This was followed almost immediately by the influenza epidemic, and all public meetings were banned by the health authorities. Then came a conversation with our late leader, in which he expressed the conviction that the higher forces had been withdrawn from the Order and that the decay which was so apparent in our own lodge was general throughout the whole Order.

Last of all the meetings had dwindled down to the immediate members of my own family (wife and daughter) and two others who attended intermittently. Finally I found myself alone, not even another to help, I was speaker and audience at the same time.

I issued a special call to the members to attend a meeting to consider closing down the lodge. The attendance was three, and I issued another call and six responded.

It was then that I learned another lesson, that was—to stand alone. I had been listening to the opinions of others and the work had been at loose ends. It was time to strike out for myself. During my meditations upon the problem before me, I realised that when the Master gives you a certain work to do, he expects you to do it to the best of your ability, in your own way, and not to be expecting Him or even your fellow members to do it for you. I then proceeded to analyse the whole problem in an effort to find the cause of which I could only see the effect.

I found first that some of the members were extreme Radicals, whilst others were the exact opposite. The same with all the other topics which had previously characterised our meetings.

The first thing to do was to find a common meeting ground where we could all come together without being offended by the voicing of opinions which were in violent opposition to our own. I re-organised the group, and at the offset I banned all Labour problems, and, in fact, every topic which we had previously been accustomed to speak upon, and took in their place readings from Mrs. Besant's book, "The Immediate Future."

I pointed out to them how our meditations could be made effective on the inner planes in helping all who were sick or in distress of any kind. Gradually our group began to grow, several new members came in, and things began to look more hopeful.

Throughout the whole of this period we had been handicapped by having a secretary who was never in attendance, spending the greater part of the year out of town, and even when in town rarely in attendance at the meetings. Taking the proverbial bull by the horns, I suggested that she should resign office, as it was absolutely necessary to have a live secretary.

I have always thought that I was guided from above during this critical period, as, no sooner was the resignation handed in than the lodge was swelled by the addition of two new members, a new comer into Theosophy and his wife.

Guided by a deep conviction, I offered this man the office of secretary, he accepted, and from that hour my troubles were over. I have not the slightest doubt but that this member was sent by the Higher Ones to help in the work.

From an attendance of two or three members, our meetings are now attended by from eighteen to twenty-four members. We have perfect freedom of speech, within certain limits, and everyone seems to look forward to the group meeting, when they can come into a common fellowship with their fellow man and at the same time receive the outpouring of the Master's spirit which they then carry into the outside world.

Recently our secretary and myself have taken turns in speaking upon the rules which govern the Order. We have tried to point out that

Devotion does not mean a life spent upon our knees in prayer, but that true prayer and true Devotion means *work*, activity. A life of devotion is a life of the greatest activity, devoted to the carrying on of the Master's work for the help and uplift of Humanity. That is where we make a mistake; devotion means *service*, *work*; doing all the little things we can find to help others.

And then comes *steadfastness* in the cause to which we have given ourselves, undeterred by the opposition and the ridicule with which we constantly meet, never faltering even when everything appears to be going against us; we remain true, steadfast, faithful to the end. Both these qualities are brought out by regular attendance at the group meetings. Probably we should like to go to the theatre, or concert, or to spend the evening with some friend, but we put it all aside and attend our meeting, remembering the Master's words that "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there will I be also." And thus we learn devotion to the cause and steadfastness in the cause.

And then we learn to be gentle, never to speak an unkind thought, and by refusing to speak unkind thoughts we stop thinking them; and by meditating upon His life, which was the acme of kindness and gentleness, we learn to become like Him, kind and gentle. Then quickened by the Master's love we go out into the world carrying that spirit with us, doing what we can, little though it may be, to prepare the way for the coming of the World-Teacher. We do not need to be disheartened because there are so few of us, and because our individual efforts seem so insignificant. Remember, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land," and when the Lord comes will He not take all the little units who have been faithful and steadfast and weld them into one great whole and make of it an effective organisation through which He will carry on His work throughout the whole world. Then shall we hear Him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." H.

"AS OTHERS SEE US"

SRINAGAR, KASHMIR,
14th June, 1920.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

SIR,—The writer of the article "As others see us" in your issue for May thinks that the real obstacle to India's progress is not the illiteracy of the masses, but the tendency of the mind of young India to jump to conclusions without careful study and spade-work. After a residence of 45 years in India, and continual practical experience among the Europeans and Indians, I have no hesitation in saying that the

fault your contributor draws attention to is the very *least* of all the causes of India's backwardness. I have spoken, over and over again, to Indian government officials, men who have been trained in the existing government order, who are thoroughly conversant with the machinery of administration in every aspect and detail, but who are also painfully alive to their country's needs. And these men have in every case—privately to me, of course—condemned the present government for its aloofness, its failure to understand the most crying needs of India, and its apathy in the face of intolerable

abuses. Leaving out Indians, and pro-Indian Englishmen and Englishwomen like Mrs. Besant, take the testimony of General O'Moore Creagh, a man who, by his own confession, has no sympathy whatever with the clamorous Reform Party, and who looks upon Babus as chattering monkeys. The General wrote a book a few years ago giving his impressions of India and its government, and this book is a root-and-branch condemnation of the existing bureaucracy, and an endorsement of practically every one of the charges made by Indian extremists. How the General reconciles his cursings of these gentry with his admissions of their case against the Government I don't profess to know, but the General is an Irishman. He knew and loved his own Sepoys, and understood their needs and wants like those of his own children, and this caused him to know India better than the I.C.S. officials at Simla, who treat the problems of government as conundrums of higher mathematics, only to be worked out by an Oxford man in the seclusion of a Secretariat.

How does your correspondent account for these facts?

A few years ago a measure was brought up by the Indian members of the Viceroy's Council proposing the abolition of the manufacture of country liquor by Government, and the suppression of the liquor trade in India. The measure was thrown out by a simple *non-possumus* on the part of the Government. Does your contributor appreciate the significance of that fact? I could quote numbers of similar instances if space allowed.

We flatter ourselves that though our rule in India is despotic, it is a benevolent despotism. In a lazy, aloof way it is benevolent—after the manner of the butterfly and the toad in the oft-quoted rhyme. But the I.C.S. is not a *service* in the best sense of the term. It is more like a mutual-admiration society, absorbed in contemplating its own reflection in a looking-

glass, and looking down from a vast height of aloofness on the sunken and degraded millions whom it governs, as a doctor governs his patients, on the "pill" system: with this difference, that the doctor feels his patients' pulses, whereas the I.C.S. man scorns to do anything of the kind!

Was it a *wise* thing to introduce a measure like the Rowlatt Act *just* at a time when self-government in progressive stages was being proposed for India as a reward for her faithful service in the war? And is it not a fact that that measure, as first drafted, would have thrown an enormous amount of power into the hands of a corrupt Police force, a department whose corruption and oppression has been stigmatised by General Creagh as the most crying evil of British rule?

It is a very melancholy fact that the average I.C.S. man has not a glimmering of comprehension of the *genius* of the different Indian races, whether Hindus or Mohammedans, or others. But to govern a continent of 300 millions without attempting to understand the genius of the country, is a hopeless impossibility. India does not want the aloof Englishman, who treats the country as a playground for experiments in the outcome of which he is not vitally concerned, and who retires to England with his money as soon as he has reached his highest rung on the ladder, having in the meantime sent his children to be brought up at home, away from the contamination of "natives." She *does* want Englishmen and women who will settle in the country of their adoption, treat it as their own, and love it at least as much as its former conquerors grew to love it. We have had no Viceroy to compare with the great emperor Akbar; and even the worst of the Moguls at least *lived* in India and made it their home. Herein lies the fatal secret of the failure of our administration.

Yours faithfully,

H. L. S. WILKINSON.

A NEW STAR SECTION.

The Dominion of Canada has now been formed into a separate Star Section, and Mr. GERALD H. BARRY, late Organising Secretary in Ireland, has been appointed the first National Representative.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,
General Secretary.

Star Work in Many Lands

NO reports have come in this month. I have therefore decided to use the space under the heading of *Star Work in Many Lands* for the discussion of a few Star matters.

The International Star Conference which was talked of in connection with our Protector's visit to Europe this summer has fallen through owing to the fact that Mrs. Besant finds herself unable to leave India for the present. It is hoped that a Conference may be arranged when she is next here. In view of the fact that any such Conference over here can only be European in character, I suggest to the N. and S. American Sections of the Order that they might consider the possibility of holding a Transatlantic Star Conference, let us say, once every three years. Such gatherings do a great deal of good. They bring members together and promote a feeling of brotherhood. They also help to bring home to all the world-wide nature of the work. Those who were present at the International Conference in London some years ago still retain inspiring recollections of the occasion. Later on these meetings will probably become more frequent and we may some day have (who knows?) a World-Convention meeting at regular intervals. In the meantime the gathering together of members of several sections should be encouraged, wherever possible.

The Order of the Star has added a new and very important Section to its ranks this month. Canada, which has hitherto been under the jurisdiction of the U.S.A. National Representative, has now been made into a Section on its own account. The first National Representative is Mr. Gerald H. Barry, who made his mark as a keen Star worker in Ireland before the war and who is also well known in

Star circles in London. Mr. Barry's health suffered much through military service; but it is sincerely hoped that he is now much better and is in possession of the health and strength necessary for his new duties. Those who know Mr. Barry are quite confident that the new Canadian Section will prosper in his hands, and members of the Order everywhere will send him their best wishes.

With a world-wide organisation, like ours, it is impossible to keep in touch with all the Sections unless the Sections themselves keep in touch with Headquarters. This can only be done through letters and reports. There are some Sections of which it is literally true to say that there is no means of knowing whether they are still in existence or whether their National Representatives are still alive. The war has had something to do with this, but what I have said holds good of certain countries which have presumably been unaffected by the war. I think that, in future, the best plan will be to regard such Sections as dormant. If, that is to say, nothing is heard of a Section for a period of two years, the Section will be treated as non-existent and its name removed from page 3 of the cover of the *HERALD OF THE STAR*.

It would be a good thing if other Sections, besides the one or two which are already doing so, could occasionally provide articles for the magazine. I realise the language difficulty, but this could be met by translation. One of the chief difficulties, in connection with the *HERALD OF THE STAR*, is to keep it from being too English—or, at least, too Anglo-Saxon. One way out of the difficulty is to secure contributions from as many countries as possible. Perhaps National Representatives will see what they can do about this. The U.S.A. has a regular agent for the magazine, who acts as a kind of collecting

depot for articles. Other Sections might try the same plan.

Speaking of the magazine, it should be mentioned that suggestions are always welcome from any quarter as to anything which might make the HERALD OF THE STAR either more interesting or more helpful to its readers. That is why a space for Suggestions has been provided in the accompanying short Form of Sectional Reports. It is always helpful to receive new ideas, and people in other parts of the world are very likely to have a better appreciation than those at Headquarters of what is needed in our world-wide work.

I trust that National Representatives will fill in these Forms as soon as possible after they get them, and return them to me, c/o THE HERALD OF THE STAR, 6, Tavistock Square, London, W.C. 1, without delay. I am much hoping that, amongst other things, we shall at last discover in this way the exact membership numbers of the Order. At the moment it is impossible to say, within a few thousands, how many members we have, and a census will be highly interesting. Although in a certain sense it will be gratifying to learn that we have a large membership, yet it will also be remembered that numbers, in themselves, have no importance. One active and earnest member is better than a hundred "passengers" whose membership is only nominal, and the actual influence of the Order upon the world has very little to do with its membership list. Large numbers are only valuable when they work together in a spirit of eager enthusiasm. Some day perhaps that spirit will be born in the Order of the Star in the East, but

none can say that it is to be found in it at present.

The attitude of the Order is far too much one of passive waiting for a future event. Members sometimes forget that expected events do not always happen—that, even in the great Plan which governs and directs the world, changes may have to be made. We expect a World-Teacher, that is true. Most of us expect Him in our own times. But are we certain that this will be so? We have often been told that, when the world is ready for His coming, He will come. Possibly it may not be ready, in the required sense, for centuries to come. In that case, what of ourselves and the Order? What, again, of the possibility that the new illumination may come, not by any personal manifestation, but by the working of an invisible spirit in the world? Even though we may, as members of the Order, believe that it will come through a personal manifestation, we should not shrink from facing alternative possibilities. The Order will only become strong and vital if it so establishes itself as to be independent of any future chances. Much more than expectation is demanded of it. It should be the embodiment, even now, of that spiritual force which is to create the new world, and should be striving to create such a world quite independently of any higher help which may one day be forthcoming. If this be its character even now, it will have justified its existence. As an organisation of expectancy merely it will be of very little use either to the world or to the Teacher, when He comes.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,
General Secretary.

National Representatives are asked to note that the Report Form, which appears on the opposite page, may be filled up in either English or French; also that the official address of the General Secretary is now 6, Tavistock Square, not 19. The forms should be cut out and sent in, if possible, by return.

SECTIONAL REPORT FORM

Name of Section

National Representative

Names of Organising Secretaries

Special district or work of each

Total Membership

Total on January 1st, 1920

Increase since January 1st

Sectional Magazine (if any)

Edited by

Circulation

Any use made of free copies

Any other literature printed during current year

General remarks upon the year's work

Suggestions :

(1) For the better working of the Order

(2) For the improvement of the HERALD OF THE STAR

(Signed)

National Representative

The Herald of the Star

VOL. IX. No. 9

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1920

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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. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 20 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 2d. extra). United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per ann. (Post free). U.S.A. and South America, \$1.50 per ann. (Post free). All Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to the "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A SERIES of articles has recently been published in the London *Morning Post*, in which an attempt is made to trace the whole of the present world unsettlement to the machinations of secret revolutionary Societies, continued through many centuries and now, in these latter days, beginning to bear world-wide fruit. The series is entitled "The Causes of World-Unrest" and has much to say about Masonic and other secret bodies as promoters of revolution. The interesting thing, however, for us as Star Members, is that among modern disruptive influences the Order of the Star in the East is mentioned by the writer as being in active favour of Bolshevism and anarchy. Unfortunately we have been unable to secure a copy of the article in which this occurs. It would have been interesting to our readers to have the passage quoted in full. But, so far as we can gather from hearsay, the charge is founded on the fact that the Order of the Star in the East looks for the founding of a new social order and welcomes the influences which are breaking up the old order—influences amongst which Bolshevism is to-day certainly one of the most powerful and prominent. To those who know anything about the Order the statement would seem hardly worthy of an answer. As, however, the absence of any comment might lead to misapprehension, we propose to deal very briefly with the matter—rather for the sake of our members than with any idea of convincing the *Morning Post*.

The point from which we, in these Notes, always start is that the real governance of the world is not to be found in the external governments of the nations, but behind the Veil. It is in greater hands than those of men. We believe that beneath the whole of history lies a spiritual purpose and that this purpose is being worked out unalterably by the Divine Will. It follows from this belief that we regard many of the great impulses, which sweep from time to time through mankind and produce swift and striking changes, as impulses definitely sent out by the Powers behind the scenes in order to accomplish certain necessary readjustments in human affairs. The impulses in question may be partially, or wholly, misinterpreted and misused by those who happen to be the agents of them among ignorant mankind, but nevertheless, in the long run and in relation to the greater movement of history, they are beneficial and make for progress. This is not an interpretation of history which is peculiar to ourselves. It is the view of any historian sufficiently removed from the storms and passions of any period of intensified movement to view it calmly and with detachment. All Europe, one hundred and thirty years ago, was aghast at the French Revolution. The historian of to-day regards it as an enormously significant liberating influence. In its attitude towards contemporary movements the HERALD OF THE STAR has always endeavoured to take up this detached point of view. It tries to regard the movements of to-day, not with the

biased outlook of the passions of the moment, but from the standpoint of a philosopher of history watching a great world-drama working itself out. Strong in its belief that a Divine Purpose governs the unfolding of the historical pageant, it asks itself, in face of any movement, not: "What is there wrong in the outer manifestations of this movement?" but: "What is the underlying value, the evolutionary significance, of this impulse which is being obviously so imperfectly interpreted by those in whose hands the physical-plane direction of it at present lies?" In a word, to the HERALD OF THE STAR no movement is without its greater meaning. Distorted though it may be, it is nevertheless subserving a mightier purpose; and it is this purpose which really counts.

* * *

There is, of course, an important reason why the HERALD OF THE STAR should look upon all contemporary movements with peculiar interest. It is because it holds that the modern world has arrived at the close of a definite chapter of human evolution, and that we are approaching the time when an equally definite new chapter will open. All the movements of to-day are therefore, for it, transitional movements. They are a bridge between the old and the new. This means that they contain within them a definite impulse of revolt against the old, and also a certain definite promise of that new order which is destined to replace the old. This promise may be obscured; indeed, it is the fate of most human progressive movements to emphasise the negative rather than the positive side of their intentions. Rejection of the old is much easier than definition of the new. Nevertheless, to the HERALD OF THE STAR this is not a matter of much importance, since it believes that the definition of the new order is not the task of any of our modern destructive movements, but of a greater and higher Wisdom. It believes, in a word, that all that these movements are doing is to make the world ready for the appearance

of a great Spiritual Teacher, who, from the profundity of His Divine wisdom, will reshape human conditions in accordance with the next phase of the great Plan. It is to that expected Teacher that it looks for the solution, not to any of the contemporary movements which are stirring amongst mankind. At best these can but be regarded as breaking up the soil, as loosening the fabric of outworn structures, in order that, in good season, the true work of rebuilding may begin. They are performing, for the coming civilisation, the same task as a firm of house-breaking contractors performs for a building corporation. In a word, their peculiar office is destructive, not constructive.

* * *

Now, it is possible to regard a movement in this light without in the least approving of it. To the philosophical student of history these destructive upheavals are natural phenomena merely. The seismatologist neither approves nor disapproves of the earthquake; he records it. The historian of the later Roman Empire has neither praise nor condemnation for the invasions of the Goths and Vandals. He sees them as natural destructive influences, clearing the way for the birth of modern Europe. Viewed retrospectively, they may be said to have accomplished an exceedingly useful task. But to recognise this does not mean that the Vandal and the Goth were inherently superior to the classic civilisation which they were engaged in destroying. Similarly, at the present time, it is possible to detect and to single out certain agencies which are undoubtedly playing a considerable part in the preparation for a new age. But the recognition of this evolutionary significance is very far from implying that such agencies, *in themselves*, are deserving either of praise or of intellectual assent.

* * *

Bolshevism is a case in point. Of this we wrote as follows in the July issue of the HERALD OF THE STAR:

Bolshevism is something greater than a Russian movement; it is infinitely greater

than any constructive expression which it has received in Russia. It is the universal solvent, which is loosening the fabric of the older civilisation everywhere in preparation for the new age.

To this view we adhere. It is our considered opinion that the historian of a few centuries hence, looking backward, will place the Bolshevik movement on record as one of the most important transitional movements between two ages of civilisation. He will neither extol it nor condemn it. He will look on it merely as an historical phenomenon. The Black Death, which swept through Europe in the fourteenth century, is well-known to historians as having revolutionised the whole position of labour in the countries affected. After it, the working man, instead of being a serf, could demand a price for his labour. The Great Plague, followed by the Great Fire, cleared the way for modern London. Instances of the kind are at the disposal of every student of history. All that the HERALD OF THE STAR claims, in respect of Bolshevism or any other movement, is liberty to regard it in this dispassionate historical light, as bearing upon the belief of the Order in the approaching dawn of a new civilisation.

* * *

When it comes to a judgment on Bolshevism, considered in itself and as a contribution to political theory, that is quite another question. On a matter like this every member of the Order of the Star in the East is at liberty to hold his own opinion. But in these Notes we have never disguised our conviction that Bolshevism, as a constructive creed, is both silly and worthless. It finds its inspiration in the crudest form of class-hatred, and it is this hatred which forms the connecting link between the movements in Russia and the extremist sections of the proletariat in other countries. A dictatorship of the proletariat we hold to be an absolutely

unworkable system of social government, because society is a far wider term than proletariat, and any true system must be all-embracing. What information we have, moreover, of the march of events in Russia seems to show that Bolshevism is the enemy of anything like true liberty and tends to drag the social organism down to the level of the pack and the herd. We are aware that some of our readers may be in violent opposition to these views, and we fully recognise that they have as much right to their opinions as we have to ours. The views expressed in these Notes make no claim to pontifical authority. They are simply our views and may be accepted or rejected as such.

* * *

But even though we may feel strongly and express ourselves strongly on the subject of a movement like Bolshevism, considered as a claimant to intellectual respect, this need not prevent us, as students of history, from recognising the important effect which it is having on the social evolution of the time, nor from regarding it as one of the agencies which are clearing the ground for the civilisation of to-morrow. This importance we readily concede to it. We are furthermore of opinion that the movement is probably destined to go much further than it has done at present, as a destructive and disintegrating force, before its purpose in the greater evolutionary plan has been accomplished. This is not because we wish it to go further, but because, as students of the times, we conceive that this extension is inevitable.

* * *

Such, in brief, is our answer to the statement that the Order of the Star in the East—so far as its leading organ is concerned—is in favour of Bolshevism and anarchy. Had we seen the article in the *Morning Post*, our task would have been clearer. Perhaps we may have obtained a copy before next month.

The Conquest of Fear

By DR. GRIFFIN

(A Lecture delivered at Brighton on June 6th, 1920.)

I. THE NATURE OF FEAR.

THERE was once a man who, for reasons which do not concern us here, desired most urgently to force his way into a state of superphysical consciousness. Failure after failure rewarded his efforts, but his need was desperate, and so, careless of dangers and contemptuous of reverses, he continued to battle furiously with a resistance that was obviously real, though it seemed both impalpable and undefinable. This resistance took form eventually as a cloudy shape that flung him back as though he were a feather. Terrified as he was at this result he waited not a moment but hurled himself again at his foe, fiercely demanding its name. To his inner consciousness there came the answer, grim and menacing—"I am Fear." Mad now with his desperate desire he grappled with the opposing shape, which repelled him no more but held him in a gentle grasp. The Figure slowly turned Its head, and the man looked straight into the face of Christ.

Bear in your mind this tale of high adventure, for in it is a clue by which you may unravel something of that perplexity that wraps around the problem of Fear.

What is Fear? Is it friend or foe?

Like an evil fog it closes round us, blinds us, stifles our life, and strikes chill into our hearts. In an atmosphere of Fear we are born into this physical world, day by day throughout our lives we are tormented by the poisoned darts of Fear in matters both small and great; so proverbial also is the fear of Death that it has been written: "All that a man hath will he give in exchange for his life." In the foul slime of Fear there dies many a noble aspiration (that we have conceived);

we fear to fail and therefore dare not attempt. Fear tends to breed in us a timid and untrustworthy character, our acts are swayed by the emotions of the moment, our energies become paralysed before obstacles that we fear to tackle, our will power remains weak, and our life ends in a wreckage of hopes. Surely then it must be that Fear is some deadly evil enemy.

Yet look again at it. Have we known nothing of a conquered Fear? Cannot we all remember some Fear that we have fought and overcome, and do not we admit that in consequence of this achievement we have gained a little more strength, a little more courage? If there had been no Fear there would have been no fight, no conquest, and no gain in strength. It would appear then that Fear has sometimes come to us as a friend. In the disguise of a foe it came to us in order that it might help us by drawing out into manifestation the hidden seed of power within us. In the strength of this unrealised power we fought, we conquered: henceforth we find ourselves a little stronger than we were before, and we realise that we possess the power to conquer.

Fear gave us a chance of winning strength; then let us praise Fear as a friend. Fear need not necessarily paralyse all our noblest efforts; it may, if we so choose, serve as a rung of the ladder up which we climb to higher things, to a life of greater power, a life of fuller freedom. Let us not blame our fears for our failures, it is our attitude to our fears that decides whether they come as friends or foes.

In short, if we yield to Fear and allow it to master us, it is soon manifest as a tyrant, who later on will immure his luckless victims in the Dungeon of Despair; whereas Fear, recognised at once as an

opponent to be fought ruthlessly, until conquered, is soon transformed into the likeness of an Angel of Light, with whose aid we may pass into "the Glorious Liberty of the Children of God."

Fear stands as Guardian of the Gate of the Mysteries of God, not to keep us out but to help us through; he who like Jacob dares to wrestle even with God shall in the end overcome, and receive the promised reward—"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of My God, and he shall go no more out."

Surely all this is undeniable, and yet how few are they who deliberately plan to train themselves that they may overcome Fear, and so secure for themselves the eternal blessings that are so freely offered. How many are they, alas, who yield slavishly to almost any fear that crosses their path, and allow it to drain away their vitality. The conquest of Fear is within the powers of all, and must sooner or later be attained by all. To him who would study the hidden mysteries of the spirit comes the stern message, "Dare, Do, Keep silent," and the first word "Dare" implies a calm and strong courage that is fearless, and not the rash impetuosity that is often generated by a subconscious fear. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom" is one side of the story presented to us in the New Testament, which, in its last book, also indicates the other side in the picture of the lake of fire reserved for the "fearful" amongst others who come short of the possibilities set before them.

Now, before entering upon the consideration of the methods by which we may establish our sovereignty over Fear, it is first necessary to consider the nature of Fear, its strength and its source of strength, its lairs wherein it lurks, its method of attack, and the results it brings about in those who are unwary or faint-hearted. By this study we shall bring to light many unexpected characteristics of its nature, and of ours; we may also glean some valuable hints as to the best lines on which we may fight it.

We can then proceed to plan how we may secure absolute mastery over it.

The first and most surprising fact about Fear is its universality in our life. This unfortunately prevents us from noticing it as much as we should be wise to do, for an undetected enemy is far more dangerous than one of whose whereabouts we are fully informed. G. K. Chesterton in his play entitled "Magic" has remarked that we cannot see the fairies because they are too big, and a similar blindness affects us in regard to Fear. We do not usually notice the extent of our fears and of our submission to them, because they are so many.

"I am afraid" is one of the commonest phrases in use, and excites no surprise. "I am afraid of eating cucumber," "I am afraid I am not much good at this," "I am afraid I shall be ill before long," "I am afraid of a thunderstorm," "I am afraid of crossing the Channel," "I am afraid my religion is not much good to me," "I am afraid it is going to be wet"; hundreds of examples could be quoted. It seems to be much easier for us to confess to having Fear than to admit that we are under the sway of any other emotion, and so we use such expressions of Fear on many occasions when they are unnecessary or even untrue. We do not realise, unfortunately for us, that each time we say "I am afraid" we are laying ourselves a little more open to sensations of Fear, we are strengthening the habit of Fear, we are riveting its shackles a little more firmly upon us. Again and again we repeat to ourselves the suggestion of giving in to Fear, and so make it harder to shake off its control; we use "I fear" when it would be both truer and wiser to say "I regret," as in such a sentence as "I fear I shall not be able to come to see you," and in so doing we accustom ourselves to a bad habit. We pass easily from saying "I fear" on occasions when we do not mean it, and we go on to express fear when it can do us real harm; we say the unmeaning words and find too late that they have a fatal power.

A breath of air from a window makes us fear we shall catch a cold. This fear is

often justified, for, the window having been shut, we pen ourselves in with the cold germs that most people carry about with them; they have therefore more opportunity of getting a footing within us. At the same time we compel ourselves to breathe the vitiated air, and so we depress our own vitality, thus giving the germs a still better chance; we even make ourselves more anxious by focussing our attention on our sensations and so we enfeeble the resistance that our own nature is capable of putting out. Subsequently we do not blame the atmosphere, the germs, nor the fear of a cold, all of which contributed to the cold we have caught, but we blame the open window which might possibly have saved us from it.

Some duty presents itself to us. We fear we shall not be able to do it well. We devote as much time to uneasy fears as would be sufficient for the amplest preparation for the duty. Our energy is drained out into the fear, where it is lost to us, and cannot be used in the duty, we approach our work in a frightened state with energies depressed, we do it badly, and then we say "I told you so."

A trouble meets us. Not content with what we have got, we promptly set ourselves to think out all the possible, and impossible, misfortunes that may follow. We call this "being prepared for the worst." All the misfortunes that we contemplate so carefully cannot possibly come upon us, but this consideration does not prevent us from devoting an immense amount of time in meditation on them all. We sacrifice thereby our mental poise and bodily vigour in vain, for not only is it true for all of us that most of our fears never materialise into events, but also, with regard to those that do, the fact that we have already worked ourselves up into a state of fear over them, merely results in our being panic-stricken and helpless in the emergency.

We fear that we shall not be able to sleep at night.

If only we can fix that fear firmly in our mind it is quite certain to be justified. You may often hear people boast of their

success in such matters. "I knew all along that I should never get to sleep," "I knew I should be a failure," "I told you that I am always unlucky." It seems a curious sort of thing to boast about, especially as the same energy turned into another direction would have had more pleasurable results.

A train journey has to be taken. Some people invariably worry themselves and their friends to distraction with the thought of missing that train. A fear of losing their luggage makes other people perfectly miserable, whilst I suppose the apparent popularity of accident insurance policies betokens the existence of a large number of unfortunates who dread disaster on the way.

Reading the daily papers provides a nice little crop of fears for the inconvenience of those who do not brave the perils of the railway. Burglaries, social disorders, wars, murders, etc., are read; they are then pictured as referring to the reader, and so a thrill of horror is secured.

All these people have a great craving for sympathy. They love to relate their fears to others, they rejoice in having a kind of emotional fling. If they can persuade someone else to share their fears they seem to think they have done them a good turn; they do not like the more balanced self-controlled people at all, nasty hard-hearted unemotional creatures that they are! As a matter of fact these unfortunate slaves of the "Fear Habit" require not sympathy in expressing their emotions, but instruction and encouragement in getting rid of them.

A thousand other common fears could easily be mentioned, in fact it might almost be said that we, human beings, make a speciality of Fear. We certainly admit it into every department of life, it creeps into our religion and denies it, it invades our friendships and poisons them. We fear the future because we do not know it, we fear the past because we think its effects are soon to appear, necessarily for evil of course. We know that the future must also contain good, but we seldom allow ourselves to be heartened by this thought. It is all terribly foolish, but we

excuse ourselves by saying that we are only human, which is of course a lie. As a matter of fact Fear proves that we are Divine by allowing us to conquer it.

Now Fear is an emotion of the class of "repulsion." It has been defined as the opposite of Love, which is a point of considerable importance from a practical point of view, as we shall see later on. Its action is disintegrating and destructive. It interferes with the well-being of such physical processes as the digestion, the circulation, and the nervous system; it throws our emotional nature into an uncontrollable whirlpool in which our reason may be temporarily submerged, and our thoughts drowned. It works havoc in our thought body, our emotional body, and our physical body, and the havoc frequently takes some time to repair. One would therefore expect that, after an experience or two of fear and its results, efforts would be made by all sensible people to avert such disasters in the future, but this is not usually found to be the case. Again and again we suffer from fear, but we seldom try to brace ourselves against its onslaughts, and very few are they who deliberately sit down and plan to escape from its tyranny, even though its ill effects are clearly recognised. Some people even count it as an act of unselfishness to entertain fears about the well-being or well-doing of their friends. So, when we happen to sneeze, for no particular reason perhaps, we promptly are greeted with the kindly meant suggestion, "I'm afraid you are going to have a cold"; and unless we have a sufficiently strong will to reject the idea at once, we are in considerable danger of complying with the suggestion, and surrendering ourselves to the infliction. Such evil suggestions are terribly common, and any careful observer can see for himself what harm they do. We should regard it as a crime to suggest a fear of failure to an actor on the first night of a new play, or to a boxer just before he enters the ring, but we have no hesitation in offering such devitalising suggestions to our unfortunate friends with distressing frequency. Evil is wrought by want of thought often, it is

also wrought by carelessness in suggesting thoughts to others. We should take care to suggest thoughts of success and health to all with whom we come into contact. If we are suffering from the pestilence of fear we should take the greatest possible care to isolate our thoughts, lest others be infected and come into the same unhealthy condition. For emotions are very infectious. Watch an angry man in an office or club room, you can almost see the waves of anger growing bigger and bigger in those near him. Fear spreads rapidly through a crowd and destroys the common sense of many a normally sane individual, so that panic acts are performed by those who by themselves would have acted wisely and courageously. Both anger and fear increase enormously in power during this spreading process. Surely then a terrible debt is incurred by those who by carelessness are responsible for bringing misery into other lives by truckling to fears in their own. Now it must be remembered that either of these emotions, once allowed a footing in the human consciousness, is very pertinacious, and not at all particular as to what it feeds upon. Two men, for example, have a personal quarrel. Both go their way full of anger, and seize greedily upon any chance of venting it. If there is no obvious opening you will find them invent a grievance for the purpose. It is sometimes possible to recognise such grievances as invented ones, because the anger energy poured out upon them is so obviously excessive. The case is the same with fear. This emotion once started seeks greedily for an outlet, and so the person who has had a bad fright from a nightmare, perhaps, attaches this emotion of fear throughout the following day to many of his undertakings, with deplorable results. Notice particularly, please, that the original cause of the fear is over and done with, but the subconscious fear is still left, and seeks for excuses to manifest. If only you can persuade the person that there is now no occasion for fear, and impress that point firmly on the subconscious self, fear vanishes instantly. This is another point of practical importance that we must deal

with later. At present all that I wish you to realise is that a fear not properly dealt with remains as a lurking danger in the personal life, it may harm him, it may spread to others, and in either case the original cause of the fear may have been of the most trifling nature, and only lasted for a moment. The foolishness of allowing this to be the case is apparent, but until we take ourselves to task most carefully in this matter we do not realise how often our emotions are misplaced.

I do not want to labour unduly this matter of the universality of Fear, even though it would be difficult to exaggerate its importance. It ought to be clearly understood, however, that when we harbour fears we are doing a serious injury to ourselves, not only directly in allowing them to work their immediate harm to our bodies and characters, but also indirectly by allowing them to accumulate and to draw energy from us. When later on we realise the folly of allowing such conditions to exist in ourselves, we shall find the extirpation of these fears a much more difficult task than it would have been before we cherished them, and allowed them to grow unchecked.

The power of Fear is, moreover, scarcely realised by us; it would hardly be an excessive statement to say that it may have fatal results in some cases. A story is told of a pilgrim journeying towards Mecca who encountered a grisly spectre. The pilgrim challenged it and enquired its mission. "I am the Plague," came the reply, "and I go to Mecca to kill 3,000 men." The two parted, but met again as the pilgrim returned from Mecca. "How is this?" he asked. "You told me you were going to Mecca to kill 3,000 men, but when I arrived there I found 10,000 dead." "Very true," came the spectre's answer, "but of these 10,000 men I only killed 3,000; it was Fear who killed the rest." This is, alas, a modern story also, and a similar tale might be told about some modern epidemics of quite recent date.

Now Fear only has as much power and scope as we choose to allow it. Fear is a Vampire and can only live by sucking

from us our life-blood. Deprive it of this food and it dies. A baby fear comes to us, and instead of ruthlessly strangling it at birth we give it harbourage. It feeds upon us and grows strong whilst we grow weaker. Soon we recognise it as an unpleasant tenant in our nature, and we strive to eject it. We find, however, that it has now made itself quite at home; it knows our weak points and clings to them. We have given it life and strength, and we have therefore less of both of these in consequence of our generosity, for our reservoir is a limited one. Consequently, when we become fully aware of the truly evil nature of this parasite and strive to tear it out, we find that our enfeebled wills are faced with a very difficult task, and failure too often results. Fears breed very rapidly, moreover, in a suitable environment. The habit of fear is easily established unless we keep a very careful watch over our nature. Soon it becomes a practice with us to regard every novelty in our lives with fear, until we have fully satisfied ourselves that the novelty is really beneficent. Such an attitude towards life has nothing whatever to recommend it. The proverb, "Forewarned is forearmed," is absolutely untrue as applied to fears, for exactly the reverse of forearming results. When our outlook on life is poisoned by fear true discrimination and wise planning becomes impossible. To our perverted view all the world appears to be distorted, and with our judgment thus at fault we make one mistake after another. We see enemies where there are only friends, and, in our fear of their hostility, we act in such a way towards them that, sooner or later, their patience gives out, and they act up to our expectations. We then pride ourselves on our sagacity, and lay the blame for our mistakes on external circumstances, when in reality it is we who are to blame, poisoned as we were by the fears within. More and more bitter becomes our criticism of the world (God's world, by the bye, though this is not a popular doctrine nowadays), and more and more disheartened do we feel about ourselves as we count up our failures and anticipate

fresh ones. All too rapidly under such conditions will a gracious loving nature grow into a selfish fearful pessimist, for fears can only grow where self-love is present. He who has not killed out self-love fears to suffer; he who has not killed out ambition fears to fall; he who has neglected the vital principle of self-sacrifice in the service of others is anxious about results; he who has lost his hold on the spiritual lives in terror of the physical. Under such conditions life itself becomes a curse, and yet, although fears can bring about all these disasters, and must inevitably do so unless they are resisted, how few are they who recognise their danger!

Search out your fears, then, and discover where they lurk. They are not to be found in the affairs of life—surprising though this sounds—but they live in your attitude to the affairs of life. Some people have been scared to death by a hollowed out turnip with a candle stuck inside it to look like a ghost, other people use turnips for soup. It is the mental attitude that we adopt towards an object that determines whether it shall be a source of terror or a source of strength to us. Does your environment inspire you with fears? You will never free yourself from those fears by changing your environment, for you will carry over your old tendency to fear into your new circumstances. Truly it may be that your fears will change their faces, but they will frighten you just as much as before. *Once it is fully realised that Fear lives only within ourselves, we can begin to see how to set about conquering it.* We can catch no infection of Fear from others, unless we allow to exist within ourselves the kind of soil these weeds require. We can, however, do a tremendous amount of harm by carrying our fears about with us, for other people whom we meet may contain this soil, and catching the seeds of fear from us may be led into sad sorrow—a condition for which we ourselves will surely be held to be partly responsible. We must conquer Fear in ourselves, not only that we may help ourselves, but also that we may protect others. Furthermore, our own conquest of Fear will confer on us power

to help others also: courage is just as infectious as fear, more so indeed, for it is a positive quality, whereas Fear is a negative one.

II. THE CONQUEST OF FEAR.

Hitherto in our consideration of Fear we have thought of it as a universal emotion; we must now consider the universe in which Fear exists, study its setting in fact, so that we may get our perspective right. Viewed by itself, it appears to us as a threatening force which bars us back from that peace of mind which is a foretaste of the promised Peace of God. In so doing we may turn to the practical side of this question and consider how the conquest of this adversary is to be attained.

Now the idea of the whole universe (ourselves included) being the creation of a God of Love is so ancient that many of us have forgotten it, and even those who remember it dimly do not often consider the astounding outcome. "God is Love," we say, but we do not act in accordance with our saying because we do not believe it. We have got to recognise this fact that the universe was created by a God of Love, and that the Love designed both us and our circumstances—including Fear! If we believe in a God of Love we fear nothing, for all is of Him and therefore of Love. We should then trace everything back to this God of Love, and we should be able to rejoice in any manifestation of His will, whether coming to us in the form of success or disaster, of pleasure or pain. We should be occupied in trying to understand His will in sending us fears for example, and we should start out with the certain knowledge that even in our fears and failures there may be traced a Loving message to us from our Father. It is merely a matter of training ourselves to understand His messages; until we do this the world seems full of sorrow and disappointment, but the reason for it is only that our eyes are blind. We see "men as trees walking" because our sense of perspective is undeveloped, that is why we fear. Our first duty therefore is to develop our spiritual perspective.

We are taught that not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed by our Father, and that we are of more value than many sparrows. Why then do we yield to any fears about the circumstances of ourselves or our friends? We fear because we have not learnt to trust. Yet it is surely true that we who are slowly struggling upward into the closer walk with God are the objects of His most devoted care; He watches our progress, helps us in need, and would speak loving words of good cheer and encouragement if only we would listen for them.

Unfortunately for ourselves, however, we do not make a practice of listening for them, though we spend much time in the foolish practice of worrying about earthly matters. Anxiety as to our position in the world takes up so much of our time that we have next to none left for the consideration of our position in the Everlasting Arms. Moreover, if our lives are in the hands of God, we actually dare to usurp the prerogative of God every time we worry about our future, we insult His Love when we entertain anxiety, we deny Him whenever we surrender to fear. If we would devote a moment or two each day to reminding ourselves of the Ocean of Love in which we live, we should quickly realise how absolutely safe we are, we should live buoyant and happy lives.

Therefore the first and most important step in the conquest of Fear is this—Give a few moments each day, preferably in the early morning, to the consideration of the infinite love of God; meditate on it, bathe yourselves in it as in the ocean, and let it support you whilst you realise that you are not self-supporting but God-supported. Theoretical knowledge is not much good in this respect. We learn to swim in the sea by a practical discovery for ourselves of the fact that water supports us, and when we have made this discovery we lose our fear of sinking. In a precisely similar way our personal discovery of the reality of the supporting Power of God's Love takes away all Fear from our lives. "Commit thy way unto the Lord and put thy trust in Him" is a sound piece of advice that when followed

leads to stupendous results. Knowledge of the loving plan of God as regards ourselves slowly grows, reliance on Him becomes the rule for us and not the exception, the night of troubles and fears is illumined by the coming dawn, soon the Sun comes up over the horizon of our vision and we go forth happily to labour, drawing all our strength and energy from Him, devoted to His service, free from all care, rejoicing in His Love. As the fish swims freely in the ocean of water, so do we swim in the Ocean of Divine Love; as the bird wings its way triumphantly through the air, the air supporting it, even in the hollows of its bones is there air, even so do we, rising triumphantly like the lark, bathe ourselves within and without in the wondrous Love in which we live and move and have our being. Our lives become one grand sweet song of praise, and our human natures grow into harmony with the Divine.

Carry the memory of this morning meditation into the day. When troubles threaten you, recall it quickly to your consciousness, rest for a moment in the atmosphere of calm confidence that is thus engendered, and then quietly reconsider your position. Many a fear will disappear immediately under such treatment. All the smaller fears are seen in a truer perspective, and their littleness stands out clearly in contrast with the greatness of the Divine Love. Conquer these little fears repeatedly and you will find that you are already acquiring the power to deal with bigger ones. Now take a further step. Go out and hunt for these smaller fears, and kill them off, just for practice. Never mind if the bigger fears do defeat you at first, their turn will come later. When badly defeated don't be depressed, but get back as soon as circumstances permit into a quiet meditation on the Divine Love; then sally forth again to fight the smaller ones. You are not expected to conquer every time. Practise exercising yourselves against your fears as you would exercise your muscles against dumb-bells. Use light ones first that you can deal with easily, the bigger ones would only strain you. Later on, as your powers grow, you

will tackle the bigger ones also with equal confidence and success. Do not despise yourself for failing, do not blame yourself cruelly for having fears, do not take it for granted that you will not be able to conquer them in the end. Fears are only the dumb-bells of the growing spiritual consciousness. They are not evils to be rebuked, they are the steps on the ladder of progress. You do not blame the small boy who cannot at first lift the heavier dumb-bells, you tell him to start with the light ones, and then work up to the heavier ones gradually as his strength grows. Treat yourselves then with as much common-sense in these matters of the spirit as you would treat the small boy in the matter of muscles. "As above—so below"; here is an old truth in a new setting. Laugh at yourself when you fail, and rejoice in God when you triumph. Blame not yourself, lest in so doing you blame the God who made you. "Forget those things that are behind," your past fears and failures, and "Reach forth unto those things that are before," your growing powers, your growing knowledge of the Love of God.

This matter of forgetting the things that are behind requires rather more detailed attention, for there are two ways of forgetting, there is a wrong way and a right way. Do not try to crush out your fears by a forcible and deliberate forgetfulness. This course may apparently cause you to forget them for a time, but they are still in existence. You have driven them out of your outward consciousness perhaps, but they have taken refuge in your inward consciousness, the so-called subconsciousness. Later on they will emerge again at some inconvenient moment, changed probably in character, but stronger than before. Many a sufferer from nerve complaints to-day owes his present trouble to a past submerged fear. It is sometimes traceable to some fear in childhood which has been ridiculed and so driven inwards by misguided relatives or nurses. This danger is far more common than is often realised, and grave nerve defects may eventually result, requiring then very elaborate and

skilful treatment. Such results, of less degree spring from treating our present fears in such a way, and it may be taken for granted that we cannot dodge our fears; we may postpone dealing with them, but, if we do so, we shall later have to deal with our original fears with an added strength behind them. If you desire to have the added strength behind you, instead of behind them, then learn to deal with all occasions for fear at the time when they first appear, and deal with them as fully as possible. This will involve an enquiry every time into the reason why you are alarmed or anxious, and a careful and deep enquiry it must be. Fear comes sometimes because of lack of understanding. A sudden surprise may alarm, a change in the circumstances of our life frequently brings fear to untrained natures, but it is often the case that the change is found to be of good import, and fear changes to joy. So the fear was quite unnecessary, wasteful of energy and emotion, and thus a foolish and undignified procedure. If all occasions for fear are examined it will frequently be found that the fear fades away instantly as the knowledge comes to us. Strictly speaking, this is true of all fears, but it will take some time before we can reach this advanced state of understanding. Sometimes again fear is due to a weakness in our own nature. Some people nurse fears even more carefully than they cherish joys. Such bad habits must be broken off gradually. Fear not infrequently arises from an impaired health of body, emotions, or mind. Each of these conditions requires a different treatment to the others. A medicinal tonic will not cure a disordered mind for example. Secure, then, the right treatment for yourself; it may be that you need more rest, it may be that you need more work. It may be that you have not yet a full consciousness of the Divine Love around you. Devote then more time to a meditation on the Love of God. Remember, however, that each of these four treatments is applicable to its corresponding weakness, and the quickest improvement will only result when you apply the right

treatment and concentrate upon it. This does not mean, of course, that only one form of treatment is ever necessary in any one person. Sometimes we need one, sometimes another; recognise clearly each time where you need most help, and then secure it.

So, as you study your fears, you will gain knowledge both of their littleness, and of the greatness of your God-supported nature; as you gain this knowledge you will apply the necessary treatment; you will cure yourself of fears and gain in spiritual strength. As you gain this strength you will mount higher on the ladder of spiritual evolution; as you climb thus you will draw nearer to God, and He to you. Welcome Fear then, it is an Angel of God sent to call you nearer to Him.

There is then nothing evil in Fear, it only appears evil to you when your attitude to it is wrong. Conquer it, and it will be a most valuable servant; surrender to it, however, and all the world seems out of joint. This is not the fault of the world but of yourself.

Rejoice when your fears multiply, for indeed you are greatly blessed; God is sending you great opportunities. Don't let them crush you, they were not sent to you for this. They come to help you, and will do so if you use them aright. Climb over them, and each one as you climb over it lifts you nearer to your God.

As a general rule, if you find yourself afraid of doing something, do it. It frequently happens that some duty or some activity presents itself, and you do not quite like the look of it. Various good excuses for evading it flash into your mind; before you use them to evade the matter, ask yourself sternly—Am I afraid of this? Is fear the reason for my disliking it? If I were not afraid of doing it, should I have any good reason why I should not do it? Again and again you will find that the real underlying cause of your objection is Fear, and Fear alone. Of course you do not care to admit Fear to yourself, and so you start making excuses. Such an occasion as this is really a Divine invitation to you—

“Friend, come up higher.” Take up, then, the challenge courageously, and you will find that “As your day is, so shall your strength be.” You will experience an inrush of spiritual strength which will carry you on to a great triumph, leaving you a little stronger than before. Of this nature are the opportunities that come to us all, opportunities of witnessing publicly to the faith that is in us, by public speaking for example. Your lighted candle must not be hidden by cowardice, for the world is lying in darkness, waiting for your light. Great truths are coming to the birth of manifestation in these great days in which we live; let us offer our voices to the Master that He may use them to manifest Himself. Sit down and think out things that you are afraid of doing, then go out and do them; so shall you gain in strength and glorify God. You need not start off with the hardest things, unless they are thrust upon you. You need not try to brace yourself up to preaching Socialism in the House of Lords until you have conquered self-consciousness sufficiently to speak a word of help and kindness to a stranger in difficulties. Overcome your shyness in private life, and you will have gone far to overcome fears in public life. Conquer your self-consciousness by developing good consciousness. You will forget yourself and your own limitations when you realise and remember the illimitable Love of God, omnipotent in the world, omnipotent in yourself.

In the same way go out to conquer your fear of your personal enemies. Are you perhaps engaged in some mission undertaken for the sake of the Master, by command of the Master? Are you planning and working that He may be glorified, that His Love may be wider known, that the way may be prepared for His coming? Fear not the opposition you encounter. Do personal enemies rise up to oppose you? It may be that the Master has sent them to help you by strengthening your determination, by grounding you in untiring patience, by teaching you self-control and self-forgetfulness. It may be that the Master is using them for a higher

purpose than you think. It may be that the resultant of their opposition and your loyal service will be a far finer production than could result from your unaided efforts. Treat them then with forbearance, with love, with humility, but never with fear. Listen courteously to their views, be ready to recognise whatever seems good in them, take their advice when it appears to be sound. Let no personal dislike of them blind you to the fact that they may have something to teach you. If you cannot reconcile their attitude and their views with your mission, then fight them, but fight without hatred, for hatred is always born of Fear. Pray for your enemies at least as much as you pray for your friends, so shall you cease to hate, and so shall you cease to fear. Never fear that your mission will fail. The results of your labour may not be what you expected, but they are what God designed. Your hopes may seem to be drowned in failure, but since the battle is the Lord's, His victory is inevitable. You may not perceive it for a time, you cannot perceive it whilst you give place to Fear, but the uncertainty will vanish in the end, and the realisation of victory flood your soul. You will even learn to rejoice in what looks like failure. You must rejoice because you realise that what you call your mission is not your mission but God's mission, and its final results are perfectly safe in His hands. If you have fought without Fear you may rejoice without Fear, whatever be the outcome of the fight. You have not failed in trying to do your best, He will not fail in giving of His best.

We read that "he that feareth is not made perfect in love." "Love your enemies" then, and you will cease to fear them. Love is the opposite of Fear, and casts it out. Fear of man is inbred in the animal kingdom, and yet it is not uncommon for the mother love in animals to wax so strong that, in defence of her young, a mother will turn upon her pursuers, sacrificing her life fearlessly that her loved ones may escape. "Greater love hath no man than this," but we can do as much surely. Encourage in

yourselves the growth of such a love as this, practise sacrificing yourself in small matters, and you will not fail in great ones. Let the growing Love within you drive out the Fear; a man cannot serve two masters, and he who serves Love cannot bow the knee any more to Fear.

Fear in both man and animals springs from the instinct of self-preservation, but we have passed to a higher level now. No longer is self-protection the true law of our nature, our life and fortune is in the care of God; we exchange therefore self-interest for self-sacrifice.

III. CONCLUSION.

So, as this study of ours draws to a conclusion, we begin to see that Fear, a great paradox—both friend and foe—is charged with gifts for us of the Divine Love. We are offered the keys of the Mysteries that God has prepared for those who love Him, we are offered the possibility of developing ourselves so that we may enter in and claim the birthright that is ours as Sons of God. In the early days of our human evolution, whilst we were beginning to gather the necessary experiences, it was Fear who taught us many things, protected us from death and disaster by making us avoid dangers. When we were as burnt children, we dreaded the fire, and so came both knowledge and protection to us. In those days it was right for us to submit to Fear, and even now Fear still has a part to play in this respect until our moral nature is fully developed. It is necessary for all of us sometimes that we be kept from doing wrong by fear of the consequences. This stage is rapidly passing, we are advancing from a state of subjection to matter, and we are beginning to enter the realms of life in the Spirit. The work of Fear takes on a nobler shape. In the past it mastered us for our good, now it will teach us to conquer it for our good again. Submitting to its mastery we were enabled to explore the experiences of the world of matter; now conquering it we rise to explore the treasures of the world of spirit. We are growing up now, we need no longer protection, but we need stimulation to high adventure, and Fear

provides us with exercises designed to develop the necessary dauntless courage. It remains only for us to take full advantage of our opportunities. Our attitude to Fear must completely alter, that is the whole point at issue. We must realise that whenever we fear it is we who are at fault, we who have something amiss in ourselves, we to whom has come a chance of helping ourselves by winning a victory. Instead of an attitude of giving in to Fear, we boldly adopt an attitude of conquering Fear. So we advance along the road that leads back to God over the stepping-stones of our dead and conquered fears. If the sins of the past rise up again to trouble us, we will pay whatever debt is due, and then go on our way rejoicing. We will waste no time in regretting our lost opportunities, we will spend every minute in seizing our present ones.

Death has no terror for us, it calls us only to a still closer experience of that

Love which we have already tasted; it offers us the reunion with those whom we have loved, and who wait to welcome us on the other side, to lead us into a happier existence of greater opportunities for service of the Master, with more glorious powers to carry them out.

So we go from strength to strength, we grow daily more and more conscious of the Ocean of the Divine Love, which bears us gently onwards, giving us ever more scope for deeds of thankful service. We challenge our doubts and conquer them, greatly daring we thrust our way into the very presence of our great enemy—Fear, and we demand our right of way. Behold! it is conceded. Fear, dreaded by us in our ignorance, turns round to greet us. We feel the close embrace of the Everlasting Arms, we look into the Face of the Divine Love, Perfect Love casts out the last vestige of Fear, at last the spark is one with the Flame, and God is All in All.

BROTHERHOOD.

By many and several ways, and in divers manners, we press along the path to the self-same goal, brothers holding out hand to brother, and saying "Take comfort, for the help that I extend to thee is but an earnest of that which is all around thee. I whom thou canst see with thine earthbound sight am but one of a vast company, all pressing along in a great wave of souls, and carrying thy burden (which is thine illusory self) along with us, and thou dost also bear ours." So doth the soul, losing itself in the stream of Brotherhood, find it-Self, and help the progress of other brothers.

E. G. P.

Initiates and Pupils

By S. L. BENSUSAN

IT follows from the anxious interest puzzled humanity takes in all occult questions, that the genuine character of every revelation should stand beyond dispute. Doubt is fatal. The desire to pierce the veil, to develop some sense by which we shall extend our present faculties, is reasonable enough in all conscience, but it is undeniably associated with a tendency towards self-deception and to a departure from the standard of strict criticism by which we estimate the business of our daily life. All too often the wish is father to the thought and desire is the mother of conviction. I feel that all books claiming to tell of supernatural happenings must be scrutinised with the greatest care, and as far as in me lies I have given such care to a Work called "The Initiate," written by "His Pupil" and published by Routledge. There is a suggestion that the anonymous author is a writer of repute; frankly, the book itself does not bear out the suggestion. There are one or two pieces of spelling that might be expected from an author, with or without repute, who learned to spell on the other side of the Atlantic, and there is a bland reliance upon the reader's credulity. So I suspect that the Pupil hails from the land of Freedom and wooden nutmegs.

The Work is divided into two parts, the first being an account of the author's association with the Initiate, "whose identity is concealed under the name of Justin Moreward Haig," and the second being a story called "The Circuitous Journey," said to have been written under direct inspiration from the Initiate, who asked that the English should be "quaint, flowing, and poetical." It is unfortunate that, despite this "direct inspiration," the author was only able to give his English

the first of the qualities named. Those who might be tempted to claim that it flows would hardly say that they can detect even the beginnings of poetry in the flow.

Few will find it easy to avoid the thought that a work dealing, however guardedly, with the actions of a man possessing a marked extension of faculty should be of absorbing interest from every point of view. The narrative should present us with new and striking viewpoints, the method of expression should be above criticism and should appeal to learned and simple, lettered and illiterate by reason of absolute simplicity. What do we find? The Pupil is colloquial in speech, the Initiate speaks without distinction, he has the greatest difficulty in conveying his meanings clearly, often he fails altogether to do so. His greatest achievement is to be mildly unconventional, to expose the little weaknesses of the accepted social order, to reconcile small differences, to state what is going to happen to the social relations between two people. There is no conviction in this; we are compelled to draw upon our credulity until there is a large overdraft. The author warns the reader that his memory may have played him false on certain occasions and possibly he may have put into his friend's mouth words he never uttered. "Should this be so, then the fault is mine and not his," continues this egregious Pupil, satisfied apparently that nobody can ask for anything more than such a generous avowal. The reader is then left with two alternatives. He may presume that the author has failed to do justice to the Initiate, or that the latter had nothing very striking at his command in the way of thought or action. There is a third view, one that I have felt

compelled reluctantly to accept : it is that the book is not genuine, that it pretends to be what it is not.

There are some reflections upon sex in "The Initiate," in fact there are too many. Apparently the Initiate is of opinion that passion counts for more than marriage vows, and he tells a disgruntled gentleman who is thinking of divorce that he should seek nothing of the kind. The Initiate himself had an erring wife. He made the kindest arrangements to enable her to remain in error without inconvenience, and appears to commend the policy. It is hinted that the Initiate is of very great age, centuries old, though he always looks in the prime of life, so it may be that he knows he will survive erring wives, and takes comfort in the knowledge. On the other hand, if he has all the occult powers attributed to him by his admiring Pupil, how is it that the gift of vision that enables him to tell the future of others has no application to his own case? How, too, can one who radiates charm, who stands right above ordinary mortals, fail to hold a good woman's affection? The one lady referred to in the book as being devoted to him utterly is one of easy virtue upon whom he settled £200 a year that, after he has left the neighbourhood and deprived her of his consoling presence, she might sin no more. It is stated that this friend of his supported her family, but the whole episode leaves an unpleasant impression. Certainly it does not ring true; in no case is it clean. The writer comes dangerously near to making an appeal to perverted sentimentality. There is something equally offensive in the story written under "inspiration." The hero in search of higher knowledge goes away with a mistress. His carnal longings, roused it is suggested by the return of youthful vigour consequent upon his studies, are openly discussed, permitted by his teacher and satisfied. I cannot believe that a book dealing with such themes in such fashion is the work of a higher mind. It suggests a mind that stands in need of medicine.

For ten years, we are assured, Initiate and Pupil were on friendliest terms and

then the former decided to go elsewhere, no address being given. He appears to have wasted a great deal of time while in the company of his Pupil, but declares towards the end that there is none to spare for writing, so he and other Brothers of Humanity are going to help the Pupil with "an occult story of a particular nature." A little later he "precipitates" a farewell letter and a red rose on to the Pupil's pillow through a locked door, though there is no valid reason why the simpler service of the postman should not have been invoked, and the P.S. to the letter is as follows: "Do not fail to write that occult story, and I, on my part, shall not fail to impress on you the necessary ideas." "True it is," writes our author in an "Explanatory" to his tale, "I may in some cases unwittingly have distorted certain of those ideas and so brought them through incorrectly, but should this be, then I alone am to blame." This confession made, the author plunges into the midst of his high romance, weaving it in wonderful English that he seems to have found in Wardour Street. One is left with the uneasy feeling that either the Initiate and his friends are lacking in a literary sense or that their pupil misunderstood the messages. Here is a sentence taken at random: "Then that old mendicant smiled with a sapient smile, and said, 'O Innocent One! yet tinctured with a drop of Wisdom! Only he who renounces without effort has truly renounced at all; for to refrain from that which the mind still desires is to walk on the edge of a precipice, for ever in the danger of falling into the abyss; and what were the use of a shattered corpse to those who would impart knowledge; for just as a corpse cannot hear, being deaf to all sound, so he who is gnawed by the worms of desire cannot hear either, being deaf to all Wisdom' . . . 'And now reflect and delve into the recesses of your memory,' " etc., etc. What can be said for writing of this kind? Who will dare to claim for it even the smallest measure of inspiration. It is not the worst, there are pages of the same silly, tortuous stuff. Incidentally the Initiate knew nothing about natural

history for he permits his pupil—writing under “inspiration”—to refer to a goose more than once as “he.” Strange that neither Initiate nor Pupil knew that the male goose is called a gander.

Perhaps the Initiate is at fault; there is a sentence, presumably his *ipsissima verba*, in the earlier part of the book, and it runs as follows: “Well, when it is a matter of curing souls one is often constrained to advise, so to speak, a thing which tastes nasty, to the outside world; the world, in fact, is like a child let loose in a herbalist’s shop—tasting with its undiscerning mind each herb and pronouncing it good or bad according to its sweetness or bitterness!” I do not know how an Initiate may be supposed to speak, I have never been privileged to meet one, but I do not think that he would speak in this fashion. Certainly no educated gentleman would do so, nor would any distinguished writer, as it is suggested the Pupil really is, spell the verb “practise” as though it were a noun or write of somebody’s “state of shut-in-ness.” These things are not done, and there are moments when Mrs. Malaprop would toil painfully behind Initiate and Pupil, envying the easy fashion in which they effect their “derangement of epitaphs.” From the standpoint of His Majesty’s English there is, in truth, very little to choose between them.

But why, it may be asked, should one waste time upon a book that, judged by all the consideration that can be applied, fails altogether not only to reveal the hallmark of a genuine work, but even to suggest that the writer’s standard of ethics is above serious criticism. Why give further publicity to something that, however regretfully one regards as unworthy, as an attempt in short to impose upon the credulous? The reason is simple and may be found sufficing. There is a great deal of pseudo-psychic literature going the rounds to-day, and it seems to me that any work of this kind ought to be considered carefully by a magazine like this, and if in the honest opinion of those who examine it the work is not genuine, that opinion should be

stated. This is the more necessary because the book under examination here has reached a second edition, a fact that makes one recall regretfully Thomas Carlyle’s comment upon the majority of those who “are born into this world alive.”

Students of the Occult as interpreted by writers like Mrs. Besant, Mr. A. P. Sinnett and others know that it is not claimed for men that they can “work miracles,” but rather that they can extend their faculties beyond the present stage of development by living lives that are in harmony with the Universal Life of which each individual is a part, and so fitting themselves to receive the extension of faculty that they desire. There is nothing here that can be deemed subversive of any religion or of any code of morality, nothing that can leave humanity worse than it is, while there is much in the mere acceptance of great teaching that ennobles, strengthens, and refines. Strong in the beliefs that leading teachers of Occultism have spread, men learn to become captains of their soul and masters of their fate. Unfortunately any consideration of facts lying beyond the normal ken is attended by certain dangers. There are countless charlatans waiting for and thriving upon the unwary, there are thousands who fail to realise that if we would house even a fragment of the higher knowledge, we must sweep and garnish our minds and make them fit to receive it. To many who are quite genuine in their curiosity, the necessity for hard work in order to reach the goal is repellent, they welcome short cuts and they develop a measure of credulity that would prove ruinous if applied to the ordinary affairs of life. And where there is credulity, there of a certainty the charlatans will be gathered together.

There will be many who will believe that the Initiate called Justin Moreward Haig lives, and that he inspired the rubbish put forward under the title of “The Circuitous Journey.” They will even believe that his Pupil is a man of letters who is telling an honest, unaffected story. They will be prepared to find in a

shoddy allegory a tale that is compact of truth and beauty. I can but suggest that those who are prepared to take that view are consciously or unconsciously deceiving themselves, that they are the victims of auto-suggestion, or that they have learned to attach an altogether extravagant value to the printed word. When an Initiate has a message for delivery to the world in the form of fiction, we may rest assured that it will be delivered in literary form that is above rather than below the average. When an Initiate allows something of his life-work to be revealed it will surely be found ennobling, arresting, a stimulus to high endeavour. There will be no appeals to false sentiment, slipshod thinking or erotic tendencies, no effort to give to truism and platitude a suggestion of novelty. We shall find simplicity in expression and no straining after effects that evade the writer time after time. Above all we shall not find sex questions treated quite unhealthily and given an unduly prominent place whenever and wherever such a place can be found.

Sincerity reveals itself in the written as in the spoken word. Some of the most beautiful letters I have ever read in my life were written on the leaves torn out of an exercise book by one whose education ended before it was well begun. They were beautiful because they came straight from the heart without one thought for form or spelling; they were an expression of the soul in all its unaffected simplicity; they stood for that which is primitive, pure, and enduring. Let it be granted that the trained writer can always make the most enduring appeal, the fact remains that the quality of what is said must count for more than the method of saying it. If the "Pupil" had written without affectation, if the Initiate had been able to state great truths simply, there would have been every justification for a belief and a hope that this book might have had genuine value.

It is to be hoped that readers will read most critically all works that pretend to deal with the supernormal, for surely it is better for us to accept the limitations that beset us now than endeavour to extend

our knowledge by listening to those who depend for their success upon our credulity. I picked up "The Initiate" with every disposition to take it seriously, and with every wish to be quite fair even if I could not be quite convinced. Gradually I saw in my mind's eye the historic tea-party in Kingsgate Street, Holborn, when Mr. Sairey Gamp entertained Mrs. Betsy Prig, and there came the irresistible impulse to treat Mr. Justin Moreward Haig as Mrs. Prig treated Mrs. Harris. "Bother Mrs. Harris," said Mrs. Betsy Prig, "I don't believe there's no sech a person." And now I have finished with Initiate and Pupil and hope very soon to forget both.

A question of some importance arises out of literature that deals with the supernormal and with extension of faculty. There is a very large audience for it, and the most of those who compose the audience start out with a certain tendency towards self-deception already noted and founded upon the desire to obtain some smattering of the higher knowledge. It is important that such people should be safeguarded, and to this end I would like to see all books of the kind referred to submitted to the judgment of a committee of experts whose verdict as far as the serious student is concerned would be final. Books that survived such scrutiny would be known for work that can command confidence; books that could not satisfy the experts would stand, if not condemned, at least under suspicion. I lay no claim to any of the qualities required, my only standard of judgment is the literary one, strengthened by five and twenty years or so of book reviewing and the reading by which one endeavours to justify criticism. It is because I would like to find better judgments than my own at work on matters of the greatest importance to the thinking section of the reading public that I put this suggestion forward. There is something to be said for it on all grounds. Readers look to the writer, but those readers stand in need of guidance and protection lest they imagine vain things. The writer depends upon readers, and he would find them in plenty

if the best judges and most sober students of Occultism could discover in his message that which convinced them that it is well-founded and calculated to help. One piece of work rooted in fraud and deception may ruin the chances of a dozen that are perfectly honest, and there can be no doubt that most people who discover that they have been deceived develop intolerance as a means of self-defence. "If a man plays me false once, I cry shame on him; if he plays me false a second time, I cry shame on myself." These lines from a play that enjoyed a great popularity some years ago sum up the position quite fairly as we find it in our daily life.

Those of us who believe firmly that we have not approached the boundaries of

ascertainable knowledge, who hold that the near future is full of beauty and of promise, and that the turmoil around us to-day is the birth-pangs of a new era, may be pardoned if we are intolerant of every form of dishonesty that stands between man and his goal. Such dishonesty may not be deliberate, excess of enthusiasm may account for a belief that the end justifies the means, but whatever the cause the result is deplorable. Mr. Sludge, who provided Robert Browning with such scathing lines, has found many successors, and some of them have added the written word to the various means of profitable deception that are discoverable to-day. Against such persons the reader should be properly protected.

"YOUTH ON PARNASSUS."

When but a youth ('twas not so long ago)
 With hope unchecked, a strange compelling fire
 Burning within (as all who do aspire),
 I vowed to climb a mountain crowned with snow
 I took a few fast fevered steps, when lo!
 Swoops down a dank, grey fog. My weak desire
 Is satisfied, and seeing no summit higher
 Than mine, with easy pride, I homeward go.

So now, but young in flights of poesy,
 I wend my dizzying way to some small height;
 And blinded (who as youth so blind can be?)
 By mine own splendour, oh, with what delight
 I search in vain for loftier peaks around!
 But see them not—until I reach the ground.

JOHN BATEMAN

The Religion of the Man in the Street

By E. VINCENT HAYES

THE study of recognised religions, existing either entirely in the past, or still living to-day from the past, occupies quite a considerable amount of attention from members of the Theosophical Society, the Order of the Star in the East, and kindred associations. But too often a far more important religion is overlooked; a religion of modern birth, undogmatic, vague, perhaps contradictory, like all religions doubtless were at their inception. It is the religion of the man—the ordinary, thinking, artistically inclined man—of our own day, not so much of the middle class, as of the slowly awaking proletariat in all civilised lands. I am afraid I must use the term “man” in its sexual sense rather than in its general meaning as embracing two halves of humanity. It may cause indignation that I should think it necessary to do so, but I am quite convinced in my own mind that there are only two vital religions in the world: the religion of the man, and the religion of the woman, and they do not touch—on this plane at any rate.

As a man, and as an adherent of that ever-growing religion of the man in the street, I propose to offer to students amongst us some of the salient features of the faith which, finally, will gather in all the male men of the civilised globe. Let those features be studied, argued upon, denied, softened, as you will; you will find the study worth while, and, I say it with all respect to the older faiths, more profitable than the close scrutiny of Buddhism, Christianity or the Myths of Egypt. For some of us, at least, have gained the vision that says that, whatever the faith of the future

may be, it will not be a rehash of the ancient creeds; that, moved as the man in the street will be, by the highly philosophical conception of Life's continuity as held by Buddhism, he will never become a Buddhist. That, though the religion, the cult of strength and beauty, as known to the Ancient Greeks, will again fire his soul, so that his very athletic games shall be, as they were in glorious Athens, a form of worship and of praise, he will never set up again the Old Gods, for all Their Superb Manhood, nor quite believe the myths and legends which formed the basis of the Mysteries. To watch, then, a new faith forming before our eyes, a faith which has not yet crystallised round a personality or a definite dogmatism; to criticise it, if you can; to embellish it, if you know how; to destroy it, if we think it harmful—surely that should appeal especially to those who hope for a Personality, or a succession of Personalities who will set the world right again and give it another spin round its appointed path.

I am an adherent of this faith which I propose to outline, as far as outline of a religion so shadowy is possible. But I am not simply giving my own views, ascribing them falsely to a number of human beings, vaguely named “men in the street.” A long acquaintance with men in varying modes of life, in peace and in war, in office and in workshop, in friendship and in passing fellowship, has convinced me that I shall be speaking, in this brief essay, for a multitude of men, who, though often inarticulate so far as the general public are concerned, have yet evolved a new faith, a new outlook upon life and what may lie beyond life as humans know it. The

faith may be false—I, naturally, do not think so—but it is potent; masculine men are subscribing to it every day not by set ceremonial, but by half unconscious bent of mind; and should a Great Man come, He will have to deal with it, and, I hope, become its inspiration. If He cannot, or He does not, then whatever faith He may found will be, as so many faiths are, the creeds of women, leaving men hostile or at least indifferent. For, can any clear-eyed individual deny that to-day religion depends almost entirely for its life upon women? Can it be seriously challenged that the few men who do wander into church or chapel, are there, either because their masculinity is by no means sharply defined, or because they are towed there by lady relatives, whose feelings of propriety the men are anxious not to upset? Here and there you will find an exception: a man's meeting or service presided over by a cleric of more virile character. Yet such are hardly exceptions, for the simple reason that very often the message given from such pulpits is the very message of the new faith I am setting out to define. Of course, there is the old threadbare explanation; men are naturally more materialistic than women; woman's intuitions are finer, more spiritual; she is purer, more devotional, more responsive to the higher emotions. The reverse is too often the cause. Roman Catholicism appeals to women not because of its rigid asceticism and mysticism, but through its external worship. Beautiful, with the magic that only Rome knows how to use, the worship of the Catholic Church is only materialism carried to its highest point, and it is not the arid theologian or the dogmatic priest who has made Catholicism what it is: it is the artists of every form of art who have poured out their treasures into her lap. And, if you take the newer creeds, say Spiritualism, it is the material rather than the spiritual which triumphs in the soul of a woman, who cannot let her dead die, enshrining them in her memory, but wants some voice, some touch, some sight from the Unrent Veil

of Death. And women, not men, are the chief votaries of the "fancy faiths" of to-day.

Where the man in the street has given his adherence to the new faith of men—may I call it, Masculine Mysticism?—what is likely to be his attitude to the Problem of God? He will reject, quite definitely, any knowledge of God except through Nature. He will not limit Nature to what his senses reveal to him, but he will resolutely refuse to play with theories about an extended Nature or a subtler Nature of which he is not cognisant. It may be there; argument may even win from him the admission that it probably is there, but, having conceded that, he will not be entangled into building up airy structures, when he is still doubtful of the foundation stone. Nature appears to him as a most marvellous veiling of the Divine and, in effect, he says: "Since the Divine has given me to see but one veil, I must rest content with that, and through that veil see the Eternal Beauty." Salomé may have seven veils as in the play, but if it should take her all the time she is on the stage to remove one, it is no use speculating on when she is likely to cast off the other six. And the Masculine Mystic will say to the specious philosopher, who, while admitting this refined agnosticism, tries to lead away from it to Gnostic speculation, merely altering the term "Blessed Trinity" to the "Three Logoi": "Your hair-splitting upon things that do not matter—for, surely if they mattered, we should have been given faculties to understand them—fails to interest me. I simply cannot connect them with life at any point, even allowing you are right." And after all, it is Life that the man is seeking to understand, feeling that to go into some other realm of Life, after he has shed his mortal body, without having made an effort to realise what Life is down here, does not seem likely to make for a better appreciation there. So it is Life and Nature which such a man wants to understand, and revelations on the Being of God, whether created by

occultists or theologians, leave him very cold. Yet we shall err considerably if we think, from this, that he is irreligious; he is no more irreligious than the Southern Buddhist, with whose philosophy on God he will largely identify himself. So with words, that mislead more than they help, the man of whom I am writing will have no patience. Vain to tell him that the word "God" no longer means what orthodoxy once thought it meant; he does not want a word which, whenever he uses it, conveys to others the belief that he is a Theist. And so we shall rarely find such a man using the term "God," and if we ask him why, he will sooner pass for an atheist in our mind—which he is not—than allow us to imagine that he accepts any creed save what Nature tells him—Nature outside him as well as within. He is a Pantheist and, like all genuine Pantheists, he would sooner be a Polytheist than a Theist. In some cases he will indeed admit the existence of Super-human Intelligences in charge of the various departments of Nature, but such a man will be the esotericist of his creed; the bulk of the adherents of the new faith will not follow him. For the new faith will have its Secret Ideas, as all other religions have had, and those who are initiated into them will very carefully guard them, not because of a sense of superior spirituality, but because . . . well, that is part of the Secret.

Out of the idea of a personal, extra-cosmic Deity grow two other ideas; prayer as a distinct supplication for favour or mercy, and sin conceived as "an offence against Almighty God." Those two ideas will vanish with the rejection of Theism. They have never yet been presented in a logical way to the intelligent mind, and they never can, for they are in essence illogical. The mystically minded man in the street feels that prayer can never be justified on philosophical grounds. It either interferes with the workings of Nature, or it does not. He cannot believe the former and the other alternative renders prayer

useless, perhaps even harmful. With the rejection of prayer he will substitute something—Worship. Possibly he may remember that Jesus, at the most critical moment of his life, is said to have asked for nothing, only to have given thanks. That will be his attitude. He will not sing the *Te Deum Laudamus*, accompanied with incense and lighted tapers. In thanks for the body Nature has given him, he will use that body well, he will make it strong, clean, and healthy. It will be in the gymnasium, as in Ancient Greece, that he will render thanks to whatever powers there be for the Glory of his manhood, and he will be most keen to see that the sacrilege in fair human flesh and strength, which up to now religion has seemed powerless to prevent, ceases. The charge of Phallicism, that dread of prudish minds, may be brought against his faith; for sex, the glory of sex, its mystery and its ever-recurring miracle, must assume a religious aspect in his mind. He will thank Nature for her strange gift by submitting his passions to her cool and temperate hand, and by honouring woman as she has never been honoured since the days of Rama's Empire; Rama, the great type of all manly men. He will thank Nature for her subtle, elusive gift of intelligence and mind by a constant training, not the set, rather bourgeois five or ten minutes "meditation" laid down in some books, but by a constant recollection of mind, and a thrill as he reads what genius has woven into fragrant cadences of magical words. And out of the splendid moments of the soul, set free to splendour in some heroic hour, he will find a true ecstasy.

And sin will have lost its theological meaning. As an offence, not against "Almighty God" but as against his brother man, will he regard it, and judge it, finding his only absolution in its cessation.

And the "hereafter"? Well, he is vaguely hopeful at all times, almost—certain sometimes. But the naked imbecilities of the séance fill him with disgust and nausea. Even if something

really sublime were to come to him from the mediumistic trance, he would still hesitate to accept the theory that a spirit had communicated it. For the human mind has wonderful powers, and quite a lot of them are still unexplored. But he is faced, not with beautiful utterances, but horrible banalities, such as could only appeal to a materialistic mind, not far removed from the primitive savage, who lays food and little knick-knacks by the side of his dead. He wants to be fair and unbiassed. He goes to a séance. It is not only pathetic; it is bathetic. A friend says, "Oh, but there are séances—and séances." He has some books handed him, written by the best authorities. One tells him that the spirits wear clothes—pyjamas, camisoles, and the like. An apparently sane person, like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, tells him that the spirits do not wear clothes because they suffer from cold, but because they suffer from modesty. It is an unpleasant thing to suffer from, even on the physical plane, and is the cause of more vice than any other factor—but on the astral plane, where surely the only possible justification for prudery cannot exist! The man in the street feels that Spiritualism may have, and undoubtedly does have a message for women; it cannot find him its unthinking, humour-lacking devotee. Even on the more serious side, the séance fails him. In "Psychic Hints of a Former Life," a title which inevitably attracts him, he discovers that the authoress, Miss Katherine Bates, gives certain statements said to have been made by Good Queen Bess. The Illustrious Queen is credited by Froude with being a champion "leg-puller" during her life below, and she appears not to have improved in the higher spheres. She says that one of her worst enemies was Cardinal Wolsey, and she apparently thought that devotees of the Séance-Cult would hardly be historians. So the fact that the great Cardinal died some years before the Virgin-Queen was born seems to have been overlooked by the spiritual entity of Anne Boleyn's daughter. So, very

gently, the man puts all that on one side; he does not want to waste time over it, for he has formed, or is forming, a much more spiritual conception of the Continuity of Life.

Towards the Higher Occultism, the thoughtful man in the street will take a far more sympathetic view. The intellectual status of most of its leading exponents will help him to do this. He will not accept all the theories of Madame Blavatsky, A. P. Sinnett, Annie Besant, and Dr. Steiner, but the strength of their writings he cannot fail to appreciate. And since already the miracle of Nature will have touched him with the joy of its forthcoming and the sad sweetness of its indrawing, the Way of Initiation, outlined by the German Theosophist, must inevitably attract him, leading him, perhaps, further than he ever thought to go. He will regret, maybe, such books as "Thought-Forms" and "Man Visible and Invisible." He will feel that there is a dangerous re-action to Christian orthodoxy in the latest pronouncements of Mr. Sinnett, where he states that a certain Superhuman Being has, as his allotted task, the infliction of pain on unhappy mortals whose sins were rather flagrant when they dwelt on this terrestrial globe. But the main theses of modern Theosophy, in its best form, will exercise an ever-increasing power over him, even when he does not know that it is Theosophy. Reincarnation, as it appealed to the most acute and the most spiritual of Indian Sages, will appeal to him. For, after all, whether you admit the existence of a Persistent Ego or not, you have to conform to some notion of Reincarnation, as evidenced by the Southern Buddhists. Say there is no individual soul, and can you, if you are philosophical, escape Arnold Bennett's fine epitaph on the death of John Stanway in his novel, *Leonora*. "John's body lay suddenly deserted and residual; that deceitful brain, and that lying tongue, and that murderous hand had already begun to decay; and the informing fragment of eternal and universal energy was gone to its next manifestation

and its next task, unconscious, irresponsible, and unchanged." Yes, something goes out of the dead frame to carry on the purpose of Life, itself a fragment of life, whether it be coloured or uncoloured by the doings of the body it lately occupied. That something manifests again—and again—and again. . . . That is Reincarnation; you can accept the *Bhagavad Gita* with no more philosophy than that. For, after all, may not the Dweller in the Body be only that "fragment of eternal and universal energy?" It will not be hard for our man in the street to pass from Unconscious Reincarnation to Karmic Rebirth, for he must, sooner or later, ask himself why had John Stanway a deceitful brain, or a lying tongue, or a murderous hand, while his wife, Leonora, informed in just the same way by a fragment of irresponsible energy, was so great a contrast? Why, unless the spark of spirit in John Stanway was coloured by previous existences along the lines of deceit, falsehood, and hate? But there the man in the street will pause. It is but a theory, helpful, clarifying, perhaps, but fatal if allowed to become a dogma, part of the "faith once delivered." Worse than fatal, if he allows the idea of Karma to be materialised, as too many are materialising it to-day, trying complacently to reconcile themselves to all the social inequalities, injustices and iniquities by the cry: "Oh, it is the Karma of previous lives." Karma is far too subtle and spiritual a conception to be so degraded. I am not poor to-day because in some earlier life in Rome or Carthage I lived the life of a libertine. That child is not diseased because its Ego committed some act of cruelty in a bygone existence. If that were so, why do animals, who, according to the best teaching, have no Ego to reincarnate, suffer, lack both food and friendship? The man in the street is certain you cannot explain inequalities and agonies along that line; such a theory may appeal to the Indian peasant; the cultured man has grown beyond it. And it is not the change of one doctrine

for another which necessarily makes you more spiritual; it is the way you look at whatever doctrine is put before you. I think I can say that, robbed of its particular idiom, the Buddhist school of thought will touch most nearly the philosophy concerning the soul to which the man in the street will tend more and more as time goes on, and it may be that another Buddha, arising as Buddhas are said to arise when the world needs them, shall find among such men his best disciples.

For that determined insistence on making the present life tolerable, happy, progressive, which seems to have been so conspicuous a feature in Gautama's doctrine, is the very crux of the modern man's belief. That serene confidence in Knowledge which Buddha had, even asking his followers not to accept what he taught them save as confirmed by Knowledge, appeals strongly to the modern man, so strongly that he is willing to wait for Science, and not outrun her, as some visionaries do. A masculine conception of Justice rather than a feminine outgushing of emotional love guides his attitude towards his fellow men. He wants no more poverty, not because he is so fond of humanity, but because poverty is obviously unjust. He is on the side of a sane theory of sex-relationship, not led there by sentimental vapouring, but by such clear, manly, unanswerable writings as those of Dr. Forel, as they are epitomised in that little book issued by the New Age Press, "Sexual Ethics." He recognises that the definition in that booklet of sexual ethics is, at present, unanswerable—that a sexual act, in itself, is neither moral nor immoral, it is unmoral; that only as it affects adversely either of the parties concerned, or a third party, brought into being as its result, can it be termed immoral. And that creates a wonderful change in outlook on such questions as divorce, prostitution, birth-control and the like; such a marvellous change that the painfully laboured arguments against a sane measure of divorce, for instance, only create impatience at

the mental state which evokes them. The daily worship of such a man is perpetual and very magical for renewing the youth of body and soul. All water is holy, not the basinful blessed by a priest. And to bathe in this holy water, in the great sea or the smaller lake or the restricted family bath, is a daily baptism to our masculine mystic. To live in the sunshine, when he can; to exercise, by pleasurable means, his body. To read the world's best books; to find reverberating through the chambers of his mind the lofty thoughts of great philosophers, poets and dreamers; to sit at the feet of Socrates, and, not without a thrill, hear him as he calmly faces death; to pass into the austere temple where Marcus Aurelius speaks, a man to men; to stand at Krishna's side in the war chariot, hearing the Yogic message, which was generally too lofty for women's ears, and to know that if one could cultivate within oneself the qualities set out in the sixteenth chapter of the Gita, one would indeed be a Man. These are some of the spiritual methods of development used by the Man-Mystic. Whither they lead, he does not know; he is content to wait. But one thing he will not do: he will not say they have led him where they have not, nor will he surrender his own judgment to those who claim to have outstripped him. He

will strive to make the world anew—in his own way and by his own methods, and if superior persons tell him his way is wrong, and that they have a wider wisdom, enabling them, entitling them to guide him, his answer can only be: "I need something more than your unsupported word. I have been given this world to mould and remould, if necessary. If, as you say, destiny will smash my work to pieces, since it has been woven out of my ignorance, let it be so. I can, and will say, to destiny: "You may have prevented the success, but you could not prevent the effort." The intelligent man in the street will face life with that superb courage, conscious of his limitations—painfully conscious at times—but still unready to accept the bare word of those who claim to have transcended those limitations, and to be, therefore, alone fit to rule. But where the idealist speaks, claiming no authority save as the ordinary mind responds to the ideal, there you will find our future man in the street eager to listen. Let the idealist wear what form he likes, be he Eastern or Western, he will gain the plain man's regard; for more than ever is the ordinary man becoming infected with the notion that there are neither Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Indians nor Turks; there are just human beings.

Co-ordination

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

(The two short essays by Mr. Comfort, which appeared in our August issue, were so much appreciated by our readers that we are glad to be able to publish another this month.—ED.)

HOW much do you want this thing, Co-ordination? It means to be born again, but where we are now, birth means pain. The pain has to do not with the new, but with the death of the old that formed it matrix. The old case falls away. "The King is dead: Long live the King" If you want this thing enough you can have it, but courage and stamina are required. You are called to be a gamester; you must stake all and stand by, losing with grace all that the world holds to. You lose the old; you change all your outer ways, because they are not the ways of your Genius. By your Genius, I mean the inimitable You, underneath and back of all, the Immortal.

You must want this thing more than you want ease, more than health, wealth or any earthly establishment. You must want it more than you want earth-love. All that you are in the world must bow before it; place, power and all things men see in you to idealize. At first, you give up grudgingly, one by one, the things that detain you in the world and in the lesser self—your habits, appetites, manners, faults. Each time, at first, when you make a little renunciation, you think that the Master surely must come and take you in His arms at once. But thicker and faster are called forth your renunciations, as you approach the Foothills on the Road. Days of your quickening stride; gray days for the human heart. You find obliquities in your thought and action you did not dream of; cruelties and lusts, subtleties and sophistries and softenings of character that require long, steady, patient work—above all *sincere* work. You find these outer horrors of the

petty self in the light that is growing within. One in the world of self loves the self; is filled and satisfied with world-ways, self-ways. The Lord Gautama, in his own Light, even as a youth, found everything wrong with the world and himself, when first looking upon sickness, old age and death. After many days you have the grim satisfaction, at least, that you can now change in a day more than you could formerly change in a month; change meaning transmutation, death of the old and birth of the new. You now realize that to change is the whole work; that consciously to change is transmutation, a mystic office; that development means change or death—the falling away of the old that the new may be released.

You realize that you need more vitality to endure the steady and rapid process of lesser deaths which are taking place in your body. Your health improves, because you have put away many of the little things that keep up a steady drain on your vitality; in fact, really on the Road, you will find that your health is being powerfully managed from within, the processes of regeneration giving you extraordinary endurance in certain ways; but daily for a time you use up all this surplus strength, because the deaths of the old follow fast and follow faster.

There is not only the shock of battle, but there is the cleansing of the battlefield afterward. One by one your old thoughts and feelings are stricken with death—faster and more ruthlessly, until it seems that your fingers are being hammered from the last ledge. Then these old thoughts and feelings have to be disintegrated, broken up for the nurture of the new body, the poison eliminated, the system cleansed. All the little

renunciations are said to form the Passion ; then comes Crucifixion, different in each breast. This means giving up the one great thing—to some, it is house, lands and friends ; to others, the craving for political or intellectual dominion over men ; to others, caste, or aristocracy of mind ; to others, the possessive love of children ; to many, it is the earth-love of the mate. In any case, it is the one thing you have kept, saying, "This surely belongs to me. It is Me It can't mean that this must go, too."

The fact that you hold to it last and hardest is the measure of the importance of its passing. Do you not see that all the old is now clinging desperately to it, all your old thoughts and feelings, all the old life that prevents the new from growth? It is the one thing that keeps the balance of power in the mortal, preventing the deliverance of the Immortal from within.

Co-ordination is yours if you want it enough. You must want it more than anything here. You must approach your Genius, palms up, full of faith, staking every substance of earth upon your faith that what He has is better for you than anything, of any nature whatsoever, that the world can offer—a better relation to the world even, a lovelier relation to friends and children, a fairer love than you have ever known as a mortal. You must hold to this, against all the advisers of the world, even those who hint that your mind is failing ; against the smash of material fortune and the degrading of your every living ideal : you may even be called to watch the health of your body disrupted and the dearer part of your self put from you in shadows and monstrous illusions. In the midst of this Passion and Crucifixion, you must finally see that nothing of the world or the petty self is fit to stay ; not even that which you have called love, even though you have thought yourself a great lover and have given much to that. You come to your Soul with bowed head, empty, having failed, having found all life intolerable.

On the way to this point, possibly through many incarnations, you have

taken half-measures. Look about you now in the world, even in the world of religion, you will find myriads giving a little, but holding much ; even giving much and keeping perhaps only the last furious grip upon planetary life, building the cross upon which the lower self must die. You will even find many religious documents that do not urge the complete surrender of self ; or which try to give you the first lessons in joy, before you are half through the grades of pain ; the result of which cannot be other than a still or untimely birth. You will find the very *moral* element of the world to-day, counting such measures, as told in this letter, fanatical ; you will find a system of placations vast as the solar system but the inexorable remains, if you want something for your body more than you want Enlightenment ; if you prefer to give your mind right of way over certain departments of being, instead of rendering all—utterly—to Basic Being, you are still divided, not ready to become One.

Yet the passage is not all one of misery. There is a sense of well-being on the Road. The time comes when you find it easier to go on and up than to stay ; time when all voices here say Stay, but your Soul says Stay Not. You have tried to stay—and felt the breath of the inner life slacken, the pulse of the Soul diminish. That is the only pain there is to one who has felt the beneficence of Awakening ; to one who has felt, at all, the presence of the Soul in the human mind and body ! In the last days of the death of the old, the pain is constant, yet you know that it is the pain that frees the new life. You do not want comfort for the old then ; no life-giving solution to prolong the misery of the old body that holds so hard against death. Before this, many times, you have brought it back to life—taking earth-love in your arms once more, or turning to the temporal again to assuage the pain of days. Myriad times you have brought the old back to life through such a failure. This amounts to failure mystically ; any placation of the old comes to mean a failure in ordeal. But even these lessons pass, when you come

into that spiritual strength which realizes pain and pleasure of the molecular body to be but opposites of the same thing. Neither suffices to one who has felt the Knower in his mind, the Lover in his heart of flesh, and the Doer heroic and miraculous in the human hand. . . . Indeed, in these last days, one becomes alarmed if the pain stops, lest the processes of birth are being impeded. One learns to stay in the upper room of Being, apart from the pleasure or pain of the body.

Yes, there is a sense of well-being, and there is invincible help. When one succeeds in turning over the mind-will—the little instrument of “I will” and “I won’t,” to the Doer who “Does” or “Does not” without intensity or protestation or advertisement; when one realizes that

he can change in a night’s meditation a habit of the years with little or no inconvenience; or rise to any earthly occasion without flush or fury or a clenched muscle anywhere; when one learns that he may take any human problem or puzzle to the Knower, and if straight and sincere and eager enough, the perfect answer is for him—a forever, changeless answer, having nothing to do with separate concepts or opinions of the mind, operating in the realm of change, but in no way affected by materials; above all, when one realises that the glorious solvent of all misery and pain is his, for his straight rendering of allegiance to the Lover within—such a man moves, not as one without hope, even in the midst of stresses and ordeals, the least of which is supposed to break the human heart.

THE QUESTING SOUL.

The road is dark and thornset,
Far distant is the goal;
Is there never a ray to lighten the way
Of the questing human soul?

Alone from its birth and for ever
It fares on its endless quest,
For no other can share the load it must bear,
No other can bring it rest!

Alone it must fight and battle,
Alone it must grasp the prize
If it merge from the fray a victor some day,
Or, still fighting undauntedly, dies.

It knows not the why or the wherefore,
It knows not beginning or end;
Yet a Faith it must find for the peace of its mind
But to Whom shall it look to befriend?

To the Ray of the Godhead within it,
To its knowledge of good and ill,
To its Love that is pure, to its Strength to endure,
To its own unquenchable Will!

It must work out its own Salvation,
The immutable Law obey,
And it reaps what it sows through each life as it goes,
Yet it never need lose the Way!

OLIVE PRIMROSE DOWNES

Four Sketches

By JOHN A. PALMER

I.—THE QUEST

IT promised from the beginning to be a long pursuit, with prayers and penances and fastings countless along the way. The way was devious and rough, boulder-strewn and steep, as far as the eye could see, but on the thither side of the far horizon line that divided the drab of earth from the blue of the heavens there would be—Ah! what?

Hope was high in the heart at the commencement of the journey, and called forth higher hope after the overcoming of the first obstacles. The mind pictured to itself, in the vistas of time, scenes which far transcended in loveliness any past or present experiences. The rosy hue of hope coloured all things along the way, and the bright light of a fine faith shone with the brilliance of a sun, glowing with a fervent heat in which the mind rapturously bathed.

The hours hurried on; the days danced gleefully in their full youth; the weeks wavered hardly any in their onward march; the months showed little discernible abatement in enthusiasm for the task. The years came, and walked more sedately and with greater care; and the treading of the path slowly became toilsome and difficult.

Hope still shone, but as a star in the high heaven; still shone as a beacon to guide the weary wayfarer along the path to that place which seemed ever to recede with the passing of time, and to grow less as the years blurred the sight and bounded the vision.

But hard as was the wayfaring; more difficult as each day's toil became, shorter as the sight seemed; still was there left always the satisfaction of following

the star, the highest ideal of the soul; still did the wondering spirit look upward, and smile compassionately, even in its own pain and sorrow, upon those who companioned it and those, met upon the way, whose strength waned visibly; holding out a helping hand even while its own foothold seemed insecure and failing.

Still faith loomed large, as a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day, shutting out from *sight* the longed-for goal, but ever moving on before the striving feet which followed wearily in its wake.

Day by day, almost imperceptibly, the cloud took to itself more and more of the quality of the pillar of fire, becoming more tenuous and rosy-hued; losing gradually its greyness and growing in beauty.

Age and weariness overtook the striving and sorrowing spirit and placed heavy hands upon it, seeking to drag it into the dread darkness which rolled up behind and around its path; but still it pressed on, limping and labouring slowly and painfully.

The day came when Age would no longer be denied, and the spirit, faithful still and never faltering even to the last, felt itself sinking into the depths of the outer darkness of despair, till, from excessive weariness, its struggles ceased and faintness overcame and bore it into oblivion.

* * *

Dawn was near. In the east the clouds became silver-hued. An overspreading mist lay on the hillside, becoming moment by moment more tenuous. Arrows of golden light shot up from the horizon, searching the heavens. Presently the clouds were clothed in pink colour and

the horizon shone as with the radiance of fire. The cloud of mist took on a rosy hue, then slowly rolled upward until it was lost in the more glorious colours of the dawn. The earth awoke with gladness and singing and called to the Spirit to arise and rejoice, for the dawn was come and the long quest was fulfilled.

Sighing, the Spirit slowly opened its eyes and gazed wonderingly around and towards the dawn where the sun had arisen and was bathing the land in its golden beams. Gladness looked out from the eyes of the Spirit, and faith, which was transmuted into sight and knowledge. Dawn was come—and the new earth.

II.—LOVE AND DEATH

I SAW a child playing gaily on a sea-shore, picking up pebbles and throwing them into the rippling waves which curled amazingly up to his feet, and then swiftly fled as if in fright. The sunshine glinted on the wavelets and on the farther waters and on the golden hair of the child, who laughed gleefully as he plunged into the water up to his knees and splashed about in merry frolic, dipping his hands into the water and bringing them out again with a quick motion, scattering scores of glittering diamonds about and upon himself. Beside him played one as zestful and merry, with laughing blue eyes from which looked out a soul of a thousand years, eternally young. Tenderness was in his every gesture and glance and a yearning protectiveness that encompassed the child, and love was in his eyes.

Later they walked together in a meadow, but it seemed that the child had grown, and was now come to boyhood. His face was sweet as a day's dawn, and his eyes as limpid pools shining in the Summer's sun. They wandered slowly together conning the youthful lessons of the day's task, and stooping sometimes to pluck from the grass at their feet the variously coloured flowers that grew profusely there, or stepping aside to the hedgerows to peer into them at the nest of a bird with its speckled eggs, or lying down on the soft green grass that caressed their bodies and lured them into forgetfulness and a sweet peace.

Again I saw them, and the child had now grown to young manhood, with body strong and supple, and clean lithe limbs

that swung steadily with untiring energy. The years had ripened his beauty and his face glowed with health and joy. His eyes were alight with happiness and eager anticipation as he strode along in a valley between the low hills where purple-columned mists rolled about until they were dispersed by the encroaching sun. At the roadside on the hedges grew tender tinted blossom that spilled sweet perfume lavishly around, and beyond rippled a swift stream over a stony bed, murmuring and singing, as it seemed, words and songs of life and joy. And coming suddenly round a bend in the road his eyes alighted on a cottage whose creeper-covered walls were roofed with brown, weathered thatch. And in the garden that lay before it blossomed such old-fashioned flowers as mignonette and phlox and thyme and wallflowers and gillyflowers and many others. A moment later his eyes lighted up with tenderness and joyful greeting to one who now stood in the old doorway with a smile of love on her face, for she was the Queen of Youth in his heart, and the joy of a strong man's love did he know. And always in the near distance was that other whose eyes were as the eyes of Love.

I found myself in a valley where gloom dwelt, and before me walked haltingly he whom I had seen in childhood and boyhood and young manhood. He walked with heavily bowed shoulders, and limpingly as one who is tired with a long day's march, and in his eyes Sorrow had put of her wisdom. Thin and white were the locks which had been thick and golden, and deep lines of care were traced on his once fair youthful face. The mountain

peaks towered high on either side, and heavy clouds loomed threateningly on their dark sides. The road was strewn with sharp stones that cut his tired feet, and the close heat of the day wearied him yet more.

The sun sank slowly in the west ; the gloom of the valley deepened ; the wind moaned dismally in the trees that bordered the road, and wailed eerily down the long valley like ghostly souls in pain. At length he that walked wearily sank down by the roadside with head laid on a boulder, and patiently waited for the last touch, which is Death's.

Then came he who had played with the child on the sea-shore and conned the

lessons with the boy and followed nearby the young lover, and stood before him looking lovingly and gently smiling on him as he lay there, aged and wearied. And the old man, slowly opening his dimmed eyes, and feebly raising his voice, asked him his name. And he, answering, placed his hand upon the old man's brow and smoothed away the wrinkles of age and the deep lines of care and the pain from his eyes and said softly, "Death."

Then a smile of peace and great joy spread over the old man's face, and it became as that of the little child who played on the sea-shore. And he slept the sleep of death, which is renewed life.

THE WISHING WELL

14th August, 19—

TO-DAY, I walked along the grey road which wound alongside the swiftly flowing river where the silver backed trout jumped gleaming from the water amid showers of scintillating drops that glittered like diamonds in the sun. The river sang of old-world things and of new, but to me chiefly of the old, the glamour and beauty of which pervaded my mind. There was a health-giving sweetness in the air, and the faint breeze sougled faintly through the fresh green foliage of the trees newly washed by a shower. Birds trilled merrily, and the hum of countless insects sounded soothingly in the ear. Away up stream rose the high hills partly obscured by purple patches of mist, and beyond them the snow-capped peaks of huge mountain rose majestically in the heavens.

Presently my feet turned aside almost involuntarily and wandered into a shady footpath between many trees. A mist of wood anemones carpeted the ground on either side, and the soft soil sank slightly under me as I trod. The subdued stillness gradually became an intense silence broken only by the constant hum of insects and the sound, in the near

distance, of gently falling water as from a spring.

A few moments later I came out into a small clearing or glade, shadowed deeply by the high arching branches of trees. Beneath was a soft carpet of grass of the freshest green, and before me stood a weather-worn grey stone before which was a small but deep well, into which fell fresh clear water. On the stone, only very faintly discernible, were cut in straggling letters the words :

"Wish the sweetest thing in life,
Sweetheart, husband, or true wife :
Ask the Spirit of this place
For the giving of his grace :
If you know not what is best
Let the choice then with him rest."

There was a fascination in the verses, especially the two latter, deepened by the subtle mystery of the place, that appealed greatly to all those deeply hidden instincts of the mind that are the gift of far-off ancestors of remote ages when charms and spells were earnestly believed in and their aid sought eagerly. I confess that I became completely enamoured of the spirit of the place whose subtle influence seemed to interpenetrate everything around, and play on the mind with a power and sweetness almost irresistible. I found myself almost

unconsciously murmuring the verses over and over again and wondering what I could wish as "the sweetest thing in life." Was there a subtle alchemy existing here, I wondered, which did not operate elsewhere or only in a few other remote places, which would bring to fruition what one wished? And what was I to wish? There were many things that were dear to my heart, but which I could not recall to mind, because of the influence that seemed to be exerted over my mind by some invisible presence. And exert my will as I would, I could not resist it. But then came the thought in a flash: if it is beneficent, why oppose it? If the best in life is to be granted to me, why seek to stay its operation? And in the thinking my puzzle was solved—I would leave the choice to the Spirit of the place, for by now I was convinced that such a presence existed and operated there.

And so, seemingly guided by the mind of that invisible presence, I wished for the best thing in life, and conjured the Spirit of the place to choose for me, never doubting that my act of faith—which seemed rather the surest of knowledge—would be rewarded.

When I came out again from beneath the trees into the sun's rays, I came as one newly awakened from sleep with the strangeness of a very vivid dream still enveloping me. I felt as one who has seen the things of mystery that were but partly real to him and partly the result of a vivid imagination. There was a strange atmosphere about me, and the surrounding things seemed less familiar though more fair; the grass and the leaves of the trees greener; the colours of the rock and soil and mist in the distance heightened; there was new and subtler charm in the song of the birds and the flash of the sun on the river that sang a sweeter song even than before.

30th October, 19—

Many days have passed since I wrote in this book, partly days of awful anguish and sorrow, when the sight of the suffering of her whom I loved turned the

happiness of my heart to bitterness and despair. Now it is over, and she has passed from my sight. For many weeks my mind has been as a dark and cold vault into which no ray of light could enter. What stern fate ruled that she should be so suddenly struck down on that day when I was so happy, dreaming that the best in life would somehow link us together more and more closely, and bring joy, as yet faintly understood, into our lives! The irony of it nearly drove me mad; and for days it was thought that the melancholy that afflicted me would permanently affect my brain.

She was bright and cheerful through all her suffering, except in those moments when the pain was too terrible for even her brave spirit to bear calmly. At times she seemed to have a premonition of something where to me all was black and blank except the knowledge of this awful pain and the deadly frozen ache at my heart. Love seemed so helpless in the fight against such forces, and yet she did not think so, and would have me not think it powerless to bring about the fulfilment of some great blessing that to her seemed real though she could not name it.

Now I am alone, terribly alone.

10th November, 19—

Peace, an almost overwhelming peace has taken possession of my mind. The awful melancholy and the terrible ache and pain of many weeks has given place to a deep sense of rest in which mind and soul bathe and a great thankfulness suffuses my heart. Light has come in place of the darkness, and though I do not know the cause of the change, unless it be reaction, which seems too inadequate for so strong a joy, I know surely that the difference is real and that this peace of mind is deeper than I have hitherto known, and I feel, more lasting. Those days of gloom and despair seem very far away, but she, the one I love, is very near, and with her has come a new world of deeper issues, a great joy, and a faith, which to me is the uttermost point of sure knowledge; a very gift of the Gods.

THE HIDDEN BEAUTY

ONE day a man walked along the broad grey road which wound its way out from the city between many brick and stucco houses into the clean country. His face was clouded with care and deep lines of weariness were on his brow. In the city his days had been spent in a bank where lay in drawers glinting heaps of gold, and where youths and men bowed their backs over great ledgers with pale faces from which looked eyes dimmed by artificial light. When the day's labour was done he and they were wont to seek amusement and relaxation in the glittering halls where "great artistes" gathered together to amuse the people and drive away for a time the perplexities and worries of their lives, until they retired wearily and unsatisfied to bed, to dream vaguely of that which they were like never to know, but which was hid deep within their hearts.

Now he strode along, while the breeze played gently through his hair and the cool raindrops of a summer shower fell softly on his brow and spotted the dust of the road about him. Soon the houses were left behind and the hedges bordered the road, their green showing refreshingly after the welcome shower had washed away the dust. Here and there country cottages appeared with clambering roses on their walls and lovely flowers in their gardens, and little children playing about them or trudging sturdily to school while their pleasant faced mothers stood in the doorways waving and smiling until they turned the bend of the road and were out of sight, though the sound of their voices still could be heard.

Gradually something of the peace of his surroundings settled on the man's spirit and he began to murmur to himself snatches of the song which he had lately heard one young mother singing cheerily in her cottage as she went about her household work. The weariness and pain in his eyes began to give place to peace and the dull ache of his mind to be soothed away.

The sun was high in the heavens before he turned aside and sat down at the roadside to rest and eat. Weariness of limb had come in the place of weariness of mind, and after a time he lay on the green grass in a wayside field and slept, dreaming blissfully of days long gone by when as a child he played in the fields, weaving flower chains and bathing in the running streamlets where small fishes darted about, eluding his eager fingers.

After a time he rose, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and journeyed on, refreshed by bathing his hands and face in a clear stream that wimpled near by where he had slept. From the hedges thrushes swooped in front of him and robins twittered to attract his attention. Sparrows quarrelled noisily over a long worm that had wriggled out of the loam at the sound of rain. Cows gazed blankly at him over the hedges, and a horse neighed appreciation of his energy. Farmsteads appeared with a warning hiss of geese and a clutter of gossipy hens. The cheery sound of a man's voice speaking to a horse came from out a stable, and the sound of a child's laughter following the plop of a stone in water somewhere beyond the hedge. Presently a little girl came running down a long cobbled path, with golden hair flying, and jumping on the gate by the roadside waved a hand and smiled winningly at him as he passed by.

An hour later as the sun dropped toward the west he came to a village where was an inn, and entering he asked for a meal and a bed for the night. The inn was old. Huge rafters crossed the ceiling and the walls were wainscotted with dark oak. And the furniture was old and dark and solid, and gave to the rooms an air of inviolable peace and rest. Soon he was in bed and asleep. And while he slept he dreamed. But in the morning, when he woke, nothing of the dream could he remember but its beauty, which had overwhelmed him with its sweetness and left in his heart a deep dissatisfaction with his life and a fierce longing.

For three weeks he wandered in the country with, in his heart, a deep desire for the beauty he had known in his dream. Health came to his body, light to his eyes, and the spring of his heels carried him jauntily along on his journeying. But always now in his wandering he sought for that beauty, the desire for which deepened daily and drove him here and there within the country haunts of men and women, and without. But always was his search unfruitful. Beauty and loveliness he saw in many things, in old churches and quiet forests and valleys; in hill and mountain scenes; in pictures; in great houses and small cottages; and heard it in the music of birds and streams; but never that deep beauty which he longed for and which seemed unattainable.

He came again to the city, and one day he fell in love, as we say, and life became rosy and lovely beyond anything that he had known hitherto. His heart was overwhelmed with tenderness, and his love appeared to him as the long-sought beauty of which he had dreamed.

They were wedded and happiness went with them to their home, which gave continual delight to them both. A child came to bless them, and their days were spent in seeking to keep joy in their little circle; to beautify more and more their home surroundings, and to bring pleasure to each other.

Several years passed. One day he woke early in the morning with an ache in his heart. The dawn was just showing in the east and the shafts of golden light seemed reaching up toward an unattainable mystery until they were lost in obscurity. He stood looking from out his window at the glory of it and communed with himself. And deep within his mind he thought: "Ah! yes, life is like that. From some unknown centre of one's being goes out the search for that final beauty in various directions, but to be swallowed up eventually in lesser things and obscured in enveloping mist."

From that morning his nostalgia strengthened. The deep desire for that

illimitable beauty grew ever deeper. He sought it among all men; and wandered into the halls of music where he heard it faintly suggested on a few occasions, but—a moment—and it was gone again. His desire began to prey on his health, whitening his face and taking the light from his eyes; his step became heavy and laggard. His wife wondered, but could not understand his want when he tried to tell her of it. A haunting sorrow and a never-ending question were on his face and a brooding silence was ever with him. Friends deserted him because of his melancholy.

The day came when he could no longer rise from his bed; but though he could not go out into the world and seek that which he desired above all things in life, the ache of his heart grew. Even in his sleep he dreamed of his quest, and journeyed in far countries, seeking in the houses of rich and poor and in climes both hot and cold. All men, it seemed, did he ask of the whereabouts of this beauty, but none could tell him, and most pitied him, and some thought him mad. And every morning, when he woke, his heart cried out within him for that gift above the value of rubies and fine gold.

Gradually he sank in health and one day it seemed that death was come. He lay still and passive, never speaking nor opening his eyes. About mid-day his wife saw that he was scarcely breathing. Alarmed, she moved swiftly towards the door to call for help, but as she neared it she heard a sound and, looking round, found her husband's eyes looking at her with a look almost of command in them. Turning, she became aware of something in the room that filled her mind with a great awe. The room, to her eyes, seemed to blaze with a dazzling golden light for a moment which blinded them to all else. Then the gloom of the shaded room was again manifest. Moving swiftly to the bedside she found her husband sleeping peacefully with, on his face, a smile of childlike rapture and joy. Youth had come back, and Peace, and Beauty companioned them.

Some Notes on the Drama

By LINDLEY W. HUBBELL

DRAMA is a distinct literary form and can exist, although without full self-expression, without the Theatre, which is itself an independent institution, and exists, alas! too frequently without the Drama. The perfected art-form, the Drama of the future, can only result from a fusion of the theatric arts and crafts and the fine arts, led by drama and music. However, as these forces can be brought to fruition only by a genius essentially dramatic, it is valuable to study certain less objective phases of Drama which antedate the advent of the Theatre, and which reached a high degree of perfection in a literature which, through the Greek, is the legitimate ancestor of our own; the ancient literature of the Hebrew nation, which is found in the Old Testament of our Bible.

Dramatic form is found, in the Bible, not only in that sublime drama of pessimism, the book of *Job*, but in several of the books of prophecy (notably *Isaiah*), in *The Song of Songs*, and in certain of the *Psalms*. The difference between these works and true dramas is, however, marked. A play, or spoken drama (as opposed, I take it, to opera or music-drama), relates its incidents and conveys the intended impressions and observations through the medium of human beings, who, as interpretive artists (though not therefore less "creative" than the author), speak, move, and act so as to create and sustain the illusion that they *are* the characters of the author's imagination. While it is true that plays may be read and appreciated on the printed page, it is also true that the Hebrew works under consideration cannot be presented theatrically—that is, with actors appearing as the different characters, and scenery,

costumes, etc., to heighten the effect of reality. Not only do they include as characters Jehovah, the Nations (speaking collectively), impersonal "voices" and "cries," but they are even interrupted by observations by the writer, and by "hymns" in which the author frankly leaves his dramatic form and pours his inspiration into sheer lyricism. An exception, however, is the book of *Job*, which is a true drama, except for certain undramatic features which one feels sure would have been dispensed with had the author had the theatre at hand in terms of which to conceive his creation. These features are the prose prologue and epilogue, and the short prose introduction to Elihu's speech.

Thespis is generally named as the originator of the drama, and that is no doubt a just claim in the narrow sense of "drama" meaning a "stage-play": certainly the theatric art started with him; but once the broader conception of Drama which I have suggested is accepted, it can be seen that, side by side with the more subjective dramatic literature, there existed an art in perfect relation to it—the art of the Rhapsodist, so exquisitely discussed in Plato's *Ion*. And, also, once these things are admitted, the art of dramatic interpretation can be traced back, along with the art of dramatic literature, into Hebrew art. The most important and significant observation suggested by this is that the Hebrew poetry was composed to be recited to music, and that the poetry and music were considered as an integral whole.

If, then, even before the inception of the drama proper a fusion had been attained between the dramatic and lyric arts, what, further than an extension of

dramatic expression by the adoption of actual actors, was gained in fulness of expression?

Firstly, to the combination of drama and music, the use of a human interpreter *in action* enabled the dance to fulfil its function. In contributing to the perfect art-form each art must, in making certain concessions, gain all. The drama must restrain its action to the lines drawn by the music; the music must be content to supplement the words, thereby foregoing lyricism; and the dance must consist of the perfect poise, gesture, and movement of the body, as adapted to the enactment of the rôle essayed. Mounet-Sully is said to have "danced" the Greek tragedies, and Yvette Guilbert, that true modern, has called Sarah Bernhardt "a great dancer." A repression of virtuosity in order to bring about a perfect balance of artistic expression—that is to me the meaning underlying the blatant demands of contemporary faddists that "form and technique" be "defied" or "transcended." Architecture played an important part in the realisation of perfect unity, by building a beautiful and appropriate setting for the performance of the drama; for the theatre itself provided the one setting of the play: while the influence of sculpture and painting was subtly traceable, perhaps, in the draping of the costumes and the designing and colouring of the masks.

Thus, except for the advantages which our modern mechanical progress has given us, we find, in the movement which reached its greatest glory in Sophocles, that fusion of the arts of which Wagner dreamed and wrote—and which Debussy momentarily attained in his single music-drama. How then are we to surpass it in this our new young Renaissance? Firstly, Shakespeare freed us from the unities of time and action. Then Ibsen

perfected the dramatic use of symbols, thus enlarging the field of subject matter and opening up for dramatic use fields unattainable to physical perception.

Finally, the crowning unity of the Greek art-form is found in the fact that the functions of poet and player were combined, as in Sophocles pre-eminently.

From the Noh dramas of Japan we may learn of an atmosphere more tensely dramatic than any play of action can possibly give. Subtle, beyond the effect of action, gestures, or even plots, these plays, exhaling a meaning tenuous as ether, are in many ways a lesson and a pattern for the Occident. For in the first place we must change our ideas of what is dramatic—Ibsen did that for the Occidents—and we must realise that a convention which dictates that a play must last at least two hours is as deadly as the superstition of unity of action. The Nohs are supreme in evoking a mood. The use of masks is a custom which is in perfect accordance with the Oriental denial of personality, while in that, as in the unchangeability of the stage, the use of dancing, music, and singing, we find a remarkable analogy with Greek drama, combined with that absolute spirituality of which the West is incapable.

Where, then, amid these conflicting and passionate strivings after artistic perfection, is the Ideal? Serene and beautiful I see it rising before me. It is in the heart of the Artist, who, through whatever art he employs, puts into everything he does an abiding love and faith in the power which has enabled him to sing its praises. If the unfoldment of consciousness on planes transcending the mental induces states of being above and beyond thought, is not the end of all these æsthetic and technical speculations found in the art of that wide-eyed child who offered his laughter, tears, tricks, songs, and dances to the Great Mother?

A Catechism

By H. WRIGHT

(The Catechism, which here follows, seems to us an original and valuable piece of work. It would be interesting to have our readers' comments on it.—ED.)

RELIGIOUS divisions have resulted in Parliament being compelled to say in matters educational "A plague on all your Churches." Can we not help our bewildered children to some scheme of life based on facts?

Q.—What are you?

A.—A human being.

Q.—Why do you exist?

A.—I was born into this world as part of Nature's plan.

Q.—When you talk of Nature, what do you mean?

A.—The world as I see it all about me with its perpetual order and energy of which I find myself a part.

Q.—What do you mean by order and energy?

A.—The two forces which must be, for without them no world could exist.

Q.—What is your duty now that you are in this world of order and energy?

A.—To find out how to live closely to Nature's plan, that I may have health and happiness during my days on earth.

Q.—How will you best learn this?

A.—By true education, which means cultivating all my faculties to the utmost.

Q.—Tell me what causes may prevent your gaining this state of happiness and health?

A.—Two principally.

Q.—What are they?

A.—A bad state of Society or bad health.

Q.—What is your duty in these circumstances?

A.—To help to improve the state of society in which I find myself and to learn how best to improve my own health and strength.

Q.—What is your duty as to Society in general?

A.—So to lead my own life that I never trespass or interfere with my neighbour's life and happiness to his injury.

Q.—What do you mean by your neighbour?

A.—Every human being I meet with in my daily life.

Q.—What are the principal impediments to living in full harmony with your neighbour?

A.—Differences in temperament and interests.

Q.—What do you mean by differences in temperament?

A.—Natural differences to which we are born; for instance, some are born slow to anger, others of quick temper, and so on all through what we call our dispositions.

Q.—What do you mean by differences of interests?

A.—The struggle for what we think the best in life, in food, houses, property and rank, of which the division is now unequal.

Q.—What then must we do in regard to these impediments to harmony?

A.—Search diligently how they may be overcome, as part of our education.

Q.—Do you firmly believe this is possible?

A.—Assuredly, for I know that entire order must exist if we could but find it, or Nature could not go on. It is therefore the business of human beings to find out and share in the final order of the universe.

Q.—What is commonly meant by education?

A.—The strengthening of the brain by reading, writing and mathematics.

Q.—Are these the chief objects of education?

A.—By no means. Such matters are only to be regarded as assisting the right

use of my reason and judgment. Reading enables me to learn the thoughts of all the wisest of men ; writing, to put my own thoughts in the clearest form ; and mathematics, to see everything in just proportion.

Q.—What then is the highest education?

A.—Learning how to live in a never-ceasing harmonious round of health and happiness, in accordance with those laws of Nature which demand the fullest expansion of all our energies before we can take a full share in the joy of existence.

Q.—What do you mean by religion and religious ideas ?

A.—Every idea leading to the highest thoughts on human conduct, with the closest study of all information to this end.

Q.—Then to be truly religious is to be wise in the knowledge of the laws which govern the universe ?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What is worship ?

A.—Adoration and reverence for all that is great, sacred and noble in the universe.

Q.—What are the main helps to a knowledge of true religion ?

A.—The writings and actions of all the great men who have ever lived, so far as they are seen to contribute to the greatest good of the greatest number of human beings.

Q.—It is of the first importance to be able to judge of the true and false in these matters, so that no mistakes are made in our search for this Eternal Order. How can you best do this ?

A.—By excluding from our studies everything that is needless to that higher happiness of life which is the object of all religion. By judging all things as to whether they lead us to the better conduct of our own and our neighbour's affairs, especially in doing to others as we would be done by.

Q.—What is, broadly speaking, religious faith ?

A.—A firm belief in the perfecting of human society, and in everything that may lead to this object.

Q.—What is sin ?

A.—Any action or thought injurious to our own or our neighbour's health and happiness, and therefore contrary to Nature's laws.

Q.—How must we learn to avoid sin ?

A.—By living our lives with true judgment and considering every action in its reference to our own and our neighbour's health and happiness.

Q.—Then sin comes from ignorance of what is best for ourselves and others ?

A.—Yes, truly.

Q.—What is death ?

A.—The severance of life from our bodies, so that we can neither see, hear, speak nor move any more through them.

Q.—Is death in accord with Nature ?

A.—Yes, because the law of Nature is ceaseless change, going through all animate life ; and it is our first duty, if we would reach a true view of life, to recognise this fact.

Q.—Is our fear of death caused by our neglect of this knowledge ?

A.—Apart from the fear of death, as a preservative to life this is so because, if our minds were always trained to see this great fact, no expectation of change could surprise or distress us.

Q.—When we talk of change being the primal law of Nature, what is the practical application to ourselves both as to life and death ?

A.—It teaches us that in the exercise of our energies lies the only way to happiness. The joy of life comes from the use of our faculties as exercised in congenial work. This brings us the perpetual change which is in accord with Nature's laws.

Q.—Tell me, what do you know of the ultimate power which created this world and all that therein is ?

A.—Of my own knowledge I know nothing, for I can only see the manifestation of this power and not the cause. Many explanations have been offered, but the wisest of men so far are not agreed.

Q.—May we hope to arrive at true knowledge ?

A.—Yes, assuredly, if we persistently strive for higher education and knowledge ;

the final mystery of the universe, we may expect, will be revealed to us. This is the Eternal Hope and Prize to which we look as the reward of all our endeavours.

Q.—What is prayer?

A.—The ardent desire for whatever we wish.

Q.—Then, we must be praying almost continually?

A.—Yes, it is the main aid in our search for true life and happiness.

Q.—What is false prayer?

A.—Any wishes which, if fulfilled, would injure our neighbours and ourselves.

Q.—May we expect direct answers to prayer?

A.—Yes, as the wish is father to the thought, so is the desire father to the fact we wish to bring about. It is the one thing needful to bring it about.

Q.—To whom do we address our prayers?

A.—To the Source of all Nature's order and energy, the great Intelligence which must lie at the root of all things, and of which we are a part.

Q.—What do we mean by immortality?

A.—The survival of our being after death.

Q.—Have we any proof this will survive?

A.—Yes, because subject to the law of change nothing ever dies. Both our bodies and mentality will re-appear in new form and expression through the hands of Nature.

Q.—To learn more of immortality we must then first undergo the Great Change we call death?

A.—Yes. Knowing that matter is eternal, in ever new forms, we can joyfully and fearlessly look forward to the Greatest Change, as we do the lesser ones we see as needful to our continued full life now.

IMPOTENCE.

Long in the dark womb of my being
 The seeds of power and beauty have been enshrined,
 Long they have been awaiting
 The Holy Spirit's quickening.
 And, like a mother I have yearned over them, fondly ;
 Dreamed of them and held with them sweet converse.
 And I have known travail and all the pains,
 The labours, sweats and agonies of birth.
 But still I remain childless
 And unblest.
 And still in the dark womb of my being
 The seeds of power and beauty are enshrined,
 Patiently awaiting
 The Holy Spirit's quickening.

JOHN BATEMAN.

Wordy Warfare

By AMY M. LEAKE

THESE are days of Peace, yet, with the perversity common to mankind, I find myself thinking and writing of war. But wait, while I explain that it is not with humanity, either at large or expressed individually, that I am at variance, except in as far as the human is embodied in words and sayings.

I was started on this train of thought by finding myself questioning the truth of a certain idiom which came to my mind.

When I had finished with this one, I found an array of much-used sayings and expressions passing, one by one, before my mental vision, like an army of soldiers.

As far as I am concerned they are vanquished every one.

They may not have been dangerous enemies, but they were at least irritating neighbours, and in the realm of thought one may deal with such more ruthlessly than would be possible in the world of men.

I will review a few of these fallen thought-forms, perhaps with the secret hope that henceforth I may not be alone in my antipathy to them.

They varied in degree of falsity, as in the source from which they sprang.

Some were sayings of the ancients which had passed into proverbs, some quotations from modern poets, others meaningless phrases which had caught on.

Some embodied an untruth which might prove a trap to the unwary, others were simply useless, provoking one by their inanity.

But why treat thus seriously this drama of the battlefield?

Nay, rather, I will be as a jester playing with coloured balls, thus will I play with these fragments of speech, leaving each to sort them out as he will, sombre and gay.

“Every cloud has a silver lining.” Yea, I have seen it in the sky, and the beauty of it has held me spell-bound—huge masses of black cloud piled up, peak upon peak, like dark rugged mountains that one would fear to scale, and the dazzling radiance of the silver jagged edges which tells of that other side, which the sun is flooding with light.

But *our* clouds, have they silver linings? Take, for instance, the present cloud of heavy expenditure, the high cost of living. I find the lining to this, the other side of it—no silver, often not even coppers.

“No cross, no crown.” I have seen it worked on a sampler, yellow with age, framed, and hung on the wall of an old country house. Years ago it was laboriously stitched in by tiny fingers, that ached over the letters and the two symbols. But, methinks, the carrying of a cross, and the wearing of a crown, are too far apart for this saying to be a word of consolation to struggling humanity. Hence it fails of its purpose.

“Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.” But is there ever a time when one may gather rosebuds? The master of the garden thus ordains—that one may pick the full-blown roses, which would fall to-morrow in any case, if one is careful in so doing to avoid all possible danger of dissevering one of the half-opened buds on the same stem. Full of poetry, I own, this oft-quoted phrase, but futile—when the garden is owned by a man.

“A rolling stone gathers no moss.” True, but is the moss-covered stone to be held up as a pattern, as is intimated here? That which, by its very inactivity, becomes grown over by the vegetable world, shut out even from the light of day, is this to be copied by man?

Nay, rather, I have heard the Preacher proclaim that the beauty of the pebble on

the beach is caused by the very fact that it is constantly rolling, ever being caught up by the incoming wave, and dashed against its fellows, until it is perfectly smooth and shiny, with all its corners rounded off.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." We all hate exaggeration, but, methinks, here the other extreme is gone to. I called in a West-end store, and when the bird was offered to me, and the price was named, I ween it was not by two that the value of the free bird must be multiplied, but by many times two, before it would equal the sum asked for the one in the hand.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash." Many have said it, but I trow no one of them has ever regarded as trash the contents of his purse, nor the loss of the same with the lofty indifference here portrayed. Any one of us who has at any time witnessed, or experienced, the tumult of feeling that is caused by such a loss, and the indignation and anger against the perpetrator of the crime, known or unknown, will recognise here at once the futile and the false.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." It seems to me this is uncalled-for. I submit that no one ever suggested that a change in name would affect the fragrance of the Queen of Flowers. But though it would smell as sweet it does not follow that therefore there is nothing in a name—it would not sound as sweet. Replace the word "rose" by one harsh in sound and ungainly in appearance, and you will at once own that there is a great deal in a name.

To prove that the cadence of sound counts for much, recall this—the poet refers often to the "waning" moon, but did any poet ever use the expression "the 'waxing' moon," though during this process the silvery orb is as beautiful as in the day of its waning. The phrase simply owes its rejection by the poets to the fact that it carries no harmony nor sweetness, in sound. So this hackneyed quotation is untrustworthy as well as uncalled-for.

"Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves." But if one takes care of the pence will there ever be any pounds?

He who hoards the pence goes slowly, he performs little tasks, rather than pay others to do them for him, and has therefore no time for money-making plans, he will venture nothing. The man who means one day to have pounds to his credit does not practise the little economies—he risks all in order to arrive.

So, one by one, the long procession passes to the land of oblivion. But, wait, I must be just. I have discovered one which I cannot thus dismiss.

The words come to me sweet as chiming of bells across the water at evening-time.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

I am fain to own that this rings true. For do I not know of the many weary trampers through town and countryside who seek, and seek in vain, for a dwelling where they may abide, which they may call their home, who, frustrated and disappointed again and again, say with bitterness and truth, that in very deed for them there is "no place" like home.

The Lamp Bearers

By F. EVERY CLAYTON

THE above title is the designation of a new Feminist movement in Italy, which has only lately been inaugurated, and as it stands for a very widespread reform, on social and moral lines, amongst the working classes (especially amongst the women), some account of its aims and ideals may be of interest to readers of the *HERALD OF THE STAR*.

It is essentially a woman's movement, and the title chosen is a happy one, since it is before all things *light* that this society of earnest workers is desirous of giving to its humbler and less developed sisters.

The programme is essentially unsectarian. In a religious sense it aims at being universal—that is to say, followers of any religious faith, or of none, are welcomed as members, the important point being that they subscribe sincerely to the central aim and object of the movement—the moral uplifting of the working classes in Italy.

There is no President to the Society, but there are various committees for the different sections, or strata, of society that the activities of the movement embrace.

The work is considered to begin with the individual member, in a careful and earnest preparation for the self-imposed task. She must take herself seriously in hand, and aim at qualifying for the calling. A very important feature in this part of the work is the individual example which every member is expected to set, both in private life and in the discharge of her special work.

Members must be prepared not to shrink from questions relating to the problem of sex, in any form, and they are expected to deal with it in that broad spirit of kindly tolerance and understanding which alone gives hope of

success in a matter so beset with difficulties. Sympathy and tolerance are indeed watchwords in this society, as the difficulties in approaching the poorer classes are much greater than in England. Therefore great tact is required, as well as sympathetic insight into character.

Teaching (where advisable and feasible) and helping in any way are a great part of the individual work, but in many cases the simple office of comforter in any kind of trouble is found to be the most direct way of winning both hearts and allegiance.

As regards collective work, all members living in the same town are naturally in close touch with each other. They thus form a little nucleus of sisterhood and mutual help.

This feeling of relationship may be stimulated in various ways, such as the lending of books on subjects germane to the movement, and the exchange of lessons in languages, a feature which naturally tends to increase usefulness where international relations are concerned. Group meetings are also held, at which suitable readings are given.

Under the head of Social Work the following departments claim attention :

Anything connected with the education question—improvements in schools of any sort or kind—inculcating true ideas about the main facts of life, especially before children have had time to acquire them from the ordinary perverted viewpoint. These efforts are directed particularly to girls of all ages.

The protection of children is also a very important feature, and popular lessons in any kind of useful subject are likewise part of the programme. Then particular attention is to be given to maternity questions, to the instruction of the expectant mother in simple hygiene, and to the proper care of infants. This is

a very important point, as considerable ignorance and prejudice prevail among the working classes in this country as to the right way of bringing up young children.

Another feature, not to be neglected, is the cultivation in the women of a better understanding of the part they may eventually be called upon to play in political life, and the responsibilities attaching thereto.

One of the aims of the "Lamp Bearers" is to enlist the sympathies of other nations with the movement, and to this end they hope to organise various foreign tours, designed chiefly for instruction and propaganda. They will also extend a special welcome to foreign young girls coming to Italy, whenever opportunity offers.

In fact, the social work comprises all that tends in any way to the moral development and uplifting of women, and furthers the moral and spiritual education of the masses of the people.

Now this programme, I must remind the reader, is as yet far from being fully realised, but the "Lamp Bearers" aim high and are by no means daunted by the vastness of their scheme.

As regards organisation, their aim is to be as little hampered by form as possible, and to organise the society in the simplest manner. The basis of the whole thing is true equality, brotherhood and service.

There are three classes of "Lamp Bearers":

1. Promoters.—These help with the spoken word or with the writing of articles, etc.; also with lectures, and subscriptions.

2. Active Workers.—These attend the meetings, pay an annual sum, and help financially according to means.

3. Adherents.—These are mainly persons in sympathy with the work, who pay a certain annual sum towards the general expenses.

I hope this little sketch may give an idea of the movement sufficiently interesting to enlist the sympathies of readers of the HERALD OF THE STAR. It will readily be seen how very far-reaching such a movement may become, and what a power for good, not only in Italy, but in other countries as well.

The name of the founder, Signorina Nella Ciapetti, is one to be honoured, as also is that of her able collaborator, Signorina Georgina Zazo.

"THE SERVER"

We regret that, owing to an unintentional error, the above Magazine, which is the official organ of the Theosophical Order of Service in Great Britain, was described in the August *Editorial Notes* as a monthly. It is, as a matter of fact, a quarterly.—ED.

The Herald of the Star

Vol. IX. No. 10

OCTOBER 1st, 1920

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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. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 20 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 2d. extra). United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per ann. (Post free). U.S.A. and South America, \$1.50 per ann. (Post free). All Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to the "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Our Protector's Birthday

Heartiest good wishes from all members of the Order of the Star in the East to the Protector of the Order, who enters upon her seventy-fourth year on the first of this month. May she long live to lead us and to inspire us by her noble example! Readers of the September *Theosophist* will have learnt with concern that Mrs. Besant has been in serious danger of losing her sight. An oculist in India told her that one eye was quite useless and that the sight of the other was gradually going. So imminent was the danger of blindness that she contemplated not standing for the office of President of the Theosophical Society in 1921. But quite suddenly there came an improvement. The eye, which was declared to be useless, is slowly but surely recovering its sight and the other eye is growing stronger. There now seems to be an assured hope that the danger is past. Members of the Order throughout the world will rejoice at this news. On behalf of them all the HERALD OF THE STAR sends to our great leader its heartfelt congratulations. We publish in this issue a short article on Mrs. Besant by one of her oldest and most trusted friends, Miss Esther Bright.

* * *

An Inevitable Decision

We have to announce that from January 1st, 1921, the price of the HERALD OF THE STAR will be raised to *one shilling* per copy and the annual subscription to *twelve shillings*. This change is really long overdue. Anyone familiar with

the increased cost of paper and of every kind of printing charge nowadays will have recognised that the magazine could not have carried on at its present price for so long without outside help. Those responsible for the HERALD OF THE STAR have now decided that part, at least, of the burden of those increased charges should be borne by subscribers. It is hoped that those who are now subscribers are sufficiently attached to the magazine to accept this burden cheerfully and to continue their subscriptions. The HERALD OF THE STAR is a magazine with a great and assured future. Someday, we hope, it will fill a very much more important place in the world than it does at present. Meanwhile, let all members of the Order, who can, help it to the best of their ability. Our task is to keep it going until, when the time comes, it shall become the accredited organ of the Great Teacher Himself. With this in view, every subscription becomes an act of service, and we trust that members will view their obligation in this light.

* * *

Expectation and Usefulness

Some little attention has been aroused by the suggestion, recently made in *Star Work in Many Lands*, that the Order of the Star in the East is meant to be something more than an organisation of expectation merely. It was there pointed out that even the loftiest plans are open to revision, and that it is quite possible that world-events may make it impossible for the Great Teacher to appear in our time. It was even

suggested that the great impulse might come through some impersonal manifestation. For our part, we do not believe that this will actually be so, but we do most certainly hold that, the more independent the Order can make itself of any future happenings, the stronger and more useful it will be. The religious history of the world is strewn with the wrecks of movements which were expectant merely. Our line should be to work even now in the spirit of the Great One, confident that that spirit is powerful and active in the world of to-day, even though there may be no physical manifestation. No member of the Order of the Star in the East believes that the Great Teacher begins His work only when He appears physically amongst men. The whole conception of His position in the scheme of things makes it necessary to believe that His work for mankind is continuous, and that any physical appearance is only a special incident in an age-long activity. This means that contact with His will and purpose is at any time possible for those who can rise to such a height. Such contact has a double power; it enables us to do the work, whether He is here or not, and—in the event of His actual manifestation in our physical world—it will prove the best of all methods of preparation, both for recognising Him and for serving Him when He comes.

The acceptance of this obvious truth has much to do with the question, propounded in the August issue of the *HERALD OF THE STAR*, of shaping our attitude, as members of the Order, towards the problems of our time in such a way as to reflect the thought of the Great One whom we are pledged to serve, whether or no He be actually present in the flesh. It is our strong belief that the Order of the Star in the East has not yet, as an organisation, pitched its thought or its action nearly high enough for the proper fulfilment of its destiny. Our members are still, to a large extent, governed by schools of thought which, while admittedly progressive, are not really *spiritual*, in

the sense in which that word has to be used in conceiving of the kind of teaching which the Master will give when He comes. We are content to follow, where we should really lead. We accept the doctrines of the many, where we should be proclaiming something altogether higher. That is why the question of a "Star" standard of thought seems to us of such importance and so well worthy of the consideration of our members.

* * *

A very interesting little article, under this heading, "Where are the Happy People?" appeared in the *London Daily Mail* of a few weeks ago. The writer points out that most of the people that we see about us are obviously unhappy. "Travel by train, by omnibus; keep your eyes open in public places; watch the crowds of men, women and children as they pass. Careworn, haggard, restless, sly, scheming, greedy, gay, reckless, humorous, cynical, fanatical, hard, arrogant, spiritless, and many other varieties you meet, but of how many can you say, 'There goes a happy person?'" He then goes on to say that he *has* seen happy people—"the fighting forces, the men and women engaged in serving their country"—but the very happiest of all have been "those who have voluntarily given up all that the world holds precious, monks, nuns, priests, sisters of mercy and charity, etc." All of these are under discipline and all are giving service. The writer concludes, "The idea is worth a trial." May it not be a fact that the secret of all true happiness is Discipline and Service? Are not the happiest of all people those who have renounced for the sake of an ideal?

To our mind, this is a great gospel. How true, and yet how simple, it sounds, in face of all our modern nostrums for the betterment of the world! Somehow we have a feeling that the time will come when this gospel will be preached in such a way that it will come home to the bewildered and restless heart of mankind with the force of resistless truth.

And when that happens, the doctrine will seem an absolutely, an amazingly new revelation. And yet it is as old as the hills. All the Great Teachers have preached it. The next Great Teacher will assuredly preach it also. The truth is that it is so simple and so ancient that only the Greatest can make it potent and new.

We speak of the dawn of a New Age. In our ignorance we seek to bring that Age about by continuous re-adjustments on the principle of "taking." But what about "giving"? We venture a prediction that the New Age will only begin when the principle of "giving" is accepted as the key to a happy and well-ordered life. But so foreign is this to all our present habits of thinking that it will need the profoundest of spiritual stirrings in order to make us realise its truths. That is one of the reasons why we, who are members of the Order, feel the absolute need for the coming of a surpassingly great Spiritual Teacher. And one of our postulates is that the need will make possible the fulfilment of the need.

* * *

The Realities of the Star

What we have just said leads us on to a reflection about our Star reports. As our readers are aware, we have published in most of our issues reports of "Star work in many lands." The question has sometimes arisen in our mind, whether it is really of interest to members to hear of the conventional round of activities which are common to all Sections and arise automatically out of the existence of an organised body of people. So far as meetings, lectures, etc., are concerned, these are the natural and what we might call "professional" activities of any Society. They are part of its routine and correspond, in the world of organisations and societies, to the taking of meals in ordinary life. What, we think, would be more interesting to hear about would be such new ventures as owe their inception entirely

to the Star, and which are a definite contribution of the Star inspiration to the world. Nothing, for example, could be more interesting than the personal confession of a devoted Star member of "What the Star has meant to me in my daily life." Similarly in connection with the Order of the Star as an organised body—what we should like to hear is what the Order, in any particular section, has contributed to the national life, which no other body has yet dreamt of contributing. We are more and more convinced, as time goes on, that the Order has a *special* work to do, and that mere co-operation with other bodies is rather a confession of weakness, and lack of faith, than otherwise. The only solution of contemporary problems, which should be accepted by the Order, is the highest solution. Where do we find members of the Order proclaiming, and living, this higher gospel? If we are merely waiting to proclaim it until the Great Teacher is here, then we are not really preparing the way at all. The only method of preparing the way is to take the way.

* * *

A Related Appeal

Editorship has always certain well-defined responsibilities. In the case of a magazine like the HERALD OF THE STAR these are of a wholly special and exceptional kind. There are certain ends which (as is well known to a certain number of people) the magazine is expected to achieve. For the achievement of these ends it is assumed that certain people, who are conversant with them, will give the necessary literary help. This help has hitherto not been given. We take this opportunity of appealing to the select number of people, in many lands, who have so far failed us, to remember their obligations and to provide the active help which we have up till now been unable to secure. Much depends on the response—possibly the continued existence of the magazine.

Annie Besant

By ESTHER BRIGHT

If a comrade be faithless, let us be faithful to him.
If an enemy injure, let us forgive him.
If a friend betray, let us stand by him.
Then shall the Hidden God in us shine forth.

ANNIE BESANT.

IT is difficult to write of one very near and very dear to one's heart, to express in words, thoughts and feelings of a certain intimate nature; and yet I cannot write of Annie Besant in any other way than that of a loving pupil. Her life's history is known to all; her brave splendid struggle against injustice in every form has been evident to the world for well nigh fifty years. She has stood for causes that others have feared to touch; she has led the way and made the path smooth for the reformers of to-day. She has worked up the public conscience by her gift of glowing words, behind which the truth has always rung out clearly, when more timid souls have stood aside and waited. Ever into the midst of the battle has she gone for the sake of the weak and the oppressed; ever has she stood, unmindful of self, desiring only that Truth shall prevail,—*magna est veritas*—treating her adversaries in law court or private life with a rare generosity, a generosity which they have misused. She gives of her fine heart and soul to those who betray her and slander her as well as to the many who love her and are faithful to her.

Always she looks at the soul of man, seeking and seeing that spark of Divinity in each one of us; I often think she does not see what others see, the weakness or crookedness of some of those she has to deal with. The Divine Spark, the Ego is what she sees and works for, expecting and looking for the best in each one of us.

Living near her and taking however small a part in her work, one realises the power for good which one big, true selfless soul can exert in the world. I have known her for 28 years in many lands and in many ways and always have I found her big, compassionate, true, kindly, with sympathy for the little things of life; at times full of fun and humour, gentle, tender and strong.

I think there is no other being who has devotees and followers in so many countries of the earth. I have travelled with her in France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and in all these lands she has been met by men and women who owed to her and expressed to her love and gratitude for help given through the dark times which come to us all; men and women who had felt the touch of her understanding, of her sympathy and example. Spiritual teacher, reformer, comrade, friend, mother; she has been all these to her people in these many lands and in the more distant ones I have not named.

She has an earnest band of workers in almost every country who are striving to live the ideal of service she has lived so long, and it is this international nature of her following which is of such deep interest especially at the present time. She has been building up by hard years of work, by long years of loving toil, this bond between the nations of the earth. For what purpose? She knows that all life is one, that all manifestations spring from one Eternal Source, that men,

women, children, animals belong to one great family; not one can be left out, not one can be injured without injury to the whole. The same Divine Life flows through all that lives, the same road lies open to all, the road of evolution. The same chance should be given to all—justice, fairplay, love, are the heritage of every creature, and it is for us who hold

these views to stand together in a mighty band and push forward our great ideals selflessly and strongly.

Annie Besant will be 73 on October 1st. If I may send her a birthday wish it will be that she may realise what she has done for the world during this her present life, and that this world may give back to her something of what it owes to her.

The War and Religion

By F. SIGERSON

WHEN people ask glibly if the war has reinvigorated or killed religion it would seem that they expect a reply equally glib and brief. To say that it has, or has not, solves nothing in the controversy, because the question cannot be ambushed into a generalisation.

The effect of the war upon the minds and spirits of those who encountered its density and terror depends so irrevocably upon individual temperament and pre-war belief. Men who went forth to battle with faith simple as a child's, and men who went forth shameless in the sincerity of their unbelief, met upon the common basis of the faith which lay in them to give, if necessary, their lives to redeem the world. Out of their common giving they attained the equal horror of war and were swept through the same purging flames which reduced their beliefs to the cold dawn-like ashes of a testification.

The agony of war shattered their nerves and bodies. Deeper than any physical hurt it reached their souls and made them writhe in the far more tortuous process of disintegration.

You may heal bodily wounds and soothe torn nerves with proper treatment and perseverance. To a great extent the sensory consciousness of the late soldier is forgetting those actual fighting horrors, but souls are not so easily healed. Many

men who now walk upright are still spiritually crippled. It is for these men that the question which Somerset Maugham's play, *The Unknown*, arouses becomes a tragedy.

If the realisation could only be brought home to them that individual conceptions of Truth depend upon individual evolution and that only inasmuch as any particular conception of the Truth was immature was it entirely shattered by the blinding forces of the war!

Any tenacious conviction, which the war killed, was killed either because it was inadequate for the soul's great need or because the man who held it was not strong enough to maintain its security against all the odds. This applies equally to those who believed in God and to those who didn't. Indeed it may be that after all it applies a little more to the materialists because the margin of their credit was less elastic—they had less to come and go on in the fixity of their ideas. Is it not obvious to those, who read the world's thought as it runs, that one of the mass psychical effects of the war is the steady slow reaction against the material dogmatists? People are learning very quietly that men like Darwin are awarded their full justification as classifiers of specific fields of scientific enlightenment, and that they have contributed nothing to the solution of the psychical problem of humanity.

Fighting men, like those in the old Gaelic Sagas, came into kinship with the Gods in the forefront of battle. Men's spiritual consciousness was strained beyond all their imaginativeness into the vastness of a truth beyond them, and though a few may shrug their shoulders and attribute what their senses beheld "there" to extreme physical tensity, a residue of questioning will remain from that vision and will urge them towards a solace which is still unknown to them.

Religion is the desire of a man's soul for truth—for a way wherein he shall walk and find himself within the fellowship of Life's purpose. Simple men, men unbitten by political and commercial sophistry will always respond to that quest. It is a quest greater than man's mere domination of the physical world, and it will turn him through many doorways until he emerges upon the final revelation.

All doubt is a symptom of our earnestness. Without it we should cease to

strive; we should merely accept things with a little bargaining. It is this satisfaction of bargaining which has made the world commercial, and in this sense the first market-cross was a symbol of spiritual defamation of the early tribes. It is impossible to bargain with the great final motives of humanity.

The war therefore has shattered nothing spiritually that mattered. It has only stripped men's souls into individual responsibility, made them naked of all their weaknesses and insincerities. Surely that it is a great world-strength to have begotten from tragic warfare? Let us forget the bitter dereliction of war's aftermath and build from this new strong consciousness a surer direction for those who, though they may never directly comprehend the horror we have experienced, will assuredly reap in sunnier days the rewards of our effort towards a deeper and truer spiritual establishment.

MY WOODLAND.

I saunter through the woodland deep
 With brambles here and saplings there—
 A silver beech, a golden frond,
 And bracken glowing everywhere.

I seem to see the gnomes at play,
 A dryad whispers in my ear,
 Majestic oak trees give me strength,
 All Nature's music brings me cheer.

A tiny dancing water-sprite
 A brilliance to the scene doth lend;
 A dainty sylphide hovering near
 Knows me—her brother and her friend.

A little lizard sports and runs,
 A liquid-throated thrush is near;
 Oh, little friends of brown and red,
 I hear you singing everywhere!

So when the world of daily life
 Is full of tumult, doubt and pain,
 I leave the place of noise and strife
 And in my woodland walk again.

HELENA PHILIPP.

A New Standard of Religious Tolerance

By C. JINARAJADASA

THE days are long past when people could blindly accept the postulate that any one religion contained the totality of spiritual truth. Any educated man or woman can in these days find in almost any library texts and translations from every religion, and judge for himself whether the claims of sectarianism are justified or not. One does not need to be so very cultured in this twentieth century to profess a wide tolerance on all religious matters.

Nevertheless it is still usual to think of the great religions as in a measure mutually exclusive. While we admit that a Christian or a Hindu or a Buddhist may be equally spiritual, yet we do not think that a Christian can be a Buddhist *at the same time*. We have not begun to think of the possibility that a man may sacramentally belong to two religions at the same time. This possibility has now become an actuality.

Among all the great religions of the world, Buddhism probably holds the first place for wide tolerance. There is no record in Buddhist annals of any religious persecution; neither sword nor threat nor fear has ever been invoked to help in the propagation of Buddhism. This unique record has been due to the marvellous personality of the great Buddha. He proclaimed certain spiritual laws of existence, and left each individual to apply them in his own life so far as he was able. He organised a body of Buddhist monks to give help and instruction to the faithful, but He established no church to dominate the people.

During the forty-five years of His ministry He took the unique standpoint that within a man's own heart was "The Way, the Truth, and the Life,"

and that He Himself was but a finger post pointing the way to all men, but not a Saviour to "save the world." While He established for His followers certain spiritual aids, they were not however the essentials of the *life*.

The great spirit of tolerance, which the Founder of Buddhism showed in India 2,500 years ago, is reflected to-day in Buddhist lands by the fraternisation of Buddhism with other religions. In China to-day, Buddhism exists side by side with Confucianism and Taoism, and most Chinese profess all three faiths, and worship at the temples of all the three cults. In Ceylon, it is quite usual to find in the Buddhist temples a special shrine dedicated to Vishnu or Shiva of the Hindu Pantheon. If then a Buddhist, while strictly "orthodox," can also worship at a Hindu shrine, what is the special characteristic of Buddhism as a cult?

To be a Buddhist means to live a life. Any one who keeps the "Five Precepts" and treads the "Noble Eightfold Path" is a Buddhist, whether he has enrolled himself under the banner of the Lord Buddha or not. This is the Buddhist theory; though in practice, especially now, after twenty-five centuries of Buddhist tradition, a Buddhist is one who not only lives the life but has also taken the "Three Refuges." Even now, nothing else is necessary for enrolling oneself as a Buddhist but "entering into the Three Refuges and taking the Five Precepts." Any one can perform the act of admission, for himself or for another, since the efficacy of the admission does not depend upon the words or intent of the one who admits, but only upon the intent of him who seeks admission. This is again the theory; though in practice

to-day there is a brief and simple ceremony. The candidate goes to a Buddhist monk and asks him for the "Three Refuges" and the "Five Precepts." The monk says them one by one in the ancient Páli, and the candidate repeats them after the monk. That is all; there are no prayers, nor a consecration, nor ceremonial of any kind. What the monk and the candidate say is as follows; it is usually said in Páli, but the efficacy is not less if it were to be said in English or in any other language.

CANDIDATE :

1. *Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Sammāsambuddhassa.*
Praise be to the Lord, the Holy one, Perfect in Wisdom.
This is said three times.

THE THREE REFUGES.

MONK, followed by candidate, sentence by sentence :

2. *Buddham saranam gacchāmi.*
I go to the Buddha for refuge.
3. *Dhammam saranam gacchāmi.*
I go to the Law for refuge.
4. *Sangham saranam gacchāmi.*
I go to the Brotherhood of the Noble Ones for refuge.
5. *Dutiyampi Buddham saranam gacchāmi.*
For the second time, I go to the Buddha for refuge.
6. *Dutiyampi Dhammam saranam gacchāmi.*
For the second time, I go to the Law for refuge.
7. *Dutiyampi Sangham saranam gacchāmi.*
For the second time, I go to the Brotherhood of the Noble Ones for refuge.
8. *Tatiyampi Buddham saranam gacchāmi.*
For the third time, I go to the Buddha for refuge.
9. *Tatiyampi Dhammam saranam gacchāmi.*
For the third time, I go to the Law for refuge.
10. *Tatiyampi Sangham saranam gacchāmi.*
For the third time, I go to the Brotherhood of the Noble Ones for refuge.

THE FIVE PRECEPTS.

MONK, the candidate repeating sentence by sentence :

11. *Pānātipātā veremaṇi sikkhāpadam samādiyāmi.*

I promise to abstain from taking the life of any living creature.

12. *Adinnādānā veremaṇi sikkhāpadam samādiyāmi.*

I promise to abstain from taking anything that belongs to another, with thievish intent.

13. *Kamesu micchācārā veremaṇi sikkhāpadam samādiyāmi.*

I promise to abstain from the evil indulgence of the bodily passions.

14. *Musāvādā veremaṇi sikkhāpadam samādiyāmi.*

I promise to abstain from falsehood.

15. *Surā-meraya-majja-pamāda-tthānā veremaṇi sikkhāpadam samādiyāmi.*

I promise to abstain from intoxicants and from drugs producing intoxication.

This is the complete ceremony. It is however usual for the pious Buddhist to repeat after this the praises of the "Three Gems" as follows :

1. **THE BUDDHA :** "The Lord Buddha is perfect in knowledge, and possesses the knowledge of the eight kinds, and has accomplished the fifteen holy practices. He has come the good journey which led to the Buddhahood, and knows the three worlds. He is the Unrivalled, the Teacher of men to be subdued by the Doctrine, the Teacher of gods and men."
2. **THE LAW :** "The Law, which was fully explained by the Buddha, produces immediate effects, produces results without delay, invites all-comers, and leads to Nirvana, is to be understood by the wise for themselves."
3. **THE SANGHA OR BROTHERHOOD :** "The Brotherhood of the Disciples of the Buddha live a holy life, an upright life, in the way of wisdom, a life fulfilling their duties. They are the eight divisions of the Disciples who form the Four Grades worthy of offerings, worthy of hospitality, worthy of gifts, worthy of respectful salutation, the best sowing ground for meritorious deeds."

When the Lord Buddha was asked what made a man His follower, He replied : "Entering into the Refuges, and taking the Five Precepts." We know that when He established Buddhism in India, He called upon none who wanted to be His follower to renounce the faith in which he was born. Since Buddhism was a life to be lived, in accordance with fundamental laws, thousands accepted

Buddhism without renouncing Hinduism. Of course they gave up such part of Hinduism as contradicted those spiritual principles as to life and conduct which they accepted from the Buddha. But being a Buddhist was not thought of ever as separating a man from all his past.

This broad tolerant attitude of Buddhism has just been exemplified by one of the Chief Priests of Buddhism. The Venerable High Priest M. Nānissara of Māligākanda, the Chief High Priest of Colombo, and the successor of the famous High Priest Sumangala as Principal of the Vidyodaya Oriental College for Buddhist Monks, has just authorised admission into Buddhism, *without requiring from a candidate a renunciation of his profession of faith in any other religion*. In other words, provided a person "enters into the Three Refuges and takes the Five Precepts," he is at liberty to profess such other beliefs as are not contradictory of his Buddhist creed. I give below the authorisation given to me by the Venerable High Priest.

VIDYODAYA COLLEGE,
MALIGAKANDA, COLOMBO,
June 28th, 1920.

I hereby give authorisation to C. Jinarajadasa to admit into Buddhism all who accept the principles in the document annexed to this, and who formally take Pancha Sila* in token of their adherence to the Teachings of the Lord Buddha.

(Signed) M. NANISSARA,
Chief Buddhist High Priest,
Colombo.

Principal Vidyodaya College.

* The Five Precepts

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF BUDDHISM.

1. I believe in the Lord Buddha, who, after many lives of sacrifice for men, attained by His efforts Buddhahood, and gained the Supreme Wisdom in order to share it with all His fellowmen.
I take the Lord Buddha as my Teacher to lead me on the Path of Holiness.
2. I believe in the Dhamma, the eternal truths as to Righteousness which are inherent in the universe, and which were proclaimed by the Lord Buddha.
I take the Dhamma as my Guide to lead me on the Path of Holiness.

3. I believe in the Sangha, the Brotherhood of the Noble Ones of the Four Grades—Sotāpanna, Sakridāgāmi, Anāgāmi and Arhat.

I take the Sangha as my Example to lead me on the Path of Holiness.

4. I accept as binding on me the Five Precepts, and I pledge myself to try to live without violating them.
5. I believe in the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, and I believe that I shall as the result of my efforts attain Nirvana.

Before I received the permission to admit into Buddhism from the venerable High Priest, I carefully explained to him that I, as a Theosophist, could never take up the attitude that Buddhism, the religion into which I have been born and, to which I am most deeply attached, is the only true Faith in the world, and that I could not therefore ask of any candidate into Buddhism a renunciation of his faith, as a pre-requisite to becoming a Buddhist. The High Priest agreed that the Lord Buddha never laid down such a qualification, and that so long as a man lived up to his Buddhist profession of faith—"entering into the Refuges and taking the Five Precepts"—it was quite optional for him to profess other beliefs, provided they did not militate against his conduct as a Buddhist. If a Buddhist enters into the Refuges and lives according to the Precepts, he does not cease to be a Buddhist because He reverences Christ and tries to live His teachings also. Conversely, a Christian, or a Hindu, or a Zoroastrian, or a Mohammedan, or a follower of *any* religion, can be admitted into Buddhism, provided he accepts the fundamental principles of Buddhism. Such admission into Buddhism will not cut him off from any spiritual aid to which he is accustomed from his religion, and which he believes he can combine with living the life as a Buddhist.

This is surely a new standard of religious tolerance. Is it not itself a sign that the "old order" is changing, and that the world is readier than we thought to accept a World-Teacher who will come not to any one religion alone but to men of all religions?

Mystics of Two Centuries*

By S. L. BENSUSAN

IN these days when popular fiction tends steadily to go from bad to worse and that which is known by the courtesy title of the "public taste" is degraded deliberately by the majority of those who cater for it, it is pleasant to turn, in the leisure that the library affords, to the work of men who in their unforgotten day took the profession of letters seriously. There is a story of a great painter who when asked with what he mixed his paints, replied "Brains": certainly men who were at the head of the writing brotherhood in the times of the last crisis besetting this country, the crisis of the Napoleonic Wars, mixed brain matter with words and wrote with a sense of responsibility for which we, who inherit their work, cannot be too grateful. Even when they had no lesson to teach and were merely endeavouring to beguile the leisured hours of their patrons, they treated the English language with all respect. Publicly or privately they pondered many problems relating to the technique of their work, and those who read them now, find in their essays a volume of thought and a quality of style, that are the outcome of conscientious endeavour and an infinite capacity for taking pains.

The question of good taste in literature and poetry, forgotten or at least ignored by the vulgar who serve the vulgar in the present day, was one that appears to have been of great moment to Coleridge, most rambling of writers and consequently perhaps the most neglected of all the men who were active in the beginning of the nineteenth century. His "Biographia Literaria" ought to be widely known, but unfortunately it is far too discursive to command popularity. The proportion of

fine gold to dross in this book reminds one at times of the relation between the bread and the sack in Falstaff's immortal tavern bill, but, in spite of the proportions, the gold is worth a great effort to recover. The truth is that Coleridge was never for very long master of himself, his weaknesses assumed control for long periods and at short intervals. He possessed in less degree than most of his contemporaries the power of distinguishing the difference between what was good and what was bad in his own work. In this regard he was perhaps even worse than Wordsworth. Consequently the "Biographia" is something that only the very leisured scholar is likely to read in its entirety, and there has long been a danger that the work would be lost altogether. Fortunately this danger has been avoided by the skill of Mr. George Sampson, who has already placed those who care for the writings of the early nineteenth century under an obligation by his admirable editing of a selection of Hazlitt's Essays, though this was a far lighter task than the editing of the ponderous prose of Coleridge.

Mr. Sampson has been very bold indeed, and has limited himself to certain chapters of the "Biographia." He prints the first four in extenso, then travels to number fourteen and goes on to number twenty-two, dealing in an appendix with the chapters he has elected to omit. Another appendix gives Wordsworth's Preface and Appendix to the Lyrical Ballads, a third consists of Wordsworth's Preface to the Edition of 1815, and following that we have a list of the works of Coleridge and Wordsworth and an interesting story of the growth of the "Biographia" founded on Coleridge's correspondence with friends and publishers, letters involving curious

* Coleridge, "Biographia Literaria." Edited by George Sampson. Cambridge University Press.
"A Soul's Progress." Dr. P. W. Robertson. Ed. Arnold.

self-revelation. A series of very interesting notes bring to an end a volume that, although in its way as disconnected as the work it set out to popularise, must commend itself to all who admire Coleridge and Wordsworth, and all who are interested in the literary output of their time. To make the work still more attractive there is an admirable introductory essay by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, some of whose theories are well worth careful examination. Before discussing Coleridge's work, it is legitimate to turn aside to consider the man himself, and Sir Arthur emphasises an opinion that many will share when he says that, had Coleridge married Dorothy Wordsworth, the whole history of his life might have taken another and a happier turn. It is safe to say that Dorothy's wit and wisdom, her keen sense of the beauties of nature, her gift of felicitous phrase, greatly influenced Coleridge and that he took full though unacknowledged advantage of them. Her brother, it will be remembered, acted in much the same fashion; she gave much and took little. Many have wondered why it is that the poetic gift responsible for such work as "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" should have passed so suddenly and so completely, never to return. Sir Arthur Quiller Couch points out that Coleridge's poetic faculty showed signs of collapse some years before his marriage to Sara Fricker proved demonstrably a failure, and he thinks that the real cause of this decline was the poet's sojourn in Germany and his devotion to metaphysics. This is an interesting theory very vigorously upheld, and it helps us to understand much in the "Biographia," the book that a contemporary critic of breadth and standing, Mr. Arthur Symons, has described as "the greatest book of criticism in English and one of the most annoying books in any language." The earliest chapters have special interest where they show how the young poet and critic was trained at Christ's Hospital by James Bowyer, whose merits have been generally overlooked by reason of his conventional brutalities. "He sent us to the University" says Coleridge, "ex-

cellent Latin and Greek scholars and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts which we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage." Charles Lamb, it may be remembered, was hardly as generous in his estimate of the great pedagogue.

Coleridge's views of life and conduct were singularly sound, and those who grope through the "Biographia" to discover them, will find the foundations of sound judgment and right good sense. They may surely be pardoned if they regret that so many of the clear views expressed by Coleridge were not applied to his own unsatisfactory career in an effort to make it more worthy of his gifts. Here is an example of the critical faculty applied to poetry: "Not the poem which we have read, but that to which we return with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power and claims the name of essential poetry . . . whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense or association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction." Even in Coleridge's time there was a great mass of rubbish issued from the circulating libraries. He deals with it effectively, although perhaps in a more didactic fashion than would commend itself to a later day.

"For as to the devotees of the circulating libraries, I dare not compliment their pass-time, or rather kill-time, with the name of reading. Call it rather a sort of beggarly day-dreaming, during which the mind of the dreamer furnishes for itself nothing but laziness, and a little mawkish sensibility; while the whole material and imagery of the doze is supplied *ab extra* by a sort of mental camera obscura manufactured at the printing office, which *pro tempore* fixes, reflects, and transmits the moving phantasms of one man's delirium, so as to people the barrenness of a hundred other brains afflicted with the same trance or suspension of all common sense and all definite purpose. We should therefore

transfer this species of amusement (if indeed those can be said to retire *a musis*, who were never in their company, or relaxation be attributable to those whose bows are never bent), from the genus reading, to that comprehensive class characterised by the power of reconciling the two contrary yet co-existing propensities of human nature, namely, indulgence of sloth, and hatred of vacancy."

Talking of Robert Southey, his hard-working, sober brother-in-law, he says, "Distant may the period be, but whenever the time shall come, when all his works shall be collected by some editor worthy to be his biographer, I trust that an appendix of *excerpta* of all the passages, in which his writings, name and character have been attacked, from the pamphlets and periodical works of the last twenty years, may be an accompaniment. Yet that it would prove medicinal in after times I dare not hope; for as long as there are readers to be delighted with calumny, there will be found reviewers to calumniate. And such readers will become in all probability more numerous, in proportion as a still greater diffusion of literature shall produce an increase of sciolists, and sciolism bring with it petulance and presumption. In times of old, books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and, as their numbers increased, they sank still lower to that of entertaining companions. At present they seem degraded into culprits, to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected, yet not the less peremptory, judge, who chooses to write from humour or interest, from enmity or arrogance, and to abide the decision of him that reads in malice, or him that reads after dinner."

Later he has a very sound comment upon the reviewers and reviews, claiming that the first should support their decision by reference to fixed canons of criticism. "He who tells me," he goes on, "that there are defects in a new work, tells me nothing which I should not have taken for granted without his information. But he,

who points out and elucidates the beauties of an original work, does indeed give me interesting information, such as experience would not have authorised me in anticipating." It is interesting to compare this dictum with Swinburne's remark that he could not understand what should attract men to the business of criticism unless it was "the noble pleasure of praising."

The fourth chapter of the "Biographia" enters upon the subject that gives the whole book its most enduring critical value and justifies the reception still accorded to it by scholars after a lapse of nearly a hundred years. This subject is of course Wordsworth's poetry. Coleridge's association with the greater poet in the Lyrical Ballads is still remembered, and his position as a critic was one of extreme difficulty. Neither he nor Wordsworth was troubled with any approach to a sense of humour, but while Wordsworth's skin was of the thickest where attacks by the outside world were concerned, it was of quite a different texture when friends became critical. Coleridge was eminently honest and was a born critic, his canons of taste were fixed, and there was sound reason behind all his judgments; it is a tribute to his skill as well as his character that he should have handled his friend's poetry so justly and yet without offence. Few more luminous comments upon the Lyrical Ballads have been published than the one that affords a single sentence to Coleridge's appreciation. "A careful and repeated examination of these volumes confirms me in the belief that the omission of less than a hundred lines would have precluded nine-tenths of the criticism on this work."

It will be remarked that Wordsworth was, is, and will continue to be parodied. He lends himself to parody more than other poets and not unnaturally Coleridge took exception to the practice. "The poor, naked, half-human savages of New Holland were found excellent mimics; and, in civilised society minds of the very lowest stamp alone satirise by copying. At least the differences which must blend with and balance the likeness in order to constitute a just imitation, existing here

merely in character, detracts from the libeller's art without adding an iota to the credit of his understanding." This kind of criticism leaves the modern cold, but it is amply atoned for by some of the comments in Chapters XIV. and XV. to which Mr. Sampson carries us as soon as Chapter IV. is ended. Here are the last lines of the fourteenth chapter. "Finally, Good Sense is the Body of poetic genius, Fancy its Drapery, Motion its Life, and Imagination the Soul that is everywhere and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole."

In the following chapter, he remarks that "no man was ever yet a great poet without being at the same time a profound philosopher. For poetry is the blossom and the fragrancy of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions and language." Later he declares in another inspired moment that "Language is the armoury of the human mind and at once contains the trophies of its past and the weapons of its future conquests." Not all Coleridge's departures from the path of connected argument and sustained endeavour could leave us indifferent to the loss of passages such as these.

It will be remembered that Wordsworth led the assault upon what was known in his time as Poetic Diction. He declined resolutely to be led away by the conventions of the poetry of the Georgian era, which he regarded as mere artifices, calculated to render the poetic style characteristically false. Coleridge can never quite follow his friend, although he will go with him a considerable way along the road. Speaking of the countryman's dialect he says that "a rustic's language purified from all provincialism and grossness and so far re-constructed as to be made consistent with the rules of grammar will not differ from the language of any other man of common sense, however learned or refined he may be, except as far as the notions which the rustic has to convey are fewer and more indiscriminate." He even denies that the language of Wordsworth's homeliest composition is that of the common peasant, and probably

most of us will be with him here. Wordsworth held that the language of a large portion of every good poem must differ in no respect, save that of metre, from the language of good prose, and that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be the language of well-written prose. It is a little curious to find modern tendencies moving along lines that Wordsworth explored in his most ambitious poems.

One of the charms of the "Biographia" is to be found in the variety and extent of its range. Some of the comments that we find in the chapters omitted, but referred to by Mr. Sampson, might have been written for the times we live in. For example, when he was discussing the French revolution and the high hopes that its pioneers held out to the people, Coleridge says "I avowed my conviction that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel were the indispensable condition of any true political amelioration." Are we who hold these views to deem ourselves behind the times; and in such case are the times themselves of a kind of which reasonable men would wish to stand abreast? Coleridge did not go as far as Wordsworth did when he visited France from Cambridge, and he speaks of himself as an opponent of the first revolutionary war, saying that his eyes were thoroughly opened to the true character and impotence of the favourers of revolutionary principles in England—"principles which I held in abhorrence, for it was part of my political creed that whoever ceased to act as an individual by making himself a member of any Society not sanctioned by his Government, forfeited the rights of a citizen." In the language of our later day, we speak of the material progress that has out-run spiritual development and resulted in many of the evils that we see around us. Coleridge wrote of

". . . those who rebel in vain
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They break their manacles, to wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain."

Lines like these and passages like those that precede them account in part for the

appeal that Coleridge still makes to so many readers on account of his modernity. In view of this appeal one notes with surprise how little honour is paid to the philosopher-poet in his own County.

A year or two ago, I went down to the Coleridge country in Devonshire and visited Ottery St. Mary. There was no memorial to Samuel Taylor Coleridge to be found in the very beautiful church associated with the little town, only a memorial tablet to his father on which his name was included with that of other children. His works were not on sale in Ottery St. Mary, and one or two shopkeepers in the town of whom I enquired confessed that they only knew him as a name and that no visitors made enquiries or sought to gather any facts relating to his early days. Mr. Sampson has paid honour where it was not only due but overdue.

* * *

"A Soul's Progress," published by Mr. Edward Arnold and described by the author, Dr. P. W. Robertson, as "Mezzotints in Prose," is a study of the groping of the human mind after a solution of the problems that cannot be solved. There are five stages in the search and they are set out in a series of essays, each one corresponding to a fresh state of mind. The first, an expression of "keen but unbalanced enthusiasm," affords a delightful picture of Renaissance Italy. The second, dealing with the phase of a mind possessed by the Platonic conception of absolute beauty, has Danzig for a setting. The examination and rejection of Nirvana provide for the third stage of a mind's development. Then comes the theory of art as the actual expression of life. Finally we reach the stage at which the seeker learns that Love transcends Art as an expression of the wonder of life and gives the deepest insight into its mystery. Perhaps there are other mental phases to be encountered, further experiences to serve as the soil from which new theories will arise, but the author is content for the present with the range of his exploration and discovery. The reader may be for-

given if he does not share this content, for his dissatisfaction is at least a tribute to the considerable skill and the undeniable charm of writing that have gone to the making of a book which has individuality despite its indebtedness to Walter Pater.

The author's quest is as old as mental life itself, the goal is or seems farther off than Sirius, but every generation sends forth its enthusiasts who hope to feel the joy that besets "some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken." Dr. Robertson travels in leisurely fashion, writing sometimes from London, sometimes from Oxford, once from Rangoon, the first of the five essays being written in 1912 and the last five years later, while one appears to belong to the year 1910. There are suggestions of leisured ease and of much polishing of thought and phrase; the book is easy to read and provides a certain mental stimulus. More than this the author can hardly hope to achieve. The problems that beset the authors of the Books of Job and Ecclesiastes doubtless moved many great minds before theirs and have moved thousands since. Study and reflection have given us some guide to a way of life, to a revaluation of our gifts and our responsibilities. We have won some glimpses of the road we ought to follow and if we are not quite clear about what is right, we are developing the beginnings of a world conscience with regard to what is wrong. Perhaps we have here the summit of the human achievement of our time; no more and no less than the first faint manifestations of a high morality hard to grasp and follow. Our impatience is pardonable; the insect that helps to build the coral reef might prove eager, if it had a brain, to understand the significance of its sustained and seemingly fruitless labour. It may be that the lack of a brain leaves it content to labour and be lost, building what it never sees in true perspective for services beyond the range of its imaginings.

Dr. Robertson, for all that he is a modern of the moderns able to survey Platonism, Buddhism, Christianity and other great

forces unknown to the author of Ecclesiastes, finds himself at the end of the half-a-dozen essays that have occupied a decade in the writing just where the unknown writer was when he came to his ultimate chapter.

"A thousand years in His sight are but as yesterday"—out of this phrase may perhaps be fashioned the key that shall unlock the door mankind still cries without. Our author's reflections in "A Soul's Progress" find no goal, but they are not the less welcome on that account. Long generations must labour along the same road, the line may "stretch to the crack of doom" and no definite result be achieved. But, out of this pondering upon the infinite, out of this study of Divine Law, this ceaseless reflection upon the duty and destiny of mankind we may expect the growth of a wider vision, a deeper insight, a nearer approach to the boundaries of present knowledge, and in the fulness of time a glimpse of a far greater world lying beyond. Those who labour in the light of our present day must do so with no greater hope that their twilight and night will be the dawn and noon of another generation ready to take the burden from those who have grown too weak to sustain it and to spend itself generously in the unending labour. It may be that extension of faculty is nearer than we dare hope,

but if this were so we can only expect to find that the horizon reveals more uncharted ground than we can see or imagine at present. Why should we question the wisdom that denies us a vision too glorious perchance for mortal eyes? There may be more than we are accustomed to read in the story of Semele and Zeus. To turn to a modern instance, let us recall the poet Gray who writing of Milton said :

"He passed the flaming bounds of Space
and Time
The Living Throne, the Sapphire Blaze
He saw, but blasted with excess of light
Closed his eyes in endless night."

If we have nothing more we have at least a guide to correct living and without that there can be no progress. We have learned something of the Moral Law, and it is only to the extent that we live in its light that we dare venture to look for a revelation of those other laws, veiled at present, in accordance with which we come and go in our brief traffic of the stage of life. To the full extent that Dr. Robertson attracts men and women to contemplation in all the stages that he has explored, he performs worthy service. It is hard to avoid the thought that one who can think clearly and write with a certain approach to distinction will have in the course of time new and welcome chapters for the history of the progress of a Soul.

When Time kept a Smoother Pace

By FRANCES ADNEY

NOW that the dust of a scuffle for relatively petty ends has succeeded the dignity of war, many long for a retreat. Old books, old authors, furnish havens where temporary refreshment may be obtained. If we are slaves to the mode, changing our literary tastes as we alter the height of our heels, Emerson may be considered rather absurdly out of date; but there are some to whom he offers a restful retrospect in greatness.

Emerson's essays, if collected into one large volume, as are Montaigne's, would provide a body of sweetness and wisdom rarely surpassed by any book. And, while his writings distil the essence of his biography and form the scroll from which the Reality may be deciphered, still, those human accidents which helped to individualise him in time and space, and are termed biography, have an interesting bearing on his solutions of the riddles of life.

To seek for Emerson's ancestry is to slip back into periods whose stillness has the hush of shadowy places in a deep forest. As his progenitors emerge from these time-shadows, they prove to be ministers and college folk for the most part, an Academic race, taking naturally to books. Very far back as modern America counts time, one of them is recorded as "A competently good Stroke at Latin poetry." Among their virtues, which were numerous almost to monotony, patience and humility were pronounced; but a strain of deep, quiet resistance to wrong ran through the family, with a courage which took no account of the punishments of unpopularity. The calm courage which characterised our essayist may have been partially inherited. But his value to posterity lies for the most part in those fine qualities which Nature

"finds too costly to perpetuate, which she exhales with the breath of the individual."

Very little is recorded of Emerson's youth. That he was universally amiable and compliant, that nothing could disturb his equanimity; that he never stole the enticing pears which hung just over his father's garden wall, although he made "large stealings from Nature" later to incorporate in his essays and lectures; that he was only a fair scholar according to his college authorities; that even as a boy "he had the same manner and courtly hesitation in addressing you that you have known in him since;" bits like these are gleanable.

Like many Americans of note, Emerson served an apprenticeship at school-teaching. Although utterly unadapted to that sort of pursuit, he was wise enough to practise some of the methods which the best educators of the present are imitating. With his pupils he was never harsh or severe—always perfectly controlled; and while he never punished except by an occasional word, he exercised complete command over his boys. He had a stately, measured way of turning on a little miscreant, and saying two words: "Oh, sad!" And those two words were sufficient, for he had won the love of his pupils.

With those modes of education which aim to expedite, to save labour, "to do for the masses what cannot be done for the masses, but must be done reverently for each child, one by one"; with the eye-on-the-clock method, the twenty-classes-a-day haste; he had no sympathy. He called them the calomel of culture, and recommended total abstinence from the drug.

"The correction of this quack practice is to import into Education the wisdom

of life. Leave this military hurry and adopt the pace of Nature. Her secret is patience . . . Can you not baffle the impatience and passion of a child by your tranquillity? Can you not wait for him as Nature and Providence do? . . . He has a secret; wonderful methods in him; he is—every child, a new style of man. Give him time and opportunity. Talk of Columbus and Newton! I tell you the child just born in yonder hovel is the beginning of a revolution as great as theirs. But you must have the believing and prophetic eye. Have the self-command you wish to inspire. Your teaching and discipline must have the reserve and taciturnity of Nature. Teach them to hold their tongues by holding your own. Say little; do not snarl; do not chide; but govern by the eye.”

Although he spent little time as master of a school, he never lost interest in educational matters, nor touch with colleges. To Carlyle, who was always praising Emerson's words and inveighing in the same breath against speech, Mr. Emerson wrote, in 1841 :

“As usual at this season of the year I, incorrigible spouting Yankee, am writing an oration to deliver to the boys in one of our little country colleges. . . . You will say I do not deserve the aid of any Muse. O, but if you knew how natural it is for me to run to these places! Besides, I am always lured on by the hope of saying something which shall stick by the good boys.”

His summing-up of the matter was, that the secret of education lay in respecting the pupil :

“It is not for you to choose what he shall know, what he shall do. It is chosen and foreordained, and he only holds the key to his own secret. By your tampering and thwarting and too much governing he may be hindered from his end and kept out of his own. Respect the child. Wait and see the new product of Nature. Nature loves analogies but not repetitions. Respect the child. Be not too much his parent. Trespass not on his solitude.”

He believed that the radical reformation of education meant ultimately the

reformation of society—that is, an alteration of character: and, with steady optimism, he upheld the new standards to his country :

“When I see the doors by which God enters into the mind; that there is no sot or fop, ruffian or pedant into whom thoughts do not enter by passages which the individual never left open, I can expect any revolution in character.”

While teaching school, Emerson studied for the ministry, a profession which he abandoned precipitately. His ministerial ancestors had seceded, some from the ceremonies of the English Church, others from Calvinism. His immediate forefathers were Unitarians “who maintained a studied reserve on the nature and offices of Jesus. They had not made up their own minds on it. It was a mystery to them and they let it remain so.” Emerson departed from the church on a ground similar to that on which our Protector, Mrs. Besant, courted some of the griefs of her early life. He had a conscientious objection to the Lord's Supper and refused to administer it, as she declined to partake of it. Emerson stated his case with serene sweetness, left disputes to others, and sought a new mode of life; and while, in the light of recent, occult investigations, his statements seem to show some confusion of thought and inadequacy of realisation, one honors the gentle probity and noble sincerity of the man who, at the close of the sermon which embodied his resignation from church office, said :

“I have no hostility to this institution (The Eucharist); I am only stating my want of sympathy with it. Neither should I ever have obtruded this opinion upon other people, had I not been called by my office to administer it. That is the end of my opposition and I am not interested in it. I am content that it stand to the end of the world if it please men and please Heaven, and I shall rejoice in all the good it produces.”

There was a voyage to Europe after this episode. Upon his return to America, although preaching occasionally from Unitarian pulpits, Emerson entered upon

his life-work of lecturing and writing. To linger with him for a space about Concord woods and fields is to obtain a fresh, definite yet delicate touch with the indwelling Spirit of Nature; and to go with him into the social life or to the lecture hall is to secure sparkling sidelights on the humanity of his day—a humanity which our modern era has not transcended to any very noticeable degree.

It was on this voyage to Europe that the life-long friendship with Carlyle was begun, the Sage of Chelsea evidently finding in the young philosopher's imperturbability a restful anodyne to the self-inflicted discomforts of his own explosiveness. These two present an instructive antithesis in their methods of truth-seeking, methods which carried their respective blessings and curses to the enactors. The hatred of unreality swayed Carlyle; and while he obtained much truth he suffered from the reflexes of the dark, destructive emotion. "The ground of my existence is black as death," he wrote to Emerson. The *love* of the real and genuine pervaded all Emerson's search for truth. With serene expectation of the ultimate right adjustment of every phenomenon, he waited for clouds to vanish. Carlyle, performing a needed service for the world, drew down upon his unfortunate head the forces which his own thought processes evoked. Emerson, seeking positive truth through sunny ways of hope and love, dowered himself unconsciously with benefic influences whilst he poured out largesse to his people. The results of the process were manifest even to the very end of his physical life, of which Whitman, writing of a meeting shortly preceding Emerson's death, said:

"How shall I henceforth dwell on the blessed hours when, not long since, I saw that benignant face, the clear eyes, the silently smiling mouth, the form yet upright in its great age—to the very last with so much spring and cheeriness, and such an absence of decrepitude, that even the term venerable seemed hardly fitting."

Throughout Emerson's works, as in his life, the stream of serenity, of peace, flowed so full and deep, that there sometimes seems just a little lack of mirth, of humour; one is rather surprised to learn, from notes on this journey to Europe, that he was seized with a desire to laugh—and that, too, at Wordsworth! For at a totally unexpected point in the conversation, the bard of Grasmere suddenly stood and delivered a sonnet:

"This recitation was so unlooked for and surprising—he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and reciting to me in the garden-walk, like a schoolboy declaiming—that I at first was near to laugh, but recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself up to hear."

That Wordsworth—who considered men shackled by social custom and selflimited to the range of physical preceptions, slaves, "the meanest we can meet"—should have acted spontaneously, was right and consistent. And Emerson's ability to see the sound core of an apparently incongruous action, an ability lightly illustrated by this little incident, proved the talent which helped him to keep his balance amid the incongruities of a pioneer people. At Concord, Massachusetts, where he settled after returning from Europe, and where he spent the whole of his after life, there were many who went to extremes in views and idiosyncrasies. There was the charming Alcott, whose speculations ran into the fourth dimension; Hawthorne, the inspired brooder in a dream-peopled solitude; Thoreau, prickly and defiant, yet lovable, and there were "echoes and idolaters" innumerable. An episode connected with Thoreau's refusal to desecrate his rather peculiar conscience by the payment of a poll tax, shows Emerson's gentle considerateness, and his ability to keep his thought candid and his emotions smooth. Going to the prison where his friend was brooding, he said mildly:

"Henry, I am surprised that you are here."

"And I am surprised," answered Thoreau, testily, "that you are not here!"

Serenely paying the requisite tax, Emerson freed his friend for meditation among the more agreeable surroundings of the neighbouring woods.

Throughout his life, the possibly resentful or warlike in his nature was transmuted by Emerson into a medicinal principle, a soothing, nourishing force. He accepted wearisome tasks of denial and charity, as one who was no longer at the service of an individual, but concerned with the common good of all men. When he held himself apart from activity in movements of reform (as he often did), it was that he might supply them with a great part of their intellectual and moral capital; and at this moment, when America fails in a measure to understand the value of a planetary as well as a national patriotism, his words might well be our inspiration:

"It is not possible to extricate yourself from the questions in which your age is involved.

" . . . Of no use are the men who study to do exactly what was done before, who can never understand that to-day is a new day. . . . We want men of original perception and original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality—namely, to considerations of benefit to the human race—who can act in the interest of civilisation; men of elastic, men of moral mind, who can live in the moment and take a step forward. Columbus was no backward-creeping-crab, nor Patrick Henry; . . . and the Genius or Destiny of America is no log or sluggard, but a man incessantly advancing

"I hope America will come to have its pride in being a nation of servants, and not of the served. How can men have any other ambition where reason has not suffered a disastrous eclipse? Whilst every man can say, I serve—to the whole extent of my being I apply my faculty to the service of mankind in my especial place—he therein sees and shows a reason for his being in the world, and is not a moth or incumbrance in it."

Whatever course with reference to a League of Nations our political parties finally bicker to, may we be sustained by Emerson's high faith:

"On the whole, I know that cosmic results will be the same, whatever the daily events may be. Happily we are under better guidance than our statesmen. . . . Our helm is given up to better guidance than our own; the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral which knows the way, and has the force to draw men, and states and planets to their good."

Emerson conquered his distaste for civil controversies on several notable occasions. Before the inauguration of Lincoln he spoke with valiant courage and foresight in favour of the emancipation of slaves. Anthony Trollope who heard him lecture in Washington on this topic much admired his bold honest oratory, which was a means not an end with him. That he led the people, and did not pretend to lead whilst in reality being led by them, Trollope was convinced. That our gentle sage could boldly court unpopularity seems apparent from his remark to his Washington audience on that occasion:

"You make much of the American eagle. You do well. But beware of the American peacock."

He saw the failings and the virtues of his own land, as clearly as he saw those of Great Britain; and he spoke without flinching of the latter at a time when our intellectual independence was not yet firmly established. He considered the history of England the proudest in the world, but thought they needed all and more than all the resources of the past to indemnify a heroic gentleman in that country for the mortifications prepared for him by his system of society—a system which imposed the alternative to resist or avoid it. On the other hand, he saw that if America was to grow out of her own regrets and produce a social state better than any as yet recorded by history, her people must continue to "conspire with the designs of the Spirit

which led us hither, and is leading us still."

If in incarnation to-day, Emerson may well turn to some of his own old writings, to gather courage. Reactions from the world-war have been downward too often instead of upward, and many may profit by his serene faith:

"Such and so potent is the high method by which the Divine Providence sends the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that I do not think we shall by any perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing."

Emerson's sweetness did not spring from the lack of discriminative judgment. It had ever the stimulating, pleasantly bitter tang of wild fruit rather than the cloying quality of confectionery. One finds many of his remarks "holding over" as it were—almost as applicable to present as to past conditions. He said that the habitual tone of the British House of Commons was a sneer; and he also remarked that in America morality seemed limited to the duty of paying money regardless of how that money was procured. It is a safe conjecture that members of our big corporations, whose percentage of earnings during the war and since have been from 75 to 200 per cent., pride themselves on owing no man a dollar. And if the tone of Great Britain's law-making bodies is not now quite a habitual sneer, yet, nevertheless, the psychological effect of a determined attitude was recently well understood by a certain member of Parliament when the alcoholic liquor problem was discussed for he kept the debate "of a set purpose at a jocular level." Men who would spring forward to meet a sword point are crushed beneath a weight of ridicule. The fact that the tone of that Parliament was instantly raised by a woman (England's first woman M.P.) whose earnest sincerity won instant respect, is of large import. When legislative bodies shall have realised that their predominant tone will be reproduced, consciously or unconsciously, by the masses of their people, perhaps national leaders will hesitate to introduce sneers and ridicule,

greed and corruption into their deliberations and deeds. They inject their own passions into the arteries of a nation more effectively than the physician, injecting iron, ensanguines the blood of his patient. Speed the day when leaders in both America and England can say with clear-eyed self-analysis, "We rely on Truth for aid against ourselves."

One of the first voices to be raised for unlimited freedom for women was Emerson's. He insisted that they should have the vote if they wished it. At that time it was not apparent that any large number of them desired it. As for "unsexing and contamination" he brushed those ideas aside, merely accusing existing politics—things too crooked often to be spoken of, to be understood only by a wink or a nudge—one man to be bought, another to be duped. There was contamination sufficient—"it rots the men now and fills the air with stench"—but he did not believe that women, if allowed to vote, would partake of that particular brand of corruption.

His estimate of womanhood was high. One of the stories in which he took delight is of Rabia, a Mohametan, a woman near to God. When she was very ill and some famed theologians visited her, one of them, rather a Job's-comforter, said: "He is not upright in his prayer who does not endure the blows of his Lord"; whilst the other declared, "He is not upright in his prayer who does not rejoice in the blows of his Lord." But Rabia, detecting in these words some trace of egotism, replied: "He is not upright in his prayer who, when he beholds his Lord, forgets not that he is stricken."

In his little known *Essay on Woman*, Emerson wrote:

"The first thing men think of when they love is to exhibit their usefulness and advantages to the object of their affection. Women make light of these, asking only love. They wish it to be an exchange of nobleness."

Nobleness in both men and women, that permanent stamp of Aristocracy under any form of government, was sought and eagerly welcomed by him.

He had ever in his mind's ideal a theoretic Peerage, "a chapter of Templars who sit indifferently in all climates and under the shadows of all institutions, but so few, so heedless of badges, so rarely convened, so little in sympathy with the predominant politics of nations that their books and doings are not recorded in any Book of Peerage . . . or even the Daily Newspaper of the world."

Emerson hesitated to speak or put in print hints that came to him from subtler worlds. That he knew in his Soul of the existence of a Hierarchy of unspeakable splendour and resistless power, seems evidenced by stray paragraphs, of which the following is one :

"I find the caste in the man. The Golden Book of Venice, the scale of European chivalry . . . the hierarchy of India with its impassable degrees, is each a transcript of the decigrade or centigrade Man. A many-chambered Aristocracy lies already organised in his moods and faculties."

"The terrible aristocracy that is in nature! Real people dwelling with the real, face to face undaunted; then, far down, people of taste, people dwelling in a relation, or rumour, or influence of good and fair, entertained by it, superficially touched, yet charmed by these shadows; and, far below these, gross and thoughtless, the animal man, billows of chaos, down to the dancing and menial organisations."

Emerson saw that it would ever be impossible to obliterate distinctions of class by forms of government. When founded on merit, an upper class is not injurious—it is merely one of the realities, not to be talked or voted away; merit builded through many ages is not to be wiped away by any passion for levelling which may strike a mass of younger souls. It is not apparent that the Concord sage had brought definitely into his physical consciousness the great laws which we term Reincarnation and Karma; but that he sensed their resistless effects, both individual and cyclic, is unquestionable.

"Aristocracy is the class eminent by personal qualities, and to them belongs,

without assertion, a proper influence. Men of aim must lead the aimless; men of invention the uninventive. I wish catholic men who, by their science and skill, are at home in every latitude and longitude, who carry the world in their thoughts, men of universal politics, who are interested in things in proportion to their truth and magnitude; who know the beauty of animals and the laws of their nature, whom the mystery of botany allures, and the mineral laws; who see general effects and are not too learned to love Imagination, the power and spirits of Solitude—men who see the dance in men's lives as well as in the ball-room, and can feel and convey the sense which is only collectively or totally expressed by a population; men who are charmed by the beautiful Nemesis as well as the dire Nemesis, and dare trust their inspiration for their welcome. . . . We are fallen on times so acquiescent and traditionary that we are in danger of forgetting so simple a fact that the basis of all aristocracy must be truth—the doing what elsewhere is pretended to be done."

A turning back to Truth, Love-lighted, irresistible Truth, would solve most of the problems of modern import. A new aristocracy based on Being, on Reality, and conferring as its sole privilege the opportunity of *giving* would soon spring up, if men and nations dared snatch the veil from their downward-glancing eyes, and meet Truth face to face. Then the young souls who constitute the lower classes would lovingly imitate their real superiors, and soon would become peers in their turn. "People who can give an inside to the world" are wanted and must indeed be forthcoming before our turbulent discontent, founded on envy and greed, but most of all on ignorance, can ever be successfully counteracted.

Many identify Emerson's Transcendentalism with the little movement of reform in New England which commenced soon after the publication of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. James Russell Lowell smiled at the general attitude of expectancy which was assumed at that time in the

New World: "The nameless eagle of the tree Ygdrasil was about to sit at last, and wild-eyed enthusiasts rushed in from all sides eager to thrust under the mystic bird that chalk egg from which a new and fairer creation was to be hatched. . . . All stood ready at a moment's notice to reform everything but themselves. . . . The word 'transcendental' was the maid of all work for those who could not think."

Emerson had the name of being a leader of many movements in which he had very limited confidence; and it is a mistake to identify him with that phase of Transcendental experiment which took form as "Brook Farm," our now famous failure at communal living. As failures are fully as instructive as successes, students of communal living may amuse themselves profitably by a perusal of Hawthorne's "Blythedale Romance," written in his inimitable, pure style, combining romance with a record of how not to do things. Emerson had large and kindly sympathy with the ideals and aims of the enthusiasts, whose states of mind are at least indexed in the Brook Farm experiment. But the time was unripe, so, too, were the intellects and hearts of the reformers. Some attacked one portion of the old system of living, some another, but few could agree on remedies. It seems from Emerson's half-satirical description that the principle on which the New Era must be founded, viz., Unity, was perhaps the most unheard of quality among the Transcendentalists, so-called. He wrote:

"They defied each other like a congress of kings, each of whom had a realm to rule, and a way of his own that made concert unprofitable. What a fertility of projects for the salvation of the world! One apostle thought all men should go to farming; and another that no man should buy or sell; that the use of money was the cardinal evil; another that the mischief was in our diet, that we eat and drink damnation."

Since the charm of Boswell's Life of Johnson, fresh to-day and promising to be of sprightly interest evermore, lies not

merely in the records of admirable conversations, but also in those touches of lesser peculiarities which convey the human side of the subject—some of those idiosyncrasies may be recorded to which even our venerable essayist was in thrall. When one learns that Emerson insisted on having pie for breakfast—well, somehow, there seems to be hope for us all, even if we chance be heavily fettered with odd habits. Once, in the dim hours of a holy dawn, before ever having heard of THE STAR or other jewelled truths which now enrich life, the writer arose and went with what was then termed a party, but now would be dubbed by her a mob—went to a duck-shooting bout on the marshes of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, U.S.A.; and on the way to the place of perfidy and slaughter, we stopped to take a pre-arranged breakfast at a farmhouse. On long bare tables, stood pie, pie, pie and cakes frosted with cocoanut—unforgettable as the guns booming at innocent birds. It was then believed that probably only farm labourers of the Mormon persuasion, living on edges of alkaline deserts, would demand pie for breakfast. Alas for the hasty suppositions of the uninformed. Emerson not only habitually consumed pie for breakfast but he recommended it to his guests. Oliver Wendell Holmes, physician as well as poet and humorist, remarked:

" . . . Pie, often foolishly abused, is a good creature at the right time and in angles of from thirty to forty degrees. In semi-circles or quadrants it may sometimes prove too much for delicate stomachs. But here was Emerson, a hopelessly confirmed pie-eater, never, so far as I remember, complaining of dyspepsia; and there, on the other side, was Carlyle, feeding largely on wholesome oatmeal, groaning with indigestion all his days, and living with half his consciousness habitually centred beneath his diaphragm."

However addicted he may have been to pie at breakfast time, Emerson was careless of "creature comforts" frequently, and, if absorbed in the beauty of Nature, practically oblivious of his

physical body. In 1871 he went with a pleasure party to California, and of his attitudes on the wagon and horseback journey to the Yosemite, one of his companions wrote :

"I wish I could give you more than a mere outline picture of the sage at the time. With the thermometer at one hundred degrees, he would sometimes drive with the buffalo robes drawn up over his knees, apparently indifferent to the weather, gazing on the new and grand scene through which we journeyed. I especially remember once, when riding down the steep side of a mountain, his reins hanging loose, the bit entirely out of his horse's mouth, without his being aware that this was an unusual method of riding Pegasus, so fixed was his gaze into space, so unconscious was he, at the moment, of his surroundings."

Yet, however absorbed in high realisations, he was not indifferent to the comfort, physical or mental, of others ; he was ever an agreeable travelling companion, appearing never to grow weary of being "accessible, cheerful, sympathetic, considerate, tolerant ; and there was always that same respectful interest in those with whom he talked, even the humblest, which raised them in their own estimation. One thing he particularly seemed to have—a sense of the great amplitude of time and leisure. It was the behaviour of one who *believed* in immortal life and had adjusted his conduct accordingly."

Emerson was a Transcendentalist when that term is used in an idealistic sense. He wrote that what is popularly called Transcendentalism appeared to him as Idealism. Analytically he divided the world into two classes, which, roughly, will correspond to the two divisions in "At the Feet of the Master." He said :

"As thinkers, mankind have ever divided into two sects, Materialists and Idealists ; the first class founding on experience, the second on consciousness ; the first class beginning to think from the

data of the senses, the second class perceive that the senses are not final ; who say, the senses give us representations of things, but what are the things themselves, they cannot tell. The materialist insists on facts, on history, on the force of circumstances and the animal wants of man ; the idealist on the power of Thought and of Will, on inspiration, on miracle, on individual culture."

Emerson was a reformer, but he saw the danger of a fallen reform—a peril faced every day by those who, attacking wrongs, have too great an admixture in their own natures of the occult sources of the evils they seek to remedy. After uncomfortably close contacts with some who, retaining their own old personal failings, challenged the social order ; he wrote :

"The Reforms have their higher origin in an ideal justice, but they do not retain the purity of an idea. They are quickly organised in some low, inadequate form, and present no more poetic image to the mind than the evil tradition which they reprobated. They mix the fire of moral sentiment with personal and party heats, with measureless exaggerations, and the blindness that prefers some darling measure to justice and truth. Those who are urging with the most ardour what are called the greatest benefits of mankind are narrow, self-pleasing, conceited men, and affect us as the insane do. They bite us and we run mad also."

Emerson did not wish the work of a reformer done profanely, but piously—not by management and tactics, but by methods of purity, unblemished truth and loving helpfulness. May we not yet take a hint from his clear-eyed vision and realise that Our LORD's Era shall not be brought in by any of the outworn methods of competition, and that those who, self-deceived, struggle for place, or power, or for personal predilections in His Name, work against rather than for His COMING ?

Sidney Lanier

By MARGARET V. SHERLOCK

THE human branch of the Tree of Life, at rare intervals, puts forth clusters of fragrant blossoms, which come to fruition in the lives of great artists, scientists, poets and musicians.

Such a blossoming-time was that period which gave to the world Browning, Tennyson, Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Whitman, and a sweet host more. Of that cluster was Sidney Lanier, one of the rarest of human flowers, and the most exquisite character that America has produced.

Lanier was a product of the South : Macon, Georgia, land of jasmines and magnolias, was his birthplace, in the year 1842, a few years prior to the civil strife which rent North and South, which he later describes in the " Psalm of the West."

"They charged, they struck; both fell, both bled;
Lo! they weep, they turn, they run;
Lo! they kiss: Love, thou art one!"

Very short was the sad and beautiful drama of his life, upon which the curtain fell in the summer of 1881. But how rich in its expression of spiritual beauty, of wisdom, love and courage was that life, in which he essayed the rôles of soldier, lawyer, teacher, poet and musician!

Back of Lanier stretched a long lineage of musicians, orators, statesmen, students and artists of American, English and French birth. As musical composer, his earliest known ancestor, Jerome Lanier, a Huguenot refugee, graced the Court of Queen Elizabeth. Other ancestors, in similar rôles, were favourites of James I., Charles I., and Charles II. One Nicholas Lanier was first marshal and officer of the Society of Musicians, incorporated at the Restoration "for the improvement of the science and the interest of its professors." The artistic lineage is continued in America on the maternal side, and it is in about

the fifth or sixth generation of the American branch of the family, that the spirit of poesy and music which had been nurtured so long found expression in the genius of Sidney Lanier.

Musical recognition was accorded him more in the artistry of performance than as a composer, although the few compositions he made express a high standard. For some eight years before his death, he was known as one of the greatest flautists in the world.

Recognition of his poetic genius was slower in coming, and dates from the publication of "The Symphony" in 1875, which caused him to be heralded by Bayard Taylor as the country's newest and most gifted poet. Lanier had, as he himself has said, "to fight the battle which every great artist has since time began." And he fought it bravely. The history of genius records no braver or sadder struggle. A Fellow of Hopkins University wrote that "Lanier was always engaged in a three-fold struggle for health, for bread, and a literary career." An indomitable will enabled him to win a high place in the firmament of artistry. To-day, the name of Lanier is heard wherever poetry and music are known and loved.

In this short study of the poet-musician an effort has been made to paint with the pen of others—whose lives he touched—and his own pen, a portrait which will, in some measure, reflect the beauty of the original subject.

The writings of Lanier express, in large degree, the purity and compassion of the Christ-Spirit. It is therefore fitting that his name should grace the pages of the magazine which heralds His Coming.

Sidney Lanier was, first of all, a musician—a human lyre upon which the "seven strings" were drawn taut. Wherever he moved, in all he did and said

and thought, was harmony. "He lived in sweet sounds, forever conscious of a ceaseless flow of melody."

Music is the basis upon which his poetical structures are builded—"his cultural background."

In a novel written early in life, he makes one of the characters say: "Two things are necessary to make a home . . . good fire, good music. And inasmuch as we can do without the fire half the year, I may say, music is the one essential."

It was therefore most natural that his introduction to the world of Art should be in the rôle of musician. In 1873 he appeared as first-flute, with the celebrated Peabody Orchestra of Baltimore, where he became famous as the greatest flautist of the age.

The flute was for him the magical instrument which awoke the divine powers of his soul, and flooded the hearts of his listeners with heavenly melodies; and if one is to believe the critics of the time, he wooed from it such strains as have not been heard since the time of Orpheus, or the day of Shri Krishna. Like the Divine Child of old, he kept his beloved reed ever beside him.

Before he could write legibly, he could play passably upon piano, organ, violin, flute, guitar and banjo. Given his own choice, he doubtless would have become known to the world as a great violinist, for "it was the violin voice which, above all others, commanded his soul." It had power to draw him out of the body. He has stated that during his college days, the tones of the violin would so exalt him in rapture that he would sink into a deep trance, thence to awaken on the floor of his room, sorely shaken in nerve. It was in deference to his father's wishes, "who feared for him the powerful fascination of the violin," that he devoted himself to the flute. Though persuaded to abandon the violin, its voice found utterance through the flute, for it is recorded that more than one listener spoke of the strange violin effects which he conquered from the flute.

Having chosen the flute, it became his "mouthpiece and leal instrument, and

servant, all love-eloquent"; his companion and comforter. In the trying days when, as a Signal Officer in the Confederate Army, he was captured and taken to Point Lookout Prison, he managed to secrete his flute in his sleeve.

Although his college note-book indicates that he had early aspirations for a great literary career, all other information gathered furnishes evidence that music, not poetry, was his primal inclination. Early in life, he wrote to Paul H. Hayne: "I don't know that I have told you that whatever turn I may have for art is purely musical, poetry being with me a mere tangent into which I sometimes shoot. Since childhood, the very deepest of my life has been filled with music, which I have studied and cultivated far more than poetry."

Among his papers was this fragment: "A holy tune was in my soul when I fell asleep; it was going when I awoke. This melody is always moving along in the background of my spirit."

Asger Hamerik, then Director of the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, gives a pen-picture of Lanier's interpretation of music:

"To him, as a child in his cradle, music was given: the heavenly gift to feel and express himself in tones. His human nature was like an enchanted instrument . . . needing but a breath or a touch to send its beauty out into the world. In his hands, the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration. It developed colours, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry; they were not only true and pure, but poetic, allegoric as it were, suggestive of the depths and heights of being, and of the delights which the earthly ear never hears and the earthly eye never sees . . . His art was not only the art of art, but an art above art."

Long before he was thirty, Lanier made the discovery that poetry was more than a "tangent into which he sometimes shot," that poetry, not music, marked the circumference of his powers, and that his

musical career was only supplementing the literary one. It became increasingly clear to him that poetry and music were twin-voices of his spirit, and that if he were to give them utterance before his brief "day" was ended, he must lose no time. In a letter to Mrs. Lanier, he says :

"Were it not for some circumstances which make such a proposition seem absurd in the highest degree, I would say that I am shortly to die, and that my spirit hath been singing its swan-song before dissolution. All day my soul hath been cutting into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of all wind-songs, bird-songs, passion-songs, soul-songs . . . hath blown upon me in quick gusts like the breath of passion, and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

Yielding himself wholly to this inner compulsion, he sought and found in Baltimore an atmosphere of music and a land of books. It was in that city and in the John Hopkins University that "his spirit . . . expanded and his intellect came to fruition." He felt, as he wrote his father, that "he began to have the right to enrol himself among the devotees of the two sublime arts (music and poetry), after having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness."

In the face of a consuming illness, of poverty and adverse criticism, he gave to the world his message of "the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty," through the medium of poetry—as much of it as he found time and strength to write.

From Baltimore he wrote to his wife, whom he was wont to call his "other-dearer-self" :

"So many great ideas for art are born to me each day, I am swept away into the land of All-Delight by their strenuous, sweet whirlwind; and I find within myself such entire, yet humble confidence of possessing every single element of power to carry them all out, save the little paltry sum of money that would

suffice to keep us clothed and fed in the meantime. I do not understand this."

In the "Marshes of Glynn" he voices his confidence in his self-revealed powers.

"And belief overmasters doubt, and I know
that I know,
And my Spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within
That the length and the breadth and the sweep
of the Marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have
wrought me of yore.

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.

Oh what is abroad in the marsh of the terminal
sea ?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion
of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep
of the Marshes of Glynn.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery
sod,

Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness
of God :

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-
hen flies

In the freedom that fills all space twixt the
marsh and the skies."

Following his own laws of poetic construction, as set forth in his "Science of English Verse," in which he discusses poetry in the terms of music, he caught and imprisoned in surpassingly beautiful forms his knowledge of Life and Love, of Science and Nature, as he found them in his day.

One of the many splendid examples of his ability to "join verse and music in perfect artistry" is found in the "Song of the Chattahoochee."

"And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-
stone

Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham
In the beds of the valleys of Hall."

Or, in one of the Marsh Hymns, wherein the theme is "between dawn and sunrise."

"Oh rhapsody of the wraith of red,
Oh blush but yet in prophecy."

"The Symphony," the first poem to bring him national recognition, abounds in examples of tone colour and rhythm. "The Symphony" is a protest against the heartlessness of trade or commercialism, particularly as it existed in the cotton mills of the South at that time. The opposition is voiced by musical instruments, under the direction of Love, the Music-Master :

"Oh Trade ! Oh Trade ; would thou wert dead !
The Time needs heart—'tis tired of head :

' We're all for Love,' the violins said :
Then with a bridegroom's heartbeats trembling,
All the mightier strings assembling
Ranged them on the violins' side
As when the bridegroom leads the bride,
And, heart in voice, together cried :

' Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale ?
When all is done, what hast thou won
Of the only sweet that's under the sun ?
Ay, canst thou buy a single sigh
Of true love's least, least ecstasy ? '

Each day, all day (these poor folks say),
In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank-
tills,
To relieve, O God, what manner of ills ?

The beasts, they hunger and eat and die :
And so do we, and the world's a sty ;
And oh, if men might sometimes see
How piteous false the poor decree
That trade no more than trade must be !
Alas, for the poor to have some part
In yon sweet living lands of art ;
But presently a velvet flute-note fell down
pleasantly—

' Sweet friends,
Man's love ascends
To finer and diviner ends
Than man's mere thought ere comprehends.'
Later, a sweet voice 'Love thy neighbour' said :
' All men are neighbours ! ' so the sweet voice
said.

Thou trade ! thou king of the modern days !
Change thy ways,
Change thy ways ;
Let the sweaty labourers file
A little while,
A little while,
Where Art and Nature smile.
' I'm all for heart,' the flute-voice said,
And into a sudden silence fled.

Then from the gentle stir and fret
Sings out the melting clarionet :
' I too will wish thee utterly dead
If all thy heart is in thy head.
For O, my God ! and O, my God !
What shameful ways have women trod
At beckoning of Trade's Golden rod ! '

There thrust the bold straight-forward horn
To battle for that lady lorn,
' Now, comfort thee,' said he,
' For God shall right thy grievous wrong
And man shall sing thee a true love-song.'

And then the hautboy played and smiled :
' Huge Trade ! ' he said,
Once said a Man—and wise was He—
Never shalt thou the heavens see
Save as a little child thou be.'

Life ! Life ! thou sea fugue, writ from east to
west,
Love, Love alone can pore
On thy dissolving score
Of harsh half-phrasings,
Blotted ere writ,
And double erasings
Of chords most fit.

And yet shall Love himself be heard,
Though long deferred, though long deferred :
O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirred :
Music is Love in search of a word."

Melody and rhythm and tone are not the all of Lanier's poems. These are but the settings for rare jewels of love for his fellow men, for God, and for righteousness. Great chords of lofty thought are struck in "The Symphony," "Corn," "Clover," "Psalm of the West," "Hymns of the Marshes," and "Sunrise." At all times he is the apostle of purity ; it is not possible to find a single line suggestive of impurity in any of his writings.

In "Acknowledgment" is evidence of his perception of the Plan of Life :

" I see

How every time with every time is knit
And each to all is mortised cunningly."

One must have a knowledge of Nature's most infinitesimal workings, if he would thoroughly enjoy his best poems, in many of which he paints her in pastel-shades of ineffable delicacy and beauty. "Sunrise" is a good illustration.

"Sunrise" is Lanier's song of songs. It was written a few months before his

death, with, literally, his life's blood. By a supreme effort of the will, he found strength to pencil his last and greatest poem, his "highest vision." None who read this glorious hymn but may catch some gleam of that Divine Sunlight which flooded his soul.

QUOTATIONS FROM "SUNRISE."

"Oh, what if a sound should be made !
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and
silence a-spring.

And lo, in the East ! Will the East unveil ?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush : 'tis dead, 'tis alive : 'tis dead, ere the
West
Was aware of it : nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwith-
drawn :
Have a care, sweet Heaven ! 'Tis Dawn !

Good morrow, lord Sun !
The woods and the marsh and the sea and my
soul
Unto thee, whence the glittering stream of all
morrrows doth roll,
Cry good and past-good and most heavenly
morrow, lord Sun.

Manifold One,

I must pass from thy face, I must pass from the
face of the Sun :
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to
be done ;
I am strong with the strength of my lord, the
Sun :
How dark, how dark soever the race that must
needs be run,
I am lit with the Sun.

And ever my heart through the night shall with
knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath
tried thee,
Labour at leisure, in art—till yonder beside
thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

We, who have come into the knowledge
of God's Plan for Men, cannot lament
" the shortness of his day and the slender-
ness of his opportunity," but rejoice that
other and more glorious " days " of life

are in store for him. May it not be that
he will come again with the same sweet
host of bards and artists who were his
contemporaries in the Nineteenth Cen-
tury ? And may it not be that he has
earned the right to come with Him, the
Sun of Righteousness, Whose Coming will
enable mankind to say : " I am lit with
the Sun ! "

A BALLAD OF THE TREES AND THE
MASTER.

" Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little grey leaves were kind to Him :
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with Death and Shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last :
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last
When out of the woods He came."

STRUGGLE.

" My soul is like the oar that momentarily
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea :
Each second I'm new-born from some new
grave."

" I fled in tears from men's ungodly quarrel
about God. I fled in tears to the woods, and
laid me down on the earth. Then somewhat
like the beating of many hearts came up to me
out of the ground ; and I looked and my cheek
lay close to a violet. Then my heart took
courage and I said :

' I know that thou art the Word of my God,
dear Violet :
And oh, the ladder is not long that to my
heaven leads.
Measure what space a violet stands above the
ground ;
'Tis no further climbing that my soul and
angels have to do than that.'"

The Case for Reincarnation

By E. A. WODEHOUSE

(This article has been written for readers who know little about the doctrine of Reincarnation except its name. Its aim is to treat the hypothesis of repeated rebirths simply as one of many alternative hypotheses, which have to be carefully considered by any thinking man or woman who is anxious to arrive at an intelligible theory of life.—ED.)

ABOUT the ultimate things of life there are, broadly speaking, only two methods of forming judgments. One is by the acceptance of whatever authority happens to be considered valid by the individual in question—the way of orthodoxy and tradition. The other is by the test of inherent reasonableness. The independent thinker, anxious to reduce the world about him to some kind of order and intelligibility, will naturally incline towards the latter. For he will recognise that authority is largely local and accidental, the accepted beliefs of one half of the world having no authority for the other, and he will be aware that the very antiquity of most accepted traditions renders them open to a wide variety of interpretation. Not only this, but there is something in the passive acceptance of authority which is alien to the active and inquiring mind. Every belief about the larger issues of human life and destiny must somehow be brought to the test; and in default of direct evidence there is only one test which can legitimately be applied—namely: How far does the doctrine or theory in question appear to explain the facts of life as we know them?

That is what I have called the test of "inherent reasonableness." Here we are, in a world which is full of bewildering, often heart-breaking puzzles; and not only our intelligence but the very living of life itself demands that we should strive to get at the heart of the riddle. This demand derives its energy moreover, from a deep-seated intuition which tells us that, at the back of all this apparent

anomaly and confusion, law, order and intelligibility are somewhere to be found. The universe, properly understood, is a reasonable universe—that is a postulate which every fibre of our being forces us to make. And with this postulate emerges a test of truth which depends for its validity entirely on our assumption. We may express it thus: *that any theory which simplifies and explains the riddle of life is, for that reason, likely to be true.* Does it reduce seeming contradictions to harmony? Does it reveal a method and a purpose, where we could see only aimlessness and hazard before? Does it help to reconcile us to things as we find them? Does it invest human existence with a dignity and a spaciousness which it seemed to lack for our ordinary thinking? If so, then that theory demands our respectful attention. It may not be true. There may conceivably be another theory, as yet undiscovered, which will negate it and at the same time explain still more. But until we have positive evidence of its untruth we have no right to reject it lightly. The simple fact that it is explanatory, that it helps to reduce life to order, is the strongest of arguments in its favour. And, recognising this, the sensible man will either accept it as a working hypothesis or will at least give it his very careful consideration. In a region where probability is the utmost that we can expect, the most probable theory will be that which reduces to intelligibility large tracts of human experience, which on any other hypothesis are frankly unintelligible.

The writer has often thought that this test of inherent reasonableness might with advantage, and also with justice, be applied to the oriental doctrine of Reincarnation. It is true that within the last half-century the belief in the possibility of a series of lives on earth, as opposed to the ordinary single-life theory, has gained an increasing acceptance in the western world. But, for the most part, the doctrine is still regarded as extravagant and slightly ridiculous by the typically western mind, and there is also a very widespread ignorance as to what it really is. The popular idea of reincarnation is that it stands for what is often called metempsychosis, or the "transmigration of souls," in the loosest and most unmethodical sense of the words—that is to say, that it means the fitting about of the soul from body to body without rhyme or reason, that "the soul of our granddam may haply inhabit a bird," that a human being may become now an animal, now an insect, once again a human being, and so forth. It is unnecessary to point out that a theory which meant nothing more than this would go very little way towards reducing our world to order. It would, in fact, only make confusion worse confounded.

The doctrine of reincarnation, to which I refer, is different from this. It postulates, in the world of the soul, the same process of age-long "becoming" which physical science has already accepted as a law of the material universe. In the light of this doctrine, that which we call "man" is only one stage in a continuous spiritual unfolding which stretches back through the lower kingdoms of nature and onwards into ever higher conditions of being, culminating in something to which the comparative values of language can only give the name of "divinity." This process of unfolding it conceives as governed throughout by law. There are in it no sudden leaps; the evolution proceeds by orderly steps; and these steps are both indicated by, and correlated to, the changing forms in which the unfolding life clothes itself at the various stages

of its growth. In the rudimentary stages the forms will be more rigid, less responsive, simpler and less highly organised. With every advance there will be an increase in flexibility, responsiveness and complexity, in order to give play to the gradually awakening powers and perceptions of the indwelling life. In a word, the material form is the servant of the spirit, and its qualities and faculties are determined by the degree of unfoldment reached by the life, which is using it, in its long pilgrimage towards a far-off perfection.

We may admit that this is frankly hypothetical; but it is equally frankly as an hypothesis that we are setting out to consider it. Our quest is not for absolute truth; it is for a theory of life which shall possess far-reaching "explanatory power." Before, therefore, we proceed to examine the particular stage, in this æonian process of unfolding, to which the word "reincarnation" can be applied, let us note very briefly in passing, the elements of intellectual satisfaction contained in this broad evolutionary setting which is the logical framework of the doctrine.

In the first place, it gives continuity to Nature. The various kingdoms of Nature become linked together as stages in an orderly development. The meaning of each is contained, not merely in what it is, but in what it is destined to become. Through the whole of Nature runs a determining Final Cause, which is as it were the far-off Pole to which the whole stream of evolution is setting. In the second place, it postulates a spiritual process behind the recognised phenomenon of the evolution of forms—a process to which this evolution stands as effect to cause. Every form is the vehicle of an unfolding life; and the pressure which induces what we call the "adaptations," the changes, of forms comes from the expanding life and is not due merely to the clash of forces on the material level. The hypothesis thus gives a soul and a purpose to the evolutionary theory which we associate with the name of Darwin. In the third place,

by suggesting that "man" is not a final consummation, but only a stage on the way to far greater heights, it satisfies what the writer believes to be a fundamental instinct of the human spirit—the instinct of perfectibility which finds expression in all the religions.

Having glanced at these points, let us consider the particular phase in this long unfolding which is covered by the term "reincarnation." The essence of the doctrine, here, is that the field of experience which we call "earth-life" is a definite stage in this age-long process and must, consequently, play its full part in the growth of the soul. Instead of accepting the common belief that the savage and the saint are here for one lifetime only, and that the differences between them, considered as specimens of the human race, are due to accident or caprice, and have, therefore, somehow to be levelled up in a future state of existence, the doctrine maintains that the two stand in a definite evolutionary relation to one another. The savage represents a point at which the saint once stood, but which he has now left far behind him. The saint represents a point which the savage, in the fulness of time, will one day reach. The saint, in a word, is an "older" soul—one that entered upon the human stage of evolution far earlier than the other. The savage, on the other hand—though a "younger" soul—has before him an equally noble destiny, the fulfilling of which is simply a question of time. The day will come when he, too, will stand in the vanguard of humanity and others, still "younger" souls, will be in the rear.

It is a necessary corollary to this doctrine that a long period of growth must take place on earth and amid earthly conditions, in order that the rudimentary being, who begins as a savage, may develop to the level of highly spiritualised sainthood. That so great a stretch of evolution can be compassed in a single earth-life, is inconceivable. It will require, rather, a long series of such lives, covering many ages. We have, in other words, to postulate

some theory of "reincarnation," or repeated takings on of the flesh, in order to provide space for the human being of low development to become, in the fulness of time, one of the flowers of the race.

This, then, is the logical basis of the doctrine of reincarnation—that it looks upon the familiar differences between one man and another, in respect of emotional, intellectual and spiritual stature, as differences of development merely. The lower is the immature, the undeveloped; the higher is the mature, the more fully unfolded. The two are merely on different rungs of the same ladder. The higher has nothing which the lower is not some day destined to attain; the lower, on his side, is bound by this essential kinship to the higher—that he represents a point at which the latter once stood, but which he has now passed beyond. The sole difference between the two is one of age; and age, being interpreted, means nothing more or less than the number of incarnations, or earth-lives, which each has gone through. Put in another way, earth is a great school in which there are many classes; and every pupil has to begin at the bottom and work his way to the top. Here, too, as in every school, there are older and younger scholars, and there will always be those who are just finishing their school-life and about to pass out into wider fields of experience, and those who are just beginning.

The analogy of a school is, from the point of view of the doctrine which we are discussing, an exact one; for the doctrine assumes that the world, considered as the theatre of human evolution, is specifically designed to provide that type of experience which is needed for the soul at this particular stage of its history. We are here on earth to learn earth's lessons and to learn them thoroughly; and this is a long and arduous business. Each time that we descend into incarnation we learn a little—a part, at least, of the lessons appropriate to our place in evolution—and gradually in this way we pass up the school, some more

quickly some more slowly than others, until at last we have learnt all that earth has to teach and are then transferred to some school of higher, or superhuman, experience.

* * *

The reader will have noticed the phrase, "descend into incarnation"; let us see what is the exact meaning of this in the light of the doctrine under review.

The doctrine implies that behind the repeated embodiments which go by the name of "incarnations" is something which persists. Let us speak of this, for want of a better term, as the "soul." This is the true Man, of which such embodiments are only temporary manifestations. Since it is only at intervals that the soul puts itself forth into physical life, we must conceive of it as having its own permanent dwelling place, its spiritual home, in some realm which is higher than the physical; from which realm, in response to the urge of its own evolutionary law, it "descends" into incarnation and withdraws again at rhythmic intervals. Its life, therefore, during the stage of its human evolution, will be one of periodic descents and withdrawals, down into and away from the world of denser matter; and there will be certain general principles, deducible from the doctrine as thus stated, governing this alternating process.

These principles all flow logically from the assumption that the process is an expression of natural law. The soul, on descending into earth life, takes on a physical, emotional, mental and spiritual apparatus suitable to its degree of unfoldment. The environment into which it descends will also be of a nature appropriate to its point in growth, and designed to furnish it with the kind of experience which it needs at that particular stage. The broad principle here will be that, the more rudimentary its degree of unfoldment, the more primitive will be its vehicles of expression and the cruder and simpler its environment. The general "make up" of the savage, and his typical surroundings

may serve as a convenient example. As the soul passes to higher levels, however, there will be a gradual change in both these respects. Its vehicles of expression will become more sensitive and responsive, its faculties more complex; and at the same time it will find itself in an environment more adapted to the bringing out of the higher elements in human nature and the provision of a gentler and more refined type of experience. As it approaches the end of its human pilgrimage it will naturally tend to clothe itself, on descending into incarnation, in an ever more delicately sensitive, and highly organised apparatus of expression, and to find itself in an environment which will give progressively freer play to its higher qualities and powers.

Such is the general law of the process, which we may sum up as the law of orderly growth. But across this will cut another law, which also arises naturally out of the hypothesis of a linked series of lives. This law we may speak of as the law of action and reaction. The opportunities of any given incarnation may have been well or badly used. The intricate relationships of the soul in question with other souls may have been developed rightly or wrongly. All this will have set up causes which will sooner or later have to be worked out, and this will affect the conditions of subsequent incarnations. We have, then, running through the series of earth-lives, a determining influence which is, in one sense, independent of the law of growth, but which (it will be readily seen) may itself be a most important factor in growth. For if the object of earth-life be the unfolding of the latent powers of the soul through earth-experience, then this law of causality, which gives to every action, emotion and thought, its automatic reaction, may well prove to be of the highest educational value. In this way the recording soul, to which, on its own level, the whole series of incarnations lies open, will gather its swiftest and most valuable lessons, since it will learn that evil brings suffering, and good the reverse, and it will perform,

as time goes on, adapt itself to this ordering of things.

One further law we may legitimately assume as entering into and determining the question of environment, although it will apply, as a rule, only to later stages of growth. There will come a point in the development of every soul, when it can be definitely used in the service of humanity,—in the furtherance of "God's plan for men"; and when this time comes, if the whole process is indeed under higher guidance, we may assume that there will be causes at work tending to put it into the environment in which it will be most definitely useful. This law is rooted in the assumption that it is the ultimate destiny of every soul to become a co-worker with God—a destiny which, while realised in its fulness only in the superhuman stages of unfolding, is yet a definite part of the higher developments of the human stage.

There are thus three great determining causes which, regarded as developments of the hypothesis of reincarnation, may explain why any given son or daughter of man find himself or herself in a particular set of conditions during any single earth life. The first is the law of orderly growth, the conditions of each stage of unfolding being assumed to be normally appropriate to that stage. The second is the law of cause and effect, linking up the present earth-life with those which have gone before and those which are yet to come. And the third—applying chiefly to the more advanced phases of development—is the law of usefulness, which we may conceive as assigning to the soul, which is ready to work for humanity, the conditions in which it can best do the particular kind of work which is required of it.

It remains now to say a few words about that process of withdrawal which, signalled on earth by the phenomenon of physical "death," must be thought of as distinctive of the period which elapses between one incarnation and another. The process here, according to the doctrine of reincarnation, may be described as one of purification,

assimilation and rest. The soul, which has descended into incarnation in order to gather the experience requisite for its stage in growth, at length sheds its physical vehicle and withdraws into the superphysical world, carrying with it the sheaf of experience which it has garnered. Here it must begin by working out the impurities gathered during its sojourn on earth and then, freed from these, must digest its higher experience and work it into faculty for future use. The last stage of this process will be a period of repose and recuperation, of "rest in bliss"—what is commonly called its "heaven-life"—until such time as the rhythmic swing of its being calls it forth again into physical manifestation. When this time comes—the interval between lives varying in length according to the amount and quality of experience to be assimilated from the previous incarnation—it descends again into physical birth, enters anew upon the learning of the lessons of earth-life, and again repeats the process of withdrawal, assimilation and repose. And this series of periodic descents and withdrawals will continue until, after long ages, the unfolding ego, having learnt all that earth can teach, graduates at length out of the human stage and passes into the first of many superhuman stages. Into these higher realms of evolution we need not follow it. For to them the process known as "reincarnation" does not, *ex hypothesi*, apply.

* * *

The above is a very brief sketch of the doctrine of reincarnation, as it is understood by the more philosophical type of Hindu mind and also by many students of what is sometimes called "occultism." For the former the doctrine is invested with all the authority of age-long tradition; for the latter it is a matter of intelligent study, reinforced by whatever evidence may be obtainable through the developed clairvoyant faculties of the specially gifted few. Into neither of these claims is it the purpose of this paper to inquire. The validity of the authority in question and the actuality

of the superphysical powers, which certain occultists have claimed to possess, lie equally outside the scope of the present inquiry. Our purpose was clearly stated at the outset. It is to seek, not for absolute truth, but for "explanatory power." The question which we have to ask is not: Is this true? but, rather: Does this doctrine, as thus set forth, give us a sound working hypothesis wherewith to disentangle some of the riddles of life? Does it make some things, which ordinarily baffle the thinking mind, easier to understand? Does it, in a word, make for law, order and intelligibility amid the puzzles and confusion of human life and destiny as we know them? If it does, then it is clear that we have here something which should not be lightly brushed aside as fantastic, but which should, in default of any rebutting evidence, be treated seriously and with intellectual respect; which is only another way of saying that it should receive the justice which is its due.

To the writer's mind, the doctrine has, from this point of view, always seemed to possess exceptional hypothetical value. Let us run through, very hastily, some of the points on which it appears to throw light on life's problems.

Foremost amongst these is the problem of life's seeming injustices. Viewed from the outside, human life is palpably and deplorably a mass of unfairness. Not even the most capricious tyrant could have distributed the faculties, the opportunities and the amenities of human existence with so gross an apparent favouritism as that which, in our ordinary thinking, we must needs attribute to the Creator. Why has A. every apparent opportunity for the highest uses of life, while B. is handicapped from the outset so completely that ordinary human instincts of fair play are forced to make every allowance for him? It is no answer to say that everything will be made right later on. Why, it may well be asked, make it wrong to begin with? The only answer which will carry any weight will be one which relates these inequalities to a definite system of law.

If A's obvious advantages are due merely to the fact that he is an "older" soul, and is, therefore, more developed, and that, having struggled upward through many lives from lower levels, he has now won his way to wider opportunities, to a greater freedom and richness of self-expression, then the thing begins to become intelligible; particularly so, since we must logically predict the same destiny for B. Both are on the same great stream of evolution and the ultimate goal is the same for both. If we add to this the postulate that every human soul is—through act and feeling and thought—continually weaving its own future destiny, then we have two elements of explanation which will go far to reduce the seeming tangle to order. One may even suggest a third possibility here—namely, that if life be primarily educative in purpose, the soul may sometimes be deliberately placed amid different surroundings in order to acquire strength by overcoming them. In short, the moment we posit a scheme of soul-evolution and, at the same time, allow it ample scope within which to fulfil itself, most of our difficulties disappear. Equality becomes, not a static equality at any given moment, but the equality which flows from a participation in one and the same process. A. may stand here to-day, and B. there. But B. will presently be standing where A. stands, and A. will have moved on. Both are fulfilling the same high destiny, and in respect of that destiny both are equal.

Another point about the doctrine of reincarnation is that it not only enlarges the stage of human life, but gives it a goal which, however remote, is yet definite and, one must feel, worthy of our deepest instincts. Everybody feels that life, in order to be really intelligible, must have some high spiritual object; but at the same time most of us are tragically aware that, whatever that object be, a single human life cannot possibly suffice for its attainment. There is, as has been just observed, so lamentable a difference of opportunity. Some

are handicapped so severely at the outset that all question of their attaining any spiritual goal would appear to be idle. Others are born and live only for a few days, or a few weeks, or a few months or years. If the limit of the possibility of achievement be represented by the boundaries of the single earth-life, to what kind of justice can we refer these cases? The only remedy, on the single-life theory, is to imagine some kind of supernatural levelling behind the Veil, which shall annihilate all these distinctions and put the savage on the same level, posthumously, as the man of highly developed spiritual nature. This is what many are accustomed to do. But is it not obvious, to all who really care to think, that this abolition of human differences, by some sort of *post mortem* readjustment, in no way explains the phenomenon of their existence? If we are seeking order and reasonableness, we demand something more than a mere subsequent unravelling of tangles which should never have been. A theory of graduated evolution, which reduces the single earth-life to a mere incident, or chapter, in a whole series of such lives, and which relates human inequalities either to stages of unfoldment or the operation of a law of cause and effect, running through the whole gamut of such lives and linking them together, is surely a very distinct logical advance upon any doctrine of simple "patching up." Add to this the fact that the doctrine of reincarnation both gives to the soul a goal which is spiritually satisfying and at the same time allows to this wonderful and complex earth-like of ours its full importance as a necessary stage on the road toward the attainment of that goal, and we must concede that here is a theory which—even if regarded simply as a reconciliation of apparent opposites—is well worthy of study.

Passing from these larger questions of human destiny to some of the minor puzzles of life, we may note one or two familiar phenomena, for which the hypothesis of reincarnation provides, at all events, a possible explanation.

One of these is the infant prodigy. How is it that a particular child displays, at an incredibly early age, a genius for some department of artistic expression? If he be a "new life"—*i.e.*, without a previous human history—it would appear almost impossible to account for his precocity. To invoke unknown factors of heredity is really an unsatisfactory answer, from the very fact that such factors are admittedly "unknown." But if we accept the hypothesis that the ego, which is now manifesting in the body of this young child, has had a long previous soul-history, that it has worn many bodies in its time and has had many lives in which to develop and store up its present astounding faculty, then it becomes easier to account for its genius. It should be noted, moreover, that, in the light of the reincarnation theory, heredity itself is only a subservient agency. The soul has to be brought back to earth amid appropriate conditions, and part of the selection of those conditions will consist in the choice of a suitable physical heredity. The law of heredity becomes, then, the handmaid of a greater law. It ceases to be an all-powerful determining cause. Its limitations become capable of explanation, and yet it plays its part.

Another phenomenon of ordinary life, which is frequently most puzzling, is to be found in our instinctive likes and dislikes. This, I admit, should not be pressed too far as an argument for reincarnation, since it is conceivably capable of other explanations. But some light, at least, is thrown on the subject, if we accept the hypothesis that many of the people, whom we are now meeting, are people whom we have met in other lives and with whom we have, therefore, already formed certain relationships. May this not, incidentally, explain many interesting cases of love, or friendship, "at first sight"? May it not also explain some of the tragedies of married life, when two people, not strongly linked from the past, are joined in matrimony, and then one of them meets a very much closer affinity? May it not, too, account

for those curious ties which seem to transcend all play of circumstance and to bind the destinies of two souls together, for better or for worse, through all the vicissitudes of life?

To turn to another class of problems. Who is not familiar with the "feminine" type of man and the "masculine" type of woman? Supposing that the one has had a long series of female incarnation and is now, for the first time after a long interval, in a male body, he becomes readily understood and accounted for. So does the other, if we imagine that the present female incarnation is the first after a long period of male embodiments.

Another common, yet admittedly curious, phenomenon is that of the individual who has an absorbing passion for some country, race, or civilisation other than his own in his present life. A Lafcadio Hearn, with his passion for Japan, a Sister Nivedita, with her passion for India, are intelligible, if we accept the possibility that each, in the past, has had much to do with the country of their enthusiasm. Even a Houston Stewart Chamberlain ceases to be an anomaly.

Enough has, perhaps, been said to indicate, very briefly, certain directions in which the hypothesis of reincarnation may be applied to the solution of some of the familiar riddles of life. Most of my readers will be able to add to the number for themselves. Let me, therefore, pass on and consider, before I conclude, some of the objections which are commonly brought against the theory.

Perhaps the chief objection is that we remember nothing of our past lives. The answer to this is, firstly, that it is not in every case true. The student of occultism has a whole collection of instances, in which young children have given facts with regard to their previous life, which have been verified beyond all question of doubt. A similar recollection in the case of grown-up persons is rarer; but still there are instances. Secondly, it is not to be expected that incidents of a past life should remain in the memory, unless they were of a wholly extraordinary

nature. The physical brain in every life is different. It belongs to the present incarnation, not to the past. Any impression, therefore, which passes over from one incarnation to another must be an impression on the deeper part of the being. As such, it will not be likely to persist as the recollection of a definite incident, but rather as a deep-seated instinct, whether of attraction or aversion. Any person, for instance, who had been through the French Revolution might well bring into his present life a profound, unaccountable horror of crowds and of mob-law. One who has been burned to death might feel, in his present life, a strange horror of fire. And in neither case need there necessarily be any remembrance of the actual events which gave birth to these feelings. Considering how much we forget even of the happenings of our present physical life—which, we are told, are all without exception permanently imprinted upon our physical brains—it is not surprising that the events of a previous life, when we had a different brain and a different body, should have become so blurred as either to have completely vanished or, in exceptional cases, to survive only in the shape of instinctive likes and dislikes or of instinctive propensities.

Another very common argument against reincarnation is the popular sentiment. "Oh, I don't want to go through all this over again!" The answer to this, on the hypothesis of reincarnation, is that the person in question has, as a rule, no wish to reject the life which he is now leading. On the contrary, he will desperately cling to it, and the one thing which he will resist with all his might will be the dissolution of his physical being. And yet, from the point of view of his last life, his present incarnation is simply "going through it all over again." The truth is that, in respect of these ultimate questions, personal likes and dislikes do not matter. They are not based on any reasoned thought. They are largely based on a shrinking from trouble and effort; and yet every national theory of human evolution must

include trouble and effort as factors of the highest evolutionary value. It is, perhaps, wisely ordained—if reincarnation be a fact—that the memory between life and life is not normally continuous and that the future is, by large numbers of mankind, not consciously anticipated on the basis of such memory. There are few of us who, if we knew beforehand all that any given earth-life was about to involve, would be willing to face it. The plans of the Gods, even if they be ultimately beneficent, are often best left in darkness.

There is one further objection which we may briefly note. And that is that, admitting the postulate of an age-long evolution of the soul towards higher and higher levels of being, this process may be just as well conceived of as taking place in superphysical worlds as on our physical earth. To argue out the comparative claims of these two theories would take us far beyond the limits of the present article. The reader must make up his own mind on the question. One would only ask him to note: firstly, that the "superphysical" theory leaves unexplained the differences of development in human beings, as we find them here and now on our physical earth; secondly, that a long list of qualities could be compiled—which an evolving soul must theoretically acquire if it be engaged in a pilgrimage towards perfection—the conditions for the acquirement of which seem only to be provided by physical life; and thirdly, that the reincarnation theory accepts the hypothesis of an æonian superphysical unfolding, but only in its due place, *i.e.*, when all that this particular stage of evolution, known as human life, can teach has been learnt.

So much for the main popular objections to the doctrine. A great subject has had to be treated very cursorily in the present article. The immense field of casuistry, opened up by the hypothesis, has not even been touched. But enough has, perhaps, been said to show that the doctrine, considered purely as an intellectual proposition, is one of no little interest and one which is worthy of something more than an impatient rejection. It may not be true—we must unhesitatingly admit this, just as (if we are honest) we must admit it of many of the theories which we ourselves ordinarily accept as truth. All that the writer suggests is that it should be given a place amongst the many theories of life which the thinking man should take into consideration, and that it should be judged, as all such theories should be judged, not by prejudice but by the test of inherent reasonableness—that is to say, of explanatory power.

As to the changes in our general point of view, which would result from our acceptance of a theory which tells us that a single earth-life is only an incident in an age-long series of lives, that each of us has belonged to many different races and religions in the past and may expect to do so in the future, that we have repeatedly changed from the one sex to the other—the transvaluation of values, which naturally flows from a belief in reincarnation, would require at least another long article to set forth; and for this reason I make no attempt to touch upon here. I can only hint that a wide philosophical tolerance is one of the natural fruits of the belief; and there are few more sorely needed virtues than this in our world as it is at present constituted.

The Unknown

ONE day I lay on a river's bank and dreamed. And this was my dream. I saw a man walking along a winding white road that led by the base of many hills and on until it was lost in the mists far on the distant slopes of a high mountain. His shoes and clothes were dusty and worn as from a long journey, and his face was as of one who had known pain. From the foot of the nearest hill stretched upwards a rough footpath between green fields for a distance, but higher the hill was bare and barren of vegetation, and grey and brown stones and rocks were strewn around and about the faintly seen path which became steeper as it neared the summit.

Now I noticed that the man who walked along the road looked not very far in front of him, but kept his eyes fixed on the objects that lay within a very short distance of his feet; and so he walked along, seeing not the beauty that was in the far distance, but only the lesser things of the nearer view. And so he came on to the foot of the first hill where fields lay bedecked with flowers. And here he turned into the path which curled up its side, for he was weary of the straight, long, dusty highway, and presently he lay down among the sweet scented grasses and flowers that grew in the field, and slept, for he was very weary. And while he slept he dreamed; and saw the flowers of the field transformed into tiny people dressed in raiment of green and gold and white, and at their head one who was their king. And they came to where he lay sleeping, and the king said to those about him: "Behold this man has turned into the path that leads to the heights of Fame. Let him go thence and learn the lesson of her who rewards her followers according to her nature."

After a time the man awoke, and, remembering his dream, arose and journeyed more eagerly on the path that led upwards to the hill's summit. Soon the path grew steeper and rougher, more and more difficult, but he struggled on, striving and panting until at length he found himself on the highest point of the hill looking down into dark gloomy valleys where nothing could be seen but grey vapours floating about. A bitter wind blew and struck him with its cold cloak, and the pain of utter loneliness entered into his heart and seared it. Around him all was drab and dreary with no trace of vegetation showing. Then said he to himself: "Fame is a barren thing. I will descend and journey on again along the great road. Perchance I may meet with better things."

And so he turned, and, descending the hill, lay again in the field of his dream to sleep. And while he slept he dreamed again. In his dream one came to him as fair as a spring morn, with a face the loveliness of which was as great as the dawn of a day seen from a high mountain, and her form was beautiful and graceful as that of a hart; and the sight of her was as the sun shining into his eyes.

When he awoke he journeyed on again for a long time, thinking intently of his dream, unheeding the roughness of the way and the heat of the sun which blazed overhead. At length he came to the foot of another hill whose lower slopes were covered with verdure, and here he lay down again, slept, and dreamed. And in his dream there came to him a company of small creatures clad in raiment of green and red who circled round him, dancing and singing:

"O Youth know the sweets of sleep
Where passion flowers grow;
Drink of their red wine, drink deep
If you would pleasure know."

Then one came and held out to him a cup in which was the red wine of passion, and he took it and drank deeply. And as he drank a veil of illusion spread over his eyes so that he saw things not as they were, but as his heart would have them. And when he awoke the veil still was on his eyes, so that he saw before him luxurious gardens in which were great halls and where grew exotic flowers whose heavy perfume burgeoned the air and assailed his nostrils with great strength. And fruits hung heavy from the branches of the trees that overhung the smooth road along which he travelled easily, and of these he plucked and ate whenever his desire commanded. Then there appeared before him the forms of beautiful maidens who smiled invitingly and beckoned him on, and in their hands they held goblets of sparkling liquid of great allure. And a frenzy took hold of him and his feet became as if winged, but always the maidens were before him; now, almost, he had embraced them and felt the coolness of their lips on his heated ones, and, a moment, they were away, smiling mockingly, but still luring him onward.

A while later his speed began to flag; he began to be weary and his desires became intermittent. The maidens appeared to him only at times and then disappeared. The heavy perfumes began to dull his senses; the fruits to lose their savour; and the flowers of rich colour to appear less lovely and to become bedraggled in the dust and heat. Weariness overtook him, and he lay down to rest, and he slept. And when he awoke he was on the hill's summit, and barrenness was about him. He lay on the rough stones which strewed the steep hill path, and below him lay a black lake from which arose rank poisonous vapours and offensive odours and the sound of mocking laughter. He fancied he could see there gibbering horrible faces like dark sins and burnt-out lusts, and he was sorely afraid, and, turning about, he ran and stumbled down the hill until he reached again the great white road, along which he walked swiftly.

Night fell, but in my dream I still could see the great road and the hills and the mountain, and I still saw the man moving stumbingly along, with eyes that had despair in them. And I saw one come along the road in the opposite direction with, in his hand, an oil lamp which flickered faintly in the gloom, and when he came to the man he stopped and spoke to him.

"Where, O traveller, journeyest thou?" "What seekest thou?" And the man answered: "I seek the real, the ultimate thing of life." And he with the lantern, turning about, said: "Ah! my light will guide you there, for, see! its beams spread out along the road before us for a great way for a light to men's feet. But he that goes without my light stumbles and is lost amid the gloom." And the man said: "Lead on."

Now I saw in my dream that on the glass of the lantern on the left side was painted in dark letters the word "Dogma." And he who carried it held it in his right hand so that only a small patch of light showed on the extreme right hand of the great road. And so they walked together, the man somewhat more easily than before, and spoke cheerfully, speculating on what they might see at the journey's end. Soon they came near the foot of a third hill, but because of the intense darkness they knew not that it was there. And toward it and then up its side stretched a bypath leading from the right hand of the great road, and into this they turned because of the light which shone only on that side and illumined it, and because of the darkness on the other hand they knew not that the great road led straight onwards before them. Presently the path became steeper and rougher and the man began to stumble and pant for breath. But he with the light put out a hand to help him upwards, and after a time the way became easy again, and so they walked on. The hours passed and still they walked, and the man became weary, but he with the light would not let him lie down and sleep because, said he, there were dangers about—wild

beasts and poisonous reptiles which would surely kill them if they slept and the light was quenched. So still they walked on and on and the path seemed interminable and unvaried. They could only see one small patch at their feet which was feebly illumined by the light of the lantern. Still the hours passed, and then in the East the light of the dawn began to show, and presently the sun rose and showed those two still walking along the path which circled round on the very edge of a plateau, down over the edge of which on all sides but the one up which they had come was a great precipice. I saw also that he with the light was aged and bent so that his dimmed eyes were continually fixed on the ground, their sight being bounded by the patch of light from his lantern. And when the sun shone splendidly his face brightened a little and he said to himself that his lantern burned well. But the man with him was not deceived when the rays of the sun shone round about him, but saw the precipice and that the light of the lantern was obscured in the greater light of the sun. And he saw also that they had walked round the path of the plateau and were come again to the point where the steep path led into it. Then he turned to the man with the light and said: "See! this path but leads round the hill in a circle except we go down the way we came. See also, the sun shines brightly and the light of your lantern is obscured in its rays. Come down again with me and we will journey on together along the great white road and seek that which is our desire." But he with the lantern answered that he blasphemed and lied, and, when the man persisted in his persuasions and sayings, spat venomously and cursed and reviled him so that he was fain to go back alone down the hill.

When he was again on the great highway he lifted his eyes to the heavens seeking the sun, and saw the great white road stretch on before him to the foot of the mountain where it began to ascend the steep side. And up over the summit

of the great height was golden light where soon the sun burst into view in all its glory; and the beauty of the scene was so great that he fell upon his knees and covered his eyes. And sleep came upon him where he knelt by the roadside, for he had a great weariness.

In his sleep it seemed to him that he saw again the sun at the mountain's summit, and its rays spread out and reached to all the lands of the earth which lay round about the mountain's base. And far, far above, as it seemed at the limit of the heavens, there spread a rainbow arch of colours gorgeous beyond compare; and all the rays of the sun were absorbed into the rainbow arch and added to its glory. Then he heard a strange sound of singing coming from afar and of no earthly voices; and it was now as of the rush of the sea waves against a cliff, and now like the lapping of waters on a shore; and, again, its sound was like that of a mighty wind sweeping through a great forest; and these all intermingled, and with them the singing of many birds and the wimpling of streams and the roar of rushing rivers and the crash of mighty thunder; but all were subdued to a harmonious whole of indescribable glory and sweetness. Now it seemed to him in his dream that, as he looked for the cause of such glorious sounds, he saw the rainbow arch resolve into a multitude of lovely forms with wings iridescent with light, and faces that shone with the reflected splendour of the sun. And as he gazed in amaze they descended in one grand circle until they stood enclosing the whole earth; and with faces lifted up they bowed before the face of the sun. Then he turned and looked in the same direction and, behold! one sat there, as it were, in the very centre of the globe of light, whose face was as that of a man purified by pain and sorrow, and with so great a sweetness as no man on earth had known, and a transcendent beauty was on his countenance. And, as the man looked upon him, he who was as a man refined in the fire of suffering, smiled upon him and beckoned him onward.

When he awoke the sun was hidden behind great clouds and a mist obscured the mountain's top. A wind sighed hollowly in the trees bordering the road and presently rose, shrieking and howling like spirits of wrath. Gloom descended upon the valley, rain fell heavily, thunder shook the air with reverberating crashes, and roarings and lightning pierced the black clouds and lit up the surrounding scene for a moment like a flame from the nethermost pit of hell.

Sorely afraid, the man yet arose and hurried forward, and before long came upon one crouching at the roadside in great terror. Speaking words of comfort he lifted her to her feet and led her onward with him, guiding her footsteps carefully. Others were overtaken along the road, many in trouble and weeping bitterly, some lame and halting and blind, groping slowly and painfully along; and to all he gave his aid, heeding not that he was delayed thereby.

After a while the gloom lightened and the wind died away; the lightning ceased, and the rain fell only gently and with a kindly touch. Presently there came toward the man another, followed by several men and women, who when he came up to him asked: "Where do you go and for what do you seek?" He answered: "I go, and these with me, to seek the ultimate reality which is beauty." And they laughed at him and said: "We also seek, but behold we have journeyed long by the road and have found it not, and we are weary and return to our homes which are in the cities of Comfort and Pleasure." And he looked upon them compassionately and said: "Know you not that the great glory is hidden beyond the mountain? But lately did I see it with my own eyes." And again they laughed and answered: "We also thought we saw that which thou deemest was the great glory, but

'twas only a mirage which deceived us, for see! now it is not, but only gloom and a mist upon the mountain. Come back with us for thy quest is vain." Still would he persuade them and spoke of his vision, but they only looked at him with sorrow and shook their heads mournfully and turned away with hesitating steps, and with them some of those who accompanied him.

Then on again he went with those behind him who had not turned, and up the mountain path he climbed slowly but sturdily, helping those with him. The hours passed. It was evening and he was far away up the white highway, still climbing. Before him, not far off now, lay a thick grey mist, and behind that the real or a disappointed vision? He knew not for sure, but hope was in his heart. Now he was within a few yards of the mist and then, after a few moments, he disappeared within it.

Then, as in my dream, I was about to turn away, the sun in the West appeared in the heavens where it had been hidden from view by a cloud. And away upon the mountain slopes the mist was first tinged with golden light, then trembled violently, and finally rolled away from sight, as it were, in two columns to the sides. The blue of the heavens above the summit was flushed with a loveliness of a delicate rose pink and silver. Methought I heard the sound of music swelling outward from beyond the mountain; then it ceased, and it was as though it had never been. As I looked I saw set against the sky the dark figure of a man moving slowly onward which soon began to descend the other side; his feet disappeared from view and then his knees were obscured, and now nothing of his form remained but his head. A moment more and he had gone on into the great unknown where I could not follow him.

Then I awoke.

Correspondence

CAN WE ANTICIPATE THE TEACHINGS OF THE MASTER ?

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to the subject opened for discussion in the August number, it seems that just in proportion as we are able to merge our small consciousness into His all-embracing consciousness are we able to see as He sees, feel as He feels, and think as He thinks, and so anticipate His attitude towards the problems of the world. Only when disentangled from the narrowness of race, creed, class, sex, and colour, free from the world can we hope to see more truly and impartially. In striving so to see there appears but *one* solution for all the social difficulties.

There are men and women of our race, who through Love have reached to Wisdom and Power, to whom wealth, position, fame are as children's toys; who expect nothing of life; who desire nothing but to serve mankind. These are our natural rulers. These are our kings, prime ministers, and statesmen. When these, who act simply as channels for the One Ruler, are in their rightful place again, then only will be restored the social order and well-being. Then will the masses cease their clamour for more money, and look up in reverence to those who give all and ask nothing in return. Is not this the ideal Brotherhood—elders and youngers—the elders realising their responsibility, the youngers rendering a glad and willing obedience? I think the Lord of Love will show us how to live like this, lead us step by step, no doubt. Democracy may be a step towards this ideal Autocracy.

There is a Law, regarding which a nation lives and disregarding which it dies. This is beautifully expressed by Mrs. Besant as follows:

"We are all One in the unity of the Universal Life, we are all one in the unity of the Self who knows no other. But if you and I are one, one life, one self, though in two forms, then if I injure you I injure myself. If I lie to you, I lie to myself and am deceived. If I cheat you, I am cheating myself and will be defrauded. I cannot get away from you, I cannot separate myself from you, we appear as two, but One Life unites us, and the blow that I aim at you inflicts pain on myself. This is the Truth, which, denied, asserts itself as pain; which, accepted and lived by, reveals itself as bliss. This is the Law which destroys civilisations which ignore it, which crushes into fragments, into dust, every society which refuses to obey it. It has destroyed scores of civilisations, and only a civilisation built upon it shall endure."

I am very grateful for the beautiful magazine. It is full of Light and Inspiration, and I send my warmest thanks to you.—Yours sincerely, M.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with keenest interest the Editorial Notes in the August number, and

the question arising from them, addressed to members of the Order, *i.e.*, "Is it possible for us to anticipate the attitude of the coming Teacher towards modern problems?"

As I read that question, an inner voice spoke clearly in the words of an old apostle to his prophets, "We have the mind of Christ." Then a flood of thought poured forth, of which this is the essence.

Surely the call of the Order of the Star of the East, from its as yet invisible Master Teacher, is a call to *discipleship* with Him, the Coming One—and all that this word implies—to learn of Him, *how* to prepare His way, how to serve humanity, to drink in of His own spirit, to learn to study, and view all the tangled world problems from His own view point, by constant, closest association with Him in spirit, learning how to become His disciples indeed, imbued with His own ideals, and convictions.

I take it, *that* is the ideal, the purpose of the Order, to which all its members are called by that great Coming One, Who stands behind the Order, and calls to all who "have the ear to hear," the spiritual eye to see, the will to respond.

There are grades of discipleship now as there were well nigh 2,000 years back, when the Master was among men, and called, and chose, and taught, equipped, and sent forth His disciples—His *servers*—to prepare the way before His face.

There were *multitudes* who followed Him for varying reasons.

There were 70 sent forth to proclaim the good tidings of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man, the Kingdom of Heaven—(the God) *within* each.

There were twelve. His intimate, chosen disciples whom He specially taught and instructed in the "mysteries" of the Kingdom.

There were three who accompanied Him on *all* occasions.

There was *one* who "leaned on His breast," the disciple "whom He *loved*." Love is the great enlightener; through it John entered into the inmost mind of the Master, and comprehended His attitude towards the burning questions of the times. Love made him attuned in some measure to that Master Spirit; enabled him alone to record His mystic utterances and teachings, more than His outward deeds of love; so that he, who was once *rightly* surnamed "Son of Thunder" (as the Evangelists give evidence), became, through intimate spirit communion with his Master, the Apostle of Love, even as the Christ was the Lord of Love and compassion.

Does it not behove all members of the Order of the Star of the East to examine themselves as to what degree of discipleship they have attained, or aspire?

Only the "Johns" perceive, and understand the Master's inmost heart.

Just in proportion as we learn at His feet, and drink in of His Spirit shall we be able to view the modern problems that so perplex, and apparently baffle solution, through His eyes, and form judgments instigated, inspired by His judgment and spiritual perception.

"At His Feet" in meditation, adoration, devotion, we too may become "Johns," understanding His mind, viewing the world and its many problems from His view-point, seeing through His eyes.

FROM A LONELY MOUNTAIN OUTPOST.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—Your very interesting remarks in the Editorial in the August HERALD OF THE STAR have induced me, as they must have induced many, to try to formulate my own views on the two questions you have raised, and I offer you my resultant conclusions for what they are worth, to use or not in your discussion.

I imagine that most members of the Order will reply affirmatively to the two questions on which you invite discussion; what interests me particularly is the view put forward by yourself in two fairly definite statements to the effect that (a) membership in the Order is hardly compatible with the carrying on of a strong propaganda against any one class of the community in favour of another, and (b) it is more important to work for a changed attitude towards life and its problems than to work for the improvement of the material condition of the masses.

It seems to me that both these questions are vital for Star members to consider, and I hope that the discussion in the HERALD will throw light on them which may enable us to make our work in the world more directly useful to Him Whose way we strive to prepare.

As regards (a) whilst cordially agreeing with the statement that to work for the healing of divisions between men is a prime necessity, for members of our Order, the crux of the question seems to me to lie in your remark that "a work of love may have to be wrought through temporary hatred and division." This surely is the other side of the previous statement. One needs but to recall the teaching of Hinduism, that the First Aspect of the Deity is that of *Shiva*, the Destroyer—or, to take an instance that we can more easily understand, looking at the work of the Protector of our Order, one notes that she often finds it necessary to denounce in no measured terms the upholders of a system of repression, such for instance as that of the bureaucracy in India.

On reflection, therefore, it appears to me that there must be, as St. Paul so well pointed out, "diversities of working but the same God Who worketh all in all," and that amongst those who are striving to prepare the way for the coming of the Lord of Peace there must of necessity be some who are able, *with love in their hearts*, to denounce injustice, tyranny and oppression.

Point (b) seems to me to raise a still more difficult question, for again we cannot but recognise the truth of the teaching that "Man does not live by bread alone," which interpreted in the language of to-day means that happiness is by no means certainly achieved when every class of worker is paid his full and just wages. But the question that arises is: What is our *first* duty? Shall we best make ready His way by trying, as you very beautifully suggest, to work for a complete change of view amongst the people as to what is worth having and what is not; or shall we concentrate what energy and gifts we have on the task of helping to set every working man and woman on a firm basis of material comfort, so that they may have the means and the leisure to pursue any line of thought or activity that seems to them desirable? If we pursue the first course we lay ourselves open to the reproach made by the social reformers of the later nineteenth century to the churches who, they said, sought to feed men's souls whilst leaving their bodies to perish by underfeeding and insanitary living. If we follow the second course, and throw ourselves as whole-heartedly as our circumstances allow into work of social uplift and reform—stand, for instance, as a labour candidate, or work to return such a candidate to Parliament, to mention only some of the results to which such a conviction might lead one—are we scattering, in the inevitable rough and tumble of political conflict and the close association and "party" identification with others whose ideals are lower than our own, forces that might be more advantageously used to help forward the New Age for which we long?

I hope that some of your readers may throw fuller light on this question—I would only ask, may it not be that here again the solution lies in recognising the infinite variety of the ways by which the coming of God's Kingdom on earth may be hastened, and that given the "Star attitude" in the heart, it matters not whether one works through capitalist or labour organisations; as an Individualist or as a Socialist; on the mental or on the physical plane? For one will strive to walk ever with the inner ear alert to hear the faintest whisper guiding from within, and will reach out hands of sympathy to every fellow soul struggling to follow His ideal.

May I add one word of gratitude to you for the interest of your Editorial paragraphs which all readers of the HERALD must greatly appreciate. To all of us perhaps the Ideal is apt to grow dim at times, we feel what St. Teresa would have described as "aridity," and long for the glowing enthusiasm that filled our days when first we heard the good News of the Coming. You, it seems to me, are giving us just what we need to-day—a fresh and vivid presentment of the bearings of the Great Fact upon life—and its complex problems—and we owe you gratitude which I take this opportunity of voicing.

Yours sincerely,

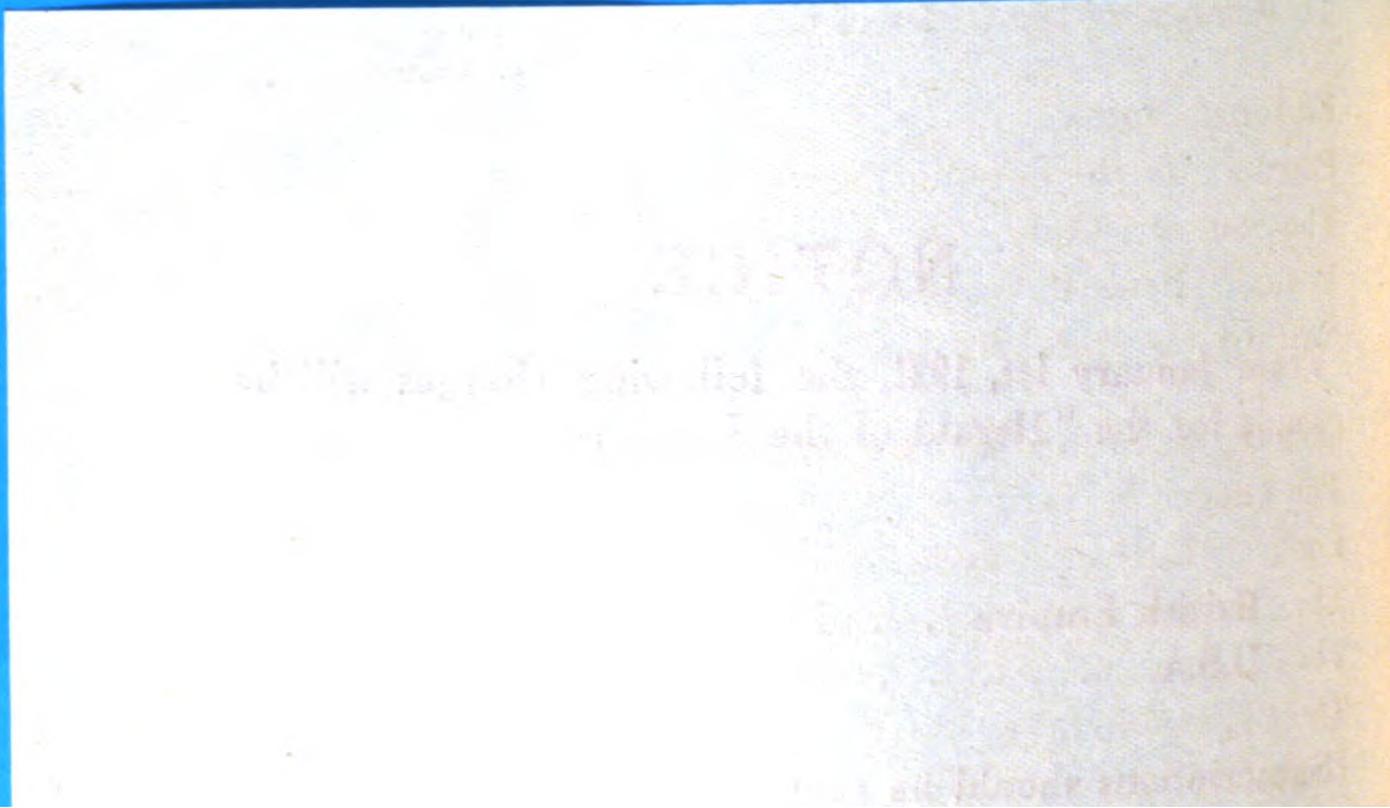
AN OLD STAR MEMBER.

NOTICE

From January 1st, 1921, the following charges will be made for the "Herald of the Star":

	Single copy <i>(Postage Extra)</i>	Annual Subscription <i>(Postage Free)</i>
British Empire . .	1 shilling	12 shillings
U.S.A.	40 cents	3 dollars

Subscriptions should be sent in as soon as possible, in order that the Business Manager may know approximately the number of copies likely to be required from the Printers, and so avoid unnecessary expense.



The Herald of the Star

VOL. IX. No. 11

NOVEMBER 1st, 1920

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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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To Members of the Order of the Star in the East

FRIENDS,

THE HERALD OF THE STAR was started some years ago with the idea of bringing members of the Order closer together and of spreading among the public the ideals of the Star.

Since its first publication in 1911 the Magazine has passed through various phases. Many members will remember its original small form. It was then enlarged to its present size, with 64 pages and contained, each month, several illustrations, which we were forced to drop during the war on account of the cost of production. Since then the Magazine has been reduced to 48 pages without illustrations.

Unfortunately, during the last three or four years, its circulation has been steadily going down ; and things have now reached a point where the question of its ceasing altogether has had to be seriously considered.

Personally, I am convinced that the Magazine has not had a fair chance, and for this reason I am anxious that we should carry it on a little longer in the hope that it may, in the time which is coming, find that support from members of the Order which it has hitherto failed to secure.

The Editor has been good enough to suggest that I should now co-operate with him in his work ; and the " Editorial Notes " in each number will, from January, 1921, be contributed partly by him and partly by myself. During the next year or two we shall try, so far as we can, to define our attitude towards current events from the Star point of view.

Members must remember, however, that, although those responsible for the Magazine can think out principles and lay down the general policy of the Order, the carrying out of these ideals depends upon the members of the Order throughout the world. Each individual, who belongs to any Society or organisation, can help to make of it a success or a failure ; and this is equally true of membership of the Star. The movement will be a living movement and a guide and help to others, only if members realise the responsibility which membership imposes upon them.

Part of this responsibility consists in the support of the HERALD OF THE STAR, and I should like every member of the Order to realise this. All of us should do everything we can to make it a success, and one of the first things which we should aim at is to make it self-supporting. At present it is run at a serious loss. Let us see if we cannot remedy this by a large increase in circulation.

I sincerely hope that all members will consider the question of the future of the Magazine very carefully and will do their best to help it. Not only should as many members as possible subscribe, but they should see that its influence is widely felt on the general public.

J. KRISHNAMURTI.



EDITORIAL NOTES

The Magazine in the Coming Year It was announced last month that the price of the HERALD OF THE STAR, from January 1st, 1921, would be one shilling, instead of sixpence per copy. Although we regret that it has been found necessary to raise the subscription, we think it only fair to inform our readers that, even with a charge of one shilling per copy, the magazine will still be produced at a loss. Only those who are in touch with the printing and publishing world realise the numberless ways in which expenses have gone up since the war. Materials and labour both cost far more than they did, and what was possible when the magazine started some two years before the war is now no longer within our reach. Time was, for example, when we could always have at least four pages of illustrations without a sense of undue extravagance. Now, even one illustration represents an expense which we do not feel justified in incurring. Had the HERALD OF THE STAR been started as a purely business proposition, it would not have survived to the present time. Only the strong conviction, on the part of those responsible for it, that it had a mission to perform and that an important task awaited it in the not very distant future, has induced them to keep it going. These reasons still hold good; and it is because of them that it has been decided, instead of closing down the magazine altogether, to raise the subscription to twelve shillings per annum, in the hope that there will be a large enough number of members of the Order who are sufficiently

loyal to their magazine to continue their support of it at this increased charge.

* * *

We do not think it is realised by members of the Order of the Star in the East how small has been the support accorded to the HERALD OF THE STAR by those who belong to the Order. At the highest estimate, only one in every 45 to 50 members is a subscriber, and we cannot help thinking that the magazine has a right to expect something more than this. Making every allowance for the existence of Sectional magazines and for the fact that the HERALD OF THE STAR is published in English, we feel that greater help and interest should have been forthcoming. It is not our purpose, however, to dwell upon the past. We wish rather to look forward to the future; and in this connection we draw the attention of our readers to the message from the Head of the Order, which appears on the frontispiece page of this issue.

For many reasons the Head of the Order has been unable to take an active part in the work of the magazine during the past few years. Our readers in all parts of the world will be glad to hear that a change, in this respect, is now contemplated. From the beginning of 1921 the Head will, as far as circumstances permit, exercise a general supervision over the production of each issue, and it is hoped that, as time goes on, he will be able to take things more and more into his own hands. For the time being, the routine work of editorship will be carried on as at present, but with one

important change. The "Editorial Notes," which appear in each number, will in future be written in the closest personal collaboration with him, and will be the expression of his views, even though we ourselves continue, for the most part, to do the actual work of writing. In some cases, we hope, he himself will write, and these contributions will always be signed. But the rest of the "Notes" will be equally his, in the sense that each subject of which they treat will have been previously discussed with him in detail, and what appears in the "Notes" will be simply the recording of what he wishes to be said.

This beginning of accredited leadership will assuredly be welcomed by members of the Order in every country and should do much to impart new life and interest to the magazine. We hope that it will be an incentive to all to rally round the HERALD OF THE STAR and enable it to be—what undoubtedly it will be ere long—a magazine worthy of its destiny as the central and most authoritative organ of a world-wide spiritual organisation. From January 1st of the coming year the title of "Editorial Notes" will, in view of the change just indicated, be dropped and that of "Notes for the Month" substituted.

TO THE COMING TEACHER.

Of gifts I ask of Thee but One :

More Love !

More Love to spread the kindly thought,

More Love to feel less the unkind word,

More Love to pour out sympathy,

Not to the lovable, that were ever easy ;

But to the unloving, who know not yet how to win hearts.

More Love to find the Outcast, the Downtrodden, the Weak.

More Love to lead them by the hand to Thee.

More Love to lift and help,

More Love to do and dare,

More Love to honour Thee,

More Love to serve Thee,

More Love to adore Thee.

A. H.

The Soul of a Child*

By S. L. BENSUSAN

IT may be that there is nothing new under the sun, but there are at least new ways of treating time-worn material. Nature study is very old, if not as old as the hills. The author of Ecclesiastes pondered the ways of the birds in the air and one of the Prophets knew that the Stork in the Heavens had Her appointed times. Now and again we find the observer who goes to the heart of things—Gilbert White of Selborne, Charles Darwin, Richard Jeffries—but all these were adults when they made their claim upon the public attention. Of late there has entered the great company a girl who is known as Opal Whiteley, though that is not her birth name; a girl whose parents died when she was five years old, leaving her to a heavy-handed foster-mother in an Oregon lumber-camp. Apparently she was six or seven years old when she started to “print” a sort of nature diary on scrap paper—a diary in which she expressed with wonderful simplicity and directness all the thoughts that were inspired by her strange surroundings. It may be that since the diary was put together for publication there have been slight emendations, trifling concessions to popularity, but that the book is in the main quite genuine I incline strongly to believe. It is only here and there that little points suggest a process that may be compared with the touching-up work that the photographer gives to a negative. To put forward one example—the word “variegated” is used on page 164, and it is extremely hard to believe that a child would select such a word and use it correctly, though there are cases on record of children who showed a natural gift for correct application of unexpected word or phrase.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of the “Diary of Opal Whiteley” is the extraordinary intimacy with Nature that the pages reveal. It is not the power of observation that strikes the reader, there is nothing really notable here; the arresting quality is one that is expressed in what might almost be called an extra sense. “Heaven lies about us in our infancy,” says Wordsworth, and it is possible that many of us who have known from the very earliest years what it means to thrill in response to the natural beauties of Mother Earth have some memories, however vague, of days when the air, the fields, the woods and all that sojourn there had some special and intimate message for us. A sensitive child surrounded by brothers and sisters, schoolmates, nurses and grown-up relations is apt to hide his fancies, fearing ridicule above all things. Opal Whiteley on the other hand—a true child of Nature, born apparently of refined and cultivated parents—had no other real confidants than her diary, and “the man who wears grey neckties and is kind to mice,” this last a delightful though shadowy figure, such an one as many a wild land breeds and rears—and hides. Most of the people with whom she came in contact appear to have been kind to Opal Whiteley, although her foster-mother was incessantly and unnecessarily severe. Yet the child’s own naïve explanations of the acts that brought swift and painful retribution do more than a little to explain, if they cannot justify, the action of a woman who was clearly a greatly harassed and very hard-working mother of a family, with no imagination and no sense of humour. From her parents in the very earliest years the child was taught the elements

* *The Diary of Opal Whiteley*. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, London, 1920.

of observation. Her mother told her to print, that is to write in the printed letters, known in our modern schools as "script," what she had seen and heard. Five words were to rule all her observations; they were: what, where, when, how and why. Simpler guide to accurate observation could hardly be given, and in the case of the child Opal these guides to knowledge were associated with a strong perceptive instinct, and it is this instinct that pervades the book and gives it an enduring value. It was the key that unlocked the gate giving entrance to a world in which everything had not only life but personality, charm and atmosphere, and because Opal approached all living things with sympathy, one and all responded to her. Her collection of pets was an extraordinary one—pine trees and oaks, sheep, turkeys, pigs, dogs, bats, mice, squirrels, chickens, a crow, a calf, a horse, "a little bird that was hurt," and unnamed trees that grew by the roadside or in the wood. There were humans too—Dearlove and her husband, Sadie McKibben and one or two others, but beast and bird and tree appear to have counted for most in those first recorded days. Naturally enough as there were birds and beasts to love, there were birds and beasts to lose, and the poignancy of the descriptions of these losses is great. She gave quaint names to all her pets; for example, Peter Paul Rubens was a bacon hog from whose killing she was deliberately sent away; but she heard the poor animal screaming, and in the end it died with its head on her lap. Later, with a refinement of callousness, probably due to lack of thought, the child was set to turn the handle of the sausage machine. The death of Lola, the little school friend who wanted a white silk dress and wore it for the first time as a burial robe, holds the reader by the sheer force of its simplicity, and so, too, does the tragedy of Lars Porsena of Clusium, the pet crow. If the experiences had not reached the heart of the child they could never have been set out as they are here. Certainly they cannot fail to reach every

reader who loves children or has kept pets whether bird or beast.

Although the diary gives a glimpse of a wild world where the elemental struggle for life breeds cruelty and indifference, it must not be imagined that we have here a story of suffering. All things considered it may be doubted whether for a child so sensitive there was not more than the average measure of happiness in her young life. Her pleasures are always longer lived than griefs. All Nature, whatever its special manifestation, seemed to have held a message for her, wind and cloud, sun and rain, starlight and moonlight, the branches of great trees, the flowers of the field, the vegetables of the gardens, even the mud of the pond. When her pets passed, some intuition told her that only their bodies had perished. The soul of Peter Paul Rubens, the bacon hog, had but gone to the wood and she would find it, she thought, in the blossom of a lily or in the top of a fir tree; she sent a message to the wind that walked the wood to tell Peter Paul Rubens that she was searching for his soul. There is no hint of the origin of the belief in the immortality of the life around her. For Opal, there was a Cathedral in the wood—the most of us who know and love pine woods know where to look for it. Here she held little services in company with Brave Horatius, the sheep dog; and Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil, the toad; and Felix Mendelssohn, the "very dear pet mouse"; and Solomon Grundy, "the very dear baby pig." She sang to all her pets scraps of songs that her dead parents had taught her, and repeated to them odds and ends of history, chiefly dates, being well convinced that they not only understood but appreciated these delicate attentions. Very naturally and rightly she believed in fairies, and when there was anything of which she stood in grave need, such as pencils for her diary or pink ribbon for her pets, she would put a request in a secret place in the wood. None knew of this repository of petitions save the man "who wears grey neckties and is kind to mice." He

shared her secret and oddly enough the fairies never failed to grant requests. It is hardly surprising to learn that the man was also a believer in the kindness and goodness of the fairies or that he deliberately impressed his cheerful views upon his little friend.

A point that the curious reader will note is that the child has very little in her nature of anger or resentment, and that where she is angry it is not with those who have ill-used her but with those who ill-treat animals. There is a man who hits horses; there is the lad who destroys the pet crow in a spirit of wanton cruelty. Against these she has a genuine grievance. On the other hand, her foster-mother who treats her with great harshness is never referred to resentfully. The child's dominant feeling is one of surprise that she should have been punished for her attempts, generally misdirected, to be helpful. It is a little more or a little less than human to be quite so forgiving, and if Opal had been a normal child such an attitude would create surprise if not suspicion. Happily for those who love the story of rare and beautiful lives and believe that they are to be found in every place if we did but know how and where to look for them, the child's evidence does not seem to call for support, and the reader will tend to accept her attitude towards the hard side of her life as part of her charm. I find myself wondering whether her parents—those unknown folk whose great gifts and delightful character are reflected so vividly and yet unconsciously in the diary—were students of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." It is a thousand pities that Opal did not possess Longfellow's masterpiece in the times and in the place where it would have meant so much to her, for the child's spirit would appear to be in closest touch with the spirit of that beautiful poem. She responds to the legends that seem to have been handed on from generation to generation before the advent of a new civilisation, English in its origin, to a land that had been occupied hitherto by the Great Indian tribes, now well-nigh extinct. There are

passages in which the child appears quite unconsciously to express the atmosphere of these old legends. She has her own Pantheon, it is true, but the world she lives in recalls in very striking fashion the land of Dakotah and the country of those Indian tribes to which Hiawatha is said to have ministered.

The book having been reviewed widely, some of the most arresting passages may have acquired already a measure of familiarity, but there are many thoughtful lines that reveal simple truths with which many of us would do well to form a closer acquaintance. Here is one "I call it our lane . . . it belongs to a big man that lives in a big house, but it is our lane more than it is his lane, because he doesn't know the grass and flowers that grow there, and the birds that nest there, and the lizards that run along the fence, and the caterpillars and beetles that go walking along the roads made by the wagon wheels. And he doesn't stop to talk to the trees that grow all along the lane." Here we have the fundamental truth—the truth that the good things of this world belong less to those who are their legal owners than they do to the people who can appreciate them at their full value. There is no such thing as a freehold in this world; there is only a tenure that possesses the name without being able to confer the substance. Naked we come and naked we go; our grasp of material things eluding us after a very little while; and the limit of our real possessions is indeed circumscribed by the measure of our capacity to understand them. We are leaseholders in the world we live in, for the most fortunate among us there are only nominal freeholds. The lane belonged to Opal and not to the man in the big house, whatever the popular and accepted viewpoint may be.

One of the pleasures that the diary yields is the constant reflection of its author's happiness. No matter what her troubles are, and they are not a few, she is irrepressibly joyful. The last sentence of the second chapter reads "I am real glad I am alive." The last line of the third says "This is a very wonderful

world to live in"; the last four words of the fifth are "I am very happy." She seems to summon her natural optimism to the aid of every difficult situation. It is impossible for trouble to stay long with a spirit so triumphantly brave; it is possible for the reader to learn that the external pressure of life will prove quite powerless to depress those who can forget themselves in the beauty that seeks to appeal to us from all sides. Unhappily it is only a tiny minority that possesses the necessary gifts. Of most of us it must be said "eyes they have but see not, ears but hear not." So it happens that the lack of response develops until there is a failure of the power to respond and then the pageant of life passes unheeded and we look for pleasure where it is not to be found and wonder why the world is grey.

There are those who believe that we enter physical life with the power of response to all or many of the spirit forces round us and that it passes with the growth of world consciousness. Now and again the gift, if such be its nature and scope, remains, as apparently it remained with the little waif of the Oregon lumber-camp, who, because she could write her thoughts down without self-consciousness, has charmed a multitude and set many of them looking wistfully for what they have forgotten too long. Perhaps they will realise the truth of a familiar phrase so often on their lips that the real meaning has escaped their minds—"Blessed be the pure in heart for they shall see God."

There is something significant in the cry of the townsfolk for the countryside, a cry that may be heard in the chorus of welcome or delight that has greeted Opal Whiteley's Diary, a chorus led by that great thinker and keen naturalist Lord Grey of Fallodon, who contributes an Introduction to the English edition. The great cities and the manufacturing era between them have robbed mankind of most of the natural pleasures of life. If conditions were normal, thousands of children might hold converse with trees and clouds, make friends with toads and

pigs and crows and be happy in the friendship, understand in some fashion, however dim, that all life is one. They might call the beast of the field and the fowl of the air to worship in the sure hope that the offering would be accepted. Out of such a childhood would grow a feeling of love for wild life that would render impossible all cruelty whether active or passive, whether by deed or by connivance.

There are many definitions of a work of art, but whether it take the form of a picture, a book, a piece of music, a statue or indeed any other expression of a gifted being's temperament, there is at least one simple test of quality that may be applied. If it makes life appear more beautiful, if it deepens our sense of gratitude for what has been given to us in overflowing measure, then it is a great work. I would not suggest any limitations to a masterpiece or seek to imply that a work of art should necessarily fulfil the condition, but, if it does so, the position of the work is, I venture to think, assured. Now it is impossible for any reader with an instinct for and a response to natural beauty—the beauty of woods and fields and lanes and those wild things or domesticated that pursue their lives therein, to rise from the perusal of Opal Whiteley's diary without feeling a quickened sense of gratitude for the good and simple things of life. In spite of the initial difficulty of crediting a child of six years old with the writing of such a chronicle, a difficulty to which certain stray passages contribute considerably, the feeling referred to seems to give the whole work its hall-mark. No sophisticated writer or thinker could have moved a reader of average mentality so deeply. If we examine the most touching passages we shall find that they are reached with the most rigid economy of means, the utmost simplicity of expression. Take for example the death of William Shakespeare, "the old grey horse with the understanding soul." I make no apology for quoting it:

We are come back. The man that wears grey neckties and is kind to mice did go with us to see William Shakespeare having his long sleep there in the field by the altar of St. Louis. Now I do have understanding. My dear William

Shakespeare will no more have wake-ups again. Rob Ryder cannot give him whippings no more. He has gone to a long sleep—a very long sleep. He just had goes because tired feels was upon him. I have so lonesome feels for him, but I am glad that Rob Ryder cannot whip now no more. I have covered him over with leaves. To find enough, I went to the far end of the near woods. I gathered them into my apron. Sometimes I could hardly see my way because I just could not keep from crying. I have such lonesome feels. William Shakespeare did have an understanding soul. And I have knows his soul will not have forgets of the willows by the singing creek. Often I will leave a message there on a leaf for him. I have thinks his soul is not far gone away. There are little blue fleurs a-blooming where he did lay him down to sleep.

No trained writer, however gifted, could originate a passage like that. The most that can have happened to the original is that it may have been modified very slightly by the older hand of the author when she came to revise her earlier utterance.

The diary is great alike in its record of sorrows and of joys, but on the whole the latter predominate. If punishments

come, the world remains supremely good to live in and there are all manner of trees and animals that are ready to offer sympathy. If trees are cut down, if beast or bird suffers a violent end, it is only the body that passes, the Soul wanders at will in the fields or the woods, and can be reached by messages tied to branches or uttered in the form of prayers in the wonderful cathedral whose aisles are fashioned of forest trees and whose floor is paved with flowers. "It is a folly to fret; Grief's no comfort." This is a part of the wisdom of Sadie McKibben, Opal's comforter in time of trouble, and the child learned to apply the lesson to her own life. Incidentally she will have taught thousands of the children of a larger growth to do the same. The book is not one of the many that are read and forgotten. It is part of the smaller company that we learn at once to accept as friends, it will be prominent among the books we wish to talk about to those with whom we are most in sympathy.

"BENEATH THE MOON."

Beneath the moon, in Spring, at eventide,
I kissed thee first, with strange solemnity.
Perchance the beauty of the night untied
My timorous tongue. My humble love for thee
No longer had I wish nor will to hide.

We parted. Duty dragged me from thy side.
And whispering devils came. "Can'st thou not see
All things are beautiful in Spring," they cried,
"Beneath the moon?"

A bitter truth that cannot be denied!
The moon hath mothered many a fastasy
That in th' uncomprising dawn has died.
Yet dawn hath held no death for thee and me.
Day proves our love. True lovers e'er abide
Beneath the moon.

4, Alma Square, N.W. 1.

JOHN BATEMAN.

Sokrates the Moral Innovator

A Study in Greek Egoism

BY WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

INTRODUCTION

THE word "egoism" is used primarily to denote a fundamental impulse exhibited in every living creature, but especially that impulse as it appears in mankind. The Principle of Individuation, having differentiated each being from the rest of living beings, has given it an impetus towards self-preservation: this branches out in the numerous directions, producing consequences of the utmost complexity. It is permissible therefore to group together under the term "egoism" all the subconscious and superconscious motives and activities of a self-regarding nature, and to distinguish them from those altruistic motives which consider the welfare of others alone—if such there be. For the present I do not attempt to put a value on the egoistic impulse, but turn my readers' attention to the secondary use of the word "egoism," namely, as it denotes a philosophical view of life, set up throughout the ages and expressed in modern times with great clearness by Nietzsche and his school.

From what has been said above, it will readily be understood that all thinkers must have been compelled to make egoism, in some of its forms, a subject of study, either as "the will," "the desires," "ambition," "the passions" or "the spirits." It is important to remember, however, that long before such positive and formal thinking, men had been unconsciously acting from egoistic impulses, and, we may suppose, that radical tendency, so long as it exists, will continue to stimulate thinking in the direction of egoist philosophies.

There is a general impression that the

egoist philosophies which have appeared of late are new, and that they represent an invasion of the sphere already held without question by moral philosophies of an opposite tendency. A boast is made on behalf of such writers as Stirner and Nietzsche that they have established "a new system of values" as against those proposed by moral philosophies of a Christian type. This, however, is not quite correct: the facts are that the deeply rooted impulses of egoism were first in the field, and had produced in human thought a certain scheme of values; it was Sokratism, Platonism, Christianity, Buddhism and the like which attempted to make Transvaluations of them which have been partially accepted by mankind; while the egoistic philosophies must be regarded as the very old impulses reappearing from time to time in articulate form. In a word, they are conscious revivals of the hitherto unconscious. The phenomena concerned appear and co-exist in the following order:

- (1) Egoist impulses supplied by the Nature Will.
- (2) The formation of a scheme of Values based thereon.
- (3) Social impulses derived from Necessity.
- (4) Altruistic impulses derived from the realm of Feeling.
- (5) The Modification of egoistic values based on growing social and altruistic impulses.
- (6) A definite attempt at Transvaluation, *e.g.* Sokratism, Christianity.
- (7) A challenge to this Transvaluation, *i.e.* an egoistic philosophy, or an attempted revival of values formerly held without question.

It is not surprising that egoistic impulses and valuations based on them do not allow themselves to be easily swept out of existence. The compromise, for it can never be more than that, a *modus vivendi*, is as yet incomplete. In the following article I have collected from the Greek classics all that I can conveniently find representative of ancient egoistic philosophy and my effort has been a twofold one: first, to illustrate the way in which such a philosophy comes into existence, and second, to demonstrate the significance of Sokrates as the first initiator of a scale of moral values which culminated in Christian Ethic. When we realise what he battled against we can understand the reason of his noble martyrdom.

(1) THEOGNIS

It is hard in these grey days to transpose ourselves in imagination to times and lands illumined by the earlier Greek civilisation, but when in some degree the feat has been achieved, we are faced by a picture of glory, beauty and violence. In the pages of ancient myth, Homeric song, the Athenian drama or of the historians Herodotus and Thucydides, there is a constant illustration of history as the play of the egoistic motive under the most varied conditions. We can there see that the ever-present struggle for existence, realised so intensely and without disguise, produced in all the early States similar social phenomena—ruling military castes and a general body of inferior citizens and slaves. Egoism appears not only as a natural and universal impulse but as an aristocratic cult, a system of ideas and practice, values evolved by experience from caste necessities. It was inevitable that the impulse behind this cult should in time come to be the subject of reflection by some of those more vitally interested in the maintenance of caste advantages; therefore we are not surprised to learn that the elements of the egoist philosophy are first stated by an aristocrat and a poet, rather than by a dispassionate philosopher. Theodore Gomperz writes: "In the second half of the sixth century we find the

Megarian aristocrat Theognis longing to 'drink the black blood' of his adversaries, with the same unbridled passion as had characterised the Homeric hero praying that he might 'devour his enemy raw.'"—(*Greek Thinkers*, II. 4.)

Theognis was a member of the nobility controlling the State of Megara: his life covers a period of ninety years between 570 B.C. and 480 B.C. His verse comes to us in numerous fragments, and reflects the fluctuating fortunes of himself, his party, his democratic enemies, his false friends and his State. This aristocratic philosophy accepts the traditional worship of Zeus and his Olympian Company, together with the special cult of Apollo, the protector of the City of Megara. In times of prosperity it amounts to an easy epicureanism—wine and song flow freely at the banquets of the favoured ones; in danger there are vows of mutual loyalty among the boon companions, and in desperation, threats of terrible revenge. Ostracism and exile bring despondency and fatalism, old age and poverty bring bitterness, while restoration to home and a depleted treasury yields a fruitful crop of maxims in couplets about Providence and Fate.

But the peculiarity of the philosophic reflections of Theognis is their limited point of view. Of humanity in general he knows nothing; of other States—until his own fortunes became dependent upon them—he cares little. But as a member of the nobility, he looks out on the world as the sphere in which his cast is to disport itself and this determines his scheme of values. "The good" are the aristocrats, the clean, the beautiful, the active, the happy; and "evil" is all that would rob them of their wealth and felicity. On the other hand "the bad" are the plebeians; "the base," "the commonalty," those who are exploited, those who serve. Virtue is only looked for in "the good"—consequently it can only be related to that which administers to the preservation, enrichment and upliftment of the caste. Even the State exists for the caste.

The following fragment from Theognis, written at a time when the fortunes of his

party were depressed, illustrates the aristocratic conception of the status of "the people":

Our commonwealth preserves its former frame,
Our common people are no more the same:
They that in skins and hides were rudely dressed,
Nor dreamed of law, nor sought to be redressed
By rules of right, but in the days of old
Flocked to the town, like cattle to the fold,
Are now the dominant class and we, the rest,
(Their betters nominally, once the best)
Degenerate, debased, timid, and mean:
Who can endure to witness such a scene?
Their easy courtesies, the ready smile,
Prompt to deride, to flatter, and beguile;
Their utter disregard of right or wrong,
Of truth or honour: out of such a throng
Never imagine you can choose a just
Or steady friend, or faithful in his trust.

(Lines 53 to 68 *Frere's Translation.*)

The democratic "utter disregard of right or wrong" relates, of course, to the aristocratic system of morals, while popular dreamers of law and rules of right represent a newer scheme of values that clashes with that accepted by Theognis and his friends. It is obvious that at that time no common ground had been discovered, no mutual and necessary relationship discerned, on which a common morality could be based. This task was reserved for later philosophy.

There must, of course, have been many who, in their day, thought and spoke like Theognis and he, far from being regarded here as unique or specially remarkable, is one whose reflections, fortunately preserved to us, are typical of a point of view which is very significant for ethics. It was Nietzsche who "discovered" Theognis in this respect, and who on a very slender basis of an ancient example built up for himself his own aristocratic and egoistic philosophy.

It was not only in the circles of aristocratic rulers that this one-sided view of ethical values was taken and expressed. As the fragments of Theognis show, and as Nietzsche demonstrates from them, the democratic party in Megara, when victorious, took precisely similar a view to that of the aristocrats by simply turning their scheme of values upside down. For them they were the "good" and their opponents the "wicked." Neither side

had been able to think of a universal ethical scheme which included both classes by subordinating them to its canon.

(2) THE SOPHISTS

There were those who perceived that the relativity of ethical conceptions amounted in practice to the denial of a moral criterion, and who went so far as they could in their teaching to relieve men of the troublesome incubus of moral ideas. In part this was the work of the "Sophists," about whom much learned discussion has taken place where Hellenists do congregate. The Sophists from the Athenian, metropolitan, point of view were all foreigners, yet they professed, and in many respects on good grounds, to impart a superior culture which, taken together, amounted to a general illumination. Though not a school of thought they were a class of educators in Rhetoric, Poesy, Politics and the minor arts. That they did not include morals we have the testimony of Gorgias to prove—one of their greatest representatives. Between them these Sophist teachers and disciples have a good deal to say of interest to our particular study. Protagoras of Abdera, Gorgias of Leontinoi and Prodikos of Ceos were the most notable of this influential body of men who appeared in Athens in the fifth century, providing the budding philosophers of that time with many tough problems upon which to sharpen their teeth. Professor Blackie, in an interesting essay on these men, attempts to reduce them to a system with the following result:

1. General information and alert intelligence without a philosophical basis or a scientific method of verification.

2. The art of public speaking considered as a means of moving masses of ignorant men with a view to political advancement, but not necessarily connected with pure motives or lofty purpose.

3. The exercise of a dexterous logic, that aimed at the ingenious, the striking and the plausible, rather than the judicious, the solid and the true.

4. A theory of metaphysics which, by confounding knowledge with sensation, made wisdom consist rather in the expert use of present opportunity than in moulding of materials according to an intellectual principle.

5. A theory of morals (in conformity therewith) which, by basing right on convention, deprived our sensuous feelings and animal passions of the imperial control of reason, and substituted for the eternal instinct of justice, arbitrary enactments whose ultimate sanction is the intelligent selfishness of the individual.

(3) METAPHYSICAL NIHILISM

The aphorism of Protagoras "that man is the measure of all things" proved a very formidable obstacle to moralists like Sokrates and Plato who were searching for ethical universals by which man himself might be measured. Consistent with the view of Protagoras which—whether he intended it or not—abolished the moral criterion, but much more profound, is the "metaphysical nihilism" of Gorgias. Gorgias of Leontinoi in Sicily visited Athens in 427 B.C. He was a thoroughgoing nihilist. Devoted to the teaching of rhetoric, he was dramatically exposed by Sokrates in masterly fashion as wanting in ultimate moral conviction; but the nature of his philosophy could scarcely permit him to have any. He had long given up the gods and all belief in science; for him there was no certitude or truth at all. In his book "On Nature or the-Non-existent" he had sought to prove (1) that there is nothing; (2) that even if there is anything, we cannot know it or communicate anything about it. In the ethical sphere the counterpart to this doctrine would be that there is no natural distinction between right and wrong, and there were not lacking politicians in Athens who were prepared to welcome this as a measure of some relief. Efficiency and success in any direction by means of the arts taught by Gorgias were sufficient rewards for his pupils. Expediency replaced justice, and we shall see shortly how far his doctrines were carried in the moral sphere by Kallikles, one of his chief admirers.

(4) ATHENS *versus* MELOS

The doctrine that the "right" resides alone with those who have power, though typically an aristocratic one, was shared equally by democratic Athens; indeed, the case of the Athenian attack on Melos

shows that the possession of power is the essential factor in determining where the right lies—not the quality or descent of those who exercise it. It is therefore appropriate to cast a glance at this tragic occurrence. The island of Melos was a Spartan colony, but had not joined in the war against Athens, nor had it entered the Confederacy of Delos, of which Athens was the head. In 416 B.C. the Athenians called upon the Melians to join their empire; after a dignified refusal they laid siege to the city, massacred every man and took the women and children into captivity. For our purposes the incident is useful because of the dramatic dialogue preserved by Thucydides in which the Athenian envoys advance the doctrine that justice does not exist between unequals—otherwise, that might gives right. The following are some of the most telling passages in the argument advanced by the Athenian spokesman:

Since you know as well as we do that "right," as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power, while the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must Of the gods we believe, and of man we know, that by a necessary law of their nature they rule wherever they can. And it is not as if we were the first to make this law, or to act upon it when made: we found it existing before us, and shall leave it to exist for ever after us; all we do is to make use of it, knowing that you and everybody else, having the power as we have, would do the same as we do.—*Peloponnesian War, Ch. XVII.*

The essential points of this address are two: first, that the law of Nature is more ancient and widely observed than the so-called law of Right which only needs be invoked between those who are of equal strength. Inasmuch as no two forces are exactly equal, the practical result is that the moral law need never be observed at all. In fact it had not at that time (416 B.C.) seriously made its appearance. This we may learn from the case of Kallikles, a citizen of democratic Athens, friend and disciple of Gorgias the Rhetor and Sophist.

(5) KALLIKLES

In the hands of Plato (429 B.C.—347 B.C.), by birth an aristocrat who lived under democracies, tyrannies and oligarchies,

and who had the stimulus of Sokrates' friendship, the theme already made familiar by Theognis receives more adequate treatment. Egoistic philosophy, in its aristocratic form, had become more widely articulate, even although aristocratic governments were losing their power to the growing democracies fostered by the Athenian Republic. Indeed, I venture to think that the philosophic aspect of egoism, as distinct from its natural aspect, was forced into light as a protest, an intellectual justification and defence against the growing advances of the popular movement: and further, when the democracies exercised power devoid of moral sanction they, like the aristocrats, fell back upon an egoistic philosophy. This explains how Kallikles, a democrat, uses the same arguments.

The pre-Socratic philosophers did not, in the main, devote themselves to moral problems, but to physical and metaphysical speculations; it was Sokrates (with Plato as a listener) who concentrated his mind on moral problems. He sought, by an interminable series of questions, to find ethical universals that lay behind the varying and often contradictory concrete ethical conceptions of his day: just as the physicists had sought for the material basis of reality, he tried to replace a cosmological *phusis* by a logical one. Inevitably he came into contact with the budding egoistic philosophers of the Sophistic schools; and it is to one of these bouts that we owe the Platonic dialogue, the *Gorgias*. Herein Gorgias, Polus and Kallikles, men of like bias, converse with Sokrates on rhetoric and its purpose, but are driven by him backward in search of ultimate moral criteria. With Sokrates "the good" could not mean a class, aristocratic or popular; his thinking is unrelated to Megara, Athens or Corinth. The worm of his thought is eating its way into ancient and established ideas with irritating persistency, and the philosophy of egoism, when forced to become articulate, is not spared. Kallikles is represented by Plato as having witnessed the discomfiture of Gorgias and Polus, and he feels instinc-

tively that the values current throughout Hellas are being challenged by Sokrates. He estimates truly the nature of the new Socratic values and their danger to his own, for which he makes a gallant fight as the following words show:

K. "Tell me, Chaerephon, does Sokrates say these things seriously or is he joking?"

C. "He appears to me, Kallikles, to speak most seriously—but there is nothing like asking him himself."

K. "Tell me, Sokrates, whether we must now believe that you are speaking seriously or joking, for if you are speaking seriously and if what you are saying is true, is not our human life altogether upside down and are not our actions contrary to what they ought to be?"

I call attention to the fact that Kallikles' evident surprise proves what has already been urged, that Sokratism seemed altogether strange and unrelated to practical life when its quiet challenge was first issued. Egoists could scarcely believe their ears; they had not, as we have to-day, twenty-four centuries of cognate ideas to prepare them for Sokrates' proposals. The discourse of Kallikles must be understood in the light of this fact.

Sokrates answers in a speech opening with words very characteristic of Plato, and deeply significant in view of the ultimate argument to be made against egoism in general: "If there were not a certain community of feeling among mankind but each of us had a peculiar feeling different from others, and were not shared by the rest of his species, it would not be easy for us to make known our impressions to one another" Kallikles replies in terms that must now engage our attention, for they set forth the doctrine of egoism more clearly than Theognis had been able to do and I may say here that, before long, Kallikles will be found developing what may be called a doctrine of individual egoism.

(6) THE CONFLICT OF NATURE AND LAW

You seem, Sokrates, to be nothing but a mob-orator! . . . I do not congratulate Polus, who has conceded to you that "to commit injustice is more base than to suffer it"; for into this admission he has been entangled by you, because he was ashamed to say what he really felt . . . Nature and Law are, for the

most part, contrary to one another ; and when Polus spoke of suffering injustice as being more base than inflicting it, he meant, of course, according to Nature. For by Nature everything is more base which is the worse, such as to suffer injustice, whereas by Law it is said to be more base to commit it.

This first distinction of Kallikles is sound ; it recognises two voices : that of Nature, which dictates quite clearly an ethic of her own, and that of Law, which is evidently a modification or even a denial of the ethic of Nature. He therefore proceeded to give Sokrates his own opinion of the rival claims of Nature and Law, deciding as might have been expected, in favour of the former.

I think those who make the Law are the weak and the many ; they therefore make laws with a view to their own advantage, and with the same view they bestow praise and blame ; they terrify such as are stronger and say it is base and unjust to obtain a superiority and that to endeavour to acquire more than others is to commit injustice But Nature evinces on the contrary that it is just that the better should have more than the worse, and the powerful more than the weaker. And it is evident that this is so, both in animals and whole cities and races of men For I think they do these things according to Natural Justice, yes, by Zeus, according to the Law of Nature : not perhaps according to the Law which we have framed ; for, taking the best and strongest amongst us from their youth, like lions, we tame them by incantations and juggleries, telling them it is right to preserve equality, and that this is the beautiful and the just.

Obviously Kallikles is finding the principles of a system of egoistic thought—which shall withstand the deadly attack of Sokratism founded on a basis more subtle and hidden—on “a certain community of feeling among mankind.” He continues confidently :—

If there should be found a man with sufficient natural power, having shaken off all the trammels, and broken through and abandoned, and trampled underfoot written ordinances, quackeries, incantations and Laws contrary to Nature—then Natural Justice would shine forth

(7) THE ANSWER TO EGOISM

I am not at present concerned with the counter-philosophy by which egoism is said to be refuted, but my readers may wish to know the principles of Sokrates' attack—for such it is—on its strongly

entrenched position ; therefore I give the briefest outline : (i) Behind all is an intense conviction that he has the truth—“my statement is always the same, that I know not how these things are, but that of all the persons with whom I have ever conversed, no one who says otherwise can avoid being ridiculous.” (ii) Secondly, the conviction that the welfare of the soul is dependent upon its deeds in the body ; it must acquire a certain power and art of self-government, so as to neither injure others or be liable to injury from others. (iii) Thirdly, that the Universe is a Kosmos, an Order “that heaven and earth, gods and men are held together by communion, friendship, order and justice it has escaped your notice that geometrical equality rules among gods and men ; you neglect geometry ; you think that every one should strive to get more than the others.” Here Sokrates reduces the egoist principles to a sentence, and in view of the declared *geometry* (one might almost say *economy*) of the Kosmos, demonstrates, as he believes, their absurdity. (iv) Finally, the philosophic, as distinct from the interested point of view, enables Sokrates to discuss these problems in a detached way : “Each person seems to me for the most part to be a friend to each,” as the ancient sages say, “a certain passion too common to all men”—phrases like these show that Sokrates is not bound down to local and temporary conditions when seeking for the principles of his philosophy. What is clear is that he is initiating an entirely new view against the unconscious egoism of his day and forcing it to articulate itself through this typical Athenian citizen, Kallikles.

(8) ETHICAL NIHILISM OF THRASUMACHOS

Thrasumachos, to whom we now turn, was already a famous teacher of rhetoric at the time that Gorgias came to Athens, and it is clear from his discourse that he had gone much further than Kallikles. He exhibits an utter scorn of all moral criteria ; his ethical nihilism is the exact counterpart of Gorgias' metaphysical

nihilism; it might well have been its consequence; but that we do not know.

In the *Republic*, Book I., in a casual way someone mentions the uneasy feeling of a man who is aware that he has done an injustice and wishes to make it good: upon this, after a tentative definition of justice has been abandoned, Polemarchos proposes and is led on to support the following propositions:

I

- (a) Justice is to give everyone what is his due.
- (b) Friends ought to do their friends some good and no ill.
- (c) But to an enemy there is due what is fitting, that is, some evil.
- (d) Justice then is an art of dispensing to persons what is fitting and due; good offices to friends and injuries to enemies.
- (e) In actions, justice will best be expressed by fighting in alliance with friends against enemies.
- (f) In time of peace, therefore, "Justice" became a kind of thieving for the profit of friends and the hurting of enemies.

Here Sokrates, instead of pressing on toward a *reductio ad absurdum*, introduces a new point, namely, the uncertainty as to whether our friends are good and our enemies evil. He sees the impossibility of allowing Justice to be dependent upon the accident of friendship. He proposes:

II

Justice will profit the just and injure the unjust; this will sometimes imply that it will be just to hurt our friends if they are evil, and benefit our enemies if they are really good.

But as Justice has been made independent of the accident of friendship, so it must be separated from the idea of "injury." Will the just man injure anybody at all—his evil friend or his evil enemy? The argument goes to prove that people are made worse by injury, and that it is precisely the unjust man who is injurious. How then can the just man take the same course? The conclusion of Sokrates after all is this:

III

Neither is it the part of a just man to injure either friend or any other . . . for it nowhere appears to us that any just man hurts any one.

Sokrates, pleased at having got thus far, quietly remarks to his hearers that the aforementioned view that justice consists in profiting our friends and hurting our

enemies must have been the saying of Xerxes "or some other rich man who thought himself able to do a great deal." This is more than Thrasumachos can stand.

We are convinced that, although we are but reading a Platonic dialogue, the protest of Thrasumachos is historically and philosophically genuine. The Sokratic morality must, as it advanced in clearness, have forced egoistic impulse to become intellectually articulate. In Thrasumachos it has "its back to the wall."

It will be unnecessary to follow the long argument in detail, or the mode of refutation adopted by Sokrates. The salient words of the ultra-egoist will now be sufficiently clear as we quote them with little comment. Thrasumachos declares:

IV

(a) I say that what is just is nothing else but the advantage of the more powerful.

(b) Do you not know that with reference to states, whether tyrannically, democratically or aristocratically governed . . . the governing part of each is the more powerful? And every government makes laws for its own advantage . . . and when they have made them they give out that to be just for the governed which is advantageous to themselves; and they punish the transgressor of this as one acting contrary to both law and justice.

(c) Governors of states are liable to err, but when they attempt to make laws they make some of them right and some of them not right. To make them right is to make them advantageous to themselves . . . And what they enact is to be observed by the governed and this is what is just.

This is the egoistic definition of Justice.

(d) You think that shepherds and neatherds ought to consider "the good of the sheep," to fatten them and to minister to them, having their eye on something apart from their master's good; and in the same way you fancy that those who govern cities are somehow otherwise affected towards the governed than one is toward sheep, that they are attentive day and night to "the good of the people," to somewhat else than how they shall be gainers themselves.

(e) The governed do what is for the governor's advantage, he being more powerful, and, ministering to him, promote his happiness, but by no means their own.

At this point Thrasumachos becomes aware that he is using words in a different sense to Sokrates, and for the sake of making a clearer issue he adopts the

Socratic terms. He therefore abandons his use of the word "justice," defining the thing *he* values, and is willing to speak of the thing Sokrates values as "justice." We have from him then a detailed catalogue of the disadvantages of the Socratic "justice" and the advantage of the Socratic "injustice." Nothing could be clearer :

(f) On all occasions the "just man" gets less than the "unjust." In co-partnership you never find on the dissolving of the company the "just man" gets more than the unjust, but less; in civil affairs the "just man" pays more taxes, the other less; when there is anything to be gained, the one gains nothing, the other a great deal; in any public magistracy less befalls the "just man" in that his domestic affairs are in a worse situation through his neglect; he gains nothing from the public because he is "just." But all these things are quite otherwise with the "unjust," such an one, I mean, who has it greatly in his power to become rich. Consider him, then, how much more it is for his private advantage to be unjust than "just," and you will easily understand it if you come to the most finished injustice such as renders the unjust man most happy; that is, autocratic rule For when anyone, besides these thefts of the substance of his citizens, shall steal and enslave the citizens themselves, he is called happy and blest For such as revile "wickedness" revile it not because they are afraid of doing but afraid of suffering unjust things. And then, Sokrates, "injustice" as you call it, when in sufficient measure, is both more powerful and more free, and hath more absolute command than "justice."

Sokrates seems to realise that there is something fundamental in the sentiments that divide them; it is not a matter of words but of ultimate values.

SOK. "Convince us then, blest Thrasumachos, that we imagine wrong when we value 'justice' more than 'injustice.'"

THRAS. "But how shall I convince you? Shall I enter into your soul and put my reasoning within you?"

SOK. "God forbid you should do that!"

Sokrates may well reply: "Your

meaning is now more determined and it is no longer easy for one to find what to say against it." "Might not you say," asks Sokrates, "that a state was unjust that attempted to enslave other states unjustly, and did enslave them, and had many states in slavery under itself?" "Why not?" replies Thrasumachos, "The best state will chiefly do this, and as such is the most completely unjust."

(9) THE FINAL VALUES

I may here add a passage from the *Crito* in which the conception of justice mentioned above (iii) seems to have been carried to the extreme degree of non-injury, almost non-resistance. But as the *Crito* preceded the *Republic* by many years, we are warranted in thinking it to be the first statement of Sokrates' strong conviction on the subject before he had had time to support it by the extended argument that appears in the *Republic*. He says to Krito :

V

Can we begin our deliberations from this point that it is never right, either to do an injury or to return an injury, or when one has been evil entreated to revenge oneself by doing evil in return? For so it appears to me long since and now.

We can be sure that if Sokrates had added this further definition to those already laid down in the conversation with Polemarchos the protest that follows would have been violent. It would have turned the whole moral world of that day upside down and inside out. Great interest attaches to the fact that the first charge against Jesus, as recorded in the Gospels, was precisely this: "He is turning the whole world upside down." The world has a way of getting on to its old feet again in spite of the work of the moral innovators whom it first kills and then worships.

Science, the Séance and the Saint

By E. VINCENT HAYES

AS the thoughtful man in the street approaches the making of a new religion for himself, he is often to be found in the position of a bewildered advertiser. He asks for a certain article, or for various parts that go to the making of a certain article, and he is deluged with replies. The old religion is falling away; its dogmas do not represent his best thought, and its professors no longer gain his admiration. But the necessity of expressing what religious emotion he has demands from him some symbol of faith, some working theory of Life and Life's relationship to himself. And in reply to this need, three Voices, especially, speak to him, claiming authority and demanding allegiance.

He listens to the Voice of Science, as the majority of people understand that word, and he is held by its quiet note of confidence, its frank admission of limitation, its ring of true coin, even though its wealth be small. He feels, indeed, that Science is "Nature revealing her secrets to her rebellious sons" in a vaster way than painter ever dreamed of, and he is not prepared to shut out the scientist, whose sublime patience, whose devotion and whose martyrdom, often, rank beside the greatest achievements of any saint of any creed. The position which seems to be taken up by some mystical schools of thought, that because Science does not know everything, the little it does know is not worth knowing, will not win a response from him, and in spite of Christian Science and the deplorable crudities of "New Thought," he still believes the doctor to be an extremely valuable asset in any human society.

And the man in the street finds himself rather despised in consequence by so-called mystics of the present day, and

he notes, not without irritation, a subtly superior contempt in their language and attitude concerning him. So he invites one of his number to speak in his defence.

How far Miss Evelyn Underhill may be regarded as an authority on mysticism, I cannot say. I should certainly consider her as an authoritative writer on the subject, if not an authority. Now in her most interesting book, "An Introduction to Mysticism," dealing with the point of departure between realist and mystic, she mentions the plain man, and the Naturalism or Realism with which he is saturated. "Naturalism," she says, "states simply that we see the real world, though we may not see it very well. What seems to normal healthy people to be there, is approximately there." A little further on she says: "I say, for instance, that I 'see' a house. I can only mean by this that the part of my receiving instrument which undertakes the duty called vision is affected in a certain way, and arouses in my mind the idea 'house.' But what the external reality is that evoked the image that I call 'house,' I do not know and never can know." And again: "In one and the same sky the poet may discover the veritable habitation of angels, whilst the sailor sees only the promise of dirty weather ahead." And earlier, in the same chapter of her book, she remarks: "With an enviable and amazing simplicity she (the conscious self) attributes her own sensations to the unknown universe. The stars, she says, *are* bright; the grass *is* green. For her, as for the philosopher Hume, " 'reality consists in impressions and ideas.' "

Now to the plain man, whose point of view the authoress states this to be, these and similar passages show where Scholastic Metaphysics, once defined as "looking

in a dark room at midnight for a black hat that isn't there," will finally land its devotees. Let me give the reply of the man in the street to this wonderful reasoning. He says: "When I say that we see the real world, though we may not see it very well, I am stating an obvious truth. I, perhaps, use my labels a little more carefully than some mystics. The world to me means just this physical globe to which the senses answer. It does not mean something that is above the senses man has. That there is something above or within, or interpenetrating this physical world, I am ready to allow, and since Science does not deny the possibility of this, I find no battle between Science and a Consciousness of something superphysical. I believe that when I see a house I do see one, and the 'external reality' appears to me to be a house, and outside the padded room of an asylum I cannot believe that anyone ever saw anything but a house when they were looking at one. If in the sky the poet sees the habitation of divine beings, while the humble sailor sees dirty weather, I am forced to remind you that if the poet were about to take a summer holiday, and searched the sky for portents of climatic changes, *he* would see dirty weather ahead just as the sailor. So if the poet sees *more*, the sailor sees truly what he does see, and if the question of weather happens to interest the poet, he confirms the sailor's prophecy. If I show a white lily to the greatest mystic on earth, even to a Master of Wisdom, and I call it a red rose, he would instantly contradict me, and say, 'You are mistaken. That is a lily, not a rose; its colour is white, not red.' If, on a starry night, I take any saint in the Christian calendar and tell him that the stars are not shining, will he not reply that I am wrong and that he has never seen them shine so brightly? Will any mystic, who speaks scornfully of naturalism, tell me that the grass is not green? Truly he may tell me that rose and star and grass and heaven's unending blue have something within, beyond, permeating them, and I may listen—if he does not alienate

my sympathy by assuring me that I am living in a maze of illusion, and that for him, unlike the philosopher Hume, reality does not consist in impressions and ideas."

If he turns to the realm of the Psychic, our man in the street sees no solution for the pressing problems of life. To tell him that this earthly life does not matter, and that since occultists and mediums tell of such a wonderful realm beyond, where all is light, liberty, richness and love, *that* is sufficient for all his needs; to tell him this is only to insult him. He is here; if he thinks at all, he thinks he is here for a purpose; he has a feeling that this life is a very important thing. You will never persuade him that this physical universe is as dross compared with the subtler universe you would fain tell him of. If he accepts your testimony for the psychical, it is only to place the psychical on a level with the physical as of equal, not greater importance. The world after death appears no more wonderful than the world of physical life, for he is not a child screaming for the moon, just because it happens to be out of reach. Nor do the "revelations" from the beyond tend to alter his position, even when he is prepared to accept them as revelations. In an article in "Bibby's Annual" for 1920, Miss Clara Codd selects four books of mediumistic revelation as typical, I take it, of the best spiritualistic work. No doubt they are, though how much they owe to science, one can hardly assess. One of these books is called "The New Revelation," but nothing in the other three justifies the title as applicable to spiritism. There is much talk of "feeling splendid," "exquisite scenery" with hills, grass, and trees, just those very things which according to some mystics are so illusory. There are allusions to "threads of light," "keeping jolly," "white robes," "houses built of bricks," libraries and laboratories. But not one ounce of revelation, new for old. Just a replica of this life, with one or two obvious accessories of this life left out; just an extension of this world,

leaving this world's problems all untouched. For the real problem at the root of all problems for the man in the street is not how to make death easy, but this life tolerable. He sees a civilised world crashing to doom, or apparently inviting disaster. If he has sufficient faith in the Great Law to prevent him believing that man will succeed in ruining himself, in spite of all his efforts, he still grows anguished at the terrible waste of life, of possibility, of culture. And though, perhaps, something within him tells him that good will come out of the present evil, he looks anxiously for the Power and the Man who will initiate the New Order. Science will only take him a little way—and there, regretfully, bid him adieu. The Séance may be well advertised, but the goods are shoddy, or if of finer material occasionally, they do not shape to his needs. He feels that the whole mass of spiritualistic writing *could* be written by anyone with a fair amount of literary ability, a vivid imagination, and a smattering of scientific knowledge. He does not say that it is so written; there is no need for him to attribute it all to deliberate imposture. But judging it by its utility, he finds it untrue. All its imagery is simply physical. There are smiles on the lips of the dead, the stretching out of arms, “crêches full of gentle, sweet-faced women,” eyes brilliant with thought. As imagery, it is as good as any other, perhaps, and as allegory using art to heighten its effect, it is not to be condemned. But as plain, reliable description of the after-death state, how can a thoughtful man accept it? Perhaps some spiritualist says: “There is no other imagery one can use. In using human speech, one must be limited to human metaphors.” The inevitable answer is: “Then why try to describe the indescribable in human words?” Why not conform to the time-honoured rule of the saint, who sees visions, indeed, but not lawful for man to utter? But the people we appeal to need some tangible, some clear delineation of what we have seen, urges the spiritist. It

may be so, but the man in the street will be quite satisfied in the sanctified, consecrated lives of service they should live, whose lips have been touched with a living coal from the altar of heaven.

Hardest of all tests for our modern visionaries to pass, mayhap. Yet it is the only proof the man wants, and the only proof he can accept. He turns with disgust from those who appear to make the best of both worlds, let their descriptions of the second plane be ever so interesting. He is a curious fellow: he is bent on making the best of this world for himself, but he demands that his teachers shall be saints and, like saints from immemorial time, shall hold this world as naught. From the priest of the Catholic Church, who says a requiem mass for a beloved dead one, only when one has paid the fee, to the medium who varies her reliability by the amount paid for the séance, the man in the street sees a host of people making a good thing out of religion. Religion is being bled white by the parasites who live upon it, and a religion without blood is not likely to attract. This is a harsh thing to say, I know, but I am speaking for the man in the street, and he *does* think it. It is a genuine saint that is needed, not the man who, while he declares his spiritual poverty, invests his money in the best dividend paying concerns. Spiritual poverty has no meaning to our plain man; how can one be spiritually poor if one be treading, even with bleeding feet, the mystic way? No, you must give up material comfort, material possession, material pelf and place. Holding it lightly will not do; giving it up when circumstances force you, so making a virtue of necessity, will not do. You must give it all up now, freely, without regret; you must be mad to get rid of it, impatient to fling it all aside—if you hope to be the teacher or one of the teachers of the man in the street. He needs teachers; the soul of him is crying for someone to come and lift him out of the morass, even when his lips are silent, or perhaps mocking. You need not choose this hard path of

renunciation, this path of all the Buddhas, all the Christs. Someone will fill your place, for the world never has been left for long without saints to bear true testimony to the reality of the spiritual life. The world scarcely knows its need, and only those whose perceptions are a little sharpened can read that need amid the world's frantic efforts to re-adjust itself. The world is crying for saints, for heroes in the realms of the spirit, not for superior persons, who live comfortably in a middle-class uninspired way. It wants a Saint Francis, who will kiss the most loathsome sores—to heal them—the only way you can heal them. It wants a Saint Anthony to rebuke tyranny in high places, facing death in the rebuke. Yes, it will even welcome a Saint Dominic, scourging himself till the blood bespatters the walls of his cell, if only the reality of religion can be brought home to it. Already it has shown its temper by the taking of a simple, middle-class man, Lord Mayor MacSwiney of Cork, and careless of the right or wrong of his opinions, raising him to its altars, because he dares to suffer for the faith he has. Suffering, renunciation, the three vows of poverty, purity, and obedience, those are the hallmarks of the spiritual life, and without them there is only counterfeit. Older than Christianity, it is that, and not hairsplitting, that makes

the Buddha the adored of uncounted millions. Our drawing-room mystics do not like it, but they are but faint reedy voices crying against a contrary wind. The world is waiting for a band of Saints to tell the new faith and re-establish the new order. Maybe, it is waiting for the Master of Saints, who, if he be not an ascetic, will initiate a new regime such as previous Christs have never known or dreamed of. But surely He cannot be less than St. Francis of Assisi, His poor little one, or St. Teresa, who set a new flame alight in Imperial Spain. No, He will come with the same poverty and the same mortification. He will inspire others to walk the narrow way with Him, and a New Order of Brothers shall own Him as their head. They will preach—of reincarnation, of karma, of brotherhood, of love and duty, of eugenics, of fairer social conditions, of beauty, of powers yet to be within the grasp of man. But what will win the man in the street will not necessarily be a comprehension of these things, but the devotion, the self-surrender, the fidelity to death, the genuine disregard for the joys of this world which distinguish the saint from the necromancer. And, perhaps, some strange, elusive look in the saint's eyes, some quality in the voice, not to be heard in the voices of those who scream their wares in the market places.

SECTIONAL REPORTS.

I have still to receive many of the printed Report Forms which National Representatives were requested to fill in. Unless these reach me before November 10th, the General Report will, I fear, have to be postponed.

E. A. WODEHOUSE
(General Secretary).

The League of Nations

The Report of an Address by HENRY WRIGHT

I AM afraid that to many of you the League of Nations is rather a threadbare subject to talk about. No doubt you have already read columns of speeches and explanations, and in the present state of the world, with its fears within and fightings without, you may have decided there is not much reality about the League. It has not so far stilled the cat-and-dog snarlings of the nations, although we may hope it will, baby-League as it is, be strong enough to restrain a renewed clash of arms for the present. I had the privilege of hearing Mr. J. L. Garvin, the editor of the *Observer*, speak on the matter of future wars at one of the midday lectures now being given at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the Rector of which, you will recollect, was killed by a bomb in one of the air-raids. With all Mr. Garvin's usual splendid gift of lurid language, he pointed out what would happen. The next war would not mean mere battles between armies and navies, terrible as these fights would be. No! the struggle would be decided by the wholesale destruction of the civil population, with all their material belongings in houses and property. Whole towns would be destroyed in a night by the latest explosives from the air, and to supplement the explosives, poison gas far exceeding any used in the late war, would make an end of the wretched inhabitants. Within three weeks of the Armistice, we are told, Berlin would not have been intermittently bombed on fine moonlight nights, but all the time. The same machines now being used to cross and re-cross to the Continent, wet or fine, storm or shine, with the mails, would have delivered, over the German towns, not letters but bombs daily and nightly. Civilian populations would know no rest and no shelter, with doubtless a

state of raving madness as one of the results among a large section. Now, I see, the artillerists announce they have a gun to carry 160 miles, so that from sky and earth bolts from nowhere would be our portion. The only fairly safe thing would really be to live in aeroplanes in the upper air itself, but the population could not be accommodated there, at least so long as they carried their bodies with them, unless by that time Mars and Neptune were available to land upon until the earth was destroyed. Here is a description from Milton's "Paradise Lost," which is prophetic:—

Now storming fury rose
And clamour such as heard in heaven till now
Was never. Arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord—dire was the noise
Of conflict. Overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery copse together rushed
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage.—MILTON.

Now, for this generation which has had a foretaste of these horrors in the late war, I think we have in such prognostications a very strong guarantee for peace, stronger perhaps than the League of Nations itself is at present. But in a few years the passion for fighting, sated to-day by five years of war, will revive. There will inevitably be a return of the pugnacious party in the human race, especially if we are still to go on playing with our war-playthings in the way of cannon, firing two-and-a-half ton shells, and gasses that will "do in" a whole army corps in five minutes. So I hope you ladies will insist on getting these toys of your boys put out of sight once for all because, as long as they are allowed to play with them, they will want to see, as children do with the insides of watches, "just how they work." We

shall see the race for armaments beginning over again between some two nations as before the late war. Then will come the itch to try these wonders. A second brag-gart Hun-race will spring up and the more deadly the inventions the more certainty of victory will be given to one or the other nation having the latest in the devilry of destruction, exactly in the same way that that cardboard inflation of folly, the ex-Kaiser, thought he had only to show himself in his "shining armour" to win all before him.

Of course new elements are coming into national life which may modify all this ; but, if these new political elements of which you ladies are the chief, don't modify conditions drastically, so, as long as it is permissible to invent machinery for the destruction of human life, sooner or later we may expect to see it used.

With your permission, I propose not so much to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of the League of Nations in its details, as you have had your fill of it in the newspapers for and against. You may have seen on the one side the "yellow" press trying to divide us and belittle the League with their usual fine satanic instinct of how best to keep the witch's cauldron of world-trouble up to the boil. On the other side, perhaps, there is an exaggerated trust in the proposal as a sort of talismanic name that will bar further wars without exertion or any need, by the mass of the people, to keep on the alert. What I would rather consider to-day is what the League of Nations indicates in human progress and how far its actual realisation, if put through, will help on civilisation as civilisation has never been helped on before—in a word, by inaugurating a state of political society with just a slight tendency to carry out the idea of doing to others as you would be done by !

But to begin with we must not think this League of Nations idea is altogether new. After the Napoleonic wars the Congress of Vienna promulgated what was called the Holy Alliance. It meant that the emperors and kings of England, Austria, Prussia and Russia swore to each other eternal friendship, and to keep the world's peace for evermore ; Justice,

Mercy and Truth should meet together and kiss each other, and, as you know, these princes themselves did have a lavish habit of kissing each other by way of example. Of course, all this was to be done with a proper respect for the powers that be, and the rank and file of the nations were to recognise that they lived in the best of all possible worlds and that "the king could do no wrong."

Well, that splendid League of good-hearted kissing kings all fell through as you know. As soon as national debts decreased and the sight of one-armed and one-legged men grew scarce, humanity bucked up and went into the scrimmage again, while the kings and kaisers from a safe distance enjoyed the sport. Now, democracy is going to try its hand where kings failed. Will they make a better showing? Well, to bring it down to realities, don't be surprised at my saying it depends on the little group of people I now address. It is for you, as part of the great mass of voters, to make this commonplace League into a real Holy Alliance of the peoples of this world, in a way kings and emperors could never do whatever grandiose name may be bestowed upon it. I think nothing less, however, than the name Holy Alliance will serve our turn, and it might have struck the popular mind more forcibly if we had revived the name ; because the Divine ideal we mean by that is the only thing likely to get us through with it. What then are we going to do? The present danger to the League is that it may drop out of sight and that when the crisis comes it will be too rusty in its working to be of use. We may have an August, 1914, flame up over again suddenly and no fire engine in sight. There is a well-known saying that what Lancashire says to-day England will say to-morrow. You may, illustratively at least, apply the words to every little group of voters such as the present ; not literally, perhaps, but in the sense that if we here have nothing to say on this matter, and forget about it, neither will England or the world. The world is just a mass of local groups such as we are, and if we don't all back up this League it will fail. You have no right or reason to

expect it will be carried through if you don't hammer your little rivet into the good ship Holy Alliance. You have your votes, and with these you are all vital parts of the great democratic king and queen. *Vox populi, vox Dei*—the voice of the people is the voice of God ; and never did you need to rise to that dignity more emphatically than over this business of the Holy Alliance, because if you don't make it, as I have said, part of your religion, it will fail.

Now I ask myself what frame of man's mind is most likely to make the League of Nations the Dawn of a New Era ? What will start up this world of democracy, with all the concentrated passion of a human whirlwind, to declare this world shall be ruled by justice and not by force ? That is the axiom which alone will make the League live. It was the corner stone of President Wilson's idea, and I believe the American people are still behind that idea. Whatever we may think of the way matters are going in America at present, caused by the mud-throwings and twistings of their party politicians, I feel no doubt whatever—knowing what I do of the people—that these hundred millions of educated humanity will emerge out of their present gloom with the cry " We are coming, Sister Europe, a hundred million strong, to make justice and liberty the rule of this world." A country which has had the moral courage to go dry on whisky won't go drunk on blood, never fear. Well, then, let us get down to a working axiom in our consideration of this matter, an axiom which will make our Holy Alliance an infallible success. Don't let us only vote for it and see that its machinery is kept polished and bright through fear that we shall be bombed and poison-gassed out of this world in the next war ; but for a nobler reason—the nobler reason that will make every man and woman go to the polls on this, as indeed on all issues, for the purpose of doing to others as we would be done by. There is a simple keynote and touchstone which everyone can put to themselves without waiting to hear what the high-sounding and astounding high priests of politics

have to say about it. The sense of conscience is a greater gift than the faculty of eloquence, and we have all got it if we like to use it. Use it, then, at the voting booths and use nothing else ; for the still small voice is your best guide. Then the League will be safe and become a lasting, living covenant of far wider scope than even President Wilson dreamed he could make of it.

Yes, you will say, but what about " the foreigners " ? Well, I think that one nation going wholly right, or, better still, with the whole Anglo-Saxon race going wholly right in the matter, and, when I say wholly it must later involve the abolition of armamental competition altogether ; then I think we need not fear other peoples will do other than follow. There will be a world-jury looking on, whose verdict no one will be brave enough to ignore unless conscience has left this world for ever. If there be one righteous nation, civilisation will be saved ; but, peradventure, there may be two or three if Anglo-Saxondom joins all its forces. On each individual of us, men and women of the British Empire and America, depends the future of the League ; for no other nations, however strong, can carry it through. You must, then, put your hands to the vote with a double sense of responsibility as English women, and don't lift them up until you have ploughed out and scattered all the weeds of militarism, which will otherwise ultimately choke the League, if allowed to grow alongside the delicate flowers of Peace on earth and Mercy mild which we are now trying to sow. In this matter, to use the immortal words of the immortal Edith Cavell, " Patriotism is not enough." Only by voting for and striving for the solidarity of mankind, irrespective of national boundaries, will the Holy Alliance succeed. Assuredly, now is the time, and it may be the only time, when the world, having for to-day exhausted its blood-passion, is willing to listen to reason and wants to find a way to safeguard the future ; not only in the matter of the League for political peace but in the general uprising, we see everywhere, of mankind demanding

a wider base for society to rest upon, ensuring happiness and harmony, not of luck but of birthright for all the sons and daughters of men.

I have somewhere seen an advertisement headed "It's so simple," and it is if at all stages of your judgment you will apply to your conscience the test of doing to others as you would be done by. In this matter of the League we must make it as disreputable to "best" other nations as it has become, flagrantly at any rate, to best your next door neighbour. You have only to read the revelations of what has been going on behind the back of democracy for the last twenty years in the great secret regions of what is called high diplomacy, to see that the horrid, vulgar word "besting" is really the only one to apply to much of high diplomacy's proceedings. A few immaculates, in spotless white spats, and faultless manners, politely using inexactitudes to each other to hide their real intentions. Then suddenly an explosion is heard and the bodies of your sons in millions are hurled, mangled and bleeding into the air. I don't wish to throw the slightest doubt on the good intentions of the recent San Remo Conference; but here is how it strikes a newspaper correspondent who was sent there to try and get information for the democracy, that is for you and me. He says, "While the democratic chiefs of democratic nations, in session in their rococo villa above San Remo, continue their task of making the world safe for democracy, the democracies actually concerned are to know less and less of the benefits prepared for them." Well, whatever may be happening now, hitherto after the sanguinary struggle is over the spotless ones emerge fresh and smiling from their dug-outs, and in the result prepare for the next bout! Now, you and your like have actually the power to stop the baneful secret diplomacy which has hitherto led to unexpected wars. Don't let them put you to sleep again. You can send men and women to Parliament—yes, I will say it, although I shall be charged with idealism—with motives and intentions as high as those proclaimed by the inspired writer

who demanded that "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." Don't be afraid to think such idealities impossible. In the world of science this is an age of wonders. Make it so in the social and political world. Turn your thoughts to what the world may become through your efforts and new-found powers of the vote. The wish is father to the thought, and out of thought will come the reality. Even if it does not expand as we should like in our time, the very wish and hope will raise our present dull lives into a reflected sunshine. We fly to fiction now to carry us out of our dull realities. Why not create our own fiction, and so lighten up our realities with our idealities? I am bound to say, too, that I think women start for the ideal in social and political life with a better chance than men. Men in all ages have had to fight and struggle hard for the loaves and fishes; or in most cases for the dry crust of the loaf only. Women, on the whole, have not had to sharpen all their wits to one end. They may have suffered individually in the struggle even more than men; but they can approach problems of this kind with more of the "Do as you would be done by" spirit than men with their ingrained idea that you must do or you will be "done in."

As you know, the League is to take its share in adjusting the labour troubles of the day, in such matters as hours of work, etc. This feature is one which I think needs to be brought to the front even more, or at least as much, as the strictly political side. Put bluntly, the world is at war on the labour question now. It will be at war until some agreement is arrived at between the parties; and at any moment that war may become a sanguinary one. What is more, if the League can step in effectively in the labour war, it will almost automatically become a success in settling political problems, because, with social relations running smoothly and to the content of everybody, it is hard to believe the world will go to war to relieve itself of happiness. I say "relieve" here, because most wars are finally rushed into to relieve the

nations of some unbearable unhappiness or "fix" into which social and economic conditions have driven them. Of course, other reasons are given; but economic pressure which good international organisation would avoid, will usually be found as the root-cause when history comes to be written. When I was last in Germany in 1912, for instance, I was told by a mild-mannered man enough that Germany wanted "a blood-letting"; and the reason given was that social and political conditions, plus pressure of unassorted population, were becoming unbearable. Now, in the present interlocked state of the world, and dependence of each nation, economically, on one another, it is absolutely essential to have world-wide organisation. What can the League do then? Well, it can work for one matter of the very first importance. That is for the international solidarity of Labour in a much wider sense than merely that of hours regulation and the employment rules of women and children. It can arrange, for example, the special productiveness of each nation to the world's need so that dumping may cease, which mostly means labour wasted on unnecessary articles which the world does not want, and a corresponding shortage of the articles the world does want. Now, this solidarity of Labour is an expression you often hear. It means that seventy-five per cent. of mankind are trying to think and act "solid" on matters relating to their own most vital interests in life—selfish interests, if you like, just as happens with the other twenty-five per cent. sometimes. Well, a true solidarity of interests once established in so large a percentage of the world's population will almost alone prohibit the idea of war; solidarity of Labour, then, would mean a very good guarantee for the solidarity of peace, which is the final aim of the League of Nations. I am quite aware in a mixed audience there will be present very different ideas of what this solidarity of labour means. To some it may picture paradise; to others only the bugbear of Bolshevism. I would, however, respectfully ask you to take neither of

these views of it, but rather the view that it is a step towards the solidarity of the whole world. If you dislike the term you cannot shut out the fact; and it is up to the League to make its realisation a benefit to all and not merely to seventy-five per cent. of humanity. That alone, looked at from the altruistic point of view, is, of course, good for the majority, even if we have to submit to majority rule that is irksome to the minority, which personally I don't think will be the ultimate result. The picture, then, I wish to leave in your minds is that of a League of Nations, a Holy Alliance, linked up with a solidarity of Labour working for a contentment which excludes no class. Then, fully educated, and with every appliance of science at its disposal, the old seventy-five per cent. may be turned into a hundred per cent. of comparatively leisured class, which, when its needful productive work is over, will have time to live its own individual life in the congenial exercise of its own individual energies and tastes. That may only be following a ball over a grass field; but it is more likely to be the discovery that the true joy of life is in the exercise of all the special faculties of work with which Nature has endowed us, but which our present social worries and over-work deaden. These latent faculties for congenial work I believe the evolution of humanity towards a higher civilisation, especially if the League of Nations becomes a fact, will go far to make us once more rejoice in, to our own best satisfaction.

As Ruskin well said of the early Victorian Manchester School of Society, "it takes the bones of a hundred factory girls to make one perfect specimen of female beauty, culture and refinement." Well, we still want the last product in still greater numbers but not at the price. And I think this standard of perfection for the factory girls themselves may be reached in a world of peace and plenty in which there is time to develop our own special energies.

After all, the highest work and the most difficult in the world of to-day is not done for money but for the satisfaction of our faculties. The artist does not primarily

work for gold, neither does the statesman or the discoverer, and certainly not the true scientist. In almost everyone, I believe, there is this latent desire to be up and doing, even if it is no more than to go out to kill something in the hunting field ; and the generation that succeeds to better social and political conditions, such as I have tried to picture, will not be " born tired."

In conclusion, I will again urge and warn you to recognise that if you do not make this " plank " of the full League of Nations a strong one in your politics, you

will assuredly in your own or your children's time find all the other planks go down in a universal world crash. You must choose whether you will aid the new scientific angels willing to make this world a Heaven ; or the scientific devils ready to make it a hell. You stand at the cross-ways between the road leading to Peace, with its guide-post the League of Nations, and the road leading to perdition, with its guide-post modern armaments and all their horrors. " Choose well, your choice is brief and yet endless " for the weal or woe of the world.

LOVE, THE MAGICIAN.

Come to me, love, when spring stirs in thy breast,
When youth's sweet fancies wing their flight afar ;
And rapturous dreams, intangible as air,
Ravish thy soul with their mysterious charm—
Then come to me !

Come to me, love, in vigorous manhood's prime,
With strong full passion pulsing through thy veins ;
Come, with deep tender love of riper years,
When thou hast claimed thy soul's true heritage ;
Then come to me !

Come, when thy heart is weary with life's toil,
When years of strife have bowed thy silver'd head,
And love seems vain, and youth a far-off dream ;
When dim sad days no gleam of sunshine bring,
Then come to me !

Come, and find all thyself in this great heart !
For such the magic of a mighty love,
All things in its embrace become transformed ;
Thy youth, thy joy, thy manhood's strength, thy love—
Here in this heart lie treasured, for all time.
Come, then, to me !

F. E. C.

The Spiritual Basis of Nationhood

By D. JEFFREY WILLIAMS

CURRENT phrases such as the "national spirit," "national genius," "national character," and "national will" have far more than a superficial value. Such phrases express and reveal a deep and significant truth. A Nation is no mere conglomeration of oddly-sized personalities; it is more than a more or less homogeneous collection of people possessing a common speech, common traditions, habits, customs, enjoying a common heritage of social and religious conventions and practices. All these things and more, including more or less well-defined territorial boundaries, may be, as a rule, necessary for the life and continuity of a nation; but taken "all in all" they do not fully express or explain what is meant by nationhood.

That which really makes a nation seems to be a something that is common to all individuals composing and comprising it, and yet a something, though shared by all, that is over and above the sum of all the qualities and gifts that individuals bring to the common stock. There is a hidden magnet somewhere in the life of a nation that makes possible the recognition of a bond of union in outer affairs. It is this hidden bond of union that forms the basis, as it were, of the life of a nation. From this second point spring the streams and rivers of nationality. Here lives the spirit that informs and expresses itself through all that finds a place and function in a nation's life.

We have a glimpse of the wonderful power and reality of this unity in times of national danger and calamity. The experience of the Great War provided a

very striking illustration and example of this reality and truth. We could not escape, during the war, from the logic of corporate responsibility, from the corporate sense of duty and service, nor from the equally relentless logic of corporate suffering. In the stress and danger of war came to light a feeling of wonderful unity, a unity that ever lay behind and within the nation's heart and soul. This, of course, was but a temporary expression, but sufficiently strong an expression to prove beyond all cavil and doubt that the greatest fact about any nation is that of its fundamental spiritual unity.

"What is it then that makes a Nation? It is, as with other Individuals, a fragment of God Himself, a Jivâtmâ, a living Self, with innate qualities which gradually mould and form its *Character*. Contrast the Indian and the Englishman, and you will see the difference in the National Character: the Indian, spiritual, courteous, polished, keenly intellectual, inclined to philosophy and poetry, with an acute sense of duty, of obligation to his surroundings; the Englishman somewhat blunt and abrupt, with strong mentality, scientific and practical, public-spirited A Nation is distinctly an Individual with a Character, and that character depends on the nature of the Spirit at its core, and its gradual unfolding to play its part in humanity as a whole. It draws into itself and assimilates all that is congruous with its inner Self, its Spirit, and it is the spirit that unites, that harmonises, that evolves the Nationality which embodies it." *

* *Lectures on Political Science.* Annie Besant.

This conception of the Life-side of the Nation will help us considerably in trying to estimate its moral expression in practical affairs of life. "Where there is no vision the people perish." This may mean that where there is no true conception of nationhood the people are lifeless and indifferent. A truth must first be seen before it can in any measure be consciously realised and become a governing and directing motive in the life of an individual or a nation. To many the "national soul" is a pretty fiction or a poetical phrase. Politicians in appealing to popular passion and prejudice, in the name of "national will," not only demean themselves and their hearers, but also reveal a gross misconception that stultifies and destroys every effort in the direction of true national expression. How can the "still small voice" of "national will" be heard while passions are exploited and inflamed and minds are poisoned in so many ways? How can the highest standards of national conduct be appreciated when low and false standards are ever flung before the eyes of the populace? How long will it be ere blind shall cease to lead the blind?

From this point of view, the State, considered politically, would become the body and organ of the Nation, an organ and body having differentiated and specific functions. In philosophical parlance, the State would express the "form-side" of the Nation's "life." And, remembering that the "form" is always the "instrument" of the Life, it does seem that our conceptions, Nation and State, must undergo very careful revision and reconsideration.

One of the first things that will strike us has already been hinted at above. The State as "instrument" is not paramount in importance! This will be admitted in

theory by most people who think of these things. But the main thing to bear in mind is, that the State is or should be the "vehicle" and "instrument" of the nation's highest life and purposes and not its lower appetites and desires. Prostitution of "political" function comes as a result of betrayal or a nation's spiritual injunctions. Perhaps these injunctions were never heard or felt by politicians and statesmen, nevertheless, the nation's unheard and unheeded wishes "go by the board."

And what applies to the main body and organ of the Nation applies with equal truth and force to the lesser organs and "functions" within the "body politic." For instance, our treatment of "criminals" and our hideous and cruel prison system is certainly not the expression of the Nation's wishes in this matter. Neither are our conditions of child life in slums and industrial towns, nor are the conditions and many of the arrangements of our industrial life consistent with the desires of the Nation's Self for millions of *her* subjects. The nation exists for the individual member of the nation, and his welfare and progress in every way is her first and last concern. And everything in the national, to her, is subordinate to this end. The Nation can only play her part in the wider, fuller life of Nations in the degree in which she plays in her part in the life and welfare of each of her members.

This realisation of the Nation's *life* and implications therefrom would bring about a revolution surpassing all other possible revolutions a nation might experience. There would and can be no doubt as to the beneficial results. It would be a revolution that would be a revolution of harmony and beauty, and a realisation of prosperity, plenty, and peace.

The Place of Shadows

By OLIVE C. GRIFFITH

DOWN the long and dreary way trudge the dumb, helpless beasts to their Place of Shadows.

Dumb! Agonised eyes their only appeal; while we for whose sake they go to their grim death and take so little notice that we do not trouble to realise that we—everyone of us—have it in our power to make that death painless.

Let us face the facts.

We, the public, are responsible for what takes place in these sad corners of our towns and villages. Can we expect the minority—butchers, slaughtermen, hardened by the sight of suffering—to agitate for reform, if we, the majority, for whom the beasts of the field are made to live and die, take no thought that their end may be a merciful or even a speedy one?

There are many sad details in this sorrowful trade. The insanitary and inhumane conditions of numberless slaughter-houses in our country, their uneven, ill-paved floors, lack of efficient drainage, improper accommodation that permits the terrified animals to watch each other's doom, difficulties of proper official inspection and examination of meat, and much cruelty in killing with knife and poleaxe, barbarous instruments of the past which should long ago have been superannuated. Add to these carelessness, lack of experience (the slaughterer learns his trade by practising upon the live animal), and the impossibility of avoiding occasional mistakes, for, as an experienced and conscientious slaughterman admitted to the writer, it is not possible for the most skilled hand always to deal the death-blow fatally, owing to flinching and movement on the part of the animal.

Let public apathy to all this be a thing of the past. The voice of the public ever

calls into being the action that reforms. Let it but raise its voice and such conditions would vanish.

For many years various organisations have done pioneer work in trying to arouse public opinion upon the matter of slaughter-house reform. The Model Abattoir Society, founded by Mr. H. F. Lester and Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson; Mr. Charles Forward's Humanitarian League; the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; the Council of Justice to Animals, and others. Owing doubtless to their continued efforts, a committee was appointed by the Admiralty in 1904 to enquire into slaughtering conditions. This committee was formed of able and distinguished men, with Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., now Lord Lee of Fareham, as their chairman. Before this committee all known methods of slaughter were thoroughly tested and, after visiting and reporting upon public abattoirs at home and abroad, they published their recommendations, among which are two most important ones: that "private slaughter-houses should be replaced by public abattoirs," and that "no killing should be permitted except in the latter under official supervision." But to what purpose is it to appoint a Government Committee of first-rate men to examine the conditions if no further attention is to be paid to their report? It is owing to this apathy that slaughtering methods have not greatly improved since the issuing of these recommendations; indeed, in some respects conditions are even worse, for whereas in 1904 the Admiralty report found that in large establishments pigs were nearly always stunned before slaughtering, now in 1920 we are told by an authority upon the subject (Mr. R. O. P. Paddison) that "nearly all large bacon factories and the majority of smaller ones do not stun their pigs." He adds, however, that the

Empire trophy for bacon was won in 1913 against more than 200 competitors by a firm which adopted the humane method on every pig. It is to such firms that an awakened public will give its support.

It is well known by those who have studied the subject, that we in England and Wales are far behind other nations in this matter of the humaneness and hygiene of our slaughter-houses. Denmark and Switzerland stand out as great examples to us, and in Germany also the abattoirs are splendidly equipped, and fitted with all the modern mechanical appliances. As regards Great Britain, Scotland is far ahead of England and Wales. In Edinburgh they have abattoirs that compare favourably with the best on the Continent; and the Burgh Police Act of 1892 enforces that where there are public there shall be no private slaughter-houses, which obviates the occasional difficulty of making the public abattoir with its hygienic conditions pay its way.

There is no reason against the universal adoption of the Humane Cattle Killer except that we, the public, avoid the painful thought of what happens before the "joint" appears upon our table. If the public do not care, why should the butchers? And why should the Councils expend even the little money needed upon modern instruments? The poleaxe and the knife have been used for generations, so for further generations the beasts may endure their agonies; and all for want of our good-will.

There are several Humane Killers upon the market. The "Greener" is a well-known and tried instrument, which has been used in England for over twenty-five years. Another can be purchased from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. These are in the form of a pistol, which is placed against the head, death being instantaneous. These killers are made in different sizes for sheep and pigs as well as for cattle, and it is impossible to understand why our animals should be killed in the present cruel and inhumane way (this

fact being freely admitted by many slaughtermen), when the painless, speedy death of a shot from a "killer" might be theirs.

There are also pocket killers, which should be in every police station for use upon horses and other animals injured in our streets, ensuring a swift and merciful death in cases of serious accident.

The "Greener" Humane Cattle Killer is used in many of our large cities and towns; compulsorily so in Hereford and Carlisle; its use has also been enforced by the London County Council. It is approved by the Board of Agriculture for use on all cattle-carrying boats, and it has been for many years adopted by the Admiralty.

A Meat Inspector at Reading says that the R.S.P.C.A. Killer has been used on two thousand animals for the Government without any failure; while Mr. Christopher Cash of Coventry, who has done much to advance humane methods had, so far back as 1910, four thousand animals, the property of thirty butchers, killed in this fashion; and although he was willing in every case to pay full compensation for any injury done to a carcass, not one claim was made.

It is true that old-fashioned butchers sometimes advance the opinion that meat killed in this fashion has not the keeping properties of that killed by the poleaxe; but this suggestion can be emphatically set aside. Exhaustive enquiries were made by the Admiralty Committee on this point, and the reverse was found to be the case.

"Humane Killers" are easy to use and are reliable and sure; yet in spite of numerous testimonials from butchers all over the country who, having once tried the "killer" invariably abandon the primitive poleaxe, the number of animals shot by this method last year was barely two hundred thousand, representing only about one per cent. of the total number of animals killed!

A brave and successful attempt to cope with the difficulties of this age-old wrong is to be found in an old Welsh

country town. By means of bye-laws (full authority is conferred on all Urban and Rural Councils in this matter) it has been enforced that all beasts slaughtered must be taken to the Public Abattoir. Thus the use of private slaughtering sheds is wisely abolished, for while some butchers slaughter under fair conditions, many give little thought to the suffering of the animals and small heed to the dirty and insanitary conditions surrounding them. Here we find the permanent "lairage" some short distance from the abattoir itself—a necessary arrangement where humaneness is considered, for no beast should await its end within sound or sight of slaughter or smell of blood; herbivorous animals being peculiarly sensitive to the latter. Nearer is the waiting pen, its front open to the air. This should be used only at the last moment when, ignorant of its doom, it is quickly passed through the hitherto closed door into the adjoining slaughter-house and swiftly despatched by the "Humane Killer." This abattoir is large, well ventilated and cleanly, with floor and walls of impermeable substance and with efficient drainage. Here is employed but one experienced slaughterman, under control of local authority; and we may well consider our responsibility towards these men, for it is we who create their depressing trade, and we should see that it is as little revolting and as little dangerous as possible. Frequently a slaughterman himself advocates the use of modern contrivances, but they are seldom provided except in answer to insistent public demand. We should therefore be brave enough to face the details of the work which we expect others to do for us, and should insist everywhere that antiquated methods be abolished.

To have one well-arranged public abattoir, with one skilled slaughterman and all modern improvements, is not only a matter of humaneness and hygiene; it is a paying concern. In the small township spoken of, with a population of between two and three thousand, there is a return to the authorities of 20 per

cent. Even in villages, if two or three would join to purchase a "Greener" or other humane killer for use in the neighbourhood, it would speedily justify itself.

The reform of the slaughter-house does not obviate the terrible suffering of across-seas traffic, of cruelties from the hands of rough drovers, and of many tortures antecedent to actual slaughtering. Many will agree with Sir Henry Thompson that "it is a vulgar error to regard meat in any form as necessary to life"; but whether we hold with this opinion or not, at least we—the all-powerful public—should not rest until the dumb animals who perish in our service are slain with a minimum of fear and pain.

A few practical hints to those whose sympathy resolves itself into action.

Firstly: Make sure that you have not already an up-to-date and first-rate abattoir in your district.

Secondly: Do not make the mistake of thinking all slaughtermen are inhumane; many of them are anxious for reform, and rightly blame us, the public, for our apathy.

Thirdly: Find a member of your Urban or Rural Council likely to be sympathetic, and talk the matter over with him. Call upon other members whom he may suggest, and enlist their sympathy.

Fourthly: Having prepared the way, write a letter to the chairman of your Council, asking that they will consider the matter of slaughter-house reform.

Down the long and dreary way trudge the helpless, frightened beasts, thousands upon thousands of them, day after day, year after year, to their cruel death. Shall we not succour them? Is it much to ask that every reader of these lines should stretch out a hand to make their Place of Shadows less sorrowful?

For

"They do well to hide their Hell,
For in it things are done
That Son of God nor Son of Man
Ever should look upon!"

O. C. GRIFFITH.

The Lifting of Maya

BY EDITH C. GRAY

ON Monday afternoons Dr. Van Hook, the leader of our Star Group in Chicago, has been giving us sketches of what it seems likely the Great Teacher may do when He comes again among us. We have been told that a little of the Maya of the world will be lifted, so that it will be easier for the people of the world to see the larger truth.

It has occurred to me that we might consider specifically what effect this might have, because it will encourage us in our present work, and because definite, clear thinking tends to bring our ideas nearer to realisation.

Let us suppose, then, that the Great Teacher is among us and that He removes a little of the Maya, the illusion that hangs heavily over the life about us. Does this mean that He will influence the *will* of men? We think not, for this would be trespassing upon man's divine right—even the Great One would not do that. Sometimes we, with our little finite comprehension, try to impose our will upon others and the effort produces the reaction of a boomerang upon us; we have to guard against it in even a minor degree, while our powers are still small, for, emphasised later on the Path, it turns one in the wrong direction. So the lifting of Maya will leave one as free to choose as ever, but will allow one to see things clearly in their right relations. People will, of their own free will, make many choices they could not have made with the pressure of Maya upon them. They will see the relative values of life, they will judge whether so much attention to the details of living could not be better given to art, or music, or philosophy, or to helping humanity in philanthropic ways, or to allowing their soul-natures time to grow and expand.

Suppose the Great One should pass down the street in a crowd such as we saw in Chicago last Monday, Decoration Day. He would shed about Him the radiance of the "Enlightened One," as the Buddha was called, the love of the Christ who brought to the world the inspiring interpretation of the God of Love. Think what such a flood of Love and Enlightenment from the Great Teacher could do for a mass of people. Their minds would have been filled with criticism, with bickerings, with pushings and jostlings of the physical, the astral and the mental planes. In the light of His presence, people might see that the neighbour whom they criticised was acting as he must act, on account of the experiences of his past incarnations and in order to fulfil the purpose for which he came into incarnation in the world this time, and they would learn that they had no right to judge him. Many among the mass would see the reason behind the divine injunction, "Judge not." To each soul would be given light according to his means. The organ grinder would not be able to see with the breadth of vision of the legislator, but each soul would be allowed to understand the step next ahead of him, and with this clear perception given by the presence of the Great One, there would be but one way that each would long to pursue—the path which for him was full of light.

Let us follow more closely what the Great One might do individually among the gathered multitudes.

Yonder is a teamster sitting high above the crowd in his wagon, where by dint of shrewdness and by driving some one else away, he has found a good place from which to see the procession. His family is with him. Suppose the Great Teacher should pass behind him, and

should notice him a moment, lifting permanently a little of the Maya from his vision, what would be the effect? The man would see that drinking whiskey and chewing and smoking tobacco made him no whit happier and that without them he was kinder and gentler to his wife and the little ones; his violent temper would become less violent, for he would see that other people had their rights as well as he. He would understand that the children placed under his care were not his personal property as were his cart and horse; for, though passing through the phase of youth, the children would be revealed to him as souls, perhaps even older than himself. The very horse might assume a new responsibility to him, and he would cease to want to beat it unmercifully when some freak of animality or some mischievous nature-spirit possessed it; instead, he would respect the horse as having a recognised place in evolution, a creature to whom he must assume the place of a deity with his vastly superior store of knowledge. If God be a God of love, He would comprehend that he, the man, must in turn show love to the animal in his treatment of it.

There stands a shop-girl, and she is lifting high in her arms the little sister, and cheering the soldier-boy in khaki as he marches along in the procession among those who have nobly fought. As the Master passes, He sees the wondrous light in the girl's eyes, He senses the tired arms, the weary feet that stand all day behind the counter, the hands roughened with household labour done after the long hours of work, the love that irradiates from her in spite of her colourless days and the monotonous future; and as He looks, He multiplies that love in her heart even as He multiplied the loaves and fishes in times gone by. It so transpires that the Maya lifted from her shows her the glory of the very humblest life, and in her home the little shop-girl henceforth will serve as a princess might minister to her subjects; in the store, she will shed a beneficence upon the thoughtless customers who elbow

each other for the best chance at the bargain counter; she will reflect a quiet patience upon the impatient women whose time is limited by the needs of the babes at home or of the hungry husband who will question any delay; and upon them all she will look with the comprehending eye of love that pierces the gloom of Mayavic impenetrability. Because a corner of the curtain has been raised for her, she in turn will lift it a bit for others.

Across the street is a university professor—a clear yellow light is about him, and the Great One looks, for that light never goes unnoticed. It is definite, glowing, and the thought-forms pour forth from his aura as he reviews the procession in the significance which each group of paraders bears to the social or political economy of the world. The Master sees that this man thinks broadly and constructively and is doing a noble work; but there is a lack of that rose colour that would indicate his ability to reach the needs of the students that gather about him each day for instruction. The man has worked well, he has made good use of the talents entrusted to him in the development of his finer bodies, but his needs are great in the position which he holds as the inspiration and guide of the minds of university students placed in his care. And the Great One, by a little adjustment and certain occult rearrangement, is able to show the professor another view of the world, so that the students are seen by him not as so many pieces of mechanism which will act this way or that way according to the amount of outward force and environment, but he henceforth recognises them as living, sympathetic souls, eager to grasp truth because it is true, to meet life's problems not only bravely, but with faith and with love. In the future he will approach his work as he would an altar, with a spirit of reverence, a dignity, and a knowledge that in meeting the needs of his students, he is doing the will of the Most High.

A scientist stands there, a true scientist whose work has been to deal not only

with the laws of science, but especially with the principles underlying it. His vision is opened by the Great One to ever-enlarging conceptions of the universe and of other world-systems.

A little group of artists and of musicians are threading their way along the street to keep an engagement. They glance up as the Master passes, whereupon a new beauty and harmony flood their inner vision, new conceptions of colours, fascinating combinations of tonal and symphonic effects, flights into harmony hitherto undreamed of, a veritable glimpse into a wonderland of sound and of form that have never taken embodied shape in materials perceptible to the human ear and eye, yet which are so real and enduring that the memory of them will never fade. To grasp the secret of these visions, to force them on to canvas, to chisel them in marble, to sing them to the souls of men, through the written or the spoken word, through music or through rhythm, to give them bodily form, this will be the main-spring of life hereafter for these devotees of art and music, for the glimpse has been almost intoxicating in its glory and its beauty. It was a lifting of the veil of Maya, and a vision "from the unreal" into "the real."

All this and far more will the Great Teacher do when He comes. To the man governed by impulse will be given strength to develop the *will* whereby he may govern his impulses; to the man of strong will, the ability to transmute his human will to accord with the Divine Will. We may let our conceptions soar as high as they can mount, they will still fall short of touching the reality, for He will bring new life to the world, a quality of life which is still to be developed, and which we can only touch now in our moments of most profound exaltation.

But to see the light, to enter the new life current when it comes, we must live the life now, day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment. Then will His blessing abide with us.

Outwardly, there is the procession, the procession of life, the illusion of Maya; inwardly, unknown to many, is the Master. Do we know what Presence may be near us, on any day, at any time, as we walk along the street or sit quietly in a crowded train, or are resting within the sanctuary of our own rooms?

Can we determine for ourselves what Maya of illusion we are allowing to cloud our vision and to hide Him from our view?

THE CONQUEST OF FEAR

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—I just write you a few lines to express my thanks, and I am sure the thanks of others, for the insertion of Dr. Griffin's lecture, "The Conquest of Fear," in the September number of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

To me, the ideas put forward seem new, or old ideas in a new light, bringing renewed confidence.

So please feel that at least one reader has by your discrimination been greatly helped.

Like *Oliver Twist*, I ask for "more."

"A Catechism," by H. Wright, gives much food for thought, and might, with advantage, be introduced into the schools of all countries.

Yours fraternally,

O. A. BARRY,

Loc. Sec. Order of the Star in the East.

Happiness in Renunciation

By J. GILES

"Learn from sensation and observe it, because only so can you commence the science of self-knowledge."—*Light on the Path*.

Say! thou, with youth, and strength, and hope, elate;
Deeming thyself the master of thy fate:
Say! from thy forehead can'st thou pluck the rose,
And proudly bid the opening pageant close,
Now, when the red wine round the table flows,
And Wit his gems in sparkling ripples throws,
And Beauty's face with light and laughter glows?
Snared in such softness, darest thou to prate
Of thy free soul, the master of its fate?
Soon the quenched lights shall leave thee desolate.

THE time of the coming of the Great Teacher, whatever particular year may be appointed for it, is necessarily drawing nearer, and we are unable to guess how wide or how narrow an interval may yet be vouchsafed to our world to lift itself a little out of the welter of calamity and misery now threatening to overwhelm it, and to prepare itself in some greater measure for the presence in its midst of a personification of Divine Love and Wisdom and spiritual Power. We are yet ignorant whether advantage will be taken of whatever interval may remain for the strengthening of devotion to *Dharma*—the rule of ordered liberty and steadfast progress—the decay of which has been announced by Himself as the occasion which will cause Him to "come forth." [*Bhagavad Gita, 4th discourse.*] It may be that there is yet a deeper depth into which the world must sink before it sits at the feet of the Master, "clothed and in its right mind," and even if this almost unthinkable deeper depth has to be sounded and plumbed, who would impatiently and importunately desire to hasten the time determined by Him who knows the conditions of His work? For was it not said of Him two thousand years ago: "Whose fan is in His hand, and He shall thoroughly cleanse

His threshing-floor"? Therefore we may be sure that, however frightful the havoc on the surface, yet in the calm depths He is carrying on His silent work. How is that work being helped by the nations and the individuals of whom the nations are composed?

THE NATIONS.

In spite of much lip service to great principles and high ideals, the prospect afforded by the attitude of the countries concerned in the present convulsive and frantic efforts at reconstruction does not seem encouraging. Every great war, in which a great principle of importance to the progress of humanity is arrayed against its destructive opposite, can hardly fail to produce at one and the same time a prolific crop of brutality and a rich growth of high idealism; which does not mean that the brutality is all on one side and the idealism all on the other, although they may be unequally distributed according to the higher or lower quality of the principle for which each is contending. It was one of the ideals of the great war that, under the protection of a League of Nations, the weaker countries should no longer be used by the stronger as pawns in the great game of politics, but should be guaranteed the liberty to seek their own welfare upon the lines most

suitable to the development of each. But it was perhaps too much forgotten that the small nations had hardly realised the full import of this ideal; and that, stimulated by the new sense of freedom from the fetters that had hampered them, they would soon misuse that freedom by quarrelling with their neighbours about boundaries, and would perhaps be flying at each other's throats before the incipient influence of the League of Nations could be brought to bear effectively on the situation.

But the great nations are not only faced with the problem how to curb the unruly passions of these smaller and inexperienced States, but they are confronted with the most menacing possibilities within their own borders — possibilities arising from internal discord and dissension which, even in Britain, the cherished home of stable government and free progress, are pointing the way to a state of revolution and anarchy which one shudders to contemplate. In the absence of any high and daring and wise leadership capable of controlling the masses, we must hope that the idealism which unquestionably exists in the democracies may prove strong and pure enough to prevent them from bringing on themselves the worst calamities by the impatient pursuit of a golden age of comfort and happiness.

PLEASURE AND HAPPINESS.

By a very natural reaction from the strain and tension of a great war large numbers of people have thrown themselves into a reckless pursuit of pleasure which, unless restrained, must inevitably lead to disastrous results, "as surely as the cart-wheel follows the footsteps of the ox." It is happiness that the pleasure-seekers really crave for; but, ignorant of what true happiness is, they snatch such pleasures as they can find in costly and fantastic banquets, revels, and pageants, in which wealth panders to a base luxury and helps to trample the poor and the wretched into unknown depths of misery and squalor. We cannot admit the dogma of the Benthamite moralists that pain

and pleasure are the supreme and unconditioned arbiters of human destiny; but we may readily agree that sensation, with its polar opposites of pleasure and pain, forms the very first step in our moral progress, the spring-board which helps to propel us to greater heights; and so we accept the advice quoted under our heading, that it is only by the study of sensation that we can commence the science of self-knowledge. We must not therefore deny to youth the pursuit of pleasure as a good thing, even if it is too much forgotten that its value is chiefly recreative, reproducing energy for useful work. But the footsteps have to be watched, and the path is not safe until the lower personality is so subjected to the higher that the banquet of pleasure can be renounced at the very height of the festivity if the trumpet call of duty sound clearly in the ears. This stage attained, the aspirant enters upon a higher path which presents the vision of Pleasure, with the discords as well as the allurements involved in her pursuit, transformed into the figure of Happiness, serene, dignified, and abiding. And this stage, although not the final one, and only transitional to a greater elevation beyond it, supplies a necessary and beneficial experience in the great journey.

It seems an unnecessary task to refute the shallow sophism that, because happiness is associated with virtue, virtue is only a refined variety of selfishness. If this be true we must withhold our approval of the Good Samaritan until we are assured that he took no pleasure in his charitable work, but was perhaps rather sorry that no one else had come along and anticipated him in it! No! let us frankly recognise that Happiness is the greatest good and should, in the Divine plan be our daily companion, would we only refrain from marring the harmony of that plan by our ignorant and foolish ways of thinking. But if any aspirant consider this to be a justification of his eager—or, as some teachers have said, "rational and judicious"—pursuit of his own happiness, let us hasten to assure him that such a quest is doomed to

disappointment. For Happiness has a bosom as cold as Diana's to his wooing, and feet as swift as Atalanta's to his pursuing. She may leave behind her as she flies some simulacrum of herself which, when he has overtaken it, dissolves into nothingness in his embrace. Then perhaps he may pause and ask himself the question whether it may not be possible to live without her, by merging himself in some great work which will enable him to forget her; and when he adopts this attitude, lo! she steals silently back to him, and softly whispers: "I will be at your side."

RENUNCIATION.

He has now found the great secret, which will guide him safely until perhaps some further height, now beyond our imaginings and our guesses, shall loom in the distance. Meanwhile we may assure ourselves by experience that Happiness, only comes in proportion to the surrender we make of all objects and

pursuits which constituted our cherished ideals, for the sake of some yet greater cause which cannot be immediately forwarded by such pursuits and objects.

When we have attained this height, not only in theory but in practice—alas! with how few fingers may be counted those who have done so—then indeed we may hope to be efficient co-workers with the Great One whom we expect. To become one of His vanguard no sacrifice can be too great; and no happiness can be greater than to help in leading to a better knowledge of the new revelation the multitudes who will dimly apprehend that a Divine Power has come into the world, which they fail to understand and cannot formulate in words. To this work each can contribute his mite, and so, by constant leavening, the conviction will grow that the only safety for people and rulers alike lies in the sacrifice of the *self* to The SELF, even as The SELF has made the Kosmic Sacrifice for us.

"THE LAMP-BEARERS"

The writer of the little notice of this movement (in the September issue) regrets having omitted to give the address of the General Secretary, which is as follows:—Signorina Nella Ciapetti, "La Nussa," Capolona, (Arezzo), Italy. She wishes also to remind the readers of the HERALD OF THE STAR that the movement is international.

Idealising the Commonplace:

A Tribute to Chardin

By F. EVERY-CLAYTON

WE often speak of surroundings as sordid, people as commonplace, events as ordinary. It is quite possible that if we reflected seriously upon these expressions it might be discovered that the sordid, the commonplace and the ordinary have existence only in our own minds. This is a truism, possibly a trifle stale, and hardly worth mentioning unless with reference to a very remarkable illustration afforded by a certain painting in the Louvre, by one Chardin, unique in his own genre, and justly placed in the foremost rank of French artists as a master of composition, line and colour.

As the reader is probably aware, Jean Baptiste Siméon Chardin was one of the greatest of the eighteenth century painters, and the simple naturalness of his style and subjects was all the more marked by contrast with the somewhat conventional adherence to tradition, or else tendency to artificiality in innovation, that characterised the schools of the day. Indeed, his work was so distinctive in character that it was at first attributed, before his fame was established, to some unknown artist of possibly Flemish origin.

Chardin's subjects are always homely, his own modest interior supplying the material for the greater part of his works. The subjects, considered in themselves, are not only homely, but often commonplace in the extreme. Analysed according to metaphysical canons of the beautiful, many of the still-life studies, as well as the interiors, would be judged entirely lacking in æsthetic qualities. And yet it is just these qualities that strike the beholder with all the more force by reason of the choice of subject. As an able

modern writer on French art has expressed it, "Beauty is never denied her chance."

Let me describe the particular painting that has prompted these few remarks—a painting that, during a recent visit to the Louvre, excited not only wonder and admiration, but also the enthusiasm that has been described as "the æsthetic thrill."

The picture hangs on the first line, in the Salle Lacaze, among other works of Chardin and his contemporaries. It is not a large painting, for Chardin never seemed ambitious to cover yards of canvas, or to emulate the huge and imposing work of Veronese that hangs in an adjoining room. The subject is simple—a still-life group, consisting of a piece of raw meat, a cabbage and a copper pan, placed together on a table, with a rather tumbled piece of white cloth depending in front. In the matter of subject, one might suppose that Chardin had gone out of his way to compose a group of thoroughly inartistic objects. What flight of imagination can see beauty in a piece of raw beef, even though the cabbage and the copper pan may pass muster? How comes it that so commonplace a group arrests the eye, captivates the attention, and arouses an enthusiasm that to the artist nature is one of the purest joys of life?

Let us try to make this clear, for if we can find the answer to these questions, we have discovered Chardin's secret, and opened up new avenues for enjoyment, a new vision for lurking and hidden beauty—even a new knowledge of the inner and spiritual things all about us.

To begin with, the composition, in line as in balance of light and shade, is perfect

—no less so is the relation of the objects to each other. Commonplace as they are, there is complete correspondence. The colour scheme is without flaw, the dark red of the piece of meat—a rich subdued crimson, nothing glaring or in the least conspicuous—is enhanced by its proximity to the beautiful dark green of the cabbage, a green of exactly the same tone as the red, and therefore the true note in the scheme of complementary colour. Beside these are the exquisite tints—also subdued to the prevailing tone—of the copper pan. The background, table and cloth carry out the harmony, and make a whole that cannot be called less than perfect.

Now in order to grasp to what extent the mind of Chardin—the mind of an idealist of the real—can glorify the homely and the commonplace, let us imagine for a moment the treatment this same group might receive at the hands of an ultra-modern artist of the futurist school—that is to say, the school (if such it can be called) whose chief characteristics are lack of perspective, crudeness and in-harmony of colouring, and general disregard of the fundamental principles of composition. We should probably turn away from the picture in disgust, and deplore the utter want of artistic feeling displayed by so many present-day painters. In Chardin's picture, if we bring our mind to analyse the reason for our enjoyment of it, we are struck at once by the true artistic feeling displayed, the idealism, and the consummate skill that can make line and colour triumph so completely over any suggestion of the commonplace. And the more we study the painting the less we realise the homeliness of the objects, for the beauty of the colour scheme grows upon us, leaving an indelible impression, not only of the picture itself, but of something even better—a quality of the artist's mind that we desire to emulate, to possess. For it is not a monopoly, this blessed gift of seeing the ideal and the beautiful in the commonest things of life. In this respect we may all be Chardins. We can take to heart this message from the great artist—passed

away nearly a century and a half ago—a message that perhaps he himself little thought would be part of his legacy to the world when he set to work to glorify and idealise the commonest objects in his own modest surroundings. For the great value of his idealising lies in this—it was in no way fantastic or visionary. He did not clothe the common objects with the mantle of his imagination, as some idealists do, making them appear beautiful indeed, but something other than they actually are. On the contrary, with Chardin they are always real, yet beautiful with their own intrinsic qualities.

We also can cultivate the artistic eye that sees the potentiality of the beautiful in all ordinary things, and especially in all ordinary people. We can detect beauty in the most homely features, for we see the spirit that animates them. We can, like Ruskin, find jewels in the mire—diamonds in the coal dust.

Truly such a vision as this picture of Chardin's affords calls to mind a saying that might have served as his motto: “. . . . That call not thou common.”

To many minds a piece of raw meat in a picture and, for instance, a drunken woman in the street, will rouse an equal disgust. The one is as offensive to the moral, as the other to the æsthetic, sense. Such an attitude is pardonable, but here is just a case to apply the unconscious teaching of our great artist. He has glorified the former by seizing upon its one possible feature of intrinsic beauty—colour; we can glorify the latter by seeing the latent possibility that we know exists—the beauty of the indwelling Spirit.

And what a different outlook on life shall we engender for ourselves if we can but cultivate the habit of searching for the beautiful continually in all the most apparently commonplace people and things around us.

I do not deny that there are those among us whose eyes are already opened to the hidden divinity in all things; but such illuminated souls are unfortunately rare. For the great majority it is more

or less of an effort to lift the veil of an ordinary and homely exterior; yet the vision revealed will well repay many such efforts, and much striving.

I give these few impressions for those who, like myself, are searching day by

day for more of the light of Truth in everything that touches our daily life. One beautiful gleam has come to me just lately—all I ask is an opportunity to let others of a like mind share it.

Success

By FLORENCE PARSONS

IT is a mistake to suppose that Success can be gauged by visible results. How often one hears some plaintive voice bemoan—“What a failure that life has been! Nothing tangible obtained from his or her unceasing efforts!”

Judged by mere worldly standards, this dictum appears correct, for some writer declares:

One thing is for ever good,
That one thing is success.

But who can measure the extent of personal influence which often strengthens weak points in the character of others, through diverse ways.

It may be, that a good life “lived to the very utmost in the service of God and man . . . ruled by a simple direct religion” will affect far-reaching events.

In this terrestrial sphere, such spiritual results (*i.e.*, the diverting of evil through silent example) remain unknown. But intuitively we recognise each act of self-denial is registered by angelic beings in the archives above!

All material advantages are fleeting. Death and decay exemplify hourly—the oft forgotten truth—“Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”

An American author describes well the common acceptance of this attribute: “Success in its vulgar sense, the gaining of money and position.”

In the world of human affections failure—which includes disappointed

hopes, an unfortunate wooing—need not embitter a generous heart.

On this subject I recall to memory a page from a charming old novel:

The hero, a peer of the realm, loves his sister’s intimate friend—an artist’s daughter—who has been a constant visitor at the stately ancestral home.

During a last farewell (a death-bed interview) the young aristocrat reveals his affection and discovers that the maiden’s heart is bestowed upon a clever middle-aged artist (her father’s contemporary).

Possessing a sympathetic disposition, the noble suitor feels distressed at the fair one’s grief, who regrets her inability to return his love.

At this critical moment Lord W—remarks pathetically, “Never mind, P—though I am unsuccessful. . . . Heaven is for beaten men!”

In earthly warfare the victors have been awarded V.C.’s and D.S.O.’s, etc., but more lasting honours can be secured amid “battlefields of the Spirit.”

Surely! for individuals and nations, the true meaning of success is a gradual progress (perhaps through suffering) toward ideal perfection of knowledge and character.

This discipline will enable the awakened soul to eliminate the ego of personal advantage while reconstructing (modern) industrial problems.

Thus alone can men and women faintly realise here the pure heritage of things unseen.

Correspondence

THE VALUE OF AN ORGANISATION

P.O. Box 14,
CHRISTIANA, TRANSVAAL,
SOUTH AFRICA,

July 23rd, 1920.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—The question of the value of organisation is one which is of obvious importance to our Order, as to every body of men and women working for a common cause. Put plainly, the question would seem to be "Is it better for each to work independently, irrespective of what others with the same object may be doing, or for individuals to arrange themselves that all may work together as one body?" Surely there can be but one answer to such a question!

If we look to Nature, the expression of the Divine Law, what do we find but a continual process of organisation, disintegration and re-organisation? There are few modern thinkers who do not hold the case for Evolution satisfactorily established. Put briefly, Evolution consists of the ever increasing manifestation of Life through ever developing Form. The Life requires the Form for its expression, and the Form cannot develop without Life. The development of Form in Nature is dependent upon organisation. From originally homogeneous substance, Nature builds up divers elements possessing varied qualities—this is the first stage, the development of the individual. Having collected her materials, as elements, she proceeds to arrange and combine them, producing, by these means, specialised organs for the expression of Life. Each organ has its proper function. But the process of combination continues, and various organs are combined to form a body in which all the organs, while retaining their individual character, co-operate to carry out one common purpose—that of the soul, or life-centre. The process of combination does not cease even here, for we find bodies combining to form families, types, species, nations, races, humanities, with ever more complex organisations. Looking at the world of to-day, we find that the more developed the expression of Life, the more highly organised is the Form which it uses. From mineral, through vegetable and animal, to man, we find an ever increasing manifestation of Life running parallel with an ever more complex organisation of Form. Certainly, it is held by many, that as the race develops, the organism will become more simple as it returns to unity, but this will be by the development of the faculties of the various

organs until they merge one into another, and not by their separation. Those who are students of Theosophy know that the race constitutes a Brotherhood, and this implies organisation and co-operation—however unconscious the individual members may be of their relationship or of the fact that they are co-operating to some common Purpose.

It has been objected that organisation tends to destroy individual effort. This could only be the case where organisation takes place *from outside*, or when the Life has departed from the Form. So long as there is Life in a movement, and so long as it is the Life which organises *from within*, each member working for the development of the whole, voluntarily, and as far as possible in the capacity for which he is best suited, organisation can only afford wider scope for individual effort, because there will be co-operation, without friction, clashing, overlapping or gaps. No doubt there will be some who take advantage of their membership to cloak their lack of enthusiasm, but such are not of those who would work with "service" for their motive, independently.

There is a further objection raised, that all organisations have failed to maintain their efficiency as time goes on. This is true. Immortality is not of the body but of the spirit. As Life develops it is inevitable that the limit of plasticity of the form shall eventually be reached, and the old form be cast off when its purpose is fulfilled, to decay as a body which the soul has left, while Life seeks a more highly developed form for its further expression. "As the dweller in the body experienceth in the body, childhood, youth, old age, so passeth he on to another body; the steadfast one grieveth not thereat." (Bhagavad Gita.) The teaching of Reincarnation is as applicable to social organisation as to human beings, and the knowledge that the body will eventually die, is no justification for a refusal to enter it.

The Order of the Star in the East is, I think, still in the early stages of evolution. It constitutes a vast collection of individuals having a common Ideal, but very loosely organised, and I feel sure that some development of specialised organs within the Order is bound to take place—nay, is taking place, by the laws of Divine Nature, and we who are members should endeavour to co-operate by seeking our rightful spheres of activity. Many members have sufficient initiative to work independently, but there are vastly more who require direction, encouragement, and assistance,

who are very willing to help, but cannot find their places, and are consequently largely lost to the Order. It is in order that this undifferentiated material may be utilised to the utmost of its capacity, as well as to avoid gaps and collisions, that organisation is essential. No. 3 of our Principles is, I fear, often "honoured in the breach" simply because there are so many who do not know that "definite work" is required of them. In a country like this (South Africa) this is particularly the case, and on account of the scattered membership, almost unavoidably so, but it enables one to appreciate the value of organisation more, perhaps, than those who are in more populous places.

Yours sincerely,

C. M. JAMES.

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

SIR,—With reference to the question raised in your May issue regarding the danger of relying on mere membership of the Order as a substitute for activity in proclaiming its message, I beg to submit a few comments.

Admitting the force of your correspondent's criticisms regarding the value of membership in certain—perhaps a large majority—of cases, this is certainly no reason for abolishing the Order. This seems self-evident. There are plenty of other means of encouraging work and discouraging laziness.

Again, is it true that the coming Teacher, Himself, the Hero of Heroes, will have no use for any but heroes of the first rank in His following? Surely He will have *some* use even for cowards, provided that they do their best to overcome their inhibitions. All military men well know that there is no hard and fast dividing line between heroism and cowardice.

Personally, I am prepared to admit, I am *not* a hero, although I have the most unbounded admiration for heroes and heroines. I admire, for instance, the tremendous courage of Mrs. Besant, though the martyrdoms she endured in previous lives simply freeze my blood with horror! I admire the courage of Suffragettes, though I very much doubt whether I should be capable of a hunger-strike! As for the sufferings our brave boys have faced and triumphed over in the last five years, they make me at times doubt the compassion of God. To me it seems, those who have faced these horrors and overcome them, are demi-gods, though they be the mere daisies and buttercups of our average English humanity. To them I doff my hat.

I doubt if I could emulate any of these feats. But the test your correspondent proposes is as severe as any of these. What then? Am I a coward?

"Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
. . . . Who does me this, ha?"

It may be so, but if so, cowardice is very common. There must have been quite sixty

per cent. of cowards in Kitchener's Army and yet they were transformed into heroes by the magic of patriotism plus military discipline. Your correspondent's proposals, if adopted, would mean a wholesale scrapping of potentially good, perhaps excellent, material. This seems hardly what the Great Master would wish, in spite of his warning "Many are called, but few chosen."

Only a few soldiers, among thousands and millions of combatants, earn the V.C. Your correspondent would make the badge of the V.C. a condition of membership.

It is the contagious force of comradeship and example which supplies, in the Army, the deficiencies which cause each individual to fall short of heroism, if left to himself. Your correspondent would cut away and destroy this mighty force, as something of no value.

Undoubtedly an individual test is required, and must, sooner or later, be undergone by every man. Those who can cut themselves adrift from the support of their comrades in the Order *now*, and launch out by themselves, are no doubt wise, and will save themselves much trouble later on. Those who postpone the individual test are weakening their resolution, and lessening their chances when the day of battle comes. This is true, but opportunities for individual service are not easy to find.

The "Ancient Mariner" method of button-holing strangers and trying to convince them in five or ten minutes' conversation that Christ is coming very shortly, hardly strikes one as practicable, or practical. There remains the method of public lectures—but surely these are better organised by the Order itself?—or of taking advantage of such opportunities for private conversation as present themselves. These are not likely to be many, as people in Society are not fond of conversation on religious subjects.

Better than this, it seems to me, is the idea of a constant inspiration, sustained by prayer, to be kept before each one of us in our daily life, keeping us always on the look-out for the smallest opportunities of service, such as are afforded by "the daily round, the common task." Let this be our stimulus, and let us cease from worrying about the big opportunities which fail to present themselves. Let us try and overcome shyness in talking about religious matters, and try and share our thoughts and difficulties on these subjects with others, even with strangers casually met. No harm can be done: a man or woman in earnest, and speaking with sincerity, is always listened to with respect.

Then, when the Great Day comes, even if we fail to qualify for the front rank of heroes, we shall doubtless still win from the Great Master the smile He reserves for those who have done their best, even if that best be but little.

Yours fraternally,

H. L. S. WILKINSON.

Srinagar, Kashmir,

June 16th, 1920.

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—It had never occurred to me that I might try to write something for the HERALD OF THE STAR, but when you ask for contributions and mention the 70,000 members of the Order, I realise that as one of that number I may endeavour to respond to the call and record an experience of my own in the hope that it may prove a help to some other mother.

During the latter part of the war I found that it was my lot to add another to the home circle. Being in straightened circumstances, the knowledge did not give my husband or myself any joy. He had been in uncertain and irregular employment for a long time and I had been the bread-winner for the family. So I made another appeal to him to enlist, not only as a means of providing for his little ones, but also to throw in his lot with Right against Might. However, my appeal was in vain, and during the whole period when the child was being builded, my husband's mood of displeasure and despondency remained. Now, I believed in the truth of eugenics and also in the power of thought. I had seen an expectant mother's mental attitude of rebellion and annoyance reproduced in a child to its lasting misfortune and inefficiency. I therefore determined to maintain an attitude of mind conducive to the best interests of the unborn babe.

Accordingly I put my moody and inert husband on one side and gave vent to imagination. I conjured up the child's father as one of the spirited Light Horsemen galloping through Palestine and enduring all the hardships and

perils with bright good humour. I followed their doings across the plains and sympathised with them in the humid heat of the Jordan valley. I admired General Allenby's strategy and dash, I gloried in the victories, and sojourned in the orange groves at Damascus.

I built mental images of my baby bright and smiling, with courage as the key-note of its character, and love its nature. Two good friends stood by me all along the line and cheered me with flowers and ferns, and provided evenings of charming music.

In the silent nights I used to dwell on the steadfast glory of the stars over the desert, picture up the exquisite ferns in my friend's greenhouse, and fill my mind with thoughts of beauty and courage.

In due time the tiny soul came, a Christmas gift as sweet and lovely as a rosebud. He is now eighteen months old, the joy of the home, already showing courage and a passionate love of horses. When he falls, he picks himself up without a cry and his loving little ways endear him to all. As I look at the sunny curls clustering round the bonny little face, my feeling is one of thankfulness that I happened to know a little of the science of eugenics.

Had my mind for those miserable months of hard work and constant worry dwelt in the immediate material present, I would not now be the possessor of such a happy little chap as Allenby has proved to be.

If this experience will help another, it will not have been written in vain.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
"MOTHER."

"A CATECHISM"

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—The "Catechism" printed in your September number, I feel sure, would be of the utmost value could it only be engrafted into our education; it would supply that scientific basis to any creed, that is so sadly needed. There is an ever increasing number of people who no longer accept religion on blind faith, but wisely leave all that does not appeal to reason. Unless these come to anchor in some noble philosophy they just drift along with such a material and hopeless outlook on life. This, it seems, might be avoided if they were brought up on such food as this Catechism supplies. It is this that the Church has failed to give, and so driven many who would have been her best members from her. Greatly to

her own injury, but not to theirs. For, to the Christ, the "Church" has a much wider meaning and is composed of those who love their fellow men and help to bring to birth the ideals of the New Age, no matter to what nation or race they may belong, and these make up "The Catholic Church." Religion and Science—the heart and the head of humanity—both are needed, and either one, without the other, has proved a failure. So I think a Catechism such as this would help to restore that balance, which would show forth as health of mind and body, thus being of immense value in preparing the way for His Coming.

With all good wishes and many thanks from

Yours very sincerely,
September 9th, 1920. M.

The Herald of the Star

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DECEMBER 1st, 1920

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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. The Editor cannot be held responsible for MSS. unaccompanied with stamped and addressed envelope.

This Magazine may be obtained through any of the Officers of the Order of the Star in the East. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 20 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 2d. extra). United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per ann. (Post free). U.S.A. and South America, \$1.50 per ann. (Post free). All Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to the "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

Two Sonnets

THE WASTE OF LOVE.

Ay, fools ! We had no faith in love's own life :
And so that we might feed its urgent flame
We squandered all—youth's native lust for fame,
The strength that should have served us in the strife,
Our wingéd dreams that searched the upper skies,
Our simple joy in books and birds and flowers,
Sweet song that stirs to unimagined powers,
And comradeship that links, yet never ties.

Ay, fools ! We hurled them, fuel for love's fire
Only to make a mocking funeral pyre.
Our faithless passion took them all, consumed
Them 'fore our witless eyes ; and now we're doomed
(Dazzled and dazed awhile by fevered flashes),
Still young, to crouch before our love's grey ashes.

JOHN BATEMAN.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.

No soul ? No future life ? What is it then
That looks at me from out those speaking eyes ?
Love, Trust, Fidelity—all that we prize
As Friendship's truest worth 'midst sons of men ;
And Love's immortal ! High o'er starry skies
Lives Love Incarnate—Love that never dies—
Whose Breath creates the Universe. What then ?
Shall man dare say that he alone that prize
Of Love's immortal Gift, unending Life
Possesses ? Have dumb creatures not a share
In his felicity ? His woes they bear !
Of Love's Creative Force the faintest spark
Can never be extinguished in the dark !
For them, too, there is joy after long strife !

OLIVE PRIMROSE DOWNES.



EDITORIAL NOTES

IT is necessary to clear up some misunderstanding which has arisen out of a statement, made two months ago in *Star Work in many Lands*, that the time for the Coming of the World-Teacher may be much further away than we think. This statement has surprised and disappointed some of our members. One Star official, who is far advanced in years, feels that, if true, it has robbed him of the one great hope of his life—that of seeing the Master face to face before he dies. He adds that the mere possibility of its being true seems to him to take the heart out of the Order, and doubts whether we should be able to keep our members on such terms.

It is obvious from the above that too much importance has been attached to an expression of opinion which was never intended to be authoritative, and which was introduced principally to enforce a certain view as to the proper attitude of Star members towards their responsibilities. It will comfort some of our readers, to whom the statement has come as a blow, to learn that the only people who are in a position to know something of the future—and by these I mean the few advanced occultists amongst our leaders—hold that the Great Teacher will manifest Himself within a very few years from now. So far from the manifestation being postponed, they say that there are signs that things have of late been speeded up. So that, so far as

authority is concerned, authority is all on the side of those who treasure the belief in a near Coming.

Such authority we ourselves would be the last to question; and the hint of a possible postponement was simply put forward as a corrective to what we described as an attitude of "passive expectancy." It has never been concealed, even by those who are in touch with the inner world of spiritual things, that there is a real connection between the readiness of the world and the date of the Coming. Certain conditions, it has always been stated, have first to be fulfilled before the Great Teacher can begin His mission. One of these is a state of comparatively world-wide peace. Whether or no this means that some international arrangement must have been arrived at, which will make war definitely impossible, we cannot say. But at any rate here is one condition which, even in its less exacting form, is evidently far from realisation at the moment. Something, of course, may happen in the near future which will bring about the desired state of things; indeed, taking the necessity of this condition together with the occult statement that things are being speeded up, we should venture the opinion that something *will* happen. But what it will be or how it will come about, we have no idea. It looks as though the League of Nations (which seemed at one time to be the agency appointed to

prepare the world for the Coming) were definitely dead. On the other hand the recent Presidential elections in America, while in one sense dealing a death-blow to the League, may really indicate the provision of something else which will do the same work under another name.

To believe in a *near* Coming and at the same time to recognise the dependence of the Coming upon the readiness of the world, is thus perfectly possible. What it means is that we believe that any preparatory work necessary for the clearing of the way *will* and *must* be speedily accomplished, because it has to be completed within a certain definite number of years. Into such work, then, all who believe can throw themselves with the glad certainty that they are on a winning side. To co-operate in it becomes a privilege rather than a necessity. Somehow or other it will be done. Are *we* to have the honour of sharing in it? Such an attitude is the very opposite of the attitude of passive expectancy alluded to above. It is one of active expectancy, accompanied and stimulated by a certainty of success. The best kind of Star member is not the one who, knowing that things will be accomplished somehow, is content to sit and wait. He is the one who, for that very reason, is anxious not to lose the opportunity of having a hand in the work himself.

* * *

**The
Star Library
in London**

Miss G. Bowman, librarian of the Star library in London, has sent us a communication which we print in full, as we feel that it may interest members in other countries:—

“It has been suggested to me that members might be interested in a short account of the Star library and reading room over the Star Shop, at 314, Regent Street, London, W. 1. It does not seem to be as widely known as it might be, although it is much appreciated, and many kind things have been said about it by those who do use it.

“The reading room is absolutely free and open to the general public as well as to members of the Order. There has been a certain misconception about this, so I wish to make it quite clear that we are delighted to welcome anybody and everybody, and that it is not necessary to be a member of the Order to become a subscriber to the library. A great many of the current quarterly and monthly magazines are taken as well as those dealing more especially with the Order, Theosophy, and Occultism generally. We have about 1,800 volumes, chiefly on Theosophy, Mysticism, ‘Higher Thought,’ psychic phenomena, comparative religion and mystical fiction, with a small but carefully chosen sociological section. We try as far as possible to have all the latest and best books on these subjects, but books are expensive nowadays, so if any kindly disposed reader of the HERALD should feel like giving us a volume now and then, especially works on masonry, symbolism, healing and the new psychology, we should be most grateful. Members and non-members have been very kind lately in giving us both money and books, but the library seems to meet such a widespread need just now (we have taken 300 new subscriptions since January) that we can always do with more.

“The psychology of both readers and books is very interesting. A librarian, especially if her moon happens to be in Aquarius, sees quite a lot of human nature in a quiet way, and is interested in it all, from the lady, who came in timidly one day, fearfully glanced at two books on Theosophy and then implored me not to take Christ away from her, to the charming subscriber who asked for a book by ‘Ibid,’ because he was so often quoted in various works she had read. Then there are the people who know exactly what they want and will have it, and those who don’t, as well as the kind ones who wrap their books up in paper when it rains and those again who don’t, and the people who return their books to time and those who never do. I

have found a most varied selection of articles left in returned books, amongst other things a birth certificate, sugar and food cards, photographs, telegrams, horoscopes and buttonhooks. Last week half-a-crown and two pennies were found in an arm chair, and unless they are soon claimed they will be put into the library funds! I have also from time to time been able to make quite a collection of odd gloves.

"As to books, there seems to be a certain magnetism about some of them, for they are never in the place for five minutes. No sooner do they come in than they go out again, while others equally good and interesting are severely left alone for weeks at a time. Then, perhaps, one of these is taken out, and five minutes later Mrs. A. and then Mr. B. come in and simply must have that book. It is the one book in the library they want. They have come miles because they heard that we had it, and they steadfastly refuse to take anything else, so it is quite useless to try to press 'The Secret Doctrine' or 'Man Visible and Invisible' upon them instead.

"In popularity C. W. Leadbeater and Edward Carpenter are easy firsts. Mrs. Besant's 'Autobiography,' 'The Ancient Wisdom,' 'Esoteric Christianity,' Dr. Steiner's 'Atlantis and Lemuria,' Schure's 'Great Initiates,' and all books on after life conditions and on colour are much asked for. Great interest in astrology is also shown and Tagore's books are popular.

"It only remains to say that we are reclassifying, and hope to get this done by Christmas, and that, if funds permit, we shall have a new catalogue printed, and that if any book is specially asked for and suitable we always try to get it. The hours are from 10.30 to 1. The subscription is considered by most of our members to be ridiculously cheap for these days: half-a-guinea a year or 3s. 6d. a quarter for two books, and a deposit for postage. Londoners and those who can change their books personally may pay an annual subscription

of half-a-crown and twopence for each volume for fourteen days."

* * *

A Peace Centre

A letter has just reached us, telling of a useful piece of Star work which is being attempted at Dundee, Scotland. Our correspondent writes:—

"Emboldened by a paragraph in the Editorial Notes of October entitled 'The Realities of the Star,' I venture to tell you of a small beginning which some members of the Dundee Star Group are making towards training themselves to become a Peace Centre.

"This, we think, is especially needed in this time of unrest. The recommendation is 'Speak to your own heart earnestly and emphatically, trying to realise fully the import of each word,—*Since Christ, who dwells in me, is Prince of Peace, in me is the centre of Peace, and from this centre I may go to and fro in a distracted world, carrying God's messages and bringing an atmosphere of Peace, Brotherliness, and Love.*'

"This is to be said every day at any time found most suitable, but each one having decided for himself or herself the most suitable time, let him keep to that time as far as possible. The wording for the meditation was taken from a little brochure entitled 'Seed Thoughts for Meditation,' by M. B., 11, Dalton Road, Coventry. It goes on to say 'The disciplining will be all the more effective if all quarrels and argument be strictly tabooed. In wranglings and arguing one mind is clashing against another, which causes a shock to both, and all shocks are destructive of receptivity and often prevent for days a return to the Heart silence which is alone effective of good.'

"We are trying to work this as a 'snowball.' Everyone who is in sympathy with this can help by just engaging in this little meditation each day, and then getting some one else to join, who in his turn will interest someone else.

"If you think this would be of any value perhaps you would be kind enough to print it in the magazine, and some reader may be willing to add to the 'snowball.'"

* * *

Star Time

A Star member writes from Australia:—

"I should like to say that I believe the idea of 'Star Time' to be an admirable one, and hold that it brings into operation a factor which, I think, will have as great an effect upon the future of the Order as any other of its activities.

"It would be advisable, I feel, to make a special reference in each monthly number to the obligation placed upon every Star member to co-operate with this part of our Star work."

The task of encouraging this line of concerted activity has, rightly we think, been left to the National Representatives of the Sections. But we think that there is no harm in adopting our correspondent's suggestion, at least in this month's issue, and appealing once more to all members to take their share in this world-wide scheme. !

**The Humane
Society In
America**

From America comes the following interesting note on the work of prevention of cruelty to animals in that country.

"The work of the Humane Society in America," writes a correspondent, "and probably in other countries, is much hampered by failures to report cruelties. Many reasons beside indifference operate. It is hoped that the story of the rather roundabout manner in which the services of Boy Scouts in one western state, U.S.A., were secured in this important work for the amelioration of suffering, may prove helpful.

"Sitting at luncheon in a hotel of a small city, E. M. saw two horses staggering up a steep grade with an extreme load of coal. It was slightly unpleasant to attract thus the attention of the other diners, yet, nevertheless, the only right thing to do was done. She went out and talked it over with the driver, who proved to be a very decent chap. He not only acknowledged that the load was too heavy, but he volunteered the weight of the great iron wagon which, without the coal tonnage atop it, would have been almost enough for the team to haul up such a grade. He said that, if he stayed on the job, his Company's orders had to be observed; that they dictated the size of the load. Making a note of the name of the offending firm and the number of the wagon, E. M. returned to her luncheon.

"Greatly to her surprise, she found herself hailed as a sort of heroine and 'only hope' of some women diners who, although members of the local Humane Society, were so involved, commercially, through husbands, brothers and fathers,

that they dared not make a public disturbance. E. M. learned of various matters which clearly constituted cruelties and infractions of ordinances, which could not be reported by the women, not so much because of possible money losses, as because of the family cleavages. One man deposited with the brother's bank, another was an intimate friend of the father. It was not gross materialistic care for dollars, but desire for family peace and well-being which was preventing a needed action.

"Consultation with the Humane Officer disclosed regrettable facts. Voices over the phone, he said, often told tales of cruelty to animals. They were usually women's voices; and when he asked, 'Will you testify to that in the police court?' the reply was usually negative, with varying reasons. Often the woman said, 'Oh, I dare not; the owner is such a ruffian, he would set the house on fire or do something terrible to the children.' The Humane Officer said that, on the few occasions when women had braved the dangers, fancied or real, to testify in the court, they had been obliged to sit with brutalised human beings, and that often the Judge failed to convict after the sacrifice had been made. It was also found that a certain class of indiscriminating animal-sympathisers would go out and verbally abuse a driver of an overloaded team, without ascertaining whose responsibility lay back of it; or, if a powerful firm was behind the matter, it was dropped summarily.

"Probably anyone talking with the Humane Officer for any given district would be astonished to know the difficulties of his situation, and the infractions of law which 'get by,' as well as atrocities which, in relatively small communities, are not, as yet, covered by any law. The particularly glaring atrocity in this particular community was the practise of chicken ranchers of buying old, disabled or diseased horses, and letting them stand without care until such time as their chicken-food exigencies warranted their slaughter. These ranches were on the well-paved road to the fashionable

Country Club, and men and women autoists had scrupulously looked the other way, or refrained from troubling themselves to investigate.

"E. M. wrote an article for the daily newspaper setting forth the information gained. She called especial attention to the fact that wealthy infringers of common decency laws were let off without even the tongue-lashing which was so freely given a poor driver.

"One result was surprising. A driver of a coal wagon said to her with great enthusiasm, 'I saw your article in the paper standing up for the drivers. I'll help you. I'll report every overload I see—you bet!'

"Many large cities have a standard load which may not be exceeded for level roads, and another maximum for grades. A little work with the Chief of Police and the Humane Officer resulted in a standardisation of loads for this particular city.

"These two, viz., the Chief of Police and the Humane Officer, concurring, E. M. visited the Captain of the Boy Scouts for that district, and the outcome was a promise that such Scouts as were of the age and discretion to know what really constituted a cruelty, should work with the Humane Officer. It was planned, by the authorities, that this co-operation should become state-wide. Well, indeed, might it become nation-wide—world-wide! If it was known to be a part of their regular duty, the Scouts would be relatively free from the annoyances which attend the occasional reporter. Anyway, a Scout expects to encounter some discomfort and danger—courage and indifference to annoyances being a part of the mental equipment normally required of him.

"It is a rule of the general Scout Constitution to be kind and helpful to animals. But would it not be a wise innovation in many lands to extend the authority and responsibility of the older boys in such manner as would offer active co-operation with Humane Officials? The mere expectation that the ubiquitous Scout would see an offence would operate

as a deterrent. Some owners of animals seem actually ignorant of what constitutes a cruelty. If a Scout were given a badge, and the power to issue a warning in such cases, and the responsibility of making a report on every case observed, cruelty would quickly decrease in many lands. Perhaps 'Star' leaders will work the matter up with Scout and Humane authorities in their localities."

* * *

Will Levington Comfort Many readers will remember with pleasure two or three papers by Mr. Will Levington Comfort which we printed a few months ago. They were marked by a keen spiritual insight and were expressed in a clear and simple manner which is often difficult to attain in dealing with abstract things. The articles in question were taken from a series of Reconstruction Letters, which Mr. Comfort first circularised and then collected into book-form. This book, we understand, has now been published in America, but, so far as we know, no copy has yet reached other countries. We hope that the Star shops at the Headquarters of some of our sections may before long have the opportunity of putting some copies on sale; and this Note is written partly with the idea of suggesting to those in touch with the author that this should be done. Mr. Will Levington Comfort is undoubtedly a person quite out of the ordinary, as is shown by the following extract from a letter which we have received from a friend in the U.S.A. who knows him personally.

"You may be interested," she writes, "if you know nothing of him, to learn that he was born in a terrible slum, and lived among rather dreadful people. The woman who is now his wife 'rescued' him, since which time he seems to have been making great growth. They have two or three children, who are said to sit round and 'meditate' as naturally as other children play with toys. Last summer when I was at Krotona, he did a remarkable thing—so I came to hear. The elderly woman, who told me, had two daughters living in Hollywood, one of whom had been stricken in New York, perhaps two years before, with a pain in her head, for which physicians had been unable to do anything except give her morphine.

She finally developed the drug habit; and although her sister had aided her, and both had fought bravely to overcome it, hope had been abandoned and plans completed whereby she was to go to a sanatorium for the drug-cure. Mr. Comfort, who lived some miles away, appeared at the door the day before she was to have been taken away, and asked her sister why he had been sent for. 'You were not sent for' she replied, much puzzled. 'Well, you are in trouble—what is it?' he asked. Whereupon he was told the situation, and taken to the sister. His presence immediately soothed her. He said, 'You will not take the drug again, neither will you have the pain any more.' The mother, who told me the incident, declared that her daughter was healed, and wanted the morphine no more."

Now that the HERALD OF THE STAR asks for articles from members of the Order as voluntary service, we feel a little reluctant in making the request to anyone with whom we are not personally acquainted—particularly to anyone who, for all we know, may not belong to the Order. We can only say, therefore, that if Mr. Comfort could at any time let us have more of his writings for future publications, without interfering with any publishing plans which he may possibly have in view, it would be a great pleasure both to ourselves and to our readers.

* * *

The Magazine and Agents' Fees The raising of the price of the Magazine has involved the question of Agents' fees. There are certain professional newsagents who take a number of copies for distribution every month. These firms naturally require a commission fixed in proportion to the price per copy. But, in addition to these, we have also a number of individual Star members in different countries who act as private distribution agents. It is felt that, as the magazine, even with the

increase of price, is still being produced at a loss, these private agents should be asked to accept the same fee that they have hitherto been receiving. The work of spreading the circulation of the HERALD OF THE STAR is a very definite piece of Star work, and we are sure that the friends in question will be willing to regard it as such and to carry on their efforts without abatement.

* * *

The American Relief Administration There seems to be altogether too little recognition, on the part of the general public, of the inestimable value of the work performed by the American Relief Administration, European Children's Fund, under Mr. Herbert Hoover's chairmanship, in the afflicted areas of Central Europe. Its skill in organisation, its unstinted resources and altruistic spirit, command the admiration of all who regard the famine with distress, and the gratitude of those to whom this timely help has afforded the bare amenities of life.

In point of fact, during the year July, 1919, to June, 1920, the Mission has fed in Poland alone—providing one meal a day to each child—a number of children averaging 1,300,000, and has clothed 700,000, while the total number of children in all the affected countries amounts to 2,608,000, 1,147,500 of whom have received clothing. The feeding is done through soup-kitchens throughout each of the countries, each ration costing five cents. Approximately fifty million dollars have been poured out in the enterprise, both in food and in clothing, and the assistance thus given include the relief not only of children, but also of expectant and nursing mothers.

Star Belief and Star Action

By C. JINARAJADASA

(An Address delivered in London)

AS most of you are aware, this is the first of a series of addresses, which will be delivered under the auspices of the Order of the Star in the East, dealing especially with the work which the Order has undertaken to do. I am beginning the series, and necessarily I shall have to deal with all the great ideas for which we stand.

If you will analyse yourselves you will find that all your important conduct is the result of belief. Each of us believes in certain things, and because of the belief our actions along a particular line are easy. When a belief is old in our character—in other words, when a belief has become, as it were, part of us, the action which issues from the belief is easy, there is no contradiction in our inner nature between the action which our mind postulates should be done, and the belief which is an important part always in our inner life.

Now, the difficulty arises when a belief is new, because at the beginning of a belief those ideas to which we have given our faith are, as it were, outside of ourselves, they have not been made a part of our nature. When, therefore, we profess a new belief, and any kind of action is necessary as the result of that belief, there is always a certain amount of inner resistance to overcome, because there is something like a duality, and hence a struggle. It requires, therefore, a certain time before a belief enters fully into ourselves and action becomes easy.

Now, with regard to the great idea of this Order, the mere faith that a great World-Teacher is going to come is not such a very difficult thing. If we drive our imaginations hard, we can almost believe anything. You see, therefore, if some sceptic were merely to consider the number of people who believe that a great World-Teacher is going to come, he

will say that that proves nothing—millions of people believed that the earth was flat when it was not—the fact that millions believe that a great spiritual Teacher is going to come is no proof that he *is* going to come. You see, therefore, that so long as faith is subjective, a matter of your own inner emotions, it does not necessarily play such a very great part either in your own events or in the world's events. You know how constantly people—not excluding ourselves—believe in great ideals without putting them into practice. So long as your membership in this Order means to you only a belief in the coming of a great Teacher, while you do give your aid by your mere membership, you do not give any more than that in the work of the Order. Now all this preliminary part of my thought is to bring you to this particular point, that membership in the Order of the Star of the East means conduct. While, theoretically, as an international Order we have only a Declaration of Principles, and we must necessarily leave each person to apply those principles to his own life, yet at the same time in deep reality only that person is a true member who realises that this belief imposes upon him an obligation to a particular kind of conduct. Now it is of that special conduct which is expected of each one of us that I want to speak this evening.

It is a special conduct because we have a special idea. We know certain general concepts of morality, that we must return love for hatred, and we act in a certain general way according to certain well recognised ideas of morality, but we do not only believe in ordinary morality, but also in a special idea, and that is that Someone is going to come Who is going to bring about a wonderful spiritual regeneration of men. If, then, we truly believe that special doctrine, thence comes the special obligation to act in a particular way.

Now I do not doubt that most of you, having accepted the idea of the Coming, have gone so far as to accept the idea that when He comes it is your duty to co-operate with Him. After all, the purpose of the Order is not to bring together a band of people who will stand round the great World-Teacher offering Him worship, the purpose is to bring round Him a band of workers who will carry out such of His schemes as He considers necessary in the world reconstruction. When, then, you believe that you will co-operate with Him, that it is your duty to co-operate with Him when He comes, there are also certain other things which follow from that desire of yours. Obviously, He has not come now. Now if you really think that you will co-operate with Him in the day when He comes, but that in the meantime you are merely going on believing in Him, the great principle of the Order is not doing so very much for you. What is necessary is not that you should only co-operate in the future day when He will be with us, but that you will begin to so change your conduct even now, so that when He is with us and looks at your record from the day that you joined the Order, He sees you as steadily coming to Him, not only in faith but also in action.

Now the belief that you will co-operate with Him imposes upon each believer as little or as much as He chooses. We are not a body with a creed, with a set of penalties. We give an ideal, and we leave each person to work the ideal out in his own life. That is why I said that the obligation as to conduct may be to you as little as you choose or as much as you choose.

Let me first deal with as little as a person may choose. That will mean that through all the stormy events of the world's changes he will steadily hold a faith that those events are leading up to a climax, which is the coming of a great Personality. He will continually go on contemplating the Coming, and so far as his mental analysis allows him, he will convince himself more and more that the Coming is steadily nearer. Now that is as little as the obligation as to conduct may

impose, but that kind of conduct is negative, it refrains from adding to the complexities of life and the barriers which the Lord may find when He comes, but that is all. It is therefore a negative attitude, indeed a better one than no attitude at all concerning the Coming of the Teacher. But, on the other hand, there is the positive attitude, which means that he will put his belief into action even now.

Now what kind of action should each one of us contemplate as the logical deduction of the faith that he has? This action, so far as I contemplate it in my own life, is dual, an inner action and an outer action. I mean by the phrase "an inner action" the preparation of one's own inner nature so that one is steadily becoming—or at least is trying to become—more and more a mirror of the life of the invisible Great Teacher. Of course, at once one is there dealing with a very large supposition. We suppose He exists, we suppose that our nature can be made a mirror of His nature. Now all those suppositions may be mere fantasies, or they may be but the dim grasp by the mind of tremendous verities. So there each one will have to decide for himself whether you are dealing, in the thought of a coming Teacher, with a real truth, a real fact in nature, or whether you are only dealing with a mere beautiful ideal which inspires everyone and so is good, but which is not fundamentally one of nature's predestined events.

If you believe that He exists, and that He will come to the world, and that He wants helpers to-day and not only at the day He comes, you will find no great intellectual difficulty in accepting the idea that you ought to become a mirror and a channel of His life. After you have cleared intellectually that problem, next comes the attempt to become the mirror and the channel. You can be that only by building yourself somewhat like His nature. That means intense purification, of every kind, of our mental and moral nature. Now, purification, if we are to be His mirror, is not a negative thing, it does not merely mean refraining from doing evil

things, it means a continual reconstruction of our emotional and intellectual edifice so that the building becomes more and more beautiful, more and more the true dwelling for His habitation. Now, that intense purification of the character which is absolutely necessary before we can be His mirror means inner struggles. Do not think that if you want to be a channel of His Life it means for you merely a prayerful attitude. Many people think that so long as they feel that prayerful attitude, a kind of piety, they are then pure and good. They are—up to a certain point. But, remember, the great World-Teacher is not a mere negative sphere of goodness, He is a mighty worker, He is all the time using every ounce of His mental and moral force to change things in the world: He is shaping, fashioning, changing, but He does it with an intense pure nature. If we are then to become mirrors of Him, we must also have a type of purity which is intensely positive, which can go out into the world absolutely sure of its own strength, which does not shut itself in because of a fear of being sullied.

Now such a type of purification, if you desire it, means challenging the whole spiritual world, so that your mental and emotional nature shall be undone wherever it is wrong so that you can put it together in order to get it right. To be really pure at heart means a deep insight. You must understand life not from the outside, but from the inside: you must get to the other side of things and see men and events if you are to have a really deep insight. Now to gain that insight means a purification of the emotions, but also a co-ordination of the mind. Hence, if anyone desires to be positively pure, he must not only rebuild his emotional nature, but he must reconstruct his intellectual edifice. That is why those of you who are attracted to the great Theosophical ideas will find that the work of purification is for you far more complete and far more easy to understand than through any other body of thought in existence to-day. Along other lines of religion men can become pure, but—especially in these days of intellectual

confusion, and where, too, we have to achieve a work in a comparatively brief period of time—obviously, it is a business proposition—to use that phrase—to get hold of those ideas which work quickest, which produce a result far more quickly than any other body of ideas. It does not in the least matter whether you get the fundamental ideas necessary from Theosophy, or from Christianity, or from Mahomedanism, but get them, and you will find that you must have them before you get an insight. Now it is this inner purification which imposes upon you a daily spiritual struggle, a daily reconstruction of your heart and of your mind. Purity is an intensely positive thing which rays out strength and wisdom and blessing.

There is also the outer work to be done, and the outer work to be done because you believe in the coming Teacher consists in—in one phrase—being efficient. We, who are members of the Order, when we grasp what the great idea really means, understand that the Teacher, when He comes, will want us as His helpers. If that is the case, as One Who stands controlling the great powers of nature, He must be, in the highest sense of the word, efficient. If we are helping, we too must be efficient. While there are bodies outside our Order who believe in the coming of a great Teacher, they believe that the duty of their followers is to stand round Him as a body of worshippers. We believe that our duty will be to give Him efficiency, so that He can use us for His plans.

It is quite true that everything which is said about the offering of devotion to an ideal, whether impersonal or personal, is absolutely true, and no one may say, or should say, any word in detraction of the beautiful spirit of devotion. But we must remember that the Great Teacher Himself is the Centre of the devotion of the whole world: He lives to give devotion to the world: He is the Centre radiating out all those streams of devotion which flow in the hearts of all men who feel devotion. So that one may say, though the statement may be misunder-

stood, He does not want anyone's devotion, He wants efficiency, He wants tools, but He does not want clouds to fan in Him a sense of beatitude.

But efficiency and devotion are not absolutely separate, you can have a person full of devotion who is efficient, but the devotion which you give to the Great Teacher is accepted by Him, not for Himself but in order that He may send it back, expecting it to bring changes in you and make you more efficient. What He wants is efficiency, and once again, running the risk of being misunderstood, He does not mind your being not devoted, not capable of devotion, so long as you are efficient. The time for devotion will be the centuries to come, when they contemplate what He did for humanity. The time for efficiency is when He is with us, and in the course of a few brief years must start for humanity many mighty schemes of reconstruction. Our conduct, then, so far as it affects the outer world, means that we must make ourselves efficient.

Now we have already described in earlier addresses of this Order what are the many ways of efficiency which members can aim at. There are a thousand and one ways of helping in the work of the Order, and especially of preparing oneself to help the Great Teacher when He comes. Let me, reviewing all that has been said, sum it up again briefly repeating old, old truths.

There are two things which I think are very necessary to us if we are to be useful to Him. Of these the first is tact. Now tact may be described as sympathy in action. You can have a sympathy which blunders, which creates greater difficulties for the person with whom you are sympathising, and you can have an action which is kindly meant but is somewhat cold, which relieves the suffering but does not give to the sufferer a sense of encouragement to go on strongly in the future; whereas, if you join to your sympathy the right kind of action, you have an action which is not only full of sympathy, but also full of tact. Tact is one of those very supreme virtues for

us to aim at because, when you have tact, then, since it is an integral part of your inmost nature, whatever is the action which is necessary, you will do it with sympathy, so that even if you were to meet a devil you would treat him with tact, you would understand the devil's difficult position because you would sympathise with him, yet you would help him to do the right thing because you saw the right action.

Tact is a virtue which we all very badly need. Most blunders, personal, national, international, in the world to-day are due to the want of tact. Either we have the desire for action without considering the consequences of the action, or we have mere sympathy without having energy to act, but when action results from sympathy, then you have tact.

Now, the Great Teacher will have many mighty obstacles before Him. Is the world to be ready to accept any great teaching which at all runs contrary to our ordinary conceptions of morality, of social well-being, of national life, of industrial economy? We are still strongly in grooves. You know that many of us thought that the Great War which has passed would have broken down the world far more than it has done. Here in this land, coming back to it after four years of absence, there are very, very few changes. Things have gone back into old grooves in a way that to me was inconceivable in 1916, when I saw the spirit that was changing things—and that is the same everywhere, and in practically every department of life. Well, that which the Great War did not accomplish will have to be accomplished, either when He comes or by us before He comes. There is still the great work to be done by the idealists of the world of shaking the world to its foundations. Now, you can shake things to their foundations with tact or tactlessness. If you do it with tact, there is comparatively little ill-feeling left to be put aside when the Great Reconstructor comes. If you go about and shake the world to the foundations tactlessly, there is so much left of hatred and ill-will that the first years of the work of the Teacher

will be handicapped by this opposition which has been needlessly aroused. That is why tact is one of the most essential elements in the conduct of a member of this Order.

The second necessary element—we have spoken of it already—is efficiency. But I mean here efficiency inside an action—an action which is not merely impelled by an enthusiasm, but which is seen as definitely related to a great plan, either the plan of some leader, visible, whom you follow, or the plan of an invisible leader. That is why each of you who is really keen about working for the Lord should gain, somehow or other, a knowledge of the general scheme of things. You know that in these days when the world is so complex, if only we can understand in outline a particular problem, then we are able to find our own place in it and work from there more clearly and more definitely. There was a time in India, for instance, when people went on pilgrimages by bullock-cart. They took, roughly, six months, or two years if they went a long distance. They did not know when they would return, they did not know when they would get to their goal, they trusted in coming back. But in these days it is so different. We know that trains run at certain times, go to certain stations, and so on, and if we want to do our work, a pilgrimage in India, efficiently, we consult the trains, we get a general idea of the work, and so we are able to get more out of our forces than we were able to when everything was vague. Now that is the essential element involved in understanding the general outline. When you understand you can go and use your handful of force in such a way that practically every ounce of it counts, and counts very forcibly. I am not going to say that you ought to get that general idea of things in this or the other way, I do say you ought to get it. You can get it through your intuitions, you can come to it through science, you can come to it through the study of the great dramatists, you can come to it through communing with nature—there are a hundred and one ways of your coming

to the centre, as it were, and surveying the problem of the world from there. When you do so survey, that is insight, and when you act with that insight, you cannot but be efficient.

I wish that others in this course would take up the thought of how we can be more efficient, not sentimentally, but really in action, because if we have efficiency in whatever is the capacity which we offer for our contribution we shall be useful, for what the Great Teacher requires is capacity from each one of us. Adoration is well and good, and He will send it back to you so that it may do something for you, but give Him capacity and He can make you a channel, that which He sends to you does not merely come to a dead end in you, but goes through you, and that is the value of capacity.

Now in all ways your duty is to discover what He wants done. Now I think some of our members are not doing sufficient to discover that for themselves, they want to be led. They would, many of them, much rather come to meetings such as this to hear lectures, or to devotional meetings, than to go out and dig for themselves in their own nature and discover what has to be done. Don't want to be led by anybody. If none of you present in this room ever came into it again, but searched in yourself for what the Great Lord wants done, you would be as efficient for His work as in any other conceivable way. Don't wait to be directed, go and select with your own judgment, and go and do the thing. It may be you will blunder, but the blunder will be a minor matter compared to its rousing initiative in you.

If you are really in earnest, you will find that within your own nature He will prompt you in all kinds of ways. You may be mistaken following some impulse when it was not really His direction—never mind, such mistakes are of little consequence if you are thoroughly in earnest. It may be that such are the circumstances of your own inner life that He cannot at first give you the outer guidance till you have broken through all these things, and perhaps you will blunder

on an impulse, but so long as you blunder in the right direction, that is the main thing—and if you are in earnest, you cannot blunder in the wrong direction. It is blundering, yes, but you can put that right, but after all you will be aiming in the right direction.

If you are in earnest and want to know what is the work for you, watch men. He is the lover of men, and He comes to help them, and He has work to be done for them now. Ponder over this problem of men, your fellow men, those that you see in the 'buses and the trams and the trains. See if with your intuition you can understand what you can do for this individual or those individuals in groups and in masses. Get on with what you are to do for men, you will find that the light comes. Take as your guiding principle in life—in what way can I who believe in the Great Teacher spread His influence among men so that men will be made happier, more bright, more inspired? Be willing to sacrifice your own pleasures and comforts for that, and make the great call to your own inner belief, and you will find the response comes. If some of us who are the older workers in this Order talk to you about these things, it is only in order that each one of you might tread directly for yourself the path to the Lord. We do not want to lead you by the hand, our own path is difficult enough and requires both our hands, but while we tread our path we would like millions to tread their paths too. Your growth in usefulness for the Lord depends upon your treading the path for yourself, and not in seeing us tread the path or being told about the path. Remember, if you are a member of this Order you have to be positive in goodness.

Therefore, let me sum up all this by saying that the conduct which you should expect is first to change yourself in every bit of you for the sake of the work which you want to offer to the Lord. Now that work is one for spiritual giants, and at the same time this work of changing

yourself is possible for even little babes. Take as the guiding principle that which was given to His followers by the great Lord Buddha. He said "Do not be weary in well doing"—not to be weary in well doing is one of the great ethical concepts which He gave—and well doing means relieving suffering, adding to the joys and beauties of the world—and the world may be the small world of a little child, or the great world of a genius. Determine that you will not be weary in well doing, that whatever may be the tiredness within you, the lack of inspiration within you, the darkness within you, you will still not be weary in well doing. Each day try to change the world by some good action, not only one action but many, and you will find that as you so act, more strength comes to you, that as you so go out and work, the great reconstruction of yourself takes place, as you reconstruct another's world, by some mystical process your own structure is reconstructed. That is the principle that I wanted to give you, not to be weary in well doing, that is the first and the most important thing, and it does not in the least matter, so far as efficiency is concerned, whether your well doing is in His name or not. Well doing is the first thing: if your heart prompts you to add, as you work for Him, for the world, "in His Name," then you will have a new dimension of delight come to you, but that will be more inner than outer. In these days what is required is the outer action, and so, my brothers, do not be weary in well doing, and the wisdom for it, the insight for it, the sympathy for that well doing, is all within, it is not without. And if the Great World-Teacher stands leading humanity it is only to challenge you so that you will assist Him, and He has made this Order to-day to challenge you. Now the challenge is made, what is your response? Is it mere faith, surrounding Him with worship—or is it not being weary in well doing, giving out to your world as He gives out to His great world?

A Review of some Current Books

By S. L. BENSUSAN

PROFESSOR Gilbert Murray has the rare gift of setting out, in a minimum of space, things that matter, and consequently it is not surprising to find that, within the limits of an essay of six or seven thousand words, he has contrived to present for the first time a very unpopular but extremely valuable view of ourselves as others see us. The little book "Satanism and the World Order" considers some of those antagonisms that are at present hampering British progress, and instead of abusing or deriding, seeks to explain them. It is the better way, and, while a consideration of the ethical basis of our civilisation is involved, Professor Murray is able to give that civilisation an adequate and satisfying defence. On the whole he finds that modern western civilisation succeeds in being a good thing, just as the Roman Empire did before it. Our doctors may claim to prolong rather than to shorten human life; the legal fraternity to develop justice rather than injustice. Under the ægis of modern conventions the hard-working, intelligent and honest succeed better than the lazy, the stupid and the thief; and finally it is maintained stoutly that any government is better than no government, and almost any law better than no law. The failure of a civilisation is generally speaking a failure to carry out the principles for which that civilisation stands. Not the principle, but those entrusted with its working will be found at fault.

Yet, in spite of these facts and of such satisfaction as they may bring, we have in past and present history a certain number of people who may be said to despair of sympathy from God and to seek the protection of the Devil. To-day this is a mere figure of speech. In the time of the Bohemian Lollards it was a

blunt statement of the case as it stood. They found God, the Pope and the Emperors on the one side and on the other those who sought to live their own lives and were compelled to endure conditions of perpetual persecution. Perhaps a larger knowledge and a wider intelligence would have made the view of Satan as a refuge from God impossible, but we have to take life as we find it and the level of intelligence as it is or was, and the point that Professor Murray invites us to consider is that citizens of a mighty empire cannot see and cannot hope to see themselves as others see them, and must not expect others to see them as they see themselves. Rome, for example, had its own official religion and a rather mechanical but highly effective civilisation, and while it was tolerant of all faiths that were not actively hostile, it merely asked for an offering of incense and prayer at the altar of the Roma Dea as an expression of loyalty and recognition of brotherhood, less, in short, as a signal of conviction than as a guarantee of good faith. Needless to remind the average reader that both Jews and Christians refused this concession, simple though it may seem to a latter day in which taste for martyrdom has become exotic. They preferred to revolt against the Roman Empire, to be regarded as heretics, insurgents and schismatics and to be treated accordingly. The point to be observed is that the Christian was then in a minority and the Pagan in a majority. It is suggested that when we use good and bad we mean friend or enemy—that is to say, he who is with us or he who is against us. Professor Murray points out that no man can belong whole-heartedly to any body, whether it be, to take extreme examples, the Labour Party or the Jesuits, without believing that God is on the side of the Labour Party

or on the side of the Jesuits. Here we have an explanation that throws a valuable side-light on history.

We notice to-day that the spirit of hatred is abroad. One might say that it is abroad and at home as well, but as the book points out, the literature of hatred, testifying to the existence of that emotion in its most intense and exalted form, dates at least from the eighth century before Christ; the *Burden of Nineveh*, the *Burden of Tyre* and the *Burden of Babylon* are recorded in some of the finest poetry in the world, and they are all, if I may so term them, *Hymns of Hate*. The fall of Rome is the central idea of the "Apocalypse," and the outcry against all dominant races, for ills real or imaginary, runs like a scarlet thread through the pages of history.

From this brief review of what is past—and there is no surer way of approaching the present—Professor Murray comes to consider that spirit of increased hatred towards the existing World Order, which he finds more rife to-day than for a thousand years. He believes that it is exhibited to no small extent against all Governments, chiefly against all Imperial Governments, and more widely and intensively against Great Britain than against any other Power. It is fostered in Central Europe, where all prosperity has been destroyed, and this is hardly surprising. It has grown to immense volume in Russia, where the rank and file of the people cannot, and will not, forgive us for taking sides in their Civil War, perhaps one of the greatest of our political blunders. From European Turkey by way of Egypt to India, there are vast tracts of country full of fiery untrained men and women who hate the name of Britain. They cannot, will not realise how, through its handful of unscrupulous rulers, the Crescent challenged the Cross, forcing the Turk to betray his friend—and to pay the penalty. In Africa, where the British Empire is the dominant Power, there are signs and symptoms pointing to a movement of union among the native races against their white rulers. Professor Murray

admits that the British, who are the supreme type and exemplar of the white man's determination to rule men of all other breeds, are better masters than most, "but masters they are, and masters are apt to be hated." The ferment of education acting upon young, ambitious minds is deadly in its operation.

Now, if Oxford's brilliant Professor had done no more than set out this story of hatred and illwill, he would have rendered small service either to his country or to any cause with which Great Britain is concerned, but fortunately he has done more than diagnose a world-wide disease; he indicates the lines that should be followed if the spread is to be checked and a cure attempted. The Government must be held responsible for desperate things that have been done in India, in Mesopotamia, and in Rhodesia—matters which, as the book deals with them at sufficient length, need no detailed references here, but Professor Murray holds that while all these actions were probably wrong and were blunders, they were also utterly exceptional, not typical, and in no wise necessary for the maintenance of the Empire. Some measure of despotism—perhaps the word is stronger than is necessary and "control" is better—some measure of control, let us say, is essential for all or most of us, and it is suggested here that no man is happy until he has a master, or at least a leader to admire and serve and follow. What is true of a man is true of a people. A World Order implies and must continue to imply leaders and led, governors and governed. In extreme cases it implies also the use of force, nor can a World Order shrink from unpopularity; that is the least part of the burden which it must assume. Yet as Professor Murray points out, we hold our Empire as a trust for the Government, not as an asset to be exploited, and this truth is the foundation of our supremacy. Backward races are ruled that they may learn to rule themselves, neither for profit nor for cannon fodder. It is the theory, and as far as possible the practice, of our legislature to treat the poor man with as much

respect as the rich, the coloured as the white, the alien as the Englishman. The trouble with which Great Britain is faced as an Empire is that education, the war, short-sighted action, a lack of generosity at critical moments—a series of unfortunate happenings—have set free the spirit that has been called Satanism, the spirit that hates the World Order and seeks to destroy it without caring much what takes its place. It is doubly unfortunate that, at a time like this, the World Order itself has been false to its principles, and to make matters worse, Professor Murray can see few signs of change of heart among nations, few signs of any rise in the standard of public life, little recognition of the danger that threatens the foundations of our social life. Yet in spite of the lack of actual evidence he is convinced that there is a desire for change of heart in the minds of millions—a desire sometimes ignorant, sometimes foolish, sometimes unjust; and finally he believes that unless the World Order recognises this change of heart and is duly affected thereby, it is doomed. "Unless it abstains utterly from war and the cost of war, the next great war will destroy it. Unless it seek earnestly the spirit of brotherhood and sobriety at home, Bolshevism will destroy it. Unless it can keep its rule over subject peoples quite free from the spirit of commercial exploitation and the spirit of hatred, and make it like the rule of a good citizen over his fellows, it will be shattered by the wide-spread hatred of those whom it rules." It is impossible to find any lack of definition here; there is, indeed, a very wholesome bluntness.

These sober reflections of one of the great and broad minds of our time must commend themselves to all those who are concerned with the conditions of our civilisation. Two years after the long reign of terror and bloodshed that lasted from 1914 and through the four following years, the lip service that was paid to ideals by those who remained at home was probably nearly as great in bulk as the far more genuine service paid to what is best and highest in man by many of

those who fought on both sides. The re-action of war has been well nigh as ugly as the War itself, and old evils are no less insistent than they were in those last tumultuous years when Europe seemed to be at peace. Professor Gilbert Murray's warning is a very solemn, a very eloquent and a very closely reasoned one, worthy to be proclaimed from the pulpit and from the housetop, and most of all from the hearts of thinking men. There are few situations so desperate but that they can be retrieved by prompt action guided by reason and goodwill, and here we find not only an indication of our danger but of the lines along which, even at the eleventh hour, our civilisation and all it stands for may be preserved.

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Mr. William Loftus Hare has won an honourable place in the ranks of those thinkers who prefer to found their views upon a study of world history and world philosophy rather than upon the tenets of one particular faith, and as he adds to sound thinking a capacity for clear exposition, he is safe to find an audience whether he elects to address it from the platform or from the printed page. The audience for such gifts is one that grows steadily. Mr. Hare has issued lately through the Theosophical Publishing House a little work compiled from the Chinese Classics and called "The Dream and the Butterfly." He describes it as a philosophical phantasy—a dialogue in which a dreamer of the modern world meets the old-time representatives of altruism, rationalism, dualism, mystical monism and extreme egoism. This last sentence is an unfortunate one. It is a regrettable fact that an extremely interesting little work dealing with an abstruse and metaphysical proposition cannot be described readily without the use of words that one would ordinarily choose to avoid, but let nobody be driven away by uncouth words; there is more in the pages than a strict description can imply. The theory of the story is that it is the record of a dream. In some garden within the realms of dreamland there is assembled

a group of Chinese philosophers—those philosophers who ruled the thought of their country in life between the years 530 and 265 B.C., and in death through any subsequent period. They ponder, discuss, disagree but remain interesting all the time. The book makes easy reading and promotes thought, for we are presented with the views of men who have made their mark in the most deeply civilised country that recorded history knows, and we find all of them propounding theories for the benefit and improvement of mankind, and one after the other having their theories criticised by those who precede or come after them. The view of life, its functions, duties and hopes varies with the years, with the centuries, perhaps, would be the better term. It is not easy to find any satisfactory conclusion from a discussion of the aspects of life and conduct that Mr. Hare has collected with considerable skill, but few would expect conclusions of a definite kind. Perhaps the one outstanding opinion in force throughout the little book is that according to the growth of civilisation and the minds of men a principle of government or of conduct may prove to be good, bad or indifferent. Taoism, Confucianism, Rationalism all serve their purpose and satisfy a certain number of longing souls, but there is no finality in their theories, nor is there any way of life that will appeal to all mankind, possibly because the various stages of mental growth are so different. While one class of man may be reaching up vainly to the heights that another class has attained, there will be other classes that have passed beyond and to whose greater enlightenment those who strive and those who have attained are alike, in a certain spiritual sense, inferior. Thus one sect believes in following authority and subordinating personality. Another believes that life should be ruled by private impulse, and that morality may be subordinated. Confucius, who has exercised so large an influence upon the moral history of his country, trusted to political and social laws; while there were altruists who

favoured an asceticism that could not have been carried to greater lengths by the European fanatics of the Middle Ages.

Mr. Hare sets out the facts in a brief historical note but very wisely refrains from drawing conclusions, leaving those to his readers, and the result of this reticence is a curiously stimulating little book that will doubtless find many friends and provoke a wide discussion. All the great religions that serve men for generations are born of long periods of unrest and mental crisis. What we should do well to remember is that religions themselves tend to grow old, and that the time comes when their adherents may be little more than pagans "suckled in a creed outworn."

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Ten years ago or more Mr. E. M. Martin published "A book for quiet People" and called it "Wayside Wisdom." As the work justified both its titles, readers did not fail; a fresh impression was called for in 1912 and of late the publishers (Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.) have issued yet another edition in which eleven of the essays are printed for the first time. It is to be hoped and believed that Mr. Martin's circle will be enlarged by this reappearance in fresh and still more attractive guise, for he is one of the pleasant, thoughtful writers who labour in quietness for the benefit of those who love simple thoughts, simple pleasure and simple fare. Clearly he is a lover of the bye-ways, a student of letters as well as life, intolerant of the craze for perpetual motion that is our most notorious modern error, pleased with old fancies, old customs, old habits, and gifted with a certain critical faculty—very clearly shown in his paper on the new Irish Peasant. He loves gardens and quiet roads and tranquil thoughts, he has faith and a sense of the infinite beauty of life that is by no means affected by thoughts of its finite term. Modern conditions and particularly those that obtain in great cities shock him, as they have shocked many an essayist before and will shock many who come after him, and

oddly enough he never appears to realise the real cause of modern unrest and modern ugliness. He pleads for a back garden to every house in every town, a little green space with at least one tree in it that there may be some sense of privacy, some glimpse of nature, some appreciation of the changing seasons for all whose lives are cast in overcrowded places. He does not grasp the truth that the England of old time, the England that gave every house its garden and every village its common land and the rights pertaining, was an England of seven or ten or fifteen or eighteen millions, not a country with upwards of forty-five millions; nor does he grasp the central fact of the situation that more men must find their living on the land, whether at home or abroad, in order that the hideous congestion of the towns may become a thing of the past. Joseph Arch and those who were his contemporaries and co-workers started an emigration movement that helped to people the Dominions Over-seas, while draining our own countryside of thousands of its best and most efficient workers. If we could draw from the towns a number of capable, hard-working men and women with plenty of vigour, energy and enthusiasm to make good the loss and so reduce the pressure on the urban areas, much of the quiet discontent of our author and those who think with him would be removed.

Mr. Martin is well read and his literary allusions are always apposite. He has given us a book that serves the hour of leisure—the hour that atones for the long winter evenings; one might almost say makes them welcome. I find in his pages a certain quality of fire-side companionship. His essays evoke memories of seasons that are passed and of pleasures that are half forgotten, of the material of long discourses with friends, of emotions that have been toned down and chastened by time, of beliefs that grow stronger with every passing year. There are writers with whom we may feel ourselves

in complete sympathy, who never surprise us into even momentary antagonism towards their outlook upon life; we may not agree with them, but at least we never disagree violently. Mr. Martin is one of these. He allows us to enjoy his companionship, to benefit by his reflections, to share his speculations, and in the end we are well assured that within the covers of his "Wayside Wisdom" we have found a friend. There are few things more rare in literature nowadays than the gifts that leave this impression. Clever writers, brilliant folk who shine like stars upon a frosty night, men and women who dazzle our eyes, folk who can read the riddle of the Sphinx and minister to all the woes of humanity, we have these in plenty. These are the Olympians of the world of letters, they remain out of reach. They may guide, illumine, teach, preach, startle, condescend, but they never fraternise; they could not if they would. They do not talk to us as a man talks to his friend along a country lane or across a fire-side, without dogmatism. The gift of easy converse is rare, rarer than qualities that command a far more profitable market. To acquire it I think a man must "play the sedulous ape" to all manner of masters, to Francis Bacon, Boswell and Pepys, to Charles Lamb, Emerson, Hazlitt and a score of others. He must also be an observer, a kindly and tolerant observer, of the world in as many of its phases as he can scan, he must "warm both hands before the fire of life," and not only his hands but his heart. Above all he must write to express what is in him and with no feeling that he is wiser or better than those whom he sets out to reach. I think it must be easier to write a successful piece of fiction than to put out a dozen good essays, and the test is a more critical one, for there are no more than a very few who read a work of fiction twice, while the essayist is summoned from his shelf time and again.

The Greater Immortality

An Address delivered at Worthing by HENRY WRIGHT

WE rejoice in change of air and change of scene as we pass along through life, but most of us do not look forward with pleasant anticipation to the last change of all we call death. In the abstract, or in the religious concrete, we may hold it up as a change to something good, or better than good, but any effort to find attraction in the departure from this life is a shrinking one at best. We know nature means change, and up to the Great Change we go heartily with this doctrine. If there is no change the bliss and the comfort of to-day often become deadly *ennui* tomorrow. We cry for change, and we die for it if not forthcoming. Variety is the spice of life, and change is the price of healthy existence. What then makes us falter and doubt when the fading of our faculties tells us the Great Change is nearing? Religious teaching has much to do with it. The very ideals intended to remove and explain away fear have too often intensified it so that we have the curious spectacle of the most civilised and religion-ridden nations most full of nerves on the subject. We see the rest of animate nature going through the phases of birth, life, decay, and death without surprise; but we do not face our own fading out without benefit of clergy, which latter has mostly taught us, in effect, that death is our punishment. We thus separate mankind from the rest of nature after proclaiming that we are its crown—but its disgrace too, if we accept some extensively spread theological reasons about our “fall,” which, however, at the hands of Canon Barnes, has this last week received a bad shaking. Little wonder such doctrine has warped men’s minds, and made death the lugubrious thing most of us think it to be.

Rumour is easy to start among the ignorant, and the nostrums of salvation held out, as a cure, halt a long way behind. Fear of hell has far outstripped hopes of heaven.

Another cause of reluctance to face the fading of the faculties is that we think of death as pain instead of the ending of it. Nature provides pain for a useful purpose, to prevent our meeting death half-way, when the premature parting with the joys of life, in the loss of friends or material happiness might tempt us to take matters into our own hands. Can then sadness and fear ever be removed from the contemplation of our end? If it can we must have a drastic change in our teaching and preaching. We must undo the most cruel of all our mistakes, that which ascribes death to the disorder and not to the order of nature. Let us teach and preach the Harmony of Change as the supreme law of the Universe and with it will go the error and the terror now clouding man’s passage across the earth. When that new teaching has passed through a generation we may even hope mankind will look at the Great Change with the eager interest now taken in a trip abroad. We shall fully recognise it only means nature is going to take and re-equip us in other guise when our present functioning is outworn and wearisome.

How can we best go about teaching a Harmony in this matter which will satisfy all? Hardly in the modern world by asking for more faith. That has failed. If all the world and not the few are to benefit only facts will prevail, visible as no world faith has hitherto ever been. The younger generation are not taking faith, they want works and facts.

Let us take then the facts we have alone to deal with in this matter of our future.

Our unaided vision cannot get us a step beyond that which we call death. A few do say they see and know the beyond, but the thousands of millions who pass through the world cannot indubitably be made to know, especially when those who profess to know do not agree in their knowledge! What then is left in order to settle the matter undoubtedly for all men—plain as a pike-staff about which there can be no denial? A few things all men know and see. The body comes to life through birth. It lives, it dies, and then it dissolves into new forms of matter. When in life it is "alived" with intelligence. This grows with the body from the feeble mentality of the child up to that of the fully developed adult. When the body dies intelligence disappears out of it after coming in with it, growing up with it, and decaying with it. Here we stop. These are the facts all of us can perceive. After that comes in conjecture taking many roads.

But whatever else is uncertain, we know that our bodies, that is, the matter of which they are composed, is indestructible. We rise again in myriads of new forms, passing in endless succession through nature's processes, all feeding her calls to everlasting life in ever new exchanges of shapes and activities. The eternity or immortality of the body can be taught because it can be made clear to the meanest understanding. Divest ourselves then of the fear of these changes, bringing our bodily matter to naught, and we reach a fearlessness founded on common observation and common sense. We might in time even note the fading of our present form and faculties with a growing sense of glory in being part of Nature's immortal plan which is ever pressing on to the new, through exchange of the old, towards eternal freshness. But behind this simple fact of the destination of our physical bodies lies the question of our souls, of our Ego, of "ourselves," or by whatever name we describe the Intelligence which acts through the body while we exist in human form. Can its place in the Harmony of the Universe

be as certainly seen in the domain of facts as that of our bodies? The demand for personal immortality is a demand for the continuation of our human consciousness. As we know it in the facts, human life is a natural combination of matter and breath or air resulting in consciousness. When the two factors separate at death what is left? We ourselves always speak of becoming "unconscious." Have we in the word hit the fact?

Endless solutions have been put forward to give continued happiness or rest to this conscious soul of ours. Men have killed each other to prove that their solution was the correct one! Unanimity is as far off as ever, nay, further. Our national schools have given up the attempt as hopeless to teach the soul's future outlook. It only breeds dissensions and dissenters! Creeds are banned by democracy because there is no such thing as a Catholic democratic creed possible in the present chaos of so called religious opinions.

To keep to visible facts, comprehensible to all, what then is left to our Ego when the bodily faculties fade away into other forms of matter? Is it memory? But does not that die with the brain plates? During life, even a surgeon can remove these, and yet we can go on living without the faculty.

Since I wrote this paper a new solution has been put forward by Dr. W. McDougall in an address to the Society of Psychical Research. Briefly put he suggests this same idea, and he goes on to argue that appropriate consciousness is inherent in all our bodily organs and consequently at death the human organism as such separates, and he says as a result of this, "I can only hope to live richly and satisfactorily by entering with a complete and active part as a member of some other society." Presumably, I suppose, not confined to humanity. In other words, without memory our *human* personality goes as we think of it. We know neither ourselves, our friends, nor our past. Apart from memory is there any part of our Ego engaged during life other

than with intelligencing our bodily functions and keeping that body in order as Dr. McDougall hints? When the body goes the human Ego's occupation is gone. All its accumulated knowledge of how to manage in the body and to express itself through the brain becomes useless, because it has no body to manage and no brain to think with! What then, apart from speculation, is visibly left of ourselves? Nothing? Yes, everything if we do not make the demand that we must carry our limited humanity into the Greater Immortality. Let us hold fast to visible facts and recognise change as our sure and certain hope. To do this I submit we must not limit or tie ourselves to a human personal entity which, we have seen, by all the processes of endless generations, ceases to exist as such. We already see we must not bind the *body* to one form of immortality because we know it develops into endless forms. Then why limit our "souls" by demanding they shall never change their personality, and that their individuality shall always be one and the same?—that which functioned and guided a human form which has ceased to be. By this we limit the possibilities of immortality into almost a contradiction in terms. When this idea is put on one side we may look for a greater Ego than that evolved in seventy years of human experiences. Religious teachers have always urged this need of getting outside ourselves. Forget your little self, they say, in the infinite regions you see all about you of nature or of "God," in all the endless varieties in which men have drawn His likeness. This is the Eternal reward promised to those who succeed in this task. They are to become "one with God" that God which is everywhere and in all things. There is an immediate reward, too, at the core of the idea! With the thought of self the fear for self is removed just because the certitude of an impersonal immortality in harmony with the universe is opened up. Going a step further than these wise men in the past have semi-unconsciously preached, for they still mingle with it a mortal immortality, we get back to those regions

of fact all mankind can see without appeals to faith. We see that all the world is one vast immortality. Bacon said, "There is no passion so weak that it cannot overcome the fear of death." Recognise nature's harmony and you go one better! We are bound up in this Harmony, not as human beings but as *world* beings in an endless flux of mind and matter which never dies. Death is swallowed up in the victory of everlasting and ever living change. There is no death in Nature as we mean FINIS by it. Death is a word we have invented in our blindness to Nature's perfect plan. Had we been taught through the generations of man to use the word "change" instead of "death," how different, when we see a friend leaving this life, might our feelings be, apart from the natural sorrow of farewell. We might almost envy him his change to new lives, and he might rejoice with his last thoughts that he is passing on to Nature's re-moulding of his worn body and intelligence into these new lives. His Ego, his human self, has served its turn with the body, and will arise again from its petty mortal life in endless processions of existence founded on the new conjunctions which make up life eternal in Nature's laboratory. We have a right instinct when we call great men "The Immortals," because we visibly see them to be so by their works, even when done in a human frame lasting but a few years. But we may all equally claim we are Nature's immortals. Poor, and hidden from the world of our fellow men when we depart, we can rest assured Nature needs and will immortalise us until the end of time. It is only a matter of degree between the immortality of a clodhopper and of a Shakespeare. To sum up. Our human bodily and mental faculties fade out together and we see this as a fact. If we insist on setting them up again as they now function, it must be by faith in direct contradiction to the physical facts that are visible to our unaided eyes. If on the other hand we find such faith impossible and accept the law and the harmony of eternal change we need no longer trouble further about

the matter. We have reached the true meaning of the really impersonal immortality preached blindly but instinctively for so long by all the schools of the Unities and the Trinities when they demand the dismissal of self in order to be "one with God." Can we imagine this one-ness to be a merely human conglomerate? If we recognise change as the entire fulfilment of immortality and that in it lies the full scope of harmony (even as we recognise the truth of this doctrine of change in our mortal life) we can indeed resign all our "tangles to the winds of heaven." We begin to see the smallness of our conception that the spiritual and bodily form of a short human life is all that we may expect out of nature. We can only convince ourselves otherwise by belief that Nature herself is so enamoured of the personality, mental and physical, of humanity that she will never let it go again, and that the thousands of millions of human "souls" and bodies passing through the world, at the rate of fifteen hundred millions in every generation of thirty years, are kept in existence somewhere intact in a kind of cold storage! Compare this to the Greater Immortality which takes the worn-out body and mind into endless new forms of life—functioning here and now—and in which we *must* participate as much as when in the body we do in the affairs of our own human generation. We then see ourselves as parts of an immense inseparable harmony and whole.

Yes, but "Me, Me! I want myself," comes the agonised cry of those who cannot rise to the conception of being an immortal part of Nature without a human body and human mentality. To such one can only say, "Go on then with your agony of fear or your hope of living in mortal memories if you will not accept the plain visible facts and the certainty of immortal harmony in regarding yourself as part of Nature's whole, to whom it is impossible harm can befall as it is impossible for the seasons not to come round again in ever fresh glories. If your joys of future existence make your happiness now, the Greater Immortality

becomes a hundred times more blissful when you conceive of the future as unlimited and that all Nature's possibilities lie open to your plot of soul and body. Why cling to one ideal when you can possess many?

If we do accept this Greater Immortality based on the facts within the grasp of the meanest intelligence, what may be the practical benefit to human society?

To begin with it concentrates the human mind on human affairs. To take a homely illustration. If you live near a railway station where only one train stops daily you will be very careful not to miss that train when you want to travel. But if at your station there are trains stopping every half-hour, that particularity to catch one train is lost. So a humanity which expects to carry on as humanity in another world may not put its best foot forward to make the most of the present life. "There's another train to follow shortly!"

In dismissing the idea that we shall function in the next stage of Nature's immortality as *human beings* we are forced back to the bed rock fact that we must now or never become perfect in our present rôle and make the most of life. It will not do to say "Never mind this vale of years and tears. As human beings we shall soon be in a better world." That may well be the case certainly, as humanity goes now in the measure of its happiness, either with or without the hope of immortality! But with the knowledge that now or never is the accepted time for our human selves there would come a spur, to strive against bad conditions strong enough to make vast changes possible. How pernicious then is the contrary idea and for how much of the social unharmony of the world is it responsible! Think of most of the religious forces being directed not to the perfecting of a present humanity but to a future one. What could be taught each Sunday if all the preaching was directed to the betterment of life here and now. If speculations on the future of the soul were once and for all set at rest, and a clear field left as to what is best to be

done for humanity's perfecting to-day? The whole gospel of fear, of which Calvinism was the apex, which has been so powerfully used to intimidate man, will be swept away and into its place perpetual rejoicing that we are part of an immortal Harmony will come. Death will be swallowed up in victory, indeed, when all humanity sees it as change and not at all as death, or *finis*, subject to a horrible, or, to a few, a happy doubt! To illustrate my meaning and to show how this new contemplation of death would enormously lift a burthen from mankind, I would like to quote you a few words from the American War Correspondent, Mr. Cobb's book called "The Glory of the Coming." He describes the death scene of an officer, a man adored by everyone for his frank unspoiled nature. To cheer him his Doctor said, "You are badly hit, but I'll pull you through." The officer replied, "Don't try to fool a pal, Doc, I'm dead from the hips downwards. I can't last much longer." Then he turned to the others and said, "Boys, take a tip. This dying is nothing to worry about, there's no pain and no fear. It's the easiest thing I've ever done in my life. You'll find that out when your turn comes. So cheer up; don't look so glum because I just happen to be the one that's leaving first." Now that is what I call leaving life by Nature's exit and not through the gates of fear or of gloomy theological anticipations for which, so far as his share of them was concerned, Calvin should be as much execrated for bringing misery on the world as the Kaiser himself. When we cease to frighten children by taking this word death out of their vocabulary altogether and putting in its place the word change, a new generation, fearless, and with heads erect would arise! When a child asks now, "What is death?" What, too often, is the terror-inspiring answer it gets? What reasonable answers could be given if the replies were based only on visible facts with the glories of Nature's changes as their foundation? They would not learn to look at "this awful change" as one sees

it described on tombstones with dread, but as an event of absorbing interest coming in due course through the proved processes of Nature's harmony, and also as the end of mortal pain and sorrow. Sickness, or danger to our bodies, brings many of us to a state of panic. The most ignorant and uncivilised usually have this least, showing how wrong headed has been so called civilised teaching. Hard indeed is it to overcome the wrong such teachings have had upon the generations of man. True, the iniquities of society, and the misdeeds of individuals, have made us look to a future of rewards and punishments as the only way our sense of justice can be satisfied. But, has not putting off justice to a future life been the great clog to setting it in action here and now? Take Christianity for an example. The talk, doubtfully interpolated according to some authorities, into its text-books, of the future life, rewards and punishments, has neutralised the plain teachings of practice such as we see in the Sermon on the Mount. The latter, if carried out, would have gone far to make the promises of future punishment and rewards needless. The offences of man against man, which we think need a balance of future justice to set right, would have ceased if the great religious teachers of the world had been heeded instead of being "creeded!"

Mankind has been baffled, fooled, and frightened by our making complexity out of simplicity. We see life and intelligence all about us and we note, with complacency and wonder at their perfection, all the processes of Nature outside ourselves. We see that they are all immortal, and that from season to season joyous Nature is reborn out of the old decayed elements. Fantastically we have applied a different standard to man in spite of the obvious and visible fact that we come and go in our seasons with all animate nature. Our accredited liturgies have much unhappiness to answer for, and little that is good, in taking us apart from what they would call "the beasts that perish!"

To-day there is a stirring among men for a higher plane of happiness on earth. It will only be achieved when we utterly recast our ideas of life and death and see, not with the eye of faith but with the eye of fact, our Greater Immortality and the completeness of this life when we have the courage and sense to make it complete. We must cast off the fears, hopes and doubts of a future for a certainty, visible to all, and impressed upon us by the undoubted facts, that we are in the safe keeping of an immortal Harmony of the Universe making speculation needless. Our human life will then be seen as a stage meant for happiness and not for mere endurance with the prospect of greater *human* ills or joys to follow! At the present time we live in a vicious seesaw. Those who attain happiness in life have it damped by the fear of its ending in death, while those who have not this fear are mostly the classes whose lives are one long struggle and strain. The coming Millennium will be one in which there shall be no more (fear of) death, neither shall there be any "crying" of distress. Actual recognised knowledge of the immortal Harmony of Nature will bring with it the discovery that human harmony is also within our grasp. While the former was an unknown quantity how could we expect mankind to seriously consider the possibility of the latter? "Give a dog a bad name and you may destroy him." When we are told in our public baptismal service that we are "conceived and born in sin," we begin by insulting nature and depressing ourselves even beneath a bad dog's chance! It is little wonder that with such a maligning of our Mother Nature she has left us to stew in our own juice of fears, fightings and follies. We may well ask pardon, and then, hand in hand with her, pass rejoicing along the Endless Road of our immortal universe. To spite the priests, and calm the people's fears, Fouche, at the French Revolution, wrote over the gates of the Paris cemeteries, "Death is eternal sleep." But all investigation goes to prove the word itself has no real meaning, and that the

cemetery is the gate to new wonderlands of being.

To conclude, then, in this paper I have attempted to put off the garments of faith and put on only the armour of facts which are alone visible to everyone. It is no part of my wish to counter faiths as such. To begin with that is an impossible task. The whole history of the world has proved it, because faith is the essence of things not seen by the unaided intelligence and, therefore, neither prove all or disprove all to the multitude. But is not sight better than faith if we can attain it? Is it not the ultimate object of all faiths? The select few are alone capable of rising to faith, so a plan of futurity and harmony needing no faith is worth a struggle to obtain for all the generations of men. Look at our little Worthing world to-day. Of over thirty odd thousand how many Gallios are there who care for none of these things! We all know the vast majority do not. If they did our churches, chapels and halls would need duplication many times over. We want to demonstrate to the unthinking a plan of plain facts and of absorbing interest. We want to show to them this present world holds enough raw material for harmony and consequent happenings to satisfy all aspirations. But if, as hitherto our religious guides have mostly done, this world is treated as a mere imperfect stepping stone to another, the full development of humanity is crippled—to the unthinking majority by having no sure mark for higher effort, and to others by being content with faith instead of works. In Christendom, for example, we see wars, desolation, poverty and woe everywhere after two thousand years of its teachings. Had all these years been devoted to finding the Kingdom of Heaven within you, as propounded by Christ Himself, then we might indeed be a long way towards the fulfilment of Tennyson's glorious prophesy. The bells of our churches and chapels might indeed be "ringing out the thousand wars of old" and "ringing in the thousand years of peace."

HENRY WRIGHT.

Meditation

A Star Talk by F. W. HALL

BEFORE a meditation can be of practical value, we must know the reason for holding a particular meditation, the manner in which to conduct that meditation, and something of the results we expect from that meditation. As the meditations used in a Star Group Meeting differ somewhat in their inner nature, I propose to take one or two of these meditations and endeavour to show their practical value, not only to Star members, but to the outer world also.

In our Group Meeting, the first meditation we take is on Harmony, and is taken directly the meeting opens, and is intended not only to at once bring the whole group into Harmony, but to cast its influence over the whole meeting.

In the Dictionary the word Harmony is defined as follows :—"The just adaptation of parts to each other, musical concord, the science which treats of musical concord, peace and friendship."

Occultism informs us that Sound, Colour and Numbers or Forms is at the root of the manifested Universe. "The Pythagoreans asserted that the doctrine of Numbers, the chief of all in Esotericism, had been revealed to man by the Celestial Deities ; that the World had been called forth out of Chaos by Sound, or Harmony, and constructed according to the principles of musical proportion ; that the seven planets which rule the destiny of mortals have a harmonious motion," and, as Censorinus says, "Intervals corresponding to musical diastemes, rendering various sounds, so perfectly consonant, that they produce the sweetest melody, which is inaudible to us, only by reason of the greatness of the sound, which our ears are incapable of receiving." It was on the number seven that

Pythagoras composed his doctrine on the Harmony and Music of the Spheres, "calling a 'tone' the distance of the Moon from the Earth ; from the Moon to Mercury half-a-tone, from thence to Venus the same ; from Venus to the Sun one-and-a-half tones ; from the Sun to Mars a tone, from thence to Jupiter half-a-tone ; from Jupiter to Saturn half-a-tone, and thence to the Zodiac a tone ; thus making seven tones—the diapason harmony. All the melody of Nature is in those seven tones, and therefore is called the 'Voice of Nature.'"

It stands to reason that in an orderly Universe all these things must be in Concord, adapted to each other and in perfect Harmony. It is a fact that all the different forces which produce the phenomena called Nature work together in harmony according to a preconceived plan.

Man alone, endowed with "free will" and freedom of action, has set himself against the Law and produced discord and inharmony in an otherwise well-ordered world.

Our meditation must then be along lines which will bring us into harmony with our fellow members, with the Great Law, and with Humanity as a whole.

If we look at the physical body with the clairvoyant eye, we shall see that instead of possessing one body, we really possess several bodies, composed of matter vibrating at different rates of motion. These bodies give out a definite sound and a definite colour according to the rate at which the matter composing them is vibrating. All these colours and sounds are summed up into one dominant note and colour and signify our general condition, physically, morally, intellectually and spiritually.

To be healthy it is necessary that these notes and colours shall be in perfect harmony, otherwise we do not have "good health," or we are "ill tempered," etc. Nor can we be at peace or have friendship with our fellow man unless there is perfect harmony in all the parts of our own bodies. That which shows on the outside corresponds exactly with that which is on the inside. It is the outward visible form of the inward spiritual grace. If we are in an inharmonious condition and cannot show perfect peace and friendship to all men, we can at least make an effort to do so, and this in turn will bring about an harmonising influence on our finer bodies. That is the condition then which we are desirous of creating—Harmony, Concord, Peace, Friendship with all men.

First then, we leave behind us all the petty cares and troubles of the day or week; all that belongs to the outside world, forgetting all that has tended to disturb us, and enter that "upper chamber where the disciples gathered with the Master." For a while we draw apart from the world of turmoil and strife, and sit at meat with the Master whose table is spread with the spiritual food which our souls require.

Bringing peace then into our own hearts we turn our thoughts outward to our fellow members and think peace and friendship to all those who sit at meat with us. This brings an harmonious condition over the whole group assembled together, and who are joined with us in the work of preparation for the coming of the Great World Teacher into the outside world.

This is followed by an endeavour to realise what it means to be at peace with all men, and as this realisation grows, there begins to dawn upon us a sense of that "peace which passeth understanding."

The result of this is a distinct raising of the vibrations of the "inner bodies," and as the Master's force, the "love force," begins to flow into the spiritual man, it pours through his finer bodies, thence into his physical body and making

of him a living channel for the Great Hierarchy to work through in the outer world. Not until all the members are in perfect harmony with each other can the work on the inner planes be carried out.

If the body is not healthy, if it is not in perfect harmony in all its parts, you cannot do the work you should do in an effective manner. And so it is with our Group, it is a body which the Master uses in His work in the Physical world, and unless it is in perfect condition, in concord and harmony, then He is hampered in His work.

One disturbing thought, one cross current, one discordant note, will prevent every member from receiving their just due of this great "love force" which the Masters are endeavouring to pour out into the hearts of Humanity, and lessens their effectiveness in the outside world.

To have thoughts on harmony does not necessarily mean that the thoughts must be exactly alike. You strike certain keys on the piano and the sounds given out may be either harmonious or the reverse. So it is in our meditation, thoughts which follow the lines of friendship, peace, helpfulness, and which are constructive in their nature, are always in harmony, and these are the thoughts which we should cultivate in our meditation on Harmony.

Then, if we could see with the inner vision of the "Seer," we should behold those finer bodies vibrating and radiating with the force of the Master's love; each colour distinct, each note ringing clear, and all joined together into one great harmonious chord, and our meetings would not only commence with but would continue in Harmony.

Try to remember the message the Master brought to Earth two thousand years ago: "Peace on Earth, goodwill towards men." Let us try to make that a living reality, a practical thing in a practical world. Remember that individual thoughts go to swell immense waves of collective thought, which finally influence the whole race.

If we cannot do very much work in the outside world for the Master, we can do very effective work on the inner planes, in the realm of "thought," if we go about it in the right way, in the right spirit, and with the firm conviction that we have with us, sustaining us through it all, the irresistible force of the Great White Lodge, of which this World Teacher, whose service we have entered, is a member.

Never forget that They have sacrificed everything for the sake of Humanity, that Their motto is Service, in the cause of Humanity, that Their aim is to bring peace to the hearts of Humanity, and that that also must be our work if we would "Serve Him when He comes."

PART II.

Now with regard to the second meditation which we take in our Group Meeting, viz., meditation on the words which have been read from our beautiful little manual "At the Feet of the Master." This meditation is for the purpose of obtaining knowledge concerning the words which have been read, and it is essential in this form of meditation that we take a concrete subject. We take a subject and desire knowledge concerning it, and to make it concrete we select some particular sentence or thought directly connected with it for our meditation.

As you will see, this meditation is for the purpose of receiving something—knowledge—concerning some particular subject, from some source outside of ourselves. What then is this source to which we look for knowledge?

Whenever we desire knowledge on any subject we go to the highest source we know of. This, of course, would be Deity, God, Universal Mind, Universal Consciousness, etc., all expressing the one idea, The Absolute. For the purpose of imparting knowledge to His children concerning the Great Law, such knowledge being absolutely necessary for their spiritual evolution, He has provided Teachers who can come into direct contact with those who evince a desire to progress.

These Teachers have been called by different names in different countries and ages. We read of the Masters, Adepts, Initiates, Brothers, Magi, Wise Men of the East, etc., and amongst them we find great outstanding figures such as the Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Jesus, Pythagoras, etc. And right here is where we definitely contact the first of the six Principles of our Order, viz., "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." We do not know what His name will be that we shall know Him by, nor in what kind of a body He will come, but we have banded ourselves together to learn something about Him and the work He will undertake when He comes, in order that we may help in that work in some capacity.

Knowing, as we do, that Time and Space are only illusions of the physical world, and that on the inner planes, in the world of the mentality, such illusions do not exist, it is in this world of the mind that we reverently approach the Teacher and request knowledge, fully conscious of the truth of what the Master Jesus said, "Seek and ye shall find, ask and it shall be given you, knock and the door shall be opened unto you." It is the door of knowledge which we ask to be opened to us, and we know we shall not ask in vain.

First, then, we must put ourselves in what is termed the receptive state of mind. We must distinguish between the word receptive and negative. Never allow yourselves to become negative, a negative condition makes you susceptible to any of the multitude of influences which surround you and makes of you weak, irresponsible beings.

The receptive condition is a quiet, listening attitude; not intense, but waiting, giving positive, attention to what is being said to you whilst your bodies are in a relaxed but comfortable position. Having placed yourselves in this receptive condition you desire to receive knowledge. Knowledge is all that we ask in this particular meditation,

and our request must go direct to our Teacher.

It is quite right to think of the Teacher as another individual mind near to us to whom we may speak as we would to another person. Many persons feel so far away from God, and when they think of Him at all, they think of Him as being somewhere far away in space. He is only difficult to reach because we make it so with our wrong conceptions of our separateness from Him. And so it is with our Teacher, He is here and with us now if we will only recognise Him. We should take Him into every thought and act of life ; whisper to Him in the darkness of the night and He will hear and answer us ; we must recognise Him as our Elder Brother, Guide, Teacher, and Friend.

Many persons "go into the silence" or try to meditate by sitting and waiting for any thought to come to them. But this is not correct and cannot possibly bring the good which you desire. The proper way to meditate is to get your subject before going into meditation, and then ask for knowledge concerning it and wait patiently for your impression. This meditation should be taken every day throughout the week, because by so doing fresh light is received upon the subject every day. Thus we shall grow in knowledge. You know the Master said, "In the world there are only two kinds of people, those who know and those who do *not* know, and it is this knowledge which counts." Therefore let us be diligent in all our doings, but especially in the getting of knowledge.

It is a good plan for a beginner to set aside a definite period of the day for his meditation, although after a while he will find himself able to meditate at any time or place. The early morning hours are the best for meditation, because at that time great magnetic forces of nature are sweeping through you and through that part of the world where the sun is beginning to shine. All our own magnetic forces have been drawn back to us during the previous night's sleep, and we have not as yet been drawn into the thought of the world ; besides, we shall

consciously bring ourselves into closer harmony with Him, and this harmony will extend its influence over us throughout the whole of the day. It will, in fact, help us to live up to our second Principle : "We shall try, therefore, to keep Him in our minds always, and to do in His name, and therefore to the best of our ability, all the work which comes to us in our daily occupations."

It is during this meditation that we sit at the Master's feet and receive instruction and knowledge concerning the work He would have us do. The more we know about His work the better able we shall be to carry out that work. Many people waste an enormous amount of energy in doing simple things because they lack that "knowledge" which will enable them to do the same amount of work in less time and with comparatively little energy. Knowledge is power, and knowledge is the thing that counts. It is the one who knows who will be able to render the best service "When He Comes."

PART III.

The third meditation which we take in our Group Meeting is on *Service*. It is during this meditation that we try to do some work, along mental lines, and in His Name for those of our brothers and sisters who are sick or in distress, either physically or mentally.

Anyone who is not acquainted with the nature of this particular work will be inclined to think that it is all time wasted. But this is not by any means the case. We have had several instances where suffering has been relieved by the Master's force and through the channel which has been provided by the members during this meditation.

I have not the slightest doubt that a great work can be and is done through this form of service, when it is done In His Name. We may not see the results of our labours, but we do know that our work can never be in vain. However weak our efforts, if Love be the motive power, some soul stumbling under life's

seemingly intolerable burden must be helped by that effort.

This form of meditation presents for our consideration three distinct aspects, viz. (1) We provide the necessary channel which the Master requires to pour His force through and to contact the physical world ; (2) Concentration ; (3) Creation.

In order that water may be distributed over a city and in such a manner that each person may get what he requires, it is distributed through a pipe line, a channel ; but when this water is required for a special purpose, such as during a fire in some high building, then force pumps are necessary in order that the water may be thrown to the highest and furthest points of the building. So we also must not only be channels for carrying the Master's force to all parts of a city, but we must also act as pumps forcing that stream along the channels provided for that purpose.

The Order of the Star in the East, as a whole, is a channel which He has provided, the individual members being the component parts of the whole system. But we must be not only a part of the channel itself, we must act as the pumps and force this stream through all the other channels which are utilised for the same purpose. Any Church, any sect, any organisation which has as its aim and object the uplift of the human race, is taken advantage of and its services accepted by the Masters.

Members sometimes say that there seems nothing which they can do to be of service. This is, however, one thing which they can do, because only one requisite is necessary—that is *Love*, love for their fellow man. No matter how poor we may be in worldly possessions, or how lacking we are in intellectuality, we can always pass along a smile and a cheery word. It is surprising what a cheerful "good day" and a smile will do when one has "got a grouch on" or a "fit of the blues." Everybody can help that way, everyone can be of service in that manner, and to anyone who has never tried it, if they will only put it into practice for a single day, they will

be surprised how much better they feel, themselves, at the close of the day. Let us then be not merely channels carrying the stream, but let us be as the pumps and force the stream along to where it is most required with all the energy we can put into our work.

Now let us take the "creative" aspect of our meditation. In thought-creation we make an image of the subject which has been selected, we make it into a concrete form. That is, we make a mental picture of the subject we have selected and put into it all the qualities which belong to it in its natural state. It is the faculty of imagination (not fancy) and is used for the purpose of making a concrete picture of the thing we desire.

For example, supposing we desire love, the first thing to do is to create a picture of it. What is love? Love is a force, and being a force it must have a rate of vibration and it must likewise have a colour. Occultism tells us that the colour of the highest force on this planet is yellow, and we are further told that Love is the highest force. Therefore the colour of our picture must be yellow. Further, it is impossible to conceive of anything which has not form, and so our picture must have a form of some description. As it is a picture of the highest force of which we have any knowledge, it must have a form to correspond ; a form which is the embodiment of an ideal. We may think of it as a great stream of golden yellow flooding us with its vibrating force ; or as a great ball or disc of light as our sun, throwing its beams over all the world ; or we may create an ideal form which will represent to us the Master, with this wonderful colour radiating from Him in all directions, and with His arms outstretched to the people of earth, saying as of old, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

We must see ourselves bathing in this golden vibrating force, until it penetrates every part of our bodies and ourselves ; until every particle of us vibrates in response to it, and until the very

atmosphere around us pulsates and throbs with its stimulating influence.

When we feel this force throbbing and vibrating throughout the room, we take up the last part of our work in this form of meditation. We first of all turn our thoughts to any members who may be in ill-health. These are mentioned by name and the members concentrate their thought upon them. We try to see them surrounded by this golden yellow light, and we bring to the picture the knowledge that the Master can and will bring them ease from their suffering, no matter whether it be mental or physical pain to which they are in bondage.

After some minutes spent in concentration in this direction, we turn our thoughts to some one of our members who may be engaged in special work. With a full realisation of the Master's force, and a supreme confidence that it will accomplish that which is desired In His Name, we mentally turn the full stream of that force upon the member desiring it, and *know* that he or she, as the case may be, will be uplifted and sustained in all their activities throughout the coming week.

And then, finally, we turn our thoughts outward and see this deep flowing river of Love radiating outwards over all the world, comforting the distressed, cheering the faint-hearted, and healing the sick.

Surely our work shall not be in vain, some good must be accomplished somewhere, and I sometimes wonder just what could be done in this direction if all the Star Groups were linked together at some stated time and all concentrated upon a meditation of this nature.

I do not think that, as a whole, we as yet fully realise our capabilities in this

direction. We should extend the pipe lines into every organisation in our towns and cities. We should carry the Master's force into every movement with which we are able to contact.

As we look out over the world and see the unrest which is in evidence upon every hand; when we see Europe lying stricken and bleeding at the Master's feet, we are overwhelmed with the magnitude of the task which lies before us. Single-handed we may not be able to do very much to alleviate the suffering of a martyred humanity, but thousands of loving hearts joined together as one and imbued with that supreme Faith which alone springs from knowledge, may make a heaven out of hell.

Remember the Master said, "Think each day of someone whom you know to be in sorrow or suffering, or *in need of help*, and pour out loving thought upon him." That is the work He has given us to do, and "The one thing that you must set before you is to do the Master's work."

And now I will conclude with a short selection from that beautiful little book "At the Feet of the Master" :—

You must be active in *doing good*. You must be so filled with the intense desire of *service* that you are ever on the watch to render it to all around you—not to man alone, but even to animals and plants.

For if you yearn to be one with God, it is not for your own sake; it is that you may be a channel through which His love may flow to reach your *fellow men*.

He who is on the Path exists not for himself, but for *others*; he has forgotten himself, in order that he may serve them. . . . He is a living plume of fire, raying out upon the world the Divine Love which fills his heart.

The wisdom which enables you to *help* . . . show forth, in the world.

Help others.

New Insight into Childhood

BY LIVANDER SHACK.

THIS is a day, which, with all its admitted and lamentable evils, many of us are most glad that we have lived to see, for it is a day wherein a bad old order is fast giving place to a new; and the new, we trust, through whatever struggle and gradual transformation, will finally prove a higher order than the old.

Let us rise to the utmost height of our comprehension; our vision will then become clearer. Let us look, for a moment, back into the past, and then, right down the vistas of the ages we see the upturned faces of those men and women who, through suffering and aspiration, looked to the coming of a future more glorious than their own times. But never has man had more cause to hope than to-day.

Could humanity but see the dawn of that Great Light which is only visible to some, the atmosphere would be electric with regenerative hope.

If we raised but our minds from the lintels of our doors where there is long and crying suffering, we should perceive beyond, through foul phantasms and vice and suffering—afar off, through dim, love-tinged hues, a Light on the horizon of the world's consciousness; and a voice whispering from the depth of reality, would bid us behold that Light which is to come—that Light which is clearer than any which has yet bathed the world in its Glory—that Light which is the Child.

Blavatsky has told us that in this century there would come a great spiritual awakening.

I see it in our newspaper columns. There, occult matters are seriously discussed where, fifty years ago, none but occasional superficial mention was made of some exoteric table turning and

rapping. I see the awakening in our great modern scientists, who, I fear, are too often maligned as "eyeless worms." I see it in our modern artists who, though mostly quite devoid of true greatness or vision, are rendering their arts subtler channels for the outpouring of wisdom. The very rottenness of our social and economic conditions means death, and consequently rebirth. The intense suffering in the world to-day is, I believe, a preparation. The peoples, through their sorrows, will be uplifted. Solomon, who saw but sorrow in the increase of knowledge, might have seen knowledge in the increase of sorrow, for through sorrow comes humility, through humility wisdom. But to me, the most significant proof of that awakening, lies in the fact that *this is the day of the child*.

Men and women, all over the world, are more concerned to-day about the well-being of the child, both physically and mentally, than ever before in the world's history. I see the awakening in *the coming of the child*.

Blind misery will not vanish with decrepid humanity and the slums of the world; bitterness will not give place to love, wisdom cannot foster the brotherhood of man, until the coming of the child into its true heritage.

Who grasps the child grasps the future. Whether the way to that future be of meadow grass, or rocks, rests with us; here and now.

The Spirit of the New Age is already born. Its birth-throes liberated woman and the child, whose bondage and suffering crippled man's every attempt at reconstruction.

In no direction does the life of this Spirit show itself more clearly, than in the direction of education; since on the training of the child depends the

future aspiration of the citizen of the world.

"All human victories stand upon the inner force."

Answering humanity's great need, there has come among us a great teacher, and that teacher a woman, who tells us that "those things which occupy us in the field of education are the interests of humanity at large, and of civilisation, and before such great forces, we can recognise only one country—the entire world."

"We are the sowers, our children will be those who will reap. To labour that future generations may be better and nobler than we are—that is a task without egotism, without pride. Let us unite in this work then, that the kingdom of the Spirit may come."

To educate an individual, we must have a direct knowledge of him. To this end we must first awaken the child within ourselves, and then turn to the Ancient Wisdom to learn what the child is; since neither the doctrines of modern "churchianity" or of modern science can furnish us with a true conception.

"The Ancient Wisdom," says Mrs. Besant, "has placed before us a conception of the child as an immortal individual taking birth amongst us after many hundreds of such births upon our earth, with experiences garnered through many lives and wrought into him as faculties and powers, with a character which is incarnate memory of his past, with receptivity which is limited and conditioned by that past and which determines his response to impressions from outside. He is no longer a plastic soul—ductile in the hands of his elders, but a being to be studied, to be understood, before he can be effectually helped."

The purpose of life is to further the growth of the child; the purpose of education is to aid life's opportunities and eliminate, as far as may be, its obstacles.

The great law of re-incarnation, with its complement, the law of cause and effect, changes the whole attitude towards life of those who accept it, and the

change of attitude towards life necessitates a change of attitude towards the child, and consequently the education of the child.

During the last few years teachers, feeling this new sense of educational responsibility, have written much, said much, and thought much, on the subject. Their efforts, however, have been directed far too much towards the mechanism, where they should have been towards the Spirit.

"Lest ye become as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

And I say, neither can you educate little children, lest ye become as one of them.

"In our own society," says Francis Thompson, "the talk of benevolence and cult of childhood are the very fashion of the hour. We, of this self-conscious, incredulous generation, sentimentalise our children, analyse our children, think we are endowed with a special capacity to sympathise and identify ourselves with children. And the result is that *we are not more childlike*, but our children are less childlike. It is so tiring to stoop to the child, so much easier to lift the child up to you. *Know you what it is to be a child?*"

It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

Have faith, which is confidence, not in men who malign reason, for they are fools or imposters, but in the eternal reason which is the Divine Word; that true Light which is offered like the sun,

to the intuition of every human creature coming into this world.

It rests with us, here, and now, to labour and pray, that we may become divine pilgrims, in order that all things may attend our steps. We have been born out of the eternal silence ; and now we will live—live for ourselves—as the upholders and creators of our age. All

literature has yet to be written. Poetry has scarce chanted its first song. The world is new, untried. Do not believe the past—the universe is a virgin to-day.

Let us will for the coming of the child into its own—the coming of the child in us—the coming of the child to the healing of the nations—the great coming —of the Child of Light.

A ROUNDEL.

To E. L.

So sad, so gay, a moment in sorrow,
Then dancing delight of an April day,
The smile on her face is all gone by to-morrow,
So sad, so gay.

Now dancing like frolicking shadows in play,
Or the scuddy of wind-blown leaves in the hollow,
Or the wandering rhyme of a minstrel lay.

She seems from the best of each season to borrow,
Her moods press each other hither, away ;
She is like to the tears in the sunset glow—
So sad, so gay.

R. L.

Wagner's Jesus of Nazareth

BY M. N. O. BAILY.

WE have abundant evidence that Wagner regarded drama as a means of conveying vital and sacred truths to the people. Not only does his choice of subjects prove this, containing as they do a wealth of noble and inspiring ideals, but in his prose writings and in his letters we are constantly reminded of his faith in this form of art and his belief in the mission of the theatre.

Wagner's art works follow the line of the Greek dramas, which are essentially religious or ethical in design. They deal with the inner experiences and progress of man, and reveal the eternal justice of divine laws which lead to attainment through suffering, and the ultimate consummation of something beyond human life on earth.

From *The Flying Dutchman* onwards there is an inner connection, a consistent attempt to show man in an ever higher light.

In the *Ring* we have Siegfried, the hero who advances beyond his fellows. Writing of this to a friend, Wagner says, "Nor is Siegfried taken alone, the perfect man: he is but the half: only with Brünnhilde becomes he the redeemer." But in the last drama of *Parsifal*, the finest attributes of man and woman are found united. Head and heart, intellect and intuition, strength and compassion are all there in this flower of humanity.

Jesus of Nazareth was never finished, but a sketch remains, containing a synopsis of the proposed scenes and pages of quotations from the New Testament from which the material was to be collected. There is also a wealth of commentary giving the philosopher-musician's ideas on sin, death, life, love, law, and brotherhood.

With a man of Wagner's temperament, it is of first importance to consider what was his state of mind when he embarked on this drama. He was thirty-six years of

age. In the previous year, the Dresden rising (in which Wagner had figured as a revolutionary) and the general unsettled and discordant state of the country left him, as he records, "burning to write something that should take the message of my tortured brain and speak it in a fashion to be understood."

Wagner's revolutionary aims were idealistic rather than political. His eager, versatile mind looked into politics as it looked into everything else that came his way. He was afire with enthusiasm and he longed to see reform in many directions. He was heartsore over the failure of the general public to recognise his message. It is not surprising that he was swept along for a time and caught in a wave of revolt. He ultimately decided, however, that politics were not for the artist and that his work as a reformer lay through his art.

The German methods of autocratic government did not meet with his approval. He was all for the freedom of the people or the Folk, as he liked to call them, and his democratic spirit was uppermost at the moment. "Thus," he says, "did I seek to vent my rebellious feelings in the sketch of *Jesus of Nazareth*." Very beautifully does he draw a picture of the Man of Sorrows, "so loving and so love athirst," confronted with "a materialism so honourless, so hollow, and so pitiful as that of the Roman world, and still more of the world subjected to the Romans."

Wagner relates how he was held back in his task by the contradictory nature of the subject matter and by the well-nigh impossibility of a public hearing. He also feared to do violence to the religious dogma and popular conception of the people. Yet he wished to exercise the freedom of the true artist by giving out, not what was orthodox, not what would be immediately acceptable to others, but what was essentially the individual

expression of his own inner vision. These were some of the considerations which caused the work to be laid aside.

When studying *Jesus of Nazareth*, we must realise at the outset that it is not a symbolic drama. It is philosophical, political and historical. The character portrayed is Jesus the man, reformer and teacher, and not the mystic or mythical Christ. The supernatural element so beautifully indicated in *Parsifal* is not brought forward with any prominence. In this way one realises perhaps all the more strongly how the life and teachings of Jesus bear directly on ourselves and the problems and perplexities that beset us here and now.

The clearness of design and general structure called forth the remark from George Moore, the literary critic, that "neither Shakespeare nor Sophocles could have contrived a nobler or more dramatic way of telling the story." Wagner's experience in staging *Rienzi* stood him in good stead. He had already learned how to handle crowds and produce effects on a large scale. Scenes of pageantry could form in his imagination with the same power as could those intricate psychological processes which he was afterwards to give us in his later works.

The study of the characters is clearly defined. For instance, Judas is shown as a human failure and not a fiend. Uncertain of the aims of Jesus, he hopes his Master will proclaim himself as King of Judea and freely and openly bring about the rescue of the chosen people. Later on, "Jesus announces his true mission, his quality as son of God, the redemption of all peoples of the earth through him, not of the Jews alone: his kingdom (as no earthly sovereignty), his sacrifice, his glorification." It is after this that Judas succumbs to bribery, hoping to the last that if Jesus is in danger he will display wonders and thus convince the people of his power. Some one has well said that the sin of Judas was an attempt to know better than the Master. This is the truest and most human interpretation and the one also found in the Passion play at Oberammergau.

Pilate is carefully dealt with as a historical figure. Early in Act I. it is explained that a rising against the Roman yoke is considered likely. The time is favourable, as the Roman military unit is unusually weak at the moment and "success quite certain if the people can only be goaded to decisive insurrection."

Pilate is well acquainted with the mutinous temper of the Jewish people; he has written to Egypt and Syria for more troops; until their arrival he sees himself reduced to a skulful manipulation of party discord to prevent a general rising, against which he has not sufficient strength.

When Jesus is brought before him, Pilate can find no guilt in Him; but the tumult of the mob is overpowering. He has but a handful of Roman soldiers at the palace, and he remarks aside, "Had but the Syrian legions come by now."

Barabbas enters into the plot as leader of the revolutionary party. Act I. takes place at Tiberias in Galilee. It is night, and, in an open court, Barabbas is discovered speaking with Judas and anxious to learn of him what manner of man is this Jesus who is called the son of David and in whom men look for the Messiah. Loud wailing is now heard as the little daughter of the publican is brought out for burial. This is the only "miracle" in the drama, and Wagner probably chose it because it is the one pre-eminently suitable for rationalistic treatment. Jesus arrives at daybreak, examines the child and pronounces that she lives. He then restores her to health by laying His hands on her temple. He is here shown as possessed of healing power, but not necessarily of the miraculous type in *Parsifal*. Jesus is asked to remain and break His fast with the happy father of the child. Could anything be simpler or more natural?

An uproar now arises in the street and Mary Magdalene is brought in to be stoned by an angry crowd. She is acquitted by Jesus and the mob retires ashamed. The morning meal is now served and Jesus expounds His doctrine of Love. Mary Magdalene plays an important part in the drama, and from this time onwards she dedicates herself to loving and faithful service in the community of Jesus.

Act II. is sketched by Wagner in the following words :

The lake of Gennesaret : fishermen's huts lead down to it. Daybreak—*Jesus* sleeping under a tree : *Mary of Magdala*, kneeling at His feet and kissing the hem of His garment, expresses her deep contrition and venerating love for her redeemer. *Mary the Mother* approaches ; the *Magdalene* turns away in alarm, and throws herself at the feet of the *Mother*, who questions her : the *Magdalene's* confession : she has sold all her goods, and given the proceeds to *Judas Iscariot*, the keeper of the bag for *Jesus' community* : she implores the *Mother* to intercede with her Son, for she craves to serve the commune as its humblest maid-servant. *Mary* consoles and dismisses her. *Jesus* wakes, and raises Himself to a sitting posture beneath the tree, converses with His mother : she recognises His calling and submits herself to Him ; only her anxiety about His life she cannot quite suppress. We learn that *Jesus* had quickly left *Tiberias*, as the people wished to make Him King. *Jesus* upon His youth, His baptism by *John*, His sojourn in the wilderness : there did His task grow clear to Him, He embraced it not as *David's* scion, but as *Son of God*. His commencement as physician in *Galilee* : His goal. The *Mother* bows before Him, full of humbleness and love.

In contrast to this peaceful picture comes a scene before the grand steps of the temple at Jerusalem. This is the only place where music is actually indicated.

The folk in liveliest motion to and fro. The broad main stairway and forecourt of the temple are beset with sellers of all kinds, as at a market. The people ask and answer of the coming of *Jesus* . . . music and cheering nearer and nearer. The Folk spread carpets and raiment, strew flowers, and so forth. *Jesus' entry* ; He rides on an ass, His disciples following next ; people with palms, dancing girls, etc. *Jesus* dismounts before the steps ; He pauses at sight of the market on the stairs and in the portico ; denunciation of the profaners of the temple ; He tears the bridle from the mule, and drives the sellers from the stairs with stripes, while the others escape from the hall down the side steps. The folk acclaim His stern authority.

Many familiar incidents pass before us. The Pharisees ever seek opportunities to draw forth unlawful statements from the Master : the young man of many possessions goes sorrowfully away. The Folk assemble for the Sermon on the Mount, and, at the Last Supper, *Mary Magdalene* fulfils her final atonement by anointing her Saviour amid sobs and tears. This is the forerunner of a similar scene in *Parsifal*,

unforgettable in the pathos and beauty of its music and surroundings.

In the Garden of Gethsemane there is no apparent agony. *Jesus* is all strength. He merely begs to be alone awhile, and when He returns He does not reproach the sleeping disciples.

Jesus comes slowly from the back : He regards the sleepers ; inwardly touched, He pardons their weakness, for He hopes, He knows—soon strength and courage will be given them.

He is betrayed and gives Himself up with the utmost simplicity.

Act V. sets forth the final incidents in the square before the palace of Pilate. It is night and the Roman soldiers are encamped around a fire. Their rough talk gives a very human touch to the scene.

The soldiers discuss the hardships of their service ; so small a force against a constantly uproarious mob ! Scarcely the rebellion of *Barabbas* quelled, than the *Galilean* caused fresh trouble : however, they now had got them both. The ruck that had come with *Jesus*, too, would soon be captured : a pest on the lot of them ! They should pay for all this drudgery by day and night.

The scene of the trial is carefully sketched and full of life and incident. Wagner differentiates between the mob and the folk, the latter remaining loyal followers of *Jesus*. *Jesus* is finally condemned and bids farewell to His mother. *Peter* in an agony of remorse throws himself at the Master's feet and begs to die with Him. He is told "Thou followedst Me hither to deny Me ; now stay behind to testify of Me." *Jesus* is led off to *Calvary*. At the hour of His death the heavens are darkened and the veil of the temple is rent. *Peter* gathers strength and is inspired with the Holy Spirit. "Fear not the terrors of this storm," he says, "for we know they are a witness unto Love." The people press forward to demand baptism and reception into the community.

And so, as in all Wagner's dramas, renunciation and self-sacrifice irradiate the final scene and suffering humanity is lifted up a little nearer to the kingdom of heaven.

M. N. O. BAILY.

Finance in the School Curriculum

A Suggestion

By F. EVERY-CLAYTON

REFORMS are the order of the day. They belong to the new era that is dawning, and on this account every suggested reform, even in small and apparently insignificant matters, may fairly claim some share of attention.

In this little article I propose to deal with a reform—or perhaps I should say an innovation—that ought to have very far-reaching consequences. I suggest that the education of our young people should not be considered complete without a certain amount of training in the management of money, and some knowledge of finance in general. It is to be observed that even the most elementary financial knowledge is very often lacking in people who otherwise can boast of a good education, and the disastrous consequences of this lack are perhaps more widespread than is generally realised.

Take the case, for instance, of the many women we all know, or have heard of, who are incapable of managing their own affairs, merely through want of the necessary knowledge, in itself no more difficult to acquire than the simple rules of arithmetic. Not only do we see formerly well-to-do persons reduced to a state of actual poverty, or else obliged to strive for a livelihood in the face of advancing years and diminishing abilities, but we know cases of actual destitution—all due to lack of financial knowledge, or else want of early training in the management of money.

Naturally such unfortunate conditions are not always due—especially nowadays—only to the factors above mentioned. The results of the war are apparent here as everywhere else; but I intend in this little paper to confine myself entirely to

a consideration of the evils resulting from a want of proper training in the management of private finances, and the remedy that most obviously suggests itself.

Let us take the question of debt. Considering what a powerful factor the habit of contracting debts constitutes in the destruction of domestic happiness, blighting the prospects of our young people and injuring our neighbours generally, it seems strange that legislation should not again take the matter in hand as in former times. Without suggesting a return to the old days of the Debtors' Prison (for we must go forward, not backward), I strongly advocate some very drastic measures that would strike at the root of the evil, and bring all loose systems of lending and borrowing within the province of legal jurisdiction.

I have no quarrel with what I will call *commercial* borrowing, a thing quite distinct from private transactions. In commercial borrowing there are mutual advantages, and legal protection for both parties. The transaction rests entirely on a business footing, and, indeed, forms the basis of all commercial enterprise. But in the matter of private borrowing we need an entirely different moral standard from that which at present obtains.

Let us cite a typical case as an example of the abuse of this custom.

A., careless and improvident in money matters, asks B., his more business-like friend, for the loan of £10—"just to tide me over till next week, when I shall be sure to pay you back." No security is offered beyond this promise. B. is not well off, but is sympathetic and

generously inclined. He can ill afford to lose the sum, but he trusts to A.'s word and hands it over. A week or ten days may pass before he again sees B. No reference is made to the loan—possibly the occasion is not propitious. Another week passes before they again meet. A. is full of apologies and begs for just a little delay—things have not turned out exactly as he expected, etc., etc.—in another fortnight he is sure to have the money. B., out of regard for A.'s feelings, murmurs something about there being no hurry. As time goes on meetings become less frequent, and finally all mention of the loan ceases. A. keeps out of B.'s way, and the friendship may be considered at an end. B. may, of course, remind A. of the obligation and even insist on repayment; he may also find such a course more unpleasant than losing the money altogether. A.'s action, then, amounts to neither more nor less than absolute theft. B. gets no thanks, loses a friend as well as the money, and has no legal redress, as he would have in the case of a recognised robbery.

I wonder if there is a single reader of this most commonplace case who cannot say, "This is exactly my own experience." Can such a state of affairs be really good for either party?

Now, if the law were to step in and penalise this loose and indiscriminate borrowing, just as an ordinary theft is penalised, it would follow that the code of morals taught in the home and in the school would include all such proceedings. They would be placed in the category headed "Thou shalt not."

But we need not wait for the rather slow and ponderous advance of legislation on this point. We can forestall it by instilling into the minds of the rising generation very strict principles with regard to all financial dealings—from the management of sixpence a week pocket money, or the avoidance of a debt of even a halfpenny to a schoolfellow, up to the knowledge of how to lay out an income of, say, £500 a year, and the basis on which a just expenditure can be maintained.

Let a child be taught that if he has sixpence a week as pocket money, the amount he can consider himself entitled to spend is not more than 5½d., and that to save the balance of a halfpenny is the only course that common sense and the commonest prudence dictate, and you will have at once a basis for future good management, the value of which it would be difficult to overrate.

Let the child understand that with money given into his keeping there is entailed a certain amount of responsibility—that expenditure must not be heedless, but considered. And lest such a system should seem too cut and dried, and likely to prove too serious a check to all generous impulses, let the golden opportunity it affords not be lost sight of—the opportunity for encouraging just and generous *giving*. Let it be suggested that out of the weekly sum a certain percentage should be devoted to some charity—not necessarily to any particular institution, but to some individual need, some subscription for a good object, etc. And especially let every child be taught to look upon debt as a disgraceful and immoral thing, to be placed in the same category as forgery or embezzlement. This alone would act as a great deterrent, a great safeguard through life; for the man who is convicted—or even suspected—of forgery is taboo in society. Nevertheless, he does not differ, in essentials, from the individual who borrows (as so many do) with no intention of repaying. Both employ false pretences to obtain the money, only in the first case the injured party can have recourse to the law, while in the second he cannot. At least, such is the position with regard to transactions between friends, and it is just here that the most flagrant abuses occur.

Let the young people also be made to realise the absolute immorality of the credit system; let them have a few elementary notions of political economy and the true system of equal advantage on which all commercial relations should be based. Let them realise what a sacred duty to their neighbour is involved in

respect for the rights and property of others.

Now if children were to be brought up with the same training in money matters that they have in such ordinary subjects as history and arithmetic, one great evil would in time be eliminated to a considerable extent from our social fabric—excess of expenditure over income, and the consequent credit system. Certainly I do not claim that a general knowledge of financial matters—the principles that rule in investing capital, the reasons for the fluctuations in the money market, etc. I do not claim that this knowledge can avert financial disaster, a thing liable to overtake even the most careful and far-seeing of us at times. But I do claim much for a knowledge of the value of money, that is, how far a given sum can reach, what expenditure it can be expected to cover, and so forth.

Some reader may here remark that in a great many cases a certain training in money matters is given in the home, as a matter of course. And in this connection I can hardly refrain from a very just tribute to the memory of my beloved mother, whose system of allowing a small yearly sum in my early years, with a few simple rules and injunctions as to the management thereof, and a gradual

increase as experience taught more judicious expenditure, cannot be too highly praised. To this early training I owe in great part the fact that I have been able, through practical knowledge and advice, to help various friends to tide over difficult times, and generally to steer my own bark on a fairly clear course. But unfortunately such a case seems to be the exception, and in the majority of homes pocket money is allowed with entire disregard to the fact that the gift of the money should also entail instruction as to its value and use.

Having come personally into frequent contact with cases of financial disaster due entirely to lack of management or want of proper knowledge, and not at all to outside circumstances, I may claim some qualification for putting forward these suggestions. I only hope that this little plea may penetrate into quarters where some good results may be obtained, and measures actually initiated to give our young people more practical knowledge concerning the ordinary financial matters of everyday life. For there is, no doubt, that the sum of domestic misery in the world would be very materially diminished if such a system as I advocate were to come into force.

F. EVERY-CLAYTON.

Correspondence

THE ATTITUDE OF DETACHMENT

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—The invitation to the readers of the HERALD OF THE STAR given in the August number may well stir to further self-questioning those who have been accustomed to anticipate upon lines of their own thoughts and feelings the character of the higher teaching which we expect to be shortly vouchsafed to us. It may be assumed that not one of us is capable of imagining himself welcoming the new teaching with a feeling of self-gratulation expressible in such a form as: *I knew it would be like that!* Yet the heart may prove a deceitful thing even when the silver star sparkles on the breast, and the prayer, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts!" should never be far from us so long as the personality has not "yielded and become subject to its higher Self." That delusive personality must be allowed no part or lot in considering the attitude of the great Teacher to the problems of the world, for our successful anticipation of that attitude must be in proportion to the degree in which we can realise it in ourselves now through our own spiritual experiences and intuition.

To determine rightly the attitude which we ought to assume to any set of circumstances we must first have exercised ourselves in the practice of *discrimination* among those circumstances, which means that we should estimate them according to their true value, *i.e.*, to the elements of reality which they respectively contain. When we have thus to some extent appraised the several factors that make up the world we have to do with, we can proceed to the second step of the ethical ladder by the *detachment* of ourselves from those factors that have in them the smallest promise of permanence or reality and so on in an ascending series, being always ready to relinquish our latest hold the moment a higher one presents itself to our sight. Thus it seems as if our first duty in facing the present world problem is to quell all tumultuous emotion which shakes the soul from its balance, and all mental prejudices which hinder "the rational nature" from functioning as "a spark of the true light," and obstruct our path "to the summit of existence, the enlightenment of mind and heart, where the immeasurable light of moral comprehension is gained which is the source of all righteousness." (*Gospel of Buddha*, xli.) The present condition of the world presents to many temperaments the temptation to escape from harrowing thoughts by ignoring as far as possible the dismal and terrible facts. But this method of "detachment" by the way of apathy is impossible to those who wear the upward pointing symbol of faith and hope. These at least are bound resolutely to face the facts, and at the same time strongly to control alike the

rising wave of passionate emotion, and the swift propensity to form plausible judgments of men and things, for both the emotions and the judgments must miss their mark, because defect of knowledge hinders their harmony with the true relations of things. But this harmony between thoughts and things is the supreme necessity if we would maintain that mental attitude towards present-day problems which will most help in preparing the way for the footsteps of the bringer of wisdom. It must not be forgotten that beneath the filth and slime that cover so many parts of the earth's surface there are seed-beds of good, promising the golden harvests of the future, sown and tended by quiet workers whose faith and works are not set forth in the headlines of the daily cablegrams. But the phenomena that are most manifest in the affairs of men and nations are such as to cause dismay and even despair if we did not know of the silent forces working for good. The anarchy which is doing its utmost to overthrow all order and moral restraint and in its possession of power sticks at no crime that helps to crush liberty and outrage humanity; the foul lust and savage hatred that rage unrestrained; the suffering and semi-starvation of the poor; the most advanced countries rent by the faction strife of party against party, and the yet more venomous hostility of class against class; the contemplation of these things is sure to disturb our moral balance unless we call in the higher Wisdom to maintain our equilibrium.

The mixed feelings produced by our daily survey of the world easily run into wrath and hatred against the ill-doers, and into narrow partizanship in the region of politics and religion. But this is all wrong. To judge the personal actors in the mixed drama does not lie with us, for they will inevitably sooner or later be brought face to face with their deeds whether for good or evil. It is the part of wisdom to recognise that what is going on now is the inevitable result of the deeds wrought in the long, long past (and which of us will say that he had no hand in it?), the forces gathered by which, accumulating through the rolling years, have necessarily and naturally produced the present explosion. To regard the phenomena thus as a matter of necessary causation, eliminating the personal element, will at all events help us to preserve our mental balance, without which the thoughts that we send forth will hardly cause "Peace, Light, and Harmony to flow into the world from Him who is the Prince of Peace, and Harmony, and Light, in order that the way may be prepared for His coming."

Yours, etc.,

Auckland, N.Z., 21-9-20.

J. GILES.

THE SECOND COMING

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—As the season of Advent is now upon us and the hearts and minds of Christian people are naturally turned towards the coming of the Christ both as a memorial of the past and as an enrichment of individual spiritual experience, I earnestly hope that you will accord some of your valuable space for the following suggestion :—

That in every Christian place of worship (at least) one service or more during the present Advent season should be definitely orientated towards the concept of the Second Coming, or, as an alternative, some informal short service should be held for those who wish to attend.

There are many earnest and devoted Christian people who have an ever-growing belief in the "Second Coming," not simply as an event promised by "One" Who is the Heart of Truth, but also as an event comparatively near at hand. Many have been led to believe this from the apparent fulfilment during recent years of those signs and portents of "the Coming recorded in the Gospels" as uttered by Christ Himself; but many, very many, from an irresistible heart conviction.

It is now, of course, admitted that the passage in the Gospels "the end of the world" is more correctly translated as the "close of the era" or "end of the cycle." It is also very generally admitted that the progress achieved by the Science of Destruction has already attained such magnitude, that human civilisation, nay more, human existence on the planet, is threatened with extinction in a comparatively near future, if the negative principles of War, Strife and Competition, upon which our now tottering civilisation has been built in the past, are not discarded and the positive principles of Peace, Co-operation and Mutual Service adopted in

their place as the basis of social, national and international reconstruction.

The effective wisdom of this latter policy of life breaks forth in luminous flashes when such movements as : The League of Nations, Save the Children, New Relations of Labour to Capital, Guild Socialism, Civic Welfare Schemes, etc., are being promoted. But, indeed, what are these good things in themselves other than the slow and laborious outworking of a certain policy of life given to us long ago in the "Sermon on the Mount"? To-day both conscience and direful necessity are slowly convincing us that these principles will prove to be as practical a basis for daily work and business—individual, national and international—as they are for Sunday worship. Who, then, could better help distracted humanity to get down to the real bed-rock of reconstruction based on these principles than the Divine Man Who gave them to us so long ago?

The cry is universal, that we have no outstanding leader who would call out all that is best in human nature and unite in one great common purpose of fruitful, creative reconstruction based on peace, co-operation, and mutual service the many willing hearts and brains and hands ready to be kindled by some magnetic inspiration. Who could meet this bitter, pressing need so fully and with such compelling wisdom as the "Son of Man Who spake as never man spake."

A child asks quite simply and naturally for the loving help it needs and knows is forthcoming. Can we also become as little Children and by such Services of Supplication and Praise, as suggested above, ask of Him "Who Stands and Knocks" ever at the door of human life—perhaps also of the world—to come in unto us and help us once again in our very present trouble.

Yours, etc.,

"MUTUAL SERVICE."

SECTIONAL REPORTS

Owing to the fact that several Reports have still to come in, I have found it impossible to publish a General Report of the Order in this number. The material provided by the Reports which have already reached me will be used in the earlier issues of the Magazine next year.

E. A. WODEHOUSE,
General Secretary.

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THE BRAILLE AND "SERVERS OF THE BLIND" LEAGUE

3, UPPER WOBURN PLACE, LONDON, W.C. 1.

(TELEPHONE : MUSEUM 5060)

Registered by the Ministry of Health as a recognised Society for the Blind

REPORT FOR 1919-20

THE Executive Committee of the Braille and "Servers of the Blind" League has pleasure in issuing its Report for 1919-20, and takes this opportunity to extend sincere thanks and gratitude to all those who have contributed to the Funds, and so made it possible to carry through another year of useful activity.

The year has been one of the most difficult for organisations meeting their expenses out of voluntary donations; and the Executive of this particular organisation has experienced considerable anxiety.

The record of our work in the past, and the position we have attained, shews increased need for our continuing our work, and enlarging its scope, wherever possible.

The Executive Committee earnestly places before those interested the urgent needs of the Organisation. With the cost of everything up 300 per cent. the situation is critical and the position of many blind people a distressing one; many existing on 12s. a week! Had our funds allowed we could have done many necessary things this last winter.

Not only in our Social Department is the strain being felt, but these high prices are also affecting us in our Braille Department in charge of Mrs. Dudley. *Every book* duplicated for us by blind workers (from copies provided, first, by our sighted Braillists) costs us 30s., due to scarcity of materials, etc., and necessary increases in wages to these blind workers. We are deeply grateful to our sighted Braillists for their hand done copies.

There is an ever-increasing demand for books on Theosophy in Braille. We are, however, compelled to *restrict the supply* where duplicated copies are concerned, because of prices. Another instance is our free monthly magazine, *The Light-Bringer*, in Braille, which now costs us, on an average, £11 a month to publish instead of £5 as previously.

We feel certain that once our friends realise our need they will come to our assistance in greater numbers. The Committee cannot too earnestly emphasise that, unless we can be assured of further support—£600 BEING OUR LOWEST ESTIMATE OF THE SUM REQUIRED; if this cannot be raised we shall be compelled to close down one or two of our Departments altogether.

If we could be assured of an increased subscription list (*i.e.*, guaranteed income) the position would be easier. Our present one of £20 is totally inadequate. Even this sum has not been got in : several reminders producing no result ! To meet our expenses we arranged a Bazaar in December, 1919, which was very successful. We much appreciate all the energy expended and help given.

The Executive Committee is able to announce that the Ministry of Health has registered the *Braille and "Servers of the Blind" League* as a recognised Society for the Blind. As the public is aware, all Societies working amongst the blind, in order to continue their work, have to satisfy the Ministry, through its Inspectors, that their work is sufficiently useful to warrant their being added to the Ministry's list of duly recognised Societies. This we have done, the Ministry expressing interest in our organisation.

To report in detail ;

THE BRAILLE DEPARTMENT

Under Mrs. Dudley, at the end of March, 1920, we had on the books **18** Braille workers and **7** pupils.

The following books have been put into Braille during the year : *Man : Whence, How and Whither* (7 volumes) ; *Sādhanā*, by Rabindranath Tagore ; *Practical Theosophy*, by C. Jinarajadāsa ; *Man's Life in this and other Worlds* ; *The Lesser Mysteries*, by Montagu Powell ; *Mead's Gospel and the Gospels* ; *Reincarnation*, by Irving Cooper ; *On the Threshold*, by Dreamer ; *Is Theosophy Anti-Christian ?* by G. H. Whyte ; *The Other Side of Death*, by C. W. Leadbeater ; *A Study in Karma, Gitā, Hints on the Study of the Gitā, The Three Paths, An Introduction to Yoga*, all by Mrs. Besant ; *The Ethics of Ancient India, and other Lectures*, by Swami Vivikananda.

Our monthly magazine, *The Light-Bringer*, has a circulation of about **160**. Back volumes are bound and circulated amongst new readers. There are now **12** volumes complete. The first three were sent to about **30** Free Libraries in the past, and we are hoping to be able to send all the volumes up to date.

We have not been able to print any more pamphlets in Braille owing to the heavy cost.

SOCIAL DEPARTMENT

There has been a steady increase in the number of workers, there being now over **190**, with **40 centres** of the organisation, and over **780 blind** people on our books. The blind are visited in their own homes, read to, taken walks, to concerts, etc. Regular social gatherings have been held, and proved highly successful, specially encouraging reports coming from Eastbourne, Jersey, Manchester, Torquay, etc. Manchester Centre widened its usefulness by having a party for blind children.

A good number of cases were sent away for holidays to the sea, great joy being expressed in the break in the monotony of their lives. Clothes have been bought, temporary grants given, nourishments, etc., provided. Several pensions have been secured of £20 a year and less ; and arrangements made, and expenses met, for admission of a blind man into a training institution to fit him to earn his livelihood. A blind and deaf man has also been removed from a workhouse into a Home for Blind Men. Many other opportunities of helping in similar ways could have been taken had our funds allowed. This is a section of our work we are keen to extend.

OUR SHOP

We have this year, through the kindness of friends, been able to increase the usefulness of our shop at 84, Winner Street, Paignton, S. Devon. The shop is now very attractive in appearance and in Miss Kohn's charge should do well. Those interested are invited to write (or call) and tell their needs to Miss Kohn. Sample goods, on sale or return, will be forwarded on receipt of deposit. A stock of knitted articles, baskets, rag mats, fine needlework, and fancy articles, made by the blind, always on sale.

We are prepared to sell articles, made by the blind in their own homes, without deducting any charges for expenses, etc.

"CORRESPONDENCE CIRCLE" IN BRAILLE

This department of our organisation, in charge of Mrs. Hardgrave, becomes more and more successful. We sighted people can readily realise what it means to receive a letter "written in one's own tongue," as it were, and from a sighted person, too! The number of correspondents is always being added to, and there is a regular exchange of letters, books (which are discussed), a speciality being made of small books suitable for invalids. Patterns of knitting, crocheting, etc., are put into Braille and circulated, and parcels of sweets, cakes, etc., are sent by the correspondents to their blind friends. This department is a very interesting and happy attempt to live brotherhood.

THE "BIRTHDAY CIRCLE"

This has been commenced with some hope of helping the League financially and shews signs of being received with favour. Everybody is invited to forward their *name* and *address*, with the *month* of their *birthday*, and 1s. as a thank-offering for another year of sight. Then, on each anniversary of their birthday, the League will forward a card of greeting and reminder that their gift is due. All are urged to bring the Circle to the notice of their friends, and circulars can be secured on application.

And so we conclude our Report. We leave the rest to those into whose hands it may fall, and trust that our faith in the generosity of their response will be such that we may go ahead freed from financial anxiety.

In conclusion the Executive Committee return thanks to the Hon. Auditor, J. B. Quick, Esq., for auditing the accounts.

(Signed) S. M. SHARPE, *Founding President.*
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BRaille AND "SERVERS OF THE BLIND" LEAGUE
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDED 31ST MARCH, 1920

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Subscriptions and Donations:							
For General Fund ...	297	1	2				
„ Social for Blind People ...	20	0	0				
„ Duplication Fund ...	59	19	6				
„ <i>The Light-Bringer</i> ...	29	17	6				
„ <i>Service</i> ...	21	0	1				
„ Profits on Shop ...	4	14	8				
„ Balance from Bazaar Account	193	8	0				
	<u>£626</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>11</u>				
By Conference and Lecture							
Expenses ...	28	11	0				
„ Social for 200 Blind People (including Transport) ...	38	18	4				
„ <i>The Light-Bringer</i> ...	105	2	7				
„ Duplicating of Braille Books	33	0	0				
„ <i>Service</i> , Printing and Pub- lishing ...	80	17	6				
„ Relief for Necessitous Blind	49	6	11				
„ Rent of Shop, Fittings and Fixtures ...	36	0	0				
„ Printing, Postage, Clerical Help and Sundry Office Expenses, including Special Appeal ...	145	5	10				
„ Balance carried to Balance Sheet ...	108	18	9				
	<u>£626</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>11</u>				

BALANCE SHEET FOR YEAR ENDED 31ST MARCH, 1920

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Liabilities							
Amounts owing 31st March, 1920	63	12	8				
Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure ...	45	6	1				
	<u>£108</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>9</u>				
Assets							
Balance as per Cash Book ...	114	19	0				
<i>Less</i> Amount over- spent in Petty Cash	6	0	3				
		<u>108</u>	<u>18</u>				
		<u>£108</u>	<u>18</u>				

London, W.C.
19th April, 1920.

Audited and found correct,
J. B. QUICK.

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Donation*
Special Donation* } to { The General Expenses Fund*
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Publishing Offices: 6, Tavistock Square, London, W.C., England

This Magazine is registered for transmission to CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND by Magazine Post

Vol. IX. No. 2.

Price 6d.

The Order of the Star in the East

The Herald of the Star is the official organ of the Order of the Star in the East, and is obtainable through the Officers of the Order in the various countries of the world. A list of these Officers is given on page three of the cover of this magazine.

The Order of the Star in the East is an organisation which has arisen out of the rapidly growing expectation of the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher, which is visible in many part of the world to-day. In all the great faiths at the present time, and in practically every race, there are people who are looking for such a Teacher; and this hope is being expressed quite naturally, in each case, in the terms appropriate to the religion and the locality in which it has sprung up.

It is the object of the Order of the Star in the East, so far as is possible, to gather up and unify this common expectation, wherever and in whatever form it may exist, and to link it into a single great movement of preparation for the Great One whom the age awaits.

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.
- (2) We shall try, therefore, to keep Him in our mind always, and to do in His name and, therefore, to the best of our ability, all the work which comes to us in our daily occupation.
- (3) As far as our ordinary duties allow, we shall endeavour to devote a portion of our time each day to some definite work which may help to prepare for His coming.
- (4) We shall seek to make Devotion, Steadfastness, and Gentleness prominent characteristics of our daily life.
- (5) We shall try to begin and end each day with a short period devoted to the asking of His blessing upon all that we try to do for Him and in His name.
- (6) We regard it as our special duty to try to recognise and reverence greatness in whomsoever shown, and to strive to co-operate, as far as we can, with those whom we feel to be spiritually our superiors.

The Order was founded at Benares, India, on January 11th, 1911, and has since both grown and 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.

Information about its life and work may be obtained from any of its Officers, and applications for membership should be sent to an Officer of the country to which the applicant belongs. Each member receives, on joining, a certificate of membership, leaflet, and card. The Badge of the Order is a silver five-pointed Star.

May 1920

The Herald of the Star



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Publishing Offices: 6, Tavistock Square, London, W.C., England

This Magazine is registered for transmission to CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND by Magazine Post

Vol. IX. No. 5.

Price 6d.

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Published at 1, ROBERT STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C. 2

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Advertisement Office,

99, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W. 1.

Telephone: 2421 Mayfair.

Application for space should be made before the 15th of each month for following issue.

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